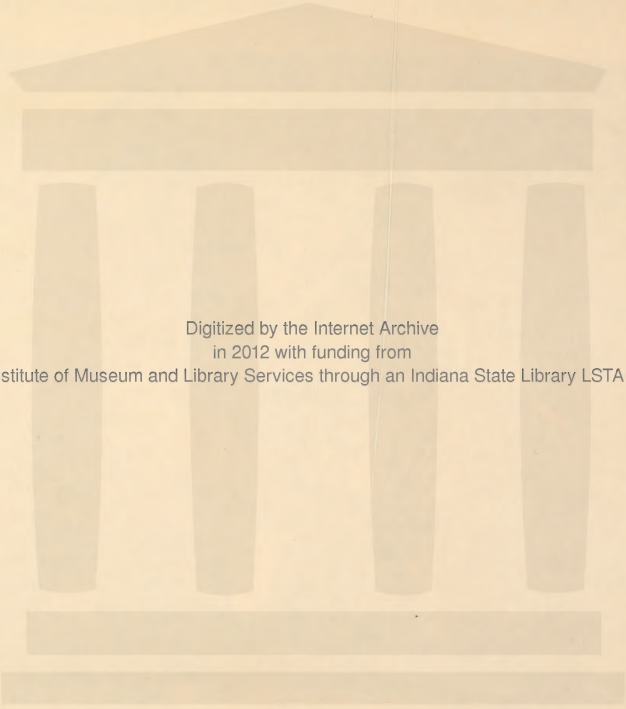

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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difficult. Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, who speaks with the authority of much experience, thinks that there should be a special Department for the Indians with agents appointed for life, with ample salaries and subject to no civil service discipline. The Bishop does not favor placing the Indian Bureau in the War Department, fearing the effect upon the Indians of placing the agencies at military posts. One chief difficulty is that of finding the right kind of men for agents, and the reasons are obvious. But let us hope, now that the subject is before the Senate, that it will not be dismissed without the most ample investigation.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE.

CHRISTMAS WEEK began with April softness, and if we could only trust the flattering tales that are always told by Hope upon Christmas-eve, we might expect the pleasantest of winters and of years. But if Jack Frost is, with all affectionate children, large and small, "Home for the Holidays," he will return by Twelfth Night, and the "Christmas Undine" shall yet skim the moonlit snow to the dance of the yellow glass of mulled wine. No April-eyed December can deceive old Santa Claus. He will step over the mouse-ops as nimbly as ever and—cheer up, dear parents!—there shall be no lack of drums, trumpets, rattles, whistles, guns, and cannon, to promote the tranquillity of the nursery. Indeed, how else winter would be? But whatever the weather may do, we shall try to keep the old sun shining in our columns, and to keep up with the sun o' day.

The new era upon which the country is entering, the vast and novel industries which assured peace must develop, the rapid extension of enterprise into remote and romantic regions of our own and of other countries, promise opportunity and material enough for the busiest pen and the busiest life. By the law of our paper the world is our oyster, to be opened as we best can for the pleasure and profit of our readers. And to all of them, old and new, with renewed pledges of fidelity and once—if ever—more needed—and with the various sweet and sad memories of the years that are gone, we enter upon eighteen hundred and sixty-nine with the heartiest wishes for a Happy New Year!

THE BOSTON, HARTFORD, AND ERIE RAILROAD.

THE efforts of Boston to reach the Western trade have been as active as her natural advantages will allow; but as her principal route, by way of Worcester and Springfield to Albany, encounters a high elevation in the mountain range in Berkshire, the descent of which going East is rendered sometimes difficult in winter owing to steep grades, other lines have been proposed to overcome this objection. The engineering difficulties encountered in that descent have been managed with the highest skill. The mountain stream, in company with which the railroad seeks the plain, is crossed twenty-seven times over bridges of masonry, many of whose arches are sixty feet high. In the summer, when no sense of danger attends the descent, the traveler, who watches from the rear of the train the course of the river as it rushes down its valley bed, expands with it, descends, and notices the high and durable arches over which the train has just moved at rapid speed, is amazed at the boldness which, in the infancy of engineering knowledge, projected a work so difficult. The scenery is remarkably picturesque, and contributes to the sensations of pride with which the work occasions. It will stand as an enduring monument to the sagacity, the energy, and the courage of Massachusetts. Now created prize, the trade of the great West with its treasures for the world those of India, calls into exercise the display of skill and power. Long may that system of policy endure, which opens to every part of the Union the opportunity to carry great enterprises through other portions of it, to reap the advantages which are diffused by and liberally over our country! The states of Europe can not offer such facilities. The forces which we employ in developing our whole industry as a unit they employ—1,200,000 France, 1,000,000 Prussia, 1,000,000 in Russia, 800,000 in Austria, 500,000 in Italy—in standing armies to secure isolation and prevent united influence and action.

If the nonuniformity and imperfect system of European states were adopted here the construction of a Boston road through the House Tunnel to any of the improvements to the north, and the construction of another line to tap the Erie road at Newburgh, would be impossible. These enterprises are not only not regarded with jealousy—they scarcely attract attention, except in the quarters specially interested in the results which are expected to flow from them. The House Tunnel enterprise now waits for the closing of a contract authorized by Massachusetts to embrace the entire work, the question being undecided whether the security demanded by the State from bidders shall be required or waived. The Boston, Hartford, and Erie line calls for a more particular notice, as the short distance remaining unfinished is now being worked, and will exercise, when finished, a powerful influence upon the industry of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

It will be recollected that the Erie Railroad during the preceding summer took five millions of dollars of the bonds of this Company—a questionable proceeding—which were purchased at eighty. They were called the Berdell mortgage bonds. The object of this purchase was to secure the aid of the Connecticut Legislature, which, in 1867, had authorized a loan of its credit to this enterprise to the extent of three millions of dollars, on certain conditions, which otherwise could not have been complied with. The act called for the appointment of three commissioners, one of whom shall be an engineer, to ascertain the amount of work and inform the Governor and Council of its exact condition. It was provided that no portion of the State credit should be issued by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, unless it should appear to him that the Company would be able, either alone or with the aid of other parties, to complete the line of railway from Boston to Fishkill; and if, at any time after any portion of the loan had been advanced, it should appear that such road would not be completed in five years, no further aid was to be given.

On the 14th of October last the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, on a report of the Commissioners, decided that, in all human probability, the means had been provided to complete the road to Fishkill, and ordered that the first instalment of one hundred thousand dollars of the scrip of the Commonwealth should be issued agreeably to the provisions of Great Britain; upon the issuing of which, contracts for the most difficult portion of the line were immediately made.

The unfinished portion of the line extends from Waterbury in Connecticut to Fishkill on the Hudson, immediately opposite to the termination of the Erie Railroad at Newburgh. From Waterbury to our State line, about 38 miles, its course is westerly, generally at right angles to the streams and ridges which it constantly cut. It commences at Waterbury, where the road in running order now terminates, at an elevation of 153 feet above tide, reaches in about eight miles the valley of Naugatuck, elevated 646 feet; descends ten miles to the valley of the Housatonic, 142 feet above tide; ascends to Bethel Hill, 600 feet above tide (near Hawleyville), which it pierces with a tunnel 300 feet long and 368 feet above tide; passes on a very good grade to Danbury, eight miles, which is 389 feet above tide, and thence five miles to the dividing line between New York and Connecticut, which it crosses at an elevation of 475 feet. Its course thence to Fishkill is through an open country on one of the affluents of the Croton to near Brewster's Station, with which station it will connect on the Harlem Road, whose course runs parallel with that road, to Towner's Station, near which point it diverges toward the Fishkill Mountains, which it crosses near Whaley's Pond at an elevation of 716 feet above tide, constituting the summit. Descending the mountain, it runs near Fishkill Creek, and uses the Dutchess, Columbia, and Rensselaer Railroad, having been purchased, is to be delivered over finished, with its rolling stock, at an early period.

A very large portion of the line is described as now being completed, and the remainder, if sound and severe cuts will require nearly two years, it is not expected that the whole will be in running order before December, 1870. There is a very strong probability that it will be finished and in operation by that time, as over four hundred miles of road now completed as well as the value of those being developed depend upon it. This road, between Putnam and Willimantic in Connecticut, is being straightened in order to furnish between Boston and New York, by way of the Harlem River, a route which will be a shorter line of travel than by any other route. This road connects also with Providence, Rhode Island, and other important points.

The main object of this route to the Hudson is to obtain coal by way of the Erie Railroad for the numerous manufacturing establishments in the three States mentioned as benefited, and also to diffuse it over the whole Eastern States by means of the various lines going north and south which it intersects. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania lie due west of Newburgh, and may be reached, it is supposed, with more ease in this way than by the lines now existing. It is also supposed that there will be no such necessity to mills in the interior, so that during the droughts of summer their industry may not be delayed. That this road will be a feeder to the Erie, and will receive a great variety of Western products from the Erie, is certain. Another route has been devised from New Haven by way of Derby, the Ulster Valley, Derby's Junction on the Harlem Road, the High Bridge over the Hudson near Peekskill, to connect with the Erie near Towner's; but the interior west of Derby has not been commenced, although the bridge intended for general use has been located to cross the Hudson at Anthony's Nose, above Peekskill.

New York can console itself, as it views these evidences of energy and power in our Eastern States, by the knowledge that very little of the trade which is intended for foreign parts can be diverted from us, inasmuch as at the Hudson the effort at competition will encounter the facility of tide-water to float produce cheaply to their place of destination.

The line ought to have been constructed by the States most interested, without calling upon the Erie Railroad to advance its funds to the extent of two millions, and its acceptances to the extent of $1,570,400, for such an object. The loan also agreed, in consideration of the right to use the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Road for some purposes of distribution, to pay for a limited time the interest on the $4,000,000 of bonds. The branch to Derby was being profitable, these operations were undertaken in order, it is said, to give it additional employment, and thus benefit its through line: a very insufficient reason.

The avails of this arrangement, and the $3,000,000 to be advanced by Massachusetts, including the $100,000 advanced in October, constitute, with unused bonds and stock of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, the means for completing this line, which is regarded with great interest by a large population. The interior portions of Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, and northern Westchester expect to derive important advantages from this connection with the Erie Railroad, as it will enable their inhabitants to obtain coal, grain, cattle, and many Western productions free of the great expense which now attends their transportation, and will stimulate largely their manufacturing and other industry.

THE INDIANA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

THE hanging of prisoners by a Vigilance Committee in Indiana, and the deliberate determination to continue it was done, is one of the most startling and significant of recent events. Last May a railroad express car was robbed, and the messenger horribly beaten. Some of the robbers were taken, some escaped to Canada, and some disappeared altogether. Those who fled to Canada were returned under the extradition treaty, and confined with their comrades in October. Meanwhile those who escaped altogether organized a fresh robbery of the same kind, were betrayed, entrapped, and after a desperate struggle arrested and lodged in jail. They were subsequently placed upon a train to be carried to the county seat. The train stopped when a signal of distress was made upon the road-side. The signal proved to be the device of a Vigilance Committee, which seized the prisoners. Knowing their doom in the most summary and swift way they could so, were hung by the Committee, which then issued an address of warning to all thieves, threatening a like punishment, and to hang every thieving character it could lay its hands upon. The Committee pursued three of the gang who had escaped, and finding them, hung them also.

This was in July, and on the 23d of October that the prisoners were surrendered from Canada. The Governor that year brought to the jail at New Albany, Indiana, and it was supposed they would be left in peace until their trial. But some days since, at 3 o'clock in the morning, a body of twenty men masked and armed arrived in the town by the railroad, proceeded to the jail, and summoned the sheriff to surrender the prisoners. He refused, and after some struggle was shot and wounded. Finding the keys the masked men opened the jail doors, until they came upon one door which they could not open, and the patrol. He made show of fight, but they showed him a rope and told him that if he resisted he should be hanged. Overpowered by numbers and fear of death, the jail men entered the cells, and seizing the prisoners instantly hanged them from the railing of an upper corridor. Then locking the door and taking the keys, the band soon returned without disorder to the station where a train awaited them, and stepping in they departed, having given the prisoners but one hour in all.

The Canadian papers say very properly that if prisoners charged with crime but not convicted are liable to be slaughtered when surrendered under the extradition treaty, it is high time to consider whether the evils of the treaty do outweigh its advantages. But while that is true from the point of view of law, the existence of such a Vigilance Committee indicates a fatal distrust of the ordinary processes of justice. And it is now stated that this distrust was not ill-founded, and that there was no reason to suppose that the robbers would be properly punished by the law. The courts of law are the last resort of anybody, but when they are more than suspected, the remedy inevitably ceases to be peaceful. When the courts fail into public contempt, the condition of order is that no great crime taxes the public patience. San Francisco taught all cities that lesson. It is the bitter reproach of the people of Indiana that such terrible deed should even seem to have a palliation. Meanwhile, if the United States Government receives accused prisoners from the British Government for trial, it is bound to see that they are tried, not murdered before trial. But it is the duty of Indiana so to do justice that there shall be no wish to deprive the law of its prerogative.

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR JOHN M. LEGETTE, in the poetical tragedies of *Afranese* and *The Adonean*, has endeavored to do for the ancient life of Rome and Judea what LONGFELLOW essayed for the days of Puritanism in his "New England Tragedies." Without possessing the subtle and often exquisite imagination of LONGFELLOW, he seems to us to possess a truer appreciation of character, and to afford a better portraiture of the age with which he endeavors to conduct his readers. The second tragedy is perhaps the less original, and the historic accuracy of the characters of ARISTOBULUS and ANTIPATER could probably neither be verified nor disproved. But there are few scenes in history more terrible than those which characterize the close of the reign of HEROD THE GREAT; and to be true to the life the tragedy of that era must be terrible. The history of these ages of the past is, for the most part, like a portrait of an Old Master—the features distorted by the incrustations of time. Professor LEGETTE has endeavored to restore the tissue, and in presenting in the language of imagination as much the life which, in its ordinary historic forms, seems like fiction.

"HARPER'S BAZAR."

THE number of this journal of fashion for the present week contains a supplement containing FASHION PLATE, prepared expressly for it by the *Mode Illustrée* of Paris, which surpasses any work of the kind hitherto published in this country. A NEW-YEAR'S gift in the form of a well-selected and beautiful chromicle of the modes, with its carefully detailed directions for enabling every body to keep pace with their changes, is a remembrance which never itself every week, and is worth a thought at that happy season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 14.

In the Senate, a communication was presented from the Governor of Georgia, inclosing resolutions from the Legislature of that State rescinding the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment.—Mr. Morton introduced a bill providing for the coinage of the fractional currency of the United States and fractional currency in 1871. The bill also requires the Treasurer to redeem their notes and coin in kind.

In the House, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to investigate the Ku-Klux outrages in Tennessee.—The President's message in regard to the Georgia resolutions were announced with only six dissentient voices.

December 15.

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bill to repeal the bill prohibiting the organization of militia in the State lately in rebellion was passed.

December 16.

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of introducing legislation to prevent the hanging of convicts in Virginia, under the recent extraordinary proceedings in the case of the former Governor, who offered the resolution, referred to the recent execution of JAMES McDONOUGH, whereby a human sentenced to death was discharged from custody because one of the Inspectors of Prisons, who had been duly disqualified from holding office by the Fourteenth Amendment.

In the House, a bill reported from the Reconstruction Committee was passed, relieving from political disabilities certain citizens of the Southern States lately in rebellion, limited to eighty. The House bill regulates the act prohibiting the organization of militia in the recently reconstructed States. The Democratic members dissent all the Southern States to be included in the bill; but the bill, as passed, as reported from the Reconstruction Committee.—A resolution was adopted declaring that the persons employed by the Government shall hereafter receive the same rate of compensation as such may perform similar services.

December 17.

In the Senate, a bill was passed relieving from political disabilities certain citizens of Texas.—In the House.—The Home resolution was passed, disapproving of the final recommendations of the Freedmen's Bureau.

In the House, eulogies upon the late THADDEUS STEVENS were pronounced by Messrs. Kelley, Wood, Boutwell, Dawes, Hoar, and Logan.

December 18.

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Interior to communicate any information he has in regard to enlisting Ute people as peaceful characters or the Indians recently killed or captured by General Custer in his fight with them on the Washita.—Mr. SUMNER'S resolution, expressing sympathy with Cuba in her present struggles, passed, by a vote of 41 yeas to 9 nays.—The House concluded the debate upon the Georgia case. Speeches were received, and eulogies were pronounced upon THADDEUS STEVENS by Messrs. Banks and Bingham, after which the Senate adjourned.

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THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM OBSERVED BY THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

A YEAR'S WORK.

SPRING beside the casement
In the chill December day,
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,
Was sobbing her life away:
Hearing the tinkle of the beck,
And the chirp of the lingering bird,
And the whistle of the homeloand hind,
And the low of the distant herd:
Watching the red leaves floating down
From the branches one by one;
Thinking of all that a year could do,
Of all that a year had done.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,
The love that had filled so soon,
Strewing her path with bright May flowers,
Brilliant and warm as June.
It drooped in August's fervid smile,
It fell like the year's last rose;
She can scarcely trace its resting-place,
'Neath December's deep'ning snows.
The blossoms will bloom into life again
At the call of the summer sun,
But nor time nor tide can undo for her
What a single year has done.

Sitting beside the casement
Till the stars gleam through the drs,
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,
On those folded hands of hers.
They glitter as bright in the red fire-light
As the diamond that she wore
Ere she drew it off, the mocking pledge
Of a truth whose truth was o'er.
The hollow darkness around her creeps;
The day's long watch is run;
And all that they swore but Death could do,
A little year has done.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XI.

A BIRTHDAY DINNER.

THE eventful day arrived at last, and now, as I write, I can bring up before me the whole of that morning, so full of exciting sensations and of pleasurable surprises. I wandered about from room to room, never sated with the splendors around me. Till then I had not seen the gorgeous furniture uncovered, nor had I the faintest idea of the beauty and richness of the silk hangings, or the glittering elegance of those lustres of pure Venetian glass. Perhaps nothing, however, astonished me so much as the array of gold and silver plate in the dining-room. Our everyday dinners had been laid out with what had seemed to me a most costly elegance; but what were they to this display of splendid centre-pieces and massive cups and salvers large as shields! Of flowers, the richest and rarest, wagon-loads poured in; and at last I saw the horses taken out, and carts full of carnations and geraniums left unloaded in the stable-yard. Ice, too, came in the same profusion: those squarely cut blocks, bright as crystal, and hollowed out to serve as wine-coolers, and take their place amidst the costlier splendors of gold and silver.

It is rare to hear the servant class reprove profusion; but here I overheard many a comment on the reckless profligacy of outlay which had provided for this occasion enough for a dozen such. It was easy to see, they said, that Mr. Cleremont did not pay, and this sneer sank deep into my mind, increasing the dislike I already felt for him.

Nor was it the house alone was thus splendidly prepared for reception; but kiosks and tents were scattered through the grounds, in each of which, as if by magic, supper could be served on the instant. Upward of thirty additional servants were engaged, all of whom were dressed in our state livery, white, with silver epaulets, and the Norcott crest embroidered on the arm. These had been duly drilled by Mr. Cleremont, and were not, he said, to be distinguished by the most critical eye from the rest of the household.

Though there was movement every where, and every where activity, there was little or no confusion. Cleremont was an adept in organization, and already his skill and cleverness had spread discipline through the mass. He was a despot, however; would not permit the slightest interference with his functions, nor accept a suggestion from any one. "Captain Hotham gives no orders here," I heard him say; and when standing under my window, and, I am almost sure, seeing me, he said, "Master Digby has nothing to do with the arrangements any more than yourself."

I had determined that day to let nothing irritate or vex me; that I would give myself up to unmixed enjoyment, and make this birthday a memorable spot in life, to look back on with undiluted delight. I could have been more certain to carry out this resolve if I could only have seen and spoken with Madame Cleremont; but she did not leave her room the whole day. A distinguished hair-dresser had arrived with a mysterious box early in the morning, and after passing two hours engaged with her, had returned for more toilet requirements. In fact, from the coming and going of maids and dress-makers, it was evident that the preparations of beauty were fully equal to those that were being made by cooks and confectioners.

My father, too, was invisible; his breakfast was served in his own room; and when Cleremont wished to communicate with him, he had to do so in writing; and these little notes passed uncensingly between them till late in the afternoon.

"What's up now?" I heard Hotham say, as Cleremont tore up a note in pieces and flung the fragments from him with impatience.

"Just like him. I know exactly how it would be," cried the other. "He sent a card of invitation to the Duc de Bredar without first making a visit; and here comes the Duc's chasseur to say that his Excellency has not the honor of knowing the gentleman who has been so gracious as to ask him to dinner."

"Norcott will have him out for the imperial nence," said Hotham.

"And what will that do? Will the shooting him or the being shot make this dinner go off as we meant it, eh? Is that for me, Nixon? Give it here." He took a note as he spoke and tore it open. "La Marquise de Carnac is engaged; not a word more. The world is certainly progressing in politeness. Three cards came back this day with the words 'sent by mistake' written on them. Norcott does not know it yet, nor shall he till to-morrow."

"Is it true that the old Countess de Joievillars begged to know who was to receive the ladies invited?"

"Yes, it is true; and I told her a piece of her own early history in return, to assure her that no accident of choice should be any bar to the hope of seeing her."

"What was the story?"

"I'd tell it if that boy of Norcott's was not listening there at that window."

"Yes, Sir," cried I, "I have heard every word, and mean to repeat it to my father when I see him."

"Tell him at the same time, then, that his grand dinner of twenty-eight has now come down to seventeen, and I'm not fully sure of three of these."

I went down into the dining-room, and saw that places had been laid for twenty-eight, and as yet no alteration had been made in the table, so that it at once occurred to me this speech of Clerement's was a mere impertinence—one of those insolent sallies he was so fond of. Nixon, too, had placed the name of each guest on his napkin, and he, at least, had not heard of any apologies.

Given in my honor as this dinner was, I felt a most intense interest in its success. I was standing, as it were, on the threshold of life, and regarded the mode in which I should be received as an augury of good or evil. My father's supremacy at home, the despotism he wielded, and the respect and deference he exacted, led me to infer that he exercised the same influence on the world at large; and that, as I had often heard, the only complaint against him in society was his exclusiveness. I canvassed these thoughts with myself for hours, as I sat alone in my room waiting till it was time to dress.

At last eight o'clock struck, and I went down into the drawing-room. Hotham was there, in a window recess, conversing in whispers with an Italian count—one of our intimates, but of whom I knew nothing. They took no notice of me, so that I took up a paper and began to read. Cleremont came in soon after with a bundle of notes in his hand. "Has your father come down?" asked he, hastily; and then, without waiting for my reply, he turned and left the room. Madame next appeared. I have no words for my admiration of her as, splendidly dressed and glittering with diamonds, she swept proudly in. That her beauty could have been so heightened by more toilet seemed incredible, and as she read my wonderment in my face she smiled, and said:

"Yes, Digby, I am looking my very best to fête your birthday."

I would have liked to have told her how lovely she appeared to me, but I could only blush and gaze wonderingly on her.

"Button this glove, dear," said she, handing to me her wrist all weighted and jingling with costly bracelets; and while, with trembling fingers, I was trying to obey her, my father entered and came toward us. He made her a low but very distant bow, tapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and then moved across to an arm-chair and sat down.

Cleremont now came in, and drawing a chair beside my father's, leaned over and said something in a whisper. Not seeming to attend to what he was saying, my father snatched rather than took the bundle of letters he held in his hand, ran his eye eagerly over some of them; and then, crushing the mass in his grasp, he threw it into the fire.

"It is forty minutes past eight," said he, calmly, but with a deadly pallor in his face. "Can any one tell me if that clock be right?"

"It is eight or ten minutes slow," said Hotham.

"Whom do we wait for, Clerement?" asked my father again.

"Steinmets was 'de service' with the King, but would come if he got free; and there's Rochegude, the French Secretary, who to replace his chief. I'm not quite sure about the Walronds, but Crayden told me positively to expect *him*."

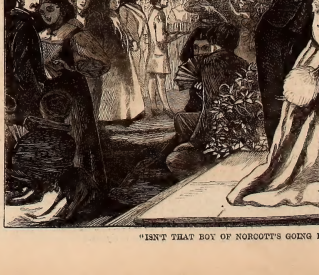
"Do me the favor to ring the bell and order dinner," said my father, and he spoke with measured calm.

"Won't you wait a few minutes?" whispered Clerement. "The Duke de Frialmont, I'm sure, will be here."

"No, Sir; we live in a society that understands and observes punctuality. No breach of it is accidental. Dinner, Nixon!" added he, as the servant appeared.

The folding-doors were thrown wide almost at once, and dinner announced. My father gave his arm to Madame Cleremont, who actually tottered as she walked beside him, and as she sat down seemed on the verge of fainting. Just as we took our places three young men, somewhat overdressed, entered hurriedly, and were proceeding to make their apologies for being late; but my father, with a chilling distance, assured them they were in excellent time, and motioned them to be seated.

Of the table laid for twenty-eight guests nine places were occupied; and these, by some mischance, were scattered here and there with wide intervals. Madame Clerement sat on my fa-



"ISN'T THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S GOING IT TO-NIGHT?"

her's right, and three empty places flanked his lunch hand.

I sat opposite my father, with two vacant seats on either side of me; Hotham nearest to me, and one of the strangers beside him. They conversed in a very low tone, but short snatches and half-sentences reached me; and I heard the stranger say, "It was too bold a step; women are sure to resent such attempts." Madame Clermont's name, too, came up three or four times; and the stranger said, "It's my first dinner here, and the Breslars will not forgive me for coming."

"Well, there's none of them has such a cook as Norcott," said Hotham.

"I grant you that; but I'd put up with a worse dinner for better company."

I looked round at this to show I had heard the remark, and from that time they conversed in a whisper.

My father never uttered a word during the dinner. I do not know if he ate, but he helped himself and affected to eat. As for Madame, how she sat out those long two hours, week after week, by my side, I can not tell. I saw her once try to lift her glass to her lips, but her hand trembled so she set it down unheard, and lay back in her chair like one dying out of exhaustion.

A few words and a faint attempt to laugh once or twice broke the dead silence of the entertainment, which proceeded, however, in all its stately detail, course after course, till the dessert was handed round, and Tokay, in small tiny glasses, was served; then, my father rose slowly, and drawing himself up to his full height, looked haughtily around him. "May I ask my illustrious friends," said he, "who have this day so graciously honored me with their presence, to drink the health of my son, whose birthday we celebrate. There is no happier augury on entering life than to possess the friendship and goodwill of those who stand foremost in the world's honor. It is his great privilege to be surrounded this day by many and by distinguished. The great in the art of peace and war, and that loveliness which surpasses in its fascination all other rewards, are around me, and I call upon these to drink to the health of Digby Norcott."

All rose and drank: Hotham lifted his glass high in the air, cried a cheer, but never joined him. His voice died away, and he sat down, and for several minutes an unbroken silence prevailed.

My father at last leaned over toward Madame, and I heard the word "coffee." She arose and took his arm, and we all followed close to the drawing-room.

"I'm right glad it's over," said Hotham, as he poured the liquor over his coffee. "I've sat out a court-martial that wasn't slower than that dinner."

"But what's the meaning of it all?" asked another. "Why and how came all these apologies?"

"You'd better ask Clermont, or rather his wife," muttered Hotham, and moved away.

"You ought to get into the open air," that's the best advice you," I heard Clermont say to his wife, but there was such a thorough indifference in the tone it sounded like a kind sister than a sarcasm. She, however, drew a shawl around her, and moved down the steps into the garden. My father soon after retired to his own room, and Clermont, laughingly, said, "There are no women here, and we may have a cigar;" and he threw his case across the table. The whole party were soon immersed in smoke.

I saw that my presence imposed some restraint on the conversation, and soon escaped to my room with a much sadder spirit and a heavier heart than I had left it two hours before.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DUEL.

Reserve, and thinking, and fretting together. I had fallen asleep on my sofa, and was awakened by Mr. Nixon blotting my candles, and asking me in a very low voice if I felt unwell.

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Won't you go down, Sir, then. It's past eleven now, and there's a good many people below."

"Who have come?" asked I, eagerly.

"Well, I don't know, but, with a certain degree of hesitation, "they're not much to talk about. There's eight or nine young gentlemen of the Embassy—fellows like—and Clermont and his twenty officers of the Guides, and there's some more that look like travelers out of the hotels. They call it morning dress."

"Are there no ladies?"

"Yes: I suppose we must call them ladies, Sir. Madame Madame Bignoli and her two daughters."

"The dusty-cook?"

"Yes, Sir; and there are the Mademoiselles Jenson, of the cigar shop, and stunningly dressed they are, too! Amber satin with black lace and Spanish veils on their heads; and there's that little Swedish girl—I believe she's a Swede —that sells the iced drinks."

"But what do you mean? These people have not been invited. How have they come here?"

"Well, Sir, I mustn't tell you a lie, but I hope you'll not betray me if I speak in confidence to you. Here's how it all has happened. The ladies all refused; they agreed together that they'd not come to dinner, nor come in the evening. Mr. Clermont knows why; but it ain't for me to say it."

"But *I* don't know, and I desire to know!" cried I, haughtily.

"Well, indeed, Sir, it's more than I can tell you. There's people here not a bit corrector than that won't meet her."

"Meet whom?"

"Madame, Sir—Madame Clermont."

"Don't dare to say another word," cried I, passionately. "If you utter a syllable of disrespect to that name I fling you out of the window."

"Don't be afraid, Master Digby; I know my station, and I never forget it, Sir. I was only telling you what you asked me, not a word more. The swells sent back your father's cards, and there's more than three hundred of them returned."

"And where's papa now?"

"In bed, Sir. He told his valet he wasn't to be disturbed except the house took fire."

"Is Madame Clermont below?"

"No, Sir; she's very ill. The doctor has been with her, and he's coming again to-night."

"And are these people—this rabble that you talk of—received as my papa's guests?"

"Only in a sort of a way, Sir," said he, smiling. "You see, that when Mr. Clermont perceived that there was nothing but excuses and apologies pouring in, he told me to close the house, and that we'd let all the hangers-on pass into the grounds, and give them a jolly supper and plenty of Champagne; and he sent word to a many of the officers that they might stay and have a lark; and certainly, as the supper was there, they might as well eat it. The only puzzle is now, won't there be enough for the rest round to all Sir Roger's tradespeople—all at least that has good-looking daughters—and these in by force and contrivance, and right well dressed and well got up, too."

"And what will papa say to all this to-morrow?"

"Don't you know, Sir, that Sir Roger seldom looks back," said he, with a cunning look; "he'll not be disturbed to-night. He'll have his shut up, and the bands are playing, one at the lake, the other at the end of the long walk, and the supper will be over about the time when they can cheer and drink toasts without annoying any one."

"It's a downright infamy!" cried I.

"It ain't the correct thing, sure enough, Sir, there's none of us could say that; but it will be a great day in Hotham's mind, 'the women are a precious sight better looking than the countesses'."

"Where is Mr. Eccles?"

"I saw him waltzing, Sir, or maybe it was the polka, with Madame Robineau just as I was coming up to you."

"I'll go down and tell Mr. Clermont to dismiss his friends," cried I, starting up all in a rage. "Papa meant this fête to celebrate my birthday. I'll not accept such rabble congratulations. Mr. Clermont must have an order, let him seek for another place to give it in."

"Don't go, master, don't I entreat you!" cried he, imploringly. "You'll only make a row, and bring down Sir Roger, and then who's to say what will happen? He'll have a dozen duels on his hands in half a week, and some of the officers won't stand being called to account, and Sir Roger is not the man to be sweet-tempered with them."

"And am I to see my father's name insulted, and his house dishonored by such a canaille crew?"

"Just come down and see them, Master Digby; prettier, nicer girls you never saw in your life, and gentlemen, too, Sir. I'll lay a hundred if he ever mixed with a nicer company. There now, Sir, slip on your velvet jackets—it looks nicer than that tail-coat—and come down. They'll be all proud and glad to see you, and won't she hold her head high that you ask to take a turn of a waltz with you?"

"And how should I face my father to-morrow?" said I, blushing deeply.

"Might I tell you, Master Digby?" said he, leaning over the table, and speaking almost in my ear.

"Go on," said I, dryly.

"I know well, Sir, you'll never throw me over, and what I'm going to tell you is worth gold to you."

"Go on," cried I, for he had ceased to speak.

"Here it is, then," said he, with an effort. "The greatest sorrow your father knows, Master Digby, is that he thinks you have no spirit in you—have not a dacent pride. As he told me one day to Mr. Clermont, 'You must teach him every thing, he has no "go" in himself; there's nothing in his nature but what somebody else put into it.'"

"He never said that!"

"I pledge you my oath he did."

"Well, if he did, he meant it very differently from what you do."

"There's no two meanings to it. There's a cheer!" cried he, running over to the window and flinging it wide. "I wonder who's come now? Oh, it's the fire-work fellow, I suppose."

"I'll go down," said I, but out of what process of reasoning came that resolve I am unable to tell.

"Maybe they won't be glad to see you!" cried he, as he helped me on with my jacket and arranged the heron's feathers in my velvet cap. I was half laboring at an excuse for myself, and thought me of that charge of feebleness of character Nixon had reported to me, and I determined to show what might, I had not. Next I had a will and could follow it. In less than five minutes after, I found myself among the trees in the garden shaking hands with scores of people I never saw before, and receiving the very politest and most flattering compliments on my very pretty lips, aided by very expressive eyes.

Here's Mademoiselle Pauline Delorme refuses to dance with me," cried Eccles, "since she has seen the head of the house. Digby, let me present you." And with this he led me up to a very beautiful girl, who, though only the daughter of a celebrated Restaurateur of Brussels, might have been a Princess, so far as look and breeding and elegance were concerned.

"This is to be the correct thing," cried Clermont. "We open with a quadrille; take your partners, gentlemen, and to your places."

Nothing can be more perfectly proper and decorous than this dance. It is possible, perhaps, that we exceeded a little on the score of reverential observance: we bowed and courtesied at every imaginable opportunity, and with an air of homage that smacked of a court, and if we did raise our eyes to each other, as we received from the obeisance, it was with a look of the profoundest humility and deference. I really began to think that the only hopelessly people I had ever seen were ladies and gentlemen. As for Eccles, he wore an air of almost reverential gravity, and Hotham was sternly composed. At last, however, we came to the finish, and Clermont, clapping his hands thrice, called out *grande ronde*; and taking his partner's arm within his own, led off at a gallop; the music striking up and the ladies's widows quickest strains. Away he went down an alley, and we all after him, stamping and laughing like mad. The darkness only added to the gayety. The moment before was electric; no longer arm in arm, but with arms close clasped around the waist, and hands over the shoulder, the turf with a will delight to which the music imparted a thrilling ecstasy. Now through the dense shade we broke into a blaze of light, where a great buffet stood; and round this we all swarmed at once, and glasses were filled with Champagne, and vivas shouted almost to the echo; and I heard that my health was toasted, and a very sweet voice—the lips were on my ear—whispered I knew not what, but it sounded very like making me joy and love, while others were deafening me about long life and happiness.

I only remember—I do not want to remember—all the nonsense I talked, and with a volubility quite new to myself, being fain to fill up with a tone of wild ecstasy; and as homage and deference met me at every step, my every wish anticipated, I felt that my head struck me more and more as bright inspiration, no wonder was it if I lost myself in a perfect ocean of bliss. Champagne flowed like the queen of the feast, and ordered a splendid wreath of flowers to be brought, which I placed upon her brows, and saluted her as Queen of the Night, amidst the rising shouts of willing tosters. Except to make a tour of a walk or a polka with some one I knew, I would not grant the chance with any one but myself; and she, I must say, most graciously submitted to the tyranny, and seemed to delight in the extravagant expressions of my admiration for her.

If I was madly jealous of her, I felt the most overwhelming gratitude for praises bestowed upon her beauty and her gracefulness. I perhaps the consciousness that I was a mere boy, and that had I been presented to her in my proper character would have been reprehensible with one older, led her to treat me with a degree of intimacy that was positively captivating; and before one third waltz was over I was calling her Pauline, and she calling me Digby, like old friends.

"Will you not grant me a dance with you, my self; and she, I must say, most graciously submitted to the tyranny, and seemed to delight in the extravagant expressions of my admiration for her.

If I was madly jealous of her, I felt the most overwhelming gratitude for praises bestowed upon her beauty and her gracefulness. I perhaps the consciousness that I was a mere boy, and that had I been presented to her in my proper character would have been reprehensible with one older, led her to treat me with a degree of intimacy that was positively captivating; and before one third waltz was over I was calling her Pauline, and she calling me Digby, like old friends.

"Will you not grant me a dance with you, my dear?" said Pauline, as I tried to shake myself free of her.

"I want to follow those men. I have a word to say to them."

"You shall do no such thing, dearest," muttered she. "You have just told me I am to be your little wife, and I am not going to see you head rushing into a stupid quarrel."

"And you are mine, then," cried I; "and you will not be angry if I kiss you before all?" Come, let me take off your glove."

"Not at all, my love; that's quite enough for courtesy, and a little too much for deference," whispered Eccles in my ear; for I was kissing with rapture the hand of that beauty, and she laughed at my raptures as an excellent joke. "I think you'd better lead the way to supper."

Secretly enough this suggestion of mine was short work of Mr. Eccles and his admonitions, I gave him a haughty glance and moved on. I remember even at that moment that I walked at the head of the table and placed Pauline on my right. I know I made some absurd speech in proposing the health of my father, and spoke of us, and what we—Pauline and myself—felt, and with what pleasure we should see our friends most attentive to the wishes of that tenderly touching name, and a brain addled with noise and heated with wine. I was frequently interrupted; my sentences finished by the moment; bread, breast, broth, but still louder laughter would ring out and convulse the whole assembly. Even addled and confused as I was, I could see that some were my partisans and friends, who approved of all I said, and wished me to give free course to my feelings; and others—two or three—who tried to stop me; and one actually said aloud, "I say that boy of Norcott's is not suppressed as he shall have to suppress."

Recalled to my dignity as a host by this impertinence, I believe I put some restraint on my eloquence, and I now addressed myself to do the honors of the table. Alas! my attentions seldom strayed beyond my lovely neighbor, and I firmly believed that none could remark the rapture with which I gazed on her, or so much as suspected that I had never quitted the grasp of her hand from the moment we sat down.

I think you'd better let Mademoiselle dance the cotillon with the Count Vaughan," whispered Eccles in my ear.

"And why, Sir?" rejoined I, half fiercely.

"I think you might guess," said he, with a smile; "at least you could if you were to get up."

"And would she—would Pauline—I mean, would Mademoiselle Delorme—approve of this arrangement?"

"No, Monsieur Digby, not if it did not come from you. We shall sit in the shade yonder for half an hour or so, and then, when you are rested, we'll join the cotillon."

"Get that boy off to bed, Eccles," said Clermont, who did not scruple to utter the words aloud.

I started up to make an indignant rejoinder; some fierce insult was on my lips; but passion and excitement and wine mastered me, and I sank back on my seat overcome and senseless.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMORSE.

I cannot say what was the day after the fête. I was conscious that Nixon was making a considerable noise—that he shut and opened doors and windows, splashed the water into my mouth, and threw down my boots with an unwonted energy; but through all this consciousness of disturbance I was quiet, and was determined to sleep, let him make what uproar he pleased.

"It's nigh two o'clock, Sir!" whispered he in my ear, and I replied by a snore.

"I'm very sorry to be troublesome, Sir; but the master is very impatient; he was getting up when I went in last time."

These words served to dispel my drowsiness at once, and the mere thought of my father's displeasure made me like a strong man awakened.

"Does papa want me?" cried I, sitting up in bed; "did you say papa wanted me?"

"Yes, Sir," said a deep voice, and my father entered the room, dressed for the street, and with his hat on.

"You may leave us," said he to Nixon; and as the man withdrew my father took a chair and sat down close to my bedside.

"I have sent these messages to you this morning," said he, gravely, "and am forced at last to come myself.

"Dispensing my apologies, when he stopped me, and said, "That will do; I have no wish to be told why you overslept yourself; indeed, I have already heard more than I cared to hear than I care for."

He paused, and though perhaps he expected me to say something, I was too much terrified to speak.

"I perceive," said he, "you understand me; you apprehend that I know of your doings of last night, and that any attempt at excuse is hopeless. I do not come here to reproach you for your misconduct; I reproach myself for a mistaken estimate of you; I ought to have known better. I ought to have been a friend where I now find a stranger—I suspect Weimar will do. He will be paymaster, and you will confer a favor by sending in your repeats expense. Whether you study or not, whether you employ your time profitably and creditably, or whether you pass it in dissipation, is a matter that completely regards yourself. As for me, my conscience is acquitted when I provide you with the means of acquirement, and I no more engage you to benefit by these advantages than I do to see you eat the food that is placed before you. The responsibility ceases as rejoins distinct duties from each. You need not write to me till I desire you to do so; and when I do I promise you I should much rather not."

If, while he spoke these harsh words to me, the slightest touch of feeling—had one trace of love never crossed his features—my whole heart would have melted at once, and I would have thrown myself at his feet in penitence. There was, however, a something so pitiless in his tone, and a look so full of scorn in his steadfast eye, that every moment of pause only added that same pride I inherited from himself—stimulated me to answer him, and I said, boldly: "If the people I saw here last night were not a well born as your habitual guests, Sir, I'll venture to say there was nothing in their manner or deportment to be ashamed of."

"I am told that Mlle. Pauline Delorme was charming," said he; and the sarcasm of his manner increased with almost every sentence. He had no need to say more: I could not utter a word.

"This is a topic I will not discuss with you, Sir," said he, after a pause. "*I* intended you to be a gentleman, and to live with gentlemen. Your tastes incline differently, and I make no opposition to them. As I have told you already, I was willing to launch you into life: I'll be you shall have no paper plan. Whatever I take, or could take in you, must be the result of your own qualities. These have not impressed me strongly up to this; and were I to judge by what I have seen, I should send you back to those you came from."

"Do so, then, if it will only give me back the nature I brought away with me!" cried I, passionately; and my throat swelled till I felt almost choked with emotion.

"That nature," said he, with a sneer on the word, "was contemptible, if I remember it, in a boy of fifteen and a pair of patched shoes, and I

believe they have been preserved along with some other family relics"

I bethought me at once of the tower and its humble furniture, and a sense of terror overcame me, that I was in presence of one who could cherish hate with such persistence.

"The flames of your knight's debauch are some excuse for your bad manners, Sir," said he, rising. "I leave you to sleep them off; only remember that main starts at eight this evening, and it is my desire you do not miss it."

With this he left me. I arose at once and proceeded to dress. It was sheer procedure, for I would often stop and sit down to think what course would best befit me to take at this moment. At one instant it seemed to me I ought to follow him, and declare that the splendid slavery to which I had had no charm for me—that the faintest glimmering of self-respect and independence was more my ambition than all the luxuries and surroundings and; and when I had resolved I would do this, a sudden dread of his presence—his eye, that I could never face without shuddering—the tones of his voice, that spoke me like a lash—so shashed me that I gave up the effort with despair.

Night was at once to give me some pittance, enough to save her from the burden of my support, and send me back to my mother? Oh, if I could summon courage to ask this! What assistance need be continued only for a few years, for I hoped and believed I should not even have to live as a dependent. What if I were to write him a few lines to this purport. I could do this even better than speak it.

I sat down at once and began.

"Dear papa"—he would never permit me to use a more endearing word. "Dear papa, I hope you will forgive me troubling you about myself and my future. I would like to fit myself for some career or calling by which I might become independent, and I could very well live and study very closely if I were back with my mother."

As I reached this far the door opened and Felice appeared.

"All right" I cried he; I was afraid I should catch you so still, and I'm glad you've taken to preparing for the road. Are you nearly ready?"

"Not quite; I wanted to write a letter before I go. I was just at it."

"Write from Verviers or Bonn; you'll have lots of time on the road."

"Ay, but letter might save me from the journey if I sent it off now!"

He looked amazed at this, and I at once told him my plan and what hint what I had in view.

"You don't mean to say you'd have courage to send this to your father?"

"And why not?"

"Well, all I have to say is, don't do it till I'm off the premises; for I'd not be here when he reads it for all the world. What he'd do outright, which sometimes means questioned. Take your hat and stick, and go down to the river, in Heaven's name, you must, but don't set out on your life's journey with a curse or a kick, or possibly both. If I preach patience, my dear boy, I have had experience of it, too. I set up your traps in your portmanteau. Come down and take some dinner. We'll start with the nightmain; and you'll travel for a while, I suppose, fully ramble and enjoy yourselves heartily. If I know any thing of life, it is that there's no such mistake in life as hunting up anxiously and early. Let them find us if they can; but let us never run after them."

"My heart is too heavy for such enjoyment as you talk of."

"It won't be so to-morrow, or, at all events, the day after. Come, stir yourself now with your packing; I thought has just struck me that you'll be very grateful to me when I call it up."

"What is it?" asked I, half carelessly.

"You must ask with another guess-look in your eye if you want me to tell you."

"You could tell me nothing that would gladden me."

"Nor propose any thing that you'd like?" asked he.

"Nor that either," said I, despondingly.

"Oh, if that be the case, I give up my project; not that it was much of a project after all. What I was going to suggest was, that instead of dining here, and sleeping our tired heads off, we'd drive down to Delorme's, and have a pleasant little dinner there, in the garden; it's quite close to the railroad, so that we could start at the last whistle."

"That does sound pleasantly," said I, "there's nothing like a change in the way than hanging about a station waiting for departure."

"So then you agree?" cried he, with a malicious twinkle in his eye that I affected not to understand.

"Yes," said I, indolently; "I see little against it; and I really, after all, owe you a leave-taking with Captain Hotham and Claremont."

"By-the-way, you are not to ask to see Madame ; you've never reminded me to tell you this. The doctors say she is not to be disturbed on any account. What a chance that I did not forget this!"

Whether it was that I was too much concerned for my own misfortunes to have a thought that was not selfish, or that another feeling having that loomed in the distance was uppermost in my thoughts, certain it is I felt this privation for less acutely than I might.

"She's a nice little woman, and deserves a better lot than she has met with."

"What sort of dinner will Delorme give us?" said I, affecting the air of a man about town, but in reality drawing out the bait to lead the talk in that direction.

"First-rate, if we let him; that is, if we only say, 'Order dinner for us,' Monsieur Pierre. There's no man understands such a mandate more thoroughly."

"Then that's what I shall say," cried I, "as I crave his threshold."

"He'll serve you Madeira with your soup, and Steinberger with your fish, thirty francs a bottle, both of them."

"Be it so. We shall drink to our pleasant journey," said I, and I actually thought my voice had caught the tone and cadence of my father's as I spoke.

CHRISTMAS VOICES.

Voices of the belfry height,
Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
Melodies of Christmas times.
As of old, the yule-log bring,
Bind the holly round the hall;
At the gate the minstrels sing
Messages of peace to all.

Chorus.

Voices of the belfry height,
Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
Melodies of Christmas times.
Melodies of Christmas times.

Voices of the Christmas morn,
Calling to the sleeping West,
Eve the crimson light is born,
And the stars are gone to rest,
Wake the hearts
Lost upon the frozen earth;
Underneath the snowy skies,
Dreaming of a Christmas hearth.

Chorus.

Voices of the belfry height,
Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
Melodies of Christmas times.

Voices of the Christmas day,
May your echoes ring across,
As the seasons pass away,
Heralding a world's increase.
Through the mystery of time,
Stands alone the Truth divine;
Through the clouds of darkest fears,
Starlike, will it ever shine.

Chorus.

Voices of the belfry height,
Pealing forth your merry chimes,
Sound upon the winter night,
Melodies of Christmas times.

THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

"LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of it." Such, we are told, was said by one of our modern writers, and I doubt whether any thing more true was ever said by any man.

Don't you find—you that have reached middle life, and you that are approaching middle age—that time passes much more quickly than it used to pass? Don't you find, when the evening comes and the day's work is over, that it seems only a few minutes since the day's work began? You may have been very busy; but when you return home to your children it appears a very short time since you left them in the morning. Of course there are exceptional seasons, as when health is bad, or when a heavy grief presses you down; but, on the whole, it is not now a subject of constant remark that the days pass with incredible rapidity?

And don't you remember when the case was very different? Don't you remember how long the day used to be, when you yourself were a child—how a crowd of things happened, how applied and diversified the hours—and how extensive the prospect was when you looked toward the future? The fact is, you and your children are living lives of different lengths in the same space of time. The day is far longer to them than to you. Look at them when you leave and. You feel, when you think of it, as if its beginning and its ending were almost the same. When they get their little heads on the pillow, weary with their twelve hours' play—their toys broken—their pockets empty—their mouths full of hearty merry laugh, their eager quarrels, at length brought to a pause—those twelve hours have been made, to them, as various and copious existence. Your toys too, perhaps, are broken —you too may have been occupied with trifles—your laughter and your toughtiness—your quarrels inconsiderate—but your longer, your more responsible day, has been far shorter than theirs.

It might not be very difficult to explain this. Our sense of the lapse of time does not depend entirely, or quite, on the fact of occupation or routine itself. When impressions are vivid, forcible, and fresh the time seems long. When the events of our lives are habitual and ordinary—when all to-morrow will be an diligent occupation—the time seems short. Any man may test this for himself by comparing passages of his own experience. The first few days spent in a new place are longer than those that succeed them. Expanding in novelty, we glance from the stream above us, quietly and rapidly as before. And no one, on the other side, needs to be told that days of anxiety and watching, when the mind is consciously on the stretch, are frightfully long. The battle of Waterloo, for instance, can you not imagine, if you remember the circumstances of that engagement, how different was the length of that summer day to the great captain, on the one hand, on whom rested all the suspense and responsibility, and to some private soldier in the ranks, on the other, who merely passed and with nothing to think of but to be prompt and to obey?

How desirable then to make sure of doing something in the present which really will bear good fruit in the future!

"Ah no!
There is no rest:
Our Time is fleeting:
What rein can curb our headstrong hours?
They pass and pass, they pass, we know not how:
Our Now is gone before we can say Now:
Time past and future's noon of days:
That hath as yet no being,
And this is now no more to be:
What is, is only ours: how short a time have we!"

CURIOUS CUSTOM OF THE GREEK CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

THERE is a very curious custom observed by the Greek Church in Constant Russia, which we illustrate on page 1. It is the baptism at Christmas of the patron saint. Each church and each city has its particular patron. In the larger towns the ceremony is performed by a bishop. A cross is cut in the ice, and the patron saint, represented by a carved wooden effigy, is baptized in the name represented in cow cut in the ice, the bishop officiating and performing the ceremony. It is a curious custom, and shows the tendency so manifest in the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches to please the people with shows.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE week before and after Christmas is most emphatically known as the week when everything possible and impossible thing, which by any chance could pawn was made to child. The amount of inventive ingenuity expended on children's toys is wonderful—to say nothing of the amount of cash annually expended in buying them. A great many of the articles for juvenile amusement come from Germany, France, and Switzerland, but in our own country the manufacture of toys is becoming an extensive business; and the number of many a stump-pulling has made his fortune. Notwithstanding the enormities of gold-loving monopolists, boys will persist in liking any thing that makes a noise, no matter how horrible that noise may be. Consequently the two hundred thousand people who will be said to be made every month in the city of Paris, are scarcely enough to supply the demands of the Parisian manufacturers of brass trumpets as driven with work. Girls, on the contrary, are more happy as when they have a whole family of dolls, which they can dress in nudities, instruct and discipline, love, pet, and be displeased with, according to the most modern fashion. Sometimes, to be sure, they aspire to something better, and, instead of sewing seams and walking dolls, as did a little six-year-old, who, when very desirous of playing with a little cousin, was told that she must amuse herself with her doll, stated, "But, mamma," said the child, "my doll can't run out doors and play with me, can she?"

It is a good thing to brighten the lives of children; and their joy is not the only joy of the whole household. The Christmas toys are to most children the object of a long anticipation, and are to be received with the most eager delight. Yet we often make a great mistake in the selection. Children want playthings which will amuse something in a way more the better, if within their capacity. A hoop that moves by itself is not half so much amuse so long as the ordinary hoop and stick, which calls every muscle into activity. A jumping-jack is the most modern toy whittle, or a box of tools, will not only develop, but train muscles that will be of many an intricate but automatic toy. And every mother knows that her little girl takes infinitely more comfort in making a "lady" out of a clothes-pin and pinning it up in shawls and sheets, than in any thing she can do with the wax beauty, in the elaborate dress of the full-length bedding, and whose arms and legs are broken if we do not. Let the children have sensible toys, which will give their opening faculties something to do, which are not too nice to use, and which will not interfere with their tender and very extravagant or wholesome ideas.

Some protection against burglars is highly desirable, but recovered is not always the best safeguard. A week or two ago, a farmer living near St. Joseph, Missouri, heard footsteps on the roof about midnight. He had money in the house, and attempts had been previously made by burglars to enter the premises. Armed with a revolver, he went toward the door, but, judging by the sound that the burglars were retreating, he made no return to his bedroom. Meantime his wife had left the bed and was standing at the window looking out upon the roof. Her husband, supposing that she was still in bed, and seeing a human form at the window, concluded at once that it was a burglar about to enter the window, and, without challenging, drew his revolver and fired upon the man, his wife soon brought him the knowledge that he had shot her. The wound, though a very dangerous one, will probably not prove fatal; but the shooting was nearly frantic at his sad mistake.

On Sunday evening of last week Dr. J. T. Boynton delivered a lecture on the Bible, at the Cooper Institute. At the close of the lecture the lights in the hall were turned off, and the magic screen on the platform appeared, in rapid succession, pictures illustrative of scenes in the Bible, which were described and thus connected with religion in various parts of the world.

A suggestion has been made more than once, and from different quarters, that some arrangement be made whereby public reading-rooms and libraries may be established in hotels and on ferry-boats. There are probably thousands of young men in our city who, if such facilities were at their disposal, perhaps, to pay for a bare lodging-place, but not for a warm room, or for gas-light. Is it strange that such men look for a comfortable spot, during the cold winter time, where they can spend their spare hours? And if there are not enough respectable places where they can be warm, and also have some occupation, they will go elsewhere. The expense to the owner of all kinds would be diminished, especially on the Sabbath, if many of these pleasant rooms were open to those who are homeless and friendless.

George Peabody has made another donation of one hundred thousand dollars to the poor of London.

An English gentleman has issued a volume which he calls "A Clear and Easy Guide to the Art of Making English Verse." What an avalanche of poets will this develop before January 1870!

The infanta of Spain is of small and delicate stature, exceedingly pale, and not beautiful in appearance. Her eyes are large and very soft, without the smallest reminiscence of the fire which sometimes flashes from those of her mother. Her hair is of the dimmest hue of chestnut, and folded around her head in a double necklace, which has become the fashion and characteristic of the Spanish women. The Count Girgenti, her husband, is of cold, determined aspect, of multi height, and dark in complexion. The pallor of his visage makes the black mustache and royale he wears, according to the fashion of some seven years ago, appear even darker than in reality.

An example of the wondrous manner in which human life is preserved amidst great danger was lately afforded at the works of an edge-tool maker in Northampton, England. One important branch of employment making is the grinding, which gives the polish and the edge to the implements manufactured. The grindstones are of large size, generally from two to three tons, and require, by means of steam, with very great velocity. The grinder sits upon a "horse," a long plank of ice, which is slightly inclined toward the face of the stone to enable him to press the implements against it. This "horse" is secured to the ground by strong chains. The great danger in the breaking of the stone, when from the great velocity by which it comes to pieces, the broken pieces are cast with most destructive force. On the occasion referred to three grinders were at work in the shop, and the same Clark, working at a new stone weighing about two tons. All at once Clarke's stone split in three parts. One piece, weighing about nine hundred-weight, flew up higher than the roof, caught the brim of his hat, and knocked it off his head, the stone striking the roof and bringing it down. A second piece of stone of equal weight as the same moment clipped another workman, almost touching him, and the next second the half of the stone remaining fell with such force against the "horse" upon which Clark was sitting as to send it flying at an angle from his seat up through the broken and fallen roof, and in a second he found himself in the most remarkable manner, standing upon the roof, and looking down the shop into the street. The shop was in ruins, but Clark was found safe upon the wall, and the other workmen, though buried beneath the fallen roof, were uninjured. Such occurrences are frequent, and generally are either fatally injured, but seldom have any so wonderously escaped.

In a sermon delivered by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher a week or two ago, he remarked that a man must have considerable standing, must do much toward benefiting the condition of his fellow-man, in order to fulfill to some measure the duties of life he was created. How many men and women apply this simple test to their ordinary avocations?

According to a traveler on the Union Pacific Railroad, there is no danger of starving in the far West at present. He says that not when the train was at a station they passed over a platform into a large hotel. The dining-room was in readiness for the two hundred passengers that crowded into it, and supper was to be seen until a door opened and the waiters paraded into the room with soiled cloths and took their places, as in a first-class city hotel.

"What will you have, Sir?

"What have you got?"

"Bear, buffalo, antelope, brook-trout—"

"Stop!" cried the traveler. "Give me those as far as you've got."

Another terrible kerosene accident. Only a very short time ago a mother and two children were burned to death in Long Island in consequence of the fluid of a lighted lamp filled with kerosene. In this more recent case, in Brooklyn, a Mrs. M'Guiness was dusting the mantle-piece of a room where were children with kerosene. It fell upon a hot stove, and breaking, the fluid spilled, and immediately took fire. Mrs. M'G. ran to the enveloping her almost instantly in one sheet of flame. Her husband and daughter came to her assistance, and their clothing also caught fire. All were terribly burned, and the result is uncertain.

The funeral of Baron Rothschild is said to have been one of the most remarkable which ever occurred in Paris. The Jewish ceremonies attending the residence of the deceased throughout the entire day. Orders had been issued that every house person so afflicted charity should receive a Napoleon, and not less than fifteen thousand men, women, and children made application. The funeral procession itself was attended with the greatest simplicity, but the procession which followed it was truly magnificent, while more than twenty thousand attended the reception of the relatives.

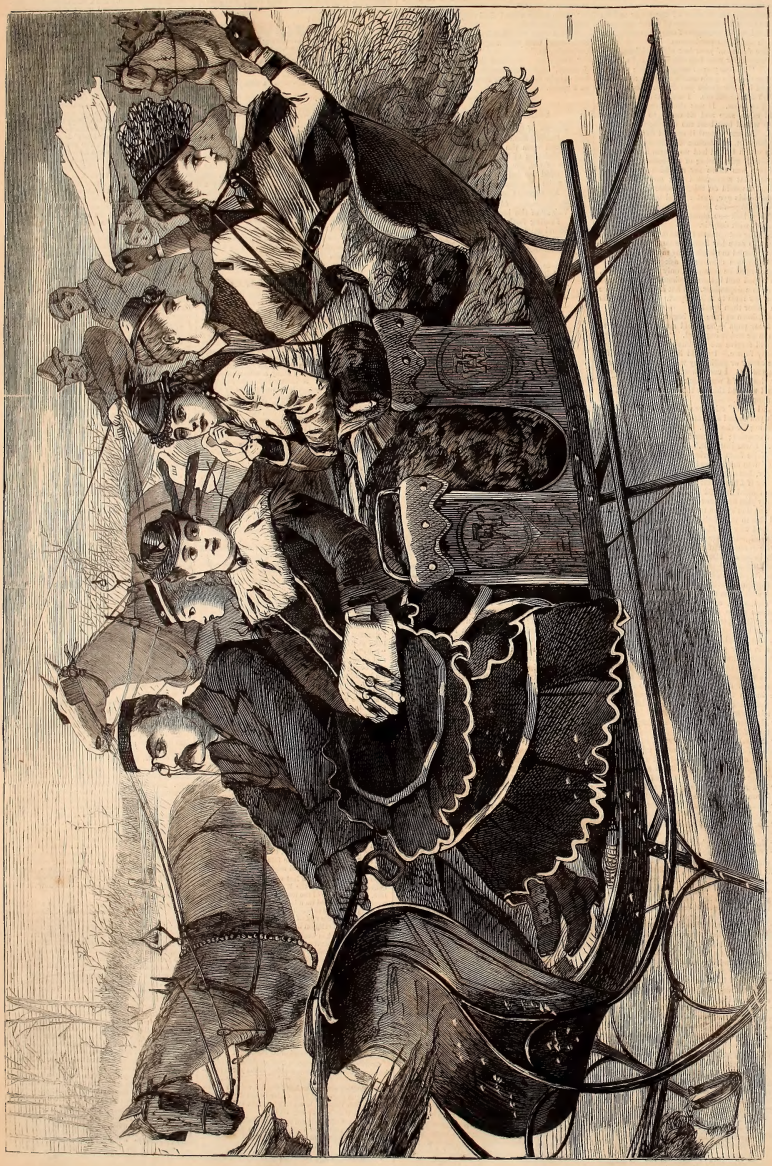
Rossini's funeral, also, was attended by a great concourse of people. The religious service was solemnized in the new Church of the Trinity, and the music on the occasion is said to have been most impressive.

Nilsson, Mlle. Patti, Gassier, and other singers like these interpreting the choicest music, on such an occasion, no wonder that the effect would be very solemn electric, and many were affected to tears.

Not long since a gentleman of Cincinnati went to Indianapolis to attend the case of his son in the latter city. He obtained the license and presented the magic document to the clerk, who was busy at his desk writing. The reverend was about to take place in the evening, and the clerk set out at once to perform the rite. In order to avoid needless care of baggage the trunks were previously dispatched by express. The clergyman arrived, and the clerk made short work of the case; but the license was demanded. Whereupon the bridegroom referred to the fact that he had given it right —he had the license. But when the clergyman said he must see it, he told him it was in his trunk at rack! The produced a panic—a duplicate license, however, was hastily obtained, and the ceremony performed. Then he went to bed for the happy couple to follow the trunk and the original license.

"Have to" is the new French manage to avoid rudeness, but what American would ever take the trouble to accomplish such a result? A gentleman the day he noticed there an elderly gentleman, who evidently had made prodigious exertions to get a passage while away as much time as possible over his dinner and the newspaper until then not interesting to him. One day, however, he got rather too much asleep; he began to snore—louder and louder. Those at the table of the gentleman referred, then annoyed, and finally rather indignant as the sonorous sound continued to increase. The waiter of the restaurant, seeing how matters stood, took a crooked goblet from the shelf, and going to the table next to the sleeping gentleman, began busily to rearrange the glass and china upon it. The gentleman awoke, and after looking fell to the floor (it was the cracked goblet, of course) broken into a hundred fragments. "Pardon, monsieur," said the waiter, as he started to depart, now thoroughly aroused, sat upright, and gazed at the debris at his feet. But the nap was ended for that day, though the somnolent gentleman believed himself to have been awakened by a rare accident.

The climate of Prince Edward Island is exceedingly salubrious, and, if reports are correct, the place is almost distressingly quiet. A traveler there asked a resident: "What are your politics here? What do you talk about?" "Why," was the reply, "we have no politics," and he spoke the truth. He asked a physician: "What are your prevailing diseases?" "We have no prevailing diseases," was the truth.



CHRISTMAS BELLES.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

I HAVE turned the lights of the merry old year low,
And wheeled my chair to the grate's dim glow;
And now, while the darkened city toils
The night's mid-watch from its steeple-bells—
While the sad gems born for a fleeting ghost,
I lift my goblet and pledge my toast:

Le roi est mort—vive le roi!

I drink to the dead year's next of kin.
Parting and welcome—so runs the word;
"The old year's out and the new year's in."

The greeting to birth and the farewell to death—
The male and the female in one light breath—
Ah, not with the same glad heart and brow
As I speak one now as I speak them now!
For the blood of youth has a warmth divine,
And the toast should be given o'er the grandchild's wine:
We toil and we moil but to fail at last,
And life is a wearisome web to spin,
Where the best we think of time goes knit with death—
"The old year out and the new year in!"

What riches they left me, those vanished years,
What treasure of splendid souvenirs!
Each one, as he passed to the mighty gloom
Of dreamless unremembering tomb,
Would point to a palace, dazzling-fair,
By a sea of dreams, on a coast of air,
And murmur, "This wealth of hope is thine—
Thine for the future to grandly win!"
Oh, merrily in my youth I drank
"The old year out and the new year in!"

And they recklessly lost from my fading sight,
These summer visions, bright as daylight—
Mistily spacious, delicate, proud,
With star-seeking spires and domes of cloud!
No; some of all splendor, seen faint and ill,
The phantoms of phantoms, I view them still!
Yet vaguer and more lost as the seasons speed
Who knows but their ruins to vapor thin
Shall have melted at last, ere I drink the present one—
"The old year out and the new year in!"

Well, well, we shall find those fair hopes, it may be,
That have died down so insensibly as
Amid some day life's tear-blotted pages behold,
Re-written by angels in letters of gold!
Past, before, always, for the dead year's ghost,
While I lift my goblet and pledge my toast:
We toil and we moil but to fail at last,
And life is a wearisome web to spin;
But some day the shuttle must cease to move,
And the labor end, and the rest begin!

THE BARRISTER.

I REGRET to say that my story is of the shop, shoppy! I use the word regret advisedly, weighed down by the melancholy reflection that somehow or other whenever I am called upon to make myself agreeable and entertaining, I always fly to professional sources for inspiration. The only case I can offer upon the present occasion is that this particular railway, conveying me as it does round circuit twice a year, awakens many reminiscences, one of which, connected with the Spring assizes at Reading some years ago, comes back forcibly to my mind.

It was in the earlier days of my Bar career, and briefs were far from being as plentiful as blackberries in September—in fact, I was seriously contemplating pawning my wig and gown, and emigrating with the proceeds to British Columbia, or some equally distant and desolate locality. Fortunately for me and society generally, which sooner or later must recognize my distinguished abilities by placing me on the woolsack, I abandoned the idea of British Columbia, and went to Reading. A beneficent fate rewarded me for my courage in the shape of a big brief with a small fee, to defend two men for conspiring to cheat a young gentleman, with more money than brains, by gambling with him and using loaded dice. It was a case that had excited a good deal of interest in the neighborhood, partly from the very remarkable way in which the cheat had been discovered by a stranger who happened to be in the room when the play was going on, and who, suspecting that all was not right, had with a large carving-fork pinned the hand of one of the conspirators to the table. Unfortunately, it was enough, as he found the loaded dice, which he had manipulated up his cuff with considerable skillfully hid the reckless youth found himself some five hundred pounds to the bad. As counsel for the defendants the aspect of the case was far from promising, and, on the very beery solicitor who instructed me observing, "I reckoned uncommon fishy."

The case opened. I entirely concurred, and folded up the papers with a hopeless sigh, cursing the ill-luck that always brought me the dudest cases. In the present instance there was nothing for me to do but to sit by and hold my tongue—a process, by-the-way, any thing but satisfactory to one fond of hearing the sound of his own voice. Apart from professional regrets, I could not help feeling that this precious pair of rascals thoroughly deserved all they were likely to get, and the longer they were shut up the better for the community at large.

The trial came on in due course, and the two prisoners were placed at the bar. As I looked at them I was much struck by their gentlemanly appearance and dress; but then I remembered that all that was part of the stock-in-trade of persons of their class, and turning to my brief prepared to do battle. As this is but a subordinary portion of my story it is needless for me to linger over the details of the trial. They say that a lucky fate often follows on the footsteps of rogues, and in this instance, by some unpardonable carelessness on the part of the constable, the loaded dice which had been found under the hand of one of the prisoners were not forthcoming, and after a great deal of wrangling with the counsel on the other side, the learned judge said that the prosecution in not producing it had, in his opinion, failed to make out a sufficient case to go to the jury, and that he must therefore direct a verdict for the acquittal of the prisoners. They were as much astonished as I overpowered as myself by the unexpected turn things had taken, and with admirable celerity disappeared from the dock.

Some four years afterward I received a very pressing invitation from my old Eton friend, Charlie Forrester, asking me to run down to his place in Devonshire, and spend a few days there. Master Charlie, whose lines had fallen in exceedingly pleasant places, and who at twenty-one had come into a very nice estate and some five thousand pounds annually, after tantalizing all the marriageable girls in the county by refusing to go to the Bar and qualify himself for the ambitions for which he was pertinaciously pestered from morning till night, had finally taken himself abroad, no one knew whither, and there remained between four and five years. When he returned home again he brought a wife with him, a procedure which by his family excited general discontent and disapprobation. But Charlie cared very little what the county folks thought about him. He was passionately fond of his wife, and consequently devoted to home, while he occupied his time in regulating the affairs of his estate, and improving the breed of pigs. In short, he found within the limits of his park fence all the amusement and occupation he required. His attraction for his wife was not surprising, for she was indeed a most lovely and charming woman, full of intelligence and spirit, and one in every way fitted to preside over a household. When she and Charlie first met at Pau, she was the presumptive heiress to untold riches to anything there; their courtship lasted but a few days, and one fine morning they set off impromptu, and walking up to the Mairie, were married before breakfast. Violet Danvers had no idea of the position, pecuniary or otherwise, that attached to Charlie, but it was the fortune of troubles, and all she knew was that he had been very kind and good to her.

"Friends and relations she had none," she said; and then, as she rested her head against his breast and looked up into his eyes, Charlie felt that Heaven had sent him to love and cherish. He told her of his past life, and his wanderings in distant countries, and sought to engage her confidence in the future as he always seemed to avoid all reference to her own past, and would hurriedly turn the conversation into quite another channel. Charlie was not of a suspicious nature, and had far too much love and confidence in his wife's fancy that she was concealing any thing from him.

And so Violet came to her new home—to the home in which generations of Forresters had lived and died.

It was not so very long after they had taken up their abode at "The Lions" that I received the invitation before alluded to; and as the long vacation had already commenced, and my prospects and resources were but of a moderate kind, I made a trip even to the sea-side, I thought the best thing I could do was to accept the hospitality that my old friend offered me, and by a short move found me comfortably installed at "The Lions," thoroughly enjoying the fresh air and strong exercise after the dusty London streets, a contrast to the heated atmosphere of close courts and continuous sitting in stingy chambers. I found Mrs. Forrester a most charming and amusing companion, though I could not help being struck by an air of constraint and reserve that at times settled over her. A very little acquaintance satisfied me that there was some mystery attaching to her which she dared not reveal.

One morning at breakfast, Charlie, after reading a letter he had just received by the post, informed us that it was from the family solicitor of his whom he had met in his traveler days, and who, in pursuance of a long-standing invitation, had written to say that he was coming down on a visit to "The Lions," and would, without waiting for a reply, put in an appearance that very evening. Charlie did not appear at all the prospect of seeing his old acquaintance, and in the course of a walk over the farm he informed me that the name of the solicitor was Murray, by the way, and that he was blessed with a great deal more ready wit than ready cash.

"He is a bit of an adventurer in his way," said Charlie, "he is a capital fellow, and the best company in the world."

It was very late when the expected guest arrived. Mrs. Forrester had retired to bed some time before. As for Charlie and myself, we quite smoke-consumed, and were fain to be supped, and when he had done ample justice to the good things before us, we, being about tired out with the fatigue of the stranger; but when he came across the room and held out his hand, which coldly enough was answered by mine, I started back for some sort, to bid me good-night, as I looked him full in the face, he seemed to start for a moment. Although he was closely shaved, except for a heavy mustache and huge beard, there was something about them that appeared familiar to me. Where on earth had I seen him before? When I got up stairs into my bedroom I puzzled my brain with inquiries, but all in vain. I could connect the face with no name, and nothing with the face, and with that I got angry with myself and went to sleep.

I awoke next morning in a wide state, and feeling a strong inclination for a walk before breakfast, tumbled headlong into my cold tub, and in a very short time after had completed my "toilette," and was out in the glorious fresh air. An hour's stroll brought me back to the window of the breakfast-room, which opened into the garden, and with the appetite of a tiger I was on the point of entering, when my step was arrested by the sound of Mrs. Forrester's voice, tremulous with emotion, exclaiming, "Say it is not true! Say it's a joke, say it's a lie!"

Who could the mean? Being of a curious turn—my conduct may have been disgraceful, but hereafter I hope to stand excused for it—I moved into a position where I could see into the breakfast-room without being seen, and hear all that was said. In an arm-chair by the table, her face buried in her hands, and her elbows resting on her knees, Mrs. Forrester was rocking herself to and fro in a way that showed her to be laboring under deep emotion. Close by her, in a strangely cool and insolent attitude, stood the new-comer of last night, stroking his mustache with his disengaged hand.

"Upon my word, my dear Violet," he replied to her entreaty, with a measured slowness of utterance, "you made me long to kick him, "I regret to say that it is true. Arthur Bernard is no more dead than you are. Like Cornelius Scipio, at the present moment feeds his flocks, not, however, upon the Grampian Hills, but in the neighborhood of the city of Pekin, I hope."

"But they told me he was dead," almost shrieked Mrs. Forrester; "the people who were with him when he died, they told me so."

"Wrote to you!" interrupted Murray, with suspicious eagerness. "Have you got the letter?"

"No, I dared not keep it," she replied, "lest it should fall into my husband's hands. Listen, she continued, hurriedly, "he knows nothing of the past—not even of my first marriage—I have kept it all, every thing from him: for pity's sake leave this place at once, and for the future for the present and for ever! But sooner or later you must hear me—mark, you must! Else—" He paused an instant, and continued, "I won't thank you, but remember Arthur Bernard lives!"

At this juncture Charlie entered the room, but I could see that his wife had had time to collect herself; while Murray, without appearing in the least disconcerted, went on making some commonplace remark about the weather. As for myself, this interview, of which I had been an unwilling witness, had completely overwhelmed me with varied emotions, and before putting in an appearance at the breakfast-table I thought it best to take a few minutes to collect myself, and think over the moments' reflection. The confession is somewhat humiliating, but I have always been rather given to considering other people's affairs, and just in the present instance, having seen and heard all I had, I felt exceedingly reluctant to let the matter drop. I felt positively attached to Mrs. Forrester was not very difficult to unravel—at least in its main feature. As for this Murray, with the fraudulent intention to possess over her, I had long since made up my mind that he was a villain who would stoop to any device, however contemptible, to attain success of any kind or enterprise in which he might be engaged. I determined to see every endeavor to defeat him in his present scheme, and let it not be said for a moment supposed that any heroics were mixed up in this resolve. I looked upon the whole matter rather as a game of cards, in which by hook or by crook I must checkmate my adversary. When I reached the breakfast-room, the trio were seated at the table on terms and conditions of either—Charlie cheerful and unsuspicious as ever. Mrs. Forrester playing nervously with a tiny piece of toast, and Murray eating and talking with equal earnestness.

"Oh, by the way," I came in, "your wife and I, Charlie, have discovered that we are old acquaintances. Eh, Murray, isn't it? Where have we met before? What fools we are to fancy our world to be such a huge place!"

I looked at my wife, and I sat down at the table more closely than I ever had before, and again the old thought of last night came back to me. Had I seen my companion either on the hustings? they were still encased in light gloves. I do not know what it was that prompted me, but joining in the conversation, I said, "You are quite sure you often trouble across people I never expected to see again—mere passing acquaintances. Do you know, I remember you quite well, and I've observed I fancied we had met before, though then you had no beard and mustache."

I could have cut off my head to myself at the moment, that his hand trembled as he raised his cup to his lips; but a moment after, as he set it down again, he was perfectly calm and cool, while in a notebaint tone he replied, "I must say you have the advantage of me, as I am not sure that I ever met before: though I think it quite sure that we never did. Besides, I have worn a beard and mustache ever since either one or the other would grow."

"Why, when you were in Paris, you were as clean-shaven as a priest on a feast-day," burst in Charlie, quite innocently; but Murray, without taking any notice of the observation, turned to Mrs. Forrester, and commenced talking to her about something quite different.

Slowly, but surely, a conviction was growing upon me that there was not considerable respect to my impressions of the night before, and determined me to be more watchful than ever. My only fear was that Mrs. Forrester, in the weakness of her terror, would take some desperate step, when after all, as I firmly believed, there was not the slightest ground for alarm.

In the course of the next twenty-four hours, by dint of pertinacious listening and watching, I found that Murray's protestations of affection cooled in proportion as he ingenuously hinted that his silence might be purchased for a reasonable sum—a suggestion that his victim received eagerly at, only to be met shortly after the revolution of feeling that followed when she reflected how utterly impossible it was for her to obtain the two hundred pounds he modestly asked. He was treading on dangerous ground, this same Murray—and I resolved he should learn I have handed him into the custody of the nearest constable on a charge of endeavoring to extort money by threats and menaces. Looking at it from a legal point of view, this would have been an excellent course to adopt, but it was the exposure that was to be avoided, and therefore it was necessary to adopt different tactics.

For three days I watched—with what—did to be sorted—not readily be imagined—the human spider torturing the poor fly he had got into his web: he cool, courteous, and insinuating, as he worked out his scheme; she growing weaker and weaker, and losing all strength and courage, only to find it again to take one last desperate step, and that found, to put an end to the torture she was suffering.

Yet all this while my husband seemed to notice nothing amiss with her, though her eyes were often red with weeping, and her face wore a settled look of unutterable grief. Perhaps, as I have hinted at affection or tenderness, only he was one of those men who, in the goodness of their own hearts and blindness to the emotions of others, look upon dyspepsia as a popular delusion, and can not understand why any one should be unhappy. It was on the evening of the fourth day since Murray's arrival, and after dinner I had left him and Charlie discussing a bottle of '54 claret, and had gone to the drawing-room, and was wandering down a side-path that led to the plantation, when I suddenly trod on something, looking downward I saw that it was a pocket-book of somewhat bulky dimensions. There was only one thing to be done, namely, to pick it up, untwip it, and examine its contents which I need scarcely add I faithfully did. This investigation having been satisfactorily accomplished, I placed the pocket-book in my own, and strolled on into the plantation, again to reflect what my next move with Mr. Murray should be. I have the pocket-book in my hand still, my only puzzle was how to play it without making a disturbance. Still, what was to be done must be done quickly. I saw that it was a combination. I found myself standing by the side of a small lake that lay in the midst of the plantation; almost at the same moment I heard the voices of some one in distress. Turning eagerly to the direction whence it seemed to come, through the dusk, which was now coming on apace, I saw the flutter of a white dress near to the bank of the lake. I know not what possessed me, but in a flash I seized the pocket-book, and through bushes and brambles with frantic speed. A few yards more, and I had caught Mrs. Forrester by the wrist.

"What would you do, woman?" I exclaimed, breathlessly.

She made no answer—only fell fainting at my feet!

When I got back to the house I found Murray alone in the dining-room, paying the closest attention to a second bottle of the '54 Clos-au-Margaux. He never guessed what I had in my hand when brought in, so that he might examine the marvelous beauty of its color. Charlie was in the room, smoking cigars and looking as unbluiff; in short, the opportunity of an interview alone with Murray that I so much wanted presented itself. He was not slow to take advantage of it, and flinging myself into an arm-chair close to him, poured out a glass of wine, and settled comfortably to my task. The pocket-book that he was any thing but pleased at the prospect of a *tête-à-tête*, and seemed not altogether easy in his chair.

"I was thinking of taking a stroll in the garden," he said, half rising from his chair.

"Always have such habits, Murray," I replied; "besides, it's rather chilly. Do you know," I continued, "I have been thinking of what you were saying last night on the hustings, when I said we had met before, and upon my word I believe I was right after all. I have such a capital memory for faces that it almost amounts to myself mistaken."

"Indeed," he laughed, roughly, "you ought to have great confidence in yourself. Unfortunately, as I told you, in this instance, you are quite wrong."

"Well, perhaps I am," was my answer, as I drew my chair a little nearer to his. "The strangest part of the matter was that I decided you were one of two men I defended at Reading some four years ago, for conspiring to cheat a young undergraduate out of his money by playing with loaded dice."

He was far too much on his guard to make any sign, but only sipped his claret. "Quite early paid me a great compliment." But I saw that he was drawing away his right hand, which had hitherto been resting on the table.

"It was a remarkable case," I continued, "chiefly from the way in which the roguery was detected. The hand of the man who was manipulating the loaded dice was, as yours might be, on the table, to all appearances in the most innocent manner possible"—this last, as if to give him ocular demonstration of the way in which the cheat had been effected, I took hold of his hand, and laid it on the table—"when a stranger who had been sitting at the farther end

of the room came quickly to the side of the rogue, and in an instant more had pinned his hand with a carving-fork to the mahogany. I felt that I had carried the play on long enough, and quickly inserting my finger at the top of his glove I tore it down the back. He jumped to his feet, and so did I. "You are that man," I said, "whose hand was so pinned to the table, and that scar is the evidence I should call if it were necessary to prove it. Therefore sit down, and hear what else I have to say.

He glared viciously at me, like a fiend as if he would have struck me, and then sank into his chair again.

"A man who could so rob a poor silly boy by such disgraceful means," I continued, "could hardly be expected to have any pity on a helpless woman; but, fortunately, I have been a witness of your endeavors on more than one occasion, by threats and menaces, to extort a large sum of money from your lover's wife, and that by representing to her that her first husband was alive, and at Otago, in New Zealand, when you knew as well as I do that he was dead, and has been so this two years."

"He is not dead," growled Murray.

"He is dead," I replied, "and your own pocket-book proves it."

As I said this I held up to him the wallet that I had tumbled upon in the plantation yard, in one of the pockets of which, among a number of other exceedingly suspicious-looking documents, I had found a certificate of the death of Arthur Bernard.

But as I have been a very long time in telling my story—for which I am exceedingly long-winded, you know—I must hurry to a conclusion.

The morning following our interview Murray, with many excuses and regrets, found himself unavoidably compelled to return to town. As he got into the phaeton that was to take him to the station he kindly whispered in my ear, "I'll live to pay you out for this yet!" a promise that I somehow or other fancy he will fulfill some day. Till then I am content to forgive and think him. As for Mrs. Forrester, the clouds upon her horizon have lifted; she has buried a sad and painful past, and she is in a present loved as dearly and tenderly as ever by Charlie, who knows nothing, and who never shall, unless she, as I have advised her, has the courage to tell him all, even to the extent that her first husband, Arthur Bernard, was the co-conspirator who stood at Murray's side in the fishing-boat. I have every hope that she will do this, for the confidence between husband and wife should be as clear as the day at noon.

SANTA CATALINA, CUBA.

SANTA CATALINA, in that portion of Eastern Cuba known as the District of Guantanamo, is about sixty miles east of Santiago de Cuba, and fifteen miles west of a deep haven, eighteen miles long by seven broad, with a narrow entrance and a splendid anchorage, and capable of floating the British fleet. This bay is called Cumberland Harbor, after the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, who once held possession of it.

The District of Guantanamo has within the last twelve years been converted from an almost barren waste into a busy and thriving colony, and this has been effected in the teeth of governmental interference. The valley of Guantanamo has at an early period been a vast intention of sloth, the land lying up by sacks alone from the ocean, and soil washed down from the mountains. The wild vegetation to which the latter has given birth is vanishing before the clearing and planting; and with it is disappearing the malaria fever that decimated the ranks of the earliest settlers. This splendid valley, which is never ravaged by the river that fertilizes it, is sheltered from oceanic inundations by a high buttress of sea-wall erected by the action of the waves along the shore. This natural barrier, strengthened by the same agencies that crumble our artificial breakwaters to ruin and decay, is composed of a calcareous conglomerate of shells and coralline formations partly petrified. The flat alluvial soil forming the bed of the valley, and breaking into natural salt lakes on the margin of the sea, is covered with low woods, abounding in deer, wild asses, parrots, and wood-pigeons. The river is filled with crocodiles. The woods are stocked with reptiles of prodigious size, mostly orchids and bromeliaceæ. The rains in the dry season being infrequent, the tarter order only prevails on the sea-shore. There are no more than three cacti that climb trees; they belong to the genus "cereus," except rhipsalis, which is parasitical, with cloud-like stems and branches, and has no prickles. Nearly all the trees are covered in parts by tree-shells, mostly helix and bulimia, and many varieties of the mistletoe family, which occasionally so multiply as to destroy them. The grasses and sedge-grasses are numerous, but too scattered and tufty to be of much avail for pasturage. In the dry season the bones of deer and oxen are frequently found bleaching in the sun. The deer were introduced into the island forty years ago by a French gentleman, the Government prohibiting their being interfered with for ten years. They are small, and keep to the plains. A lofty range of mountains rises from the valley at a radius of five or six leagues from the town, which stands in the centre. These high lands present a very different climate and vegetation from the plains, and are perfectly free from fevers and agues, when the low lands are even pestilential. The valley is studded with "sacaries," the mountains with "cafetals." The largest sugar estate, the "Esperanza," belonging to Mr. BARNOW of Havana, employs 400 male employés, one half of which are coolies, and the remainder slaves. The wood is the largest and most scientifically-managed "cafetal," with 200 slaves, and belongs to Mr. RAOUL. The "crême de la crême" of the coffee is mostly consumed on the island, and the rest shipped to Bordeaux, wine being returned. The prime cost of the latter is eleven dollars a barrel, expenses and duty bring it up to twenty-two, and it is sold for forty-five.

The custom-house arrangements may be understood from the following anecdote: "A cargo arrived in Cuba, upon which a duty of $20,000 had to be paid. The custom-house officer held a gold onza over each eye and exclaimed, 'Which these spectacles I can see nothing.' As a general rule all articles are charged with an extra half their true quantity, the duty upon the other half being shared between the official and consignee.

The town of Santa Catalina contains about 2000 inhabitants, mostly free, a Roman Catholic chapel, a prison, three schools for male children, stores of various kinds, and a brick factory.

A company of infantry and a detachment of artillery are quartered there, under a commandant, Governor MADAN. The inhabitants are exceedingly hospitable. There is no hotel, posada, or restaurant. The office of inn is considered an insecure; it is astonishing what large sums of money, the aggregate of trifling amounts, are extracted from the negroes for ceremonies performed in the service of Him who came to set men free. The town has a growing appearance, and bears no indications of poverty, which renders it exceptional in Cuba. At noon the heat is oppressive in the extreme, not a breath stirs the leaves. Animals droop their heads, ears and tails, or shut their eyes and lie stretched out in the shade as if dead. The sun appears to scorch the ground, waving disagreeably before the eyes, and producing a sensation somewhat similar to looking upon the stage of a theater from a position close to the foot-lights. The inhabitants remain as much as possible indoors and enjoy a siesta. The view from the hills at the early morning are indescribably beautiful. At a height of 600 feet above the sea-level the hot region ceases and the temperate begins. The storms above Santiago de Cuba are just visible in the far west, and the cane-fields below glitter like an Eastern carpet of golden hue, the combination of transient lights and shadows flung upon it by the slant rays of the rising sun. The precious minerals are found in the mountains, and the resources of the interior are absolutely undeveloped, and the woods are frequented by runaway slaves and the few aboriginal Indians, the descendants of those who occupied the soil before the discovery of Columbus in 1492. They are also overrun with wild boar. These mountains are draped in luxuriant vegetation, which keeps the soil perennially moist and favors the growth of a vast upward of 250 varieties of ferns, besides forty different woods of construction of great value. Stalactite caverns are found in many parts. In 1855 Messrs. BROOKS & COOP, of Santiago de Cuba, erected a wharf at the "Catimanera," an inlet in the harbor's head, and commenced a road to Santiago de Cuba; constructed a railroad to the town, with work-shops for the repair of all the lighter machinery. The line of road now runs through the valley and over the hills, three bridges over the river, imported machinery for the success at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand golden dollars and upward for a single estate. They then, in order to keep the labor supply in pace with the increase of production, imported coolies, established agents in the town, supplied the planters with the means of cultivating the land, receiving a mortgage on the crops. So that these merchants are little princes, and, having large outstanding debts to collect, their interests are vested in the peace and continuance for a time of slavery as the only means of realizing the results of their outlay. It is probable this feeling, and the wealthy Cubans, as a rule, desired annexation with the United States, because they thought that their slave interests would not suffer thereby, and they would benefit immensely by the freedom from oppressive and despotic government. The Spanish colonist has the credit of having invented the most ruinous system of finance, and the one least friendly to manufactures and commerce in the world. Since the war they know that annexation must inevitably lead to immediate emancipation, and they are inclined to sing for annexation, simply in the hope that political difficulties between rival nations may secure to them that curse of slavery for a time. But it is quite certain that the general encouragement may have been given to the insurgents for the purpose of intimidating the Spanish Government into granting, rather than an immediate emancipation. But it is not surprising, we say, that a handful of regular soldiers attempt to quell the outbreak of insurrection in Guantanamo.

LYNCH-LAW IN INDIANA.

IT appears that in a certain quarter of Indiana resort to Lynch-law has for some time past been a sort of necessity. The town of Seymour is the central business quarter of a Vigilance Committee which has determined to put an end to a conspiracy organized for the purpose of plunder. The law has proved an inadequate source of protection, because no one could testify against the conspirators without running the risk of assassination. It was under these circumstances, as we are informed, that the Vigilance Committee sprung into being. It consists of the first citizens—farmers, merchants, etc.—of Seymour and its vicinity. If its measures have been unusually severe, it must be remembered that they were necessarily so under the unusual circumstances which led to their execution. Public sympathy has been with this Vigilance Committee from the outset, though many of the acts committed under it "much lay" have met with severe and just condemnation. We do not, on our part, attempt to apologize for the Committee, and shall simply confine ourselves to a narrative of the recent execution of the three RENOS and CHARLES ANDERSON at the New Albany Jail on the 12th of December.

The robbery, which was the immediate cause of this execution, took place last May at Marshfield, on the Jeffersonville Railroad. The train consisted of the engine, tender, baggage, and express car, and two passenger coaches. It had arrived at Marshfield, a deserted village, where it stopped for water. The robbers made a raid upon the train, murdered the engineer, cut the express car from the others, and pushed on toward Seymour. The thieves broke open a safe and took $26,000 in notes and money.

For weeks no clew was found by which to detect the robbers; but, finally, a dispatch was received by the railroad company, stating that at Syracuse, New York, an attempt had been made to offer some of the stolen bonds, and that the person offering them, having been arrested, said he had obtained them from FRANK RENO and CHARLES ANDERSON. These two persons were arrested at Sandwich, Canada. Shortly afterward SIDEON and WILLIAM RENO were arrested in Indiana and lodged in the New Albany Jail. The warrant of extradition for FRANK RENO and CHARLES ANDERSON was issued on the 23d of October, and they were lodged in the same jail.

These were not the entire gang; other confederates had, on the 10, attempted a similar raid but had failed, and three of the gang had been arrested—ELLIOT, CLIFTON, and JARREL. As these latter were, on July 20, being carried to Brownstown, they were seized by the Vigilance Committees and summarily executed.

The Vigilance Committee issued an order announcing its determination to follow up the criminals with punishment equally severe, and appointed a Police Committee whose duty the Committee should suffer harm, every thief upon whom the Committee could lay its hands should be hung.

On the night of several days, MOORE, SPARKS, and ROSENBERG, belonging to the conspiracy, were caught and hung.

But the RENOS and CHARLES ANDERSON, lodged in the New Albany Jail in Floyd County, still remained to be attended to; and it was apprehended that in this case the law would be allowed its usual course. But this anticipation was not verified.

At 8 A.M., December 12, the Vigilance Committee from Seymour, to the number of about 70 men, arrived in New Albany. They were all well dressed and were well armed, many. Each man was armed with a club, revolvers, and a slung-shot. They broke open the jail, attacked the jailer, seized the sheriff, seized their victims, and devoted them to execution. They were in the jail about five minutes ere they had completed their work.

This is the whole story. Our sketch on page 13 shows the manner in which the Committee stationed its guards on the outside.

It is possible that this affair may lead to some complications between the extradition treaty; for FRANK RENO and CHARLES ANDERSON were delivered up on the distinct understanding that they were to receive a fair trial.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HANDSOME young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted. Who said,

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, Madam, you should take air and exercise."

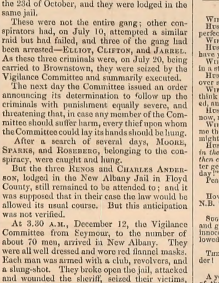
"And, doctor, I am quite hoarse at night-time, and afraid to be seen. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, Madam, I can only recommend that you take a husband."

"Oh! doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, Madam, you have, besides taking air and a husband, to take the newspaper."

"How," said a gentleman to a friend who wished to secure a situation of importance to a lady without commanding circumstances, "how can you be so certain of her reading the letter, seeing that you have directed it to her husband?" "That I have managed without the possibility of failure," was the answer; "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' on the corner."



The following conversation, illustrative of Parisian life, was overheard lately in the Café Anglaise: "What a pretty woman!" "Yes she is charming." "And that companion, is he your husband?" "Oh, no," replied the friend, "I should say certainly not, for I have seen them driving very often, and, indeed, they were at Baden together."

When lovers quarrel they only prove how much on either side are the straws fixed.

TABLE TALK.

WIFE. "There, that's cooked to perfection!"

HUSBAND (*thoughtfully*). "Can things be cooked to perfection?"

WIFE (*triumphantly*). "Yes, indeed, in our house."

HUSBAND (*grimly assisting*). "Then, my dear, I shall have you put into the oven some day."

WIFE. "You horrid fellow! As if to you keep me in a stew or a broil!"

HUSBAND. "That can't be, else you wouldn't boil over so often."

WIFE (*after a silence of some minutes*). "Don't you think your conversation is like that gone—flighted, and apparently rather hard to digest?"

HUSBAND (*pointedly to the fifth drumstick*). "There, now, rattle away with them."

WIFE (*testily*). "No, I thank you. You used to call me the wife of your bosom, and even now I think you might afford me some of your goose breast."

HUSBAND (*helping her as she desired, sotto-voce, to the merits of breast, eschew, "Let me have then exclusively remarks*). "On the whole you had better get that set of furs you so fell in love with yesterday."

PEACE was had.

HOW TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS.—Keep on shore. N.B. This is a *sure* preventive!

SUGGESTIVE.—A woman purchased a quart of milk and got a small fish swimming in it. Naturally innocently said he supposed the cow must have swallowed the fish.

THE CRUELEST CUT OF ALL.—A slice of cold shoulder.

A young lady took her younger brother, a little boy of three or four years, to church. The preacher was an earnest man, and spoke with much feeling. Presently she saw the little fellow in tears, and asked him what was the matter with him. He sobbed out, "That man is hollering at me."

SCENE IN A RECORDER'S COURT.

LAWYER. "May it please your Honor, I wish to argue this case."

RECORDER. "Sit down."

LAWYER. "But, Judge—"

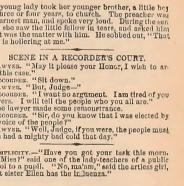
RECORDER. "I want no argument. I am tired of you lawyers. I will tell the people who you all are."

The lawyer made some remonstrance.

RECORDER. "Sir, do you know that I was elected by the voice of the people?"

LAWYER. "Well, Judge, if you were, the people must have had a mighty bad cold that day."

SIMPLICITY.—"Have you got your task this morning, Miss?" said one of the lady-teachers of a public school to a pupil. "No, ma'am," said the artless girl, "but sister Ellen has the lessons."

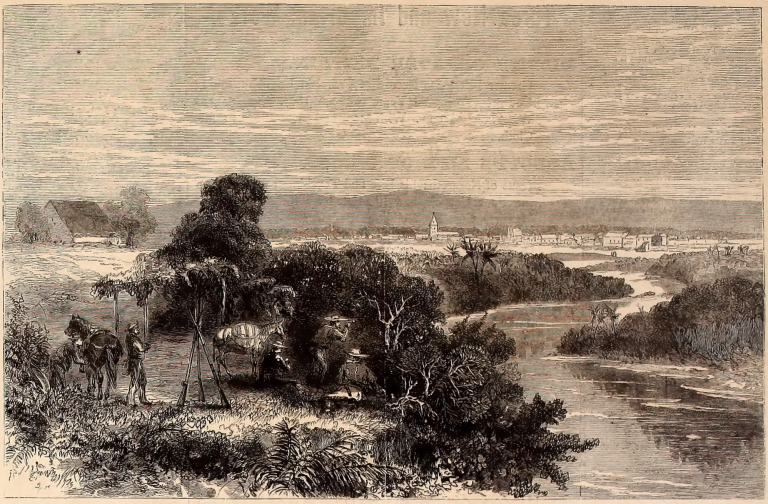


DOWN ON THE PARSON.

Doctor.—"Is your Papa in, my little man? No! Well tell Mr. I called—you know me—Blimber, Dr. Blimber."

Frank Boy.—"Oh, ah! I know: you're the gentleman that Pa says is such a stick in the pulpit!"

ALASKA RELICS.—From E. G. Fast's Collection.—[See Page 13.]



VIEW OF SANTA CATALINA, DISTRICT OF GUANTANAMO, CUBA.—FROM A PAINTING BY CAPTAIN P. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

ALASKA RELICS.

We publish on page 12 thirty-five specimens of Captain E. G. FAST's collection of Alaska relics. The collection was obtained through the aid of agents who scoured the country in all directions. Some of them were obtained by Captain FAST himself from persons who had preserved them as family relics. The whole collection weighs about ten thousand pounds, and comprises articles of wood, metal, bone, ivory, shell, and stone. The illustrations which we publish present some of the most interesting features of the collection.

EXPLANATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Hair ornament of walrus teeth and amber.
2. Ivory fastener for No. 1.
3. Necklace of walrus teeth and tusks, from grave.
4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Idols or charms of ivory.
9. Ichi—image of death.
10. Mask of wood.
11. Spoon.
12. Club of wood.
13. Two-edged sword, copper trimmings.
14. Copper sword, leather scabbard (modern).
15. Comb of wood.
16. Rattle of wood.
17. Pestle of malachite.
18. Figure in war attire: helmet, coat of mail, sword, and dagger.
19. Copper coin, obverse and reverse. This is the only coin ever struck in Siberia, and was made during the reign of KATHARINE II., in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and called in after her death, the copper ruble, worth more than two cents, its nominal value.
20. Parchment script of Russian Fur Company, burned upon the occupation of the country by the United States.
21. Two single-edged swords of iron, handles of carved wood.
22. Iron sword, human hair on the handle.
23. Wooden club.
24. Idol or charm of ivory.
25. Idol or charm of ivory, taken from grave.
26. Pipe of wood inlaid with shell, taken from a grave.
27. Charm carved of jaw of sea-cow.
28. Spoon carved in horn.
29. Mask taken from ancient grave.
30. Ivory charm.
31. Necklace of walrus teeth and tusks.
32. Charming instrument, used by medicine man.
33. Charm, bone.
34. Charm, ivory.
35. Charm, ivory.

Our readers will be able to obtain a vast amount of valuable information concerning Alaska from a book about to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, written by FREDERICK WHYMPER. This book gives a very full description of

LYNCH LAW IN INDIANA—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT WORK AT THE NEW ALBANY JAIL.—SKETCHED BY J. ERNEST GALVAN.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

the country and its natural resources, also of the people—their habits, their industries, and their monuments. It is profusely illustrated.

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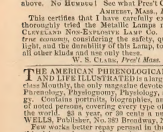

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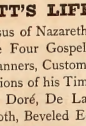

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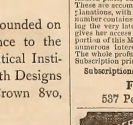

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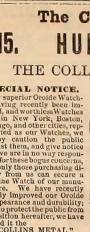

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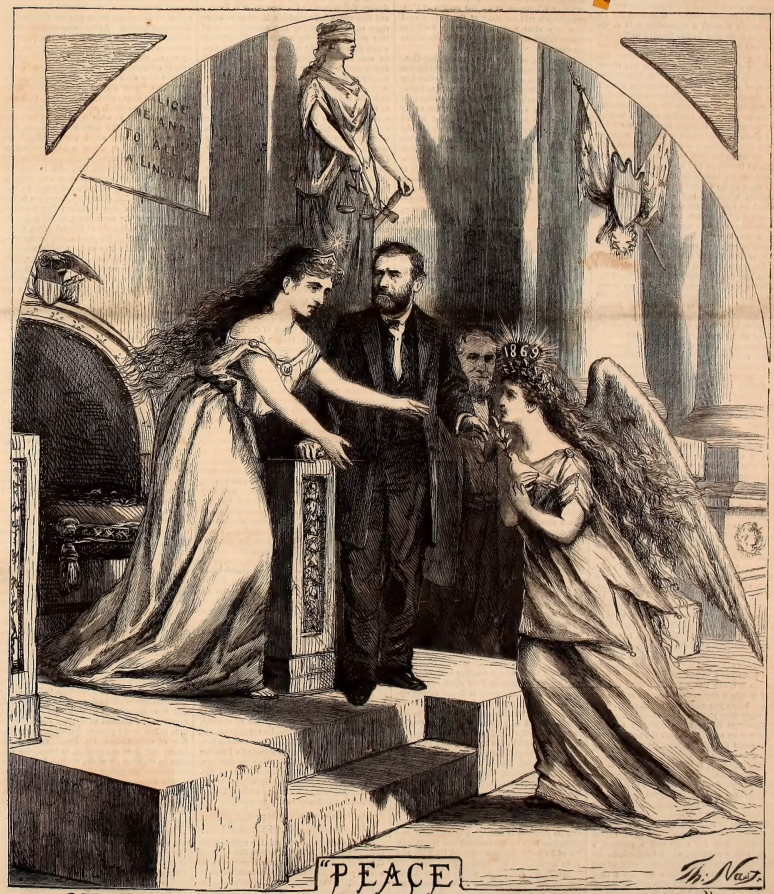


"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

THE CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA.

THE holidays are traditionally celebrated in England by extravagant pantomimes. The Drama has found all their resurrence in producing the most laughable absurdities. Harlequin and Columbine, and Cherry and Fair Star, and a hundred more grotesque but less familiar figures, disport themselves upon the stage, to the infinite entertainment of the dear young folks who have been feasting upon plum-pudding and mince-pies of immense magnitude. The most delightfully impossible things, the most absurd, the most startling, are the most vociferously applauded. The Lord of Misrule has his unchallenged way, and with Jack the Giant Killer rips open the paunch of a towering giant, or Hop o' my Thumb saves his brethren from the ogre, the youthful spectators shout and scream with joy. Who has not fancied the sympathetic pleasure of the good manager who prepares these surprises and delights for innocent youth? Who does not see him gazing through a convenient hole at the beaming faces that he has kindled with happiness, and regard him as one of the benefactors of his species? Who can not imagine him catching the contagion of pleasure and cheering lustily the performance he has himself prepared, or making, as it were, projections himself into the audience, and from that point of view congratulating himself upon his great goodness?

We do not live in London, and the holiday pantomime at our theatres is usually a sombre and grave entertainment. But the manager of the White House makes amends for all. He will not let an innocent public feel the holiday antics of Harlequin and his crew, and it is easy to imagine his benign countenance as the curtain drew up on Christmas morning upon the absurdity which he had especially prepared. Indeed, on the occasion the good manager was his own chief performer, and the absurdity was unprecedented. The spectacle was a new version of the old jest of Barataria. The manager himself played the perpetual governor and lawgiver of an island, issued, with all the most laughably preposterous edicts, with an air of supreme and final authority which convulsed the audience with laughter. Indeed, there is nothing in the most amusing pantomime, or the most royal pretense of King Sancho Panza, more ridiculous than the good manager gravely assuming to be the Government of the United States and to dispense with the laws at his pleasure. There is a person, for instance, by the name of DAVIS now under indictment for a capital crime, and in the Christmas pantomime the excellent manager represents himself as waving his august hand and exclaiming, like Harlequin shipping his baton sword upon a cannon-ball and turning it into an apple-dumpling: "Let the laws go to grass, and let DAVIS go free!"

It was a very excellent jest, and the country is greatly indebted to this painstaking manager who, if his efforts to please have not always been successful, has yet never failed to try a new dodge when the old one failed. His comedy, however, is much superior to his tragedy, while it is in pure farce and irrational extravagance that he has kindled most merriment. Indeed, since the extravaganza of swinging round the circle, which had a considerable run, there has been nothing so exquisitely entertaining as the Christmas Amnesty. This entertainment had but one defect in its construction, and that was its limitation to the ruler's own supposed acts. King Sancho in his new amusements would never have been content with regulating Barataria. He would have laid the Continent under his royal rule. So the good author and manager of the Christmas Amnesty ought to have included Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles adjacent. He should have proclaimed the pardon of all restraints of law, the overthrow of every kind of barrier, the universal removal of disability. For it is an old maxim that what one wish you may or will ask for a million. When you enter Fairy-land it is as easy to take a step of seven leagues as of three feet. When you undertake to call spirits from the vasty deep you may as well—"an honest youth—" go in" to any imaginable number. This was an oversight which the worthy manager would doubtless correct if an opportunity were offered him.

But, unluckily, it will not be. This is his last appearance. After a varied performance of four years, during which—such is the lot of the most self-sacrificing devotees of the public favor—he has been more heartily and deservedly hissed than any previous performer upon the same stage, he leaves it with this extraordinary antic. Humpty Dumpty and other clowns sometimes quit the scene with a grimace, a word, or a movement, which brings down the House; but our present performer, original and irresistible, does not make a leg, nor a face, but with the fervor of Stiggins and the unconsciousness of Chadband, lifts his hands of benediction and exclaims, "Bless-e-es you, my children!" and so vanishes amidst a roar of laughter.

CABINET SPECULATIONS.

THE admirable silence of the President elect has strangely puzzled and somewhat moved the indignation of those who think their advice very essential to the wise government of the country. The speculations upon the Cabinet and the general policy of General GRANT are wholly without knowledge; and the opinion of one man is as good as that of another. Our friends the correspondents are busily making a Cabinet, and an occasional dispatch is received from Washington informs us, with a solemn air of importance, that the General is in favor of economy, and again that he does not approve any waste of the public money; and one asserts that he thinks an extra session desirable, and that he told Mr. OAKES AMES, a representative in Congress from Massachusetts, who, as the Manager of the Credit Mobilier, is understood to make heavy contracts with Mr. OAKES AMES as Manager of the Pacific Railroad, that he doubted the wisdom of giving the public money to that enterprise, of which we all hear considerably more than we all know. Would it not be worth while to collect all the daily papers to publish the speech of Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin, at the last session of CONgress, which told the story of the Pacific road in a very summary, but which for some reason failed to be laid very generally before the country?

Meanwhile, we may be very sure that GENERAL GRANT consults with those whose judgment he values, even at the possible risk of offending those whose opinions he does not care to know. We will not submit his Cabinet to the decision of a vote, he would probably be quite as far from a result as he would be without it, and should the voters happen to agree upon the Secretaries, it would by no means follow that they would make as good a Cabinet as one that he should select for himself. General SCHENCK will probably remain in charge of WAR if he wishes, because General GRANT is known to think him a good Secretary. On the other hand—so easy is it to speculate with the retrospect—there is no doubt that he favors strict economy, and, therefore, he will hardly retain a Secretary of State whose aspirations for territorial extension by purchase show so little symptom of a struggling Treasury. Mr. WELLES's years and often infirmities seem to require release from the arduous toils of office, and as one guess, as he said, is as good as another, it is possible that if Mr. EVARTS wishes to remain Attorney-General, he will do so. General GRANT was, with some of the party that visited Washington to avenge the removal of the President when he was impeached; but we doubt if he considered Mr. EVARTS guilty of any serious offense when he became the leader of the DEFENCE. He probably approved the action of the National Convention, which declined to denounce Mr. PRESIDENT JOHNSON for the VETO MESSAGES, however he differed from the conclusions of those gentlemen. Mr. EVARTS has been always a Republican, and was never deluded into the support of "the policy" of the late Mr. JOHNSON'S Cabinet, as Mr. STANTON did, and although technically Conservative in his general views, there is yet no reason to suppose that a man of such character and ability and political consistency, will be peremptorily set aside.

Of course this assumes that General GRANT'S Cabinet will be composed of men of various shades of opinion within the party that elected him, a supposition which the composition of the cabinets under which he was elected at least make probable.

MR. JAMES FISK, JUN.

THE old test, "I know he was a gentleman by a remark he made," may be applied with infinite charm to the character of Mr. JAMES FISK —Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN.—most honorably and favorably known in the late history of the ERIE RAILWAY. "I know he was a gentleman" by an act he did" would be the correct rendering as applied to Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN. Could any thing be more surprising to any body who knows the facts, who is familiar with stock operations, and especially Erie stock operations, who knows that the sense of honor among operators is fabulously developed—all this must seem to a word too coarse to describe their forbearing charity—could any thing be more surprising than that the *Springfield Republican* or any other journal should have supposed that any implication have hinted the mere surmise of a suspicion that Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., being in that line of business, was not the soul of honor and a DAMASCUS blade of integrity? At least Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., was surprised, and sued the journal for libel. By-and-by Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, the editor, came up from the City of New York—a city of which it may at least be said that its judiciary is unspotted by suspicion, and illustrious both by the learning and the character of its great magistrates—and his wife, who is an invalid, was with him.

Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., always anxious to accommodate, as if he knew by his own observation or by that of others—possibly these worthy laborers for hire who are sometimes calumniously called spies—but whom we do not call so, for forearn and the vast possibility of libel suits forbid that we should ever assert or distantly suggest that Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., employs spies, and we do not so assert or distantly suggest; the conscientious Mr. FISK, we say, anxious to accommodate Mr. BOWLES ("Mr. BOWES, when would it please *you* to be hanged?"), sent him notice that he had transferred his suit to the New York courts. That must have been a glad tidings to Mr. BOWLES, for if any thing could comfort a Massachusetts man, sued by a New York magnate, it must be the knowledge that the case was to be tried by a New York Erie judge, whatever such a magistrate may be; and if it be a libelous term, of which we have no further say, we declare as libelous intention in using it, meaning merely any upright MANSFIELD, or COKE, or MARSHALL, who sits in Hamilton county—by which we do not mean abodes inaccessible to justice—the New York courts.

At eight o'clock in the evening Mr. BOWLES was talking with some friends at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when he was roughly seized by some persons who called themselves sheriff's officers, who threw before him a paper which they said was a writ from that CORE of our judiciary, the learned and incorruptible M'CUNN; and they violently hurried Mr. BOWLES to a carriage in waiting, and, in scarcely time as they pulled him along to ask the friend with whom he was talking to tell Mr. BOWLES that he was summoned to see Mr. FISK *business*." Being thrust into the carriage he was driven rapidly to the Ludlow Street jail, and upon arriving Mr. BOWLES requested the jailer to fur nish him with writing paper, writing to his wife, and to the counsel of Mr. FISK. When the notes were written the jailer said that he could not send them till the next morning after four o'clock, when the friends of Mr. BOWLES began to assemble at the jail, the notes were sent. Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the chief counsel of Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., heard his note and endeavored to find Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., but in vain. We congratulate Mr. FIELD upon a silent acquittal of any share, or even form of suspicion of meanness and guile, as Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN. Among the higher pleasures of the noble profession of the law to a man of cultivation and refined taste Mr. FIELD must find the opportunity it affords of co-operating with the CORE of our judiciary, M'CUNN, and of serving a public-spirited citizen like Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN.

The Sheriff, whose officers the men who arrested Mr. BOWLES professed to be, was finally discovered by Mr. CHARLES REISS, a friend of Mr. BOWLES, at the house of a Mr. BROWN attending a festivity in honor of the election of the new MAYOR, Mr. A. OAKEY HALL, a gentleman of whom it may be said that his heart's desire is to free the city from the rule of a corrupt ring. Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., was also there, as was Mr. BOWLES, who reported erroneously just judge to whom Mr. Attorney-General EVARTS is supposed to have referred in his late dinner speech. But the Sheriff declined to do any thing, and when, late in the night, other friends of the prisoner thundered at the Sheriff's door, that worthy officer was so sound asleep after the exhausting fatigue of doing honor to the new Mayor that he could hear nothing. The next morning came a score of friends able and eager to sign any amount of bail-bonds; and after the payment of two hours of fifty thousand dollars each Mr. BOWLES was released. "I knew he was a gentleman by an act he did;" and if any body had entertained any doubt that Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., is a perfect gentleman he must now be satisfied. That he is a scrupulously honorable and exact man; that he is unyielding, as against evil in all transactions in Erie, was a repulsive slander; that he is in trade the fit peer of Mr. Justice M'CUNN in the law; that all widows and orphans and wards of nations instinctively turn to him when they would invest money safely; that he is a client in whom Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD may take a generous pride, has been long understood; and that the arrest of Mr. BOWLES was not a conspiracy between Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., Mr. Justice M'CUNN, and the Sheriff of New York, and hugely enjoyed by that urbane new Mayor of whom the city is so proud as a true representative of the great principles of honesty and reform—all this must now be clear to the dullest mind. Such events as this arrest deepen the public sense of security, heighten respect for the law, its magistrates and administrators, and give the down-trodden people of ethic monarchies a glimpse of a Paradise they can not enter. It is in this view that gentlemen like Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., and Mr. Justice M'CUNN appear not only as types of that conservatism of which the city of New York is the seat, but as boons to humanity.

THE TENURE-OF-OFFICE LAW.

GENERAL BUTLER proposes the repeal of the Civil Tenure bill, and it is stated that General GRANT also favors it. But the President elect has not yet declared himself, and we shall certainly not take his opinions from any body but himself. If he thinks the repeal of the law desirable he will give good reasons for it; but meanwhile the wisdom of the act seems to us plainer than ever. It was passed to restrain the evident danger of an immense executive power ruthlessly used against the will of the people. But, although this was the occasion of its passage, further reflection shows that such restriction of that power in our Government is peculiarly desirable when combined with a system like that of Sir JANCKEN'S Civil Service bill. It is first obvious advantage is its tendency to pacify and purify politics by preventing a national election from being merely a fierce broadside battle; second, that the tenure of the least office is no longer party success only the office and the officer will begin to be more respectable. The chances of public favor for Mr. BUTLER'S bill would be greatly increased, and an element of tranquillity will be introduced into our affairs which can hardly be prejudicial to the public interest.

Another, and a very important, advantage in the law is its relief to the President The chief business of the Executive had become the distribution of patronage. The time that should be given by him, as a branch of the Legislature, to an intelligent consideration of the laws, was consumed by the interminable dispute whether Jones or Jenkins—neither of whom he knew—should be appointed: and whether it were more politic to disappoint Smith and his friends than to disappoint Brown and his friends. Because of the temptation to a use of it to further personal ambition became more alluring, and when Mr. BUCHANAN, the Johnsonian Democrat, retired, quietly informed the civil officers of this country that they were the President's pensionaries, the Pope's "poor gentlemen," and must do as their patron bade, the law was found to have merely stated the inevitable and logical result of the old system. It is what it has been in every other country. The story of the Stuarts and the THIRD in England, which nearly ruined the country and almost drove it into revolution, was one of "placemen:" and LOUIS PHILIPPE'S reign in France, LOUIS NAPOLEON'S, and last all hold upon public confidence and respect, was his vast army of place-holders. In this country it was Mr. JOHNSON'S intention to put Mr. RANDALL'S theory into the Executive service, and to secure the ascendency of his policy by means of the vast army of office-holders, whose fortunes and places were dependent on the price of their offices. The indescribable mischief which could be thus done by a President, whether a minority or a majority President, bent upon his own purposes, wholly regardless of the probable disadvantage in a law of the kind we are considering.

The present JOHNSON'S veto of the Civil Tenure bill was the weakest of all his performances of that kind. He confined himself almost entirely to retrospect and avoided argument. His chief reliance was on the fact that, although very eminent authorities differed upon the constitutional view of the question, yet custom had vested the power of removal in the President's pleasure. The reply to such a statement was conclusive, that experience had shown such a custom to be often prejudicial and always dangerous to the public welfare, and that a bad custom should be corrected by a good law. So also the arguments of the President's counsel during the Impeachment were useless. There was no original difference of opinion upon the constitutional theory which has always continued, and the law of Congress, passed over the veto, was merely the true interpretation so far as Congress was concerned.

Are the general *principles* upon which the bill was passed less weighty now than they were two years ago? The occasion, of course, does not pressing as it then was. The new President is not only in accord with the convictions and policy of the party that elected him, but his character inspires so profound a confidence that, were the sole power of appointment vested in him, there would be no fear of its misuse. Indeed, the power to appoint is the one in which nothing more strikingly than in the feeling of trust and hope that inspires the country now that General GRANT is to be Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, contrasted with the gloom and doubt that depressed it during Mr. JOHNSON'S term. But the point we are considering is a principle of wise administration, not of persons. It is one in which General GRANT as a citizen is as much interested as any of us. The President, indeed, is the most conspicuous officer of the Government, and it is urged with warmth that he should, therefore, be allowed to appoint his subordinates. But in the present enormous multiplication of civil offices by the dominant party not know, and does not pretend to know, the persons he appoints; and the reasons for their removal from the power of suspension allowed by the Act—can seldom be so peremptory that they can not await the investigation of Congress, except when they are reasons personal to the President, which are reasons that ought not to prevail.

Even the selection of the President's immediate advisers by himself has never been absolute; it has always been subject to the approval of the Senate; and it was one of the propositions at the beginning of the rebellion that the Senate, which was Democratic, should refuse to ratify Mr. LINCOLN'S nominations. By the present bill the old Cabinet holds office for a month after the new President comes in, unless sooner

removed with the consent of the Senate; and the enmity that has always ruled in the confirmation by the Senate of the new Cabinet will, of course, continue, while if the Senate would not remove the Cabinet at the end of the first month, it would not at the end of six months. The point for us to consider is, not whether it is agreeable to a President to remove the Secretaries at pleasure, but whether Mr. Johnson's attempt to turn the War Department to his own purposes does not reveal a peril in administration which should not be tolerated. Otherwise there would be no collision between this President and the Senate upon this subject; for they will generally be in accord politically, and should the President wish to change any member of his Cabinet there would be no trouble. In the extraordinary case, however, when it is not a question of personal spite, but of the public welfare, since the decision must lie somewhere, experience and reflection show that it should rather be with the Senate.

We are inclined to think that the principle of the Civil Tenure bill, as it is better understood, will be more heartily approved. But if the law is to remain, and all present we see no sufficient reason for its repeal, it should be supplemented by the Civil Service bill. If people are to be kept in office, let us have those that are worth keeping, and they ought to be secured, they will be more wisely removed by the old action of the President and Senate.

THE GREAT TUNNEL—HOOSAC TUNNEL.

We stated in our last issue that the contract for the full completion of this work, authorized by the last Legislature of Massachusetts, remained open to determine whether the security for its completion required at first by the Executive, should be given or waived. Instead of giving security in the shape of bonds the matter was adjusted by accepting the stipulation of the contractors not to call for any payments until the State engineer shall certify that the work done, at less than average rates, shall exceed half a million of dollars, and that twenty per cent. of the remuneration shall stand as security for final completion. The contract between WALTER AND FRANCIS SHANLY and the Commissioners was signed on Thursday, the 24th December. The contractors agree to complete the tunnel and four and three-quarter miles of track for the latter end at 6,000 per mile) for $4,592,000. By the first of May, 1869, they are to have the work under such progress as to carry down the central shaft 14 inches daily, and to form from the same 250 feet of tunnel per month. By the first of May, 1870, the central shaft will have been carried down to the level of the tunnel, which they furnish two additional faces, after which the tunnel is to advance at the rate of 4900 feet per year. This will permit its completion in less than four years, but a year more will be granted, although it is expected that the work will be in running order in advance of that time.

This great enterprise, considered a marvel of engineering boldness and skill at the time of its origin, and over which the State has at times wavered, fearful of the issue, may now be considered as amply provided for. It is not at all improbable that the Mount Cenis tunnel owes its origin to this scheme, and the great vigor shown in piercing the Alps has in turn had its effect in the renewed energy of Massachusetts. The length of the Hoosac tunnel is about 4¾ miles, while that of Mount Cenis is 7 miles, 1044 yards. The latter was undertaken in the first instance by Sardinia, within whose territorial limits the mountain was situated, but by the cession of Savoy to France, and the subsequent adjustment of the boundary line, France acquired nearly one-half of the tunnel, and stipulated to pay that proportion of the cost, the work to remain throughout under the charge of the Italian engineers.

The Mount Cenis tunnel is constructed without the advantage of a central shaft, as the mountain attains an elevation above the tunnel of about one mile, while the length of the Hoosac shaft, located between the two spurs of the Hoosac Mountain, is only 1027 feet. When this shaft is completed four faces will be exposed to workmen, with the advantage of parallel tunnels during the progress of the work, and subsequently in operating the road. In order to afford ventilation to the Mount Cenis workmen compressed air must be carried into the tunnel through iron tubes. The air is highly compressed near each portal by means of a mountain stream. This air, which emitted at the heading of torrishes not only a cool atmosphere sufficient for the lungs, but also constitutes a force or power for moving drills and for expelling the vitiated atmosphere. Compressed air for purposes of ventilation and for use as a motive power have been employed on the Hoosac tunnel, and will doubtless be adopted by the new contractors. The act for incorporating the Troy and Greenfield road, on the line of which the tunnel occurs, was passed in May, 1848. The act authorizing a loan of the credit of the State for its construction was passed in April, 1854. The Mount Cenis tunnel was commenced in November, 1857. Massachusetts stands alone in her expenditure, while the Mount Cenis tunnel is connected with the funds of two great empires.

Upon the completion of this line Boston will have two routes to tap our great west whose roads extend through the valley of the Mohawk. One by way of Fitchburg, Greenfield, the Hoosac tunnel, North Adams, and Troy, the other by way of Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Chatham Four Corners, and Albany. It is part of the design to have a separate railroad from the Hudson, to meet the lines on Lake Ontario; and the question arises, what effect these enterprises will have upon the contest between this city and Boston for the command of the Western trade?

The line by way of Springfield encounters an elevation between that place and Pittsfield of 1450 feet above tide, and in the ascent of that to the west to this it encounters an altitude of 1150 to the mile. The line by way of the tunnel rises, at the summit, between Fitchburg and Greenfield, to 1100 feet, and passes through the tunnel at an elevation of 838 feet above tide; but it has no grades steeper than 58 feet, while New York enjoys the benefit of tide-water from Troy or Albany to the ocean, and of a railway (the Hudson River) whose steepest grades are only fifteen feet. They occur at Poughkeepsie in the effort to reach a central point in the village, and now by a tunnel are passing by constructing the road at Poughkeepsie on the shore of the river. The Harlem road is less favorably situated for carrying freight to the city, as it is obliged to pass over the same mountain range through which the Hudson River makes a clean sweep, affording, at the foot of the mountain between Peekskill and Fishkill, a level line for the Hudson River Railroad track.

Except for about 104 days in each year, during which the river is closed by ice, we enjoy the immense advantage of the Hudson River, capable of floating the largest barges at rates for freight with which railroad lines can not compete, and at all times of the year of rates which, when managed with a view to the public interest—an object not long to be delayed—must remove all fears of successful competition, and the Legislature will, we feel the illiberal, for not rejoicing at the energy of Massachusetts.

In extending her enterprise to Lake Ontario she will be responsible for the immense benefit to the advantage which the New York Central enjoys in passing through the Allegheny at the dip at Little Falls. The road and canal there is about 360 feet above Lake Erie, and but about 100 higher than Lake Ontario, whereas the line suggested for competition must pass over the mountain at various points.

The supremacy of New York is assured for all time. It has the inestimable advantage of a canal and line of railroad which *descend* to the Lake Erie basin, and which, by the completion of a trifling counter elevation, and has only 110 feet to overcome between tide-water and Lake Erie. Our Eastern neighbors must find the productions they seek in the West and in Canada over high summits, while they can reach New York on descending grades at low expenses, except when all the waters of the canal and lines are worked for private interest, with no high regard for that of the public.

If we had no road but the one we should be on a footing with the Atlantic sea-ports south of New York, as its grades are about on a par with those encountered by them. Pennsylvania is constructing a railroad which will overcome elevations in the neighborhood of 1000 feet. North and South Carolina have high and nearly impassable mountains behind them, but South Carolina has built a road into the roads of Georgia, which are constructed around them and through an opening at Chattanooga to another range. The success of the Erie Railroad will be relied upon by many to prove that it was a great error in policy not to confine ourselves to *the route* indicated by nature for our canal and great lines of railway. WASHINGTON was the first to point it out when in command of the Revolutionary forces located in the valley of the Mohawk, and the first to express the hope that it would be improved. His education as an engineer enabled him at a glance to perceive that New York stood unrivaled in her facilities for intercourse by land and sea, and, consequently, for commercial supremacy.

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a long article on the policy of the United States, says that the American type of character is now fully formed, and that it is radically distinct from the English; and it adds, that the two countries are now morally and intellectually independent of each other. It is also of opinion that under such circumstances the common language upon which the English and American newspaper publicists is a misfortune rather than an advantage, because a "common interest *plus* personal indifference" is an excellent ground for the transaction of business. The special business between us, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette* does not discuss. Whether England ought to confess that she did wrong, or whether we ought to be satisfied with the money and not claim that England shall change her policy adopted during our war, it does not say.

Very well; as the case stands the situation of England is clear enough. She has laid down a precedent which she must be aware will be used against her. The British Government, in trying to stop the departure of the *Alabama*, acknowledged that she was an unlawful ship, in other words—a pirate. But then the Government did not forbid the rebel ships the hospitalities of its ports, when it knew perfectly well that they had no ports of their own to enter. May a neutral nation encourage and supply pirates against a belligerent? The precedent of England says that she may. We repeat what we have already asked—why insist upon settling that now? It is not our affair; it is England's. If she is willing to leave the precedent neither we nor any other nation is likely to dispute it from the selfish point of view. It is doubtless decided for the moment she goes to war, and therefore ignominiously binds her over to keep the peace. We are now very likely to insist upon making it a question of war, because we can satisfy ourselves upon cheaper terms.

Nations, like individuals, can only escape certain dishonor by some humble pie. If, as now appears, there is a disposition to pay pecuniary damages for the losses by the *Alabama*, let us courteously agree and arrange the details. If we stop there, England can not. The British Government must partake of that distasteful pastry, and propose an understanding which will be a recognition of the fatal principle, and which the other great Powers will gladly accept. And why should not this be done—not upon compulsion, of course, but frankly, and honestly, and reasonably? Upon the present principle of national action a Government will hardly apologize for its conduct, but it may imply an apology and make a very sincere expression.

The new Ministry contains at least some men of high qualities, men who would gladly dispense with the more pompous folly of diplomacy, and all that is possible enough to disturb a false sense of national honor. MR. BRIGHT did not hesitate to say at Birmingham that while the British Government had a legal right to recognize the belligerent rights of the rebel States "we had no moral right to do it at the precise time, or in the precise manner in which it was done." It is the spirit inspiring the new Cabinet would do more than MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Shakespeare and Milton to settle the *Alabama* question.

MR. BRIGHT truly says, that whoever tries to create jealousy between the two nations is an enemy of the human race. MR. GLADSTONE, we have reason to believe, shares this feeling at least, and so does MR. LOWE. They have only, then, to propose to the Government of the United States a practical renunciation of the principle upon which England proceeded, and to settle the claims. They necessarily have the initiative. And we are very sure that there is no intelligent and humane citizen of this country who would not hail with the heartiest satisfaction a proposition so honorable, which would allay the ill-feeling that now rankles in so many minds on both sides of the water, and go very far toward removing that international jealousy altogether.

THE OTHER MR. JOHNSON AGAIN.

IT is a kind of orphic and antistrophe. No sooner does MR. REVERDY ANDREW wriggle his swindling died away than there comes a fresh burst from REVERDY falling anew upon the neck, this time of Johnny Crapaud, and weeping over paternal friendship. Our worthy Ministers has been to a banquet of some French friends of the rebels, who wish to lay a cable between Brest and Duxbury, and the Minister of the United States informs them that "each State in the Union is sovereign, and that it the Company wished to carry their wires into Maine, and the State consented, no one could hinder them from going there."

What the mischief, then—the gentlemen who dined Mr. Johnson may have inly asked—can be the mischief did you interfere with the sovereignty of the States for? But they did not audibly ask it, satisfied to hear the American Minister assert the right of a sovereign State to secede.

What more remains for MR. JOHNSON to do to misrepresent his country? In considering the utter failure of his mission, however, there is a melancholy feeling of sympathy for him that so huge a blunder will probably be the last conspicuous act of a long and busy life passed, as it has been, in public service. If his head had ended with his speech advocating emancipation he would at least have been mentioned in our history without a smile.

MR. BLISS IN PARAGUAY.

MR. WASHBURN, late Minister to Paraguay, has arrived in this country, and before this paper is printed may have made some public explanation of the extraordinary manner in which he is reported to have left his recent post. This explanation becomes the more necessary in consequence of the letter of Admiral DAVIS, dated at Montevideo on the 5th of November, in which he says: "MR. BLISS, according to the latest accounts from Paraguay, continues in the service of President LOPEZ, and is engaged in the preparation of a work upon Paraguay."

This certainly is a very different tone. The last information that we, in this country, had from MR. BLISS was a letter from him in which he stated that "the service" of LOPEZ, upon which he was likely to enter, was such as the inmates of Sing Sing render to the State, "a not such as is required of the worst criminals at the gallows. But Admiral DAVIS's letter suggests the picture of a counselor co-operating with President LOPEZ at his conjuring, or of a scholar elaborating a history in studious tranquility. It is curiously at variance with the last account that MR. BLISS gave of himself.

The attention of MR. WASHBURNE must have been called to the very positive expression of opinion which the respect of the circumstances of his departure from Paraguay received, and he will hardly care to leave such injurious reports unnoticed.

PENSIVE MOMENTS.

Joy with youth's dream of beauty blends;
A sunlit glow is round it shed—
Children roses trampled under foot,
Hopes crushed and spirits overhead.
The angels of our happy hearts
Forever radiant we behold,
As those the monkish painters drew
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

But, ah! fair being, I have learned
The lesson of sedater years,
And from the smiling wreath I turn
To beauty more akin to tears;
To tender loveliness that wins
From sympathy a softer pain,
And touches with diviner force
The chords of rapture in the heart.

The wonder of that perfect face,
The splendor of that peerless brow,
Must claim in every mood to be mine
In that which shapes their beauty now,
When to a twilight calm subdued,
The spirit, strengthened by repose,
Creates a glory of its own,
And bright in every feature glows.

What tender memories of the past
Their hold upon thy tears retain?
What inclinations take the form?
What silenced voices speak again?
What is the rapture, what the woe,
That lily full heart is throbbing from—
The secret of thy inmost life—
In pensive moments such as these?

No sorrow weighs upon thy heart:
It is not sadness moves the hand,
The dreamy depths of those large eyes
No bitter tears of anguish fill,
And yet the lovely face is pale,
And idle pondering is thine,
The silent rapture which alone
In pensive moments we divine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS stands adjourned till January 6.

The Indian Peace Commission is to meet early in January. There seems to be a difference of views between the Commissioners. The Commissioner having the transfer of Indian affairs to the War Department, and the Commissioner of Indian affairs are instructed to take the place of the Indian Bureau. The war is to be carried on while being conducted, as it is now with the views of General SHERMAN. Camps sharply, but mildly, will be established, and in the midst of the Indian territory, in the centre of operations. It is to be hoped that the reservation of the Cheyenne and Arrapahoes, and those of the Kiowa and Comanches, will be located in the country south of the Arkansas of wood and game.

The Board of Education of Brooklyn have voted $3,000, 000 toward the erection of a bridge across East River.

The receipts of 1867-68 amounted to $1,000,000 and the expenditures of Boston. The year previous it was only two millions of dollars. The year previous it was only two millions of dollars.

The new bridge across the Mississippi, between Dunleith and Dubuque, was completed on December 25. Its length is 1760 feet, and it cost $900,000.

The Register of Vital Statistics reports 885 deaths, 801 births, and 113 marriages in New York, and 346 deaths, and the 324 births, and 54 marriages in Brooklyn for 19.

The President on December 24 issued a proclamation locating date December 28, granting full and free pardon to all persons who have participated in the late rebellion, and to all who aided or abetted the same either directly or indirectly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE elections in Spain have resulted in the triumph of the Republican party. The Republicans carried the cities of Seville and Barcelona.

The Spanish Government has had advices, making rapid preparations for war. The Prussian Government has called a Congress of Ministers of the Powers of Europe to effect an amicable settlement. It is not likely that the Congress will result in any settlement, even if it is held, as the Sublime Porte declines to yield to the interference or to make a show of force or to transfer the Island to Egypt.

President Sarmiento, of the Argentine Republic, has secured the good offices of Minister M'Mahon toward an amicable settlement with Paraguay.

At this, the Emperor of Brazil has threatened to withdraw his Minister from Asuncion.

Up to the present time 6000 troops have been sent from Rio to reinforce the army in Uruguay, and more are soon to follow.

The eruption of Mount Etna has receded.

A collision between two Egyptian mail steamers recently occurred near Smyrna, and two hundred persons were killed.

A decision has been rendered by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England, condemning the practices of "dancing before the sacred images," and bonding "candles" on the altar.

By the last mail we learn that we have news from Paraguay to the 3d inst. The allied forces, under the command of Generals Caxias, made a desperate attack on the fortifications of Itororo-Pequa, but were defeated with a loss of 1,200 killed and wounded.

THE NEW YEAR—1869.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

MRS. SANTA CLAUS AND JESSIE BROWN.

You've heard of good old Santa Claus? ay, doubtless, all your life;
Though not of him I'm going to tell, but of his lovely wife,
And pretty little Jessie Brown, an orphan, you must know:
The story it was told to me a long, long time ago.

One stormy night—'twas Christmas-time—when all the children round
Hung up their stockings, knowing well with treasures they'd abound;
Then scampered laughingly to bed, to dream away the night,
Their little hearts all fluttering with gladness and delight.

But there was one poor little girl—her name was Jessie Brown—
Who with her dear grandfather lived here in Brookhaven town;
But he was old and very poor, and oft his tears would fall
Upon the little face of her, his darling one, his all.

This Christmas-eve their scanty meal was eaten in the dark,
Yet Jessie looked as bright and glad as any singing lark;
And when beside her grandpa's knee she lisped her evening prayer
She looked so sweet you would have thought an angel had been there;

Then with the "good-night" kiss she crept into her "trundle" bed,
And, smiling, asked, "Will Santa Claus come, now mamma is dead?"
"I hope he will," her grandpa said, and turned away his head;
Then, on a nail hung up with care, her stocking soon he spied,

With many a threadbare patch, although to mend it she had tried;
And when he thought her fast asleep he took it from the nail,
And by the fire-light you could see his face looked strangely pale.

His fingers trembled as he sighed, "My precious little dear!
Oh, would I had a thousand crowns! I'd put them all in here."

Then in the stocking dropped some nuts, and hung it up in haste,
And, walking to the door, looked out upon the dreary waste.

But as he looked a beauteous form before him did appear:
It was a lady, but she seemed as from some other sphere.

Her mantle all embroidered o'er with glist'ning flakes of snow;

Her hair like sparkling strings of pearls or dew-drops seemed to grow;
Upon her feet were sandals bright of frost-work, such as seen
At morn, when glints of sunlight fall upon the blades of green;
And oh! her eyes they were so bright! like twinkling stars they shone,
As in a gentle, dove-like voice, her errand she made known.

"I am the wife of Santa Claus, and with him came to town,
Because I wished so much to see sweet little Jessie Brown;
You'll not refuse me, I am sure, an entrance at your door;
The good I give the choicest gifts out of my bounteous store."

Then from her head a string of pearls she hastily unwound,
Each pearl a virtue was; their like elsewhere were never found;
And from her pocket forth she drew an hour-glass filled with sand,
That into golden crowns would turn if touched by Jessie's hand.

Then in the stocking, worn and old, she let the jewels fall,
With many other wondrous gifts too numerous to recall,
And filled it up with sugar-plums, the sweetest e'er were known,
And whispered soft in Jessie's ear, "These things are all your own."

A low, sweet whistle then was heard—'twas Santa Claus, they say,
Who, waiting all the while outside, now called his wife away.
To every house they went that night throughout Brookhaven town,
But none such priceless gifts received as little Jessie Brown.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

THIS new theatre, of which we give a view on page 29, and which is soon to be opened, has its frontage on Twenty-third Street. Mr. BOOTH designs that it shall become, as doubtless it will, the best theatre in this country, both as an edifice and on account of its stage representations.

The building is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and stands 70 feet high from the sidewalk to the main cornice, above which is a Mansard roof of 24 feet.

That part of the building occupied as the theatre proper extends 149 feet along Twenty-third Street, and is divided into three parts, so combined as to form a superb ensemble, with arched entrances at either extremity on the side for the admission of the public, and on the other for the

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY.

RUDE BOY.—"Oh! Ah! There comes Venus at Last!"

nse of the actors and others employed in the house. Directly in the centre of this frontage are the stage doors, devised for the purpose of securing the most rapid egress of a crowded audience in case of fire or any other sudden emergency. To the left of these doors, and either in the entire front, the building can be reached in five minutes. Between these entrances doors, and on other side, are quadrant and lofty windows, while above them, and forming a part of the second story, are roomy niches, surrounded by carved mouldings, resting on finely sculptured pedestals. Between these columns, at the depths of the recesses, are neat pilasters, containing the elliptic arches that will serve to crown and span the niches, the latter to be occupied by statues of the great dramatic authors and interpreters of every age and nation. The main hall in the centre is flanked on either side by curiously-contrived blank windows. This entire façade, as well as that on Fifth Avenue, is built of the finest Concord granite, from the best quarries in New Hampshire.

The interior is subdivided, architecturally speaking, into four heights, the first and low-ground embracing the parquette, circle, and orchestra seats, capable of accommodating eight hundred persons. The second tier is thrown into the dress circle, the third is the family circle, and the fourth constitutes the gallery or amphitheatre. The stage is 65 feet in breadth, and 75 feet in depth, 50 feet to the back flight, and, according to an original conception of Mr. Bouton, is set in a beautiful ornamental frame-work, so as to give the effect of a gorgeous picture to the *mise en scene*. On either side of the stage the boxes are tastefully arranged on a model style of perfect comfort and elegant ornaments. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the building and in a line with the stage, are the scenes of entry whose doors the ring painting saloon. Parallel with range the green-room, general dressing-rooms, and managers' offices. This part of the building is five stories in height, so distributed as to contain the apartments necessary for the actors, carpenters of hall, and the corps of assistants and gentlemen connected with the theatre. All of these interior subdivisions are, in their construction and finish, upon the most approved appliances for celerity and ease in the manifold operations of the entire company.

The first floor on Seventeenth Avenue, a space of fifty-five feet extending from the corner along Twenty-third Street, is taken up with handsome stores for the retailing and wholesaling of the most philhestic stairways. Above the lower frontage five four stories, divided into saloons and apartments for the use of the first that had such large and commodious studio, the second, or mezzanine story, adapted for residences, and the remaining two stories, with the same altered, are studios on the third, and residences on the fourth range. In the basement beneath the stores, opening on the alley, will be a spacious and neat restaurant, from which, by an original device, dumbwaiters will ascend to the upper portions of the structure, so that individuals and parties may be furnished with meals in absolute privacy. The whole view of this beautiful edifice, as seen from a point opposite the Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue façades, is superb. The glittering granite with its exquisitely poised, adorned with rich and appropriate carving, stanuary columns, pilasters, and arches, yet not overladen with ornamentation, and copied by the springing Mansard roof, fringed with its shaped pinnacles, offers a majestic and imposing presence, and forms one of the architectural and artistic gems of our city.

The walls of the entire building are lined with fireproof brick. Architects of this edifice are Messrs. Renwick & Sands.

THE SCHOLAR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The scholar in the sixteenth century was a far more important personage than now. The supply of knowledge was very small, the demand for them very great. During the whole of the fifteenth and great part of the sixteenth century the chief part of the knowledge came from the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages to that of the Romans and the Greeks, and found more and more the old Pagan Art on which Monastic Art had not, and which was yet necessary for the full satisfaction of their craving after the Beautiful. Such a craving of the mind can seen it was natural that the classical scholar, the man who knew Latin and Greek, and more still Greece, should usurp the place of the mediæval teacher of mankind, and that scholars should not find their way to intellectual and artistic luxury, limited and privileged, and all the more redoubtable because its power lay in intellect, and had not yet collected itself into a class.

Those who (whether poor or rich) did not fear the mark and priest, at least feared the scholar, who alone knew the way to the keys of that magic lore by which the old necromancers had built cities like Rome, and worked marvels of enchantment and elemental skill which the degenerate modern could never equal.

If the scholar stooped in a town his hostess probably thought it a claim against her modest alms or vituualism. The penniless knight disposed with him on alchemy and the chances of making gold by the art of transmuting baser metals into gold. The queen or bishop wrote and him in private short casting their motives and finding their fates among the stars. But the statesman, who dealt with more practical matters, found him as an advocate and rhetorician, who could fight his master's enemies with the weapons of Demosthenes and Cicero. Wherever the scholar came he was received as the master of others as long as he was master of himself. The complaints which he so often uttered concerning the cruelty of fortune, the fickleness of princes, and so forth, were probably no more just than than such complaints are now. Then, as now, he got his deserts; and the world bought him at his own price. If he chose to sell himself to this patron and to that, he was used and thrown away; if he chose to remain in honourable independence, he was courted and feared.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

The rose in the sunshine, Dearest!
Is whispering sweet to me;
The first thing Spring wearest
The memory of thee.

I think of thy voice when thrushes
Are singing their bridal song,
And violets round the bushes
Spread in a purple throng.

I think of thee when May's portal
(The rainbow arch of roses)
Seems like a glimpse of the mortal
Of vanished Eden given.

I think of thee when Death scatters
The yellow leaves in showers,
And the fertile rain-drop patters
In the sere autumn hours.

I thought of thee, Love! when Winter
Hung crystals on each spray,
And when the red oak splinter
Sound bright grim glory away.

I thought of thee when dark treason
Plotted each wind that blew,
But why detail each season?
I love the whole year through!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The holidays would seem a mockery to multitudes of children were it not for the Christmas Tree Charity. At no time in all the year are the confectionery shops so showy, and children so anxious to taste the sweets which are so temptingly displayed. And since St. Nicholas distributes his offerings of many delightful folks with bright-colored bonbons, it may relieve the elders' parents to be reminded that candies are now usually colored with harmless vegetable substances. The mineral poisons once used for the purpose are now prohibited by the sanitary regulations. Some fancy sweetmeats are decorated with water-color paints, and the amount of the coloring is for convenient rather than for consumption. The ordinary kinds of gum, fruit-paste, and chocolate are rendered by and at suitable times, are not so unwholesome as generally considered. Of course, a child may easily be made sick by eating too many sweets, and is constituted as sugar; and nibbling sugar-plums all day long will seriously impair the digestive processes. But a moderate portion taken after meals will not be injurious. Candies are made of sugar, ginger, lemon, arable, and starch; the flavoring is put in either in boiling or kneading, and is usually an essential oil—a very small quantity of which will impart a strong flavor. The process of making candy varies with the different kinds, and the business is extensively carried on in this city.

About one months ago a young German in New Orleans fell from a high platform, and received his skull in a most shocking manner. It was supposed that he would die in a few hours; but he has lived, and his case has excited much interest among physicians in New Orleans. For a while the whole left portion of his whole body seemed completely paralyzed. Under a novel mode of treatment, which consisted in the application of cold and cold alternately for the whole length of the spine, by means of a special apparatus for the purpose, aided by the administration of ergot, and interrupted electrical currents, the young man gradually improved, and at the end of a week he recovered complete consciousness and the perfect use of his tongue, but it was soon discovered that the recollection of his past life had entirely left him, and he knocked out of his head, and he was obliged to begin over to learn everything. He had to learn to talk, learned many words, and can go about the city by himself. His mind is active, and his new memory good, yet very peculiar. For instance, if told to say "hat," he is as apt to say "horse" or any thing else he has learned; notwithstanding, he objects if he sees he knows the meaning of "hat" and "mule."

In St. Petersburg a curious case of contempt is being tried with offenders condemned to a short term of imprisonment. The model prison is divided into four or five dormitories, each containing 100 men separated from each other by wooden partition walls. To such an extent is a man's individuality respected in this shop, to which shoe-making, tailoring, weaving, and other trades are carried on, that each compartment has been supplied with a view of rejecting all that is bad in the different prisons employed in the Old and the New World, and of adopting all that is supposed to be advantageous. The system has worked so well that Count Sollohub, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, has obtained a fruitful source of disorder, whose experience, as mentioned above, may henceforward be found unnecessary.

Many years ago two ministers were settled over different churches in a Connecticut village. One was a bold gunbearer of old Yale, warm friends, and with undoubted talents. The other expressed a hope that he who had never married, left the more active duties of the ministry to devote himself to books, libraries, and contemporary literature, for which he had the most tenderness. Mr. B——, however, married, had a large family of children, and was obliged to look after his domestic ills. Both of these men lived to a good old age. One day Mr. B—— happened to be in Yale, and marked in his peculiarly gentle manner, "Dr. H——, exactly fifty thousand dollars, sir, exactly fifty thousand dollars, sir, between a poor minister and a library, and he very unwisely chose the latter—very unwisely indeed."

A strong but needless subsistence lamp has been invented. An ordinary lamp is placed in a watertight triangular case. The flame is extinguished and the lamp is admitted by a tube, the free end of which is supported above the surface of the water; and the products of combustion are carried off by a second tube, which is likewise in connection with external air. The air in the lamp is rarefied by the heat of the burning wick, and fresh air from without rushes in to take its place, so that a constant circulation of air is kept up and the lamp burns freely.

Gold has been discovered in Newfoundland. A Halifax paper says that Joseph J. Commerford of that city has recently received for examination a piece of quartz from the eastern coast of Newfoundland, containing much visible gold. The fragment was broken off one of numerous boulders with which, according to the report of the finder, the surface is strewn in a particular locality. The discoverer, himself, did not know the precious metal when he saw it, and fearing that himself to this patron and to that, he was used and thrown away; if he chose to remain in honourable independence, he was courted and feared. born, and inclosing with the fragment a lady who was gazing at a window in the house opposite his studio. He sent glances of admiration up to her window whenever he passed, and she in turn to his room. At length, one day, seeing her in the street, his artistic taste was away with the feeling of admiration, and reaching her, passing with the haste he had made, gasped out, "Oh, miss, your figure is divine! I am dying to paint it." The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out with her hair at arm's-length, exclaimed, "Take it! there it is! send it back when you are through with it, and stop staring at my window!" Such is the dreadfully jealous spirit that will thrash you for your impudence." The great-fellow artist had seen a chance for "lovely blonde hair" since.

The Australian Mail Steamer Company seems likely to be a success. Reports have been received from officers in the British navy giving the highest commendations of the qualities of the mail steamers, saying it most excellent—nutritious, sweet, and juicy. A supply has been sent to the Cape of Good Hope and to Africa, and to the West indies, by the Controller of the British navy. Besides this, the French Government has ordered several thousand pounds of the meat for the navy and other purposes. The English press is quite interested in the success of this enterprise; and suggests that the general introduction of the preserved meat into families would be a great advantage.

Perhaps no malady produces such depressing and deadly suffering as scrofulosis. Its wretched victims lose all hope of life, and their misery long for death as a release. Yet very little has been done by the medical profession to relieve this affection, and in general those who cross the ocean believe that they must take their chance of enduring its pangs. A very interesting article on scrofula, by Professor Burnett, M.D., was recently published in the *New York Medical Journal*. Dr. Burnett considers particularly the waters for business or pleasure that we believe the public will find the most universal interest: and as Dr. Barker's high standing in his profession gives special value to his suggestions.

The belief is very general that sea-sickness is often beneficial, and never dangerous to life. Dr. Barker, however, thinks that the danger to health from a sea-voyage is usually proportioned to the freedom from sea-sickness. He also cites several cases where death has occurred in consequence of the exhaustion resulting from this malady. Sea-sickness, he observes, seems to be due to the endless and recurring changes of the relations of the fluids to the solids of the body, and to the nervous system which result from these changes. Drugs will not prevent this functional disturbance. The horizontal position is the only approximation to a cure. An exhausted or depressed state of the nervous system is the consequence often of loss of sleep, want of food, excitement, and bad air, increases the liability to sea-sickness. A long voyage, therefore, is recommended that the Atlantic steamers fatigued and exhausted by their preparations for departure. They are excited by separation from friends, and by apprehensions of the perils of the voyage. They have had no appetite to eat, or strength to digest food. Thus bodily prepared to resist the effects of sea-sickness, they speedily bring it on by keeping up and staying on deck. They have an instinctive idea that it is a kind of moral weakness, which they may conquer by boldly doing the very things to bring it on. For ocean passengers one of the most essential points is the selection of the state-room as regards position, light, size, and ventilation. Of course, the smaller the room the nearer to the centre of the ship the less will be the motion. In going to Europe, it is better to be on the starboard side, and in returning, on the larboard, which will be the sunny side. In screw-steamers, the inside rooms, on the lower deck, are of good size, are often the preferred to the outside ones, on account of ventilation, which is at very little motion in the ordinary fine summer passages, when the port-holes can be kept open, while the windows of the inside room open on a light-well, which is of good size.

The following suggestions for the prevention of sea-sickness, by a writer among who has proved very beneficial to many persons who have tested them, and who himself suffered severely from this affection, and during the whole voyage:

1. Eat regularly and heartily, but without eating the last meal too near the time of sailing. 2. Keep up the habit of digestion is kept up, the strength is preserved, and the system becomes accustomed to the constant change of equilibrium.

3. It is well to commence to take some mild laxative pills, one for example, two or three of the compound blue pill.

4. After having become so far habituated to the motion of the ship to take your meals at the table, not to go on deck, never think of rising in the morning until you have eaten something, as a cup of essential porridge, or a cup of coffee or tea, with rusk-biscuit or toast.

5. If, subsequently, during the voyage, the sea should become unusually rough, go to bed without delay. It is foolish to deny anything when there is no glory to be gained, and nothing may be lost.

The estimated number of prairie chickens sent to market in Illinois during the first two months of the shooting season was not less than 20,000 to 30,000; of quail, 10,000; of wild turkeys, a total of 40 ducks between 200 and 3000. When the Pacific Railroad is opened an immense further expansion of the game trade will probably be looked for. The game has always been a difficulty in the way of extensive exportation, owing to the liability to spoil on a sudden change of weather spoiling the game. This difficulty is now to be overcome by the invention by the introduction of a new kind of refrigerator-car on the principal railroad lines, patented by Mr. C. P. Pike, of Bloomington, Illinois. The first load of wild fowl ever sent from the Pacific coast arrived at New York on the 30th ult. The birds were shipped by the steady advance of civilization. Many farmers also engage in the hunting as a means of a circuit over a reach of their homes at night, and often bagging a sufficient quantity of birds to make their day's shooting a profitable occupation.

When a missionary to South Africa first introduced the plough among the natives the farmer of that country as old chief, who saw what it could do in breaking up the earth, exclaimed, in admiration, "Why, it is worth its weight in gold!" Upon this hint, Mr. Pike, what a plow is worth can easily make an estimate, and ascertain the exact value of a woman in South Africa.

The Dead of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-eight.

Age	Name,	Office or Position.	Place and Date of Death.
65.	ANDS, Rev. Joshua G., Commissioner Metropolitan Fire Department.		New York, September 21.
82.	ASHOTT, Hon. Amos, Member of Congress from Massachusetts 1843-1849.		Andover, Mass., November 8.
67.	ADAMS, Mrs. Sarah F., widow of Epes Sargent, Author.		Boston, Mass.
47.	ADLER, George J., Author and Philologist.	New York City.	August 24.
68.	ALEXANDER, Rev. Addison, LL.D., Author and Clergyman.		Princeton, Mass. July 16.
61.	ALLEN, William Stickney, Editor, Judge, and Politician.	New Haven, Mo.	June 16.
74.	ANDERSON, Hon. Joseph, Senator, Treasurer, and Author.	Nashville, Tenn.	August 23.
	ANDREA, Cardinal G. Italian Prelate.	Rome, Italy.	May 18.
74.	ARMSTRONG, Gen. Timothy P. U.S.A., Paymaster-General of the Army.		Washington, D.C. March 11.
	ASHDON, R. S. S., Poet, Author, and Politician.	Berkeley, Mass.	August.
	ASHLEY, Hon. James M., Member of Congress, Governor, and Author.		Cleveland, June 17.
	ASHON, Brevet Maj.-Gen. Alexander, U. S. Navy, Minister to Argentine Republic.		Buenos Ayres. Feb.
	ASHTON, Rev. John, D.D., Author and Clergyman.		Charleston, S.C. April 1.
48.	ASHWORTH, Francis Baring, 3d Lord, English Financier.	County Devon, England.	September 4.
83.	BADGER, Hon. George E., LL.D., President U.S. Senate, Author.	New York City.	April 6.
64.	BAILEY, John D., Journalist and Military Critic.	New York City.	August 26.
73.	BAILEY, Hon. Lafayette C., Chief Detective U. S. Secret Service.		July 2.
61.	BARROWS, Willard, Civil Engineer, Surveyor, and Author.	Davenport, Iowa.	January 9.
	BARTHOLDI, Charles, Governor, Author, Journalist and Author.		April 8.
83.	BASCOM, H. L., D.D., Author, and President Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg.		
74.	BAYARD, Hon. Richard H., Judge of Court of Appeals.	Wilmington, Del.	April 14.
60.	BEACH, Moses Yale, Newspaper Publisher and Editor.	Wallingford, Ct.	July 19.
70.	BEACH, Rev. Wooster, Author and Clergyman.	Norwalk, Ohio.	Helena, Montana. Sept. 26.
	BEADLE, Samuel J., Merchant and Indian Broker.	New York City.	August 31.
53.	BEARD, Hon. Lewis C., Author.	Lawrence, Kansas.	September 21.
	BEAU, Rear-Admiral Henry H., U.S.N. Osage River, Iowa.		January 3.
70.	BECK, Theodric Romeyn, M.D., Author and Physician.	Albany, N.Y.	June 22.
72.	BENJAMIN, Simeon, Patron of Education and Philanthropist.		
70.	BENNETT, Hon. Benjamin, Vermont Jurist.	Riverhead, L. I.	September 1.
	BENNETT, Pierre Antoine, French Advocate and Statesman.	Auguville, France.	November 28.
70.	BERRY, Hon. Edward R., LL.D., Author and Jurist.	Bangor, Me.	November 26.
73.	BEY, Dr. Clot, French Physician and Medical Reformer in Egypt.	Marseilles, France.	August.
70.	BIGELOW, Hon. Erastus B., Editor and Judge.	Boston, Mass.	
78.	BIMOD, Rev. Hiram N., D.D., Episcopal Clergyman.	Paris, France.	August 31.
70.	BLANCHARD, Rev. Cyrus, D.D., Author and Clergyman.	Charleston Hospital.	August.
68.	BOSWELL, Judge Benjamin West, Politician and Jurist.	New York City.	August 19.
	BOWEN, Hon. Henry Chandler, Governor and Chief Justice.	Connecticut.	
67.	BOWEN, Hon. John H., Member Congress from New York 1851-1853.	Whitehall, New York.	July 2.
64.	BOWEN, Rev. Nathaniel, D.D., Author and Clergyman.	Mich. Chelsea, Mich.	June 25.
82.	BRADBURY, William B., Musical Composer, Vocalist, Teacher, and Author.	Montclair, N.J.	July 11.
67.	BRADFORD, Hon. Alden, Author and Historian.	Boston, Mass.	
67.	BRAWLEY, Charles W., Editor, Author, and Publisher.	Portsmouth, New Hampshire.	August 8.
70.	BRIGHAM, Rev. Asa, D.D., Author and Clergyman.	Hartford, Conn.	August 27.
67.	BRIGGS, Charles F., Lecturer on Education, and Author.	Newark, N.Y.	June 22.
67.	BRISBANE, Arthur, Author and Socialist Reformer.	New York City.	April 22.
70.	BROADHEAD, General Sarah of Savannah, Ruler and Author.		August 30.
83.	BROMFIELD, General Sir Henry W., G.C.B., British Army Officer.	Exeter, England.	January 20.
70.	BROWN, Col. Gustavus R., Army Engineer, Author, and Mathematician.	Washington, D.C.	January 5.
63.	BROWN, Rev. J. Newton, D.D., Author, Professor, and Editor.	Germantown, Pennsylvania.	May 25.
	BROWN, Hon. Orville, Cabinet Officer, Colonial Internal Revenue.	Washington, D.C.	May 10.
78.	BRYANT, Dr. Joel, Homœopathic Physician and Author.	Brooklyn, New York.	November 20.
70.	BUCHANAN, Hon. James, Ex-President U.S. 1857-1861, and Author.	Wheatland, Pa.	June 1.
58.	BURR, Hon. Alexander W., Member Congress from Detroit 1848-1851.	Detroit, Michigan.	April 28.
73.	BURTON, Rev. Warren, D.D., Editor in New Orleans and Author.	Louisville, Ky.	March 24.
54.	BURNETT, John, Engraver, Etcher, and Author of Works on Art.	London, England.	May.
	BUSHNELL, Hon. Asahel, Politician and Member of Congress.	Bridgeport, Ct.	March 8.
63.	CADWALADER, Gen. John L., Politician and Political Leader.	New York City.	July 7.
73.	CAMPBELL, Rev. Alexander, Author and Clergyman.	Bethany, Va.	Philadelphia, January 19.
56.	CAMPBELL, Thompson, Prominent Politician in California.	California.	December 7.
70.	CARLISLE, Hon. John G., Member Congress, Author, and Politician.	Covington, Ky.	Sept. 22.
74.	CARTWRIGHT, Most Rev. Charles Longley, Archbishop of, Primate of England.	London.	October 8.
73.	CARTWRIGHT, Peter, Methodist Clergyman and Author.		
19.	CARNEGAN, James T. B., Earl of, Commander Light Brigade at Balaklava.	Curlies Castle, Eng.	Mar. 28.
79.	CARNEY, Gen. Christopher (Kit Carson), Guide, Trapper, and Pioneer.	Fort Lyon, Colorado.	May 23.
56.	CASE, Rev. Joel Titus, Presbyterian Clergyman and Physician.	Victoria, Texas.	June 18.
	CASTELMARY, Count, Spanish Statesman.		
60.	CHASE, Admiral Sir H. D., British Naval Officer for 48 years.	Southsea, Hants, England.	April 7.
74.	CHEEVER, Rev. Henry Hickey, M.D., Privy Mcl., Col., Lt.-Gov. of Mass. in 1850.	Boston, Mass.	March 22.
56.	CHIES, Pierre Luc Charles, French Scenic Painter.	Paris, October.	
74.	CLARK, Rev. Dan, D.D., Author, Methodist Clergyman and Editor.	Cincinnati, Ct.	November 28.
70.	CLAY, Hon. Newell, ex-U. S. Senator, ex-Sec. of Treasury, Southern Politician.	New York City.	Oct. 8.
	COLE, Rev. Thomas, Professor of History and Author.		
104.	COLLINS, Mrs. Sarah, Centenarian.	Westfield, N. J.	June 15.
70.	CURTIS, Lieut.-Gen. Joseph J., Commander-in-Chief.	New York City.	August 16.
61.	COOK, Hon. James M., State Controller of New York, and Supt. of Banking.	Saratoga, N.Y.	August 12.

Age.	Name.	Office or Position.	Place and Date of Death.
68.	COOK, John Douglas, Editor of the London *Saturday Review*.	London.	August 16.
108.	COOLEY, Mrs. Nancy, Revolutionary Pensioner.	Dartown, Ohio.	January 10.
76.	COOPER, Mrs. Julia Dean, actress ("Julia Dean").	New York City.	March 4.
71.	COQUEREL, Athanase, Sen., French Preacher, Orator, and Author.	Paris, France.	January 10.
70.	CORANCEZ, Louis de la Haye, Vicomte de, French Political Writer and Satirist.	Paris, France.	May 7.
78.	CRANSWORTH, Robert Monsey Rolfe, Lord, British Statesman.	London.	May 12.
72.	CRAWFORD, Andrew, Author, Diplomat, Geographer and Ethnologist.	Boston.	July 17.
80.	CRAY, Rev. T. S. D.D., Poet of Baptist College at Broadmead, district, Eng.	Cotham, Bristol.	June 16.
70.	CROWLEY, Joseph, Cotton Manufacturer and Magistrate.	Hanley, England.	October.
	CROWN, Eyre Evans, Editor and Historian.	London.	February 28.
74.	CURRIER, Isaac, M. D., Physician and Author.	Nashua, N. H.	December 16.
	CURTIS, General Stephen B., Lawyer, and Attorney-General of New York.	New York City.	June 8.
74.	CUSHMAN, Rev. Robert W., D.D., Clergyman of the Presbyterian Church.	Reading, Mass.	April 1.
	DALY, Sir Dominick, Governor-General of South Australia.	Adelaide, South Australia.	February 19.
	DANA, Samuel Luther, Author and Publisher.	Lowell, Mass.	
83.	DAVIS, Hon. James, Politician and Judge.	St. Albans, Vt.	January 21.
80.	DAVIS, Rev. Henry, M. A., F. S. A., Rector of Hadleigh.	Hadleigh, Essex, Eng.	February 25.
	DEACON, Benajah, U. S. Marshal New Jersey, 1861-1863.	Mount Holly, N. J.	May 18.
	DEAN, Amos, LL.D., Jurist, Author, and Professor of Jurisprudence.	Albany, N. Y.	January 26.
	DE LA VIGNE, Germain, French Dramatist.	Montmorency, France.	December.
	DENNIS, James C., Grave Digger.	Boston.	May 24.
	DILL, Vincent Leonard, noted Sharpshooter in America.	Brooklyn, New York.	January 29.
	DORSEY, Rev. Dr.	Author and Clergyman.	New York City. July 9.
	DOSSETTER, Philip, State Treasurer, N. Y., and Collector Internal Revenue.	Buffalo, N.Y.	April 11.
73.	DOUGLAS, Joseph, New York Pioneer.	Rochester, N. Y.	September 4.
	DOUTY, Capt. Benj. More, U.S.N., Navy Officer 43 years, and Lt.-House Insp't.	Key West, Fla.	Nov. 19.
	DOYLE, Hon. Joseph Fleming, Politician and Journalist.	Canada.	January 3.
	DRAPER, Henry, Director of English Opera and Baritone Singer.	Providence, R. I.	August 9.
	DUFFIELD, Rev. George, D. D., Minister of the Presbyterian Church.	Detroit, Michigan.	June 26.
	DUNNE, Rev. Dr., late Vicar-General Roman Catholic Diocese of Chicago.	Chicago.	December 28.
	DWINELL, Dr. Henry G., Homœopathic Physician.	Lowell, Mass.	December 4.
	DYKMAN, Col. G. W., N. C. Register, and Officer of Vols. in Mexican and late war.	N. Y. City.	May 21.
	ELLIOTT, Charles Loring, N. A., Portrait Painter.		
	ELLIOTT, Major Joel M.U.S.A., killed by Indians.	Indian Territory.	November 27.
	ELLSWORTH, Hon. Henry L., Statistician and Author.	Washington, D. C.	
	ELLSWORTH, Hon. Wm. W., LL.D., Ex-Gov. & Ch. Justice Supreme Court, etc.	Hartford, Ct.	Jan. 15.
	ELWYN, Alfred L., Author and Philanthropist.	Philadelphia.	Feb. 15.
	ESDO, Dewitt C. M.D., Physician and Medical Professor.	Brooklyn, New York.	December 14.
	EVANS, Rev. Hugh Davis, Author and Clergyman of the Church of England.	Liverpool.	July 9.
	FAIRCHILD, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Cicero W. Vols., U. S. Marshal for Wisconsin.	Milwaukee.	Oct. 24.
	FALLS, Hon. John H., Minister to Portugal, 1861-1865.	Florida, Territory.	November 17.
	FELLER, Madam Henrietta, Founder of Grand Ligne Mission, Canada.	Grand Ligne, Can.	March 27.
	FENNER, Gen. Charles, Civil Officer of the Revolution.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	December 4.
	FESSARD, Philip R., Lawyer and Jurist.	Washington, D. C.	Thursday.
	FIELD, Hon. Thomas P., Member of Congress from Texas.	Galveston, Me.	September 28.
	FIELD, Hon. Jonathan E., Mass. State Senator and Lawyer.	Stockbridge, Mass.	April 22.
	FOWLER, Hon. Joel R., M. C., and Ex-Speaker Texas Assembly.	Austin, Texas.	December 24.
	FOZI, Henry M. ("Occult"), Newspaper Correspondent and Author.	Camden, N.J.	November 15.
	FOURIER, Francis Vernaud, President of Fourierist Society.	Paris.	
	FOUQUIER, Leon, French Physicist and Author.	Paris.	February.
	FRANCIS, Simeon, American Editor and Publisher.	Washington, D. C.	January 29.
	FROST, Thomas H., Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, and Politician.	Washington, D. C.	February 29.
	FOSDYCK, Rev. W. B., Presbyterian Clergyman.	Fort Wayne, Ind.	September 4.
73.	FREEMAN, Edmund B., N. C. Jurist.	Raleigh, N. C.	July 7.
106.	FRENCH, Reverend George, Negro Centenarian.	Shelbyville, Ky.	September 4.
	FROST, Judge Edward, S. C. Jurist.	Charleston, S. C.	July 23.
	FUTVOYE, Rt. Rev. Francis, Archbishop Roman Catholic Church of Canada.	Montreal.	September 9.
	GARDNER, Peter M., Anti-Slavery Pioneer.	Columbus, Ohio.	June 12.
	GARDNER, Thomas, English Lace Engraver.	Nottingham.	July 26.
	GANNON, Mary, Actress.	New York City.	February 23.
	GARRISON, Wendell Phillips, Son of William Lloyd Garrison.	New Haven, Ct.	March 27.
	GAYTES, Brevet Brigadier-General William, U.S.A., Veteran Army Officer.	New York City.	October 7.
	GERSTON, Capital Bernard, California Pioneer.	San Francisco.	May 3.
	GIORDA, Anna Paniovina, Czarina of, Musical Composer.	Moscow.	February.
	GIBSON, Hon. Edmund Physician and Politician.	Fredericksburg, Va.	November 16.
	GIBSON, Rt. Maj.-Gen. Alfred, U.S.A. 39 yrs in Service, in Mex. and late Wars.	Ft. Leavenworth, Ks.	Dec. 26.
	GIBSON, Rev. Wm. M., M.R.C.S., Episcopal Clergyman and Author.	Rome, Italy.	March 26.
	GIBSON, William, M.D., LL.D., Surgeon, Professor, and Author.	Savannah, Ga.	March 9.
	GILLESPIE, William Mitchell, C.E., Author and Professor of Civil Engineering.	N. Y. City.	January 1.
	GILLIAMS, Jacob, M.D., Physician and Naturalist.	Philadelphia.	February 1.
	GILLIS, Rev. James A., M. C. from N. Y., Author and Clergyman.	Cold Spring, N. Y.	July 30.
	GITTODING, Gisbegh, Architect and Fresco Painter.	New York City.	January 3.
	GOODRICH, Rev. Elizur, Congregational Clergyman and Professor.	New Haven, Ct.	March 27.
	GORTSCHAKOFF, Prince Peter Dmitri, Russian Corps Com. and Gov.-Gen. W. Siberia.	Moscow.	April.
	GOULD, Augustus, Judge of Supreme Court of Maine.	Portland, Me.	May 2.
	GRAHAME, Hon. Francis, M. C. Postmaster-General, Politician.	Canandaigua, N. Y.	August 28.
	GRAEVEN, Conivet, French Historical Painter.	Paris.	
	GRAY, John, Reputed the last Soldier of the Revolution.	Noble Co., Ohio.	March 29.
	GRAYSON, Col. William, Governor of South Carolina.	Beaufort, S. C.	April 4.
	GREEN, Albert Gorton, Jurist, Author, and Scholar.	Cleveland, Ohio.	January 4.
	GRIGGS, Rev. Chauncey, Clergyman and Author.	Hartford, Ct.	January 3.
	GURLEY, Rev. P. D. D.D.	Presb. Clergyman, Chap. of Congress, and Author.	Washington, D.C.	Sept. 28.
	HALL, George, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn 1834-1835.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	April 16.
	HALL, George, Connecticut Philanthropist.	Norwich, Ct.	September 3.
	HALL, George W., Clergyman and Author.	Boston.	May 24.
	HALL, Judge James, Author, Antiquarian, and Banker.	Loveland, Ohio.	July.
	HALL, Willis, Attorney-General of New York.	Albany, N. Y.	April 10.
	HALPINE, Brig.-Gen. Chas. G. ("Miles O'Reilly"), Poet, Soldier, and Author.	N. Y. City.	August 3.
	HAMILTON, Capt. Louis L., U.S.A., Son of Alexander Hamilton.	Fortress Monroe.	May 17.
	HAMPDEN, Right Reverend Renn Dickson, D.D., Bishop of Hereford and Author.	London, England.	
	HARE, John Davis, D.D., English Church Dignitary.	Hurstmonceaux, Eng.	March 18.
	HARNEY, J. H., Editor Louisville *Democrat* and Author.	Louisville, Ky.	August 28.
	HARRINGTON, George N. ("Grace Greenwood"), Author.	New Haven, Ct.	May 12.
	HARTWEIG, Ex-Commander Henry J. (Arctic Explorer), Paris, France.	March 29.	
	HASSAUREK, Hon. Friedrich, Austrian Minister to Ecuador, 1861-1864.	Texas.	
118.	HASKINS, Mrs., born in Burlington, Vt., 1751.	Camden, Ohio.	January 18.
80.	HASSENPFLUG, Mrs. Adolph G., Pioneer Settler of Cincinnati.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	January 18.
76.	HASTINGS, ——, Marquis of, a young English Spendthrift and Rake.	London.	November 10.
	HAVEN, Alexander, French Engineer and Author.	Paris.	May 3.
	HAVEN, Rt. Rev. Cicero S., D.D., Bishop Prot. Episcopal Diocese of Missouri.	St. Louis, Mo.	April 19.
	HAWKINS, Rev. Edward Willes, British Clergyman and Author.	Provost of Oriel College.	London.	Jan. 28.
119.	HEDGEMOSS, Mrs. Jane, Widow, Centenarian.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	December 8.
	HEWIT, Abram S., Southern Merchant and Politician.	New York City.	September 17.
	HERAPATH, John, English Mathematician and Editor *Railway Journal*.	Lewisham, Eng.	February 24.
	HERBERT, Hon. Sidney, English Cabinet Minister and Author.	London.	
	HERRICK, Hon. Anson, Editor, Politician, Member of Congress 1865-1868.	New York City.	February 6.
	HIGGINS, Brigadier-General James ("Acadian Soldier"), Veteran Officer.	Port Berkshire, Eng.	August 28.
	HILDEBRANDT, Edouard, German Geographical Painter.	Berlin, Prussia.	October.
	HOWARD, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas G., U.S.A., Soldier, and Engineer.	Fort Wilson, Ark.	Sept. 28.
	HOWE, Hon. James, Member of Congress from Arkansas 1847-48.	Assassinated.	Monroe, Ark.	Oct. 28.
	HOWARD, Hon. John, Secretary of Commonwealth of Massachusetts.	New York City.	Oct. 15.
	HOLMES-TUE-DAY, Chippewa Indian Chief.	Assassinated.	Crow Wing, Minn.	June 23.
	HOOD, Rev. Dr., Presiding Elder Methodist Episcopal Church.	Boston.	March 1.
	HOSMER, John, M.D., Physician, and President Massachusetts Medical Society.	Boston.	April 17.
	HOUGH, Franklin W., Jurist of Connecticut.		
	HOPKINS, Rt. Rev. John Henry, D.D., D.C.L., Epis. Bishop of Vt., and Author.	Rock Point, Vt.	Jan. 9.
	HOWARD, Hon. Rosseau, Politician and Journalist.	Washington, D. C.	May 12.
	HOWARD, Col. Joshua, U.S.A., Paymaster 1861-1868, U. S. Marshal 1851-1854.	Detroit.	July 17.
	HOWE, Rev. Joseph, D.D., Clergyman Ref. Dutch Church.	New York City.	
	HOWELL, Rev. Robert, B.C., D.D., Baptist Clergyman and Author.	Nashville, Tenn.	April 5.
	HUGHES, Rev. Stephen, Boston.		
	HUGO, Madame, Wife of Victor Hugo.	Brussels, Belgium.	August 24.
	HULL, Brooke, M.D., Homœopathic Physician and Author.	Lancaster, Brooklyn.	July 6.
	HUNTINGTON, Hon. Charles Phelps, Massachusetts Jurist, etc.	Boston.	January 26.
	HUNTINGTON, Hon. Jedediah, Politician and Author.	Oswego, N. Y.	March 23.
	IRVING, Bloomer, Brother and Executor of Washington Irving.	Irvington, N. Y.	August 23.
	JAMES, Rev. William, D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman.	Philadelphia.	
	JAMESON, George W., Actor.	Accidentally killed near Yonkers, N. Y.	October 5.
	JAMESON, W. L., Actor.	New York City.	
	JESSE, Edward, English Naturalist and Author.	Brighton.	March 28.
	JESSOP, Rev. Francis, LL.D., Author.	Norwich, England.	
	JUKES, Right Rev. Francis, D.D., English Bishop of Peterborough, etc.	Peterborough.	September.
	JUKES, Rev. Andrew, B.A., Clergyman of the Church of England.	Bishop's Stortford.	January 9.
	JOHNSON, Rev. Herman, M.D., LL.D., President Dickinson College, Pa.	Carlisle, Pa.	April 3.
	JOHNSON, Hon. John Mercer, Lawyer, Author, and Politician.	Washington, D. C.	December 4.
	JONES, Leonard ("Live Forever Jones"), Monomaniac and perpetual Office-seeker.	Louisville, Ky.	Sept. 14.
	JONES, Admiral Theodoric, British Naval Officer.		
	JONSON, Right Rev. Henry Dunlop, D.D., R. C. Bishop of Alton, Ill.	Alton, Ill.	October 2.
	JUDSON, Rev. Geo., D.D., LL.D., Congregational Clergyman and Author.	Philadelphia.	May 30.
	KEAN, Charles J., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., an English Actor and Scholar.	London.	January 22.
	KEASBEY, Commodore Lawrence, U.S.N., Navy Officer 50 years.	Newport, R. I.	November 29.
	KENDALL, Heber C., Mormon Leader, one of First Presidency.	Salt Lake City.	June 22.
	KING, Robert P., eminent Printer and Publisher.	Rochester, N. Y.	January 1.
	KING, W. H. Cutler, Editor New Orleans *Times*.	New Orleans, La.	August 17.
	KING, Hon. Valentine P., Politician and Journalist.	Washington, D. C.	August 5.
	KIRKES, James B., Publisher and Officer 69th Regiment Volunteers.	New York City.	February 28.
	KNOX, ——, D.D., Dean of Lismore.	Ireland.	
	KRAFT, Henry, Ph.D., a German Chemist.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	August 26.
	LAW, Rev. Robert, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism.	Edinburgh.	March 15.
	LEBRUN, Rev. Isaac, Ph.D., Rabbi and Author.	Philadelphia.	February 2.
	LEGARE, Hugh F., Author and Magazine Editor.	Charleston, S. C.	September 22.
	LE SAINT, Lieutenant, French Explorer and Geographer.	Abu Kuka, Abyssinia.	April.
	LEVITAS, Reverend, Hebrew Clergyman.	Boston.	
	LIMAYRAC, Faulin, French Editor and Political Writer.	Paris.	July.
	LINCOLN, Hon. Levi, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts.	Worcester, Mass.	May 29.
	LINDLEY, Rev. J. H., D.D., Clergyman and President Marietta College.	Greenwich, Ct.	March 22.
	LINDSLEY, Nathaniel Sumner, LL.D., Philologist.	Greenwood, Tenn.	October 16.
	LORD, Daniel, Eminent Counselor in Commercial Law, etc.	New York City.	March 4.
	LORD, Rev. Nathan, M.D., Missionary Physician in India.	New York City.	January 24.
	LOVER, Samuel, Irish Poet and Novelist.	London.	July 8.
	LOWRIE, Hon. D. S. Senator and Lawyer, Foreign Missions.	New York City.	Dec. 14.
	LUNDY, Rev. Francis James, D.C.L., Episcopal Clergyman and Teacher.	Newburgh, N. Y.	April 9.
	LYNCH, Judge Stephen Rowland, Supreme Court Judge and Politician.	Albany, N. Y.	August 27.
	LYON, Rev. John C., Methodist Clergyman and Author.	Cassville, Md.	May 17.
	LYONS, Lord Richard, P. C., D.C.L., Privy Councillor, Diplomatist.	Hereford, Pa.	February 3.
	MACKENZIE, John David, D.C.L., Principal Magdalen Hall, Oxford.	England.	January 24.
	M'CALL, Maj.-Gen. George A., U.S.A., Veteran Officer of Mexican and Florida Wars.	Philadelphia.	Fri. Feb. 26.
	M'CRAE, James Mace, Journalist and Editor.	Washington, D.C.	December 4.

Age.	Name.	Office or Position.	Place and Date of Death.
65.	M'GEE, Thos. D'Arcy, Journalist, Politician, and Canadian Cabinet Officer.	Assassinated at Ottawa.	April 7.
74.	MACKENZIE, William, M.D., F.R.C.S.L., Surgeon, Oculist, and Author.	Glasgow.	August.
85.	MACLEVILLE, Gilbert, Popular Scottish Dramatic Author.	Paris.	December.
	M'MURRAY, William, State Senator New York, and Canadian Pioneer.	1864-1868.	N. Y. City.	May 31
	M'RAE, John, Jr., Governor of Arkansas, Member of Congress 1857-1861.	Dallas, Honduras.	May 20.
72.	MACRAE, Gen. Alexander, U.S.A.		
74.	M'VICKAR, Rev. John, D.D., Professor in Columbia College.	New York City.	October 29.
	MADAGASCAR, Rayahovi Mosquées, Queen of, Sovereign.	Antananarivo, Madagascar.	April.
74.	MAGOON, Hon. Charles E., U. S. Treasury Agent.	Washington, D. C.	December 14.
83.	MAGOWNEER, Edward, Sen., Banker and Financier.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	January 15.
83.	MANN, Abijah, Jr., Author.	Cincinnati, La.	Aug. 22.
85.	MANN, Abijah, Jun., Politician, and Member of Congress 1853-1857.	New Orleans, La.	August 28.
74.	MANSFIELD, Hon. Jared, Mathematician.	Washington, D. C.	June 16.
86.	MARSH, John, D.D., Editor, Clergyman, and Author.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	August 4.
	MARSH, Mrs. Caroline, Teacher, Poet, and Author.	Burlington, Vt.	June 25.
87.	MARTUCCI, Carlo, Italian Physicist, Professor, and Statesman.	Leghorn, Italy.	June 24.
65.	MARTIN, Hiram, Ex-Methodist Clergyman and Author.	Madrid, Spain, and	November 24.
83.	MAYNADIER, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Henry E., U.S.A., Major 13th Infantry.	Charleston, S. C.	
84.	MEYER, Baron Jacob, Statesman, an Author, and Banker.	Vienna, Austria.	August 31.
	MEYERS, Rear-Admiral William, U.S.N., 50 years in Service.	Utica, N. Y.	September 15.
74.	MICHAUX, Count Gaston, Author.	Paris, France.	November 17.
71.	MILMAN, Henry Hart, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, Poet and Historian.	London.	September 25.
	MITCHELL, Hon. Alexander, Politician and Capitalist.	Milwaukee, Wis.	December 19.
86.	MOORE, E. Warren, Attorney-General of Louisiana, and Politician.	Jefferson, La.	June 28.
84.	MORALES, Gen. José Tadeo, President of Venezuela 1858-1859.	Caracas, Venezuela.	Nov. 18.
64.	MOREHEAD, Charles S., M. C. 1847-51, Gov. of Ky. 1855-9, M. P. C. 1861, etc.	Washington Co., Miss.	Dec. 23.
74.	MORSE, Richard Cary, Founder and Editor of N. Y. Observer.	Kissingen, Germany.	Sept. 22.
84.	MOWUN, Dr. W. T. G., reputed Discoverer of Etherization.	New York City.	July 15.
	MUNDY, Rev. Hugh, Author and Clergyman.	Bridgewater, Eng.	
64.	MUNN, William S., *Genre* Painter.	Setauket, L. I.	November 19.
	MUSSET, Paul de, Author.	Historian, near Vienna, Austria.	May 24.
	NAGLE, Hon. Leo, Member S. C. Constitutional Convention.	Assassinated, Newberry C. H. S. C.	Oct. 19.
65.	NAMAR, Don Juan Maria, Duke of Valencia, Statesman in Spain, and Prime Minister	Madrid.	April 23.
63.	NEAGLE, John W., M.D., Eminent Colored Physician.	Boston.	November 27.
	NEWTON, Matthew, Adjutant-General of Georgia.	Augusta.	May 31.
81.	NICHOLS, John A., LL.D., Professor Mathematics in College	City of N. Y.	New York City.	Nov. 27.
74.	NICHOLS, Thomas Low, Physician and Author.	Hydropathic Establishment, Malvern,	June 8.
58.	NOYES, Hon. Joseph C. M. C. from Maine 1837-1839, and U. S. Collector.	Portland, Me.	July 20.
	O'BRIEN, Hon. Richard, Jurist and Author.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	February 18.
60.	OAKEY, General Vincent, President of State of Panama.	Panama, Central America.	March 8.
74.	OGDEN, Hon. John Cosse, Jurist, Politician, and Author.	Paris.	
49.	OLDS, Rev. M. S., D.D., Episcopal Clergyman.	Washington, D. C.	September 17.
74.	OLMSTED, Denison, LL.D., Astronomer and Professor of Science.	Yale College.	New Haven, Ct.	Dec. 4.
	O'REILLY, Rev. William, Vicar-General of Roman Catholic Diocese of Hartford.	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 30.
85.	PAGE, Hon. Thomas Nelson, Virginia Statesman and Author.	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 19.
74.	PAIGE, Hon. Alonzo C., New York Lawyer and Author.	Schenectady, N. Y.	March 31.
	PARKER, Rev. Joel, D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman.	New York City.	March 30.
	PARKES, William, Civil Engineer and Superintendent Panama Railroad.	Assassinated, Panama.	Sept. 24.
	PARKMAN, Rev. Francis, Author and Scholar.	Brookline, Mass.	March 8.
	PARTRIDGE, Rev. Robert J. P., Epis. Clergyman, Sec. Evan. Ed. Society.	Drowned near Madison, Ind.	Dec. 4.
	PATEN, Col. Abram, Revolutionary Officer.	Albany, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.	August 28.
	PENDLETON, Hon. John S., M. C. from Virginia 1843-1849 and Diplomatist.	Culpepper C. H., Va.	Nov. 20.
	PERKINS, William S., Secretary Legation to Portugal, 1861-1865.	Lisbon, Portugal.	Dec. 1.
80.	PERTHES, Boh. der Ch. Conservative, French Geologist and Author.	Abbeville, France.	August 3.
	PETERSON, Rev. Dr. Ferdinand, Clergyman.	Hoboken, N. J.	October 26.
74.	PINDER, Rev. John Holbeach, Principal of Cuttington and Wells Colleges.	West Atlantic, Eng.	Ap. 16.
74.	PLANCHE, James Robinson, Author and Herald.	London.	May 29.
67.	PLUMER, Professor Jabez, Philosophical Writer and Author.	Lancaster, Pa.	March 24.
65.	POLLARD, Rev. Josiah, Methodist Clergyman and Author.	Cincinnati.	June 24.
	POLLARD, Henry Rives, Editor.	Assassinated, Richmond, Virginia.	November 24.
	POOR, John, Merchant, Columbus, Ga.		
83.	POREY, Mrs. Rachel, Revolutionary Pensioner.	Valley Forge, Pa.	August.
61.	POTTER, Hon. Elisha R., Politician and Author.	Kingston, R. I.	March 13.
83.	PRENTISS, Commander George A., U.S.N., 42 years in the Service.	Near Charleston, S. C.	April 8.
	PRESCOTT, Hon. William H., Historian and Author.	Boston.	January 28.
61.	PUTNAM, Rev. Isaac W. D.D., Congregational Clergyman and Author.	Middleboro, Mass.	May 3.
	QUINCY, Hon. Josiah, Politician and Author.	Boston.	December 26.
72.	QUINEY, Miss Susanna, self-taught Scientist.	Lynn, Mass.	September 20.
	RAMSAY, Hon. William, Politician, State Senator of New Jersey.	Assassinated, Cokesbury, S. C.	Oct. 16.
70.	RAPALJE, Mortia Jacob, D.D., Jewish Rabbi and Author.	New York City.	June 23.
74.	REED, Hon. Joseph, Politician and Lawyer.	Germantown, Pa.	November 11.
67.	REED, Lieut.-Commander, John Henry, U.S.N., 31 years in Service.	Genka River, Japan.	January 11.
80.	REYNOLDS, Rev. Dr. John, Presbyterian Clergyman and Author.	Princeton, N. J.	March 29.
	RICHARDSON, Hon. John F., Prot. Epis. Bishop, Rector University.	Rochester, N. Y.	February 10.
	RICHARDSON, Rev. Dr. Richard, Clergyman and Author.	Philadelphia.	May 3.
	RIPLEY, Miss Marianne, Teacher and Writer.	Milwaukee, Wis.	May 4.
	RIVES, Hon. William C., Politician and Author.	Albemarle, Va.	March 25.
	RIVERS, Henry Wheaton, M.D., Army Surgeon and Author.	Providence, R. I.	December 3.
	ROBERTS, Rev. Dr. Benjamin, Clergyman and Author.	Boston.	April 19.
	ROBERTSON, Hon. Anthony L., Chief Justice Superior Court, N. Y.	New York City.	December 18.
	ROBERTSON, Rev. Nathaniel, Baptist Clergyman and Author.	Hamilton, Ohio.	May 3.
	ROGERS, Jacob, Architect and Locomotive builder.	Morristown, N. Y.	August 26.
	ROMAINE, Commander Lewis, U.S.N., Navy Officer.	Washington, D. C.	April 8.
	ROSENTHAL, Hon. Anthony L., Chief Justice Superior Court, N. Y.	New York City.	December 18.
	ROSS, Rev. Dr. Alexander, Presbyterian Clergyman and Author.	Toronto, Canada.	March 31.
	ROSSER, Jacob, Architect and Locomotive builder.	Morristown, N. Y.	August 26.
	ROSSINI, Gioachino Antonio, Composer.	Paris.	November 13.
	ROUSSEAU, Hon. Pierre A., Jurist and Politician of La.	New Orleans.	September 17.
	ROWLAND, Rev. Dr. Aaron, Clergyman.	Philadelphia.	December 1.
	SALISBURY, J. H. W. G. Cecil, 3d Marquis of, British Statesman.	Hatfield House, Herts, England.	April 3
	SCHAUFFLER, Rev. Dr. Clergyman and Author.	Bonn, Prussia, Germany.	Sept. 4.
	SEPTON, John, Eminent English Actor.	New York City.	September 16.
	SERRA, Don Francisco, Spanish Statesman.	Madrid, Spain.	
62.	SEWALL, Rev. Samuel, D.D., Congregational Clergyman and Author.	Burlington, Mass.	February 18.
83.	SEWARD, Hon. Samuel, Politician and Lawyer.	Orange, N. J.	1864-67.	Hartford, Ct.	Sept. 8.
81.	SHANNON, Bruce Carleton, Earl of, London.	December 24.	
	SHARPE, Rev. Samuel, Author and Scholar.	Clifton, N. J.	January 9.
	SHEPARD, Rev. George C., D.D., Cong. Clergyman and Author.	Boston.	Amherst, Mass.	Dec. 12.
	SHERWOOD, Rev. John, D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman and Author.	Auburn Theological Seminary.	Auburn, N. Y.	Feb. 14.
53.	SHAW, Pike-Sard-Sondock-Phra-Phatamendr-Mahe-Monkiu, King of.	Bangkok, Siam.	October.
	SHIPLEY, Rev. Orby, Clergyman, an Eminent Low Church Leader.	Carlton Rectory, Eng.	June 3.
	SIBSON, Augustus W., Western Journalist.	Kansas City, Mo.	February 14.
	SIMMONS, Rev. Samuel J., D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman.	Hennessey, Eng.	April 18.
	SMITH, Brevet Brig.-Gen. S. Franklin, U.S.A., Major 13th Infantry.	Fort Reno, Wyoming Ter.	August.
	SMITH, Rev. Dr. Asa D., Presbyterian Clergyman and Author.	Princeton, N. J.	France.	August 7.
	SMITH, Sir Henry, late Speaker of Canadian Legislature.	Kingston, Can.	September 18.
	SMITH, Hon. Gerrit, Philanthropist, Politician, and Author.	Peterboro, N. Y.	March 28.
	SMITH, Rev. Joseph, D.D., French Clergyman, and President Franklin College, O.	Greenburg Pa.	Dec. 4.
	SMITH, Rev. Dr. Joseph, Clergyman and Author.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	January 1.
	SMITH, General William R., Wisconsin Politician and Political Leader.	Mineral Point, Wis.	August 29.
	SMYTH, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Presbyterian Clergyman and Author.	Charleston, S. C.	February 28.
	SNYDER, Professor William, Professor in Bowdoin College.	Brunswick, Me.	April 4.
	SOMERVILLE, Rev. Dr. Henry, Clergyman and Author.	Ayr, Scotland.	December 19.
	SOUDER, Capt. Jas., Editor and Author.	Philadelphia.	October 21.
	SPEED, Hon. Joshua F., Jurist and Politician.	Louisville, Louisville Ky.	Aug 4.
	STEELE, Brevet Major-General Frederick, U.S.A.	Fox Mines, Co.	Jan. 12.
	STEELE, Rev. Dr. Asa, Literateur, and Missionary to Africa.	Paris, France.	August 7.
	STEVENS, Thaddeus, Member of Congress and Statesman.	Washington, D. C.	August 11.
	STEVENS, Rev. Dr. Abel, Methodist Episcopal Clergyman and Author.	London.	July 29.
	STILLMAN, Joseph Coyne, Irish Dramatist, Antiquarian, and Author.	London.	July 30.
	STOCKTON, Rev. Thomas Hewlings, D.D., Methodist Clergyman.	Philadelphia.	October 9.
	STORRING, Rev. Charles F. E., D.D., Lutheran Clergyman and Author.	New York City.	May 4.
	STOWE, Rev. Calvin E., D.D., Congregational Clergyman and Author.	Hartford, Ct.	July 4.
	SUTHERLAND, Harriet E. G., Dowager Duchess of, Reformer, etc.	Sutherland Castle.	October 28.
	SWAIN, Hon. David L., President of Philadelphia and Author.	Chapel Hill, N. C.	July 12.
	SWAIN, Hon. David L.D.D., President of University North Carolina.	Chapel Hill, N. C.	Sept. 3.
	TAYLOR, Rev. Isaac, M.A., Author and Scholar.	Hadleigh, Essex, Eng.	December 28.
	TAYLOR, Benjamin Ogle, Wealthy Scholar and Virtuoso.	Washington, D. C.	Home, Italy.	February 24.
	THOMAS, Rev. Benjamin C., Baptist Clergyman and Missionary to India.	New York City.	June 11.
	THOMAS, Rev. Benjamin C., Baptist Clergyman and Missionary to India.	New York City.	June 11.
	THOMAS, Rev. Dr. Joseph, Author and Clergyman.	Talladega, Ala.	November 23.
	THOMPSON, Hon. Waddy, Member of Congress, Diplomatist, and Author.	Tallahassee, Fla.	November 22.
	THOMPSON, Hon. Richard W., Secretary of Navy 1877-1880.	Terre Haute, Ind.	Dec. 9.
	TOD, Hon. David, Governor of Ohio 1862-1864, and Minister to Brazil 1847-1850.	Youngstown, O.	Nov. 13.
	TOM, Chang Yeo, Chinese Giant, 8 feet 3 inches high.	Shanghai, China.	October 9.
	TOMMY, a young Japanese in United States in 1860.	Killed in battle near Newgate, Japan.	
	TOWNSEND, Rev. Dr. Clergyman.	Member of Congress from Ohio 1863-1865.	October 26.
	TRENOR, Edward, English Botanist, Discoverer of Oildom or Grape Disease.	Margate, Eng.	March 8.
	TRUMBULL, Rev. Dr. Benjamin, Congregational Clergyman and Historian.	Hartford, Ct.	July 5.
	TUCKER, Hon. John Randolph, Lawyer, Author, and Politician.	Winchester, Va.	May 6.
	VAN BUREN, Maj. Lawrence, neph. of Pres. Van Buren, and P. M. of Kinderhook.	Kinderhook, N. Y.	July 3.
	VANDERBILT, Mrs. Sophia, Eldest Daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt.	New York City.	January 31.
	VANDERBILT, Mrs. Sophia, Wife of Commodore Vanderbilt.	New York City.	August 14.
	VAN DYCK, Rev. Cornelius V. A., Missionary to Syria.	Beirut, Syria.	
	VAN LENNEP, Jacob, Dutch Novelist and Dramatist.	Amsterdam.	August 25.
	VAN RENSSELAER, Hon. Solomon, Founder of Vassar College.	Albany, N. Y.	
	VASSEUR, Rev. Robert, D.D., Professor, College President, Editor, and Historian.	London, Eng.	June.
	VATTEMARE, Alexander, Philanthropist and Author.	Paris.	
	VERVILLE, Vallet de, French Archæologist and Author.	Paris.	March.
	VIELE, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Egbert L., Soldier and Engineer.		August.
	VIELE, Brigadier-General Sebastian S., an Officer of the late War.	Alexandria, Mo.	August 12.
	VILLAMIL, Don Rafael, Mexican Statesman and Author.	Kalamazoo, Mich.	June 17.
	WALCOTT, Charles M., Sen., English Actor.	New York City.	May 14.
	WALKER, Rev. Dr. Clergyman and Author.		August 29.
	WALLWORK, Count Adrian E. J., French Statesman and Diplomatist.		September 24.
	WARD, Rev. Dr. Clergyman and Author.	Professor Theological Seminary.	Auburn.	London.	April.
	WARD, Rev. Dr. Clergyman and Author.	Professor Theological Seminary.	Auburn.	London.	June.
	WARD, National Bughouse, F.R.S., M.R.C.S.S., English Surgeon and Botanist.		
97.	WARNER, Joseph, Revolutionary Officer.	Albany, N. Y.	August 28.
	WELLS, Hon. Samuel, Governor of Maine 1856-1857, and Judge.		
	WESTCOTT, Rev. Dr. Clergyman and Author.	First Asst. Librarian British Museum.	London.	February 28.
	WETHERALD, Sir G. A., G.C.B., Governor of Military College.	Sandhurst, England.	April 8.
	WHEELER, Lieut.-General Sir Michael, K.C.B., British Cavalry Officer.	London.	January 27.
	WHITTIER, John Thomas T., M. C. 1858-

WEST POINT AND VICINITY, FROM FORT PUTN[illegible]-FROM

FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 26.]

MY BRIDGE.

I BUILT a bridge when May-crowned youth
Danced near me with his songs and flowers;
It rested on false dreams of truth,
And spanned rain hopes and rainbow hours,
Until Maturity one day
Mockingly laughed my bridge away.

I built a bridge in later days,
Experience lent me lay the plan,
It rested on ambition's ways,
A selfish, toilsome life its span,
Till Wisdom, in the evening's ray,
Calmly rebuked my bridge away.

At last I built a bridge of love,
Resting in depths of tenderness,
And reaching human hearts; to move
The young to cling, the old to bless.
Earth-bound this spans a heavenly ray;
And so it never melts away.

WEST POINT AND ITS VICINITY.

THE Hudson is pronounced, even by foreign travelers, the most picturesque river in the world, not excepting even the far-famed Rhine. Rising among the Adirondacks it pursues an eastward course to Glen's Falls, and there sweeps around southward, following this direction with little deviation to its mouth—a distance of 190 miles. Its banks are elevated and picturesque throughout, not nearly its whole course, in Greene and Ulster counties it almost shuts the Catskills, and just below Newburgh it begins to passage through the beautiful Highlands. From the first discovery of the river its associations have been romantic as well as historical. When Henry Hudson first passed up the stream, in 1609, he hoped to find in that way a passage to the East Indies—the goal of human exploration for two centuries after the discovery of this continent.

The most beautiful portion of the Hudson is that including within the limits of our illustration of WEST POINT AND ITS VICINITY, on pages 21 and 25. The course of the river in our sketch is from left to right, from Newburgh to below Garrison's Station. Here it has the appearance of a lake inclosed by the Highlands.

This vicinity is invested with many literary associations. At Crow Nest Mountain DRAKE wrote "THE CULPRIT FAY," one of the most exquisite of American poems. Below, at Cold Spring, resided GEORGE P. MORRIS, the American poet and editor. On Constitution Island resides MISS WARNER, the author of "The Wide-Wide World."

To the visitor at West Point—51 miles above New York—each wooded height and rocky bluff recalls the stirring scenes of the Revolution. Early in the war the Hudson was of great strategic importance as the principal line of communication between the theatre of military operations and the country lying northward to Canada and the West. In accordance with the instructions of the Provincial Congress Fort Constitution was built on the island now known by the same name, but, on the first appearance of a British force in 1777, was abandoned as untenable. During the next year Fort Arnold (now Fort Clinton) was thrown up on the northeast angle of the plateau at West Point, and other forts were erected on the neighboring heights. A formidable obstruction was also made by stretching a massive chain at its narrowest point a boom of huge short logs, united at the ends by chains. Above this an immense chain—each link weighing fifty pounds—was laid upon the logs, extending from one shore to the other. The Stirling iron-works, where this chain was made, are in the vicinity of Stockbridge Station, 25 miles from West Point. A portion of the chain is preserved, and is to be seen lying in a grove on the west side of the Hudson.

Thus defended, West Point became an American Gibraltar, cutting off New York—then in the possession of the British—from the northern Provinces. In August, 1780, Major-General BENEDICT ARNOLD was assigned to command at West Point; and soon after, in the midst of a period of the deepest despondency on the part of the Americans, he plotted to betray his trust by the surrender of this fortress to the British. ARNOLD'S head-quarters were at the Robinson House (which is still standing), opposite West Point. It was here that General WASHINGTON breakfasted with MR. ARNOLD at the very hour when he himself was flying to New York on the *Vulture* to escape the consequences of his treason, which, though yet unknown to the Commander-in-Chief, had been already divulged.

One hundred and fifty-seven feet above the river, on a plateau embracing about 80 acres, stands the United States Military Academy, established by Congress in 1801. From the hotel near Fort Clinton, Bull Hill and Bronkneck mountains are seen to the right, rising respectively 1580 and 1137 feet; and, on the left, Crow Nest, towering 1428 feet above the water. In a grove of the crest of the hotel are two guns, one taken during the Revolution, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, and the late rebellion. The buildings connected with the Academy contain objects of great historic interest. The whole neighborhood abounds with memorials of military associations. Here ARNOLD plotted treason; here also WASHINGTON wrought for the salvation of his country. Here were educated ROBERT LEE, PETER BEAUREGARD, and the two JOHNSTONS, who lifted up their arms resolutely but vainly to destroy the Republic: but here also were educated GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, SHERIDAN, and other brave and able officers, to whose wisdom and patriotism the Republic owes its preservation.

MARION'S CHRISTMAS PATIENT.

I.

ON a snowy day in the winter of 1860, and in the sitting-room of a small, unpretentious house at Hackney, two young people sat alone, holding a confabulation of a kind decidedly *not* agreeable, if one might judge from the expression of countenance with which each regarded the other. Ida Radcliffe was near the window, watching the snow fall, her well-developed figure was held haughtily erect, and her face wore a most unbecoming expression of defiance and sullenness. How it disfigured her! The pretty, regular features and brown curls did not look even appear attractive, even to her lover, who was her companion of that afternoon, and he refrained as much as possible from looking at her.

It was "only a lovers' quarrel" that was taking place. Marion thought of the common phrase which she had nearly spoken many a time, but of which hitherto she had had no practical experience. While her bosom heaved with unmitigated feeling she dwelt upon the word "*only*," and tried to think as lightly as she had ever done of this phrase, believing that the lovers' quarrel in which she was indulging would soon be cleared up, and that she and Arthur Grove would be greater lovers than ever. But, strive as she would to come about she could not tell, for she was stoldly determined not to "give in" first, and every time she opened her lips to speak to Arthur some fresh cause, which made it more difficult for her companion to try to effect a reconciliation, arose in her misguided, often wounded, and at length sorrowfully indignant.

Arthur Grove was a young man of literary tastes and good ability. He was Marion Marion's father, who was also a literary man; and to him Arthur largely owed a favorable introduction to the world of letters. Mr. Marion had highly esteemed him, for his pure, manly character, no less than for his undoubted abilities; and having only daughters, he was the more wished to see happily married, he had encouraged the intimacy which, naturally enough, sprang up between Marion and her lover. Indeed, he grew was his appreciation of Arthur Grove that more than once Marion had to hear him say, half playfully, half seriously, "Marion, my dear, see that you make yourself worthy of Arthur Grove." This actually stung Miss Marion's vanity, and the result was that Mr. Arthur Grove found that I am not to be won too easily."

However, Arthur Grove was blessed in loving, as many men are, not only by whether their love be fully reciprocated or not. A man of a thoughtful, poetic temperament, of simple, wisdom habits, of much self-control, diligence, ambition, of deep, earnest feeling, he was slow in giving his love to any one; when given it was to remain here forever, to be prized as sacred, as the one maiden to be trusted.

Mr. Marion died in the autumn of 1860, so that he was not permitted to see his hopes consummated by a union between his daughter and Arthur Grove. But he was spared the mortification that it might take place as soon as the young folks could see it practicable. Arthur must first make himself independent, for he had to work with brain and hand for a living, and Marion had no rich dower. Her father died a comparatively poor man, leaving but a modest competency for his widow.

Nine months of mourning had passed by, and now fashion and society were beginning into a new trouble. She had of late been pleased to take it into her head that Arthur's absolute trust in her, and sincere appreciation of her worth, and who happened to pay her small attentions, ought perhaps to be considered a species of indifference. So she resolved to put the matter to the test, getting up a flirtation with a middle-aged bachelor, who was paying a Christmas visit to one of her friends and neighbors.

Arthur listened to her frequent allusions o the "delightful society" of this Mr. Stow with complete indifference. He had met him once in the afternoon of which I am writing that he felt moved to say one word about Marion's new acquaintance. Arthur had promised to be with her at a certain hour, and when he arrived, punctual to the time, he was not a little annoyed surprised to find that Marion had gone out without leaving any message for him—"gone out with Mr. Stow," the servant informed him. Mrs. Radcliffe was up stairs lying down, not so well as usual to-day, so Arthur took a book, and sat down by the window to wait Marion's return.

Half an hour passed by, and then he saw her coming along the road, laughing and chatting with extreme animation with Mr. Stow, with a umbrella, and leaning on his arm. Arthur was surprised about it all, but he was not disposed to be annoyed at what he thought, no doubt, would explain it quite to his satisfaction. But, to his surprise, when she came in, her face bright with the glow of the exercise, she said she did not go up to him with her customary greeting, but stood drawing off her gloves, and said in a cold, hard tone, "I suppose you are very angry with me."

"Indeed I am not," he answered, kindly, "but I should like you to come and tell me the meaning of this."

She misconstrued his words, and replied, snappishly, "What the meaning of what?"

"Just the meaning of your running away when you were expecting me, leaving me to devote myself to solitude for an age, waiting for my lady-love."

"Then I don't choose to give an account of myself every time I stir out of doors," she answered, untying her bonnet with a jerk. "I have been in excellent hands, as no doubt you saw from the window; and it must concern you to know simply that I was safe and happy while out of your sight."

She spoke in a manner, more than the words, stung Arthur sorely. "Why, Marion! what is coming over you?" he said, in surprise. "I can scarcely recognize you; you are so unlike your dear old self. Have I to thank Mr. Stow for this sudden change in you?"

"Ah!" she responded, with a silly forced laugh, "now I see you are actually jealous! Well, it is all right to discover what is in a man before you irrevocably bind yourself to him. Jealous or not, you must know, Arthur, that I am never to be controlled with regard to my friends. I shall always speak to any body and every body I like."

"My dear child, I have no wish to control you in so simple a matter; I can trust to your good sense to do what is right. I don't expect that you will ever shrink from telling me of your acquaintances, or from asking me to let me know about this new friend of yours. You must not be making a quarrel out of nothing. Come, you have not even shaken hands with me yet." He approached her, but she shrugged her shoulder, threw her cloak and bonnet on the sofa, and passed into the recess of the window.

"It is yourself making the quarrel," she said, hardly, "so you needn't reproach me about it; and I really don't care to shake hands with you, Arthur, until you have begged my pardon. You have upset me very much."

"How, Marion? and for what am I to beg your pardon?" he asked, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking at her with surprise, almost with pain, that she could be acting in such a petulant and unfair way.

She did not speak, and he resumed. "It would have been kinder in my good little lady had she asked my pardon when she came in, though I did not wish her to do so. She has never been in the habit of the past so to speak, apology for not being strictly faithful to an engagement. But I will gladly beg your pardon, Marion, if you will tell me what I need it for."

"If you have not the sense and feeling to prompt you to ask as a gentleman, you need not expect that I am to be your prompter."

Arthur was silent for a few moments. Then he sat down to write. "Well, really, I am overcome with amazement!"

Marion began to feel remorse, and to think that she had overdone the matter terribly. But she felt that she was lowering herself terribly in his eyes, if she had immediately apologized when she spoke of begging his pardon, and allowed the foolish little affair up at once. But now that he apparently refused to do so, how could she give in? She was angry with him, she had really wronged him, and that thought aggravated her growing remorse. One way was still left to her—to turn the whole affair into a laugh heartily—and then it, heal every bitter feeling with kisses, and hope that the farce might never be changed to tragedy by the misunderstanding just as she was on the point of thus trying to set matters straight, he resumed—

"Yes, I am amazed; but I think I can now discover a clew to the mystery: you are taking this means of giving me a dismissal, of apprising me that you are going to reward me—for all I fear they are changed I can have no doubt. I am sure the old love you had for me would not have permitted you to be so hard, unjust, cruel to me."

"Go on, Sir," replied Marion, in an iron tone, though her heart was beating at his words. "Unjustly your harsh sayings; it is well that I should know you in your true character."

"Yes, indeed, a long ago, Marion," he replied; "but it seems that I did not know *you*, indeed I had not the faintest suspicion that you could ever be capable of this base, false part. I had adopted milder measures to effect our separation I could have blessed you even in my anger, for I should have had at least tender memories to cherish. But now, nothing will be left me but the mockery of a fond and foolish dream. The recollections of this short week is almost too much for me," he added, "and I will not say more lest I should utter wounding things that I should afterward regret. Good-by, and may you be happy!" He bowed low, and left the room.

"Come in," said Marion, in a firm voice. And the servant appeared, leading a little girl in extreme distress.

"What's the matter?" asked Marion. "Hush! hush, Bertha! one would think you were nearly killed."

"Please, miss, she has cut the tip of her finger very ill, and her poor mother is out, and I don't like to let it, so she sent to ask if you would please to bind it up for her."

The sight of the blood and the thought of the severed finger gave Marion a little thrill, but she kept outwardly calm, dismissed the servant, untied the child's hand, and, after some strips of boiling plaster, which, with steady hands, she soon bound round the tiny maimed finger, Arthur watching her all the while.

"What a nerve you have!" he remarked, quietly. "You would do for a hospital nurse."

"Thank you," she replied, haughtily, for she fancied she detected scorn, depreciation, every thing unpleasant in his words.

Arthur took the hint, and rose to go.

"Well, Marion, is this really to be a good-by?" he said.

"You have acted as though you wished it to be," she replied.

"No; don't say that. You have acted so, Marion."

"Reproaches to the very last," she responded, with proud bitterness. "I care not what happens," she added, rapidly. "Yes, say good-by, and let it be a final one. No doubt it will be for the best for both of us. It would never do to have repetitions of this hour's doings; and I don't see how what has happened can ever be got over. Don't keep me waiting; say good-by at once, and let me go."

He felt like one in a dream as he took her hand, pressed it, and wished her good-by. The word which had aforetimes been so fondly and tenderly spoken, now sounded like a knell: the door of hope was gone from it, and it spoke of nothing but departed joys.

With a flushed face Marion turned to the child, and Arthur Grove left the house.

II.

Arthur walked home to his lodgings in a state of utter bewilderment. He felt somewhat like a mariner who has encountered a sudden storm, which has overwhelmed him with fear, and left him a wreck, and all in so short a space of time that he can say, "But an hour ago my vessel was tight and strong, careering along under smiling skies to its desired haven—and now!"

Going through the snowy streets, Arthur saw nothing, felt nothing. The snow whirled about him—he did not heed it; the cutting wind blew right in his face—he did not heed it. The event of the day was presently around him—he was oblivious of it. To his dulled ear no sound came but an indistinct moaning, like the far-off voice of an angry sea.

He walked like an automaton to his lodgings, and found his way to the door upon reaching, sank down helpless upon a couch. For a long time he lay motionless, with closed eyes, thinking, trying to realize the words that had passed between Marion and himself, and asking himself whether he had been provoking harsh, or unreasonable by her. Then a remembrance wholly acquitted him, though; and then bitter thoughts succeeded the questionings. "She has been fooling me!" he exclaimed, vowing from his heart revenge, "making me to believe in a love which never really existed in her heart for me. Could real love have changed to hate so causelessly, and be so fickle? No, no! I will try to forget her, and at the same time all dreams of love shall be forgotten and subject of mind forever. As I said to her, there are other things to live for besides woman's love. And whatever my fate may be I will try to be equal to it."

Remembering that he had an article to finish and send off to the city that evening, he manfully put down at his desk, and by working found the best antidote to grief that earth can afford. He shook off the feeling of helplessness, then regretted him, and though his first efforts with pen and ink were irksome to him, he presently became quite absorbed with his theme.

Meanwhile, how fared Marion? Having returned from taking little Bertha home, where she had been attending upon the mother, who found her other down stairs, and tea waiting. Mrs. Radcliffe inquired about the doings of the afternoon, and Marion answered that she had been enjoying a long walk in the snow, in the earlier part of the afternoon.

"I hope you took your boots off directly you came in," said Mrs. Radcliffe, anxiously.

"Indeed I did not, mamma," replied Marion, lightly, "and now I believe they have dried on my feet. I had forgotten all about them."

"Marion, Marion!" said her mother, "you want as much looking after as a child. Take them off instantly."

Marion laughed as she stooped to obey. Her face was flushed, and her manner excited.

"My stockings are yet a little damp," she said. "I walked in the thickest snow I could find, it was so delightful. But I suppose it soon penetrated my not over-thick boots."

"You should have a foot-bath, and go to bed immediately," said Mrs. Radcliffe, anxiously.

"Now do so directly after tea, my child, to please me. I will try to entertain Arthur this evening, and excuse you every excuse for me."

"Very well, mamma, I'll go," assented Marion; and not a word of explanation about Arthur did she utter. She was rather glad to get off out of the way, to avoid the inquiries which his nonappearance must lead to, sure to excite. Besides, she felt a little feverish and giddy, and the thought of rest and complete solitude was most welcome to her. So she went up to bed, and Mrs. Radcliffe staid down stairs with her knitting, expecting a well-known knock. But the evening passed away, and no Arthur appeared to tax her entertaining powers.

She and Marion occupied rooms which opened into one out of the parlor. When she went to bed she went into Marion's room, intending to speak of Arthur; but the young girl was asleep, her clothed have crossed close upon her pillow. Mrs. Radcliffe looked at her with tender concern for a few moments, and then returned precipitately to her own room.

The next morning, on awaking, Marion felt very unwell. She was slightly feverish, and her throat was so constricted that she could scarcely recall the events of the preceding day. Yet she had a heavy consciousness that there was something terrible to be remembered, and so she encountered too.

It seemed to her that nothing could be done, at least not by herself. Had she followed the promptings of her better feelings she would have decided to write to him, deploring her folly and waywardness, and apologizing for her rude and unkind behavior to him. But her pride forbade this. "He would think I was stooping to effect a reconciliation; and I'll never stoop to any man," she said to herself. "Besides, I think Arthur is to blame." But how, or for what he was to blame, she had no definite idea.

It was a wretched morning: the snow of the previous day was thawing, and the air was raw and chill. Marion had nothing to do, and the weight of her heart prevented any desire for occupation.

"Arthur did not come last night, my dear," said her mother, presently. "How is it you have not inquired for him?"

"Because I did not expect him, mamma," she replied, in as natural a manner as she could command; "neither do I expect him to-day. Something has occurred which may prevent his coming for a time."

"Any thing serious, Marion?"

"Oh no, mamma," she replied, as she sat down to the piano. She hoped that her playing would put a stop to conversation, and it did.

She played and sang without pause for nearly an hour, when relief came in the person of Mr. Stow, who made his appearance, smiling and affable, with the consciousness that his presence was welcome.

He had brought a book for Miss Marion, and some small talk passed upon it. Then he ventured to opine that she wanted outdoor exercise; and being a believer in walking in all weathers, he moreover ventured to assure Miss Marion that exercise, even on such a day, would be far better for her than enjoying indoors. The walk will be refreshing, and not to make hot-house flowers of themselves. Would she allow him the honor and pleasure of accompanying her on a brisk ramble with?

Marion consented. She was ready to do any thing, go any where, in the fit of listlessness and being a believer in walking in all weathers, then, to forget her foolishness, and the misery it was entailing upon herself. So she got ready, and went out under the protection of her stout friend.

As they walked away from the house, Arthur Grove, as you know, lay dying, and out of sight, and mind, and remembering it; for on awaking that morning all his old love for Marion filled his soul with such a rush that he felt he could not give her every thing, that he must save her from the bitter consequences which a foolish impulse might have caused her blindly to dare. He put aside pride, wounded feeling, bitterness, every thing; and resolved that nothing but a thinly-expressed hint to her that they should part, uttered in cold blood too, should break the bond which he had hitherto thought too strong and too sacred for any earthly power to sever. With this brave and generous resolve he set off to Hackney, as soon as his morning engagements would permit; but when the whole neighborhood that he had spent so many happy hours of his life, he discerned afar off the well-known figure of Marion, and that of the lady of the day before. She did not see him, and he slipped into a shop, sheltered for an article which he wanted no more than the man in the moon, and waited for the coast to pass by. They came walking rapidly; Mr. Stow was talking with great animation, and Marion, leaning on his arm, was listening as if with absorbed attention. Just as they passed the door a light laugh escaped Marion, and she said, gayly, in response to her companion, "That's rich!"

"How happy and light-hearted she is, after crushing me into the dust of despair!" thought Arthur, with a whitening face, as he left the shop and hurried along, he scarcely knew whither; but not in the direction of those two. All his revived hopes were blasted again, and now he set his heel upon them and crushed them out of existence.

He found himself at a railway station in a few minutes, and in a short time was again in the whirl and turmoil of City life. It suited him just then: it was typical of the state of his agitated mind.

III.

It was not to be wondered at that Marion never had cold, deliberate thought for an hour or two in the mire with Mr. Stow on such a morning. Had she been in bright and happy spirits, she might have greatly repelled the advances of disease; but in such a frame of mind as she was, now depressed almost to lifelessness, now agitated by contending emotions, and all the while full of terrible suspense, she was an easy prey for any malady.

The next day she was confined to her bed by low fever. For many days she was hovering between life and death. In her ravings she mingled the names of Arthur and Mr. Stow with such irrelevance, bewildering, abjuring, reproaching, entreating in most piteous fashion. Her mother wondered and sorrowed, wondered, too, this day after day passed by without Arthur's coming or sending.

At length she wrote to him, begging him to come; but, to her disappointment, her letter was returned, with the information that Mr. Grove had left England suddenly.

There was, therefore, nothing to do but to wait for Marion's recovery to get a solution to this mystery. But the poor old mother was not just never to get it; for before Marion regained sufficient strength for much conversation, Mrs. Radcliffe succumbed herself to fever, and the two lay in the house together, helpless.

At this juncture Mrs. Radcliffe's maiden sister, Miss Hallwell, arrived to take charge of the two invalids. She was highly qualified for such a task; for she had for many years given almost her whole attention to the sick.

Under her regimen Marion rapidly recovered, and then she would not be diverted from assisting in tending her poor mother, who lay in a very precarious state. Marion concealed her grief as much as possible from her aunt; but in silence she sorrowed deeply to see her mother suffering and sinking day by day, and to think that the fault lay at her door.

"Oh if she will only recover," said Marion, with bitter tears, as she sat by her bedside in the twilight one afternoon watching her, "if she will only recover, my whole life shall be devoted to her! I will never, never cause her another moment's trouble!"

But she did not recover: she died, and Marion was left a desolate orphan. Oh! the desolation of those first weeks of bereavement! Marion had never imagined any thing like it before. And her sorrow was aggravated by the bitterest remorse, self-reproaches, agonizing penitence for her sin against her lover, which had entailed all this subsequent misery upon her. It was to her like being in a furnace heated seven times; but out of it she came purified, a new creature, full of goodness, humility, and love.

Such was the spirit in which Marion arose from the dust of her sore affliction; and, having left her aunt's well-nursing now at that crisis, Marion's first were at once directed into paths of usefulness.

"Come with me, my child," said dear old Dr. Christian's wife to her, "and you will be suffering." And the elder and the younger went forth to it together.

Marion had unbosomed herself to her aunt, hiding nothing about her willfulness and cruelty to Arthur Grove.

"Child, child!" she exclaimed, with tears, on hearing the story, "what if you have ruined him? Men have been ruined so—body and soul. How could you so abuse him in misery!"

Then, seeing how this augmented Marion's distress, she added, soothingly: "Well, we will trust but for him, that the past may be repaired as far as possible."

Miss Hallwell was an energetic woman, and though childish in many things, she would frighten an ordinary women out of their wits to think of accomplishing. She was about London, here, there, and every where, and knew all the ins and outs conditions of people. "I will soon get tidings of some sort of Mr. Grove," she said, sanguinely, and she did get tidings, and found out out-of-the-way offices until she succeeded, and the news she carried home to Marion was, that on a certain afternoon in the month of December (it was now February) Mr. Grove had called on a friend of his who was about starting to America; and he begged to be allowed to accompany him; that there and then he wound up the few little affairs that bound him to England, and within a week he was on his way across the Atlantic. Whither he was bound, or what he intended doing, Miss Hallwell could not learn.

"I can only pray for him," said Marion, quietly, as she received this news.

But the news was the echo of the thunder of war, sickening, though made faint by distance, came booming across the Atlantic; and hearts in England ached with fear for those fighting in America. It filled Marion full of foreboding, and her thirst for information about the terrible civil struggle was so great that she secretly endowed every bit of news that the papers could give. All the harrowing details of battle she took in; long lists of casualties she pored over by her, all in the vain hope of seeing the name of an imaginary volunteer. Little did she think as she read the prosy accounts of the every-day life any conflict in one of the daily papers that the long columns had been penned by Arthur Grove's own hand. He was not in the thick of the battle, as she feared; but he was following in the wake of one of the armies as a chronicler, not as a fighter.

The great wave of blood that washed out the cause of slavery in that mighty continent ebbed at the battle-fields rolled away, and the land once more breathed the air of peace.

Meanwhile Marion pursued her blessed task unstintingly. No news had reached her either to nurture or kill "the hope that keeps alive despair." Every day in her prayers she commended her much-wronged and now greatly-beloved friend to God, and she tried to believe that he was safe somewhere in the Good Father's keeping. And Christmas an experienced nurse at one of the West End hospitals fell suddenly ill, and Miss Hallwell at once proposed replacing her by Marion. The offer was accepted, and the lady was approved as substitute and ensconced in the accident-ward.

On the afternoon of Christmas-eve a new case was brought in. A gentleman had fallen back in getting to the top of an omnibus, and, while quite unconscious remained, had required to be taken to the nearest hospital. He was brought in, in an unconscious state, and, his injuries having been ascertained and attended to, he was borne over into Marion's care. He had a broken leg and a fracture of the ribs. He was a thin, middle-aged man, with a pale, benevolent face. Marion surveyed him critically by the dim gas-light, as he took his first sleep after the operation. He was a girl, with only a light brown arch of hair on the upper lip; this man had a full, dark brown beard, which was flecked with gray on the cheeks of his face and fell on his breast. Then this face was old, and there were lines in the forehead, she saw, as he stirred in his sleep and turned his face toward the light.

"Arthur would not look such an elderly man as that, even after the lapse of years," she said. But I detect a likeness to him in every stranger I see," said Marion, as if to chide herself for her affectionate weakness.

Still, after she had gone noiselessly from bed to bed to look at her patients, she went hovering round the stranger again, and stood gazing at him like one fascinated. "He is certainly like Arthur," she said, mentally: "if I could see his eyes I might determine better. In six years he would look older, of course, and he might have grown a beard in that time. I wonder—here she paused and moved away, for he put his hands to his head restlessly and opened his eyes for a moment. Then he lay still many minutes, and Marion resumed, watching him at a distance—

"I wonder can it, can it be he? If so, how can I act? what ought I to do? If it be really he, how changed he is! how dreadfully altered, and I the cause! *Poor dear!* But how dare I say that? He may be the darling of another; and how could I endure to hear it? O God! if that be part of the punishment I have to bear, help me to bear it, I entreat thee!" she inwardly ejaculated, closing her eyes, and lifting her face, which had grown pale as she thought on these things.

When she unclosed her eyes, which were dewy with tears, she saw that her new patient had his eyes open, and was regarding her curiously. In a moment she controlled herself, became once more the calm, self-possessed nurse, and, approaching him with affectionate interest, she said, softly, "Do you want any thing?"

As the words fell on his ears he looked hard at her, but on her speaking with her face in shadow, and, not to keep her waiting too long for an answer, he replied, with a lovable's pettishness, "I hear, dear! I've just realized that I am in a hospital, doomed to a four or five weeks' weary sit down!"

"You must lie perfectly still, or you will displace your leg," said Marion, as he seemed disposed to dislodge his whole body: "the more quiet you are the sooner you will be released from this bed-bondage. Are you easy? Can I give you any thing, or do any thing for you?"

"No, thank you."

"Would you like any friends sent to, to be made aware of your misfortune?"

"No, thank you; I have no friends," he said, shortly. And then he fixed his eyes upon her, and stared hard, as she endured it for several seconds, and then she was about to turn away, when he said, appealingly, "Nurse, don't go."

"Can I give you any thing?" she said, slightly confused.

"Yes; water, please."

He knew that she was being her close enough, for she had to lift his head. She did so very gently, and held the water to his lips. He drank slowly, and as he did so, all the while, so that she felt the color mounting to her face; but the light was dim, and when she replaced his head she felt sure she made a strong effort, and regained her composure. A thrill of recognition passed through each heart, but both remained silent. Marion sank down as a distance, and, shading her face with her hand, pretended to be absorbed in a book. Her new patient watched her intently, and the unutterances hung of her bosom, and wondered what he ought to say or do. What would come of this strange meeting? Was it a dream, or was that indeed really Marion Radcliffe? If so, what train of circumstances had brought her there? Love or hate was the fulfilling the position of nurse?

Marion, too, was wondering whats she ought to say or do. She could feeling which filled her heart was one of intense thankfulness.

"Here he is, actually in my presence, under my care; and here he must remain, safe and restful, for some weeks. Thank God for this blessed knowledge!" she said, fervently.

A long time passed by in silence. Marion moved about to one and another as she saw she was needed; but she did not again approach her new patient. Presently the night-nurse came to relieve her, and she gladly glided out of the ward.

The night-nurse, a strong, middle-aged woman, went the rounds of the ward to look at her patients, and made a pause opposite the new one. He was broad awake, and appeared restless.

"Are you comfortable?" she asked him, kindly.

"Yes, thank you. Will you tell me who is the nurse that was here just now?" he said, eagerly.

"That is Miss Radcliffe: she is a lady who assists whenever she is needed, not a regular nurse."

"Thank you. Will she come to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe so."

He asked nothing more, but lay thinking, thinking unceasingly all the night.

Marion, too, was awake all through its long, cold hours, thinking and praying.

It was with a trembling heart that she went to her post the next day. She felt that a crisis in her history had come, and she half dreaded to meet it. "I will meet it in the strict and simple discharge of my duty," she resolved; "then, whatever may come of it, I shall have the blessed consciousness that I have done just what I ought to."

Marion passed on, speaking to one and another, and came to the new patient. She paused then, and he called, "Nurse!"

She approached him. "Have you no word for me?" he said, laying his heavy eyes on her with a yearning expression. "Don't you recognize a poor old friend?" he added, putting his hand out to her bed-clothes for hers. She gave it, and he held it firmly. "Marion, speak!" he whispered.

She sank down on the side of his bed, and felt choking with repressed tears. "Can you really forgive me, Arthur?" she said, at length.

He drew her hand to his trembling lips, and held it there, with his eyes closed. When he reopened them they were wet with thankful tears.

"Can we be dear friends again?" he said, in a low voice.

"If you will, Arthur," she replied.

"If I will! Oh, Marion! I never, never willed to be any thing but that; and yet how cruelly we were severed! It seems now like a hideous dream that has darkened the best years of my life. Why was it? How was it? I have never yet been able to answer those questions. And is the lone darkness to give place to light at last? Is the heart really to return to its resting-place, Marion?"

"If it will," answered Marion, with bowed head. "But, Arthur, you have so much to forgive. I can not expect—" She paused, unable to proceed.

He still held her hand, and gazed at her with those moist, sunken eyes.

"This is the best of days on which to have feuds forgiven, wrongs forgotten, and all discord and dissension give place to sweet peace and good-will. It is the day of days on which I'd choose to be restored to the happiness I've so long lost. There is nothing, no hindering hideous, which love can not readily forgive and overlook. I am convinced that my Marion could do nothing which I could not forgive. Come, long, long ago, Marion, dearest," he said, fervently, though in the same very low voice; "but we can not enter upon any such other *Freudeleg*, merely as such. I am sure I couldn't be satisfied with it; could you, Marion?"

She blushed assent to her forehead, but she did not speak.

"No, no," he resumed, "it must be the old, warm love, which has never yet died. It has been shut up here in my bosom, secretly kept for the only woman I ever loved or could love."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old lady, who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of an unusual event that she had predicted it was once day very gloomily said to a neighbor, "Mrs. Jones, I've just got tired of her continual "I told you so." Rushing into the house breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his muscle, and exclaimed: "Oh, wife, wife, what—what—what do you think now?" The old bride cow has gone and ate up our prickadoes!" The old lady was really unfortunately waiting to hear the last word she broke out at the top of her lungs. "I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors."

A respectable old Irish lady was walking along a country road one day, when suddenly her indignation was aroused on beholding the untidy abode of a small Irish farmer who had his dunghill in front of his house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed, "Fine me, dear me! how I do hate to see a house with its rear in the front!"

"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter in an hotel.

"No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?"

"Och, murther, do you think I'd be after going home without a name!"

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, Sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, Sir."

"John," said a master to his boy apprentice, as he was about starting on a short journey, "you must accept of my place while I am absent." "Thank you, Sir," demurely replied John, "but I'd rather sleep with the boys."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY—1869

1. The Individual who has but one Call to make, and makes it with all his Children.

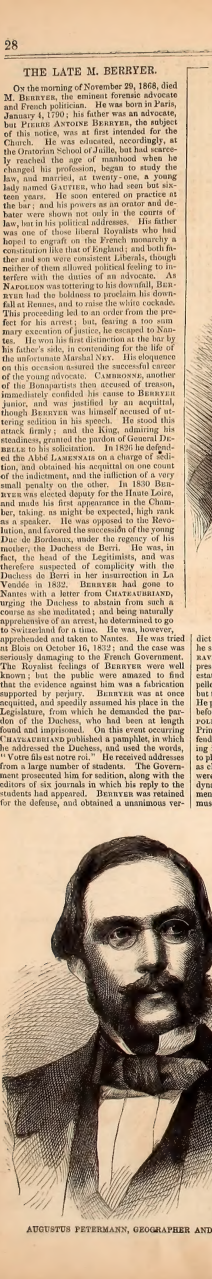
2. Many Happy Returns of the Day indeed!"

THE LATE M. BERRYER.

On the morning of November 29, 1868, died M. BERRYER, the eminent forensic advocate and French politician. He was born in Paris, January 4, 1790; his father was an advocate, but PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER, the subject of this notice, was at first intended for the Church. He was educated, accordingly, at the Oratorian School of Juilly, but had scarcely reached the age of manhood when he changed his profession, began to study the law, and married, at twenty-one, a young lady named GAUTIER, who had seen but sixteen years. He soon entered on practice at the bar; and his powers as an orator and debater were shown not only in the courts of law, but in his political addresses. His father was one of those liberal Royalists who had hoped to engraft on the French monarchy a constitution like that of England; and both father and son were consistent Liberals, though neither of them allowed political feeling to interfere with the duties of an advocate. As NAPOLEON was tottering to his downfall, BERRYER had the boldness to proclaim his downfall at Rennes, and to raise the white cockade. This proceeding led to an order from the prefect for his arrest; but, fearing a too summary execution of justice, he escaped to Nantes. He won his first distinction at the bar by his father's side, in contending for the life of the unfortunate Marshal NEY. His eloquence on this occasion assured the successful career of the young advocate. CAMBRONNE, another of the Bonapartists then accused of treason, immediately confided his cause to BERRYER junior, and was justified by an acquittal, though BERRYER was himself accused of uttering sedition in his speech. He stood this attack firmly; and the King, admiring his steadiness, granted the pardon of General DEBELLE to his solicitation. In 1826 he defended the Abbé LAMENNAIS on a charge of sedition, and obtained his acquittal on one count of the indictment, and the infliction of a very small penalty on the other. In 1830 BERRYER was elected deputy for the Haute Loire, and made his first appearance in the Chamber, taking as might be expected, high rank as a speaker. He was opposed to the Revolution, and favored the succession of the young Duc de Bordeaux, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess de Berri. He was, in fact, the head of the Legitimists, and was therefore suspected of complicity with the Duchess de Berri in her insurrection in La Vendée in 1832. BERRYER had gone to Nantes with a letter from CHATEAUBRIAND, urging the Duchess to abstain from such a course as she meditated; and being naturally apprehensive of an arrest, he determined to go to Switzerland for a time. He was, however, apprehended and taken to Nantes. He was tried at Blois on October 16, 1832; and the case was seriously damaging to the French Government. The Royalist feelings of BERRYER were well known; but the public were amazed to find that the evidence against him was a fabrication supported by perjury. BERRYER was at once acquitted, and speedily assumed his place in the Legislature, from which he demanded the pardon of the Duchess, who had been at length found and imprisoned. On this event occurring CHATEAUBRIAND published a pamphlet, in which he addressed the Duchess, and used the words, "Votre fils est notre roi." He received addresses from a large number of students. The Government prosecuted him for sedition, along with the editors of six journals in which his reply to the students had appeared. BERRYER was retained for the defense, and obtained a unanimous verdict of acquittal for all his clients. In 1834–35 he successfully defended D'ARGENSON, DE PUYRAVEAU, and GARNIER PAGES; and in 1836 was presented by the French Legitimists with the estate of Angerville, which his difficulties compelled him to offer for sale in the following year; but the party again raised a subscription for him. He paid a visit to CHARLES X. in his exile shortly before his decease. On the trial of LOUIS NAPOLEON for his attempt at Boulogne in 1840, the Prince chose BERRYER and MARIE as his defenders, and BERRYER made a bold speech, saying it was natural that the Prince should desire to place himself at the head of the French nation as chief mourner for NAPOLEON, whose remains were then on their way from St. Helena. His dynasty had been elected by 4,000,000 Frenchmen, and he was the heir to that throne. He must be treated like those of other deposed dynasties, and condemned simply to exile. At the end of the same year France was roused by the success of Sir C. NAPIER at Acre, and the peaceful address of the French Ministry was fiercely debated. BERRYER, in his speech against it, called on the Chamber to make a protest which would gladden the spirit of that great enemy of England. BERRYER was one of the French deputies who attended the mock Court of the Count de Chambord in Belgrave Square in 1843; but he spoke powerfully in his own defense and that of 3000 other French subjects, and in indignant protest against a paragraph of the royal address reflecting on them. He attacked the Ministry in the same year for disavowing the acts of Admiral DUPETIT THOUARS in ruining Tahiti; and in 1845 he urged the plea of liberty of conscience against the law to exile the Jesuits. At the Revolution of 1848 BERRYER made no sign, but was chosen deputy for the Bouches du Rhone. During the Republic he said little, but was opposed to LOUIS NAPOLEON, and protested against the repeal of the law exiling the Bourbons, for the curious reason that the Count de Chambord, a monarch kept illegally from his throne, could not accept permission to enter his own kingdom. BERRYER joined with the party that endeavored to destroy the power of the President and to impeach him; but when the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, had been effected, he ceased to take an active part in politics. He endeavored to effect a reconciliation between the branches of the Bourbons. He was bâtonnier of the French bar in 1852, and was elected an Academician in 1854, when he did not, as was customary, pay a complimentary visit to the head of the Government. When MONTALEMBERT was prosecuted, in 1858, for publishing his celebrated "Debate on India in the English House of Commons," he intrusted his defense to BERRYER; and in 1861 BERRYER was counsel for Miss PATERSON in her suit against the representatives of JEROME BONAPARTE. He allowed himself to be nominated as a candidate in 1863 for the representation of the Bouches du Rhone, and was returned along with THIERS and M. MARIE. In the Imperial Chamber of Deputies BERRYER did not take a very active part. He spoke in 1867 in favor of the French intervention in Rome, and made an indignant protest against the attacks on the French press by the Count de Kerveguen.

When, recently, a movement was set on foot to erect a monument to BOUTIN, a victim of the *coup d'état*, BERRYER was one of those who came forward to subscribe publicly as a protest against the prosecution commenced by the Government. This was the last political action of his life.

THE LATE M. PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER, FRENCH ADVOCATE.



AUGUSTUS PETERMANN, GEOGRAPHER AND EXPLORER.

DR. PETERMANN

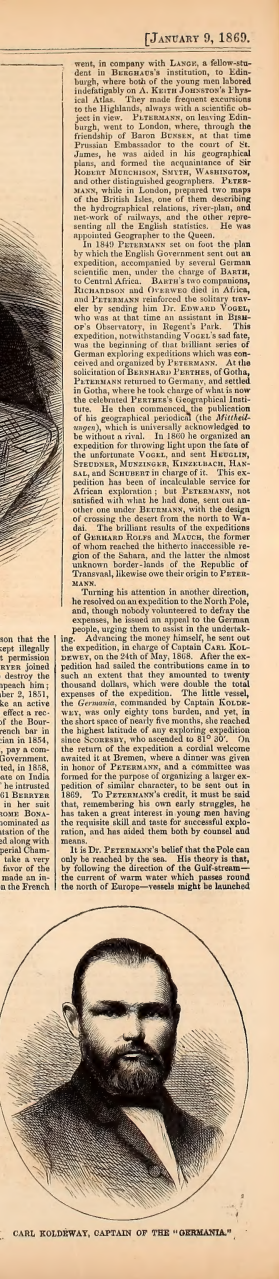
AND THE GERMAN POLAR EXPEDITION OF 1869.

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN, the organizer of the German North Pole Expedition of 1868, and also of several African exploring expeditions, was born on the 18th of April, 1822, at Bleicherode, near the Harz Mountains. After passing through the school in his native village he was sent, when fourteen years of age, to the Gymnasium at Nordhausen, where he showed great taste for geographical study. In 1839 he attended BERGHAUS's celebrated School of Geographic Art, in Potsdam, and made rapid progress in his favorite studies, and soon assisted the proprietor of that institution in the preparation of his Physical Atlas. After this he went, in company with LANGE, a fellow-student in BERGHAUS's institution, to Edinburgh, where both of the young men labored indefatigably on A. KEITH JOHNSTON's Physical Atlas. They made frequent excursions to the Highlands, always with a scientific object in view. PETERMANN, on leaving Edinburgh, went to London, where, through the friendship of Baron BUNSEN, at that time Prussian Embassador to the court of St. James, he was aided in his geographical plans, and formed the acquaintance of Sir ROBERT MURCHISON, SMYTH, WASHINGTON, and other distinguished geographers. PETERMANN, while in London, prepared two maps of the British Isles, one of them describing the hydrographical relations, river-plan, and net-work of railways, and the other representing all the English statistics. He was appointed Geographer to the Queen.

In 1849 PETERMANN set on foot the plan by which the English Government sent out an expedition, accompanied by several German scientific men, under the charge of BARTH, to Central Africa. BARTH's two companions, RICHARDSON and OVERWEG died in Africa, and PETERMANN reinforced the solitary traveler by sending him DR. EDWARD VOGEL, who was at that time an assistant in BRORP's Observatory, in Regent's Park. This expedition, notwithstanding VOGEL's sad fate, was the beginning of that brilliant series of German exploring expeditions which was conceived and organized by PETERMANN. At the solicitation of BERNHARD PERTHES, of Gotha, PETERMANN returned to Germany, and settled in Gotha, where he took charge of what is now the celebrated PERTHES's Geographical Institute. He then commenced the publication of his geographical periodical (the *Mittheilungen*), which is universally acknowledged to be without a rival. In 1860 he organized an expedition for throwing light upon the fate of the unfortunate VOGEL, and sent HEUGLIN, STEUDNER, MUNZINGER, KINZELBACH, HANSAL, and SCHUBERT in charge of it. This expedition has been of incalculable service for African exploration; but PETERMANN, not satisfied with what he had done, sent out another one under BEURMANN, with the design of crossing the desert from the north to Wadai. The brilliant results of the expeditions of GERHARD ROLFS and MAUCH, the former of whom reached the hitherto inaccessible region of the Sahara, and the latter the almost unknown border-lands of the Republic of Transvaal, likewise owe their origin to PETERMANN.

Turning his attention in another direction, he resolved on an expedition to the North Pole, and, though nobody volunteered to defray the expenses, he issued an appeal to the German people, urging them to assist in the undertaking. Advancing the money himself, he sent out the expedition, in charge of Captain CARL KOLDEWEY, on the 24th of May, 1868. After the expedition had sailed the contributions came in to such an extent that they amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which were double the total expenses of the expedition. The little vessel, the *Germania*, commanded by Captain KOLDEWAY, was only eighty tons burden, and yet, in the short space of nearly five months, she reached the highest latitude of any exploring expedition since SCORESBY, who ascended to 81° 30'. On the return of the expedition a cordial welcome awaited it at Bremen, where a dinner was given in honor of PETERMANN, and a committee was formed for the purpose of organizing a larger expedition of similar character, to be sent out in 1869. To PETERMANN's credit, it must be said that, remembering his own early struggles, he has taken a great interest in young men having the requisite skill and taste for successful exploration, and has aided them both by counsel and means.

It is DR. PETERMANN's belief that the Pole can only be reached by the sea. His theory is that, by following the direction of the Gulf-stream—the current of warm water which passes round the north of Europe—vessels might be launched



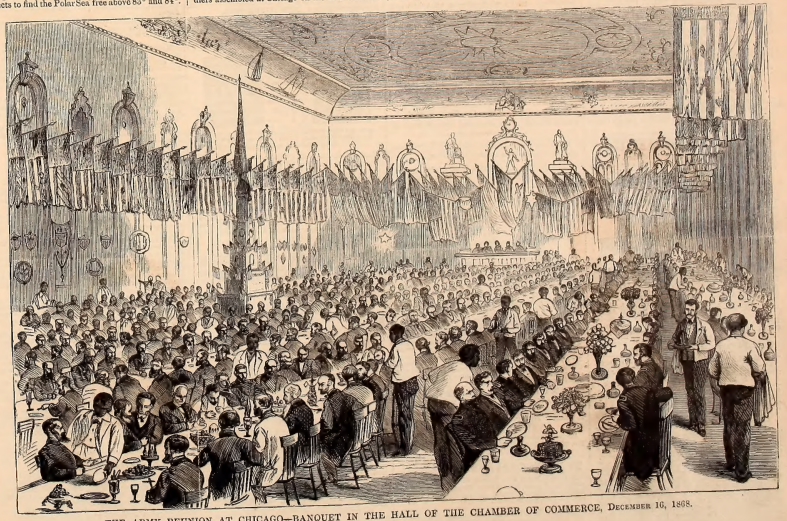
CARL KOLDEWAY, CAPTAIN OF THE "GERMANIA."

BOOTH'S NEW THEATRE, TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 21.]

between the icebergs of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, because on this side the danger is not so great as at Smith's Strait. On this route he expects to find the Polar Sea free above 83° and 84°.

THE ARMY REUNION AT CHICAGO.

THE immense congregation of officers and soldiers assembled at Chicago on the 15th and 16th of December were representatives of our volunteer armies. Many were present who also belonged to the regular army, but they were not there on that account. This annual reunion has not, nor is it likely ever to have, any bearing upon partisan conflicts. Nevertheless it has great political significance; it is not simply the manifestation of military pride, or the expression of that fra-



THE ARMY REUNION AT CHICAGO—BANQUET IN THE HALL OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, DECEMBER 16, 1868.
[SKETCHED BY W. LONG PALIN.]

tenuity which always exists among soldiers who have perilled their lives in the same cause; it is something more—it is the intelligent recognition by our armies not only of the great work which they have accomplished, but also of the patriotic motives which called them to arms. The Chicago meeting was a token of our national strength and of national unity. General SHERMAN, in his address to the soldiers at the Queen's House, reminded them of this when he said: "Happily, my friends, you did not belong to that class of our people to whose hearts was implanted from youth the pernicious doctrine of State power, that the citizens should love a part of the country better than the whole."

The armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and of Georgia have each a separate organization, and this meeting was the reunion of all four. We give an illustration of this event on page 24. In the evening of the 20th there was a grand banquet in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce, at which General SHERMAN presided. Besides numerous table toasts the devices of the generals of the various armies who participated in the celebration, together with many memorials of the late war.

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PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.—The author of "Happy Channel" writes of PRANG'S chromo of "The Cherries"—"Perhaps the best criticism I could give it would be to repeat a remark of a little child, who, on seeing the picture, said to me why I did not eat them."—*Transcript.*

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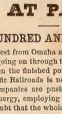

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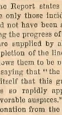

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439 BROADWAY, N. Y., *July 3, 1868.*

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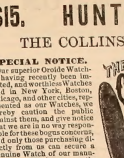

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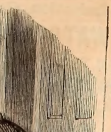

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WINTER SPORTS—ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SLEE BROTHERS.]

ICE-BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

THE ice-yacht is a boat on skates, and is impelled by the wind in the same manner as an ordinary yacht. There has been for some time at Poughkeepsie, in this State, an Ice Yacht Club, modeled after the New York Yacht Club. Thus the frozen waters of the Hudson do not by any means impede the winter navigation of the river; indeed, with a strong wind and upon a smooth surface of ice, one of these ice-boats will attain a speed of one mile per minute, thus outrunning the locomotive, and literally flying with the speed of the wind.

For several winters a race has been contemplated between these singular yachts; but the condition of the ice has never been favorable at the time agreed upon. Our illustration on this page shows the fleet at Poughkeepsie. This fleet consists of eight boats: the *Flying Cloud*, owned by IRVING GRINNELL; the *Icicle*, by JOHN ROOSEVELT; the *Snow Squall*, by THEODORE V. JOHNSTON; the *Una*, by AARON ISNIS; the *Flying Dutchman*, by THEODORE VAN KLEEK; the *Haze*, by JOHN JAY ISNIS; the *Restless*, by Commodore O. H. BOOTH; and the *Snow Flake*, by THOMAS PARISH.

THE FIRE AT LYNN.

WE give on this page an illustration of the destructive conflagration at Lynn, Massachusetts, on the morning of the 20th of December. The Lyceum Hall, in which the fire originated, was totally destroyed; and the high wind spread the flames rapidly across the street to Frazier's Block, which contained four large shoe-manufac-

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION AT LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER 20, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY A. H. BERRY.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

CONGRESS AND GEORGIA.

CONGRESS will now address itself to work. There is no election at hand to retard or paralyze it. The country has expressed its will plainly both as to the general policy of reconstruction and of the financial policy. The questions that remain are of expediency and detail.

One of the first of this kind is what is known as the Georgia question, arising from the doubt thrown upon the conformity of the action of that State to the intention of the Reconstruction Act. Of course it is not a matter of hair-splitting or of special pleading. Congress intended to secure equal political rights among the citizens; and if by any quibble or strained construction or interpretation, or by any serious oversight in the law, that purpose has been defeated, it is the duty of Congress to remedy the difficulty. Congress certainly did not mean that any disabling laws of the old slavery system should deprive any new citizen either of his right to vote or to be voted for. There is no jungle of any kind; and if it should appear that the Legislature was organized in contravention of the spirit of the reconstruction law, or, on the other hand, that its exclusion of the colored members was literally valid under the constitution adopted, there ought to be no delay in such action as will prevent any evasion of the mischief.

Georgia has not yet been recognized as a State reorganized according to the will of Congress, and that will is supreme upon the subject. The people have settled that point. The argument for doing nothing is not, therefore, one of constitutional principle, it is solely one of expediency. Senator TRUMBULL, who is as understood to favor the inaction of Congress, can show that it will be better for the welfare of all the people to do so than that Congress should acquiesce in the expulsion of the colored members, and in the participation in the organization of incompetent persons—in other words, if he can show that it is expedient that in the case of Georgia the requirements of the Reconstruction Act should be disregarded; or if he can prove that they have been literally observed, and that the consequences are likely to be generally advantageous, he will be entitled to the sympathy of the Senate and of the country. But he should avoid vows of generalization; for the case is exceptional, and he should remember—as no undoubtedly will—that the substance is much more important than the form. Senator TRUMBULL is an acute, an able, an experienced, and an independent legislator, and he does not speak at random. We therefore anticipate his remarks with peculiar interest.

There is one consideration which we feel sure will not escape him. He knows, of course, how hostile the old sentiment of the Southern States is to the new political element. He knows how singularly unfortunate the freedmen are from their previous condition, and in the extreme difficulty which they experience of obtaining land. He has seen in the conduct of the late election under what kind of practical terrorism they live; and he knows, with all intelligent men, that terrorism is at this time merely latent, and would immediately actively manifest itself upon the slightest opportunity. He must perceive, of course, that the paramount necessity of the situation is the abiding conviction of the hostile element in the lately disturbed States of irresistible determination on the part of country that this persecution of the freedmen must cease. Now it can not be abolished by law. It will indeed be very slowly removed even under the most favorable circumstances. But every thing, upon the part of Congress or of Northern sentiment, which seems to tolerate this persecution, is incalculable harm to the welfare of every one of those States. It encourages the suspicion that there is no more real sympathy for the freedmen in the loyal States than in the others, and that at last the Northern will be tired out, and will abandon the negro to his "natural condition."

How foolish such a view is it is unnecessary to point out, but it is equally unnecessary to deny that it exists. How injurious, also, such a view is to the general tranquillity is obvious. It becomes then a very important element in any question of expediency that the moral weight of Congressional action tend to emphasize still more strongly the fact that the national purpose in this matter is as fixed as ever. The Senate may therefore very properly ask itself whether if a literal obedience to the Reconstruction Act defeats in a vital point the very intention of the law, it will recognize a State which uses the letter to defeat the spirit; while if the literal obedience be not proved, it may with equal cogency inquire whether the unexpediency of countenancing the exclusion of the colored members of the Georgia Legislature is not necessarily greater than that of excluding the States itself until the purpose of its restoration is secured.

The difficulty with Democratic reasoning in this country since the year 1860 has been its total disregard of the controlling fact of the situation, which was civil war. It has constantly implied that the nation must submit to destruction, if only the constitution in its letter could be carried against it. Prove that the nation had no constitutional right to take every usual means of war to preserve its existence, and it was reasoned at once that the war was over and the rebels did before the war began. They had satisfied themselves that it was unconstitutional for the Union to make war by force. Such a conclusion was the simple ecstasy of folly. This Democratic reasoning, peremptorily baffled by the war itself, has been sedulously continued since active hostilities ended. It has conducted the reconstruction debate as it did the war debate. This, too, was part of the same exquisite folly. The war is over, and the civil victorious party has settled the foundations of peace. This is the principle which Congress affirmed and the President denied, and which the people have again and again and now finally settled. We hope that no strain of the kind of reasoning of which we speak will be heard in the debate upon the Georgia question. It is a question not of the right of the State; it is solely an inquiry in what way, upon a fair consideration of all the circumstances, the equal political rights of all the people of Georgia may be most fully secured.

REPEAL OF THE TENURE-OF-OFFICE ACT.

THERE is a forcible cession of opinion in many leading Republican papers in favor of the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act. But we still fail to see any sufficient reason for it. The arguments for repeal seem to be substantially two; one, that the law was made to baffle the evident bad intention of the President; and the other, that it has done no good, and is likely to do none, positively or negatively. We were never filled upon the whole with a worse class of gentlemen than the present occupants. There is, indeed, another consideration of much which is plausible but, under the actual circumstances, not cogent—that the President, as the chief executive officer of the Government, ought to appoint and remove his own subordinates, if he does not, it is unfair to hold him responsible for the proper execution of the laws.

Let us briefly examine this argument. It is plain that the Constitution does not take this view of executive responsibility: for it does not allow the President alone to appoint officers, except by consent of Congress, while the Senate is associated with him in the appointment of all others; and if the Senate will not confirm his officers he nominates he is as much baffled as when if Congress will not pass a law at his suggestion. The argument, that his executive responsibility fairly requires that the President have the uncontrolled power of removal, is equally good for the unrestricted power of appointment.

But as a matter of fact, the President, under the old system, knew nothing whatever of the character and capacity of the majority of the officers he nominates than the country at large. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, indeed, who has made himself more familiar with the details of office-holding than any other man, and whose Civil Service bill is already approved by the most thoughtful and intelligent, says, in a late speech in Boston before the American Social Science Association: "All that is known of the men who apply for office in the various Departments who appoint them to office is the recommendations they bring. These are often false, and the result is that many are incompetent to perform the duties of the office to which they go. Now, by the theory of the argument we are considering, the President is responsible for all these officers. They are virtually appointed by the heads of Departments upon the recommendation of certain politicians, and the Senate, if there be a feud between the branches of the Government, merely registers the nomination. As a local politician, or a ring of such politicians, urge a man upon the Secretary, not upon grounds of character and fitness, but purely of party service, and often of a kind that should send the man to Coventry if not to Sing Sing; the Secretary names him to the President, the President to the Senate, and the Senate to the people. The President feel any responsibility for such a subordinate? Does any body believe that he does, or that he can in any account for the faults of the officer by any body who understands the nature of the case? If, indeed, charges are made against the officer, the President under the old system might peremptorily remove him. But under the tenure bill he may suspend him, and may then proceed to prove his fault or his incapacity to the Senate—a process which prevents removal merely at the freak, or worse, of the chief Executive.

Again, if it be true that, under the tenure bill, the offices are filled with no inharmonious clashes as is alleged, the original difficulty is certainly with the President who nominated them. If he is dissatisfied he can suspend them and expose them, and the Senate will remove them. The President, under both the old and new systems, has the initiative. And if it be true that the office-holders, as a class, are worse than ever before, it is not because the Senate keeps them in, but because the President does not ask to have them turned out. The repeal of the tenure bill would not turn them out unless the President chose to remove them; and to suppose that the bill would hamper General GRANT in his desire to remove incapable and dishonest officers is to assume that the Senate wishes to retain them. But if it does it is surely unfit to have any part in the appointments which the Constitution—a part which is given to it by the Constitution. If the Senate wishes to have bad men in office it will reject the nomination of good men. If it wishes good men in office it will not oppose the President's proposition to remove bad ones.

This last consideration is the answer to the remark that the President may be trusted, and need not be bound as the present President is. Undoubtedly he may be trusted, but must the Senate be distrusted? If the President nominates good men he seems to him and to the Senate, upon the representations made, worthy of appointment and he is confirmed; it is unreasonable therefore to suppose that when the President learns that he was mistaken and suspends the officer the Senate will agree with him and remove him. If the Senate ought to be, as it constitutionally is, a check of the appointing power, it has not yet been shown why it should not be a part of the removing power. If it be replied that the Constitution did not make it so, it is enough to say that the Constitution does not forbid it, and that experience shows the wisdom of such a provision.

The Civil Service bill has passed because the conduct of President JOHNSON had revealed how great a peril lurked in a custom which was becoming traditional. Is it wise to remove a defense against a plain peril in the Executive office because the next incumbent of that office is universally trusted? General GRANT may possibly be trusted, and he is, as he lives, and as long as he lives nobody has any reason to suppose that he would be less worthy of confidence than now. But the regulation of the executive power is not the affair of men, however fully loved and trusted; it is a question of the national welfare.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

CONGRESS could not begin its work more auspiciously than by passing the Civil Service bill of Mr. JOHNSON. It is a measure of the most obvious public advantage, and receives the heartiest and most general public approval. Indeed, there has been no argument against it, and yet every body is aware of a strong and hidden opposition. When a measure so necessary, so economical, and in every way so advantageous, is framed, and not immediately passed, there is some secret reason for the delay. This reason is exposed by Mr. JENCKES himself in the following speech. In answer to the question, Who should be admitted to the offices which the bill covers? he said: "Every citizen of the United States of the requisite age, with the proper known health and character to stand investigation, and with sufficient learning to perform the duties of the office which he seeks, shall be a candidate for admission. *A fixed mode of this kind is at the root of every thing which could be called patronage.* The proposed measure would tend to emancipate every servant of the republic from the servitude of office; every man who received a commission from the United States would know that he received it from the people, and he should hold it so long as he served the people well and efficiently."

This would be the end of the present great and glorious trade by which the man who gets up a campaign club, procures speakers, dines them, drives them to the meeting, pays for the posters, hunts up the voters and brings them to the polls, gets the newly-elected officeholder after election, or upon the Committee of his district, or upon the prominent member of the party next in order. This is commended as a faithful and zealous, and recommended to an office as a reward of merit. The gentlemen who "engage actively in the canvass" in this way, and the candidates who feel the need of henchmen, and are conscious of an obligation to be discharged; and the Committee who feel that encouragement comes from dispensing favors; and the prominent members of the party in the neighborhood who like to be persons of consequence, and who wish to be able to count upon faithful coadjutors at a pinch, are a very considerable part of the voting population, and are all opposed to the Civil Service bill.

Patronage is the key of the present miserably corrupt and inefficient system of the civil service. Patronage is the explanation of the feeling with which office-holders and office-seekers, as a class, are regarded. Patronage is the explanation of very much of the awful waste that prevails in the civil service. Patronage is the ladder by which the most unfit persons climb into Congress. Patronage is the greedy monster preying upon the fair form of public virtue, against which every patriotic hand longs to strike a decisive blow. Patronage is barter in politics. Indeed, it shows itself every where, and every where it is a corrupter and a pest. Mr. JENCKES declares that his bill would cover about forty-three thousand places, among which would be twenty-four thousand now within the gift of the Departments. But there were twenty-seven thousand postmasters and three or four thousand officers of the grade nominated by the President which do not come within the bill. He says that the number of names upon what is known as the Blue Book, in Washington, has increased from seven or eight hundred in the time of JEFFERSON to sixty thousand at present.

There will remain, even with Mr. JENCKES's bill, a great many offices to be filled in the old way, or in the old way made better by a wise Tenure-of-Office bill. But with the two bills together the improvement in the economy and character of the civil service will be incalculable —and so agreeable that we shall all try to see how all offices in the administration, except some of the highest, may be filled by this excellent system.

THE MISSOURI SENATOR.

THE telegraph states that Senator DRAKE, of Missouri, and some other gentlemen have returned to that State to defeat CARL SCHURZ as a candidate for the Senate of the United States. The reason which is understood to determine their action is one of general interest, upon which it is worth while to say a word. It was urged, during the canvass in General BUTLER'S district, that his election was a local matter, with which it was extremely impertinent for "outsiders" to interfere. We should like to know what citizen of the United States is an "outsider" in regard to the Congress that is to make laws to govern him. There is no citizen of the Essex District more interested in the course of its representative upon national questions than any citizen of California or New York. Moreover, as the Republican party is a national party, every member of it has an equal interest in its general policy, and an equal right to express his opinions of the expediency of its nominations; while citizens of the United States and honest men will not hesitate to hold their public interest to criticise public men and their conduct every where and always. If knavery is any where proposed, if improper candidates are any where nominated, if political corruption is any where favored, it will not be suffered to plead that it is local, so long as there is an in dependent press in the country.

We say this much, not because we insinuate or suspect any foul play in the opposition to Mr. SCHURZ, but to dispose of a very foolish fear that our political interests in candidates expire at our State lines. When the State of New York sends Representatives and Senators to Congress it sends them as much for Missouri as for itself. They are not to legislate for New York, but for the country; and if in their characters or views, or the grounds upon which they are supported or resisted, there be points of general public concern, we trust that they will be presented, in Missouri as in New York, in the utmost force.

The reason of the opposition to Mr. SCHURZ is understood to be the resolutions which he introduced as supplementary to the Chicago platform, and which were unanimously adopted. These resolutions commended the conduct of men like General LONGSTREET and others, who, having served in the rebellion, were frankly co-operate in reconstruction upon the basis of justice and equal rights, and favored the removal of all political disabilities as fast as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people. Mr. SCHURZ certainly never appeared to greater advantage than in the chair of the temporary Presidency of the last National Republican Convention. His address was which we have mentioned admirably completed the Platform, and did as much as any part of the work of the Convention to commend the party to the renewed confidence of the country. They expressed then, and they express even more forcibly now, the prevailing sentiment of the great of its elected President. That sentiment is equally removed from vindictiveness and sentimentality. It recognizes the necessity which the second of the resolutions of Mr. SCHURZ expresses, and says, the principles of the Declaration of Independence the true foundations of the Government, with which exceptions only in the application as are absolutely necessary.

It is certainly only by a resolute ingenuity of misconception that such sentiments as those contained in the resolutions should be supposed to favor "traitors," or to aim at giving political supremacy to the late rebels. Does the Republican party favor "traitors"? Exactly as much as Mr. SCHURZ, for it enthusiastically approved his views. Did we all conduct the late cam-

paign upon the ground of promoting "rebels" to power? Exactly as much as Mr. SCHURZ, and he no more than the rest of us. We all cordially supported the platform of which his resolutions were an essential part and a chief ornament. We are all in the same category. If he is guilty, so is General GRANT, so are all the rest of us. If we are innocent of laboring to promote "rebels," so is Mr. SCHURZ. If he is unwonted in the Senate because of his regard for the allies of Messrs. SEYMOUR and BLAIR—two gentlemen formerly known in our politics—then Senator FESSENDEN must be seen home again, and JOHN G. WHITTIER must be rejected as hopelessly "conservative."

Such an objection in itself is futile. It is important only as it may affect those who do not reflect closely upon the situation and upon the words in which the Chicago resolutions were expressed. If, indeed, there are those who would perpetually disfranchise any considerable number of citizens, without regard to the condition of the country and with no reference to the public safety, they are merely blind or addictive partisans who are not to be counted in the Republican party, and whom its Convention has excluded by the terms of its platform. They only can be considered Republicans in the party sense who substantially accept the party declaration of principle and policy. That demands the removal of political disability as fast as is consistent with the safety of the loyal people. Every Republican Senator is honorably pledged to that policy, while every one must, of course, determine for himself when the time has arrived, and what is the best method for removing disabilities. But unless Senator FERRY and Mr. CAMERON are to be suspected as "others," certainly Mr. SCHURZ, whose opinions the party has expressly ratified, may pass untainted. The Republican serves his party best who aims to remove all political disabilities of every kind just as fast as the welfare of the loyal people permits and no faster. That does not seem to us a reason for excluding a man otherwise qualified from the Senate, but for sending him to it.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

A PAMPHLET with this title has been issued from the press of LITTLE, BROWN & Co., of Boston, containing fifty-eight pages of printed matter, the production of ROBERT TREAT PAINE, Jun., an historical name. As newly-appointed Bank Master, we have plan of resumption to present we hope that Mr. PAINE'S pamphlet, which will doubtless be examined, may be imitated in at least one respect, to save the eyes of those who are diligently searching for light. It is printed on good paper, in clear, large type. Mr. PAINE admits that a prompt enforced construction of the currency will cause distress and panic, a view which he supports with unanswerable arguments; but yet he proposes as early a day for absolute resumption over the whole Union without mitigation as the 1st of July, 1870, and that, too, whether the crops of 1869 shall be a failure or otherwise. As we read the production we could not help regarding it merely as the most complete answer to its own position. Mr. PAINE fixes the whole cost of resumption at $22,135,000. We are aware that not any one who has exhibited such familiarity with many of the laws of money and industry which the pamphlet presents should have made so gross an error. The loss to the debtor interest, which is the one to be mainly affected by sudden resumption, is the difference between the value of their debts measured in the meagre amount of the money we should have to procure, and by the redundant paper issues which now prevail. Instead of a cost of only about twenty-two millions it would be hundreds of millions, and it is this which makes immediate resumption an impossibility.

We do not propose to propound a theory, but to state the facts of the situation. There is a mysterious connection between the price of every object of human desire which is the subject of sale and the quantity of money in circulation. Political economists have attempted to prove the relation which the one bears to the other, and many rules have been, to their satisfaction, established. One law which they assert is that, in that in the proportion in which you increase or diminish the quantity of money in circulation, you increase or diminish, other things being equal, the price of property and its products. There is still another law in which they are agreed. That the proportion which the money of a country bears to the value of the whole mass of its property is very small. It amounts, according to the estimate of some, to about one-fifteenth or fifth of the annual yield.

If it be allowed that prices are raised or lowered, other things being equal in the proportion in which money is increased or diminished, what will be the effect of a sudden return to specie payments? A gold dollar is now worth, measured by legal tenders, 135¾ or thereabout; and assuming that the difference is accurately adjusted it would be a fair inference that the gold price of commodities and the legal-tender price show a like difference. By returning to specie payments the difference would disappear and the property owned in the United States would afterward be measured by the improved standard. There are some peculiar reasons why prices would not fall to a common level with those of the residue of the world. By the tariff, for instance, we prevent direct competition on the part of foreigners with the industry of this country, and may maintain higher prices here than would be possible if they were not compelled to pay the duties we levy. In outside markets, however, we are unable to obtain more for our products than other nations obtain for theirs of a like character. We have also the inestimable advantage of new and rich lands; of better agricultural machinery; and a superiority in the quality of much that is produced by agricultural labor. All other things being equal the general fall of prices would produce one common level in the price of those objects of universal desire which commerce exchanges.

That a fall would take place in the price of property from lopping off the excess, in very nearly the proportion in which it was raised by the expansion, can not be doubted. In this sense we regard it as of the deepest interest to the United States to return to specie payments at the earliest practicable moment; it is essential to the success of the scheme to proceed with caution in the tremendous change which such a step would occasion.

Mr. PAINE estimates the amount of debt upon which it would operate as eight thousand millions of dollars. Mr. GREELEY at one thousand millions, over and above what would be usually be liquidated by offsetting one against another.

It must be borne in mind that the Legal-Tender Act operates upon all debts due by States, counties, towns, by banks, savings-banks, railroad and insurance companies, as well as upon the great mass of private debts due by mortgage, note, and simple by private individuals. Mr. M'CULLOCH supposes that at least seven-tenths of the British population are in the constant habit of receiving and paying incomes; and if this estimate shall be deemed extravagant in this country, it may be assumed that six-tenths at least are in that situation.

Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, in a recent pamphlet issued in 1864, entitled "Our Burdens and our Strength," stated his belief that the total available property of the United States in 1863 was twenty thousand millions. Although it had been officially assessed in that year at only sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine millions, which sum included the slaves, who were valued at nineteen hundred and thirty-six millions. He rated the increase of property at two thousand millions per annum, which, added to $16,000,000,000, would make the total at twenty-six thousand millions of dollars, as the present valuation of our taxable property. Mr. DE BOW estimated our agricultural products in 1850 at sixteen hundred millions. Our manufacturing products for 1855, as stated by Mr. ERASTUS B. BIGELOW in his able work on the tariff, was two thousand and seventy-four, while one hundred and six thousand six hundred and sixteen dollars, making together $2,619,106,616. This was the joint product of the capital and industry of the country for that period, and probably furnished the principal basis for Mr. WELLS's estimates.

We have no means of arriving at the true amount of the debt; but, in view of the bold and speculative spirit of our people, it is not exravagant to suppose that the public and private debts of the United States, exclusive of those of the United States, exclusive of the national debt, amount to at least $5,000,000,000. It is upon this mass of property, producing annually a national copy-product, that the policy of a considerable reduction of the money of the country is to operate; and, whether the debtors of the United States consist of seven-tenths or seven-tenths, or less, it is certain that they constitute a large majority of the people, who are unwilling to allow such an experiment upon their fortunes.

The amount of paper currency—consisting of legal tender and National Bank notes and the fractional currency—is estimated at two hundred millions of dollars. The amount of gold in the United States, including that in the Treasury, in the banks, in the Pacific States, and in private hands, is supposed to not exceed one hundred and seventy millions, but its effect on the prices of commodities, excepting in the Pacific and in some parts of the Southern States, is neutralized by the policy of the Government in keeping it out of circulation, and assuming that the quantity of money is now one-fourth larger than it would be under a proper system, its reduction in that proportion would affect the nominal value of all property in a correspondent degree. This change would fall with immense severity upon the interest which is least able to bear it, the large debtor interest.

The present dilemma of the people of the United States is one from which they should be extricated at the earliest moment compatible with the general safety. The country had been debauched with paper-money before the war so extensively that there was no choice left but to continue it in circulation and place it on a legal basis. The quantity issued was in excess of our necessities, all the numerous business of an active people had become adjusted to the amount in circulation, and there can be no greater hardship than that of a too sudden resumption.

If gold contracts made hereafter shall be legalized by Congress, and if the banks shall be required to hoard the gold received for interest on their bonds, and be compelled otherwise to amass it, we shall by degrees, if favored with good crops, grow up to a position of real strength. Time will render us able to greatest fortitude to reach the end. It should be our earnest endeavor to avoid precipitate action and its consequences—a certain increase of paper-money. In stating the price of gold at 135¾ we are not to be understood as maintaining its accuracy. On the contrary, it is the cheapest article for purposes of exportation.

The fact that it is made available here only for duties and for interest on the Government bonds—the principal must also be paid in them hereafter—has driven the excess over and above what is required for these purposes to other countries. Americans abroad complain of the high cost of living in Italy and France, which is due to this cause, as the area has become diminished within which the previous metals circulate. The large production of gold in California and Australia furnishes more than foreign nations require.

In the time of one of the CHARLES'S Bishop ANDREWS, who was paid happily on an annuity of £16 per annum, mentioned that when young he could deal in charities on this sum. "Why so I is, my liege," he asked, "that I can do this no longer." The discovery of America had quadrupled the gold in Europe, which was then isolated, and had quadruped prices. This was corrected by the subsequent extension of commerce, and prices will fall in Europe when the United States, by becoming specie paying, shall call for a wider diffusion of the precious metals.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CABINET.

UPON another page we give a gallery of portraits of the new British Cabinet, with those of Mr. FORSTER and Mr. STANSFELD, who, although not in the Cabinet, occupy prominent places in the Government. Of the Cabinet itself, the most important names are those of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. LOWE, respectively First Lord of the Treasury, President of the Board of Trade, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of their associates, the names best known in this country are those of LORD CLARENDON, Foreign Secretary; the DUKE OF ARGYLE, Secretary for India; and Mr. GOSCHEN, of the POOR-LAW BOARD. The Postmaster-General, LORD HARTINGTON, is also somewhat notorious in this country for his insolent conduct when here in wearing a rebel badge at a ball in the presence of Union officers and ladies. Of those in the Government, but not in the Cabinet, besides Mr. FORSTER and Mr. STANSFELD, the names of LORD CARLINGFORD, Mr. LAYARD, Sir JOHN COLEBROOK, and the Duke of DUFF, are familiar to many; while EARL SPENCER, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is not much known.

Of the Radical members of the Cabinet every one, we believe, is a University man except JOHN BRIGHT. The Prime Minister, Mr. GLADSTONE, is just fifty-nine years old. He entered Parliament at twenty-three, and graduated at Oxford in 1847 to 1865 for the University of Oxford. He has been almost continuously in public life, beginning as one of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S Conservatives, and ending by asking JOHN BRIGHT to take office with him. He is distinguished as an author and scholar; and he and his colleagues, Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, are the only Englishmen of the Cabinet. He is a man of spotless character, and of an intellect so judicial as sometimes to make him appear inconsistent and indifferent to party or property. The Rt.-Hon. Klaus still continue to drive out Northern Democrats.

George S. Twitchell, Jun., was convicted of the murder of his master-in-law on the 10th inst.

On New-Year's Day John T. Hoffman was inaugurated Governor of New York in the City Hall Park.

The report of the Fire Marshal of Chicago for the year just closed shows the total loss by fire to be $2,468,000. The police of the city during the year have made 19,000 arrests, and there was $37,800 worth of property stolen. There were 1,200 births, 3,000 deaths, 4684 marriages, and 6345 births.

Mr. Taylor, the Indian Commissioner, has received an address from delegations of the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek Indians asking an investigation into the facts of the Washita battle. They claim the investigation will prove that Black Kettle was friendly. General Sherman reports from St. Louis, January 8, as follows:

"I have just heard from General Sheridan. He has received from Superintendent Hyde with the Seventh Cavalry and the Nineteenth Kansas Volunteers on the Washita. He has had no fighting. He reports that he has possession of Satanta and Lone Wolf, who, he thinks (if the Kiowas surrender them), are already. Sheridan and Hazen are now together, and can settle the matter perfectly."

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT LOPEZ, of Paraguay, is reported to be disposed to submit full satisfaction to the United States for the wrongs suffered by American citizens.

Ten thousand more troops are about to be dispatched to Cuba and Porto Rico. Santiago is still besieged by the insurgents, and the inhabitants are suffering from the scarcity of provisions. The Government authorities have been organizing regiments of colored soldiers.

Another colliery explosion is reported to have taken place in England in the Haydock Colliery. Twenty-five dead bodies were taken out of the mine, and how many others remained was uncertain.

The Conference on the Eastern Question difficulty was to be held on the 9th.

The Liberal successes in Spain lost 400 killed.

The Chinese embassy has arrived in Paris.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A BILL is about to be presented before the Ohio Legislature, providing for the extension of the limits of Cincinnati by adding thirty square miles to the present area.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, is in favor of a new State to be made by the separation of East from Middle and West Tennessee.

A grand ball was given at Delmonico's in this city on the evening of the 9th inst., in honor of Professor S. P. B. Morse, the father of modern telegraphy. Chief-Justice Chase, the British Minister, Edward Everett, Professor Goldwin Smith, Bayard Taylor, David Dudley Field, William C. Bryant, and other prominent gentlemen were present and participated in the festivities.

The Registrar of Vital Statistics reports 867 deaths, 729 births, and 113 marriages in the city, and 198 deaths in Brooklyn, during the week ending January 9th.

Reports from Augusta, Arkansas, represent that affairs in certain portions of the State are very much unsettled, and that there is a great loss of life and loss of property. The Ku-Klux Klans still continue to drive out Northern Democrats.

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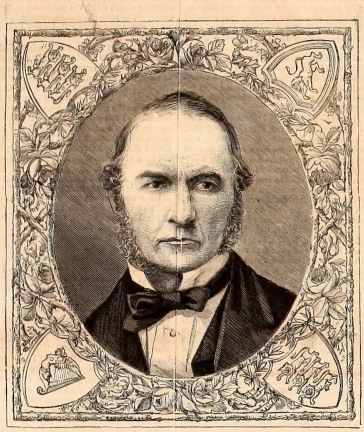
THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.

THE RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

EARL GRANVILLE.

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.

THE RIGHT HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

THE RIGHT HON. J. S. GOSCHEN.

THE RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.

W. E. FORSTER, ESQ.

JAMES STANSFELD, ESQ.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE AND HIS CABINET.—[SEE PAGE 35.]

THE LORELEI.

"FLOWS the Rhine as flowing wine,
Bright in its unrest,
Sweet with odors of the vine;
Heaven in its breast."

So the boatman Hugo sung,
Long, long ago,
By the Lurley-berg that hung
In the sunset glow.

At that fateful rock, upraised
From its sunny base,
Suddenly the boatman gazed
With a stricken face.

On its summit, wondrous fair,
Shining angel-wise,
Sat a maid, with golden hair
And besetching eyes.

From a shoulder's rosy sphere
All the robe that slid,
Ripple-bright and water-clear,
Rather show'd than hid.

As her hair her fingers through
(Fingers pearly white)
Slowly pass'd, the diamond dew
Fell and broke in light.

But a gold harp from her feet
Lifted she ere long,
And its music, pulsing sweet,
Fed a wondrous song.

And the boatman, drifting fast,
Listen'd to his cost;
On the rocks before him cast!
In the whirlpool lost!

Then the Lorelei's luring form
Faded from the eye,
As a cloud fades, rosy warm,
In a purple sky.

MORE LIGHT, AND BRIGHTER.

A DISCOVERY has recently been made in France by MESSRS. TESSIE DU MOTHAY and MARECHAL, which, it is thought, may lead to results very beneficial to mankind by greatly facilitating the production of artificial light for purposes of illumination. The discovery in question is that of a process for procuring a cheap and abundant supply of oxygen gas.

The characteristic of oxygen in the economy of nature seems to be analogous to that which CALHOUN, at a certain period of our history, attributed to the old United States Bank in relation to the cotton market. It is the great avaricious holder. In other words, its tendency to enter into combination with other substances, and to hold to the combination when made, is very strong. It springs to its union with them when brought into such relations with them that its affinity can be exercised with great avidity, and clings to the union, when it is effected, with great persistency, and with great force. It is the violence of the action which it exerts in its combination with hydrogen by which the light and heat and the other phenomena attendant on combustion are evolved.

In the atmosphere, which is the great reservoir of free oxygen, the gas is very much diluted. In consequence of this the rapidity of its union with a combustible is impeded, and the effect diminished. In order greatly to increase the intensity of combustion, and the rapidity of the evolution of light and heat which results from it, we have only to obtain and present to the combustible an abundant supply of oxygen in a pure state.

But this has hitherto been a work of great difficulty. Of course, the very strength of affinity from which the light, heat, and mechanical force result when oxygen enters into a combination operates with equal power to prevent a dissolution of the union for the purpose of recovering the oxygen in a separate state.

The substance from which it has been found practically most feasible to separate oxygen, when required for processes in chemistry and in the arts, is an oxyd of manganese—the base of this substance, the metal manganesium—having the property of loosening its hold upon it more readily than most other substances. But even this decomposition has hitherto been possible only by a process so difficult and slow, and has involved such a consumption of material, as to make the procuring of any considerable supply of the gas a very tedious and expensive work. The discovery about to be described reveals a method of separating the element from its combination with manganese, or rather of drawing a supply of it from the atmosphere through the agency of manganese—with great facility, and without any consumption of material at all—so as to furnish a cheap and an abundant supply for any purpose required.

The process is in itself so ingenious, and so curious, and at the same time so simple, that it is an object of great interest in itself, independently of the value of the result. The discovery originated in the ascertaining of two facts—namely: *First*, that if a current of steam passes over a certain compound of manganese, called *manganate of soda*, it will abstract and carry away a considerable portion of the oxygen, which can afterward be separated and secured by the simple condensation of the steam; and, *Secondly*, that if a current of air be passed over the partially deoxydized compound, the compound will recover from the air the portion it had lost. When this is done a new current of steam may be employed to take off a second portion, to be followed by a new current of air, to restore it again. And so on indefinitely.

THE LORELEI.—[SEE POEM.]

It will be observed that by this process the real source of the oxygen obtained is the atmosphere—the manganese being merely the stepping-stone, as it were, by which it passes from its state of diffusion and freedom in the circumambient air to purity and confinement in the gasometer.

With this explanation of the nature of the process, the structure and use of the apparatus are easily to be understood. In the centre is seen a furnace, in which the cylindrical retorts for containing the manganate of soda are set in brickwork, with a fire-place below. These retorts we so connected by pipes that the steam or air admitted to them circulates freely through them all. The steam is prepared in the boiler at the left, marked L, whence it is conveyed to the retorts by the subterranean conduit, *w*, *w*.

The steam, after passing through the retorts, and taking up from the material within them its charge of oxygen, passes off by the pipe on the right side of the furnace, in the direction of the arrow, to the condenser, R. Here the steam is condensed, the water flowing down into the receiver below, while the gas is conveyed by the pipe seen on the right of the condenser, by the subterranean conduit, *o*, *o*, to the gasometer, G.

As soon as the steam has conveyed away all the oxygen which it can receive from the manganate in the retorts, the faucet at the point where the pipe conveying it leaves the boiler—seen at the left extremity of the boiler—is shut off, and the apparatus for pumping in air is brought into play. There is a rotary pump for pumping air at V, which is worked by a small cylinder, piston-rod, and fly-wheel, seen over the boiler. The air is forced by the pump into the reservoir E, whence it passes by the pipe *a*, *a*, *a* and its connections into the retorts, carrying with it a supply of oxygen, to restore what was abstracted by the steam. The process is continued in this way—a current of steam to abstract oxygen, and a current of air to restore what was lost, being passed through the retorts alternately as long as is desired.

The only expenditure in the process is that of fuel in the fire-box of the boiler on the left, to supply force for impelling the air and producing and impelling the steam. The cost of this being very little, the inventors claim that by this method a cheap and abundant supply of oxygen can be obtained, by means of which the intensity of the light produced by combustion for illuminating purposes, and of the heat in various mechanical process, can be vastly increased without any additional consumption of combustible material.

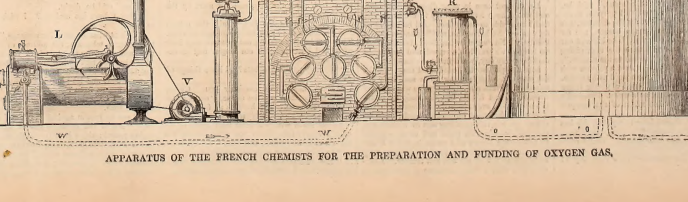
WINTER AT SEA.

OUR illustration on page 40 is engraved from one of those characteristic and effective drawings which MR. WINSLOW HOMER so well knows how to conceive and execute. As our readers will remember, it is from the same hand which produced "Christmas Belles" and "The New-Year," in the two last Numbers of this journal.

The subject is at this season a suggestive one. Winter off our northern coast is to the sailors a trying season, and tests the endurance and temper of the heartiest and jolliest tar. And what story can be sadder than that of a shipwreck in winter? We are now just beginning to get the full details of the recent loss of the *Hibernia* off the Irish coast. Think of Mr. BATES, the second officer of that ill-fated vessel, who with two comrades—after having witnessed the sufferings and death of all the others who embarked with them in a life-boat—survived the cold and storms of a wintry ocean through twelve long weary days and nights! It was only a few weeks since that a steam-packet laden with passengers very narrowly escaped shipwreck off our coast. It had sprung a leak, and had been pumping water for several days, and finally the vessel sank, but not before she had reached a spot off Sandy Hook, where the disaster was unaccompanied by loss of life. In the pleasant comforts of our homes, let us not forget "those who go down to the sea in ships."

THE BOURBONS.

ALL the living members of this family are descended from Louis XIII. of France, who had two sons—Louis XIV. and Philip Duke of Orleans (the latter is now represented by Louis Philippe, Count of Paris, who claims the crown of France). Louis XIV. married the eldest sister and heiress of Charles II. of Spain, and had an only son, who died before him, leaving three sons—the first was Louis Duke of Burgundy (who was the father of Louis XV., and is now represented by Count de Chambord, who claims the crown of France as Henry V.); the second, Philip V. of Spain (in right of his grandmother), married twice (his second wife being heiress of the Duchy of Parma), and left five sons—the three eldest (Louis, Ferdinand VI., and Charles III.) were successively Kings of Spain, and the fourth was (in right of his mother) Duke of Parma, and is now represented by Robert of Parma. Charles III. left five sons—viz., Charles IV. of Spain, Ferdinand I. of Naples, Gabriel, Anthony, and Francis. Ferdinand of Naples is now represented by Francis II. Charles IV. of Spain married Louisa of Parma, his cousin, and left three sons—viz., Ferdinand VII. (the father of Isabella II.), Don Carlos (who claimed the throne as heir male of his brother Ferdinand), and Francisco. Don Carlos left three sons—1st, Carlos Count of Montemolin, who claims; 2d, three or four years ago without issue; 2d, Don John (the father of the present claimant and two other sons); and, 3d, Don Ferdinand. The third son of Charles IV., Don Francisco, left a large family, and his eldest son is the husband of Isabella II. It will be thus seen that the eldest, or French branch, is represented by the Count de Chambord; the second, or Spanish, by the Count de Montemolin; the third, or Neapolitan, by Francis II.; the fourth, or Parmasan, by Robert Duke of Parma; and the fifth, or junior French, by the Count of Paris.



APPARATUS OF THE FRENCH CHEMISTS FOR THE PREPARATION AND FUNDING OF OXYGEN GAS,

BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

MIDNIGHT eyes were stiffened with the last night's tears,
And my brave school-too bravely to weep,
Oppress with sorrow past and future fears,
Too weary to awake—too sad to sleep.

With restless hand I drew away the blind
To look where lay the morning dull and gray:
I heard no whisper of the cold night wind,
I saw no gleam to chase the gloom away.

Round His a mourning veil on every hill
Hung cheerless mist, thro' which the dark dawn crept;
The rain-drops on the trees lay cold and still,
Like tears for one who in his sleep hath wept.

Softly I turned and hid me down again
Till sorrow's leaden trance my sense did steal,
As those who lulled by very weariness of pain
Forget their grief a while and cease to feel.

So passed the hours away, and I awoke;
But while I slept the world had traveled on—
The damp mist rolled away, the morning broke,
And, pouring radiance forth, uprose the sun.

The purple hills were tinged with living light,
The grass was waving in the sunshine merrily,
The spiders from the dank hedge-tops of the night
In rainbow showers were glittering from the trees.

Then my heart melted too, and the deep gloom
Passed like the morning evening mist away;
The sun shone warm and bright into my room,
And I rose up from my dull trance to pray.

O God, most merciful! Is it ever so?
While thankless men bask but the present pain,
And lies steeped in the weariness of woe,
Thy step is drawing near to heal again.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XIV.

A GOOD-BY.

WHILE I strolled into the garden to select a table for our dinner, Eccles went in search of Mr. Delorme, and thought he had effected to my that the important duty of drawing the cork should be confided to the host, I could plainly see that my respected tutor accepted his share in that high responsibility.

I will only say of the feast in question that, though I was daily accustomed to the admirable dinners of my father's table, I had no conception of what exquisite devices in cookery could be produced by the skill of an accomplished restaurateur, left to his own fancy, and without limitation as to the bill.

One thing alone detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the banquet. It was the appearance of Mr. Delorme himself, white-cravatted and gloved, and evidently in full dress. It was an attention that he usually reserved for great personages, royalties, or high dignitaries of the court; and I was shocked that he should have selected me for the honor, not the less as it was only a few hours before he and I had been drinking Champagne with much clinking of glasses together, and interchanging the most affectionate vows of eternal friendship.

I could see my chief to salute him, but, as he deposited the tureen upon the table, he stepped back and bowed low, and retreated in this fashion, with the same humble reverence at every step, till he was lost in the distance.

"Sit down," said Eccles, with a peculiar look, as though to warn me that I was forgetting my dignity; and then, to divert my attention, he added, "That green seal is an attention Delorme offers you—very rare Bordeaux—a bottle of his own peculiar Johannisberg. Let us drink his health. Now, Digby, I call this something very high preferment."

It was a theme my tutor understood thoroughly, and there was not a dish nor a wine that he did not criticise.

"I was always bogging your father to take this cook, Digby," said he, with a half sigh. "Even with a first-rate artist you need change, otherwise your dinners become manneristic, as men have become of late years."

He then went on to show me that the domestic cook, always appealing to the small public of the family, was narrowed in his views and bounded in his resources. He compared them, I remember, to the writers in certain religious newspapers, who must always go on preaching higher and higher as the palates of their clients grow more jaded. How he worked out his theme afterwards I can not tell; for I was watching the windows of the house, and stealing glances down the alleys in the garden, longing for one look, one word, one greeting, of my lovely partner of the night before.

"I see, young gentleman," said he, evidently nettled at my inattention, "your thoughts are not with me."

"How long have we to stay, Sir?" said I, reverting to the respect I rendered him at my lessons.

"Yes have thirty-eight minutes," said he, examining his watch: "which I purpose to apportion in this wise—eight for the douceur, five for the cheese, three for the dessert, five for coffee and a glass of curaçoa. The bill and our parting compliments will take the rest, giving to three minutes' walk across to the station."

These sort of pendantries were a passion with him, and I did not interpose a word as he spoke.

"What, a pine-apple?" cried a young fellow from an adjoining table, as a waiter deposited a magnificent pine in the midst of the bouquet that adorned our table.

"Monsieur Delorme begs to say, Sir, this has just arrived from Lucknow."

"Don't you know what that is?" said a companion, in a low voice; but my hearing, ever acute, caught the words—"He's that boy of Norcott's."

I started as if I had received a blow. It was time to resent these insolences, and make an end of them forever.

"You heard what that man yonder has called me?" said I to Eccles.

"No; I was not minding him."

"The old impertinence—'That boy of Norcott's.'"

I arose, and took the cane I had laid against a chair. What I meant to shout to the fellow I felt I should launch some insolent provocation. As for what should follow, the event might decide that.

"I'd not mind him, Digby," said Eccles, carelessly, as he lit his cigarette, and stretched his legs on a wooden bench. I took no notice of his words, but walked on. Before, however, I had made three steps my eyes caught the flutter of a dress at the garden door. It was only one of the last folds of some floating muslin, but it was enough to rout all other thoughts from my head, and I flew across the walk with lightning speed. I was right, it was Pauline. In an instant I was beside her.

"Dearest, darling Pauline!" I cried, seizing her round the waist and kissing her cheek before she well knew, "how happy it makes me to see you even for a few seconds!"

"Ah, mildred, I did not expect to see you here," said she, half frightened.

"I am not mildred; I am your own Digby—Digby Norcott, who loves you, and will make you his wife to-day."

"Ma foi! children don't marry—at least demoiselles don't marry them," said she, with a saucy laugh.

"I am no more an 'enfant,'" said I, with a passionate stress on the word, "than I was last night, when you never left my arm except to sit at my side at supper."

"But you are going away," said she, panting, "else why this traveling dress, and that sac strapped at your side?"

"Only for a few weeks. A short tour up the Rhine, Pauline, to see the world, and complete my education, and then I will come back and marry you, and you shall be mistress of a beautiful house, and have every thing you can think of."

"Vrai?" asked she, with a little laugh.

"I swear it by this kiss."

"Pardie, monsieur! you are very adventurous," said she, repulsing me: "you will make us not regret that you are going so soon."

"Oh, Pauline! when you know that I adore you, that I only value wealth to share it with you, that all I have in the world is yours—"

"And that you haven't got full thirty seconds left for that admirable object," broke in Eccles. "We must run for it like fury, boy, or we shall be late."

"I not go."

"Then I'll be shot if I stay here and meet your father," cried he, turning away.

"Oh, Pauline, dearest, dearest of my heart!" I sobbed out, as I fell upon her neck; and the wild folly of the moment burst into its infernal discord as I clasped her to my heart.

"Come along, and confound you!" cried Eccles; and with a push he caught me and Pauline on the other, I was hurried along down the garden, across a road, and along a platform, where the station-master, with his hand uplifted, waved and swore in a very different mood from that in which he smiled at me across the supper-table the night before.

"We're waiting for that boy of Norcott's, I vow," said an old fellow with a gray mustache; and I mauled his nose in token recognition.

Unlike my first journey, where all seemed confusion, trouble, and annoyance, I now saw every pleasant face, and felt myself the cynosure of event. We were on the great tourist road of Europe, and it seemed as though every one was bound to some event of interest or pleasure. Even, too, was a pleasant contrast to the courier who took charge of me on my first journey. Nothing could be more genial than Eccles's manner. He treated me with a perfect equality, and by that greatest of all flatteries to one of my age, induced me to believe that I was actually considerable to himself.

I will not pretend that he was an instructive companion. He had neither knowledge of history nor feeling for art, and rather amused himself with sneering at all the solemn humbugs of our fellow-travelers as the practice was safe with. But he was always gay, always in excellent spirits, ready to make light of every inconvenience of the road, and, as he said himself, he always carried a quart bottle of condensed sunshine with him against a rainy day; and I found his knowledge I can say his supply seemed inexhaustible.

His cheery manner, his bright good looks, and his invariable good-humor won upon every one, and the soonest and least genial people thawed into some show of warmth under his contagious pleasantry.

He did not care in what direction we went, and would have left it entirely to me to decide, had I been able to determine. All he stipulated for was—"No barbarism, no Oberland or glacier humbug. No Saas-Thal, no Simplon excursions. So long as we travel in a crowd, and meet good cookery every day, you'll find me charming."

Into this philosophy he inducted me. "Make life pleasant, Digby: never go in search of annoyances. Duns and disagreeables will come of themselves, and it's no bad fun dodging them. It's only a fool ever keeps their company."

A more shameless immorality might have revolted me, but this peddling sort of wickedness, this half-jesting with right and wrong—giving to morals the space of a counter, and with a certain kind of address was practicable—was very seductive to one of my age and temper. I fancied, too, that I was becoming a consummate man of the world, and his praises of my proficiency were unsparingly bestowed.

Attaching ourselves to this or that party of travelers, we would go off here or there, in any direction, for four or five days; and though I usually found myself growing fond of those I became more intimate with, and sorry to part from them, Eccles invariably wearied of the pleasantest people after a day or two. Incessant change seemed essential to him, and his nature and his spirits flagged when denied it.

What I least liked about him, however, was a habit he had of "rating" me on—his own name for it—before strangers. My knowledge of languages, my skill at games, my little musical talents, he would parade in a way that I found positively offensive. Nor was this all, for I found he represented me as the son of a man of immense wealth and a rank commensurate with his fortune.

One must have gone through the ordeal of such a representation to understand its vexations, to know all the impertinences it can evoke from some, all the shrewd attentions from others.

I feel a hot flush of shame on my cheek now, after long years, as I think of the mortifications I went through. Eccles would suggest that I should buy some princely chateau that we saw in passing, or some lordly park alongside of which our train would halt.

As to remonstrating with him on this score, or, indeed, on any other, it was utterly hopeless; for he was so far that it never as likely he would amuse the first group of travelers we met by a ludicrous version of my attempts to coerce him into good behavior.

One day he pushed my patience beyond all limit, and I grew downright angry with him. He had been indulging in the harmless sort of half-flirtation with a young lady, a fellow-traveler, which, not transgressing the bounds of small attentions, does not excite remark or rebuke.

"Don't listen to that young gentlemen's blandishments," said he, laughing, "for, young as he looks, he is the deepest dog I know. Come, come, don't look as though you'd strike me, Digby, but deny it if you can."

We were, apparently for me, coming into a station as he spoke. I sprang out, and traveled three-class the rest of the day to avoid him, and when we met at night, I declared that with one such libertymore I'd part company with him forever.

He was profuse in his apologies, but assured me I should not be offended again almost made me ashamed of my complaint. We shook hands and were reconciled, and vowed we were better friends than ever.

What it cost him to abandon this habit of talking me over before strangers, how keenly it touched one of the chief pleasures of his life, I was, as I thought, soon to see in the altered tone of his manner. He felt himself betrayed into easy flippancy he used to wield, and a facility with strangers that once seemed like a special gift with him. But it was in vain to rally him out of this half depression, but it was clear he was not a man of many resources, and that I had already outgrown my tutor.

While we thus journeyed he said to me one day, "I find, Digby, our money is running short; we must make for Paris. It is the nearest of the places on our letter of credit."

I assented, of course, and we bade adieu to a pleasant land, with which we had been travelling, and who were bound for Dresden, assuring them we should meet them on the Elbe.

Eccles had grown more and more and more serious; not alone had his gayety deserted him, but he grew absent and forgetful to an absurd extent; and it was from some great preoccupation he had told of him. During the entire of the last day before we reached Zurich he scarcely spoke a word, and when that he had received some letters at Schaffhausen, I attributed his gloom to their tidings. As he had not spoken to me of his affairs, I felt ashamed to intrude myself on his confidence and kept silent, and not a word passed between us as we went. But what telegraphic banker, a certain Mr. Heinfetter, to order rooms for us at the hotel; and as we alighted at the door the gentleman awaited us was there to meet us.

"Herr Eccles," said he, eagerly, lifting his hat as we descended. Eccles moved forward with him, and, taking his arm, walked away to some distance, leaving me alone and unnoticed. For several minutes they appeared in closet confab, their heads bent close together, and at last I saw Eccles shake himself free from the other's arm, and throw up his hands in the air with the gesture of wild despair. I began to suspect some disaster had befallen our remittances, that they were lost or stolen, and that Eccles was overwhelmed by the misfortune. I own I could not participate in the full measure of the misery he seemed to feel for me, and I lighted a cigar and sat down on a stone bench to wait patiently his return.

"I believe you are right; it is the best way, after all," said Eccles, hurriedly. "You say you'll look after the boy, and I'll start by the ten o'clock train."

"Yes, I'll take the boy," said the other; "but you'll have to be sharp and use no time. They will be sequestering the moment they hear of it, and I half suspect old Engler will be before you."

"But my personal effects? I have things of value."

"Hush, hush! he'll overhear you. Come, young gentleman," said he to me, "come home and sup with me. The hotel is so full, they've no quarters for you. I'll try if I can't put you up."

Eccles stood with his head bent down as we moved away, then lifted his eyes, waved his hand a couple of times, and said, "By-by."

"Isn't he coming with us?" asked I.

"Not just yet: he has some business to detain him," said the banker, and we moved on.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

HERR HEINFETTER was a bachelor, and lived in a very modest fashion over his banking-house, and as he was employed from morning till night I saw next to nothing of him. Indeed, he said, had been called away, and though I eagerly asked where? by whom? and for how long? I got no other answer than "He is called away," in very German English, and with a stolidity of look fully as Teutonic.

The banker was not talkative: he smoked all the evening, and drank beer, and except an occasional monosyllabic comment on its excellence, said little.

"Ach, ja!" he would say, looking at me fixedly, as though assenting to some not exactly satisfactory conclusion his mind had come to about me—"Ach, ja!" And I would have given a good deal at the time to know to what peculiar feature of my fortune or my fate this half-compassionate exclamation extended.

"Is Eccles never coming back?" cried I, one day, as the post came in, and no tidings of him appeared; "is he never coming at all?"

"Never, no more."

"Not coming back!" cried I.

"No; not come back no more."

"Then what is I say there for? Why do I wait for him?"

"Because you have no money to go elsewhere," said he, and for once he gave way to something he thought was a laugh.

"I don't understand you, Herr Heinfetter," said I: "your letter of credit, Mr. Eccles told me, was on your house here. Is it exhausted, and must I wait for a remittance?"

"It is exhaust; Mr. Eccles exhaust it."

"So that I must write for money; is that so?"

"You may write and write, mein lieber, but it won't come."

Herr Heinfetter drained his tall glass, and, leaning his arms on the table, said, "I will tell you in German, you know it well enough." And forthwith he began a story, which lost nothing of the pain and misery it caused me by the unsympathizing tone and stolid look of the narrator. For my readers' sake, as for my own, I will condense it into the fewest words I can, and omit all that Herr Heinfetter inserted either as comment or censure. My father had eloped with Madame Vincent! They had fled to Inspruck, from which my father returned to the neighborhood of Belgium, to offer Clermont a meeting. Clermont, however, preferred to his bands a reparation he liked better—my father's back-book, with a number of signed but unfilled checks. These he at once filled up to the last shilling of his credit, and drew out the money, so that my father's first check, London was returned dishonored. The villa and all its splendid contents were sequestrated, and an action for divorce filed with ten thousand pounds laid as damages, already commenced. Of three thousand francs, which our letter assured us at Zurich, Eccles had drawn two thousand, he would have taken all, but Heinfetter, who prudently foresaw I must be got rid of some day, retained one thousand on his own way. Eccles had gone, promising to return when he had saved his own effects, or what he called his own, from the wreck; but as four lines had come from him to say the smash was complete, the "huissiers" in possession, seals on every thing, and "not even the horses reserved without a gendarme present in full uniform."

"Tell Digby, if we travel together again, he'll have to complain of my paying for it as for a man of fortune; and, above all, advise him to avoid Brussels in his journeyings. He'll find his father's creditors, I'm afraid, more attached to him than Mademoiselle Pauline."

His letter wound up with a complaint over his own blighted prospects, for, of course, his chance of the presentation was now next to hopeless, and he did not know what line of life he might be driven to.

And now, shall I own that, ruined and deserted as I was, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, there was no part of all the misery I felt more bitterly than the fate of her who had been so fatally abandoned to me—who had nursed me so tenderly in sickness, and been the charming companion of my happiest hours. At first it seemed incredible to me. My father seemed to her had ever been coldness itself, and I could only lead myself to believe the story by imagining how the consciousness of his own baseness acted with drive the unhappy woman to extreme protection against his barbarity. It was as well I should think so, as it served to soften the grief and assuage the intensity of the sorrow the event caused me. I cried over it two entire days and part of a third, and so engrossed was I with this affliction that not a thought of myself or of my own destitution ever crossed me.

"Do you know where my father is?" asked I of the banker.

"Yes," said he, dryly.

"May I have his address? I wish to write to him."

"This is what he send for message," said he, producing a telegram, the address of which he had carefully torn off. "It is of you he speak. 'Do what you like with him, except bother me, or let him live with you.' And now, mein lieber, to my credit, and let him understand he has no more to expect from Roger Norcott."

"May I keep this paper, Sir?" asked I, in a humble tone.

"I see no reason against it. You," muttered he. "As to the moneys, Eccles have drawn eighty pound; there is forty remain to you."

I sat down and covered my face with my hands. It was a habit with me when I wanted to apply myself fully to thought; but Herr Heinfetter suspected that I had given way to grief, and be-

gen to cheer me up. I at once undeceived him, and said, "No, I was not crying, Sir; I was only thinking what I had best do. If you allow me I will go up to my room, and think it over by myself. I shall be calmer, even if I hit on nothing profitable."

I passed twelve hours alone, occasion.lly dropping off to sleep out of sheer weariness, for my brain worked hard, traveling over a wide space, and taking in every contingency and every antecedent I could think of. I might go back and seek out my mother; but to what end, if I should only become a dependent on her? No; I was sure that I should try and obtain some means of earning a livelihood ever so humble, abroad, than spend the disgrace of my family at home. Perhaps Herr Heinfetter might accept my services in some shape; I could be any thing but a servant.

When I told him I wished to earn my bread, he looked doubtingly at me in silence, shaking his head, and saying, at last, "Nein, niemals, nein, in every cadence of despair.

"Could you not try me, Sir?" pleaded I, earnestly; but his head moved sadly in refusal.

"I will think of it," he said at last, and he left me.

He was good as his word. He thought of it for two whole days, and then said that he had a correspondent on the shore of the Adriatic, in a little-visited town, where no news of any man's history was like to reach, and that he would write to him to take me into his counting-house in some capacity—as clerk, or possibly a shipping-agent, till I should prove myself worthy of being advanced to the desk. It would be hard work, however, for I was a mere Opposh in a new land, and they were people who gave themselves few indulgences, and their dependents still fewer.

He wrote to-day—the last the house of Hodnig and Opposh had been a wealthy firm formerly, but that Hodnig had over-speculated, and died of a broken heart; that now, after years of patient toil and thrift, Opposh had restored the credit of the house, and was in good repute in the world of trade. Some time back he had written to Heinfetter to send him a young fellow who knew languages and was well-bred.

"That's all I said," said I, ventur to tell him that I recommended you for these?"

"Let me have a look," said I, quickly.

"I will write your letter out for you, then, and you shall set out to-morrow for Vienna; thence you'll take the train for Trieste, and so, you'll reach Fiume, where Herr Oppovich lives."

I thanked him heartily, and went to my room. On the next morning I was followed on my way. Ho. I was no longer to be the pampered and spoiled child of fortune, surrounded with every appliance of wealth, and waited on by servants and retainers. I was now to travel modestly, to fare humbly, and to ponder over the smallest outlay, for I had but a little more than a quarter of greater need. But of all the changes in my condition none struck me so painfully at first as the total disregard and neglect with which that immediately followed my fallen state. People who had no concern with my well-to-do condition, who could take no possible interest in my prosperity, had been courteous to me hitherto, simply because I was prosperous, and were now become unconcerned at the reverse, for no other reason, that I could see, than that I was poor.

Where before I had met willingness to make my acquaintance, and an almost cordial reverence, I was now to find distance and reserve. Above all, I discovered that there was a general distrust of the poor man, as though he were more open to temptation than the rich, and were more especially exposed to rash influences, and more likely to yield to them.

I got some sharp lessons in these things the first few days of my journey, but I dropped down at last into the third-class train, and found myself at ease. My fellow-travelers were not polished or very cultivated, but in one respect their good-breeding had the superiority over that of finer folk. They never questioned my right to be saving, nor seemed to think the worse of me for being poor.

Herr Heinfetter had counseled me to stay a few days at Vienna, and provide myself with clothes more suitable to my new condition than those I was wearing.

"If old Ignaz Oppovich saw a silk-lined coat, he'd soon send you about your business," said he. "Well as to that fine watch-chain and the trinkets, you have only to appear with it once to get your dismissal."

It was not easy, with my little experience of life, to see how these things should enter into an estimate of me, or why Herr Ignaz should not earn him with other attributes of mine than such as touched my clerkship; but as I was entering on a world where all was new—where not only the people, but their prejudices and their likings were all strange to me—I resolved to approach them in an honest spirit, and with a desire to conform to them as well as I was able.

Lest the name Norcott, appearing in the newspapers in my father's case, should connect me with his story, Heinfetter advised me to call myself after my mother's family, which sounded, besides, less highly born, and I had my passport made out in the name of Digby Owen.

"Mind, lad," said the banker, as he parted with me, "give yourself no airs with Ignaz Oppovich; do not turn up your nose at his homely fare, or handle his coarse napkin as if it hurt your skin, as I have seen you do before. From his door to destination there is only a step, and bethink yourself twice before you take it. I have done all I mean to do by you, more than I shall ever be paid for. And now, good-by."

This sort of language grated very harshly on my ears at first. I had resolved to bear my lot courageously, and conform, where I could, to the tone of those I had come down to.

I thanked him, then, respectfully and calmly for his hospitality to me, and went my way.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

At the recent complimentary dinner given at Delmonico to Professor S. F. B. Morse, on December 29, the following telegram was read by Cyrus W. Field:

"LONDON, December 29, 1868.

"CYRUS W. FIELD, New York:

"The members of the Joint Committee of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies heard with pleasure of the banquet to be given this evening to Professor Morse, and have to greet that distinguished telegraphist, and with him all the other memorials of the season.

J. C. DRAKE, Secretary."

Mr. Field stated that he had sent a telegram to London in the morning, with the information that a dinner was to be given in honor of the inventor of the line, Mr. Morse. The answering telegram, dated "London, 4 o'clock P. M., December 29," was received by Mr. Field at 12.50 o'clock P. M. the same day—which statement awakened laughter as well as applause, and gives a vivid idea of the flashing's speed.

Arrangements have been made to have photographs taken of the vessel placed in the hands so that every one having lost friends will have better facilities for identification. Beneath each likeness is a card, with all the attendant circumstances explained, and the place of burial designated.

Some months ago the Board of Excise ordered an analysis to be made of liquors sold by retail dealers in the city. The chemist, from thirty-eight samples of whisky and brandy, found only three that he could call "good"—five were "fair." Some of the flavors he described as resembling "rancid butter, smoll," "vinegar," "tea," "pine shavings," and "winter-green." Agreeable, very!

The yacht *Henrietta*, with General Van Allen and party, has sailed from the port of New York for a cruise among the islands of the Antilles. The *Henrietta*, whose sea-worthiness has been repeatedly tested, is a splendid vessel, and will stress the seas. She carries a crew of nine men, all told, and will probably be absent on this cruise two or three months.

The annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Mr. Livingston Stone, the eminent salmon breeder of New Hampshire, related his experience in New Brunswick in endeavoring to obtain salmon ova for the Pacific waters of California. The greatest prejudice existed there against the work of obtaining fish spawn for stocking the Pacific waters. Eight years ago the first shipment of living salmon in the Miramichi River were confiscated, and every possible obstacle was put in their way by the local authorities. Thirty-two thousand salmon were successfully shipped to the United States and safely deposited. The Miramichi swarmed with salmon, and now every thing is in proper running order for the shipment of ova. Mr. Stone will, next spring or next year, if the consent of the Canadian Government be obtained, proceed to bring the ova of salmon from Labrador to our rivers.

Somebody living in Portland, Maine, is said to be possessed with the idea that the world is soon to suffer a second deluge. So he is converting his entire property into an ark. He has had it built in the old, flat-bottomed, square-stemed, with round bows, and no keel shape of the Noachian craft. He intends to launch it, but will simply store it with provisions, and proceed to keep house in it, prepared, at any time for the coming of the waters.

The report has come from abroad that Gustave Doré and Lamartine, the poet, are engaged in one of the latest account is that Doré proposed to the Swedish songstress, and was rejected. The lady told him she would think of the matter *six months*, and then give him a definite answer. At the end of that time she said she could not marry him. But Doré seems not to consider this a positive refusal, and is still persevering.

The general plan for the new Post-office in Boston has been decided upon, and work upon it will soon be commenced. The building will cost $1,000,000, and is expected to be completed in 1871.

Illinois has discovered a new species of wealth in the Hochstetter Antimony Mine, at Joliet. After boring through one building stone and a thick bed of white marble, the workmen struck a vein of ore. The drilling dust, on being subjected to chemical analysis, developed unquestionable evidences of the presence of cinnabar. Mr. H——— and his violin alone remained. The minister, aware of the situation, announced to the congregation that he would read the hymn, but as there was no one present who could be relied on to sing, he would read it. Mr. H——jumped up, and this addressed the minister: "Mr. ———, it is for me to say that there will be no such singing and drilling this morning!" Without further comment he struck up his favorite and popular hymn alone. The choir were all in their places in the afternoon.

A professional hospital nurse in Geneva, Switzerland, has been detected in wilfully killing nine patients by giving them bellsdonna. As her perfect accuracy has been proved, various nurses per cirmes have been suggested—as, the mere passion for exercise, a desire to be conspicuous in the exercise of death; a desire to exercise her power, and a mere wish to get rid of the more troublesome cases.

It is estimated that not less than 129,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut in the St. Croix Valley during the present winter; and that about 800 men and 900 horses and oxen will be employed in this business.

The series of Sunday evening lectures given by Dr. Willard Parker in the old Bethel Mission House connected with Plymouth Church, have been very successful. The audience has increased with those specimens early earnest to understand God's physical laws concerning themselves.

A runaway railroad train is something uncommon. But a short time ago on the Lake Shore Railroad a couple of passenger cars and a number of baggage-cars got into some difficulty on a heavy grade, and while all the employés were busy trying to settle it they broke away from the brakes, and rushed down the grade toward Cleveland. The speed increased, and the passengers, who were quietly seated inside, supposed the conductor was making up for lost time. So he was, but he had a good deal more than he thought he could manage. Meanwhile the railroad men, in great consternation at the flight of the train, hastened to make the engine all right, put it on the track, and went in pursuit of the fugitives, which they finally overtook, standing quietly, as if waiting for a motive power.

An interesting entertainment was given in Washington, last week, at the residence of the Italian Minister, Count Bertinatti. This was a fancy dress party for children, in which a burlesque of royalty constituted a leading feature. About seventy young folks were present, and the entertainment commenced with crowning Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of the President elect, queen of the evening. She was conducted to her throne, and Master Thornton, son of the English Minister, placed by her side as her consort. After various appointments were made, the young queen announced that she was ready to deliver her royal Message to the Senate. It was read by her lady-in-waiting, and was most happily expressed and enthusiastically received. The youthful subjects were then invited to draw tickets from an urn which, on being opened, was found to be empty, were exchanged for valuable presents. The whole affair was heartily enjoyed by all present.

The sons of the President's family gave a large party last week. About three hundred invitations were issued, and the great East Room presented a merry scene when all the juveniles were gathered there. Dancing was the amusement of the evening, and a magnificent supper-table was spread for the young folks. This entertainment was given by the President in honor of anniversary of his birthday.

The *Evening Mail* relates in brief a scene which recently occurred in one of our city restaurants. A Irishwoman, live American entered and took a seat at a table.

"Waiter."

"Yes, Sir."

"Pork and beans—quick!"

The pork and beans were brought.

Before baking the first mouthful the gentleman again proceeded:

"And, waiter—say a nice pie?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Bring me a piece—and *have it here in just three minutes!*"

The man "came to time" within two minutes—he brought a nice mince-pie just five minutes after he had begun on the pork and beans, and within nine minutes from the time he sat down he had paid his bill and moved out of the restaurant. No wonder that dyspepsia is a national evil!

Last of the 13,000 persons committed in France during nine successive years, 192 were committed by persons under sixteen years of age.

An aggrieved case of the "Grecian Bend" was observed a short time ago at the Custom-house at St. Albans. A lady from Montreal was examining some silks—sewed in her under-clothing to the value of about 300. She was detected and arrested.

A Boston exchange says that it was stated at the recent Woman's Suffrage Convention that in the city of Boston women own and hold upon $8,000,000 of real estate, and $18,000,000 of personal property. Eighty in sixty out of the 1,200 public school-teachers of Massachusetts are women; yet women are not represented on the State Board of Education or upon the town committees. In Boston, where the average of the smallest town in the State, he elected one woman for a member of the School Committee last year placed three women on its school committees.

When, after great struggles, the momentous question of "women's rights" is settled, and it is unanimously decided that she is capable of understanding what is for their interest, it is probable that one of the first things she will vote into existence in this city will be a public park, which is so important as a smoking-car. And if we rightly interpret the irrepressible disgust which the women view the filthy habits of some men in the cars, a goodly number will be quite ready to lend their aid to improve matters. The outward appearance of the men in the cars we can sit opposite or near a "spitter" in our city cars without being intensely annoyed and disgusted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "COOL CHARACTER"—"Jack Frost."

"LOOSE" HEARING—A motto in fire-works.

POOR FELLOW!—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who is being asked, a day or two ago, whether he didn't very much admire Dickens's "Carol," said he didn't know, as he owned no Own Carol-ine!

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that every thing "went off well," *especially the applause*.

A young fellow was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl, when he met a minister who was celebrated for tying the "double

knot" in matrimonial knot at short notice. He stopped his sleigh and saluted, hurriedly:

"Can you tie a knot or me?"

"Yes," said Brother B——, "I guess so; what do you want it done?"

"Well, right away," was the reply; "its a lovely Sunday, and I'm on the highway!"

"Oh yes; this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of his eyes!" thought the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away.

A little three-year-old was considerably excited on the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her brother, suddenly:

"Who ever kills mice?"

"Oh! who feeds the birdies, mamma?"

"God feeds them."

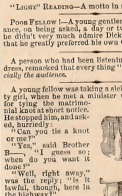
"Mamma, who made the cats to catch mice?"

"God made them."

The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically:

"Does God keep a cat?"

The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got home, but for the present she had better go play with her India-rubber doll.



The *Farmer's Magazine* is, of course, one of the "Quarterlies."

"COME SCREW"—Fellows of course, one of the Wise.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell me not in idle jingle
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Miss thou art, to rest entrenest!"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage-day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums, are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a heroine—a wife!

Trust no future, however pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples, that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set!
Still combining, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

At an hotel dinner a gentleman observed a person sat opposite to him to touch pick with his knife and then use the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are using Mr.——'s tooth-pick." "I know I do. Do you think that I am not going to return it?"

MEM. OF OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.—People who are always in hot water must be rather soft.

"I'll bring you down to the hard-pan of truth, Sir!" said a lawyer to a fellow-passenger in the cars. "Very well," was the reply; "that's the *pan*, I suppose, that you just floated in."

"A MELANCHOLY REFLETION."—The top of a bald head in a looking-glass.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT PRESENTS.

A liquor-case is a good thing to present to the precincts of a temperance society, for all will always be sure to keep it carefully where it won't be hurt.

Fire-screens are a pleasant thing to present to literary gentlemen, as they never have over a dozen or two sent them by lady admirers in the course of the year.

To an old gentleman with false teeth a gold cookstick is a useful and appropriate present.

For very small children it is well to buy fresh-painted toys; for those of a larger growth afford them other pleasures besides those designed by the manufacturer.

In buying any thing for a gentleman who smokes, always select one of the short-clay imperishable articles which are to be found in the fancy-goods stores. Cigar-cases that will keep the tobacco moist, and cigar-cases with springs which no human being but a monkey can hope to work, are abominations. Cigars that are very difficult to ignite, smell frightfully, and send a shower of sparks over the clothing when you attempt to extinguish them.

For your wife, mother or boot-black buy some elegant title of Brice-a-Brac: it is their affair if they haven't got a husband to remain at home to get them on, and not yours.

If you have a strong Calvinistic friends, a pack of playing-cards or an opera-glass will be a very fitting surprise for them; and a gift of a good many volumes of dry sermons is appropriate for your fashionable young friend.

In buying books for children select a good, disinterested, and unmarried child who puts his spending-money in the missionary-box.

The best present for an insane man—Presence of mind.

For a deaf man—New (Y)ear's present.

"How long can a fool live?" asked a lawyer of a witness that he was examining.

"I don't know, Sir, exactly. How long have you lived?" was the answer.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.—"Dinner's ready."

IN ANSWER TO MANY INQUIRIES

AS TO HOW HE "STANDS" THIS COLD WEATHER, TODDLETON REST-FULLY, BUT FIRMLY, CALLS ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE ELUCIDATION OF THE ENIGMA.

WINTER AT SEA—TAKING IN SAIL OFF THE COAST.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 37.]

CUSTER'S INDIAN SCOUTS CELEBRATING THE VICTORY OVER BLACK KETTLE.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE INDIAN WAR.

THE Indian Peace Commission of 1867 accomplished greater harm than benefit. Treaties were entered into with the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, and at the recommendation of the Commission the Powder River country was abandoned. This latter action was construed as the result of timidity on the part of the Government, and immediately the Sioux extended their depredations to the Pacific Railroad, on the Platte, while the Indians south of the Arkansas attempted to drive the whites out of the Smoky Hill country.

Last August the Cheyennes took the war-path, and the valleys of the Saline and Solomon rivers became the theatre of a relentless savage war. It was at first supposed that the Cheyennes were about to attack a hostile tribe, but soon the mask was laid aside, and in less than a month one hundred whites fell victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The chiefs of the Arrapahoes had promised to proceed to Fort Cobb and get their annuities, and thence withdraw to their reservation. Instead of fulfilling their promises, they began a series of depredations on the line between Fort Wallace and Denver, in Colorado Territory. The Kiowas and Comanches about the same time entered into an agreement at Fort Zarah to remain at peace, and left with that impression fixed on the minds of those who represented the Government. The next information was that the Kiowas and Comanches had joined the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes. General SHERIDAN, taking the practical view of the condition of affairs within the limits of his department, at once transferred his head-quarters to the field, and commenced preparations for a determined war. General SELLY'S fight near this point, FORSYTH'S gallant fight on the Arrikaree fork of the Republican, CARPENTER'S and GRAHAM'S fight on the Beaver branch of the Republican, General CRAIG'S decisive fight in the same vicinity, and General CUS-

THE SCALPED HUNTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. S. SOULE.]

CUSTER'S COMMAND SHOOTING DOWN WORTHLESS HORSES.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

TUS'S annihilation of BLACK KETTLE'S band in the battle of the Washita, besides a number of small engagements, is the fighting record of three months. It would be a low estimate to say that at least 300 warriors have been killed since the war broke out. Two hundred and fifty are officially accounted for. The dexterity of the Indian in getting off his dead would largely increase the official count, which is based upon an accurate knowledge of the Indian loss from those who seen carried off, or which fell into the possession of the troops. Nor have the wounded been estimated; and it is quite natural to suppose that for a loss of two hundred and fifty warriors killed many more were wounded, of which a fair proportion may be called mortally, and subsequently died.

The desperation of the fighting at the battle of the Washita may be judged from the fact that no male prisoners over eight years of age were taken.

One of our illustrations on page 41 represents General CUSTER'S command shooting down the poor stock captured from BLACK KETTLE'S band. Another represents the Indian scouts of CUSTER'S command celebrating the victory over BLACK KETTLE'S band. These scouts are Osages and Kaws. The celebration took place at night around a large wood-fire, encircled by officers and men who formed a ring corresponding to the ords in number—the front rows sitting down or kneeling. The ceremonies were enlivened by music from the military bands. Two scouts at a time, by the Indian drummers, sat Generals SHERIDAN, CUSTER, FORSYTH, and staff-officers. The Indians were highly painted, and adorned with shields, spears, war-bonnets, bows, whistles, and other foggery.

A third cut represents the body of RALPH MORRISON, killed and scalped by the Indians near Fort Dodge, Kansas. A correspondent from Fort Dodge sends us the following description:

Messrs. Editors:

The above is probably the only picture ever taken on the Plains of the body of a scalped man, photographed from the corpse itself, and within an hour after the deed was done.

The 7th December Mr. RALPH MORRISON, a hunter, was murdered and scalped by the Cheyenne Indians within less than a mile of this post. Mr. WILLIAM S. SOULE, chief clerk in Mr. JOHN E. TAPPAN'S trading establishment, a practical artist, availed himself of the opportunity to benefit science and gratify the curiosity of every lover of the horrible, and counterfeit presentment of the body literally on the spot.

The nose of the remains is delineated exactly as left by the savages, the horrible contortion of the facial features, the apertures left by the deadly bullet, the hacking scalp, the gaping wounds, the despoiled body of the victim, all are true to life, anomalous as the presentment of death may seem.

It is a satisfaction to know that the Indians suffered severely for their bloody act, two being killed by a percussion-shell from a Parrott gun belonging to the ordnance of Fort Dodge, served with admirable precision by Ordnance-sergeant HUGHES.

The Indians were promptly pursued, and two more of their saddles emptied by our scouts, whose chief, Mr. JOHN G. HUNTER, is represented on the right of the picture. The officer is Lieutenant READE, Third Infantry. In this connection it may not be amiss to say that Mr. ACTON is referred to, although unknown to Eastern journals, is one of the most experienced and daring scouts on the Plains. He has escaped as many as many marks of his adventurous life. Years ago he was wounded in the head and face by arrows in an encounter with the Kiowas, between whom and the present site of Fort Dodge. October 8, next year, while scouting on the Arkansas River, of the Upper Ride Corps, his right hand was literally cut in two by a tomahawk thrown by a wounded Arapahoe chief. In April, 1868, his thigh was broken by a shot from an Indian in a fight between Fort Craig and Seldon, New Mexico. In the summer of 1860 the Cheyennes and Sioux drove into his right knee near Bent's Fort, Colorado Territory; and during the succeeding year a band of Texas desperadoes left him apparently dead after a bloody fight about sixty miles from Fort Garland, New Mexico.

All of these mishaps, however, did not prevent this hardy frontiersman from doing invaluable service for the Union during the war, in the service of which he was wounded in the back the evening before the battle of Antietam.

Such men are seldom met with, and when known deserve well of the country.

A. B. C.

OUR ABSENT FRIEND.

I.

I FEEL I am placing myself in somewhat a false position, confessing as I do from the outset, that I am about to reveal no absent friend's faults, and have a laugh with you over his eccentricities; and yet he is such a dear old friend—if he reads this paper and recognizes his own portrait, I shall expect him to forgive me.

When first I became acquainted with George Therold I thought him a little foolish and a good deal curiously. He was immensely tall, his legs appeared to be made entirely of his body by strings, and to move independently. His clothes were by no means gone and quaint in fashion, and as if expressly made to suit the angles of his figure. He was also notable in the streets by the large and spotted scarf, from which, like lynx's ears, rose his high stiff collar; by his hat on the very back of his head, and a large eye-glass set in antique gold.

I met George Therold first in Devonshire, where I was spending Christmas week at a friend's country house. He came into the library with his hat on, and retained it during the entire visit. I remember there was snow on its crown and brim, which made it appear all the more eccentric. The children of the house followed in his rear like a little tornado, and before he was well seated, climbed on his knees, put snow-balls into the pockets of his swallow-tail coat, and paraded his umbrella.

He was too near-sighted to perceive, or too good-natured to notice the smiles which passed like electricity from lip to lip, and as to the children's somewhat overpowering attentions, he only exclaimed from time to time, in a good-humored abrupt tone,

"Oh! you villains; keep quiet, you little villains."

An appeal which I am bound to state had little effect on their juvenile minds.

Diana, one of my fair hostesses, rose to his assistance, and dispatched the youngsters to the school-room. Then, taking the vacant chair (she had been previously sitting beside me), she inquired after the health of his family. He appeared curiously uncertain on this point, judging by his answers. He first stated, classing them all under one head, that "they were all quite well, thank you." But when questioned upon individually, one had a headache, another a sprained ankle, and two or three were suffering from influenza.

Diana informed him in return that her mother, Lady Waldron, was also ill, and suffering tortures from earache. He looked at her vacantly, and then, under a vague impression that some sort was going its round, he broke into a short laugh.

When he rose to depart he walked into the library-pane instead of the door, and required to be once again came to his assistance, but even she could not repress a laugh when she perceived the melted snow dripping off the right shoulder of his swallow-tail coat. He bore the discovery with perfect good temper, put their remains into the hands of the astonished servant who held his house smiling as he had come in. When he was fairly gone, my amusement, which had been pent up in the hall by Diana's presence, broke my countenance, heralding a burst of laughter from the assembled party.

"How you have never seen him before? Do you mean to say you have never met 'our absent friend'? Why he's known all over the country by no other name."

I ventured to ask, hesitatingly, "was he at all in command of the militia?—quite—quite—"

"Perfectly," replied Diana, "I understand what you mean. He is perfectly right, I can assure you; and as for his family, I can only tell you and every one of us put together."

I was aware that my face assumed a somewhat supercilious expression, and she continued eagerly:

"I don't mean, of course, that he's rich, because he's an absent church mouse, but he's more so immensely clever. He's a first-rate astronomer, mathematician, and naturalist, is not that enough? and then he's the only child of a widow in the world. His poor mother is paralyzed, and he wheels her all over the country in her bath-chair. He never seems to get cross or cold-blooded, and walks right through them. He carries her up and down stairs every day of her life, and never, when she asks him, has he failed to run into town in his dressing-gown and carpet-slippers! So now you ought not to laugh at him—you ought to respect him, and you know you do."

I was afraid he did not seem to relish them." I found him located in the very heart of the city, at the top of rather a dilapidated house, and I speedily ached before I reached the summit, but he gave me ample time to rest them, as he kept me fully ten minutes waiting after I had knocked.

At length it opened, and he appeared upon the landing in an Indian-patterned dressing-gown and scarlet slippers.

"How are you? Very glad to see you," he said, quite affectionately, though I saw at a glance he had not the faintest notion who I was—

"Very glad to see you. Come in, that's a good fellow, and take a seat by the fire. This is very cold weather. Eh?" and then one by the arm he led me into his room. I must remark here there was no fire, neither was the morning such as called for one. He, however, explained that the proposal he had originally made, and drew in a horse-hair arm-chair beside the empty grate. I observed he looked both pale and somewhat thin when I had first seen him. I apologized for disturbing him, and, receiving a something in his greeting which fell short of recognition I reminded him where we had met, and who bade me visit him.

"Ah! yes," he said, "ah! yes; she's a good girl. She's a dear girl. How is she? Ah! yes." He sat looking at me, and rubbing—together—a peculiar habit of his—and added abruptly, "Diana Waldron is going to be married?"

"Yes; I—I believe so."

"Who's the lucky fellow, do you know?"

"Well, really, I believe I am."

"You? You don't say so." He looked up at me with a sudden brightness, for his eyes seemed generally covered with fog. "I wish you joy, old fellow. You've drawn a prize. You must come and dine with me to-night, and drink her health." Again he chafed his hands violently and fell into a sudden gloom.

"Certainly, with pleasure. At what hour do you dine?"

"Six o'clock sharp."

"All right." I took up my hat to go.

"Or, stay. If seven suits you better you may come at seven."

"Yes be quite as convenient to me."

"Very well; six let it be." He opened the door to let me out, and I went down the staircase in a state of mixed amusement and pity.

At six o'clock sharp I tramped up them again, and presented myself at his chambers. I knocked with my walking-stick several times, but as there was no answer, and the door lay slightly ajar, I walked in.

My friend was particularly absent on this occasion; in fact, he was not at home, neither was there any sign of dinner being at, or odor of dinner. I sat down in the arm-chair to await his return. I was not accustomed to dine before seven, so had deny me a little acquaintance. I amused myself meantime glancing round the apartment and taking in its contents.

On the table the supper dinner ought at this moment to have been smoking in fragrant hospitality, stood a tall, dirty jug, and the table-cloth was covered with mould; close beside it was a microscope and box of slides, and under this a MS. My curiosity prompted me to the and look further. The MS. was headed, "Some remarks on the cuticle of the frog's eye, as seen under the microscope." Another MS. lay beside this again; it was headed, "Planetary revolutions and lunar influences, with notes on rivers, lakes, and tidal currents."

On a chair beside the table lay a picture on its face. I raised it to see if it were a portrait; but it proved to be a copy of that de la Roche's exquisite picture of the Floating Martyr, executed by our absent friend's own hand, as his initials in the corner showed. It was a rough copy, certainly, but he had contrived to catch, with perfect faithfulness, the wonderful beauty and purity of the face. It was, evidently, his ideal type of female loveliness. There were innumerable cases of insects and butterflies arranged round the walls of the apartment; but in vain I searched for any law digests, or the well-known cover of Blackstone's Commentaries; no, in fact, any thing touching on the profession to which he was to be called.

"If any poor wretch wanted a wife to look after him and his affairs," I said, "

whether his daughter had as yet published any of her writings.

"No, no, not as yet," observed the old gentleman, crossing his knees and drawing down his gray mustache: "but we intend to do something of the kind. I am no great judge, but she seems to be getting on nicely; she often meets your friend there," he added, with a whisper, "she has taken quite a fancy to him, she has the strangest notions for a girl of her age, but I generally find there is some sense at the bottom of them all."

The old soldier would have gone on babbling about his child forever, I think, if dinner had not been placed on our table, and he moved away.

After dinner, walking home with poor George, I ventured to place the matter before him again.

"I say, Harold, that old Colonel is as rich as Crœsus. The men at the club say he is worth nearly a million, and I've made a discovery of you! That girl is the next you in the library must be Miss Lawrence, his daughter, for he told me to-night she had taken a fancy to you; why not go in for her at once, man, and your fortune is made!"

My strong friend startled me by his hoarse laugh; he withdrew his hand from my arm, so as to chafe his palms with unwonted vigor.

"Sell myself to that Croesus! Give up my glorious freedom for a woman with the head of Medusa and the tongue of a Cobra—ha, ha!" He thrust me in the side again, and made no further allusion to the subject.

Imagine then, good reader, my surprise on my return to London some three months later, to hear that George, "our absent friend," George Therold was on the eve of matrimony, and that with the very girl whom his millionaire host so indignantly repudiated.

The rest of my absent friend's history must therefore be written from hearsay information, instead of from personal observation; but, believe me, this information I have gathered with great care, and have derived from the two best sources.

After my departure for Devonshire and for marriage, George still continued to make the British Museum his home, the comfortable warmth of the library and surrounding men far more acceptable as the winter weather drew on; but he wrote to me from time to time, and I found so by snatches in letters to be both interesting and entertaining. He told me his literary hours were still hammed by the Gorgon; she was growing more excellent daily, and he feared he performed him she was writing a book on natural history for young people; she had asked him all sorts on many points, and had even gone so far as to hint delicately that a review from his pen might be the making of her book. But as far as I could guess, the heart of George Therold still remained untouched.

One eventful morning, in the month of November—excited to me, as it was the morning of my wedding-day, but also a period to be long remembered by two others—George Therold made his way as usual to the gates of the British Museum.

He was late, very late, he had been correcting some proof-sheets for a friend in the Temple, but even though he had only an hour left to enjoy his daily luxury, and the snow was falling heavily, he could not make up his mind to absquish it. He found his way to his customary seat, drew out his manuscripts, and placed his inkstand, pen-knife and comforter on the padded table before him.

The Gorgon was in the Museum, but down at lunch, for her books and papers were heaped around upon her desk. George fell at once, as he always did, heedlong into his work, oblivious of all surrounding circumstances. What he was at his head to be gave his heart to also—and one spoke through the other. He was lost then, I say—lost to space and to mundane circumstances; he was among the planets, fixing the temperature of Mars, or measuring the belt of Saturn.

But, hush! there was a step drawing near: a sound of velvet or cashmere sweeping the neat Red floor, a whisper of mouth at his shoulder, and the smallest of white hands laid upon his table.

Had she found him again? Oh, horrors! Oh, had ever Gorgon so little a hand? or Cobra so beguiling a whisper?

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but may I lift off these papers?" and a lady, leaning forward, sought to gather some manuscripts from the desk before him.

George Therold pushed back his chair and stood up, covered with ruddy shame and awkward embarrassment.

"I beg yours, Madam; for I fear I have taken your place."

"Pray, do not disturb yourself. I have finished my work for to-day, and my father is waiting for me outside." But the blush on her cheek was the purest carmine, and her manner the essence of refinement.

She gathered her papers in her hand, gave Therold a gracious bow and a nice smile, and went out, carrying with her the lost peace of a bachelor's lifetime.

There had been spectators of the scene; the Gorgon had returned to her desk, and her illsuppressed titter had broken the hush of the hall. A young literary clerk was still laughing when Therold resumed his seat. But the atmosphere of Mars was no longer ascertainable —the belt of Saturn was broken, and Venus, forsaking the firmament, had chained him to earth with her girdle.

When an absent man falls in love, his case is desperate. All the concentration of an intense, and often a great mind, is brought to bear on one object, and he becomes a nonentity to all others.

His case would be hopeless too, as well as desperate, owing to his manifold blunders, were it not that women invariably look on absent men as objects of gentle compassion and tender respect. They treat them as a different race to ordinary men—creatures to whom they bend the knee of homage, while they extend the hand of pity; and pity is akin to—we all know what.

From the fatal effects of the encounter in the library of the British Museum on the seventh of November George Therold never recovered. He went through his work, it is true, faithfully; but that was labor now which had been joy. He went to his desk in the library, but for what? To catch a glimpse of those fairy hands in static study, comparable only in its calm innocence and serene repose to the Floating Maryr of Fuel de la Roche.

The Gorgon's library labors were ended, and she disappeared for a season; and this winter "took the vacant chair beside him." She also was writing a book on natural history; she also collected volumes around her, and was helped by obsequious clerks; but there was a womanly earnestness of purpose and intentness of plan visible even in the trivial of her manifold acts.

But all things came to an end, and so did her literary labor also. George Therold saw her when the word "Finis" at the foot of her manuscript; heard the little triumphant sigh over a pleasant work happily accomplished, and feared she was lost to him forever.

After a month's absence, for lack of better information, he duly questioned the door-keeper. The man was obtuse at first, but poor George's whispered queries were too vague.

"It is the lady, Sir, with the gray dress and the black bonnet?"

"I don't remember the exact color of the dress," sighed George; "but—but—the lady who—who—sometimes sat near me."

"Next you, Sir; close to the door?"

"Yes; close to the door."

"Oh! then I know well; that is Miss Winter, Sir. Her father has a fine business in the city, and the young lady is about bringing out a book, I hear."

"Thank you," said George, "her name is Miss Winter?" and he turned away down the passage and out into the court-yard. The name "Winter" sounded cold, and "the city," the way the book was progressing.

I must now pass over a space of two months, for during that time my absent friend can recall no one event worthy of record. I remember and remember at whose house he dined on Christmas or New-Year's Day, or whether he had any dinner at all; I remember his being entertained as a visitor. But on a certain evening in January, during the miserable week when the doors of the British Museum are closed, some of the books were left at the chambers of George Therold.

One came from the office of the ——— newspaper, for the purpose of review, and was published by an eminent city firm.

The other came from the office of the *Daily* ———, and was published by a benevolent half-profit system, and by a strange coincidence both books were on the same subject, and heralded into the public world by almost the same date.

Poor George set himself down in his old armchair by the fire, and placed the new books on the reading-table before him. He remembered every circumstance of this evening with a ghastly distinctness; the very cover of the mutual half-profit system, the very paper, the very gilding. He read its title-page wearily, paused a moment over the name, "Natural History of Table Land," and then looked at the author's name and dedication: "By Miss Winter, and dedicated with most respect and gratitude to her companion in literature, George Therold, Esq."

There was a sharp thrill in his chest, and the pages went on with a trembling hand. He felt an unexpected happiness within his grasp. He was going to read *her* thoughts, to study her minute opinions of her labors, and to watch her gentle spirit stooping to childhood's ears.

Eight o'clock—ten o'clock—eleven! Therold sat over his book unmoved. Midnight found him closing the crimson covers, grave and decided; what matter what the verdict, for now the head must speak truth, though the heart rise up in rebellion!

Long words, false statements, dry matter, exploded theories, all entomological rubbish! Now for the heart's verdict. Alas! human nature is weak, and the title-page had scarcely left his fingers before even the case was heard; the reviewer's cheeks blanched in the strife, but love conquered.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser. George knew it were vain to make the experiment. So, trimming his lamp afresh and laying his manuscript aside, he drew the second volume to him. What interest, what fresh chord could its sober cover or dull title-page strike in his breast?

"A Chase after Butterflies, and other Child-dren: dedicated to my dull Nephew, Jack, by Miss Lawrence." Miss Lawrence—was the Gorgon's father in it, too, he thought, but his hand, and he could crush it in his bitterness; he is in the humor to wield the disarming bludgeon cruelly and cruelly he has given a cog to his heart, let him satisfy his head now. The print is good, the paper is toned, but the matter must be bad.

At four o'clock the volume was closed, with an almost epaschical groan, and again the true head spoke the verdict.

Easy words, modest talent, graceful pictures, truth made easy, vivid language, a genuine covering to every, from the first initial letter to the last word—finis.

The reviewer's knife might wound it, but not kill; it must rise in the end triumphant; but it was written by the Gorgon, whose hissing titter still rang discordant in his ears. The second review was written, its pages were pelsied with cold criticism and damned with faint praise. The oil was exhausted in the lamp, was dying out, and George, still hugging fondly the words of the gaudy title-page, lay down to rest.

Morning came cold and gray; he rose unrefreshed, and, putting the reviews in his pocket, went down into the street, crossing over to the shop where he usually breakfasted. He told me since he was in the act of raising his coffee-cup to his mouth when the utter meanness of his conduct burst upon his mind; he set down the cup untasted, rose up, drew the reviews from his swallow-tailed coat, and placed them in the heart of the coffee-room fire.

Whether he made his breakfast or not after this sudden act he can not remember; he knows that hour or in the day he was at his club, and there met Colonel Lawrence, who asked him had he seen his daughter's book? He answered shortly that he had, and immediately hung up his hat and left the room. When he got out into the street he found the hat was not his own, but he had taken the correct number to meet again the Gorgon's father; he returned to his chambers, and, taking up the books, recommenced the task of utter self-torture.

He took Miss Winter's first, he was determined to put himself out of pain at once. He wrote and wrote, folding his work with each sheet under the pen, he was cutting the one link which might have bound her to him. Her innocent confidence must be crushed and again to prevail against such cruelty; but he turned his face from it. It is true he gleaned out the few sentences which were good, and gave them honorable, but they were few and far between. He suggested improvements, held out hopes of doing better, and then fell to work with a heavy heart.

The next review he treated with the natural honesty of his nature; he gave it full credit for its easy simplicity and adaptation to the ages for which it had been written. He recommended it to mothers and teachers, and wound up with a hearty encouragement and promises of future successes. He went out, dropped the reviews into the editors' boxes, and felt he does not remember where, but half over London, till hunger beckoned him into a strange eating-house, and sleep drove him homeward—unknown to bed.

A fortnight later he was sitting in his room, cold and miserable, his fire having gone out, when a knock came at the outer door to ascend him. He rose up, with a dejected countenance, and went out to open it; he lifts had been one chaotic misery since he read his own reviews in the morning papers. He had not even taken courage to make his usual pilgrimage to club or museum; he had not met the Colonel at the former, or the ill-used Miss Winter at the latter.

He opened his door unguardedly, like the foolish goat in the fable, and the wolf came in, in the person of Colonel Lawrence.

"Good-morning, Mr. Therold; this is rather an early hour, I fear, for intruding upon your privacy?"

"Not at all—pray walk in."

"I came to ask you, in the old veteran, following Therold into his sanctum, "whether you could have taken my hat from the club in mistake for your own? It was a white felt one, with a narrow band of black silk braid, and this one, I think, is yours, for your initials are printed inside."

George knew the old hat well. It was his mother, who, long ago, knowing her son's infirmities, had worked his name in the crown.

"This one, then, I suppose is yours," George said, removing a white hat from the bald head of a lay figure that kept the corner.

The Colonel received it with a good-tempered smile, refusing to hear any apologies, and sat down.

"Well, Mr. Therold," he said, bustling a little nervously, and evidently uncomfortable in his thoughts, "I believe people are not expected ever to know who are the writers of articles and reviews in our daily papers, but I believe I shall not be far wrong in thanking you for the very flattering notice of my daughter's book in the——"

"I scarcely know what you allude to, Colonel," said Therold, "you have nothing to thank me for at all—nothing, nothing—"

"Pho! I feel I *have*, my good friend. You have made an old man very proud—very proud and happy; and my daughter herself is full of gratitude. She has written here now in bed that I may induce you to dine with us this evening at Eaton Square, and give her an opportunity of thanking you herself."

Poor Therold attempted some bungling apologies and excuses, but the Colonel would hear of none. Dinner was to be at seven; only one or two friends, and his house was No. —.

Our absent friend had all his life looked upon a dinner-party as one of the greatest earthly bores. He had never been to one without committing some grave error, such as coming in the wrong house, or without calico handkerchief, or without gloves; but he was hopelessly in for this one, and he must despair he set about overhauling his wardrobe.

He looked particularly well in evening clothes. A cold bath, and the profusion of brushing his hair, no one could have said any thing but that he was a fine, handsome young fellow as he presented himself in the hall of Eaton Square five minutes before seven.

His watch, which had only been set going for the occasion, was too fast, and none of the company had arrived. The Colonel was the sole occupant of the drawing-rooms. They were luxuriant flowers, the numerous fires were burning in the highly polished grates, the chandeliers were a blaze of light. There was a luxurious scent of Indian sandal-wood and rose leaves; but the dreaded meeting with the Gorgon lay before him, and Therold's heart felt like a mow-ball beneath his ribs. She was coming; he heard the well-known, strong-minded footstep on the stairs. He stood up, and absently lifting the fire-screen, Colonel Lawrence raked the fire with vigor. The door opened; it was not the Gorgon this time. It was a child—a fine curly-headed, high-spirited boy—who bounced in leaving the door wide open behind him.

"Well, Jack, my boy," cried the Colonel, stretching out his arms skirmishingly, "is Aunt Mary never coming down? run up and tell her Mr. Therold has arrived."

"She is coming, uncle—she is following me." There was no mistake about it this time. He heard the rustle of silk and muslin on the staircase outside, and the sound of a footstep, and then a great coward as he was, Therold turned his face to the wall.

The Colonel's genial voice recalled him to his senses in time to see her enter. The chandelier spun round and emitted a pale phosphorescent light; the flowers gods laughed at the pale damsels. The Colonel had ten heads and a thousand tongues, for the Martyr of Paul de la Roche had landed in at the open doorway, and laid her hand in his.

"My daughter, Mr. Therold. Are you old friends, or must I introduce you?"

"Old friends," replied the Martyr, with the smile of an enchantress, "at least we have seen each other often enough to feel as such." She sat down on the cover of the velvet sofa, and motioned to George to take the chair next her; but he, stunned and helpless, remained rooted to the wall.

There was some grand mistake somewhere; perhaps he had gone into the wrong house; perhaps the Colonel was somebody else; perhaps he was not himself, and ought to explain how it happened, but more guests were arriving, and explanations were impossible.

He was desired by the Colonel to take Miss Lawrence down to dinner; she slipped her hand within his arm, and the great snow-ball at his heart instantly began to thaw. He knew that she was beside him through dinner-time, but how all this wonderful transformation had happened he could not guess.

During the pauses in the conversation he tried to think it out, which absence of mind caused some fish knives to be given—Miss Lawrence had him for a glass of water; he poured it out, bowed, and drank it himself; when his soup-plate was removed, he composed himself on the receipt of the dessert dish opposite to him, and began to peel it as if it were an apple: and when the ladies rose after dinner, he accompanied them to the drawing-room.

Once up stairs he discovered his mistake, but was too shy to speak. Miss Lawrence, however, did not seem in the least put out; on the contrary, taking him a little aside, she said she was glad to have a quiet moment with him for his most flattering review.

George blushed up to his very ears tingled, for out of the chaos of his mind rose up the midnight conflict for truth, and the nature of the review he had written.

"I am sure," he hesitated, "it is I who ought to feel flattered, Madam, at your condescension in dedicating your book to—so unworthy an object."

Miss Lawrence looked puzzled, she walked over to the table and took up a book as she passed.

"Why," she said, with a little laugh, "do you call poor Jack an 'unworthy object?' Come over here, Jack, and show yourself; I can tell you he's one of the best boys, and cleverest boys, in the world, only he doesn't know a snail from a caterpillar. I suppose now that I've written a natural history on purpose for him, he ought to learn it —ought he not, Mr. Therold?" Jack rubbed his curly head against her arm, and stared, openmouthed, at the tall intruder.

"There," continued Miss Lawrence, handing the volume to George lifted from the table to peep George, "there—that copy is for you, with the author's compliments. I have written your name on the fly-leaf."

George knew the cover well, but he opened it, nevertheless; the title-page, too, was familiar, "A Chase after Butterflies: for our Old Children," dedicated to my dull Nephew Jack, by Miss Lawrence;" but as he read it again, scales seemed to fall from his eyes—the clew to the labyrinth was found—Miss Lawrence was not the Gorgon, neither was the Gorgon Miss Lawrence, neither had Miss Winter ever written a line—nor the Gorgon a good one. The dedication he had hugged in guilty happiness for days, had been the writer's selfish snare. Now in good truth he held something more precious to his heart—not a thing to cut off the eyes of over a volume of worthless rubbish, but his own name, in her own handwriting, on a book full of the first bright thoughts of an innocent child-author.

Little remains now to be added to my story; for, from this evening out, all went as smoothly as a marriage-bell.

When I returned to town, a happy man myself, and longing that others should follow my good example, I met George Therold in the street—his hat was on the top of his head; his swallow-tails had disappeared with the birds from whose backs they took their name; the satin stock had given place to a neat neck-tie. The good fairy, in the Pantomime of Life, had waved her wand over them, and all was changed.

He was going to be married in a week; some explanations ensued. I had to learn the history of the books, of the midnight temptation, and the dinner-party, with the happy issue. I wished my friend joy with all my heart, and accepted on the spot for my wife and self to witness the ceremony.

That morning was fine, the church was crowded, the bridesmaids were charming, the bride was divine, but, alas! at the last moment it was discovered the bridegroom had forgotten the ring. The bride only laughed; it was plain to see she would make him a happy man, every one who looked at her could see that; but the circumstance, trivial in itself, only proved that, to the end of the chapter, poor George must still lay claim to the title of "Our Absent Friend."

SERGEANT GONZALES, A PARAGUAYAN SOLDIER.

MARSHAL CAXIAS, COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN PARAGUAY.

A PARAGUAYAN SENTINEL AT HIS POST.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

IT is now very evident that the fall of Humaita was not the end of the war which has been so fiercely waged for four years between the small Republic of Paraguay on the one side, and the great empire of Brazil, assisted by the Republic of Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation, on the other. Driven from the strong position of Humaita, LOPEZ moved up the river to Villeta within twenty miles of the capital, Asuncion; here by recent accounts he has been attacked in force, but repelled his assailants with heavy loss. It is reported that the Allies were about to attempt a flank movement on Asuncion; but the success of such strategy is very doubtful, for even if CAXIAS reaches Asuncion he will find it a heap of ruins; and depending, as he must, on the iron-clad fleet for the daily sustenance of his troops, with LOPEZ on his flank and rear cutting off all other supplies, the capital will be a prize too highly paid for. These after all are only conjectures; what we do know is, that the Paraguayans are still making a gallant stand; and that the Triple Alliance, which had more than one weak point at its inception, is showing signs of disruption. SARMIENTO, President of the Argentine Confederation, has proposed terms of peace to LOPEZ, and Don PEDRO has in consequence threatened to withdraw his envoy. If this be true the Treaty is broken, and LOPEZ will make peace with his enemies in detail; but whether finally successful or not, the Paraguayans have shown themselves a brave and warlike people.

Individual instances of courage are never wanting in any protracted war; but if our readers will look at our sketch of the prisoner on this page, they will see the portrait of as brave a fellow as ever fought for home and freedom.

GONZALEZ was a Sergeant in the Paraguayan army who fought alone against ten Brazilian soldiers, but at last was induced to surrender; and when asked why he had fought against such unequal odds, answered: "I fought because I am valiant, as are all Paraguayans."

The other sketch is of a Paraguayan soldier on his post as sentry. The feeling of awe in which the Dictator LOPEZ is held, an occurrence on board the English gun-boat *Doterel* will exemplify. This vessel had rescued some unfortunates from the wreck of the steamer *Marques de Olinda* in July, 1865. One of the Paraguay-

SPAIN—SIGNATURE AT MADRID OF THE PETITION FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

ans had his abdomen pierced by a rifle-ball, and was suffering acutely from peritonitis (inflammation of the bowels), which caused him to groan in his anguish, when another prisoner, a sergeant, approached him and in the Guarani language thus harangued him: "Dog of a bad Paraguayan! are you not ashamed to let the enemies of your country hear you complain, and give them reason to laugh at you? The glory of having been wounded fighting for that country does not appear sufficient without crying for sympathy in your sufferings? Do not let me hear another groan from you or I shall report you to the highest power," meaning, of course, Field-Marshal LOPEZ. From that moment the poor sufferer never uttered a moan, although he died in four hours afterward, evidently in dreadful torture. Some might call this "stoicism or stupidity;" to us it appears the perfection of discipline, and a manifestation of great moral and physical courage.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

GIACOMO ANTONELLI, Cardinal, Secretary of State, President of the Ministerial and State Council of the Papal States, Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, and President of the Congregation in connection with St. Paul's Cathedral, was born at Sonnino, near Terracina, Italy, April 2, 1806. On account of the ability which he displayed as a student in the great seminary of Rome, he was raised to the prelacy by Pope GREGORY XVI., received the appointment of Recorder of one of the superior criminal courts, was sent as delegate to Orbieto, Viterbo, and Macerato, and subsequently received the Cardinal's hat. After the death of GREGORY, he became the confidential adviser of the present Pope, PIO NONO, who appointed him Under-Secretary of State for the Interior, and Minister of Finance to the second Apostolic Exchequer. In 1849, after the Pope's arrival at Gaeta as a fugitive, the Cardinal was made Secretary of State, and has held this position ever since.

In connection with our portrait of the Cardinal, we publish the following extract from the diary of an ex-Jesuit, giving an account of an interview between the writer and the Cardinal in 1864:

"Cardinal ANTONELLI dwells in the Vatican, one story higher than the Pope, and his visitors are obliged to ascend six flights of stairs. In the ante-room, one meets with a mixed throng of the greatest variety: priests, abbots, bishops, zouaves, and people of all callings, sit here together. A prebendary, in a long black robe, sees us under. He sits down at my side, tells me of the last illness of his Holiness, and, finally, enters into a tedious conversation about the fine arts, during which he praises SASOFERATO as the real Madonna painter.

"At last, after impatient waiting and anxious anticipation, the dreaded moment arrived at which my humble self was to be announced. His Eminence had been long since in possession of my credentials. As soon as the prebendary opened the fatal door, and I was about to exclaim, 'Scusi, Eminenza, la mia libertà, ma essendo a Roma—' a black coil suddenly thrust itself toward me, as if sent forth from a rebounding spring; I was seized by both hands, and a pair of jet-black eyes were fixed upon me with a piercing gaze.

"'Mon cher! Mon cher!'

"I felt as though I had been suddenly attacked.

"The cabinet of His Eminence is extremely small. A secretary, behind which the Cardinal sits, occupies the greater part of the room; and

GIACOMO ANTONELLI.

between the secretary and the window two or three chairs, at most, can be placed. The audiences granted by His Eminence are therefore *tête-à-tête*s. I sat down—two hands seized the long black robe with red lace, and carefully adjusting it in the usual folds for sitting, and the black coil receded. Then one hand placed the red cap properly upon the head, and the conference with His Eminence had begun.

"The broken French which vibrated through the air offended my delicate ear, and I therefore several times attempted to converse in the Italian language; but my Italian was not heeded by the Secretary of State of PIO NONO, he interrupted me again and again in French. Sainted MEZZOFANTI!

"The Cardinal since 1850 has been Prime Minister of the Ecclesiastical State, in daily concourse with French diplomatists and officers, almost sufficated with French correspondence, and yet he handled the language like a porter or a cicerone, to say nothing of his pronunciation.

"Those who have not seen Cardinal ANTONELLI would find it difficult to believe that such a face exists. His Eminence might safely be sent through the entire Roman Catholic world to recruit believers as soldiers in a crusade for the Holy Father. Every believer would step aside, and every policeman inquire for his passport. His face is divided into two halves, which must have been brought together from two distinct periods in the history of creation. The upper half is Egyptian or Asiatic; beneath black hair roll in large circles a pair of restless eyes. But if we consider them from a physical stand-point we find them exquisitely beautiful; they are light-colored, bright upon very dark ground; they are the beautiful eyes of the beast of prey of the desert; but their uncertainty and continual motion, their perpetual rolling, shooting, and darting, are so demoniacal that we need wish no better eyes for the actor of Mephistopheles. They are the eyes of a Sphinx, in which lurks the embryo of a human soul not yet in existence; they are the first opening of progressive nature striving to become human, but unable to do so for the want of one single attribute, and therefore mysterious, terrifying, awe-inspiring. Just at the moment when we would clothe familiarity with devout love we are overcome and made to shudder. The lower part of the face is yet further back in past ages at least two hundred thousand years. At the time when that mouth and that chin were created there were no human beings upon the earth. Every thing was still gigantic and amphibious. Those muscles of the face show what must have been the business of those brothers of fire and air—they go constantly to and fro seeking whom they may devour, even though no prey is in sight. The corners of the mouth travel back and forth continually as far as the ear. A new horror seizes us every time the mouth is opened. But Cardinal ANTONELLI has beautiful teeth, which are constantly exposed to view.

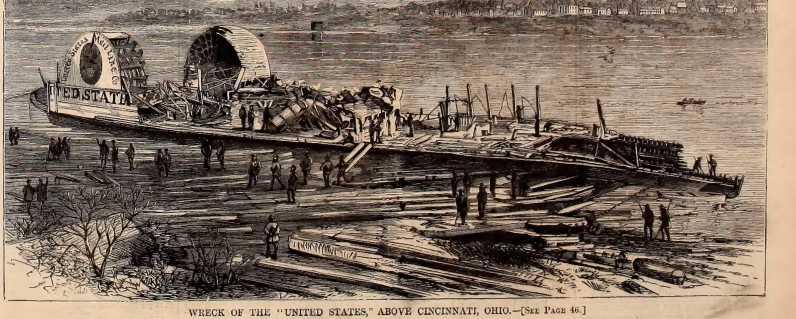
"Thus sat before me the last incarnation of the Roman ecclesiastical polity. My eyes, to escape from that mouth of the primeval world, flew up toward the Egyptian eyes, and now I understood with terror the black pupils which so passionately moved in a circle. They fix themselves for a destructive leap, they encompass and twine around their selected victim, and as soon as the prey writhes in the chaws of love it is thrust between those teeth, whence there is no deliverance.

"What was the subject of our conversation? Of course, dear reader, we did not express our real thoughts. He bombarded me with his sphinx-like eyes while I fixed in my mind his portrait. I heard, as in a dream, something about Rome; the magnitude of her objects of art; then I heard myself saying, 'Rome is a Paradise, a Sisyphus; the fine arts cost much labor; my eyes were dazzled with the sun of beauty.'

"Once I was arroused somewhat from my dream by hearing the Cardinal speak of the care which the Papal dynasty had always bestowed upon the fine arts, or when he spoke of things yet to transpire, viz., the extension of the Christian museum in the Lateran. I was the more astonished when I heard him say that RAPHAEL'S paintings in the Vatican would not be restored, but copied. 'Une bonne idée,' I replied.

"The Roman restorations of art are just as bad as their restorations of political affairs. I told the Cardinal about MAILAUD, about the Lord's Supper of LEONARDO DA VINCI; I lamented the barbarity of the French, who behaved as badly there as the legions of the Mumii at Corinth.

"Sneeringly, and exhibiting his teeth, His Eminence remarked that the grand army of NAPOLEON I. had encamped in the arcades of the picture-gallery, and that we could not know



WRECK OF THE "UNITED STATES," ABOVE CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

what might yet happen. It seemed to give him a tiger-like joy to scandalize the French.

"The Vatican and the picture-gallery came next. I remarked that the most magnificent painting in the Vatican was the "The Murder of the Innocent Infants." He listened attentively. This picture seemed to be entirely unknown to him. I relieved him of his embarrassment by saying that RAPHAEL'S 'Transfiguration' eclipsed all of the other paintings there, which he before that betrayed a paltriness like innocent infants. He exclaimed, loudly, 'Vous avez raison! vous avez raison!' which he repeated at least six times.

"I was in a perfect agony, for I verily imagined that he was about to embrace and kiss me. Then I would have been lost.

"Finally I rose and asked his pardon for having intruded upon his precious time in such a trifling manner. He weighed very pleasantly. Thrice he grasped my hand, assured me of his favor, and declared that all my desires during my stay in the Institution Germanicum, ay, in Rome itself, as far as the sciences, the libraries, etc., were concerned, should be gratified.

"I was delivered—dismissed. The prebendary and the throng of servants in the ante-room made me bows of ninety degrees. Why? My watch answered the query. I had spent an hour in the cabinet of the all-powerful Cardinal."

ABOLITIONISM IN MADRID.

THE recent elections for members of the Spanish Cortes has resulted in the triumph of the Monarchical party; Seville and Barcelona, however, have elected Republican members. Still remains to be seen whether the decision which the Cortes are sure to give will be peaceably acquiesced in by the people. Among the other reforms which have grown out of the revolution is the movement for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies. We give on page 44 an illustration representing the citizens of Madrid signing a petition for the accomplishment of the end. In Cuba, between 1858 and 1862, there were liberated 9461 slaves. Many are liberated every year by private document, and many children of slaves are registered as free, their liberty being obtained by gift of the masters or by the payment of 30 before birth. The census of 1862 gave the number of slaves in Cuba as 436,495. In Porto Rico there were in 1860 81,709 slaves and 241,142 free blacks. The slaves constituting about one-fourteenth of the entire population of the island.

WRECK OF THE "UNITED STATES" AT CINCINNATI.

IN our paper of December 26 we published an illustration and descriptive account of the disaster which occurred on the Ohio December 4, resulting in the destruction of the *United States*, one of the finest steamers that navigated that river. On page 45 we present our readers a view of the scene of this disaster as it now lies exposed to view above Cincinnati, where it is daily visited by thousands of people.

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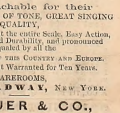

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 630.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS
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THE HARP GIRL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE imprisonment of MR. BOWLES for a night was followed by an invitation to a public dinner, signed by the Governor of Massachusetts and many of the most prominent citizens of Boston. MR. BOWLES declined the dinner in a letter which is an admirable plea for the independence of the newspaper press. Indeed, as journalism enlists the services of more and more men of ability and experience whose success puts them beyond the necessity of selling their principles with their papers, it has the opportunity of becoming a greater power than ever, and of exercising the most wholesome influence upon political and party action. Indeed a body of journals, in various parts of the country, which, by their character and sagacity, have become leading papers and valuable property, by their independent criticism of men and measures could make themselves the most important power in the land.

Hitherto MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, commanding attention by his great oratorical gifts and his unflinching judgment of public affairs by his moral standard, has been himself a power. When he speaks his words are telegraphed over the country as if he were the spokesman of a great party announcing a policy. Yet his speeches are but individual criticisms and suggestions. They have been heeded by statesmen, however, and he has often proved to be but a year or two ahead of a party. There was a fine burst of sarcasm in the winter of 1865, when he delivered a lecture called "The South Victorious," but in 1868 it was agreed that the election would virtually decide whether or not the South was victorious. The unique position of MR. PHILLIPS is due to his independent and vigorous criticism. In manner he is often repelled, angered, and even disgusted. He has certainly not been spared by the newspapers; and his suggestions have not, in every judgment, been always wise, nor his criticism just. But his attitude, that of the fearless, conscientious, able, and eloquent critic is precisely that which the ideal journalism should constantly show.

We believe that they are beginning to feel it as never before. Hitherto the newspapers that called themselves independent have been too often merely the meanest trimmers and pudders. They have apparently thought independence consisted in abusing one party to-day and another party to-morrow. But we do not know one truly independent journal in the country whose sympathies are not with one of the two great parties. The man who thinks that both are equally bad, and who does not care which prevails, is a man without opinions, or without principle, or without perception, and in either case is wholly unfit to be an editor. But the more deeply an independent journal sympathizes with the principle and purpose of a party the more strenuously will it censure its follies and errors, the more bravely will it criticise its candidates and leaders, for the purpose of keeping the principle pure, and of making the success of the party a real blessing. The public will gradually learn that only in such papers can they find true statements of events, with comments that aim at the public welfare, and not merely at a party success. In such also, and only in such, will public men be considered impartially, and the plain testimony of an independent press will thus be to elevate the national life and character, and to keep party-spirit within its due bounds.

But only as really able men enter the profession of journalism is such independence possible. Hypercriticism, cynicism, captiousness, persiflage, are not its characteristics, but you found conviction, tact, knowledge, humor, and good temper. Fifty such journals from Maine to California, prosperous, sparkling, vigorous and vigilant would rattle the dry bones of party hacks, and instill a most wholesome terror in charlatans of every kind.

SOME OF GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S VIEWS.

IN his Message to the Legislature of New York GOVERNOR HOFFMAN touches upon many of the political questions that now interest the country and the State. He protests against what he calls the tendency to centralized power in the General Government, as shown by a proposition to vest in Congress the control of the suffrage in the States. But hitherto, the Governor will probably agree, the danger has been lain in a centralizing tendency. The rebellion proceeded upon the assumption that the opposite principle under Democratic domination had become so universal that the General Government was already virtually destroyed. The rebels were mistaken, but their error was demonstrated at a fearful cost; and the problem for statesmen now is not how to decentralize the General Government, but how to invest it with power enough to fulfil the guarantees of the Constitution. The fear of centralization in this country, in the ordinary sense, is puerile.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN truly says that the Constitution provides that the electors of each State shall have the qualifications of electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature; but it also provides that the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government. Now the extent of the suffrage practically determines the republicanism; and how, therefore, can it be true that the subject is constitutionally put beyond the action of Congress?

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN enters at length upon the question of city government, and opposes the commissions which have been established in the city of New York and elsewhere. He alleges that they have given to the political majority the power of governing the majority, and declares that to limit it unnecessarily is to admit the failure of the republican system. That is a conclusion which by no means follows. If, however, the test of a good government be economy and security, there would undoubtedly be a very large number of intelligent voters in the city of New York who would unhesitatingly declare that the government of that city by Tammany Hall was a decided failure. But the people of the State are the political community with which we have to deal, and they are to govern the State in such a manner as experience and the nature of things show to be most expedient for the general welfare. Experience has shown that it is better apparently on account of the inhabitants of local divisions to manage their local affairs; but whenever experience has shown that such a course is not best the people will take a different course.

In the State Constitutional Convention of 1867 Judge DALY of New York reasoned from the medieval cities as the models of liberty and popular rights to modern cities. It was a singular misconception of the subject, because it is wholly impossible to establish any analogy between the citizens defending themselves against baronial encroachments and the citizens regulating a part of their domain. To make his analogy good, he should have asserted the right of any squad of citizens to deny the authority of the whole. The supreme power resides in the whole body, and the local authority is derived from them. If the Democratic and his party rested their cause upon the assertion that the public order, health, and security of the city would be in error and in danger unless and if they were left entirely to the control of the residents of the city, their position would be very much stronger than when they talk of rights and the republican principle. But GOVERNOR HOFFMAN will not forget that the Police Commission was originally formed at the earnest request of the Democratic executive of party, and that he himself commended it as the best system ever devised. Nor can he deny, for every body knows, that the sense of public security is a thousandfold greater under the new system than under the old.

The Governor is one of the leaders of a party which absolutely controls the Legislature. At these elections, when necessary, his party friends, as in the last election, perpetrate the most enormous frauds. They hoped and expected to ensure the State by such means, and they partially succeeded. If they could only have uncontrolled sway, if the people of the whole State would only submit to the part of their domain should be managed entirely without regard to their will, the Tammany ring would be satisfied, but the people would soon find that they were the first victims of their own folly.

JOBS.

THE number of jobs that the Lobby hopes to push through Congress is appalling. Every kind of enterprise is to receive the aid of the Government. When the public debt is enormous and its pressure upon every individual severe, and when therefore economy should be peculiarly the public policy, private interests are about to descend in a flood and attempt to prolong and perplex the pressure. The universal argument for every private enterprise which is seeking assistance is a public benefit. But the answer is generally conclusive, that if it be really a public benefit the interested part of the public will pay for it. To say that it is manifestly unfair to compel the whole public to pay for it. Every lawful private enterprise is, to a certain sense, a public benefit. Every road opened, every fine building erected, may be called a public benefit. Shall the Government, therefore, keep shop or give money to those proposing to build?

Nothing has more satisfied the country than the reported opposition of the new President to every scheme of private jobbery. Every day and nothing, we believe, is more creditable to the administration of Governor FENTON in this State than his vetoes of such projects. It is impossible to say that there are not certain enterprises of this kind to which a government may not wisely lend aid, but the rule must be that enterprises which are not promising enough to pay for themselves by tempting the investment of capital are certainly not promising enough for an outlay of public money. A great state or a great country, we are told by the earnest advocates of magnificent public expenditures, ought not to be niggardly. A state, says some ardent theorizer or resolute Lobby agent, can not be imperial if it is miserly. But does it, therefore, follow that it may be imperial by being wasteful or dishonest? A Pacha who scatters gold as he rides and wears a jewelled sabre may be a very magnificent potentate, but the ruin he leaves behind him, out of whom that splendor is extorted, are inexpressibly wretched. The greatness of a nation is not shown by vast public expenditure, but by private enterprise and public economy. Is not this, we might ask our friend the theorizer, the greatest nation in the world, and can any of its chief officer to be lodged accordingly? Shall he live in a small White House while a petty Duke of Brunswick lives in a noble palace? Shall we not instantly build a dwelling worthy the chief magistrate of so great a people? MR. MILLER, of Pennsylvania, answers, "By all means," and proposes a magnificent Executive mansion.

But it is not the big brush that makes the great painter. It is not by spending money, however rich he may be, but by the manner of spending it that a man reveals his wisdom. If Congress is to grant money to one man or company upon the plea of the public benefit, it can not refuse other men and companies; and upon what conceivable principle are such grants to be equitably divided? In the old times, twenty years ago, when it used to subsidize steamships to Europe it was apparently no reason why it should not equally subsidize the ferry to Hoboken. It was the business of the advocates of the subsidy to show that it was essential to the national welfare that those particular ships should be kept afloat at the common charge; but it was not shown. If, however, that could be reasonably urged in any case, it would be an argument very difficult to answer.

One of the strongest arguments against immediate and absolute free trade is, that a people will very naturally object to pay a certain tax in the form of protection, if there be a just expectation that the abolition of the tax would lead directly to some other impost which would weaken the nation against the aggression of a power that might reduce its liberties. Its tariff tax is then the price which it gladly pays for liberty; and it is a hundredfold more precious than the freedom of buying in the cheapest market. If it can be shown that a nation can be in excess of those liberties without the tax, the argument of course is overthrown. But to show that in the present international situation would not be an easy task.

But how can the Lobby, then, there can hardly be two opinions among intelligent and patriotic men that the proposed grants of public money to all kinds of private enterprise are highly which Congress ought resolutely to withstand.

THE DISPENSING POWER.

THE question raised by Senator FERRY'S resolution in regard to the authority of the President to issue an Amnesty Proclamation like that of Christmas Day is very important. Is it the constitutional intention of the pardoning power that it shall not only cover a universal jail delivery, but shall release all persons not even charged with offenses? In other words, is the pardoning power a dispensing power? If the principle upon which the President's act is justified be carried to its logical end, as Senator CONKLING stated, why the Governor of New York may not make a clean sweep, not only of convicts, but of persons charged with crime and indicted. Such an interpretation of a power in its nature so limited, and the purpose of which is so obvious, is plainly absurd.

As usual, when the President does a foolish thing, there is a vehement assertion that he is only following the example of President LINCOLN. But President LINCOLN issued a proclamation of amnesty, he did it during war, and as a measure of war. Its object was to weaken the rebellion, but it failed. But when LEE surrendered to President LINCOLN without consulting Congress, had issued an amnesty to every body who had been in rebellion, Congress would have promptly and properly had forfeited, releasing them from any legal prosecution, and staying all action of Congress upon the subject, the country would, undoubtedly, have been glad to see the President meant well; but undoubtedly, also, Congress would not have submitted to be summarily set aside, and to have its authority thus asserted in its theory. The case is more absurd when, as now, Congress has passed laws affecting the condition to which the President assumes to restore the late rebels, and when one of them is under indictment. It is merely an attempt to make "my policy" prevail, so far as possible, by an arbitrary use of power.

It is the more foolish because Senator FERRY had himself proposed virtual amnesty by Congressional action in the only way in which it is practicable; namely, by removing the disabilities which Congress has imposed. If the President had had only in view the restoration of the rebels, he could surely have awaited an action which, had Congress adopted it, would have brought him into harmony with it before its retirement. And that action failed he might have carried it in hand at the session to do alone what Congress had declared should not be done. But the President has his personal ends and his belligerent spirit to gratify. To declare every late rebel restored to his former condition, with all its privileges, was to make a direct conflict with Congress, which has declared some of them disabled at its pleasure, and this is the course which he has followed.

There can be little doubt, we presume, that the extraordinary authority claimed by the President will be denied by Congress, and that he will be again taught that it is the people of the United States, by their representatives, who are to determine the conditions upon which rebel States and citizens are to be restored to their former relations. It is a lesson which he will refuse to heed, and he will leave his Presidency profoundly impressed that the people are fools for not letting him have his way. Perhaps in his future retirement, as President BUCHANAN devoted himself to proving that he was the most patriotic of men, so President JOHNSON will undertake to show that he was right and every body else wrong.

THE SUPPLY OF FOOD TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THE returns of the Board of Trade of the United Kingdom for the last ten months of the year 1868 show that their imports of food of all descriptions amount to over seventy-seven millions of pounds sterling, or, in our currency, over five hundred millions of dollars. This includes articles which are subsequently exported, such as tea, coffee, and spices; but it is probable that for the whole year 1868 the amount named will not be far from the value of what is consumed of imported food. Notwithstanding that such a sum is annually required over and above the home production of food, to support their population of about thirty-two millions, MR. MECHI, of Tiptree Hall, tells the London Farmers' Club, on the strength of what he calls his twenty-five years' experience as a farmer, that Great Britain could profitably feed all her people, without foreign aid, if she thought proper to do so."

MR. CAIRD, another authority relied upon by Englishmen, published in March, 1868, a pamphlet on the food supply, in which he shows that it is the opposition in which their interests in England it becomes necessary, in order to furnish them with fresh milk, sweet butter, and other food such as is supplied from daily pasturage, to devote land from grain crops, and apply it to dairy purposes. MR. CAIRD supposes that 477,000 acres have been changed in this manner since 1846. MR. MECHI would not only arrest this change, but divert the twenty-five millions of acres (among which are some marshes) now devoted to meadows and pasturage, mainly to cultivation with the plow. In order to accomplish this object he assumes that 44½ millions of acres could be cultivated in the effective manner in which he manages his farm of 170 acres, which would call for an addition to agricultural laborers in the proportion in which he employs them over what is usual. The labor (he says) employed per acre is $16 66 per acre, the labor of the United Kingdom is probably only $5 00 per acre. This would require a fearful transfer of capital from manufactures, and their application to agriculture, on a scale to interfere with manufacturing industry, which is shown to be much more profitable than agriculture. To this MR. CAIRD adds that so now, what would it be if the former were increased and the latter diminished? No labor-ers could be found, and wages paid over the agricultural. MR. MECHI's scheme, therefore, must be regarded as wholly impracticable, although it will be wise to guard against the effect of fear of which brought as has largely influenced throughout the kingdom by providing means of irrigation wherever the supply of running streams and the shape of the land permit; which, however, can not be added to the quantity artificially watered.

MR. MECHI uses the opportunity of an address to his neighbors to speak more or of this "good season" as applied to wheat, knowing full well that his interesting views would carry this expression to those countries which supply England with what is required to make up for her deficiency of food. MR. CAIRD, in the pamphlet referred to, states the cost of wheat imported in England in 1863 at £36,000,000, of which £6,100,000 was paid for foreign, and that its cost in 1867 was £70,000,000, of which £35,500,000 was paid for foreign. The difference in the foreign importation of £27,400,000 was caused (said MR. CAIRD) by a *bad season* —a difference which constitutes a powerful motive for and encouragement to the farmer to the extent of the enormous wants which the drought has occasioned.

The *Saturday Review*, in its 12th of December number, admits that all other crops but wheat are sadly deficient in quantity, and that wheat, which it claims to be excellent in quality, has been exceeded in quantity. This is what we have contended for, with this exception, that spring wheat, which is quite largely sown, was generally defective, and that winter wheat sown in very light soils was frequently plowed in. The *Mark Lane Express* admitted this during

the prevalence of the drought, from which the influence is strong that the *quantity* is considerable below the average production; but it is now freely admitted that the extensive loss upon other crops calls for a much larger consumption of wheat than is usual. Much of it is now fed to cattle; but we suspect that the quality of what is thus fed is inferior, for if it were otherwise it would be cheaper to exchange it for Indian corn, which would doubtless be done at a time when the necessity of importing both descriptions of grain is well known. The *Saturday Review* forcibly says that the loss in spring corn, the root crops, and the hay and grass crops deprive them of the means of feeding cattle, although there may be no deficiency of bread, and expresses the fear that potatoes will not keep. This corresponds with what we have claimed at various times, and the opinion will no doubt arise why there is not a present larger demand for our agricultural productions. The question is one of great importance to the whole country, as we have little to export besides, and our financial condition is such as to call for the best prices we can obtain.

The English market early in July last compares about as follows with that of the first part of this month. No. 2 wheat was then 11*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* per 100 lbs., it is now 10*s.* 3*d.* Old Indian corn then 35*s.* to 35*s.* 6*d.*, now 31*s.* 6*d.* per 480 lbs. Oats 3*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*, now 3*s.* 6*d.* per bushel. Barley 4*s.* 10*d.* to 5*s.*, now 5*s.* per bushel. Peas 43*s.* to 44*s.*, now 44*s.* 6*d.* per quarter of 8 bushels. Upon the following articles an important advance has taken place, as the price abroad is readily adjusted to the price here. Pork, prime mess, then 72*s.* 6*d.* to 75*s.* per barrel, now 92*s.* 6*d.* Lard 60*s.* 6*d.* to 61*s.*, now 70*s.* per cwt. Cheese 57*s.* to 60*s.* then, now 70*s.* per cwt. Bacon, cut Cumberland, 47*s.* to 48*s.*, now 60*s.* per cwt. Tallow, which is supplied largely from Russia, then 43*s.* to 44*s.*, now 47*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.

It will readily be seen by those who have paid attention to these articles, that we owe the ability to maintain this advance to the immediate and powerful effect of the drought upon the twenty-five millions of acres in the kingdom devoted to meadows and pasturage. The grain question stands upon a different footing; but the time will soon arrive when the views we have given will be heretofore with respect to it will generally prevail.

In grain, and particularly wheat, we have to meet with universal competition; and while the importation has been studiously guarded over the world that the last was a "good season" in England, their ships have left no market unexplored which promised that belief. An average of 400 to 500 vessels laden with grain were announced at one time as on their way to the English market. Our own press, with one or two exceptions, has also supported the opinion that our farmers should not sacrifice their crops while this foreign competition was most active, and in advance of the consumption in England of the crop harvested in July.

Some compensations to the consumers of food attend the severest droughts. More beef and mutton have been slaughtered than ever it became apparent that they could not be wintered than ever before. Potatoes have been consumed more freely than usual, because the first growth is precarious, and the second only to such partial maturity as to create the fear that they would not keep. These have hid their immediate relief, with the certainty that their ultimate effect will prolong the difficulty. The drought there in 1800 doubled the price of wheat for two consecutive years, but the arrangements for importing from foreign countries had not then been made; and this effect would be avoided if foreign countries were now certain of purchasing a full supply from overloaded granaries. Mr. CAIRD, in March, 1868, admitted that the old crop in England was then exhausted, and that the crop of 1867 was so far below an average as to call for the excess of importation of wheat over that of a good season to the value of £27,400,000. As the drought of 1868 commenced early in July, and was not broken till the 12th of August, to be subsequently renewed, it is certain that a much larger deficiency in 1868, upon the whole food production, occurred than in 1867.

It is stated by Mr. CAIRD as one of the misfortunes of a drought that it ordinarily lays over vegetable produce, and turns the whole attention of those who in ordinary years are relied upon for supplies. The returns made by France for the first six months of 1868 show an excess in French importations of wheat of nearly fifty millions of dollars over that of the previous year. These returns explain the order which appeared before they were promulgated opening French ports to importations of wheat free of tonnage duty. Spain issued a similar order. The fields of important parts of Russia, last summer, were run over with extensive fires which swept through forests at the time of the prevalence of the drought in England. A Lyons paper stated that the grape in some districts of France, grown on light soils, had been "roasted," and as the vine is deeply rooted it may be inferred that pastures were much injured.

Mr. CAIRD's opinion is thus summed, and hence France and Spain appear in the markets of the world as competitors with the English for food. Both will draw their supplies first from the countries which border on the Mediterranean and the waters which fall into that sea.

The harvest in England gathered in July, and her incessant importations from those who understood us, continue to stave off the fall demand which we alone can ultimately supply. If we allow ourselves to be drained of our excess of food at low prices, consumers here will be obliged to pay for it at advanced rates, and we may not enter upon the harvest of 1869 with the advantage that we shall derive from having the old crop to call upon, while the war is being sufficiently hardened for safe transportation and economical use.

The high prices of last year brought out nearly the whole of our surplus stock, and it has been consumed. Two powerful motives now call on us to hoard enough of our present crop to place us in a position of safety and strength. We should have it on hand for our own wants as a provision to meet the contingencies of the next harvest, and to supply at remunerative prices those manufacturing nations which gorge us with their fineries at high values, and fail in no efforts to obtain our production at less than their cost. The financial farming interest is alone capable of securing this advantage for our country.

CRETE.

IF, as the telegraph announces, Crete has yielded, she has not relinquished her purpose. The unhappiest sign is that the meeting here to express sympathy for the struggling Cretans has excited a certain kind of enmity. Here is an island, five thousand miles away, peopled by Greeks and ruled by Turks. It has never ceased, and its people have never ruled over did cease, to protest against the tyranny that oppresses it. The country is not only despotically governed by aliens in race, but aliens in religious faith. How the differences of faith are fierce and final. The Greeks may be of a very poor kind of Christian, in our judgment—they may be superstitious, indolent, blindly semi-barbarous—but it is in just such a people, where religion degenerates into superstition, that fierce differences become fiercer and religious quarrels more bitter. The Turkish government, following a conquest of "infidels," is, we all know. How much security, how much peaceful industry, how much justice, how much enjoyment of common rights is possible under it, needs not to be argued. The Turkish rule of a conquered people is merely a heel and a sword-point, and it is the boast of Turkey to omit a single moment beyond that when hope and despair together rouse their arm to strike back for freedom.

The Cretan struggle is a fight for liberty; it is a claim for justice, and those only will sneer at it who are fit to be slaves. That it is not a hopeless fight we have reason to think. Turkey has striven in vain for three years to regain the island, and that Europe is now meeting to decide what shall be done. And then somebody in the background will say, "This is a matter in every where every man's business. If he is passing through the street and sees one man assaulting another, he has no business to stand idly—he may pass quietly by upon the other side. If assassins attack Mr. ROGERS at his own door, let ROGERS and the ruffians fight it out, quoth the sneerer. "Am I my brother's keeper? asked the astute Cain. The same question that is asked of Crete used to be asked of Europe by the cause of human slavery in this country. "Injustice, inhumanity, unspeakable wrong and crime," exclaimed the same critics. "Good Heavens! what have we to do with it? Let us mind our affairs. Mississippi mind their own affairs." It was in vain to show that the consequences of injustice did not stop at State lines; that slavery would not stay upon the bank of a river, and that malaria and small-pox would not respect county limits. "My neighbor's plague is not my plague," was the response. Three times opposed itself to be practical good sense, until its neighbor's plague laid hold of it, and then it discovered that men are brethren in a very positive sense.

It is the business of every man, and of every nation, to sympathize with those who are struggling for liberty and justice, not because it is generous, but because it is now demonstrated that there will be no end of such struggles until liberty is secured. Crete has protested. She has made representations against the savage cruelties which force she has resisted with arms. This time she has made a peaceful appeal, and Turkey answered with the sword. Crete has established the conditions of an armed rising, and she has earned the right to appeal to all lovers of justice and liberty in the world for individual sympathy and aid. To turn a deaf ear or a sneering lip at Crete is to sharpen the sword of Turkey and to become an accomplice in the murder of a people. Crete asks only for our sympathy and help in procuring arms and food. She hopes, of course, that, when she has shown her purpose and her power, other states will recognize her independence, and will admit her into the list of the thirteen colonies, and as England did that of the South American republics.

Let the great deeds of a Canea plead with us for Crete as that of Thermopylæ still glorifies old Greece. Six hundred Cretans were besieged in the old convent at Canea by ten thousand Turks. When the enemy burst through the outer wall the battle was fought hand to hand for six hours in the court-yard. Then, when it could be continued no longer, the Cretans who remained applied the match to the magazine, and three thousand of the foe died with them. The spirit that smiled at Andersonville for another, but a similar reason, will sneer at Crete.

BRIGHT AND GLADSTONE.

MR. BRIGHT, upon his re-election at Birmingham after accepting office, made a speech to his constituents, which is a model of such discourses, and which is every characteristic for its simplicity and frankness. He states that Mr. GLADSTONE consulted him at once, and offered him as high a position as any Minister was to have, but that he finally accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade, as an office in which he might do a little good and prevent some harm. He says that he believes that the time has come in which a man may be an honest Minister of the Crown and an honest servant of the people; but that as a Minister he must ask a lenient judgment for his old friends, and advance the general purposes of the Government there must be harmony in the cabinet. To secure harmony there must be concession. He says, Mr. BRIGHT, "that you sometimes see me voting a little differently from formerly, don't think that I have changed my views, but that my vote has relation to time and opportunity as well as to principle; and understand that my views remain unchanged until I tell you that I have changed my views."

He remains also known that Parliament do not move rapidly unless they are supported by public opinion; that the pressure upon every government for every kind of extravagance is constant and powerful, and that it must have, therefore, the sympathy and confidence of the people. For himself he declares that to take office is a great sacrifice, but that he has been compelled into it by the wishes of a very large part of the Liberal party. He tells simply the beautiful story of the Shunamite woman, and that, when she was asked to take office, his heart answered with hers, "I dwell among mine own people." If, however, he should find it impossible to maintain the two positions of faithful Minister and faithful representative, he hopes that he shall be able to discover which he ought to relinquish.

Mr. GLADSTONE also made a speech under similar circumstances at Greenwich, in which he agreed with his colleague that questions must be considered in their order, and that the first question is that which was most prominent in the canvass, the Irish disestablishment. Mr. GLADSTONE's government has one signal advantage over Mr. DISRAELI's, to begin with, and that is sincerity of faith in its two leaders. The Tory Ministry, as Mr. BRIGHT truly says, was a fraud. It lived through the session of 1867 by doing what in the preceding session it had declared to be destructive of the Constitution and the Monarchy. Nobody believed that Mr. DISRAELI was a real convert to electoral reform. But he was not an honest enemy, as Mr. LOWE was. In this country we used to call our most wretched kind of politician a Northern man with Southern principles. Mr. DISRAELI was a Tory with a Liberal policy. But he proposed it for two reasons: One was that he was sure the country wanted it, and the other was that he thought he could control it. This, however, did not help his false position. In bringing forward his enlarged suffrage he was insincere in precisely the same way that the Democratic Senators were who tried to include women in the bill giving suffrage to the colored citizens of the District of Columbia. They did not wish women to vote, but they hoped the proposition would prevent the new citizens from voting. Mr. DISRAELI did not wish to extend the suffrage; but since he could see no help that he would try to prevent its good results.

While this consciousness of political honesty upon the part of the leaders is a great moral advantage to the new Ministry, its large patrician Whig element has undoubtedly disappointed many Liberals. The political convictions of Radicalism are rapidly advanced. Its political thinkers are heroic, and their tongues and pens are free. Moreover, the social and industrial condition of the country is such that very rapid changes are necessary to avoid a catastrophe. The Whigs, as such, are no longer the leaders of liberal sentiment. They are often its most determined and trenchant adversaries. Now the sentiment, beneath the Irish Church reform, which has elected Mr. GLADSTONE is not only progress, but safety. The people will not be quiet but to be frightened at any thing; above all, to accept every truly legitimate Liberal movement, however startling, as the logical result of the situation, and to deal with it as MACAULAY says the Roman Church deals with fanaticism, by embracing it and guiding it, not by resisting it. If he can succeed in doing this he will rank with the great English Ministers; and if any body could help him to do it it is his President of the Board of Trade.

MY LOVERS TWAIN.

My lovers twain—my lovers twain,
I pray you let me be!
To wed you both I would be fain,
Only that may not be.

One lover is like music sweet,
That steals my heart away;
And one is like the trumpet-blast,
Which calls me to the fray.

One is of gentle, courteous mind,
To low and high degree;
And one a stern and lordly head,
And melteth but to me.

One is so strangely lovable,
That but to touch his hand
To women kneel—before the one
Do men uncovered stand.

And if I this one do not wed,
He never wife will seek:
And if that one I do not wed,
He sorrow's a wreck.

My lovers twain—my lovers twain,
Ye should have let me be:
I love the one with all my heart—
The other loveth me.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 5:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted asking the President to show by what authority he issued his late amnesty Proclamation.

January 6:

In the Senate, the bill providing for an air-line railroad from Washington to New York was taken up, and Mr. SHERMAN made a lengthy speech in favor.

In the House, the Committee on Appropriations reported the bill making appropriations for the Navy for the year ending June 30, 1870. It appropriates $16,723,675, or $3,071,678 less than the amount required for the current year. The House went into Committee of the Whole, and took up the Pension Appropriation bill, which appropriates $15,000,000. Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, made a lengthy speech in favor of the Radical condition of the country and indicating some places where appropriations could be made. The bill was reported to the House and passed. The Secretary of the Treasury was directed to furnish a statement of the sales of gold by the Treasury since January 1, 1869.

January 7:

In the Senate, Mr. Edmunds's bill to prevent military officers from holding civil positions was taken up and debated at some length.

January 8:

In the House, $271,568 was appropriated for the maintenance of the West Point Military Academy.

General Lovell H. Rousseau, of the United States army, died in New Orleans on the night of January 7.

John Minor Botts, of Virginia, died on the 8th of January.

The terms of twenty-two United States Senators expire with March 4 next. Of the vacancies, Senators have already been chosen to eight. ALEXANDER Eugene Casserly, Democrat, has been elected in place of JOHN CONNESS, Republican. In Connecticut W. A. Buckingham has been elected to fill DIXON's place. In Iowa GRIMES's successor will be chosen from among W. T. Hamilton, vice W. P. Whyte. In Florida Abijah Gilbert has been chosen in place of THOMAS Welch. A Democrat—Allen G. Thurman—will succeed Benjamin Wade, of Ohio. William Sprague, of Rhode Island, has been elected. Tennessee chooses W. G. Brownlow in place of D. T. Patterson. George F. Edmunds has been elected by Vermont.

A most appalling accident occurred at Rochester, New York, on the night of January 6, at the schoolhouse of Prof. Reid and St. Paul's Church, on Maple Street. An Epiphany festival and concert was being held for the benefit of the latter, and a portion of the second-floor, about twenty-feet in length by forty in width, fell, with a crash to the floor beneath, precipitating its load of human freight into one mass with the broken joists and timbers. It was estimated that there were 1500 people in the assemblage. Eight persons were killed outright.

From May 26 to October 31, 1868, 291 fires occurred in New York, of which the buildings damaged or destroyed 364 were brick and 82 frame. In 269 fires the loss amounted to less than $500 each, and in three instances only the loss was upward of $100,000. The fires during any one month were in July—$178,886, and the largest in October—$360,628. The total loss amounted to $1,474,700, and the total insurance to $1,076,976.

The New York Legislature assembled January 6. Thomas G. Younglove was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

The Republicans of New Hampshire have nominated the Hon. Onslow Stearns for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Turko-Greek conference met at Paris on January 5. A conciliatory disposition was manifested by the Turkish and Greek delegates, and hopes of a peaceful settlement were confidently expected.

The process of London Bridge widening, and the treaty of commerce with England, recently concluded by Lord Clarendon and Mr. Reid, progress.

In Bavaria the beginning of 1868, more than 686 men and boys have been killed by colliery explosions.

The British and Irish Magnetic Telegraphing Company, do expected to have been lost to the City of Dublin on December. She foundered in a heavy gale, and all her crew was lost. The crew are reported to have left New Orleans for Liverpool with a cargo of cotton.

Telegraphic reports have been received from Aleppo, Syria, of earthquakes at that place in the neighborhood. The entire city of about 60,000 people ran out of fabrics in a single night. The shocks described on January 5. Though the disaster or loss of life is as far known to have been caused by the phenomena is not known to have been caused by the phenomena.

A terrible earthquake was experienced at Colima, Mexico, on the morning of December 26, 1868. Colima is situated about 50 miles from the city, had been in a state of eruption for several days, sending a column of dark smoke high up in the earth for many miles around. On the 26th, at Colima, the earth commenced trembling, and the shocks each increased in violence gradually, throwing down numerous buildings and doing much damage to property generally. Several persons were killed by falling walls. In the country the shocks were still more severe. The earth opened, waters were changed, hills were leveled, and there courses were changed. The Cathedral of Mazanillo was a general ruin foundations, and bells and clock-towers were totally demolished. Fifteen or twenty persons were killed in Mazanillo by the falling of the walls, a fire, and a storehouse.

In Cuba the recent earthquakes have decreed the abolition of slavery within their lines. It is considered by the Spaniards as an indication of the displeasure of the Almighty at the war and a confession of the weakness of their cause.

GOVERNOR CLAFLIN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HON. WILLIAM CLAFLIN is the first Governor of Massachusetts elected from the manufacturing classes. He is one of the largest manufacturers of boots, shoes, and leather in New England, and is also extensively engaged in the trade, having houses in St. Louis as well as Boston; and every department of his business feels the force of his organizing and controlling mind, and is conducted with energy, sagacity, and success. But his business, vast as it is, does not engross all, or the chief portion, of his time. He has been active in politics for a score of years. His sagacity soon made him a prominent member of his party, the management of which, in the chairmanship of the State Central Committee, has long been intrusted to him. He has also been a member of the National Committee for many years, and last year was elected to its chairmanship. He has served long in the councils of the State, as Representative, as President of the Senate, and as Lieutenant-Governor. He is one of the most advanced school of Republicans, believing in his heart the doctrine of true democracy—the equality and fraternity of all men. He is strictly temperate, never touching or supplying the social glass, and also believes in the right and duty of prohibition, without agreeing with the extremists upon this vexed question. He is a member of the Methodist Church, having united with it in St. Louis in 1843. His charities, both public and private, have been unostentatious, but numerous and large. Other denominations also receive of his bounty; and all general charities find in him a clear, generous supporter. He is fifty years of age, having been born in Milford, Massachusetts, March 6, 1818, but is in the prime and vigor of his days, and promises to achieve a brilliant future. Mr. CLAFLIN is a gentleman of quiet, agreeable manners, unassuming and undemonstrative. He will bear worthily every honor and discharge faithfully every duty of his office.

The people of Massachusetts, for only the fourth time in the history of the State, have elevated the Lieutenant-Governor to the Governorship. This departure from a rule which had become traditional is due to Governor CLAFLIN'S rare qualities of integrity, unselfish devotion to Massachusetts ideas, to his remarkable business capacities, clear judgment, and sound common-sense.

HON. WILLIAM CLAFLIN, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOT. BY WHIPPLE.]

FUR-TRAPPING.

"YES," said MAX; "there's the very log what Mr. LYNX was sharpening his claws on when I dropped my duffel, such as traps and pelts, and unhitched for him, and got his pelt to help make my pack heavy. Some folks call him 'Loservoss' (LINCE). He served me some mean tricks before we made close acquaintance; that is, I used to catch minks and 'saples' [MAX persists in designating the pine-marten as 'saple'], an' the like. Fact! The cuss cost me the biggest sort of a board-bill. As I was saying, I caught minks and the rest, and he went over my trap-line and eat up nigh onto fifty dollars worth of fur for me before I came to look at him over the rifle sights."

MAX TREADO is one of the best trappers in the Northern New York Wilderness. Two months' winter trapping in that region has before now brought him in over two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bear, otter, sable, mink, fisher, and other skins. His trap-lines are mostly located on the very head-waters of the Hudson River—the brooks which hurry noisily down the sides of Tis-haw-us, San-an-no-ni, Coldan, M'Intire, Logan, and others of the highest peaks of the Adirondack range. Many of these are constructed of saplings, as is that shown in the sketch, with the sable dangling therefrom. Others are built of logs and large chips chopped from convenient trees. "Twitch-ups," made by means of a plant sapling and simple trigger, are set at intervals along the line to catch the rabbits and partridges to be used as bait.

"The sable-spring," or trigger, is the simplest trap known. It is arranged as shown in the sketch. Then one of the saplings is raised, and the little upright stick is put in to keep it up. The lower end of the upright is sharpened to a point, and rests on a spindle about six inches long. On the end of the spindle you put the bait, and the sable, in using the spindle to crawl out on after his lunch, quickly finds weighty affairs on his

THE FUR-TRAPPER.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

HON. JOHN W. MENARD, COLORED CONGRESSMAN FROM LOUISIANA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

shoulders; for down comes the top sapling, which, MAX says, "keeps him in position for either himself, some lynx, or a fisher to take up—depending on which one comes along first."

The spring of the "twitch-up" is also quite simple, consisting of a small fork of wood driven firmly into the earth, a trigger-stick to hold the bait, and the little bit of wood which holds the string, one end of which is fastened to the sapling, and the other formed into a noose that is kept in proper shape and position by means of a number of small pegs driven into the ground to form a circle of about the size of the noose desired.

THE HON. JOHN W. MENARD.

THE HON. JOHN W. MENARD, whose portrait we publish on this page, was recently elected to Congress from Louisiana. He was elected to fill the place of Mr. MANN, deceased, whose seat was contested. No decision in regard to the qualifications of Mr. MENARD has yet been given by the Committee on Elections. For this reason Mr. MENARD's name is at present not included in the list of Congressmen in the *Congressional Globe*. He is the first colored man ever elected to Congress: his success is due to his fidelity to the principles of the party which elected him.

Mr. MENARD is a native of Randolph County, Illinois, in which State he spent much of his life on a farm. He received his education at Iberia College, in Ohio, which he entered in 1859. He has devoted himself with great zeal to the interests of his race, and at one time was a clerk in the department of Emigration. At the close of the war he went to Louisiana, where by his speeches and his writings he has contributed largely to the organization and success of his party among the colored voters.

LOAF THE BOOTBLACK.

"SHINE 'on up? On'y five cents!"

This was Loaf the bootblack.

He was nicknamed "Loaf" by his friends because he was the hardest working, toughest little bootblack known to the fraternity. The "On'y five cents!" was a call for trade, and not by any means intended to be taken in a literal sense; and most of Loaf's customers saw it in that light, especially when aided by the miraculous polish which the boy invariably brought to the surface of the most disheartening clodhoppers; and few ever refused the "tenner," or asked change.

Loaf's legitimate appellation was Clem (short for Clement) Brown.

His mother was an American woman, whose husband had gone the way of many other good Americans in his national pride of country, as exemplified by his fondness for the national beverage, *Bourbon!*

The senior Brown, who had been a handsome, meritorious, and successful barkeeper, had discovered Annie Carter, the daughter of a wealthy man in a retired country village, Malden by name, and in the guise of a "young man about town"—"town" being supposed to represent the metropolitan city of New York—had wooed and won that rustic maiden, with the hope of setting up a bar, billiard-room, and bowling-alley, himself, as near to Broadway as might be, on the elder Carter's money.

But, unhappily for these dreams of future bliss, the elder Carter, having discovered the character of the youthful Brown's calling, and thereupon refused his consent to the match, had on discovering that the matrimonial plan had been completed, presented his daughter with twenty-five dollars, and a repetition of an ancient proverb referring to the chamber-maid's art, and beginning, "as you make your bed"—had thereupon announced his intention of having nothing further to do with the happy pair; and, contrary to the usual custom in light literature, had steadily held to his promise.

The disappointed dram-distributor, taking these unexpected alterations in his programme to heart, had devoted himself too earnestly to his profession, and had eventually died, leaving behind him a widow, too proud to return to the father who had cut her off, the son above-mentioned, and two more youthful Browns, who have no special position in this story.

As Mrs. Brown was, unfortunately, not in the enjoyment of robust health, she was able to do but little toward the support of her family, and that little she did with her needle—a laborious but not remarkably lucrative employment. Consequently it fell to happen (as the French say) that the chief income of this branch of the Brown family was derived from the daily labor of the aforesaid Loaf or Clem Brown, a youth of about twelve years of age.

Now Loaf, besides the education which he had obtained from the university of the streets, had also derived some benefit from his attendance for a few years at the public schools: and being a sharp boy and quick to learn, was not by any means as ignorant as might be supposed. Evening-school had in winter received some of his attention, and he could "read, write, and cipher," knew a little about geography and history, and a good deal about other things that boys of his age might perhaps be better off without knowing. He was, however, not a bad boy, either naturally or by association; possessed a very American independent spirit; and was, after all, a type of a species that exists in our large cities to a more general extent than is usually imagined.

His independent spirit had kept him out of the "Bootblacks' Union," with all its attendant benefits; yet, though he insisted on "going it alone," he was quite a favorite with that guild of young professionals, since he never interfered with their "beats," was generous and good-natured, and a capital hand at the "national game," when business was slack—never otherwise.

His portrait, if painted by Eastman Johnson, would probably look something like this: A corner of a street (say Broadway and Eighth Street); time about seven o'clock of a snowy evening in December; leaning against a railing, a stout, stunted boy in woolen jacket and pants (patched); thick shoes with the toes kicked out: a greasy cap on one side of a curly head, with a broken visor hanging over a round, blue-eyed, freckled face. Hands in pockets: one leg drawn up, from cold, and by his side the little box and foot-rest, insignia of his trade. The snow showering down in feathery lightness all over him; carriages and omnibuses driving briskly up and down; lights shining brilliantly in the shop-windows, and wayfarers tramping hurriedly up and down—this latter part would be the part of the picture not shown, but experienced on the evening concerning which I have to relate. This picture, cabinet-size, by Eastman Johnson, as aforesaid, would attract attention at the Academy of Design; the original attracted none from the passers-by.

Until, half an hour later in the evening, a handsome coupé drove rapidly up to the curbstone, and, just as the melancholy sound of "Shine 'em up? on'y five cents!" died away in the snow-mist for perhaps the hundred and fiftieth time that evening, the door of the carriage was opened, and a light-colored kid glove beckoned to the boy. His owner of the light-colored kid glove placed his foot on the foot-rest, just inside the coupé, and Loaf proceeded to "shine 'em up," according to promise.

The boot was a small and very elegant specimen of the article, and the wearer was a young man, fashionably dressed, embellished with a heavy black mustache, and wearing a black soft hat. As the boy proceeded with his task, in his most masterly manner, the young man kept his eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to be turning some idea over in his brain. As he changed the polished boot for the other, in answer to the tap on the sole customary with the fraternity, the boy looked up, and observed that he was being looked at, and also that the eyes performing that mission were very black and very brilliant; then he commenced operations with the second boot. As he concluded his work, put up his brushes in a methodical manner, and arose, the young man said to him, "Boy, would you like to earn half a dollar?"

The boy signified that he had no objection to earning any number of half dollars.

"Can you read writing?"

The boy could read writing.

"Take this note to where it is directed, and wait for an answer! Come back here and meet me in half an hour. Go!"

The boy took the note, slung his box over his shoulder, gave a glance at the superscription by the light of the gas-light, and started on a run. The carriage-door was closed and the carriage rapidly driven up Broadway.

Mrs. Brown lived on the third-floor of a tenement-house in a little court leading out of University Place; and as the superscription of the note led Loaf in that direction, he took the opportunity to leave his box with his mother, as he knew the half hour would give him ample time to do the errand and return. Now the room next to Mrs. Brown's was occupied, for the time being, and for special reasons, by one of the shrewdest and most successful members of the New York city detective force. It may be remarked here that one of the special reasons that influenced this minion of the law, for he was well-to-do, and owned a house, was nothing more nor less than a hankering after the widow Brown herself, for she was a young woman, comely withal, and the detective was a good-looking bachelor of forty, with, if report spoke truly, no objection to exercising his vocation in discovering a suitable helpmate. So it happened that when Loaf entered his mother's room he found, as he had frequently found before, Mr. Garth, the detective, comfortably seated by the widow's cooking-stove, enjoying at once the pleasing warmth of that useful culinary utensil and the not less pleasing, though perhaps less warm, conversation of Mrs. Brown.

Loaf dashed in in a hurry, threw his box in a corner, shouted "I've got a job, mother!" and was rushing out again without further words, when the note, which he had placed in his jacket-pocket, accidentally fell upon the floor and was picked up by Mr. Garth, who, following his natural and professional impulse, read the superscription. "Hullo, Loaf!" said he, starting up energetically; "where did you get this?"

His manner exhibited so much surprise, and his tone was so decided, that, time being short, Loaf answered him at once, in place of running him a little, as he otherwise would have done. "A gentleman gave it to me to take for him, and I am to meet him in half an hour."

"Where?"

"Corner of Eighth Street and Broadway."

"Mrs. Brown, let me have a little warm water in a tea-cup. Quick, if you please."

Mrs. Brown at once filled a cup from the tea-kettle, and placed it on the table; while Loaf was the surprise of widow and son to see Mr. Garth quietly moisten the adhering side of the envelope with the warm water, and then as quietly open the same, extract the note contained therein, and read it carefully through. Having done this, he replaced the note in the envelope, closed the latter, and holding it before the stove for a moment to dry, laid it upon the table, to all appearance the same as before his curious epistolary burglary had taken place. Then he rose, put on his over-coat, and saying to the astonished Loaf, "Come along with me," the two went out, leaving Mrs. Brown in a highly bewildered and deranged frame of mind.

As this lady had, however, the most sequestering confidence in Mr. Garth; and, moreover, had from very feminine reasons for not wishing to distrust him in any particular, she presently sat down again and tranquilly resumed her sewing.

Mr. Garth hurried down the stairs and out into the court, with Loaf following closely behind him. Loaf's ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were more rigid than those of the average bootblack; but looking upon Mr. Garth as the authorized personification of the majesty of law, he tried to reconcile his conflicting ideas, and said nothing.

Mr. Garth walked briskly down University

"MRS. BROWN, LET ME HAVE A LITTLE WARM WATER IN A TEA-CUP. QUICK, IF YOU PLEASE."

Place to Tenth Street, and down Tenth Street to the police-station there located, and, desiring Loaf to wait at the door, entered. Presently he came out followed by two men in plain clothes, and the four started rapidly in the direction of Broadway. Arrived at the corner of Eighth Street, Mr. Garth and his two friends ensconced themselves in a doorway out of sight, while Loaf, under the direction of his superior officer, placed himself by a shop-window, having a piece of paper, with which he had been provided by the detective, in his hand. Presently the expert coup-cutter left the station-house, and Loaf sprang forward as the carriage-door opened, apparently to hand the note to the young man whose head was leaning out of the carriage; by some accident, however, Loaf dropped the note, and as he was engaged in searching for it in the snow, the attention of the young man in the carriage being closely directed to his movements, the two companions of Mr. Garth coolly walked round, and suddenly pounced upon the gentleman in the carriage, dragged him therefrom ignominiously, and as he struggled and remonstrated in a very violent manner, Mr. Garth himself laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, whispered something in his ear, and in less time than it takes to write the circumstance that cross-fallen young gentleman was again seated in his carriage, with one of the individuals in plain clothes by his side: the other individual in plain clothes had mounted the box by the side of the driver; the horses were turned down Eighth Street; the small crowd which had collected dispersed as wise as they came; and Mr. Garth, with Loaf, now thoroughly dumfounded, trotting along by his side, walked briskly westward.

As they went on Mr. Garth kindly consented to satisfy Loaf's evident, if unspoken, curiosity, and proceeded to communicate with him in the following language:

"Loaf, you've done a big thing to-night. Do you know who your friend in the coupé is?"

Loaf expressed his entire ignorance of every thing concerning the individual, except that he had lost half a dollar by having his errand interfered with. He said this in a very lugubrious tone, but with a twinkle in his eye expressive, for Loaf was cunning enough to see that he would not lose by any of events.

Mr. Garth laughed a dry sort of laugh, and continued: "That chap is the latest and smartest impersonator in London. He is the cutest and most successful burglar I ever knew or ever have been looking after him for a month, with nothing but a bit of his writing to identify him. He writes a mighty queer stick when he's in a hurry, or writing to his pals; but he's an accomplished forger can do any thing with a pen that that useful bit rather dangerous instrument is capable of. My memory is good, and I knew his hand the moment I laid my eyes on a bit of a back of that note; and the note itself settled his case. It was risky, certain; but the game was worth the risk, so I took it. And after all it wasn't much, for I know your mother and you are all right; but still, I wouldn't have liked to open the wrong letter."

"What has he been doing? What have you got him for?" said Loaf.

"Half a dozen things on suspicion and one sure thing, which he was fool enough to write about in that note. Three weeks ago he went up to a little nest in the northern part of the State—Malden, I believe it's called—and broke into the house of the richest man in the place; robbed him of over a hundred thousand dollars in bonds, bank-notes, and plate. Carter was the old chap's name—'Carter!' suddenly ejaculated Loaf. "What, that very grandfather's name—mother's father—and Malden is where he lives; I've heard her say so." By this time they had got to the corner of Sixth Avenue; and as Loaf said these words Mr. Garth stopped, caught the boy by the arm, and turned his face so that the light from the bakery whose full name he looked at him for about half a minute, and then gave a sharp and very loud whistle, which caused a policeman passing to turn round, who, seeing Mr. Garth, nodded familiarly and went his way. Then Mr. Garth broke into a fellowing prophetic remark in a very sententious manner: "Loaf! if you are not mistaken, and I guess you're not, you're a made man. What I'm which saying they crossed over to West Tenth Street and together entered the police court-room.

Loaf was not mistaken; and when, two days after, Mr. Carter, who was telegraphed for, arrived in New York and was informed of all the circumstances attending the capture of the burglar whom, moreover, he learned that the restoration of his property, which following, was owing accidentally to his own grandson; when, also, he discovered that in utter ignorance of the fact that his objectionable son-in-law was the more of his world—for Mrs. Brown had been too proud to communicate the melancholy tidings to her long-ago repentant father—and finally, he met that pale but industrious and hopeful widow, his paternal heart warmed so freely toward her, her two junior offspring, and specially toward the happy cause of this happy meeting, that the paternal pocket could not do enough to show his affection, gratitude, and generous confidence. Toward Mr. Garth he was particularly friendly; and when he learned that the wily detective was becoming weary of his arduous profession and pined for rest and a country-life, and was made aware that that Mr. Garth was moderately provided with this world's goods, he hesitated not to invite him to accompany himself, daughter, and grandchildren on a visit to the paternal homestead at Malden; and my friend accepted the invitation, and was known no more of the metropolis, and as Mrs. Brown not many months later put off her mourning apparel and began to spell her name with a "G," it follows that this is the end of the story of Loaf the bootblack.

IF.

Oh! silver moon a-shining,
If I were you in the sky,
I know in whose dainty chamber
At night my beams should lie.

If I were the ocean rolling,
I'd change my dismal roar,
And murmur ever so softly
When she walked on the shore.

Oh! pretty flower a-growing,
If I were only you,
I'd long to die on the bosom
Of her I love so true.

If I were the summer breezes,
All through the livelong day
I'd kiss her lips and her forehead,
And the world not be my pay.

But as long as I am not either
Moon, ocean, flower, or breeze,
I shall have to use in the usual way,
Upon my bended knees!

THAT BOY of NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XVII.

FUNK.

"I SAW a young fellow, so like that boy of Norcott's, in a third-class carriage," I overheard a traveler say to his companion, as we stopped to sup at Crewe.

"He'll have scarcely come to that, I fancy," said the other, "though Norcott must have run through nearly every thing by this time."

It was about the last time I was to hear myself called in this fashion. They who were to know me henceforward were to know me by another name, and in a rank that had no tricksings; and I own I accepted this humble fortune with a more contented spirit and with less chagrin than it cost me to hear myself spoken of in this half-contemptuous fashion.

I was now plainly and poorly dressed. I made no display of studs or watch-chain; I even gave up the ring I used to wear, and took care that my gloves—which, indeed, I was almost puppish—should be the commonest and the cheapest.

If there was something that at moments fell very heavily on my heart in the utter destitution of my lot, there was, on the other hand, what served my heart and stimulated me in the thought that there was some heroism in what I was doing. I was, as we say, about to seek my fortune; and what to a young man can be more full of interest and anticipation than such a thought? To the entered apprentice who is thrown into situations of difficulty, which nothing but one's own resources to rely on, to be obliged to rely on nothing but one's wits, and one's heart for courage, to see one's self, in a word, alone against the world, is intensely exciting.

In the days when I was in the midst of personal perils to confront, and appalling dangers to be surmounted; but now it was a game of life, to be played, not merely with a stout heart and a ready hand, but with a cool head and a steady eye. Young as I was I had seen a great deal. In that strange comedy of which my fellow's guests were the performers there was great insight into character to be gained, and a marvelous knowledge of men. Those who play with fire live by their wits cultivate these same wits to live.

If I was not totally corrupted by the habits and ways of that life I owe it wholly to those teachings of my dear mother, which through all the turmoil and confusion of that extraordinary existence still held a place in my heart, and led me again and again to ask myself how she would think of this, or what judgment she would pass on that: and even in this remnant of a conscience there was some safety. I tried to persuade myself that it was well for me that all this was now over, and that an honest existence was again open to me; but my past existence in which my good mother's lessons would not have their stimulate me to the right and save me from the wrong, and the daily and hourly cares of daily labor a halo that never had shone on my life of splendor.

I was late at night when I reached Tixets, and I left it at daybreak. The small steamer in which I had taken my passage followed the coast line, calling at the many insignificant little towns and villages, and winding its track through that myriad of islands which lie scattered along the Dalmatian coast. I sat on the deck, and as one of these quaint towns, the simple articles they dealt in, the strange dress, and the stranger sounds of the language they spoke, came to me into what a new life I had just set foot, and how completely was to leave all my former habits and associations behind me.

The sun had just gone below the sea as we rounded the great promontory of the north and entered the bay of Fiume. The sunset and the passed in than the channel seemed to close behind us, and the mountains moving along over what looked like a magnificent park bounded on every side by lofty mountains—for the islands of the coast were hidden—until they opened the openings to the Adriatic. If the hues of the great mountains was steeped in a blue deep and mellow as the sea itself, their summits glowed in the carbuncle tints of the setting sun, and over these again long lines of cloud, golden and azure streaks, marked the sky, almost on fire, as it were, with the last parting salute of the glorious orb that was setting. It was not merely that I had never seen, but I could not have imagined such beauty of landscape; and as we swept quietly along near the shore, and I could mark the villas shrouded in the deep woods of chestnut and oak, and saw the olive and the cactus, with the orange and the oleander, bending their leafy branches over the blue water, I thought to myself, would not a life there be nearer to Paradise than any thing wealth and fortune could buy elsewhere?

"There, yonder," said the captain, pointing to the ornamented chimneys of a house surrounded by a deep oak wood, and the terrace of which overhung the sea, "that's the villa of old Ignaz Oppovich. They say he is a prosperous trader, with half a million of florins to sell it, but miser as he was and is the old fellow refused it."

"Is that Oppovich of the firm of Hodzig and Oppovich?" asked I.

"Yes; the house is all Oppovich's now, and half Fiume too, I believe."

"There are worse fellows than old Ignaz," said another voice. "I wonder what would become of the hospital, or the foundling, or the asylum for the orphans here, but for him."

"He's a Jew," said another, spitting out with contempt.

"A Jew that could teach many a Christian the virtues of charity and piety," said the other. "A Jew that never refused an alms to the poor, no matter of what belief, and that never spoke ill of his neighbor."

"I never heard as much good of him before, and I have been a member of the town council with him these two years."

The other touched his hat respectfully in recognition of the speaker's rank, and said no more.

The steamer, however, invariably halts upon him who, alone and friendless, makes first acquaintance with the scene wherein he is to live. I love him who, for the first time, sees the objects he sees can ever become of interest to him; how impossible it seems that he will live to look on this as familiar; that he will walk that narrow street as a familiar spot; giving back the kindly greetings that he gets, and feeling that strange, mysterious sense of brotherhood that grows out of daily intercourse with the same people!

I was curious to see where the Herr Oppovich lived, and found the place after some search. The public garden of the town, a prettily planted spot, lies between the two mountain streams, flanked by tall mountains, and is rather affected by the inhabitants from its suspicion of damp. Although the month was May I saw not one being as I went—I passed on to a dark space at the extreme end, find beyond which a small wooden bridge gave access to a garden wildly overgrown with evergreens and shrubs, and so neglected that it was not easy at first to select the right path among the many that led through the tangled brush-wood. Following one of these, I came out on a little lawn in front of a long low house of two stories, the roof was high-pitched and the windows narrow, and defended by strong iron shutters, which lay open on the outside wall, displaying rude but solid bar, indicative of strength and resistance. No smoke issued from a chimney, not a sound broke the silence. There was there a look of long living things around—desolation like it I had never seen. At last a mean, half-starved dog crept coweringly across the lawn, and on to the high the door, and there whined plaintively. After a brief pause the door opened, the animal stole in, the door then closed with a bang, and all was as before. I turned back toward the town with a heavy heart: a misery dread of those I was to be associated with on the morrow came over me, and I turned to the inn and locked myself into my room, and sat down my bed with a sense of desolation that found vent at last in a flood of tears.

As I look back on the night that followed it seems to me one of the saddest passages of my life. If I fell asleep it was to dream of the past, with all its exciting pleasures and delights; and again awaking to the reality, I found myself in this wretched, poverty-stricken, foreign, where every object spoke of misery, and recalled me to the thought of a country where all was ignoble and as lowly.

I remember well how I longed for day to dawn, that I might get up and wander along the shore, and breathe the pure air, and hear the plash of the sea, and seek in that greater, wider, and more beautiful world of nature a peace that my own miserable individuality could not suffer me to enjoy. And at the first gleam of light I did steal down and issue forth, to walk for hours along the beach in a strange excitement from the beauty of the scene, that filled me at last with a sense of almost happiness. I thought of Pauline, too, and remembered how she partake of the first light this lovely spot imparted to *me?* would *she* see these leafy woods, that bold mountain, that crystal sea, the golden-shining sands many a day on deep, as I saw them? And if so, what a stimulus to labor and grow rich was in the thought!

In pleasant reveries, that dashed the future with much that had delighted me in the past, the hours rolled on, and it was time to present myself at Herr Oppovich's. Armed with my letter of introduction, I soon found myself at the door of a large warehouse, over which the name stood in big letters. A narrow wooden stair ascended steeply from the entrance to a long low room, in which fully twenty clerks were busily engaged at their desks. At the end of this, in a smaller room, I was told Herr Ignaz—for he was always so called—held his private office.

Before I was well conscious of it I was standing in this room before a short thick-set old man, with heavy eyebrows and hooked nose, whose long coat of coarse cloth reached to his feet.

He sat and examined me as he read the note, pausing at times in the reading as if to compare me with the indications before him.

"Digby Owen—is that the name?" asked he.

"Yes, Sir."

"Native of Ireland, and never before employed in commercial pursuits?"

I nodded to this interrogatory.

"I am not in love with Ireland, nor do I feel a great liking for ignorance, Herr Owen," said he, slowly rising from his chair—deep impressions in his tone, though the words came with the thick accentuation of the Jew. "My old friend and correspondent should have remembered these prejudices of mine. Herr Jacob Heinfetter should not have sent you here."

I knew not what reply to make to this, and was silent.

"He should not have sent you here;" and he repeated the words with increased solemnity. "What do you want me to do with you?" said he, sharply, after a brief pause.

"Any thing that will serve to let me earn my bread," said I, calmly.

"Ha! ha!" said the senior judge," said the old man. "Look here now," said he to me, as he turned over the beautifully clean and neatly kept volume. "This is the work of a boy who earns six hundred florins a year. You began with four, Harasch?"

"Three hundred, Herr Ignaz," said the young bookkeeper.

"Can you live and wear such clothes as these," said the old man, touching my coat-sleeve, "on three hundred florins a year—paper florins, mind, which in your money would make about twenty-five pounds?"

"If I will do my best with it," said I, determined he should not deter me by mere words.

"Take him with you, Harasch; let him copy into the waste-book. We shall see in a few days what he's fit for."

At a sign from the youth I followed him out, and soon found myself in the outer room, where a considerable number of the younger clerks were waiting my acknowledgment.

Nothing could well be less like the manners and habits I was used to than the coarse familiarity and easy assurance of the young men who surrounded me. They questioned me about my birth, my education, my means, what circumstance had driven me to my present step, and to whom of my friends had done any thing to save me from it. Not content with a number of very searching inquiries, they began to moralize on the fact that Ignaz would not put up with my incapacity for a week. "You'll be sent to your friend Jacob," cried one; and the sentence was chimed at once.

"Ja! ja! he'll be sent into the yard." And though I was dying to know what that might mean, my pride restrained my curiosity, and I would not condescend to ask.

"What is to be in the yard!" I heard one whisper to another, and they both began laughing at the conceit; and I now sat down on a bench and looked myself in thought.

"Come; we are going to dinner, Englander," said Harasch to me at last; and I arose and followed him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HANSEL OF THE YARD.

I WAS soon to learn what being "sent into the yard" meant. Within a week that destiny was mine. Being so sent was held to be one being charged to count the staves as they arrived in Austro-Hungary, Hungary, oaken staves being the chief "industry" of Fiume, and the principal source of Herr Oppovich's fortune.

My companion, and, indeed, my instructor in this intellectual employment, was a fellow-lodging, dwarfish creature, who, whatever the season, was always to be seen in a yellow leather, the jerkin being fastened round the waist by a broad belt with a heavy brass buckle. He had been in the yard for many years, and though his assistants had been uniformly promoted to the office, he had met with no advancement in life, and was still on the same walk and the same grade in which he had started.

Hans Spöner was, however, a philosopher, and went about his occupation with a cheerful mind that the open air and the freedom were better than the closeness and confinement within doors, and, if he had not risen, had not fallen, and therefore reached him able to relish plainer food; and this mode of reconciling things—striking the balance between good and ill—went through life, as he said or did, and his favorite phrase, "Es ist fast einerley," or "It comes to about the same," comprised his whole system of resigned submission.

If as first I felt the occupation assigned to me as in no way degrading, and Hansel's companionship soon reconciled me to submit to it with patience. It was not merely that he displayed an invariable good-humor and pleasantry, but there was a forbearance about him, and a delicacy in his dealing with me, actually gentlemanlike. Thus he never questioned me as to my former condition, nor asked by what accident I had fallen to my present lot; and, while showing in many ways that he saw I was unused to hardship, he rather treated my inexperience as a mere fortuitous circumstance than as a thing to comment or dwell on. Hansel, besides this, taught me how to live on my humble pay of a florin and ten kreutzers—about two shillings—daily. With a small room that I had a cot and he yard, and could consequently devote my

modest salary to my maintenance. The straitened economy of Hans himself had enabled him to lay by about eight hundred florins, and he strongly advised me to arrange my mode of life on a plan that would admit of such a prudent saving.

Less for this purpose than to give my friend a strong proof of the full confidence I reposed in his judgment and his honor, I confided to his care all my earnings, and only begged he would provide for me as for himself; and likewise that I became inseparable. We took our coffee together at daybreak, our little soup and boiled beef at noon, and our potato-salad, with perhaps a sardine or such like, at night for supper; the "Viertelstein"—the fourth of a bottle—being equitably divided between us to cheer our hearts and cement good-fellowship on certainly as acrid a liquor as ever was pressed into such excellent ends.

None of the clerks would condescend to know us. Herr Frippet, the cashier, would not to us in the street, but the younger men never recognized us at all, save in some exquisite moment of freedom by a wink or a jerk of the head. We were in a most subordinate condition, and they made us feel it.

From Hans I learned that Herr Oppovich was a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. The former was an irreclaimable scamp and vagabond, whose debts had been paid over and over again, and who had been sent at last to the army with disgrace, and was now wandering about Europe, living on his father's friends, and trading for small loans on his future name. This was Adolph Oppovich. The girl—Sara she was called—was, in Hansel's judgment, not much more to be liked than her brother, only in a more proud and insolent to a degree that would have been remarkable in a princess of a reigning house. From the clerks she exacted a homage which was positively absurd. It was not alone that they should attend to stand uncovered as she passed, but that if any had occasion to address her, the invariable prelude what he had to say by kissing her hand an act of vassalage that in Austria is limited to persons of the lowliest kind.

"She regards me as a wild beast, and I am therefore spared this piece of servitude," said Hans, and he laughed his noiseless, uncouth laugh as he thought of his immunity.

"Is she handsome?" asked I.

"How can she be handsome when she is so overbearing?" said he. "Is not beauty gentleness, mildness, softness? How can I agree with eyes that flash disdain, and a mouth that seems to curl with insolence? The old proverb says, 'Schönheit ist Tugend;' and that's why Our Lady is always so lovely."

Hansel was a devout Catholic; and not impossibly the argument made his judgment of the young Jewess all the more severe. Of Herr Oppovich himself he would say little. Perhaps he deemed it more loyal to discuss with me whose bread he ate; perhaps he had not sufficient experience of me to trust me with his opinion: at all events he was no further than an admission that he was wise and keen in business; one who made few mistakes himself, nor forgave them easily in another.

"Never do more than he tells you to do, younker," said Hans to me one day; "and he'll trust you, if you do that well." All this was not the least valuable hint he gave me.

Hans had a great deal of small worldly wisdom, the fruit rather of a long experience than of any remarkable gift of observation. As he said himself, it took him four years to learn the business of the office; and as I acquired the knowledge in about a week, he regarded me as a perfect genius.

We soon became fast and firm friends. The way in which I had surrendered myself to this guidance—giving him up the management of my money, and almost submitting to his authority as though I were his son—had won upon the old man immensely. I, on my side—friendless and companionless, save with Himself—grew close to the only one who seemed to take an interest in me. Year—I must even say it—as we wended our way, at noon, toward the little eating-house where we dined, and I saw the friends with whom I had exchanged greetings, and felt the class and condition he belonged to and fell in the coarse looks and coarser ways of his associates, I was ashamed to think to what I had fallen. I had, indeed, no respect, nor any liking for the young fellows of the counting-house. They were coarse, offensively vulgar, and though had the outward semblance, the dress, and the gait of their betters, and they were privileged by appearance to stroll into a cafe and dine at one from which I and my companion would speedily have been ejected. I confess I envied them that mere right of admission into the vast pleasure world, and sorrowed over my own exclusion as though it had been inflicted on me as a punishment.

This jealous feeling met no encouragement from Hans. The old man had no rancor of any kind in his nature. He had no sense of discontent with his condition, nor any desire to change it. Counting stoves seemed to him a very fitting way to occupy existence; and he knew of many occupations that were less pleasant and less wholesome, for instance, for the paper-mill, or hides, in both of which Herr Jaeger dealt. Hans would have seriously disliked; but staves were cleanly and sweet-smelt and sweetly of the oak-wood they came from; and there was something noble in their destiny—to form casks and hogsheads for the rich wines of France and Spain —which he was fond of recalling: and so would he say, "Without you and me, boy, or those like us, they'd have no vats nor barrels for the real grape-juice."

While he thus talked to me, trying to invest my humble position with what might appear to me eyes, I struggled often with myself whether I should not tell him the story of my life—in what rank I had lived, to what hopes of fortune I had been reared. Would this knowledge have raised me in the old man's esteem, or would it have estranged him from me? That was the question. How should I come through the ordeal of his judgment? higher or lower? A mere chance decided for me what all my pondering could not resolve. Hans came home one night with a little book in his hand, a present for me. It was a French grammar, and, as he told me, the key to all knowledge.

"The French are the great people of the world," said he, "and all you know their tongue, you can have no difficulty anywhere in life." There was a "younker" once under him in the yard, who, just because he could read and write French, was now a clerk with six hundred florins salary. "When you have worked hard for three months we'll look out for a master, younker."

"But I know it already, Hansel," said I, smiling. "I speak it even better than I speak German, and English, too, for that matter, but it's true. I had masters for these, and for Greek and history, and I was taught to draw, and to sing, and to play the piano, and I learned how to ride and to dance."

"Just like a born gentleman," laughed Hans.

"I was, and I am, a born gentleman; don't shake your head, or wring your hands, Hansel. Birth and breeding, like gifts, are not rovings! I'll soon convince you what I say is true."

I hurried to my room, and opening my trunk, took out my papers, some trinkets, some studs of value, and a costly chain my father had given me. "These are all mine! I used to wear them once, as children wear toys. I've worn both these buttons. There were more servants in my father's house than there are clerks in Herr Oppovich's counting-house. I'll tell you who I was, and how I came to be what I am."

I told him my whole story, the old man listening with an attention and interest that I had never deeply interested than when I told of the splendors and magnificence of my father's house. He never could hear enough of the entertainments and great banquets, where troops of servants waited, and every wish of the guest was on once animated.

"And all this," cried he, at last, "all this, day after day, night after night, and not once in a year only, as it is with us, on the Kaiser Sara's birthday!" And now the poor old man, in the impetuousness himself for listening so long, broke out into a description of the festivities by which Herr Oppovich celebrated his daughter's birthday; a description on which he invited all in his employment to pass the day in his villa, on the side of the bay, and when, by Hansel's account, a most princely hospitality held sway. "There are no portions, no measurements, but each is free to eat and drink as he likes," cried Hans, in high praise, described a banquet of millennial magnificence. "It is a day will see for yourself," added he, "for even the 'Lynd' is invited."

I cautioned him strictly not to divulge what I had told him of myself; nor was it necessary after all, for he well knew that Herr Frippet resented the thought of any one in his service having other pretensions than such as grew out of his own fawning humility.

"You'd be sent away to-morrow, younker," said he, "if he but knew what you were. There's an old proverb shows how they think of people of quality:

"Die Juden nicht bluden
Und Kerrschaften nicht schaden.'

The Jews can not abide the great folk, with their indebtedness; and to deem these inseparable is a creed.

"On the 31st of August falls the Fräulein's birthday, lad, and you shall tell me the next morning if your father gave a grander fête than that."

A WONDERFUL FISH—AGAIN.

In No. 617 of the *Weekly* for October 24, 1868, we gave a figure and description of a fish caught near Eastport, Maine, and now on exhibition in Boston. The following communication to Professor Baird as one of the naturalists who were unable to classify this *lusus naturæ*. We have since received a letter from Professor Agassiz, from Professor Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, a well-known authority on the subject of sharks, which we also subjoin, for the benefit of our readers:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, *October 28, 1868.*

Editor Harper's Weekly:

SIR: I have been also called to the description and figure of a "Wonderful Fish" in a recent Number of the *Weekly*. I may have to add that the figure is not an animal of the same kind, showing the real character of the animal. It is a Basking shark, or a large shark, the so-called "face" being simply club-shaped appendages of the head. Should you desire such a small book, the like of which are found in all seas and in all the world, I can furnish one.

The shark in question is well known to fishermen and naturalists, both in this country and in Europe, and the Basking or Bone Shark (scientifically *Selache Carcharias*) reaches, as I said, a length of over forty feet. At Storer's work on the fishes of Massachusetts, as well as in Dekay's work on New York, it has frequently been found on our coast, and has even been hunted systematically for its oil, of which six or seven barrels have sometimes been obtained from a single specimen. The only curious thing about the fish is, that since in its habits from those of other sharks, feeding, as it is believed, on minute animals, and even on very minute marine animals, and never showing any disposition to attack man, it should be furnished with a small to do any mischief, being not larger than those of an ordinary codfish. The principal characteristics are the anterior position of the small eyes; the very large gill openings; the minute teeth, and the peculiarly complicated structure of the intestinal canal.

Though such a monster in size, it is even in this respect rivaled, if not exceeded, by smaller species of the same group, the Carcharodon shark, of which an example, lately taken in Gloucester harbor, measured nearly forty feet in length, and of which a species has been found in the Mediterranean, which is also of a size. This, unlike the other, is a real "man-eater," the great width of its teeth and its fiercely rendering it most formidable.

Professor Baird, when he saw the animal at Calais, at once recognized it as a Basking shark, but not being certain whether it was considered to be distinct from the European species, or identical with it, wrote to Mr. Gould for the requisite information, which he did, and which he duly communicated to the proprietor in accordance with his promise. The reference to the fabled monster of Lake Utopia, and the stories of its antics in large type on the bills, have also been set there by the failing tide, are entirely unworthy of consideration.

SILENCE.

WHEN a sick man falls asleep,
All the watchers silence keep;
Silence, till the sleeper wake,
Roused from happy dreams to pain.

Hushed their breath, their voices die,
Muffled feet move noiselessly,
And the softer influence not,
All his waking ills forget.

Sweet one, I beseech of thee
As the sick consider me.
While my heart has ceased to weep,
Hush! in thine own breast asleep.

Almost heal'd, it slumbereth,
Wake it not with touch or breath;
Grant sweet pity mild and meek
Do the weary and the weak.

Wake it not, although it be
Even from dreams of misery.
Do not stir the dregs of ill;
Let it slumber: hush! be still.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A FEARFUL epidemic is raging—no epidemic of cerebro-spinal fever in the metropolis, but widespread throughout our country, in large cities and West, as well as in quiet villages, the pestilential breath is abroad, and it is fast sending to the tomb of multitudes. Every daily newspaper contains a horrible record of murders—murders prompted by every evil passion and vile motive to which mankind could become a slave, and committed almost apparently without any motive, strange and inexplicable. The most remedial agencies more powerful than now exist, or more wisely and universally administered, are necessary to evident. The recent assassination of Mr. Charles Lennox Richardson, a young English author for law prevails, and how little care is taken even to enforce the few laws we have. Here, in a quiet, respectable street in this city, within sight of the Battery, a young citizen should be deliberately attacked in front of his own residence, mortally stabbed, and robbed. Yet such was the case; and the murderer escaped. The law in ill-gotten gains minutely tested. This is but a single instance: but the thoughtful mind can not but be appalled at the fearful daily records of similar atrocities, and pray that existing laws may be more severe protection.

The Metropolitan Board of Health declares the law in full force by which the slaughtering of any animal for food, except fish, fowl, and fish, is prohibited on ground within the limits of the City of New York. The health of New York is the city of Brooklyn, without a single exception, from the Board of Health. This is an excellent thing for people who live below the Battery, and who protects the health and comfort of residents above Fortieth Street?

Congress has adopted a resolution, recently offered, directing the Secretary of Agriculture to inquire into the expediency of reorganizing the Department of Agriculture, so as to provide for the selection of one person from each State, familiar with the agricultural wants and interests of each State, to occupy a semi-official position in the department.

The Frankfort election which recently occurred in Rochester, which the Democratic persons were killed and thirty wounded, should be a fresh lesson to build. A floor in the Democratic house in Harris and St. Paul's Roman Catholic church gave way while it was crowded with people assembled for the holiday festival. The floor was supported by brick piers arches inclose square. The cause of its giving way was the crushing of one of these piers, a portion of the brick of which it was composed being soft and calculated to yield to the pressure of the superstructure, augmented by the weight of people on the floor. The piers were capped with a stone coping, and there is not every other particular the structure is as strong as could be desired. That the piers were insufficient for the weight they were called upon to sustain by the crowd. It is probable that had the accident not occurred the ingenuity of Rochesters would have found out why they were strong enough. The building has been erected about ten years.

According to the London *Times*, although the "bathing season" is over, there are still every morning on an average from 200 to 300 persons who bathe from the Serpentine, no matter how inclement or severe the weather may be. The Royal Humane Society is commanded by their medical advisers to take a cold bath every morning throughout the summer months, and have derived so much benefit that they have continued day by day throughout the winter for many years—for over fifty years, in fact. Even when the water has been covered with ice several inches thick it has been so broken and removed that a bath could be made to the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society for the use of the bathers. It is said to be true that these persistent bathers may have their dip, emerging from the water with icicles hanging from their beards.

No less than 17,000 laborers are at present employed on the Isthmus of Suez. Independent of the work accomplished by numerous smaller instruments the constructors are sixty dredging machines, which never stop day or night, and which, of course, are always progressing. In about ten months the twenty millions of cubic metres of earth which now remain to be carried away for the purpose of forming the canal will be removed.

The water with which the city of Erie is supplied is drawn from the lake, nearly a quarter of a mile from shore, and is raised by steam power two hundred and thirty feet. The new water-works are just completed.

Not long ago a peasant in Prussia presented an odd mass at a bank of a provincial town, and requested the cashier to "change it for him." On close examination one little scrap was found containing the number of a note for a thousand thalers, and the rest was nothing could be made of it. The poor peasant then explained that he had found eight-eighths of a bank-note from the market, and had lost the little bundle in the stable. There an eager goat found it, and proceeded calmly to eat it up. The peasant having become aware of his loss, rushed back into the stable, and just entered it in time to perceive the remorsel of a ten-thaler note disappearing. He killed the goat, and took the result. The question arose whether chemical agencies might restore some portions of the mass, or a microscope reveal traces invisible to the naked eye. The peasant received the use of one note, and a promise that every thing possible should be done for him.

It is stated that Samuel M. Andrews, alone his confinement in the State Prison at Charlestown, has inhibited the same calmness which characterized his conduct during his trial. He has been put to work in a machine shop—having some knowledge of machinery—and appears to work with diligence and good-humor.

Count de Beneski, a Russian nobleman, and an artist of considerable repute, recently died in Rochester, New York. He inherited a valuable estate near Moscow, together with two hundred and fifty serfs, all of whom he emancipated. When Bokhara entered the throne, the Count, in consequence of his liberal views, was obliged to leave his native country and all his possessions. Accustomed as he was to wealth and luxury, he found himself unsatisfied to earn a support for a subsistence. He was used to dictate, and possessed a haughty bearing. He resolved to paint miniatures; and in Hamburg, Paris, and London practiced much notice as an artist. His paintings, which were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, at the World's Fair, in London, 1851, won the first premium. He was subsequently appointed painter to the royal family of Great Britain. In 1859 he came to this country, whose free institutions he greatly admired; and during several years resided in Rochester, being much esteemed by those who knew him.

Thirty-six patients in the Lunatic Hospital at Northampton, Massachusetts, have recovered during the year. At present there are two hundred and sixty in the institution considers insanity essentially a disease of debility. Tonics, including raw stimulants, are the principal medicines, assisted by aperients, diuretics, alteratives, or cathartics.

Ladyslea, Bohemia, contains, abounds in paper-mills, which produce about twenty-six tons of paper a day. The manufacture is by the most primitive means.

In 1250—so the story goes—the fences and cabins of Wielieska, ten miles from Cracow, in Austria, was discovered by a salt-miner, Daniel Kraus, who, upon the possession of the Austrian Government in 1772, and with a last remnant of upward of 60 cubic feet. It is now stated that this mine is threatened with total destruction by a stream of water which lately made its appearance while the workmen were engaged in one of the lower shafts in search of potash. All the means employed to prevent the water from flowing in and flooding the mine have been unsuccessful; it flows at the rate of 1,000 cubic feet a minute, and has already almost filled the lower passages, rapidly dissolving the salt with which it comes in contact. A dike is being built for confining the water and leading it out of the mine, but it is feared that the salt columns which support the upper excavations will be undermined before the work can be completed.

A Boston boy, about nine years old, called a physician. The M.D. was willing to give medical attention, but desired pay in advance, or a formal agreement to be made to pay when his services were fully rendered.

"Can't it kill or cure for twenty dollars?" said Pat.

"Yes."

The boy assented, and entered into the contract. The woman died, and in due time the doctor presented his bill. Pat looked at it a moment, and then asked:

"An' did yez cure her?"

"No," answered the physician.

"An' did yez kill her?"

"I was power. The bill, at last accounts, had not been settled.

Last week a sixty-pound bomb-shell exploded in the house of an iron foundry in Concord, N.H. Several workmen were severely injured, but the fine house was shattered entirely to pieces it is wonder that no greater damage was not done, and that no lives lost. The shell came from Portsmouth Navy-yard with a quantity of others, and was warranted free from powder.

A man in Toledo has been pretending to make sudden bursting cures by animal magnetism. He is now discovered that he keeps about his person six electric batteries with which he charges himself with power.

We see mention made in an exchange of a country pastor who, on Christmas morning, could not find his sermon. He looked and search was made, but was never discovered—but in them were the horns of a new milch cow, which (the cow, not the horned beast) was the gift of a considerate people.

Russia's wife at Paris is for sale. It is built on a scale of which we of the West have no conception. Of Paris from the Bois de Boulogne. The little dwelling is surrounded by an iron railing, and covered with ivy. In the middle of the garden stands the arbor where Russia used to study Spanish on fourth semester days. The park is filled with sycamores and maids bordered with box, and with a profusion of flowers, which fill the air all round with perfumed incense; and the songs of the birds, which he loved so much, make a concert of the most delightful retreat.

The Chicago *Republican* gives an interesting incident, which illustrates the free-and-easy style of life that far-famed Western metropolis: "A gentleman last evening, in an Indiana Avenue car, sat composedly with his arms around the waist of a female on his body, and a fond gracefully reposing upon each manly knee. The lady was the wife of one of the gentleman's wife and the other his sister, or one his sister and the other his wife, or whether both were his wives or both his sisters, or both somebody else's sisters or somebody else's wives does not appear, by the quiet conversation of the interested parties, not exciting.

What can be done to give employment to those in our city who want to make an honest living? It is estimated that there are from 20,000 to 30,000 people in the cities of New York and Brooklyn who have no regular employment by which they may feed and clothe themselves and their families. Some good comprehensive measures only can bring relief to such destitution.

During the last year one hundred and forty-one children were placed in the Michigan Public Asylum, seventy-nine of which were necessitated by their friends.

A short time ago a Mrs. White, living in New Jersey, confessed on her death-bed that she had poisoned her husband, brother-in-law, and child. As she had borne an unblemished character before, every body was horror-stricken at such a disclosure. A later version of the story places the affair in a different light: and it is the opinion of the physician who attended her that her words were the ramblings of a weak mind, produced by the effects of laudanum and brandy, which had been freely administered to her during days previous to her death, in order to get rest.

TROTTERS ON THE SNOW.—SKETCHED BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.—[SEE PAGE 60.]

THE SLEIGHING CARNIVAL.

THE first few days of January promised an exciting sleighing-season; but the hopes aroused were soon dissipated by an old-fashioned "January thaw," though not before the brief season of enjoyment had been eagerly cultivated and enjoyed by our citizens. Sleighs-ride was the delight of New Yorkers; and no city in the country affords better riders out or drives our metropolis, with its splendid suburban avenues. There was, accordingly, a general turn-out in sleighs of every style—the aristocratic carriage, in vehicles that looked as much like worn-out boxes on runners as any thing else, in single sleighs and in double sleighs, in two and four horse-all description, from the best-blooded steed down to the sorriest hack. Our avenues were filled with these jolly pleasure-seeking parties of respectable ladies and gentlemen, parties of "roughs," parties of children whose young faces looked like flowers amidst deserts of snow, and parties of sledding sports with their favorite trotters, such as Mr. WOMER shows us in his admirable illustration on page 56. The drives in Central Park, Harlem Lane, and the other avenues leading out from the city were crowded with the swiftly moving cavalcade.

CHARLOTTE MOREL.

IT is the way of the world to speak of the Middle Ages as if they were dead and buried. But far from the trenches of the mighty, trenches now and then find out spots where medieval life is not dead but sleeping. The men wear coats, and the women chignons: but beneath these outward signs of the nineteenth century lie modes of thought and habits of life which certainly belong to another age than this. These places are mostly found abroad; little mousey provincial towns are they, not sufficiently interesting to attract antiquarians, and not large enough to stimulate enterprise; places in which life is as dull and as torpid as it was three hundred years ago and more.

To this quiet tribe belongs VERRIÈRES, in one of the central provinces of France. Money is of great account in places like this, and Mammon has reached its fell value in VERRIÈRES. That little hundred-year-old town, with its long, gray walls and its green gardens spreading behind its old houses so quaint and gray, thinks a great deal of Mammon.

Thanks to Mammon, therefore, Monsieur MOREL, the richest man in VERRIÈRES, held a high position in his native place. Monsieur MOREL was a grocer and general dealer. He literally fed and clothed VERRIÈRES. Monsieur MOREL sold flour, cheese, eggs, sugar, chocolate, candy, spirits, and wine even, crockery, hardware, boots and shoes, cloths, silks, calico, linen, and every species of "soft goods" stuff, not to speak of changes of fashion. Monsieur MOREL soon became a rich man, and grew richer with every year. He lived in a very old house, with long, low windows to it; windows high and narrow which, as well as the steep roof and massive chimneys, stacks, spoke of a by-gone age. In the broad and lofty rooms of that house—and it had many —he stored away his multifarious goods, and retired in their solemn and dusky retreat save by Monsieur MOREL and his clerk, LENOIR, a little, wiry old man, who went through life with a pen behind his ear. These two, Monsieur MOREL and LENOIR, assisted by two stout servant-women, attended to the shop. This was not in the old house, as might have been expected, but in the yard at the back of that house. A low, dingy-looking shop it was, in which perpetual twilight reigned, and where the sun never entered; but a shop in which the clinking of money was heard all the day long, and all the year round. Light and cash it had had in its early days, when the yard merged into a pleasant garden, bounded by a little river which flowed between willows and aspen-trees. But when Monsieur MOREL's business so increased that he knew not where to turn to for spare room the garden was sacrificed.

Madame MOREL died when her first child was born. Her widowed husband never married again. Apart from his wife's death, Monsieur MOREL had troubles incidental to his position. The chief of these was, that the little Madame MOREL had not given him a son, but a daughter.

"Ah, LENOIR!" he would say to his clerk, "the mother-abbess gives me for her account of the little thing's temper and abilities; my own eyes tell me that she is both pretty and healthy. But it is a great trial that I have not got a Charles, but a Charlotte. The business, you know."

"It is a great pity that Mademoiselle Charlotte is not Monsieur Charles," Lenoir would tactfully answer. "It certainly was a great mistake."

When Madame MOREL's mistake was about seven years old she came home to her father's on a week's holiday. A very pretty, quiet, demure child, with black eyes and a rosy face, was Charlotte MOREL. And very pretty she looked when she acted as bridemaid to her father's sister, who married Monsieur Roussel, the notary, about this time. Monsieur Roussel was a widower, and his son, Henri, a lad of twelve, took a great fancy to Mademoiselle Charlotte. He sat by her at the wedding-dinner; he danced with her in the evening; and when she complained of being fatigued, he chivalrously put her on his back, and carried her home. Monsieur MOREL, who was already looking out for a son-in-law, and who liked the aspect of this handsome and spirited lad, slapped him on the back, and said, cheeringly:

"That's right, Henri; carry your little wife."

Upon which, Henri, turning his frank face and blue eyes to Charlotte, said, gayly:

"Will you marry me, Charlotte? Eh, will you marry me?"

The proposal, coming as it did when Charlotte was on her suitor's back, with her arms around his neck, was an awkward one. She looked shy and doubtful; before she could answer, Henri's uncle and godfather, Monsieur BARON, the farmer, interfered, and said, sarcastically:

"Is not my son, Charlotte, or you will repent it, for you see Henri has a wife now."

Henri became crimson, and bit his lip.

"Henri will improve," hesitatingly said the father.

"Please to put me down?" asked Charlotte.

"I will not, mademoiselle," said Henri. "I will carry you, whether you like it or not, mamzelle."

Charlotte submitted; but when they reached home, and Henri put her down, she would neither look at him nor bid him good-night.

"You are a saucy little thing," he said, angrily.

A remark which Charlotte did not deign to answer.

Charlotte was about eighteen when Monsieur Morel said one morning to Lenoir:

"I must see about a son-in-law."

But where was the young man to be found who could be both Charlotte Morel's husband and Monsieur Morel's successor? Where was the lover and the man of business? All VERRIÈRES could not yield him.

"I must try Henri Roussel," said Monsieur Morel, with a sigh. Monsieur Lenoir heard, and groaned, and turned up his eyes. Matters must be bad indeed for Monsieur Morel to take such a resolve as this.

Henri Roussel was now a very fine, manly-looking young fellow, with, perhaps, a little too much of a reckless, ungovernable temper, which had already led him into various scrapes, and which kept his father, a weak, good-natured man, and his step-mother, a timid, yielding woman, in a constant state of fever and uneasiness. Monsieur Roussel was the uncle of Monsieur BARON, who lived in the house next to that of his brother-in-law. To him Monsieur Morel broached his proposal.

"Please yourself; but remember you are one else will do any good with Henri," despondently answered Monsieur Roussel. "In this very room I told him so only yesterday."

"Perhaps he will like business better than the law," said Monsieur Morel.

His brother-in-law shook his head.

"Henri can live on the little fortune his mother left him," he said, "and Henri will like nothing. Mind," he added, shaking his hands, "you take him on your own responsibility."

This conference, Monsieur Morel went down stairs. His sister was knitting in a dull parlor, with her two daughters by her. When they had seen each other, and had explained his plans, the good lady dropped ten stitches of her knitting.

"Poor Charlotte!" she said. "Why, he will break the child's heart with his temper."

Monsieur Morel said something about some one who was not to be, as he was, overheard, upon which he was told that he did not know Henri Roussel.

"Well, then," he retorted, losing patience, "I can not help myself; beggars can not be choosers."

And he went forthwith to find the sinner whom he had always liked, to say the truth—at the end of the garden. A pleasant, sunlit garden was this garden, full of flowering shrubs sloping down to the river-side. Monsieur Morel walked down trim paths, with beds of stocks and wallflowers blooming very sweetly in the light shade of apple-trees, till he came to the river. There he found Monsieur Roussel in his shirt-sleeves, mending and hammering a boat in a tight good-will. He was twenty-three then, a tall and very handsome young fellow, with a huge curl in his yellow locks, but with a frank look in his blue eyes, and an open smile, which Monsieur Morel had always liked. As usual, he was in high spirits; he expounded his errand and made his proposal. Henri heard him, sitting on the side of the boat, with the hammer in his hand and his chin resting on the palm of the other.

"Thank you, uncle," he said, gravely; "but you know I never took to the law."

"The law is one thing, and business is another," replied Monsieur Morel.

"Yes—I want the practical, variety. Business gives these—the law does not. And you want me to marry Charlotte," continued the young man, gravely. "You know I am by no means so rich as she is."

"That is not business."

"But how will she like it, uncle?"

"That is your business," answered Monsieur Morel, smiling.

The color deepened on the young man's cheek; he was silent a while, then he made one last objection.

"My father, my step-mother, my two sisters all declare that I have a bad and violent temper. Are you willing, nevertheless, to trust me with your daughter's happiness?"

"I am, 'stoutly replied Monsieur Morel: "for if you have a warm temper, for which the color of your hair may be answerable, I believe you have also a generous heart, and that you are incapable of making my little Charlotte unhappy."

Henri Roussel said nothing, but his blue eyes were dim and his lips quivered as he rose and held out his hand, which Monsieur Morel grasped cordially. It was a bargain, and the young man swore that same evening, not to live in the house, which it was not needed, but to have a long business conversation with his uncle. He proved an apt pupil. There was life and activity in the business, so Monsieur Morel had truly said. Henri Roussel had to travel and go about to fairs and markets, and he showed such business talents and gave such satisfaction that Monsieur Morel sent for his daughter in order to conclude the matter as soon as possible.

Mademoiselle Charlotte Morel had rarely left her convent, and her few glimpses of the world seemed to have had no effect upon her. She was as quiet and demure as any little nun. Rather little she was, though not ungracefully so—little, but well grown, with a rosy, round face, charming dimples, lovely black eyes, and glossy black hair. This attractive young person also had an unbending will and temper, and more practical sense than ladies of her years are supposed to possess. Her father laid his plans open to her with the result that his fortune was invested in his business, and his son-in-law must also, if possible, be successor. He was quite satisfied with Henri Roussel, and though he wished to lay no compulsion upon her, he hoped that his daughter would like the young man. Charlotte heard him out, with her eyes downcast, and her hands folded on her lap, and then said, gravely:

"Has he not a bad temper?"

"Rather hasty, perhaps, reluctantly said Monsieur Morel. "But Monsieur Roussel would never be to a young and agreeable wife what he may have been to his family, you know."

Charlotte was very conscious in mingled surprise and doubt on hearing this.

"I hope to get old," she said, quaintly.

Monsieur Morel, not knowing what to say, began praising the young man's talent, assiduity, and good-looks.

"Henri always begins very well," composedly replied Charlotte, "and I know he is clever."

"And very handsome," persisted Monsieur Morel, simply.

His daughter answered with the untranslatable "comme ça," to which "so-so" is no equivalent, and then relapsed into silence on the subject.

To all appearance matters went on very well between the young people. Charlotte sat and worked in a corner of the shop on the ground floor, and there Henri would go and join her now and then. Monsieur Morel remained open, and from the shop Monsieur Morel watched them with a pleased eye. He saw his pretty daughter raising near her chair the wood which the creepers hung. How quiet and demure she looked, with her downcast eyes, while Henri Roussel, leaning against the wall, gazed down at her in evident admiration!

"I fancy it will do," thought Monsieur Morel; but to be sure he mentioned his design further. Charlotte was silent a while: then she said:

"I mistrust him. He had a temper once, and he seems to be quiet now."

"Because he is fond of you."

"Ah, but suppose he should cease being fond of me?"

Now, as ill-luck would have it, Monsieur Morel repeated this conversation to Henri Roussel. He was a young man of action, and said nothing, but bit his lip and turned very red. He sometimes rowed Charlotte and his sisters down the river of an evening, and he did so late on the afternoon of this day. The sun was setting behind the old church of VERRIÈRES. Blue and gold lay in the sky, and mingled in the placid surface of the little stream with the green shadows of the aspens and the willows. The boat floated past quiet gardens as he rowed, Henri Roussel, at Charlotte with mingled love and anger. The young girl sat still, for Louise, Henri's youngest sister, had fallen asleep by her side.

"Why do you not trust me, Charlotte?" asked Henri, abruptly.

Charlotte raised her eyes in some wonder: then guessing the truth, she colored a little, but replied, composedly:

"What difference does it make to you whether I trust you or not?"

Her quiet manner, her unmoved look exasperated him. In a moment Henri recovered the temper which the fair Charlotte supposed him to have lost. His eyes flashed, his lips trembled with resentment.

"You must be heartless to put such a question," he said, indignantly.

Charlotte looked at him very earnestly:

"Thank you," she said, bowing her head with ironical courtesy. "Pray be so kind as to row me back."

He complied without saying a word. That same evening Charlotte composedly informed her father that she should never marry Henri Roussel.

"The man who can not rule himself shall never rule me," she said.

Monsieur Morel was much annoyed, and much troubled. He did his best to convince Charlotte that she had made a great blunder under the idea that the proposal was evidently so distasteful to her, and she shrank from it with such pain, that he did not insist.

"Very well," he said, desperately; "I must send off poor Henri, and you must go back to the convent till I have found some one else."

To this sentence Charlotte submitted without a word. She went away the very next morning. Henri said, bitterly:

"I do not know why I regret her: she did not care a straw for me."

And he, too, went, not merely from his uncle's house, but from VERRIÈRES, which he left for PARIS, and entered a huge commercial house.

Nothing came of Monsieur Morel's search for some one else. He lived in hope, and left his daughter safe behind convent walls till she was twenty-one, when grim Death settled his perplexity by calling him very suddenly away one sunny summer morning.

VERRIÈRES was much startled by the news, and VERRIÈRES first thought on the subject was a pithy homily on the vanity of human sorrow. VERRIÈRES grieved very little for the dead man, but wondered very much who was going to step into his shoes. Several individuals, for whose business talents Monsieur Morel had entertained a strong contempt, had visions of purchasing the business, and lording it in the great old house; they sounded Lenoir, the old clerk, and as he heard them out and returned diplomatic replies, they one and all felt pretty sure of success. Monsieur Roussel was a very much respected, he consulted with Mademoiselle Morel's nearest relatives, and they all came to the conclusion that Monsieur Roussel, Henri's father, would prove to be the successful applicant; he was not, indeed, the successor such a man as Monsieur Morel should have had, but he was at least objectionable of all the claimants for the dead man's honors. Monsieur Morel had been dead a fortnight, when Lenoir was delighted to receive a subject to his late master's daughter. To his amazement, Charlotte interrupted him at once.

"Thank you," she said, "but please tell that Monsieur Roussel that I shall carry on the business myself."

Monsieur Lenoir stared and was dumb. Remonstrance was useless, and he knew it. Of course this poor, deluded young thing would never get on—never, not even with the assistance—but she had a will of her own, she was of age too, and as Monsieur Roussel had discovered, her consent with the determination of keeping her own way henceforward.

Monsieur Roussel was equally and sadly skeptical, but VERRIÈRES was bitterly ironical. It foretold Mademoiselle Morel's downfall, and watched her going down. The process was a rapid one. Charlotte got on very well. Monsieur Lenoir did the traveling and the going about, and she stood at home and managed the business.

At first, Mademoiselle Morel knew nothing of the commercial world, and everything had excited. But, by-and-by, good-natured people, who felt bound to tell her, let her into the secrets. She found out, as the world does, also, but sure, was predicated, 'and that not even in her own family was a voice raised to prophesy her success. A slight change in the character of some seven years old, whom Charlotte was very fond of, gave her more information on that head than Charlotte cared to hear. She came in to her own evening, flushed and breathless with excitement.

"Oh! cousin," she cried, running up to Mademoiselle Morel, who was in the yard watering the creepers, "such news! My big brother, Henri, has just arrived."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; for a week only, you know. They all say I am so like him. Am I like him?" And she raised herself on tip-toe, and shook her auburn hair, for Charlotte the better to see the likeness.

Mademoiselle Morel looked down into the child's bright face.

"Yes, you are like him," she said, abstractedly; and she remained thus with the watering-pot in her hand, like one in a dream.

"And they told him about you, you know," pursued Louise, "and papa groaned, and said you would never do; and Uncle Joseph shook his head, and said you would never do; and Henri, you know, said, why not? Women do very well in business when they have brains and no beaux."

Charlotte was silent; if it were not that she changed color a little, she looked as if she had not heard this last.

"And Henri is going to Uncle Joseph's to-night," continued the little thing; "and as he will be back till Friday mamma asks me if you to come and spend to-morrow's holiday with us. You asked Henri if he would mind seeing you —he said, no; but it would be awkward for a whole day."

Still Charlotte was silent.

She took the child to her own house. She found Monsieur Roussel in the garden. He asked her to sit down, and, seeing any fear of seeing Henri, she complied while he sent for and summed his dogging.

"And how do you getting on?" he said, after a while, resting on his spade to address her.

"I am getting on well, uncle, I thank you."

Monsieur Roussel groaned and shook his head.

"Get married," he said; "get married, Charlotte."

"I am in no hurry, uncle."

"Well, you did wonderfully well not to take Henri, at least," he said, ruefully. "What do you look for, some one?"

Charlotte did not answer.

"Why, to ask me for seven thousand five hundred francs. I was astounded. I said, 'What for?' And I said, 'But that he could not tell,' he replied. 'Seven thousand five hundred francs!' exclaimed Monsieur Roussel, in double horror. "That boy will not end well, Charlotte."

Perhaps Charlotte had found to her own cost that a friend's friendship is full of sad prophecies, for she did not look so horrified as Monsieur Roussel evidently expected.

"You do not mean to say you think that natural?" he exclaimed, looking inquiring.

"I think nothing about it, uncle. Where is aunt?"

Madame Roussel now joined them. She, too, was full of the seven thousand five hundred francs.

"You know what Henri came for?" she said, plaintively.

"Yes; uncle told me. What a fine evening!"

"Will you come and spend to-morrow with us? Henri will not be at home," continued Madame Roussel.

"I am not afraid of Henri," rather proudly replied Charlotte; "but I shall be glad to spend to-morrow with you," she added, with a little sigh, "holidays seem so lonely."

The Verrières fashion of spending holiday is a dull one.

A good dinner, a walk in the garden, and a round game of cards in the evening was all the entertainment that Madame Roussel thought needful for her family. A thunder-storm interfered with one part of the programme—the garden was inaccessible. The dinner and the round game remained. Very long and wearisome seemed the dinner to Charlotte, who did not care for good cheer; and the evening was not much better. She soon lost all her counters, and was henceforth out of the game. While the others played on she leaned back in her chair, listening to the wind, which was raging, and to the rain that now beat wildly against the window-panes. Monsieur Roussel was peering at the cards through his gold spectacles; Marie showed her hand to her mother, who nodded and smiled; and little Jerome, leaning her head heavily against Charlotte, was falling asleep. Mademoiselle Morel looked at them a little wistfully. There is pleasure and also pain in beholding a family circle when we are ourselves alone.

"If they had not asked me to join them," thought Charlotte, "I must have sat alone in my room this evening; and, because they asked me, he left the house—and as he left Verrières on my account four years ago. They do not seem to miss him much: and yet they surely care more about him than they care about me."

A violent knocking at the front-door roused her from her reverie. She looked up with a start, and found the notary, his wife, and daughter exchanging alarmed glances.

"Why, what can have happened?" began Madame Roussel.

Here the knocking was repeated more violently than before, and was soon the shuffling step of the servant, coming from the back of the house, said that she was hastening to give the impatient visitor admittance. Every head heard the front door opening, and some one rushed in; then the door of the room in which they were sitting burst open, and Madame Joseph Roussel burst in upon them, with wild looks, wet garments, and a dripping umbrella.

"My money!" he gasped. "My money!" he shouted, recovering breath, and striking the floor with his umbrella. "Where is my money?"

They looked at him aghast. Monsieur Roussel remained with the uplifted card he was going to play in his hand, and stared at his brother with open mouth and eyes.

"I tell you I want my money," doggedly resumed Joseph. "I want my seven thousand five hundred francs."

"Seven thousand five hundred francs!" repeated the notary, turning livid, and a dreadful light seeming to break upon him as he heard the amount of the sum.

"Yes, seven thousand five hundred francs," sternly said Joseph, "my uncle and godfather—the thousand five hundred francs, which were taken out of my desk this afternoon when Henri was in the house—the money I—and he ended his tale about and winked at them all with terrible significance.

Monsieur Roussel tried to speak, but words would not come to him. He sank forward on the table, and with his head lying there, uttered a heart-broken groan. Madame Roussel raised her hands to heaven, and uttered a despairing cry.

"We are ruined—ruined, disgraced!" gasped she said, wildly; and falling back into her chair she went into hysterics; upon which Marie began sobbing violently too, and little Lorette, who had starting round her in dismay, uttered a succession of piercing shrieks. Charlotte alone preserving some presence of mind, ran to her aunt's assistance, and endeavored to calm her. Joseph Roussel looked around him in grim and gloomy triumph, walking rapidly.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," he said; "I knew how it would be—I always said so."

"For Heaven's sake, no more mercy on us!" cried Monsieur Roussel, looking up, wildly. "Perhaps—perhaps Henri did not do it."

Then who did?" angrily retorted his brother.

"Do you want to cheat me out of my money, eh? You told me yourself he came to borrow seven thousand five hundred francs—that you not? Well, I tell you that I left Henri alone in the room with my desk, and when I came back at the end of a quarter of an hour Henri had vanished, the key, which I had forgotten on the table, was in the desk, and seven thousand five hundred francs in notes were gone. But if you think that I am going to bear with that loss just because Henri is my nephew and godson, you are very much mistaken, all of you," added Monsieur Joseph Roussel, glaring at the dismayed family, and striking the floor again with his umbrella.

"Henri shall return that money—he only meant to borrow it, of course," agitatedly said the notary. "He shall return it, Joseph."

"And do you suppose I am going to wait till he returns my money?" exclaimed Joseph Roussel, losing all indignation and amazed at the suggestion. "What brought me here, pray?"

"And how do I know that my son took your money?" asked Monsieur Roussel, with a feeble effort at skepticism.

"Did I not tell you so?" cried his brother, enraged.

"Well, but did you see him doing it?" desperately asked Monsieur Roussel—"did you see him?"

Joseph Roussel stared till his little eyes seemed ready to start out of their sockets.

"See him!" he at length gasped forth—"see him open my desk, and take out my hard-earned money, seven thousand five hundred francs!—you ask me if I saw him doing that? No, Sir," he indignantly exclaimed, answering his own question, "I did not see him, because he took care not to do it till my back was turned, but I can tell you what—Jean, my servant, heard and saw. He saw your son Henri at the post-office, handing over to the post-mistress a letter with five blue seals—the last-named letter declaring it to be worth seven thousand five hundred francs! What do you think of that?"

The notary groaned. "For Heaven's sake, have mercy on me!" he said, piteously.

"I want my money, Sir; my money!"

"You shall have it, though it will half ruin me," distractedly said Monsieur Roussel; "but keep it quiet—do keep it quiet."

"And what did I come here for but to keep it quiet?" screamed Joseph, at the pitch of his voice; "what else do you suppose I do?"

"It will ruin me," said Henri's father, despairingly; "it will ruin me."

On hearing this Madame Roussel burst into tears, and with many piteous sobs she asked why her children were to be plundered for Henri's misdeeds. Her husband smiled in a dull, vacant stare of misery. There is a tragic hour in most lives, however tame and commonplace may seem their course, and that hour had now arrived to him. Grief and despair gave a terrible meaning to his little peevish face, and Charlotte's heart sunk within her as she heard him mutter, in a low, dull voice, "I will not be disgraced. On the day when this is known in Verrières I shall just go down the garden and make a hole in the water: I will not be disgraced."

Even as he uttered the words the door opened, and Henri, who had come back in his boat and walked up the garden, entered the room.

"Cards," he said, carelessly, "cards—who wins?"

No one answered. He gave a sharp look round the room, and at once his careless look vanished. What he did see was that his father stood wringing one word, evidently waiting. His father rose.

"Henri," he said, sternly, "you sent off seven thousand five hundred francs in Paris to-day."

Henri looked thunder-struck.

"I did," he replied, at length.

"To whom?"

"I can not tell."

"From whom did you get that money?"

"I can not tell."

The young man spoke very sullenly, and looked black as one who had recognized accusation.

"You must get that money back," said his father, trying to speak composedly, though he was deadly pale, "to-morrow." he added, perceiving to the dark part of the room where Joseph Roussel stood leaning on his umbrella. "Your uncle had his desk opened to-day, and seven thousand five hundred francs taken from it."

Henri gave a sudden start, and turned dreadfully pale.

"You did not think I should miss it so soon, did you?" asked his uncle Joseph, nodding grimly at him; "but you had better get your back on the house when I wanted some money, and found out that my seven thousand five hundred francs were gone. Now, Sir," he added, "I am your godfather as well as your uncle," he added, in a menacing voice. "Thank your stars, Isay!"

Henri sank on a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Then he looked at him, then from him to his father. At first it seemed as if words would not pass his white lips. Then he stood up straight, and addressed the notary and say:

"Father, what do you say to this?"

Monsieur Roussel raised his trembling hand toward him.

"God forgive you, Henri," he said, in a broken voice.

Henri leaped up from the chair on which he was sitting as if a bullet had struck him, his pale face grew still paler with wrath, as iron in at its hottest when it is whitest, and in a voice of thunder he cried:

"Father! father! what do you mean?"

"Do!—threaten your father after dishonoring him," cried Madame Roussel, starting up in mingled fear and hate.

Henri gave his step-mother a look of indignation and scorn that would have made his lips to reply Charlotte went up to the notary, and laying her hand on his arm she said, in a low, indignant voice, while her other hand pointed to Henri Roussel, "Uncle, uncle, do you not see that your son is innocent?"

"Innocent!" gasped the notary, staring round the room; "how so?"

How so! look at him and see it. Henri Roussel is innocent! he said he is innocent," she added, her eyes flashing with generous indignation, "and that you ought all to die with shame at having doubted him."

"Yes, I am innocent," sternly said the young man; "and, what is more, I can prove it. That money which you say is missing was lent to me by a thing taken from his desk I already had when I saw him. I borrowed it on my vineyard above Verrières. Ask Farmer Grimps, and see if he will deny it."

"Then who took my money?" cried Monsieur Joseph Roussel, looking very wild.

"That is your business, not mine," bitterly replied the young man, then looking round him he added: "I have learned this evening what trust in my honor I may expect in this house. Let none of you wonder that I shall henceforth make my home among strangers. I leave Verrières this very night—now, this moment, and it will be strange indeed if I ever set foot in it again."

He looked round the room once more; then going straight up to the spot where Charlotte stood alone—

"God bless you!" he said, with much emotion.

"God bless you!"

She did not answer. She stood there before him, passive, and like one in a dream. He said no more, but turned away, and was gone. As the door closed upon him, as they heard his step rapidly going up the staircase, the notary, recovering from his amazement, turned angrily on his brother:

"How dare you come here and attack and insultories to me?" he cried, with fury. "How dare you accuse my son of robbery?"

Monsieur Joseph Roussel slapped his forehead. Then a sudden light seemed to break upon him.

"I know who did it," he cried; "I know;" and he rushed out of the house like one distracted.

The notary threw himself down on a chair, and addressing his wife, said, very feebly:

"Louise, you should have told me not to believe it—you should have told me."

Madame Roussel pulled her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and speaking from behind it, said, in a maliciously voice:

"It all happened while I was not in the room, Charlotte signed to Marie to follow her out of the room. When they both stood outside the door she whispered:

"Go and beg of your brother not to leave the house to-night.

"I dare not," replied Marie, whose eyes were red with weeping, and that voice was hoarse.

"Try, Marie—try," urged Charlotte.

The girl went reluctantly, and very anxiously Charlotte waited for her at the foot of the staircase. Marie soon came down again; Henri's door was locked, and he had refused to admit her. Madame Roussel, who now joined them, heard this, and looked piteously at her niece.

"Do try, Charlotte," she said; "do try."

"I?" with surprise, with a start.

"Yes, do. My poor husband is broken-hearted, but will not say a word to keep him, and I feint would be better for you: but he will at least hear you. If he would only stay to-night! Do try, Charlotte! You can go and sit up stairs, and speak to him when he is coming down."

She put a light in her niece's hand, and Charlotte took it like one in a dream. She went up to the room which had been her and Marie's, and, leaving the door open. Every thing looked very gaunt and dreary in the pale light of the wax-candle, brought from the kitchen. The little lodger-like books, the dull iron safe, the stiff black chairs, had a very grim and forbidding of aspect; but Charlotte, if she saw, did not heed them. She was listening to sounds in the room above, sounds of hasty footsteps and moving furniture, which ended at length in the unlocking of a door and a step coming down the staircase. Without knowing why, she felt her own looking round. Charlotte said, in a low voice:

"Henri!"

She spoke so low that he might not have heard her; but he did. He came in at once. He threw the carpet-bag he was carrying on the floor; he threw a chair from the table and sitting down upon it he took the hand that hung loosely in the folds of her black dress, and he raised it to his lips.

"God bless you for that faith in me!" he said, in a low voice; "I shall never forget it—never."

"I trust you are not going," she said, without looking round at him.

"I must," he replied. "You father, your mother, are deeply grieved."

"Do not believe it," he interrupted, bitterly; "they never will believe that they could not have thought me guilty so readily. What have I ever done to deserve such an insult as this?"

"Ah! I could tell you," Charlotte could not help saying; "but they repent it: forgive them."

"Willingly; but I will not live with them. This evening I have learned self-mistrust for the first. It has shown me two things it is not in my power to forget—their doubt, and your faith in my honor."

He rose as he spoke, and she said:

"Pray, do stay," she urged.

"I may!" he said, quickly. He asked, meekly: "They will suspect me next for that money; they will want to know what I can doing with it; but if I do not tell them I will not tell them—they will shake their heads and say, 'Henri is going to ruin. We always said so.'"

Charlotte was silent.

"But you must think no harm of me for that," he resumed, eagerly; "that money is to save a friend from disgrace. I am no risk: I have security to double the amount I lend; but to have it known that he borrows would ruin him, and ruin him as a friend, and that I should not have told you so much, only I would not have you should think, as they will be sure to say, that I am a spendthrift gaged the notary, staring round the room; "how so?"

"How so! look at him and see it. Henri Roussel is innocent! he said he is innocent," she added, her eyes flashing with generous indignation, "and that you ought all to die with shame at having doubted him."

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"How dare you come here and attack and insult

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STRETCH OF IMAGINATION.—Drawing the long bow!

MOTTO FOR MISERS.—'Tis take my Davy.

AFTER THE DANCE.

CHARLES.

Tell me, Louis, why that sadness?
Tell me why that look of ca-re?
Why has fled that look of gladness
That thy face was wont to wear?

LAURA.

Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble,
Well my face may wear a frown,
For I've lost my largest bow-jon,
And my chignon's coming down!

A CRY OF DISTRESS.—Hundreds of afflicted fathers of families, who have heard of an announcement of "The Musical Infant," are clamorously in favor of such a welcome addition to domestic happiness can be found. Expense no object, if the luxury is only procurable.

A Milesian hearing sundry reports rather against the character for veracity, exclaimed, in an honest burst of indignation, "Think forten, half the lies that are told about me ain't true!"

"What a traveler you have become!" exclaimed an Englishman on meeting an acquaintance at Constantinople.

"To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, "I am obliged to be economical the wealth of the world of my character; the moment it overtakes me I am relieved; but I don't care who knows me so long as I travel *incognito*."

As a leopard can not help being spotted, it is needless for him to conceal himself!

Bishop Heidling, speaking of the muddy traveling in the West, mentioned a case of "bogging." The Bishop was moving along in a gig at a slow walk, when an Irishman of the district hailed him.

"Good-morning," said the Bishop.

"Good-morning to your honor," replied the Irishman. "You seem to have the advantage of me in your mode of traveling, my friend," continued the Bishop.

"An' I'll swap with yer, if you please," was the quick reply.

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were stating how they fared at their different hotels. The former said that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "Ah," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the tea-pot."

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court wouldn't admit the plea, because every married man would be liable to the same imputation.

A parson, not "a sea-faring man," etc., thus explained to his flock the main idea of the text that hope is like an anchor to the soul: "My friends, I suppose you all know what an anchor is. It is a kind of a thing to get a ship under a good heavy way with."

A wealthy bachelor, having had one or two lawsuits for breach of promise, never replies to a young lady who wishes a "few minutes' private conversation: "No you don't, Miss; you can't get me in that way. I am compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My time is imperative, and if you have any business with me it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses."

A lady gave a fancy-ball not long since, and placed a servant at the door to announce the names of those who entered. A couple of Indies appeared in full buffalo robes and hair. "What costume is it intended to represent?" asked the servant. "We are not in costume," they replied; "we are the wild buffalo ourselves," shouted the servant, to the horror of every body.

SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a woman do an act of charity—a bad sign to hear him boast of it.

It is a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his brow—bad to see him wipe his lips as he comes out of a dram-shop.

It's a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers—bad to see him refuse to advertise for fear of losing.

It's a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness—bad to see her dressed only for fancy.

This is the way a colored gentleman in New York State announced his intended marriage, combining business with pleasure:

"NOTICE—Senzar Carter will be married at Mill-dale, Dutchess County, on the 10th of November next. Admittance to the hall, fifty cents. A good time expected. Come one, come all.

"SENZAR CARTER."

THE MAN WHO "LOOKS DOWN IN THE MOUTH"—A Dentist.

At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of our Governments?" "Congress," was the ready reply. "How is success gained?" was the next question. But the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it. "Well," said the examiner, "how is success gained? How do you say it?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came: "Civilized, half-civilized, and savage."

There was one tragedy in Salem, Massachusetts, which Mr. Longfellow neglected to notice in his recent poems. A head-stone in a church-yard in that city tells the whole story in few lines, after the fact:

"Elizabeth Lowering rests this marble slab
To mark the place where she and a child of hers
Are buried."

Mynheer Drinkhoff makes a distinction thus: "Too much whisky is too much, but too much lager beer is not enough."

A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY ON BONNETS.

Oh! the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school! I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool. Why, I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss: perhaps I was, for I had a bobbin waist and frizzled hair like this! Oh! the lovely little pancake hats! the cunning little caps! It makes my head so heavy, and so very, very sad, to think a sister's love is charming, and so very, very few know what a head-dress counts a love as very body knows! And a head-dress counts a love as much (that is to say, it does suppose) and the love of a true lover is a love that can not fade—but the love of a new bonnet is a love that does not love of all.

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf."

"Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady the other day to a rather elderly bachelor friend.

"I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply.

"I guess you haven't been up our way," was the ingenuating rejoinder.

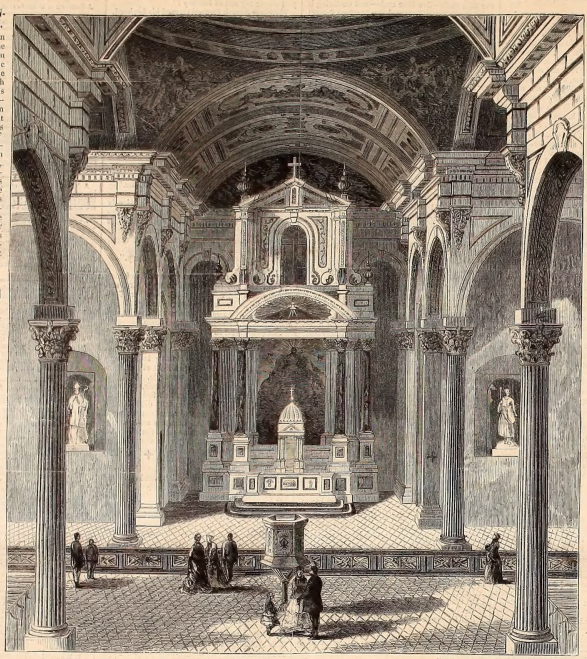
ALTAR OF LEAVENWORTH CATHEDRAL.

THE prominence given to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception by the Roman Catholic Church is shown by the number of edifices which have received from this doctrine their name.—Thus the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Leavenworth, Kansas, is called the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. We give on this page an illustration, drawn from a photograph of the altar of this cathedral. Perhaps we could give our readers no more interesting evidence of the enterprise of the emigrants to our Western frontier than is afforded by a representation of this magnificent specimen of architecture.

CATHOLIC PROCESSION IN PERU.

As our readers already know, the only religion tolerated in Peru is the Roman Catholic. There are three dioceses or bishopries, corresponding to the departmental division of the country. Each bishop resides in the capital city of his department; in each province there is a vicar; and in each district a cura, or parish priest. In the small city of Arequipa there are 3 monasteries, 4 convents, 1 beaterio, or house for the reception of pious women, 1 cathedral, 17 temples, a hospital for the clergy, and an orphan asylum. In the smaller city of Cuzco there are 20 churches, 4 convents, and 5 large monasteries. Out of a population of 2,500,000 only 300,000 are of Spanish descent; thus almost two-thirds of the people are Indians and negroes. The Peruvians are very ignorant and superstitious. While the Church is immensely rich, there are no schools for the lower classes. To such a people religion becomes simply a dramatic spectacle; the masses are pleased with splendid shows and processions. In the presence of a great calamity—such as that of the recent earthquakes—they are panic-stricken, and the images of the Virgin and of the saints are endowed by their imaginations with those miraculous powers which the Ashantees ascribe to their fetiches.

Our illustration on this page represents the Roman Catholic procession in celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, at Sarayacu, Peru. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was first defined by the present Pope, December 8, 1854. The words of the decree then solemnly promulgated in the Basilica of St. Peter's, in the presence of 300 archbishops, bishops, and prelates, were as follows: "We define the doctrine which holds the most blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception to have been preserved free from all stain of original sin, by the singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, and therefore to be firmly and constantly held by all the faithful."—Those acquainted with ecclesiastical history do not need to be told that this doctrine was long a subject of controversy in the Roman Catholic Church; that its introduction into the Western Churches does not date back earlier than the 8th or 9th centuries; or that the attempt to enforce its celebration met with opposition, especially from the Dominicans. The inauguration by PIO NONO of the monument erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception took place in Rome, September, 1857. It is somewhat wonderful that woman, in the most sacred of her earthly relations—that of marriage—should be entirely ignored by the priests of a Church so especially devoted to the worship of the "Mother of God."



ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.—[PHOT. BY E. E. HENRY.]

PROCESSION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AT SARAYACU, PERU.

OUT IN THE SNOW.

FOUNDERING OF THE "HIBERNIA."—FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

FOUNDERING OF THE "HIBERNIA."

The last two months have been remarkable for terrific gales at sea. We heard, about the end of November, of the wreck of the *Hibernia*, of which we give an illustration on page 61, from a sketch by one of the survivors—a cabin passenger in the doomed vessel. The *Hibernia* plied between New York and Glasgow; when she went down she was 700 miles to the west of Ireland.

Captain Munro, in his narrative, states that the *Hibernia* left New York on Saturday afternoon, November 14, with 133 souls on board, including a crew of fifty-nine, all told. When leaving New York a pretty stiff breeze was blowing, but it was by no means severe till the day before the accident, which caused the loss of the fine steamer, occurred. On Monday, the 23d, there was a heavy gale of wind from the southward, which caused the vessel to labor; and on Tuesday morning, at two o'clock, the screw-shaft broke in the stern-pipe, and the screw, consequently getting loose, damaged the stern-post of the steamer, to which the rudder is attached. The "pipe" itself was also damaged by the unconnected screw; and the result of both these most untoward circumstances was the ingress of large volumes of water into the after-part of the vessel. A heavy gale was still blowing. During the whole of Tuesday the crew and others were engaged in throwing cargo overboard to lighten the ship, and the engine and other pumps were kept going, but the effect produced was not material. On Tuesday night the course was changed to northwest; and on Wednesday morning, the 25th, the steamer became so crippled that all the boats were lowered. Long before this the afterhold was flooded with water, and the *Hibernia* seemed to be rapidly sinking—indeed, forward, when the boats were lowered, ten feet of water in the after-hold. At six o'clock on Wednesday morning the order to embark the passengers in the boats. A certain number of ladies was appointed to occupy each boat along with a proportion of the crew.

At seven o'clock all the crew and passengers were in their appointed places. The water in the *Hibernia* was at this time increasing rapidly, but still all was done quietly. The ladies were lowered into the boats by a rope attached to their waists, and with a tenderness from the gentlemen to the small boats was effected in the utmost silence. No. 1 life-boat was under command of Captain Munro; No. 2 life-boat, third officer; No. 3 life-boat, second mate; starboard-quarter boat, third officer; port-quarter boat, the boatswain. The captain was the last to leave. After getting about a quarter of a mile from the sinking ship the boats went down a-breast. This occurred at twenty minutes past seven o'clock. So far as possible, each of the boats was equally provisioned. At about half past seven o'clock the chief-mate's boat, containing thirty-three persons, capsized. At this time the captain's life-boat was about a quarter of a mile from that of the chief mate; but, owing to the gale then blowing and the crowded state of his boat, Captain Munro was unable to render any assistance.

In the evening Captain Munro and his companions in No. 1 life-boat were picked up by the ship *Star of Hope*, Captain Talbot, from Quebec to Aberdeen. Having being considerately cared for, Captain Munro suggested to Captain Talbot that a look-out should be kept for the other boats. Captain Talbot agreed; and, lights being hung out, a look-out was kept, when the boatswain's boat was descried between eleven and twelve at night, and the occupants were rescued. A heavy gale still prevailed, but the weather shortly afterward moderated considerably. The remaining two other boats were captured by the *Star of Hope*; but, after cruising about for thirty hours, Captain Talbot gave up the fruitless task and bore up his course. The boats rescued contained altogether fifty-two persons.

The boat that was upset has since reached the coast of Ireland with the mate and seven hands. Being a life-boat, it righted itself, and the survivors succeeded in getting on board after the boat had been swamped for four hours, the mate and two others clinging to her the whole of that time. The second mate states that two of the passengers perished overboard the first day the boat was at sea, preferring certain death at once, apparently, to the probable horrors of long exposure. Provisions and thirst in an open boat are the chief and paramount passenger, wearied of the torture, also leaped overboard. Five other passengers died from exposure, and sixteen passengers are said to have been lost by the capsizing of the boat. The nine survivors, having made ineffectual attempts to call the attention of passing ships by signals, succeeded in running into Milford Haven in the Donegal coaster, the *Hannibal*, which arrived in London January 8, reports through the cable that she passed the *Ocean Queen* bound to New York, with 1,000 passing passengers and crew of the *Hibernia*.

The ship *John Dunscomb*, which sailed from St. John's, New Brunswick, for Liverpool, November 2, encountered a hurricane gale on the 10th, and, after suffering from tremendous seas, was the next day driven upon her port-beam ends, while as many of her crew as survived took to a life-raft—rigging and afterward to the top-gallant mast. In the morning the ship fell over on her broadside, with masts and yards in the water. Then she righted; but her provisions had all been swept away except a pig, which was killed. Thirteen lives had been lost in the storm, including the captain and his wife. The seven survivors were rescued on the 23d by the American ship *Diriyo*, and were landed in Liverpool toward the close of December.

The Cunard steamer *China*, from Liverpool December 26, and the Inman steamer *Etna* from the same port, December 29, arrived at New York on the 10th of January, after a long and perilous voyage. The preservation of the *Etna* seems almost miraculous. She had a heavy cargo and 140 passengers. She encountered a succession of furious gales; on the 28th her fifth officer, Mr. Molyneux, and eight seamen were swept overboard by a heavy sea. The seamen were saved, but the officer perished. The gale culminated in a hurricane on New-Year's Eve, but the stanch vessel outrode the storm. She was detained for several days within 1000 miles of New York.

SUPTUR SING.

Amort a hundred miles eastward of the Island of Bombay a hundred miles eastward of the Island of Bombay a range of hills divides the Northern Konkan from Khandes, and on one of the loftiest of the range the English have established a sanitarium for sick soldiers, to which they can escape from the burning plains of Khandes during the intense heats of summer.

Suptur Sing, as its name implies, is dedicated, in Hindoo belief, to the monkey god, Hhanáh, probably because there is a large troop of the race of the earth where, at the shortest notice, so many monkeys can assemble together; and from such an unchanging and ludicrous audience occurred which, however, *might* have ended in direful tragedy.

In the summer of 184- the light bamboo huts on the plateau were occupied by only three English families; but as one sheltered the august person of Miss Burra Mem, the Collector E——, a guard of native soldiers kept watch and ward over the small colony. The Collector was a widower, his daughter, the two other officers were in their own quarters, when they were disturbed by the most fearful noises their ears had ever encountered. The Collector's shouts of "Quye hye!" were quickly responded to by the Jemadar (sergeant) of the guard, who, in reply to the query, "Kabobbery hye," (What noise is that?) respectfully replied that Mem G—— Sahib had that morning dedicated a pretty little monkey from its mother, and that all the family and friends had come to reclaim it, and were making their sincere wishes to the gods known aloud. Mr. E—— at first only laughed, and went on with his work; but the soldier shortly returned, and explained that things were getting serious, and to look serious; and indeed they were—the whole plateau was black with monkeys of all sizes and ages, grinning, chattering, and gesticulating. The Collector could not believe his eyes, and on the appearance of the white man the bobbe of monkey tribe became silent, and the old one hastily hear the Havildar's entreaty that Mem Sahib should restore her prize. Mr. E——, the model of discretion as he was, was loth to interfere; but a few moments' survey of the ranging mass below him convinced him that, if a most serious fight was to be avoided, Mrs. G—— must surrender the bubba. An intimation to this effect was made to Mem G——, with an explanation of the Collector's suppositions: but the lady was not to be frightened into giving up her pet. "Would he shoot all of mine?" with eyes do against a dozen armed soldiers? Rather should she have asked, as did Mr. E——, "Will a dozen soldiers protect me against some thousands of monkeys?" The Collector ended the matter by sending a written order to the bungalow for Mem G—— to give up the child, or take it and themselves off the hill in *ten minutes*. There is some good even in despotism—the Collector's word was law for many a mile round Suptur Sing—the lady sulkily produced the bubba, the mother snatched it to her bosom with every expression of delight, and in a few minutes not a monkey was in sight. Mr. E—— had been in India more than thirty years, and he said that, in all his experience with the monkey tribe, he had never felt himself in such peril as from the bereaved mother and her friends.

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Geo Eastman H 628

GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—DESTRUCTION OF CALDWELL'S JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT ON CHESTNUT STREET.

SKETCHED BY EARL SHINN.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

THE PHILADELPHIA FIRE.

We give on our first page an illustration of the great fire in Philadelphia on the morning of Jan. 14, by which CALDWELL'S magnificent jewelry establishment at 902 Chestnut Street was completely destroyed. The building was thoroughly gutted by the flames, and all the stock was lost. It is supposed that the fire originated in an attempt by burglars to blow up the safes, as loud explosions were heard a short time before the alarm was given.

The building is valued at about $100,000. The loss must be immense. The Messrs. CALDWELL were among the foremost in their line of business in the country, and their stock at this time was very heavy. The diamonds and other precious articles are secured at night in the safes of the establishment; but the watches, silverware, and the bulk of the jewelry remained exposed, and consequently a prey to the flames. Not only were these precious goods in the store, but there were also statuary, bronzes, rare paintings, and articles of *virtu* and *bijouterie* of endless variety and value.

After the lapse of three hours the floors fell in with a tremendous crash. The flames extended to the adjoining building and endangered the Continental Hotel. The entire loss is estimated at nearly $1,000,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

WE hope that the House of Representatives will perceive that the summary repeal of the Tenure-of-Office law makes the passage of the Civil Service bill all the more necessary. But, whether passed or rejected, it is to be hoped that it will be thought worthy of some consideration. There were those, indeed, who thought that so grave a principle as that involved in the tenure bill deserved some reflection. But we believe it was General BUTLER who relieved the House of all trouble by cheerily announcing that every body's mind was made up, and that time would be saved by an immediate vote. Is every body's mind made up, also, upon the needlessness of the Civil Service bill? In other words, is it to be conceded without further struggle that the civil service of the country is to be a system of mingled incompetency and corruption?

The kind of opposition to MR. JENCKES's bill which has thus far been developed is scarcely worthy serious attention. The assertion that it establishes an aristocracy is so ludicrous as to be almost unintelligible. To bring it at once to its logical result, we should like to know if the clerk-women who sweep and wash the public department buildings are an aristocracy if they are not removed with every administration? Presumptively, they are hired because they are capable of doing the work, and are retained until their incapacity or dishonesty appears. Now MR. JENCKES's bill invites every body in the country who thinks he can discharge the various duties of a clerkship to submit himself to a proper examination, and those who are found most competent, and who are unquestionably honest, are to be selected. Do they form an aristocracy? They are not tortured at the end of two or four years? Their tenure is good character and behavior. Is that aristocratic? If it be, it is nevertheless unconditional, for it is precisely the tenure of the Judges of the United States Courts. An aristocratic system in this country is a system which is not amenable to the people. But no such system is proposed. What the people want in the public service is fitness and integrity, and when those fail the bill ceases. It provides that the incumbents shall be removed. It is, in fact, a bill which the people ought to adopt for the very purpose of securing the qualities that are indispensable in the public service.

The present system, as we said, is one of mingled incompetency and corruption. Is that less to be feared as its influence upon free institutions than one which secures capacity and honesty? The appalling and immediate peril of the country is the fact that money is coming to be the only political power. Legislatures are notoriously supposed to be for sale. The most insulting offers are made to members. Why not, then, secure, and why is it an impossible universal, except because of a general knowledge of corruption? The experience of every man familiar with politics informs him that every candidate for almost every office must pay his way. Every where and in every manner the fact appears. Even judges are openly charged with corruption. The information of what is called law in parts of the country is notoriously a system of corrupt intrigue. Nominations to the highest offices are allotted by managers to men of known wealth, as the only proper and honest candidate he also rich it is charged by his opponents, as of course, that he is nominated because of his money. A Legislature is to elect a Senator, and it is announced on all sides, and nobody seems to feel sure enough to deny it, that the election will be decided by money only. It is not necessary that the candidates themselves are supposed personally to buy votes, but it generally appears that somebody for some purpose controls sufficient money; and the idea that a candidate is elected purely because of his general fitness is rapidly disappearing from the public mind.

With office which is thus bought in secret, if not in open market, goes the patronage, or the civil service. It is distributed by the successful aspirant, as the reward of zeal, to his henchmen. A man once gravely urged as his credentials to a considerable office that he had done more dirty work for the party than any man in the district. Upon the present system he was entitled to his reward. It is an inverse scale. The deeper a man has plunged during the canvass the higher should he his office after the election. This is the secret of the doctrine of "elections settle principles." Here is a man who fetched and carried by night and day for a mouth before the election. The patriotic spectator saw with pride this proof of lingering public virtue; but the day after the election the diligent workman writes that he has decided to apply for the office of assessor of the revenue, which appointment he trusts his claims are sufficiently evident.

When the famous phrase of a Democratic politician, "To the victors belong the spoils," became the recognized and unrebuked method of supplying the public service, it revealed a fatal demoralization of our politics. The public indifference has now accepted it as the method, and it will not be without a struggle that its chains will be broken. But unless the power of money in our politics can be checked and lessened the end is sure. To check that power the Civil Service bill opens the way. By its passage Congress has the power to diminish the vast corruption which is engulfing the Government. Let the people resolve to take their service into their own hands, and not leave it under the name of patronage, which is the system of corruption, in the hands of utterly venal men.

THE ELECTION FRAUDS.

No committee could be engaged in a more important investigation than that which is looking into the frauds at the election in New York. Governor HOFFMAN, at the time of the election at which he was one of the chief candidates, denounced the charges of fraud as gross and unfounded. Yet, at that very time, the fact of the issue of false naturalization papers was perfectly ascertained. But the Governor, belonging to a party and intimately associating with party chiefs to whom these gross irregularities at elections were unknown, could not bring himself to believe that any men could be base enough to cheat at the polls. Afterward, apparently without difficulty, he concluded that some men were base enough to charge such an intention.

It is the misfortune of Governor HOFFMAN, as a practical politician, that his party training in that renowned school of political morality, Tammany Hall, has given him no eye or ear of human nature. He believes every body to be as honest as the politicians who surround him—if they are inclined to vote the Democratic ticket. Besides, with the single exception of New York political life as the Governor has had, might have entertained the opinion that, under the circumstances, fraud was possible. But cheating at an election in which Judge MCCUNN naturalized forty thousand persons in twenty-one days, and turned out citizens at the rate of two per minute, and in which MR. WILLIAM M. TWEED and MR. PETER B. SWEENY were the chief managers, was not to be thought of. And if any body had suggested to Mayor HOFFMAN that two hundred men could sleep the night before the election in Jackson Hall, a resort owned by Sheriff O'BRIEN, and descend thence to the polls to vote early in the day, the virtuous magistrate would doubtless have repelled the charge as a wicked device of the adversary; and if the two hundred did descend and vote to change the fate of the Governor, the organ of his party would have sneered at any investigation, and have immediately printed in large type an account of the explosion in coffee, and the number of deaths in Massachusetts alms-houses; adulteration of the franchise and the guilt of the elective system, it would seem, being of no importance in the judgment of a party newspaper.

Of course Governor HOFFMAN will denounce it as a gross and unfounded charge if his adversaries the statement that his trusty confidant, Mr. Sheriff O'BRIEN, the host of Jackson Hall, packed the hall of the United States Court-House, where the Committee was sitting, with shoulder-hitters and disciples of the Governor's political friend, the HONORABLE JOHN MORRISSEY, to prevent access through the hall—a crowd of gentlemen who were excluded by the police at the request of the United States Marshal. He will also treat with lofty contempt the assertion that tens of thousands of votes were cast by repeaters. His Excellency with his most virtuous air will demand if ever such a thing as repeating was heard of in the city of New York; and, if it has been, whether it has not always been upon the part of those rascally Republicans, who, unacquainted with vague surmises about a BARNARD, have even voted for MR. CUNN. In it not enough to annihilate all suspicion of fraud upon the part of the Democratic party in the city that after voting under the auspices of MCCUNN, O'BRIEN, TWEED, and SWEENY for SEYMOUR and HOFFMAN, it presently nominated and elected MR. OAKEY HALL for Mayor? If purity in politics does not enter the City Hall with Mayor HALL, what does enter it?

We are glad that Congress did not yield to the overwhelming assumption in favor of the earliest business of the session in the city of New York which arises from the fact that Mayor HOFFMAN denounced the charges of corruption as unfounded. For somebody undoubtedly cheats the people of the State of New York at the polls in the city; and since Governor HOFFMAN repels with scorn the imputation that his party friends could do any thing about it, he will rejoice with us that the offenders are in the way of exposure; and his Excellency ought to be congratulated that the same document which proves the offense will also show the truth of his denial.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

THE revolutionary movement in Cuba has as yet obtained no decided success. The arrival of the new Spanish General-in-Chief has been anticipated with hope, and the delay has, doubtless, somewhat retarded military operations. But this appears to be all. although full of those promises which usually prove to be as frail as fair, will hardly seriously affect the situation. Cuba has long been subject to the caspice of Spain, and the present revolt has been in a long time in preparation. The date of its projected outbreak was simultaneous with that of the revolution in Spain, and consequently it failed of unanimity. The wavering spirit of the island waited to watch the course of events, and to see if the work for the colony would not be done in the mother country, and the remoter, rural parts began the insurrection.

There is one argument which the Cubans who desire independence may very logically urge. If Spain can begin may change her own government why not the people of Cuba? The principle of the Spanish revolution is, really, that the people of Spain shall have such a government as they choose. Now Cuba is not Spain, nor a part of Spain. It is a distant colony; and the people of Spain can hardly assume to govern the people of Cuba, without consultation, what their government shall be. If the Spaniards claim that the colony necessarily goes with the mother country, it can only be upon the principle which has already been denied in Cuba, and which is nullified by the principle of the Spanish revolution itself. If Spain decides for a republic of course Cuba will be invited to form a part of it and to send representatives; or, in case of the desire of Cuba to be independent, Spain, if her counsels are enlightened by experience, will not object. If, however, a monarchy be established, it will probably attempt to retain the island even at the cost of war.

The latest advices from Spain are not unpromising for the republic, although there is no doubt of the existence of a very strong republican party. The difficulties which are felt by the Moderates, and expressed by a correspondent of the *Tribune*, are, first, the want of education, and, second, the hostility of the European Powers. The first difficulty is very like that of reluctance to jump into the water before knowing how to swim. It is pretty well proved, however decidedly an instructed constituency may be, that it is a monarchy, it is the most

garchy used for its purpose the mingled ignorance and commercial timidity of the North. This result has been largely achieved. In the second place the steady hold of the party upon the country, and the immense opportunities which circumstances have offered to dishonesty and speculation, have made it responsible for a great deal of corruption. Now a party out of power, whatever its real character, has the chance of limitless promises and professions. If the character of the Democratic party were not so hopelessly established—if the country did not so instantly and contemptuously reject the assumption of principle by a party which for a generation was the pimp of slavery, and if its promises of economy were not so hideously contradicted by its management of the city of New York, where the intrinsic character of what is called Democracy can be constantly studied, it might have given the Republican party a much more serious resistance than it has yet offered.

But the shrewder leaders of that party have now an advantage over the duller leaders which they will not fail to use. They tried hard to persuade the party to change its mask at the last election. They insisted that the victory of the Republicans upon the old issues should be recognized. But the Democratic party is not a party of intelligence or principle, and it had therefore neither perception nor courage. It took the same old iron-cross, and was again defeated. But defeat again and again repeated is something which even dullness at last comprehends, and those who prophesied it last summer will not regard more patiently a party that will advise a renunciation of old issues; an avoidance of candidates tainted by defeat; a vigorous opposition of all the difficulties of the situation, of the weight and extent of taxation, of the frauds of the rings, of the increasing corruption; a skilful casting of the whole responsibility upon the party in power, and the most unctuous promises of a better time under Democratic economy.

A campaign cautiously conducted upon such a plan will require something more upon the part of the party in power than reference to its old victories, or reliance upon the past crimes of the Democracy. It can withstand the onset in one way only, and that is by giving the country practical proof that it is bent upon honesty and economy. The appeal to the notorious precedents of the Democratic party will be met by assertions from the best Republicans of the practices which have grown up in their own party; of the jobs which are openly carried out by their own party friends; of the characters of those who are often selected as the party representatives; of the reckless methods which are often adopted to secure party ends. And this kind of objection would be made with dangerous force, for the Republicans who would make it are the truest and best men of the party.

The evident policy of the Republican party for the spring campaign in New Hampshire, and Connecticut, and Rhode Island, not for local success merely, but for the benefit of the whole party every where, is, therefore, the simplest and strongest declaration in favor of public honesty, political and financial; and the plainest proof of the sincerity of such declaration is the nomination of candidates untouched by the least suspicion of direct or indirect corruption. In one word, the Republican for friends must bear in mind is a growing fear among honest men that the Republican party is getting to be as bad as the Democratic. We must show them that they are mistaken, and there is but one way in which we can do it. The indifference of such men is our danger. They naturally belong to us by reason of the greater intelligence and high purpose of the party. Let us prove that the party deserves success, and we need have no fear that it will not achieve it.

INFLUENCES WHICH AFFECT THE TRADE OF 1869.

THE year which has just closed has not been remarkable in any direction of the world for any of those great events which disturb the regular course of industry and intercourse; nor are there any clear indications that during the present year war will ensue between any of the leading Powers.

Russia is borrowing money to build her railroads, and thereby to increase her ultimate extension toward the Mediterranean. Prussia, having accomplished the great work of German unity, needs only time to shape it into durability. The French Emperor, to whom this work is due, stands as a firm check upon the selfish objects of NAPOLEON. Austria, having yielded to the wishes of Hungary, has turned her attention toward internal development. The Czar, yet encamped on the Bosphorus, but no sure as the sea,

"Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb,"

is the movement of Russia toward her object.

SOLOMON future Czar will have his winter residence at Constantinople, but at present there is no sufficient motive for allowing the slight disturbance in the south of Europe to disturb the general peace. Spain will probably be obliged to adjust her internal difficulties alone, if done without civil war; and England and the United States have given heavy *bonds* to keep the peace. It is difficult to say what may be the effect elsewhere of the revolutionary movement in Spain. France, with strong democratical tendencies, arising mainly from the early destruction of the system of primogeniture and the adoption of the principle of the equal division of lands among heirs, furnishes no support for a regular dynasty, and disturbance may happen there whenever opportunity exists or a wave of prosperity prevails. Departing from the example of wise rulers NAPOLEON has permitted the issue of paper-money by the Bank of France for a double denomination of fifty francs, and secured a temporary advantage at the expense of lasting injury to the empire and to his fame. The expense of maintaining vast bodies of troops, nearly equal to his old armies, and to be used in case of war, is a heavy burden on Europe, and although it shows a want of confidence it is not probable that war will soon ensue.

The events of the year 1868 which exercise the largest influence upon general affairs are the war in South America, the election of cities by earthquakes, and the drought in Europe. The latter, which was most severe in Great Britain, has had a most disastrous effect upon the reactionary period which followed the close of our war, and will have very injurious effects. The drought which commenced in April and continued with little relief until August—for nearly six months followed a year of bad harvests. Owing to them, as we have heretofore shown, there was a great demand in the first six months of 1868 to import wheat in excess of the previous year to the extent of fifty millions of dollars in value, and Mr. CANNADINE states that the increase in England's importation of wheat over that of 1863 was £27,400,000 sterling. It will be remembered that our grocers were also obliged to pay high prices, and that we entered upon the harvest of 1868 without any considerable store on hand. Such was also the condition of Great Britain and France. The harvests of 1868 will depend upon therefore as one of the greatest blessings ever showered upon our country.

The reactionary period in England, to which we have referred, is matter of profound interest. By reason of our war great activity was communicated to the industry and commerce of nearly other nation. England, as the great manufacturing power, profited largely by our misfortunes. She became also the chief carrier upon the ocean, a policy to which she gave immense aid by the destruction of the power of the Confederacy as a distinct belligerent people, and by allowing the *Alabama* to escape from the waters. Her interest in the war with China was as intimate as our blockade would allow. Our financial policy, to which we were compelled to resort, drove away the precious metals from us, and the English returned them in the same necessity expelled it from the South.

There was an unusual accumulation of specie in the country of Europe. As soon as the new mines of exceeding richness had been opened and distributed, not as were those of California and Australia over the whole world, but over the limits of Europe, the commercial activity which had immediate intercourse with this country. Much of it was sent by them to the nonbanking continental nations of Europe. As Great Britain was the closest in intimacy with us, she derived most advantage from this expulsion of the precious metals from this country. Scenes of speculation which rivaled the South Sea bubble were then enacted. Companies, "limited," were formed for every purpose which the fancy of the most credulous suggest, the wrecks of which were stranded over England by the financial storm of 1866.

The cultivation and manufacture of cotton constituted one of the principal objects for which English capital was used. Cotton was to be produced so extensively in all warm countries that the fabric was no longer to be king. One of the important conditions upon which the culture was, however, overlooked. The region which produces it successfully must not only have the fields of the long-staple cotton but which bring the plant to perfection, but also of the frost, which, in destroying its roots, destroys also the weeds and grass, which would otherwise soon be overgrown and choked by labor at the season when the processes of picking, cleaning, selecting, baling, and marketing are going forward. Hence Southern and Northern Europe, regenerates in those climates which are not blessed with sufficient heat and cold to accomplish both maturity and destruction.

The price which cotton reached on the partial withdrawal of American cotton from the markets of the world for a time covered these facts, and in the excitement caused by the accumulated crops on Southern plantations upon a vent, the implicity of such efforts became apparent, and the cultivation of cotton in new fields was partially discontinued. The experiment had prevented the raising of grain in many localities sufficient for support. More is now produced there than *ante-bellum* times.

England, which was to enjoy pre-eminence in the command of cotton, established numerous factories throughout her limits, and enlarged the capacity of establishments already existing to such a degree as to produce a larger quantity of cotton goods than after the cessation of the war was required. Many of these establishments have already been closed, and the agreement has been quite extensively proposed among manufacturers in Lancashire to work only thirty hours a week up to the end of February.

The English Board of Trade returns for the first eleven months of 1868 show, as compared with those of 1867, a decrease in the value of imports of nearly all descriptions of raw *material*, amounting, in cotton, hides, and wool, to £6,266,670, and a corresponding decrease in the value of the manufactures as the exports. On the contrary, there is an increase in the value of food imported for her consumption. The whole increase in exports in 1868, as compared with 1867, amounts to £3,106,724. The whole increase of imports in 1868 is £5,663,634—making a worse account for 1868 than for 1867 of £2,556,963.

As compared with 1867 the reserve in the Bank of England at the end of 1868 was diminished £2,463,465, its coin and bullion were diminished £3,615,870, and its private deposits or capital "over" were diminished £2,166,010.

These returns show that the year 1868 was unfortunate, both in part viz "short time" has been resorted to by manufacturers. The drought of 1868 will doubtless extend the present disturbance to a longer period, as it condemns the population of England to economy in the use of manufactures produced for home consumption, and to the necessity of importing food largely until a fair crop be secured by the harvest of 1869. France and other European countries will have many features of a corresponding character.

The inactivity of trade in England since the spring of 1866, and in portions of the Continent, has had its effect upon this country. Money which has been invested in fixed securities and loaned here in what are called "options" than would have been otherwise possible. These options, which are loans of sterling or other bills on the security of pledges of United States bonds, amount to between fifty and a hundred million of dollars, and would be withdrawn in part on an active demand for money in London. Gold has been depressed in our markets as a consequence of the case in European money markets, to the immediate advantage of Mr. MCCULLOCH, who may be able to live through his term without experiencing any countermovement.

We have entered with some minuteness into these facts, as they have a direct and powerful influence upon this country. A great power over our financial condition may be exerted by capitalists abroad whenever it may be for their interest to do so.

The situation here is complicated, but in some respects favorable. The crop of cotton is larger probably than it was in 1867, and, owing to a necessary change in resorting to the cultivation of grain instead of cotton by many of those foreign producers who have found that our supremacy in the culture of cotton was gone, we have some advantage now in adjusting the price. But the question whether a high price can be maintained, in view of the condition of England and other European countries. England, France, and Spain have no alternative but to obtain their consumption of food from this country to a larger extent than in 1868, and it will be scarcely possible for England and France to pay for their supplies of cotton and food when the demand for their manufactured articles is seriously lessened.

English agents are now here to buy grain, but they are less active than many, although it is well known that the stock of food in England is much lighter than it was at this period in 1867. The English are living from "hand to mouth" in the near that our markets will affect her give way; but as we were cleaned out of grain last year at good prices, our farmers are strong and have a disposition to hoard their grain to provide against the possibility of a short supply at the coming harvest; so at least is not to be expected to consume the new crop immediately after being harvested, as was the case in 1867.

Even if prices should give way now, so far as breadstuffs are concerned, the wants of England, France, and Spain must be so considerable up to the harvest of 1869, and our consumption of Western and Northern Europe are so much crippled, owing to the drought, that prices would again advance here to what will prove fully remunerative.

England has had the skill to bear down the price of wheat since early summer about 24s. per quarter of eight bushels, in the face of the worst harvest, taken as a whole, that she has experienced for years.

We have the elements of a sound trade in the United States, subject only to such contingencies as may result from handling our finances. It is clearly the policy of every individual to place his affairs on the soundest basis by the use of all possible economy, prudence, and care. Our great crops are favorable to this object, and if it be generally pursued an adverse decision on the Legal Tender act, or unwise action by Congress, would leave all such untouched through the crisis that might thus be occasioned. With wisdom and prudence 1869 will be known as a successful year in all departments of business.

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU, author of those charming and popular books for young people—"The Gorilla Country," and "Life under the Equator," has been engaged to deliver a course of three lectures to the boys and girls of Boston on February 3d, 4th, and 5th. MR. DU CHAILLU is as fascinating when he speaks as when he writes. His lectures will relate to the animals, vegetation, villages, and people of the interior of Africa. What a treat for the young folks!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 11:

In the House, at the expiration of the morning hour, MR. Washburne, of Indiana, introduced a bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office act, and moved the previous question. The bill was passed without debate 121 to 47.—The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.

January 12:

In the Senate, MR. Frelinghuysen presented a memorial from certain capitalists setting forth that the Pacific Railroad subsidies will amount to $730,000,000, and offering to construct the road for $10,000 per mile in addition to the land grants, thus saving $100,000,000 to the Treasury. The bill fixing the time for finding indictments in the late rebel State Wars was taken up and passed.

January 13:

In the House, MR. J. P. ELLIOTT, of Arkansas, was sworn in to the seat in place of MR. BRADLEY.—The consideration of the joint resolution extending jurisdiction to Kansas and St. Louis courts was resumed. MR. Butler offered a substitute including all the Sanitary, Christian Commission, Soldiers' Aid Society, and MR. Spalding to include the islands in the Pacific. The debate was long and tedious most of the day; but the proposition was finally rejected by a vote of 138 to 42.

January 14:

OUR WESTERN CITIES.

We publish in our paper this week two illustrations which invite the attention of our readers to the growing importance of our Western cities. The Chicago Water Tower is the only work of the kind on the continent, and the new hospital at Cincinnati is the finest building of the kind in the country.

The population of Chicago in 1860 numbered 109,000; in the five years following it was increased to 200,000. The city has already outrun Boston in the matter of population, and by the end of the present year 300 new structures were in process of building, valued at $2,000,000. During the great season of 1867 60,000 hogs were butchered by the pork-packers and sent to market, besides the immense trade in the beef trade. The aggregate supply of game to Chicago since the beginning of the present season has been—Quail, 30,000; prairie chickens, 35,000; wild ducks, 3000. The list of game birds is long, and includes one-fourth of the range of 114,196 tons.

The manufacture capital employed in the manufacturing and industrial interests of Milwaukee foots up $13,174,175. The following are the principal items: Beef and pork packing, $4,105,817; beer, $2,000,000; flour, $1,000,000; clothing, $1,000,000; boots, $1,000,000; lumber, $1,500,000; distilleries, $1,000,000; iron, $1,000,000; leather and shoes, $800,000; agricultural, $800,000; furniture, $800,000; cooperage, $800,000; tobacco, $800,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

EX-Governor Fenton, having been nominated by the Republican caucus at Albany on January 27th, will be the next Senator from New York in place of Edwin D. Morgan.

The New York Board of Health, in its third annual report, recommends to the Legislature, given the number of deaths during 1868 in New York city as 58,459, and the births during 1868, 37,000—one-fourth to one-third of the whole mortality is to be found among children under five years of age; in some portions of the city eighty per cent. of the mortality occurs in the infant population. This is a startling fact, and one which most eloquently appeals to philanthropists. The second week in July was that in which the mortality was greatest: the whole number of deaths being 1542, of which 1000 were children less than five years.

The steamer *Gulf City*, from Galveston to New York, was wrecked off the Lookout on night of January 11, and was dashed to pieces. Three of the crew were drowned. The remainder, with the passengers, are supposed to be lost.

MR. JOHN T. Hall has been re-elected Clerk of the Board of Education in New York city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE elections are proceeding quietly in Spain, and the government candidates seem to meet with success.

MINISTER JOHNSON has sent on a batch of treaties which have been approved by the Executive of Washington, and are to be submitted to the Senate. The most important being signed by MR. JOHNSON and EARL Clarendon, is similar to that recently established between the United States and Prussia. The treaty in relation to the San Juan boundary concedes all the claims of the United States. The question to board them agreed upon between our Minister and Earl Clarendon for the settlement of claims now pending between England and the United States since the rebellion, is as follows: The question occupied which has been modified in accordance with suggestions offered by the Executive of the United States.

The latest advices from Paraguay are important. The war between that State and Brazil has been renewed at Villeta by a determined attack of the allies on his strong position. Three thousand prisoners were captured, and Lopez is reported to have escaped with about two thousand followers.

The civil war which has been raging in Japan since the 3d of January of the year 1868 is at an end. The Aibon, the most powerful among the Northern Daimios, who had been engaged in the struggle, introduced the war against the Mikado on his own account, has made his submission to the Mikado on the 6th of November. The late Tycoon, Stoshoshi, being dead, and the Daimios of the other Daimios, has united to the Mikado and the capital of the Empire.

The Conference on the Eastern question seems to have closed under favorable auspices. The Turkish Minister has agreed to the main points of the proposed settlement. The Conference recommends Greece to accept the result of the Turkish stipulations in relation to the officers, and to refer the case of the officer at Syra to the Secretary of the Treasury, and promises that Turkey will withdraw the last point of her ultimatum touching the appointment of Bishops. Finally, the Conference maintains the policy of strict non-intervention.

THE HUDSON RIVER FRESHET—BREAKING UP OF THE ICE AT ALBANY.—[SKETCHED BY F. H. CLARK.]

THE HUDSON RIVER FRESHET.

OUR "January thaw" this year was almost unprecedented; it seemed as if spring was "forcing the season." On Sunday, the 10th, the ice gave way in the Mohawk and the Upper Hudson, dammed up at the Nail Factory below Troy, and then again breaking up, the mass was moved further south. This movement was soon followed by a similar phenomenon in front of Albany, above the Hudson River Bridge, the strong current of water passing through the upper cut, and forcing the ice out of the basin to a point near the foot of Maiden Lane. The merchants of Albany doing business on the pier in this vicinity (*i.e.*, from the Columbia Street Bridge to the Maiden Lane cut) are exceedingly indignant at the recent enlargement of the upper cut, which gives free access to the current, and also at the Hudson River Bridge, which, by damming up the ice, increases the destructive effect of a sudden freshet. The row of buildings on this pier is from four to six stories in height, and is supposed to contain 200,000 bushels of grain. One of the largest of these buildings was undermined, and the rear walls fell in; the wall of the adjoining building was also broken down by the force of the current. The destruction of the entire pier was threatened.

All along the Hudson the ice showed indications of a general break up. At Rhinebeck the ferry-boat was running regularly, an unusual thing at this season of the year. From Rhinebeck to Poughkeepsie large cracks were visible in the ice, extending from shore to shore. The Ice Yacht Club at Poughkeepsie, fearing a movement of the ice, contemplated the removal of their boats to the shore. At Newburgh the ferry-boat resumed operation. Below that place to West Point the ice remained firm.

VIEW OF THE NEW HOSPITAL AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE CINCINNATI HOSPITAL.

CINCINNATI now claims that it has the most extensive and elegant hospital known to any city in the United States. This edifice is now completed, and has recently been formally dedicated to the public use.

The building is 448 feet in length, and the structure presents a very imposing appearance. When fully furnished it will accommodate six hundred patients. It contains 18 wards, all alike in finish and furniture. These wards will each accommodate from thirty to forty patients, according to the demand made upon the institution. Besides the four rooms for private patients in the administrative building, there are twelve others, six each in the two centre pavilions. Each ward is provided with two fireplugs and hose sufficient for an emergency.

The entire building is heated by steam. An electric telegraph wire connects all the wards and offices—an invaluable arrangement in case of fire, or when immediate assistance may be necessary in a particular quarter. The telegraph is worked on the automatic principle, and is so simple that it may be used by persons of ordinary intelligence.

Of the rare plants and flowers hundreds of course died; indeed, none but those of hardy nature could survive this stinted aliment. Greenhouses and conservatories too fell into disrepair and neglect; but such was the marvelous wealth of vegetation that, but as walls would crumble and architraves give way, foliage and blossom would spread over the ruin, and the rare plants within, mingling with the stronger vegetation without, would form a tangled mass of leafy beauty of surpassing loveliness; and thus the rarest orchids were seen stretching their delicate tendrils over forest trees, and the cactus and the mimosa mingled with common field-flowers. If I linger among these things it is because they contrasted so strikingly to me with the trim propriety and fastidious neatness of the Malibran Villa, where no leaf littered a walk, nor a single tarnished blossom was suffered to remain on its stalk. Yet was the Abazia Villa a thousand times more beautiful. In the one, the uppermost thought was the endless care and skill of the gardeners, and the wealth that had provided them. The clink of gold seemed to rise from the crushed gravel as you walked; the fountains glittered with gold; the conservatories exhaled it. Here, however, it seemed as though Nature, rich in her own unbounded resources, was showing how little aid would suffice for all her appliances. It was the very exuberance of growth on every side; and all this backed by a bold mountain lofty as an Alp, and washed by a sea in front, and that sea the blue Adriatic.

I had often heard of the thrift and parsimony of Herr Oppovich's household. Even in the humble eating-house I frequented sneers at his economies were frequent. No trace of such a saving spirit displayed itself on this occasion. Not merely were guests largely and freely invited, but carriages were stationed at appointed spots to convey them to the villa, and a number of boats awaited at the mole for those who preferred to go by water. This latter mode of conveyance was adopted by the clerks and officials of the house, as savoring less of pretension; and so was it that just as the morning was ripening into warmth, I found myself one of a large company in a wide eight-oared boat, calmly skimming along toward Abazia. By some accident I got separated from Hanserl; and when I waved my hand to him to join me he delayed to return my salutation; for, as he said afterward, I was "gar schön"—quite fine—and he did not recognize me.

It was true I had dressed myself in the velvet jacket and vest I had worn on the night of our own fête, and wore my velvet cap, without, however, the heron feather, my more than I put on any of my trinkets, or even my watch.

This studied simplicity on my part was not rewarded as I hoped for; since scarcely were we under way than my dress and "get up" became the subject of an animated debate among my companions, who discussed me with a freedom and a candor that showed they regarded me simply as a sort of lay figure for the display of so much drapery.

"That's how they dress in the yard!" cried one; "and we, who have three times the pay, can scarcely afford broadcloth. Will any one explain that to me?"

"There must be rare perquisites down there," chimed in another; "for they say that the old dwarf Hanserl has laid by two thousand gulden."

"They tell me five thousand," said another.

"Two or twenty-two would make no difference. No fellow on his pay could honestly do more than keep life in his body; not to speak of wearing velvet like the younker there."

A short digression now intervened, one of the party having suggested that in England velvet was the cheapest wear known, that all the laborers on canals and railroads wore it from economy, and that, in fact, it was the badge of a very humble condition. The assertion encountered some disbelief, and it was ultimately suggested to refer the matter to me for decision, this being the first evidence they had given of their recognition of me as a sentient being.

"What would *he* know?" broke in an elderly clerk; "he must have come away from England a mere child, seeing how he speaks German now."

"Or if he did know, is it likely he'd tell?" observed another.

"At all events let us ask him what it costs. I say, Knabe, come here and let us see your fine clothes; we are all proud of having so grand a colleague."

"You might show your pride, then, more suitably than by insulting him," said I, with perfect calm.

I had I discharged a loaded pistol in the midst of them the dismay and astonishment could not have been greater. That any one "aus dem Hof" —"out of the yard"—should presume to think he had feelings that could be outraged seemed a degree of arrogance beyond belief, and my word "Insult" was repeated from mouth to mouth with amazement.

"Come here, Knabe," said the cashier, in a voice of blended gentleness and command—"come here, and let us talk to you."

I arose and made my way from the bow to the stern of the boat. Short as the distance was, it gave me time to bethink me that I must repress all anger or irritation if I desired to keep my secret; so that when I reached my place my mind was made up.

"Silk-velvet, as I live!" said one who passed his hand along my sleeve as I went.

"No one wishes to offend you, younguer," said the cashier to me, as he placed me beside him, "nor when we talk freely to each other, as is our wont, are any of us offended."

"But you forget, Sir," said I, "that I have no share in these freedoms, and that were I to attempt them you'd resent the liberty pretty soon."

"Mein Kinkel is right," He says what's true," "He speaks sensibly," was muttered all around.

"You have been well educated, I suspect?" said the cashier, in a gentle voice; and now the thought that by a word, a mere word, I might compromise myself beyond recall flashed across me, and I answered, "I have learned some things."

"One of which was caution," broke in another, and a roar of laughter welcomed his joke.

Many a severer sarcasm would not have cut so deeply into me. The imputation of a reserve based on cunning was too much for my temper, and in a moment I forgot all prudence, and boldly said, "If I am such an object of interest to you, gentlemen, that you must know even the details of my education, the only way I see to satisfy this curiosity of yours is to say that, if you will question me as to what I know and what I do not, I will do my best to answer you."

"That's a challenge," cried one; "he thinks we are too illiterate to examine him."

"We see that you speak German fluently," said the cashier; "do you know French?"

I nodded assent.

"And Italian and English?"

"Yes; English is my native language."

"What about Greek and Latin, boy?"

"Very little Greek; some half-dozen Latin authors."

"Any Hebrew?" chimed in one, with a smile of half mockery.

"Not a syllable."

"That's a pity, for you could have chatted with Herr Ignaz in it."

"Or the Fellahs," muttered another. "She knows no Hebrew," "She does; she reads it well," "Nothing of the kind, she speaks it," spoken from many quarters; and a very hot discussion ensued, in which the Fellah tongue, its accomplishments and acquirements took the place of mine in public interest.

While the debate went on with no small warmth on either side—for it involved a personal question that stimulated each of the combatants, namely, the amount of intimacy they enjoyed in the family and household of their master—a point on which they seemed to feel the most acute sensibility—while this, therefore, continued, the cashier patted me good-humoredly on the arm, and asked me how I liked Fiume; it I had made any pleasant acquaintances, and how I usually passed my evenings? And while

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAIL ACROSS THE BAY.

THE 31st of August dawned at last, and with the promise of a lovely autumnal day. It was the one holiday of the year at Herr Oppovich's; for Sunday was only externally observed in deference to the feelings of the Christian world, and clerks sat at their desks inside, and within the barred shutters the whole work of life went on as though a week-day. As for us in the yard, it was our day of most rigorous discipline; for Ignaz himself was wont to come down on a tour of inspection, and his quick glances were sure to detect at once the slightest irregularity or neglect. He seldom noticed me on these occasions. A word addressed to Hanserl as to how the "younker" was doing, would be all the recognition vouchsafed me, or, at most, a short nod of the head would convey that he had seen me. Hanserl's reports were, however, always favorable, and I had so far good reason to believe that my master was content with me.

From Hans, who had talked of nothing but this fête for three or four weeks, I had learned that a beautiful villa which Herr Ignaz owned on the west side of the bay was always opened. It was considered much too grand a place to live in, being of princely proportions and splendidly furnished; indeed, it had come into Herr Oppovich's possession on a mortgage, and the thought of using it as a residence never occurred to him. To have kept the grounds alone in order would have cost a moderate fortune; and as there was no natural supply of water on the spot, a steam pump was kept in constant use to direct streams in different directions. This, which its former owner freely paid for, was an outlay that Herr Oppovich regarded as most wasteful, and reduced at once to the very narrowest limits consistent with the life of the plants and shrubs around. The ornamental fountains were, of course, left unfed; jets-d'eaux ceased to play; and the various tanks in which water nymphs of white marble disported were dried up; ivy and the wild vine draping the statues, and holding the sculptured arms in leafy embrace.

THIS IS THE WORK OF ONE WHO EARNS SIX HUNDRED FLORINS A YEAR.—(SEE CHAPTER XVI.)

thus chatting pleasantly we glided into the little bay of the villa, and landed.

As boat after boat came alongside the jetty numbers rushed down to meet and welcome their friends. All seemed half wild with delight; and the adventures they had had on the road, the loveliness of the villa, and the courtesy they had been met with, resounded on every side. "And you friends, eager to talk or to listen—all but myself. I alone had no companionship; for in the crowd and confusion I could not find Clement, and to ask after him was but to risk the danger of an impertinence.

I sat down on a rustic bench at last, thinking that if I remained fixed in one spot I might have the best chance to discover him. And soon I could mark the strange company, which of every age, and almost of every condition, appeared to be present. If the marked features of the Hebrew abounded, there were types of the race that I had never seen before—hair-braided and olive-cheeked, with a certain softness of expression, united with great decision about the mouth and chin. The red Jew, too, was there—the fiery-eyed, dark-browed, hollow-cheeked fellow, of piercing acuteness in expression, and an almost reckless look of purpose about his manner. What, indeed, with determination, at times even violence, to be read in the faces; but never weakness, never imbecility: and so striking was this that the Oriental physiognomy seemed to actually vulgar when contrasted with those faces so full of vigorous meaning and concentration.

Nothing could be less like my brother's guests than these people. It was not in dress and demeanor and general carriage that they differed—in their general air they met, in their briefest greetings—but the whole character of their habits, as expressed by their faces, seemed so stable, that I could be almost certain as to their several ranks, and how this one was higher or greater than that, with a familiarity as if I had known the type were there—Hungarian, Syrian, Dalmatian, Albanian. Traders all. This one hand of traffic and gain, with perhaps into a sort of banker, and crends the most discordant, and types whose forefathers had been warring with each other for centuries. Proof of consciousness there was, in culture and roughness every where; but, strangely enough, little vulgarity and no weakness, no deficient mind, any where. They were the warriors of commerce; and they brought to the battle of trade resolution and boldness and persistence and daring not a whit inferior to what their ancestors had carried into personal conflict.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE FETE.

IR, seated on my rustic beach under a spreading ilex, I was not joining in the pleasures and amusements of those around me, I was tasting an amount of enjoyment to the full as great. I was my first holiday after many months of monotonous labor. It was the first moment in which I felt myself free to look about me without effort, to some thought of a teasing duty—that everlasting song of score and tally, which Hans and I sang duet fashion, and which at last seemed to enter my very veins and circulate with my blood.

The scene itself was of rare beauty. Seated as I was, the villa appeared a vast height for the outlet that led seaward was backed by an island, and thus the coast-line seemed unbroken throughout. Over this the sky expanse now blushed of the fading hours were moving in every direction, for the wind, now blowing fresh from the land, and permitted them to take and boat as they pleased. If thus in the crisply curling waves, the flitting boats, and the fading clouds above, there was motion and life, there was, in the high-peaked mountain that frowned above me, and in the dark rocks that fringed the shore, a stern, impressive grandeur that became all the more striking from contrast. The plashing water, the fishermen's cries, the lengthened flight of the revolvers as they strayed through brake and copse, seemed all but whispering sounds in that vast amphitheatre of mountain. So solemn was the influence of those towering crags that rose toward heaven.

"Have you been sitting there ever since?" asked the cashier, as he passed me with a string of friends.

"Ever since."

"Not had any breakfast?"

"None."

"Nor paid your compliments to Herr Ignaz and the Fräulein?"

I shook my head in dissent.

"Worst of all," said he, half rebukingly, and passed on. I now bethought me how rarely I had been. It is true it was through a sense of my own insignificance, a conviction that I was not sented myself to my host; but I ought to have remembered that this excuse could have no force outside the door of my own heart; and so I despaired of finding Hansel, whose advice might have aided me, I set out at once to make my respects.

A long, straight avenue, flanked by tall limetrees, led from the sea to the house; and as I passed up this, crowded now like that of the promenade of a city, I heard many comments as I went on my dress and appearance. "What have we here?" said one. "Is this a novice or a mountebank?" "What boy, with a much-braid-bedizened velvet coat, is this?" muttered an old German, as he pointed at me with his pipestick.

This pronounced me a foreign-master; the public reprobation found its limit at last by calling me a Frenchman. Shall I own that I heard all these with something much more akin to pride than to shame? The mere fact that they recognized me as unlike one of themselves—that they saw in me—what was not "Fiumano"—was in itself a flattery; and as to the deprecation, it was pure ignorance! I am afraid that I even showed how defiantly I took this criticism—showed it in my look, and showed it in my gait; for as I ascended the steps to the terrace of the villa I heard more than one comment on my pretentious demeanor. Perhaps some rumor of the approach of a distinguished guest had reached Herr Oppovich where he sat, at a table with some of the magnates of Fiume, for he hastily arose and came forward to meet me. Just as I gained the last terrace the old man stood bareheaded and bowing before me, a semicircle of wondering guests at either side of him.

"Whom have I the distinguished honor to receive?" said Herr Ignaz, with a profound show of deference.

"Don't you know me, Sir? Owen—Digby Owen."

"What!—how? Eh—in Heaven's name—are sure it can't be! Why, I protest it is!" cried he, laying his hand on my shoulder as if to test my reality. "This passes belief. Why, I've seen you like this! Come here, Knabe, come here." And skipping his hand within my arm he led me forward that he had just spoken. "And, as I cried he, "here is a guest you have not noticed: a high and well-born stranger, who claims all your attention. Let him have the place of honor at your side. This, ladies and gentlemen, is Herr Digby Owen, the brave-countenance of my timber-yard!" And he burst with this into a roar of laughter, that, long pent up by an effort, now seemed to explode in a storm. It was the old company slow in chorusing him: round after round shook the table, and it seemed as if the joke could never be exhausted.

All this time I stood with my eyes fixed on the Fräulein, whose glance was directed as steadily on me. It was a look of surprise, but not less on me, but it became her well, and I forgave all the scorn it conveyed in the pleasure her beauty gave me. My face, I felt, was as red as flame, became suddenly cold, and a fustish sickness was creeping over me, so that, to steady myself, I had to lay my hand on the back of a seat "you sit down?" said she, in a voice fully as much command as invitation. She pointed to a chair a little distance from her own as I did so, I espied

The company appeared now somewhat ashamed of its rude display of merriment, and sank down quietly and calmly I bore myself—unresentingly too—there seemed something like a reaction in my favor. Foreigners, I found, were not generally sorry when betrayed into any exhibition of ill-breeding, and lastly seek to make amends for it. Perhaps Herr Oppovich himself was the least ready in this movement, for he continued to look on me with a strange blending of displeasure and astonishment.

The business of breakfast was now resumed, and the servants passed round with the dishes, the neighbors among their own set, but I was saying I heard—what of course was not meant for my ears—an explanation given by one of the company of my singular appearance. It had lived in England, and said that the English of every condition had a passion for appearing to belong to some rank above their own, that to accomplish this there was no sacrifice they would not make, for these assumptions imposed upon those who made them as much as upon the public they were made for. "You'll see," added he, "that the youth there, so long as he figures in that fine dress, will be taken for as far as he knows how." He talked with a degree of assurance and fluency that gained authority; and as I saw that his hearers were along with him, and there soon began—very cautiously and very guardedly indeed—a kind of examination of me and my pretensions, for which, fortunately for me, I was so far proyered.

"And all English boys of your rank in life speak and read four languages?" asked Herr Ignaz, after listening some time to my answers.

"You are assuming to know my rank, papa," whispered Sara, who watched me closely during the whole interrogatory.

"I am assuming no question," rejoined "Nothing can be easier than to test that point. There are gentlemen here whose acquirements go far beyond mine."

"Your German is very good," said Sara. "Let me hear you speak French."

"It is too much honor for me," said I, bowing, "to address you at all."

"Is your Italian as neat in accent as that?" asked a lady near.

"I believe I am best in Italian—of course, except English—for I always talked it with my master—but I speak it well as to accent."

"Musicmaster!" cried Herr Ignaz; "what accomplishments have you?"

"I don't think we are quite fair to this boy," said a stern-featured, middle-aged man. "He has shown us nothing in opposition in his pretensions, and we have no right to question him further. If Herr Ignaz thinks you too highly gifted for his service, young man, come over to Carl Bettmeyer's counting-house to-morrow at noon."

"I thank you, Sir," said I, "and am very grateful; but if Herr Oppovich will bear with me, I will not leave him."

"Sara's wish must be mine as I spoke, and I can not tell what a flood of rapture her look sent into my heart.

"The boy will do well enough," muttered Herr Ignaz. "Let us have a ramble through the grounds, and see how the skittle-players go on."

And thus passed off the little incident of my appearance: an incident of no moment to any but myself, as I was soon to feel; for the company, descending, strayed away in broken twos or threes through the grounds as caprice or will inclined them.

If I were going to chronicle the fete itself, I might perhaps say there was a striking contrast between the picturesque beauty of the spot and the pastime of those who occupied it. The scene recalled nothing so much as a village fair. All the simple out-of-door amusements of popular taste were there. There were conjurors and their flambuoyant and fortune-telling, lottery-booths and nine-pin alleys and restaurants, only differing from their prototypes that there was nothing to pay. And the considerable number of the guests were evil pleased with the pleasures provided for them, there were others no less amused as spectators at these enjoyments, and the result was an amount of mirth and good-humor almost unbounded. There were representatives of almost every class and condition, from the prosperous merchant or rich banker down to the humble clerk or even porter of Herr Ignaz's warehouse; and yet a certain tone of equality pervaded all, and I observed that they mixed with each other in a spirit of friendliness and familiarity that never recalled any difference of condition; and this feature alone was an ample counterpoise that any vulgarity observable in their manners. If there was any snobbery it was of a species quite unlike what we have at home, and I could not detect it.

While I strolled about, amusing myself with the strange sights and scenes around me, I suddenly came upon the very funny-looking man, with the performers, seated on small hobby-horses, tilted with a lance at a ring as they span round, their incessant jerking and bobbing hailed with cries and with laughter from the spectators. To my intense astonishment, I might almost say shame, Hansel was one of the mounted on a bright bay, gray, with blood-shot eyes and a flowing tail, the old fellow seemed to have caught the spirit of his steed, for his face, with its red stumps, and his forward with an eagerness that showed how he enjoyed the sport. Why was it that the spectacle so shocked me? Why was it that I shrunk back into the crowd, fearful that he might recognize me? Why was it that I felt as if some one could throw off, even for a passing moment, the weary drudgery of his daily life, and play the fool just for distraction's sake? Was I could have believed and accepted a short time before, and yet now a strange revulsion of feeling had come over me, and I regarded myself pleased that Hansel had not seen nor claimed me. "These vulgar games don't amuse you," said a voice at my side, and I turned and saw the handsome Jew, who, at the breakfast-table, invited me to his counting-house.

"Not that," said I; "but they seem strange and odd at a private entertainment. I was scarce prepared to see them here."

"I suspect that is not exactly the reason," said he, laughing, "but there is something of your English tone of exclusiveness, and how each class of your people has its appropriate pleasures. You seem to be unacquainted with ours."

"You seem to forget my own condition, Sir."

"Come, come," said he with a knowing look. "I am not to be deceived on, as I told you a while back. I know England. Your ways and notions are all known to me. It is not in the place occupy here young lads are found who speak three or four languages, and have such thorough knowledge of labor as yours. Mind," said he, quickly, "I don't want to know your secret."

"If I had a secret it is scarcely likely I'd tell it to a stranger," said I, haughtily.

"Just so; you'd know your man before you trusted him. I like that generous, proud Yet going to trust you, whom I never saw till half an hour ago."

"Trust me?"

"Trust you," repeated he, slowly. "And first of all, what age would you give that young lady whose health we are celebrating?"

"Seventeen—eighteen—perhaps nineteen."

"I thought you'd say so; she looks nineteen. Well, I am told you're age to an hour. She is fifteen!"

"Fifteen!"

"Not a day older, and yet she is the most finished coquette in Europe. Having given Fiume to understand that there is not a man here whose pretensions she would listen to, her whole aim and object is to surround herself with admirers—I might say worshipers. Young fellows are made fools of by her, because they have a chance of winning her favor, while each see how con temptuously she treats the other. They do not perceive it is the number of suitors she cares for."

"But what is all this to me?"

"Simply that you would be enlisted in that corps to-morrow," said he, with a malicious laugh; "and I thought I'd do you a good turn to warn you as to what you were about to join."

"Me? I enlisted! Why, just bethink you, Sir, who and what I am: the very lowest creature in Herr Ignaz's establishment."

"What does that signify? There's a mystery about you. You are not—at least you were not when you spoke—the sort to have as good looks and better manners than the people usually about her. She can amuse herself with you, and so far harmlessly, that she can dismiss you when she's tired of you, and if she can only persuade you to believe yourself in love with her she can store up a reasonable share of misery for you in consequence, you'll make her nearer being happy than she has felt for many a day."

"I don't understand all this," said I, doubtingly.

"Well, you will one of these days; that is unless you have the good sense to take my warning in good part, and avoid her altogether."

"It will be quite enough for me to bear in mind who she is, and what I am!" said I, calmly.

"You think so? Well, I don't agree with you. At all events, I have done what I have said to you; even if you don't mean to profit by it." And with this he left me.

That strange education of mine, in which M. de Balzac figured as a chief instructor, made me reflect on what I had heard in a spirit little like that of an ordinary lad of sixteen years of age. Those wonderful stories, in which passion and emotion represent action, and where the great game of life is played out at a fireside or in a window recess, and where daring and sentiment war and fight and win or lose—these same tales supplied me with wherewithal to understand this man's warning, and at the same time to suspect his motives; and from that moment my life became invested with new interests and new anxieties, of which up to my own heart I felt myself a romance.

As I sauntered on, revolving very pleasant thoughts in myself, I came upon a party who were picnicking under a tree. Some of them insolently made room for me to join, and I sat down and ate my dinner with them. They were very humble people all of them, but courteous and full of the quality of politeness in a remarkable degree. Nor was I less struck by the delicate forbearance they showed toward the host; for, while the servants pressed them to drink Bordeaux and Champagne, they merely took the little wines of the country, perfectly content with simple fare and the courtesy that offered them better.

When one of them asked me if I had ever seen a fete in my own country, I answered in the negative, my mind went back to that costly entertainment of our villa, and Pauline came up before me, with her beauty, her jewels, her dress, and hideous eyes beaming with expression, and flashing with a light that dazzled while it charmed. Coquetry she had in perfection, and all the arts, all artifices, its studied graces, its thousand rogueries, to *them* seem all that is most natural and most simple. Was she indeed what she had seemed? Was there a little mock resentment of her beautiful mouth, every look and motion of her supple figure, in my mind, till I pictured her standing before me, and thought I saw her.

"Not in my country, I have had before you, Herr Englander," said a servant, who came up to me all flushed and heated. "I have been over the whole house in search of you."

"In search *of me?* Surely you mistake."

"No; it is no mistake. I see no one here in a velvet jacket but yourself, and Herr Ignaz told me to find you and tell you that there is a place kept for you at his table, and they are at dinner now in the large tent behind the house."

I took leave of my friends, who rose respectfully to make their adieus to the honored guest of the hour, and I followed the servant to the house. I was not without my misgivings that the scene of the morning, with its unpleasant cross-examination of which I could be reproved, might have caused myself how far I ought to submit to such liberties; but the event was not to put my dignity to the test, for I was received with the perfect equality with those about me; and, though the dinner had made some progress before I arrived, I was not at all much differing from the world being served with soup and all the earlier delicacies of the entertainment.

I will not dwell on the day that to recall seems more to me like a page out of a fairy tale than a little incident of daily life. I was, indeed, to all intents the principal prince of a story, for I went about with the lovely princess on his arm, for I danced the mazurka with the Fräulein Sara, and was her partner on several times during the evening, and finished the fête with her in the cotillion, she declaring that I was quite quiet voice that did not seek to be unheard around, that I alone could dance the waltz a deux temps, and that I said gently, and not spoil spring like a Dalmatian, or bound like a French Hungarian—a praise that brought on me some very menacing looks from certain counter-jumpers who felt that I was too confident in my "skill of face," as insolently returned.

I was are not to return to the Hof, Herr von Owen, to-morrow," said she, as we parted. "You are to wait on papa at his office at eleven o'clock." There was a smile in her eyes that the words that spoke command; but in styling me "von" there was a whole world of recognition; and I looked around as if would grow proud with all the deference of her slave, and all the devotion of one who already felt her power and delighted in it.

THE CHICAGO RIVER TUNNEL.

We publish on page 68 several illustrations relating to the Chicago River Tunnel just completed. It is the only tunnel of the kind on the continent, and with the exception of the Thames Tunnel the only one in the world.

The following is a brief account of the engineering description of the work:

The work was commenced July 27, 1867, by Messrs. Brewster, Lovell & Co., but was abandoned by them, and the contract threw a up. Their work gave way, and the original sub-contractors, Messrs. Hyde, Bell & Co., took it up, cleared away the fallen debris, built a new coffer-dam on the outside of the damaged one, with a corps of efficient laborers worked steadily and well. The quicksand was overcome, the tunnel was crowned with success, and Chicago was given the honor of being the first to use the ideal Roman public what science and perseverance can do. An interior engineering work of great work of very large dimensions. For 323 feet from the entrance the tunnel comprises a straight line, and for 10 feet it is level with the entrance, and about 100 feet from the river centre it inclines to the bottom. From the bottom of the shaft the height is 20 feet 6 inches. The invert itself is 16 inches thick, being composed of three rings of bricks, as in diameter. At the base the abutments are 8 feet broad, until they reach the height of 8 feet 2 inches, when they continue 6 feet thick for 7 feet more. The arch is 20 feet thick at the sides, and 24 at top; is 9 feet high above the springing lines, and has 3 centres. The squared bucks are formed of double masonry. The chamber at 190 feet distance from the river centre is 10 feet high, and the inverts 4 inches thick, the abutments 7 feet 2 inches at base for a height of 3 feet 6 inches, and 6 feet thick for another height of 3 feet thick at top. The upper arch at this point has 3 centres, is 20 inches thick at sides, and 24 at top; is 9 height above the springing arches is 24 feet here. This

section extends 364 feet on the west side, and has a corresponding section on the east side, which extends 360 feet. At the front from the river entrance, on either side, separate double wagon-ways begin. Each are 14 feet wide and 15 high. A thick wall divides them, and supports and strengthens the work directly beneath the carriage-road. The two ends of the passage correspond. Parallel with the carriage-way the footpassage extends 14 feet high at the centre, and 8 at the sides of the arch. A flooring of white pine is laid on joists, making a level upper surface. This floor is 40 feet apart here and 50 in the carriage-way. Entrances are cut through the walls at the two ends, and the other footway. Next passenger houses, each 32 feet long by 20 wide, with windows on the side, side of the river over the passenger entrance. There are of these style. In the second story of the entrances is the usual toilet, with the names of the contractors, engineers, and boards of public work. The work is 816 feet between the entrances. Eighteen steps are to each flight. The foundation studies are made 18 feet from the entrance, and by these and other arrangements the old bridge will be kept in use all day. The contract price was $530,000, but the cost will probably be more. On January 4th of July 21, 1868, 'unforeseen chasms' and laborers' work have been expended on the work, and the cost is cents of day expended, 6000 cubic yards of concrete 16,000 of brick and 19,000 of stone masonry, 19,000 of timber stone and 1,000 iron, and 20,000 barrels of Falls City cement. Besides the masonry labor a large amount of horse and steam-engine labor was used. Of the original amount the first contractors received $250,000, and Messrs. Post & Co. $280,032 68, which leaves them a balance of about $20,000. E. S. Jaggar and Mr. Brevoort, assistant by his son, are the engineers. Being demonstration that the work will be a success, it is probable that it will be followed by other similar enterprises, so that the great stream of travel upon bridges will soon be the busy city. The tunnel was formally but quietly opened yesterday morning (January 11) by the officials. At 11 o'clock Mayor Hoss, a number of Aldermen, the Board of Public Works, the Board of Fire Commissioners, with the contractors and a few invited guests, left the Common and proceeded to the entrance, headed by a squad of police. The steam fire-engines, "Mayor Hall" and "Liberty" with their hose-carts, and the "Pioneer" hook and ladder truck, all gaily decked with flags, were ready at the park, and, just after the carriages had entered they followed. Then came the private carriages. Capt. Cahill closed the procession in front of the Court-House, and came back again. Upon their arriving at Franklin Street the carriages proceeded to the passenger entrance on Market Street, and the party alighted and walked through on the passenger-way. On returning they took their carriages and departed. The tunnel was thrown open to the public, who thronged through, making a survey of the glorious work.

NAVAL ACADEMY BALL AT ANNAPOLIS.

THIS ball, of which we give an illustration on page 72, was given on the evening of January 9, by the first-class cadets of the Annapolis Naval Academy. The preparations were elegant and elaborate, and the great expanse, and the result was a magnificent success. The number of cadets was about ninety; their class is for the most part made up of wealthy young men, the relatives of the boys, and a large number of beautiful girls, honored the occasion with their presence.

The interior of an old fort was transformed by these merry-makers into a fairy-like paradise. The roof was lined with white and studded with silver stars; the sides were ornamented in the best artistic style, cutlasses and muskets being profusely distributed amidst a vast display of bunting and evergreens, the whole presenting a very charming *tout ensemble*. Admiral PORTER was present with his son, Captain D. D. PORTER.

ARREST OF THE LITTLE STREET PEDDLERS.

EVERY one residing in our metropolis will easily see who are meant by "the little street peddlers," shown on page 72, the little boys and girls who are seen in our streets with matches, cigars, buttons, and other petty nick-nacks for sale. Complaints recently been addressed to the police force to arrest all of these vagrant children and deliver them into the hands of the Commissioners of Charity. This measure, though at first glance it may seem rigorous, is really dictated by humanity. Idle and heartless parents and cruel speculators send these little inoffensive mates out poorly clad in the most inclement season of the year. They will hereafter be taken in charge by the police, and when being reported at the station-house, will be delivered to the Commissioners of Charity, and sent to one of the benevolent institutions on Randall's Island. It is to those children a deliverance not only from wretchedness, but also from the vilest degradation.

RECEPTIONS BY THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

THE reception-room at General GRANT's headquarters in Washington is a small, square parlor, to the left of the door opening upon the street. As mid-day there is sure to be a throng in waiting. One visitor simply desires to see General GRANT and to shake hands with him, and goes away prepared to recount the circumstances of the interview for the benefit of all his acquaintances. But the great proportion of callers are those desiring offices. To attempt to offer their various solicitations, with which advice is not seldom combined. The most disagreeable of these bores to the General is the newspaper correspondent, who does a great deal of talking while GRANT does a great deal of tedious listening, after which Jenkins disappears, and soon after publishes to the world what he said to the General, which he by some hocus pocus transfers to the lips of his long-suffering listener. From the Herald, Tribune, and like troubles; but General GRANT has the happy faculty of holding his own tongue, if he can not restrain that of the parasitic crowd.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

CASTEL-SELVO, a CRETAN sea-board village, is situated on the southern coast of the island, and has been for many months the base of supplies for the Cretan insurgents. Protected on one side by lofty mountains, and on the other by an islet several miles in length, the little bay of Castel-Selino is completely sheltered against the winds of the Archipelago. The strategic importance of this position, though hitherto ignored by the Turks, did not escape the Venetians who occupied the island at the time of the conquest of Constantinople, and who once on a time called Castel-Selino, some ruins of which still remain. The bay is now blockaded by the Turks.

For more than two years the Cretans have successfully maintained their struggle for autonomy and freedom. Sixty thousand of the inhabitants, chiefly women and children, are already are in exile at Athens, while their brothers, husbands, and fathers are resisting Turkish despotism. The Christian populations admiration and should elicit the sympathy of the entire Christian world. The noble cause in which this brave people are engaged certainly entitles it to the co-operation and sympathy of the American people.

A NORTH WIND.

THERE was over all the land
A dark and heavy day,
Till a wind came out of the North
And blew the clouds away.

And the old flag went down
On the broad Southern plain,
Till a wind came out of the North
And raised it up again.

A mighty rushing wind
Blew straight from Plymouth Rock,
And the waves of battle were in it—
Men of the Pilgrim stock.

There was the sound of words,
And the dash of the mighty sea;
And wherever the North wind went
Men heard the words, Be free!

Come, let us claim the land
Once more for liberty;
The Northern to the Southern plea
Sent greeting cheerily.

Strong is the wind of the North,
Strong as the arm of Right
(The breath of many noble lives
It was that swept it up!)

Keen is the wind of the North,
Keen as the sword of Truth
(O for the shin of all the land!
O for the flower of youth!).

Chouts are over the sky,
Clouds that follow the rain,
Song, O wind of the North,
And clear the skies again,

Till the smoke is rolled away,
And the battle echoes cease;
For it is only victory
Hath power to utter, Peace!

CARL SPENCER.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE new bridge which is proposed to be constructed between New York and Brooklyn will probably be the most stupendous structure of the kind in the world. The main cables will be suspended from towers 363 feet above high tide. It will cross the East River with a single span of 1,600 feet in the clear above high tide. The total length of the bridge is estimated at 3,580 feet, and the whole expense of its erection about eight million dollars.

A new journal in the French language is announced under the title of the *Land Gazette*, or *Gazette Rurale*. It will probably be published in Brussels. M. VICTOR HUGO will be the editor, assisted by his sons and other prominent writers.

Good land, suitable for market gardening, is cheaper within a mile of Sacramento than it is within the distance of San Francisco. Land is cheaper within ten miles of Sacramento than it is on the immediate line of the Pacific. Five hundred dollars per annum will hire a better tenement within five miles of Westminster Abbey than it will within a mile and a half of City Hall of San Francisco! Land is now held so high in California that a farmer will hardly think of land as a purchase. Every body is expecting a rush of population as soon as the railroad is completed, and there is consequently great speculation in real estate. The farmers of Northern California are selling out and moving southward in considerable numbers.

A pleasant story is told of the poet Longfellow by the Florence correspondent of the *Boston Journal*. The writer was returning from the funeral service in memory of ROSSINI, when his attention was attracted by a gentleman passing some distance off, with a tall, silvery locks and beard, accompanied by a lady, a youth, and two children. "That gentleman," said the writer, "is the world-famous Longfellow!" "To be sure it is," was the reply. "Oh, I am glad I have seen him! He was the inspirer of spontaneous exclamation; "that really is a treat: this is worth a great deal more than the Emperor." The young Anglo-Italian then retreated to rejoin her own party, but her remarks had been communicated both to the gentleman and to his wife, to whom he was holding by the hand, and with a charming frankness they all came forward and gave her a few words of natural and simple courtesy: which, doubtless, with, throughout the whole life of those to whom they were addressed, lend a sweeter perfume to the verse of Evangeline and Hiawatha.

A young girl died last week in this city from the effects of burns caused by the explosion of a kerosene oil-lamp. Accidents from this cause have become so alarmingly frequent that the coroner determined to investigate the last case. The jury found that oil to be below the legal standard. The jury rendered a verdict that the death was caused by the explosion of a mixture of kerosene oil and benzine. The manufacturer of this mixture and also the vendor were deemed guilty of a grave offense. Pure kerosene oil is highly inflammable, perfectly harmless, and all that is explosive is sold in defiance of a law that was passed by the Legislature in 1866, prohibiting the sale of kerosene below a certain standard.

A Parisian journal describes a case of poisoning by nitro-benzine recently occurred at Stuttgard. A vigorous young man of twenty-four, who was employed in emptying a can of benzine oil of which odmouls by means of a syphon, thereby unconsciously introduced some nitro-benzine into his system. He did not discover it, but continued to work for the two hours longer, when he was seized with headache, vertigo, and shortly after was assumed a bluish tint, and he fell down a in fit. Emetics were administered without success, and he died on the following day. Upon description the whole body emitted a strong smell of bitter almonds. The most remarkable circumstance in this case is that the poison continued so long inactive.

The Low Bridge, which has at length been removed from Broadway, has awakened some poetic genius. He communicates a poem entitled "Bridge of Size," after the following fashion:

"Let the unfortunate
Rejoice that with
Before the impetuous
Bridge of Size."

"Like a huge gamboliger
That's lately broke
Out of her
Bottles may bust."

It is said that during the last three months there have been 150,000 new rifles sent from Providence, Rhode Island, to Europe. Over 5000 have been sent to Cuba, and the remainder—hosiery transported in breach-loading, shipped to Mexico.

The Boston Post ridicules the opinion that women have no greater weakness for dress than men. The dress of women is more demonstrative and showy, but this does not necessarily involve a greater expenditure. A man sees the last of a $100 bill in getting a vest, and he may for a season spends and be accused of extravagance. Of ten men and ten women, taken at random as they come to hand, we found that the men spend two dollars to one of the women. Of course a majority of the men won't admit this to be true, but nevertheless. All have to *Post* gallantly makes the assertion.

A story of a Wall Street old Dutch grocer who has left $15,000 to Charles Dickens, on condition that he will read the "Trial by Jurywick" to the grocer's family once yearly until he dies.

The new wing of the Treasury Department is rapidly approaching completion. The upper story stairs are finished, and are nearly ready for occupancy by the Internal Revenue Department. The lower floors will not be finished for two or three months. The walls of the "cash-room" are to be paneled with rare specimens of Italian marble. The marble will cost about $40,000. When finished it will be the finest room in America, if not in the world.

Social life in Louisville, Kentucky, must be pleasant. A young man living in that city the other day put his hand in his pocket in order to find the key to his store, and give it to his partner, when the latter, supposing it was the key for a pistol, drew his own and shot him dead.

A Boston exchange is responsible for the following story. A short time since a man appeared at the Boston City Hall, requesting an interview with the Chief of the Police:

"What can I do for you?" inquired the official.

"Are you the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Can I speak to you privately?"

"Yes—speak out!"

"Will no one hear us?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen: as I was crossing the Common last night, about twelve o'clock, I saw a woman approach the pond with a baby in her arms, looking carefully around all the while to see if she was followed, when she walked to the edge, stooped down, and—"

"Threw the child into the Frog Pond!" exclaimed the appalled official, with a face white with horror.

"No," replied his visitor; "*washed its face!*"

Two young ladies have made application to become members of the Cornell University. It is stated that Mr. Cornell has informed them that if they present themselves early they will be received.

A method of manufacturing rubber which does not contain mercury is any fore, designed for dental uses, has been discovered in Rock, Lane's woman applies against various unfortunate results which frequently follow the use of the ordinary preparations of rubber for dentists.

At the first annual meeting of the Women's Board of Missions, recently held in Boston, Mrs. HUNTINGTON reported that the society had sent out seven missionaries during the year, and had been able to employ eleven native women as Bible-readers. The receipts for the first year were $6,000.

A well-qualified candidate for police service in this city is said to have been recently rejected because he was not a native of Ireland. He was, however, so worthy of the requisite height that his physician advised him to go home, get up early in the morning, take a warm bath, and apply again, as a man is a little taller in the morning, and just after taking a warm bath. He followed the advice, the applicant followed the doctor's advice, and succeeded in getting appointed!

A spiritual *seance* was lately held in this city. The following is a sample of the interviews held with departed spirits: "Are the spirits of any of my deceased friends present?" (Silence.) "Are any present?" (Same response.)

"Male?" (No response.)

"Female?" (Three raps.)

"Mother?" (Three raps.)

"Wife?" (Three raps.)

"What do you wish to communicate?" pursued the gentleman.

"I am always with you," was rapped out.

"Any thing more to communicate?"

"Nothing," was immediately rapped out.

This was considered by all very satisfactory.

One gentleman found the spirit of a son waiting to talk with him, and the spirit of a deceased wife who had a son to his knowledge. Another gentleman, being told that the spirit of his wife was in waiting for him, all came forward, and found that he had even been married he was in blissful ignorance of the fact.

In North Stonington, Connecticut, there is an immense mine of silica, which will be worked next spring, and soon will prove a mine of wealth to that section of the country. An excavation to the depth of about two hundred feet has been made on the land, and standing on the surface and looking down, the cavity has the appearance of an immense basin of milk. The silica has been tested at several of the largest glass and crockery manufactories of the country, and pronounced equal to the best that can be obtained elsewhere.

HUMOROUS.

IS THAT SO?—It appears that Lent will be very early in 1869. Smith says that is always is with him, but that borrowing is always late. He is always in time for the former, but can never hit the precise time for the latter when applying to his friends.

TECHNICAL WISE SAWS.

A tailor of wise saws on his board, flies his cause, eats his own cabbage, and stays at home when he is always cutting out.

A shoemaker looks to the heels of his customers, and is always ready to stump, and is no better off when he is waxing warm, but he is pretty well to do when he has his awl in his hand.

A painter is a fine-weather man, for he has a brush with every body he comes in contact with; and though he is apt to get reddened when found drinking, he still takes the lead that is required for his employer's interest, and knows how to lay paint on to suit it.

A carpenter is a plane-dealer. His "saws" are many, he has to look for deals on the flag on the square; he can scale any height of building, he can anger and bore with equal ease, he can plank as well as cut it from under him. He is a regular chip of the old block.

A printer can do nothing without his stick; he is always bringing matters to matter or other. But this is the type of the whole compositeship, who claim the exclusive copy-right to stick and each other even in the galley.

A REDEEMING ACTION—Taking your watch out of pawn.

A STOCK-IN-TRADE—A hosiery business.

"SHEAR PROFITS"—Tailor's cabbage.

A PRINTER'S PROOF—Is he, indeed? Against what?

THE HEIGHT OF MODESTY.—The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

A BACHELOR'S DEFENSE.—Who is pitted to death by ladies and mothers-in-law? Bachelors. Who is shunned? Who is invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in when in the neighborhood? Bachelors. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has the most flowers? Bachelors. Who is the most welcome fatup him? The bachelor.—Who goes to bed early and rises from the table with the first? The married man.—Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest side of the bed, and for walking in his sleep? The married man.—Who has wood to split and water to draw, to do, for every one to wash, and for his servants to look after? The married man.—Who is the most unhappy life? The married man.—Who gets divorced? The married man.

SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

That it is unlucky to whistle while a purse is parcel in the street, especially if it be wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

That if you are seen running, as though really in a hurry, you must certainly be in debt, and that effectually work knowing will take notice of you afterward.

That if you have a dreadful nose to keep it, you have your gloves at home, although the weather is so hot that you can not bear to wear them.

QUERIES.

What sort of a substance is "Musical Pitch?"

Why some gentlemen tell us what "double gauge bags" are?

What are "Matrimonial Dominoes?"

Is "Zoeoutter" a flower?

What is a "portable sofa-till?"

Is a "cotton gin" intoxicating?

What is "flower-pot lunch" grow?

Can you steer a vessel by the "compass of the voice?"

How much is "The Village Pound?"

Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively a parcel of human bones asked him the philosopher what he was looking for.

"I am looking," he said, "for the bones of your father," was the reply; "the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

On his death-bed a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral, "because," added the dying wag, "if is a civility I can never return."

A schoolmaster asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "Ostracism." One of the boys replied that he boy said, "I know, Sir, when I'm late that I'm happy, and when I'm down I'm tight."

QUERIES FROM A LAND-LUBBER.

Is the mess at sea the usual ship slop up on the decks, and served out to the men over the combers?

Is the bowsprit used for the nose-ring or the cockpit?

Have the cat-heads any thing to do with the mouse-tails?

Is the cattle kept in the bulwarks?

Is the cook ever thought of here, and were on the mast-head?

Are there main pillow-cases as well as main-sheets?

Is the ship's water kept in proper trim by the stays?

Is the bowsprit ever removed to let the bunkers?

Is very hard labor performed in the galleys?

Are the bells of a number wrapped in the sheet before burial?

When a man "heaves the lead" is it part of his duty to take an emetic before he does so?

Is the main-brace ever let off in order, is it called a rudderer?

Is the fore-top ever open?

"Doctor," said a hard-looking, brandy-faced customer, a few days ago to a physician, "Doctor, I'm troubled with a pain in my right-hand measure about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?"

"Why," replied the doctor, "I should say it was physician: 'you have water on the chest.'"

"Water!" exclaimed the old sot very well for a joke, but how could I get water on my chest, when I haven't touched a drop for a month?" If you had said brandy, you might have hit it!"

A witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, and was asked to repeat the precise words he spoken. The witness, fixing his eyes earnestly upon the judge, replied, "Why, your honor, your honor, you said steal, and get your living by cheating." The face of the judge reddened, and he exclaimed, "Turn your head to the jury, Sir, when you speak."

Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; and having stood his ground a considerable while, a person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had been standing behind him, called out, "Mr. Curran, I observed that the case under discussion involved a case of constructive treason."

"Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

"Tom, what kind of a waistcoat is that you have on?"

"Why, it's cloth, to be sure."

"I didn't it come from old Threadneedles, the tailor?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's a vegetable waistcoat."

"A what?"

"A vegetable waistcoat! it's made of cabbage."

THE NAVAL ACADEMY BALL AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, JANUARY 8, 1869.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

LITTLE STREET PEDDLERS BEFORE THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITY, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRANZENY.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

THE FRANKING ABUSE—FREE BAGS LEAVING THE WASHINGTON POST-OFFICE.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE FRANKING ABUSE.

THE design of the franking privilege, as legally established, evidently was to provide for the expense of official communications from certain officers of the national Government. The President is allowed this privilege during life; Cabinet officers are permitted to avail themselves of it, as also are all members of Congress during their term of office. As to private communications we do not see why they should be thus privileged because they proceed from one who is or has been President, or from the Heads of Departments, or from Senators and Representatives, any more than those originating from other sources.

But, even supposing that the law granting this privilege is a wise one, that law is daily violated and grossly abused by our law-makers. We refer our readers to our illustration on this page, and wish to submit a few facts to them in connection with this growing abuse.

Not less than a ton of free mail matter leaves the Washington office daily; it is unnecessary to

RECEPTION ROOM AT GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

say that of this only a small portion is franked in accordance with the law. There are two ways of evading the law. The officer to whom the privilege is granted may frank under his own hand the communications of his friends; and he may cause a stamp or any number of stamps to be made, so that his frank may be used by any number of persons or in any portion of the country. A Congressman may thus frank the mail matter of his entire constituency, and he may avail himself of this means to increase his popularity. Cases have occurred where publishing houses have issued an entire edition of a periodical under the stamp of a member of Congress. In fact, there is no limit to the possible abuse of the privilege. Instances have even been known where Congressmen of an economical turn of mind have made a business of selling under frank, and had it returned in the same manner.

The British Parliament claimed the franking privilege in 1660; but this privilege was restricted in 1837, and finally abolished in 1840. A movement is in progress for its abolition in this country, which we hope will succeed.

THE INSURRECTION IN CADIZ.

THE insurrection at Cadiz on the 5th of December last, now that the facts concerning it are known, can not fairly be said to have indicated a Republican conspiracy against the Provisional Government. Republican demonstrations were made in Madrid and other important cities, but only in Cadiz did the popular expression of feeling lead to unpleasant consequences. The insurrection here must be attributed to the folly of General Caballero, the Military Governor of Cadiz. He issued an order requiring the disarmament of the citizen militia, prohibiting public assemblies, suspending the journals, and declaring martial law. This order was promulgated at two o'clock P. M., and in half an hour afterward the whole city was in arms.

The NEW YORK *Tribune* correspondent gives the following graphic account of the important events which grew out of this order, and the consequent collision between the Government troops and the insurgents:

Had PRIM left known his trade as soldier he had ample force to quell the outbreak; but instead of taking active measures against the insurgents he put drive to the rbuckle, and sent to Madrid for aid. Cadiz is so situated that it is impossible for the troops who marched against it to cut off all communication between the city and the rest of Spain. They established a blockade so complete that for some days no intelligence whatever could reach the city. There were recent excerpts, none in Madrid or elsewhere knew what Cadiz was doing. The Government telegraphs all over Spain that the insurrection was not Republican but Liberal, and considered it of so little moment in Cadiz, but nobody doubted the statement. When the time between the insurrection and the Government troops had been agreed on, a rumor of the real state of affairs reached Seville, and subsequently, some members of the Republican Committee of Seville got into the town and Cadiz, were able to escape again to Seville, and spread them before their astonished friends the news. At the moment they knew also that the Governor of Andalusia, the military district including Seville and Cadiz, was about to declare the whole province in a state of siege; a measure to be used by the partisans of order always, but which looks very like the second step in that general system of which the order in Cadiz to disarm the first.

The Republican Committee went to the Governor and told him that the promulgation of such an order would be followed by the remonstrance of the Committee to the Republicans to rise in every town of the province. The Governor answered that it pained to engage his proclamation and await orders from Madrid. The Committee in the same moment sent a deputation to the Central Republican Committee, and that body learned for the first time that the rising and misrule had in Cadiz and Seville. The whole committee of thirty-two were summoned, met, and took their resolution—a resolution of almost unparalleled boldness. They next week the Provisional Government that they desired a conference, and they went in a body to deliver their message. Caveras, as President of the Committee, and the first orator of Spain, addressed the Council. Sagasta, Olozaga, and the other great officers of State were present. "We come to treat with you," began the orator, "on equal terms. You are not now the Government; we represent the people. We have heard that you have declared us out of law. We know that you have declared us and all Spain in a state of siege. We know that Seville, Andalusia, and Cadiz are in open revolt against your Government. We know that you have declared the Constituent Cortes dissolved and abandoned. Though we know that in the last moment we secretly and by force of arms, that the authority of the Government must be maintained, order preserved, and the point of military honor covered by a surrender of the arms in the hands of the people. We acknowledge that you shall lay them down on a pledge from you that the Sovereign will of the people be enforced or secured. But if that order is to be sustained, we give you notice that we are ready to march to Madrid. Andalusia and Seville, in Carthagena, wherever in Spain there is a Republican party, they are ready with every means in the Revolution as an ally, we will overthrow your Government."

CASTELLAR spoke for three-quarters of an hour; SPOKE, it is said, with unprecedented eloquence and fire. He attacked the whole policy of the Provisional Government, and its beginning down to the capture of Cadiz. This, and this, and this you have done; this and this you have not done—and ended with almost every sec. When he had finished, SAGASTA, President of the Council, said: "Nothing of this kind is so strange as that I should have sat and listened to such an attack on the Government. Nothing could reassure me as the audacity of the orator, except the eloquence with which he has delivered it. What can be said to true." True or not, the Government found itself confronted by a force it was compelled to respect, and it gave way. The Council agreed to the terms proposed by the Committee. An understanding was come to, verbal on both sides, the Government abandoning its policy of terrorism, and the greats giving up their arms, the Committee answering for the submission of their party to the constituted authority. Thus far, the compact has been kept on both sides.

Our illustration on page 77 shows the conflict between the Government troops and the insurgents at the Quai des Capuchins in Cadiz. The insurgents fought with desperation, and were joined by even the women and children; stones and every sort of missile were used, and when the chassseurs of Madrid, dispatched to occupy the Quai des Capuchins, came up they were unable to hold the place against this furious multitude, and were repulsed with severe losses. The battle in the streets continued all night and through the 6th. On the 8th an armistice of forty-eight hours was agreed upon. The insurrection was terminated on the 9th by the capitulation of the insurgents.

RAWDON'S RAID.

I.—IN THE LOOSE-BOX.

THE ancient hostler of "The Jocelyn Arms" led the way across the hard-frozen stable-yard to the loose-box in the corner; the two men from the Court followed.

"Eyle have gone out, Major," old Spain grunted to the elder of the pair; "but he said 'twere likely you'd be down to see the mare; and so he left the key with me."

"All right," the Major nodded between two little blue clouds of Cavendish. "Yes; I've brought down Mr. Jocelyn to look at her. Sir Eyle know I'm here when he comes back, will you?" he added when the old man had unlocked the creaking door.

Mr. Spain took the hint and his departure. The Major and his friend, Dick Jocelyn, passed into the well-warmed and littered loose-box.

"There she is, Dick!" the mare's owner remarked when the biting breath of that bitter winter's day had blown the last wreath from them; "how she is! Worth coming here to look at, ain't she?"

Dick Jocelyn, usually a man of few words, wagged his handsome head affirmatively. The mare was rubbing her, with a low whinnying of delight, against the Major's shoulder.

"Ah! Lucia, *wia belle*," Rawdon Darlington apostrophized his pet, patting her glossy neck; "you'll have them all after you, won't you?"

Lucia dropped her ears, and whinnied again for answer. The Hussar looked meaningly in his companion's face at the name. It was a Young Lochinvar." Dick Jocelyn seemed to understand, and responded with an eloquent grin.

Then, forgetting all but the love he felt to discussing the mare's points for the next five minutes, offering service as it were, to the *genius loci*. For both were thinking just now of a different matter all the time. At last they made an end of that; and were standing, the one leaning against the manger, the other against the wall, meeting each other's eyes, very much like a pair of Augurs.

"Well?" Dick Jocelyn said, breaking the silence with rather an injured air at its being left to his taciturn self to break it; "you'll have to tell me, I suppose."

"I think so," Darlington responded; "shortly, very shortly. You've guessed there's something another week of this *bute's* persecution. And I don't see how else I'm to put a stop to it, unless I have a pop at Eyle, which would be a bore, and might do no good after all."

"Make it all the worse!" Dick affirmed. "Jeff wouldn't fight, you know; and he'd simply take it out of *her*, the cad!"

Darlington's dark face grew darker, and his teeth closed savagely on the thick gray amber between them.

"I know that," he said; "I know that, Dick. That's what has kept me quiet with the fellow so long. But that was before I knew she hated him, and—you understand?"

Jocelyn nodded. The other went on.

"Now it's different. I've a right now to interfere, if he annoys her; and I mean to, once or all. Only I don't see how I can't fight; and I shall put it out of his power to revenge himself on her. There's only one way to do it, and that's this."

Dick signified assent in his taciturn fashion.

"Of course," Darlington continued, "I'm sorry to put you to more bore by Lady Hope, to have to upset her plans, and deprive her of her chosen lover; but, under the circumstances, I don't see what else we're to do, your cousin and I. Lady Hope, you know, does me the honor to hate me with a cordiality that makes me sure she should when Mr. Marsden is her standard of perfection. I should have, as far as she is concerned, no chance whatever, even if I were free to try; and I'm not free, as you know, and never was. Now, I happen to have set my heart on winning this time, Marsden or no Marsden; and I simply mean to adopt the old saying, 'Every one for himself,' and act accordingly."

Rawdon pointed his words by a few more bars of "Yankee Doodle," which he executed on a tobacco-nob from the brown mearschaum bowl.

"Fancy I see the 'poir' fellah bridgeroyal expression of countenance with which every one is bolted!" the grinning Dick felt constrained to say.

"It was a simply heavenly idea of mine, that!"

He chuckled loudly over the "heavenly idea," and then grew suddenly conjured up, for a minute or two. Then, relapsing into his wonted impassibility of demeanor, he inquired,

"What's the row?"

"That depends," the other answered, "on Eyle's repos. I've sent him over to the Ashbridge-breakfast to-day, and Jeff and Cecil and the Paris mull through to-night. The line's blocked heavily between Ashbridge and Dover; but as they're not at work, I suppose they're not. And there has been no wind to-day to make a fresh drift, there is just the chance they will manage to get through. If we all right, I shall be *pour la partie revisée*, that's all."

"You're a jolly cool hand, Don!" Dick muttered, admiringly. "Said any thing to *her* yet?"

"Not advisable till I've seen Eyle. No use in troubling her before her time, poor child! But I've had a little conversation with Mademoiselle Fanchon, who quite understands what she's got to do, and will be only too delighted to do it. The notion of a trip to Paris was her at once."

"Good girl that," observed Dick; "hates old Jeff like poison, too."

"Most women generally *do* manage to hate Mr. Marsden, somehow," Rawdon responded. "Like most men. Well, Fanchon is all right, and will see about the baggage. She'll join us at Ashbridge under Eyle's escort, if the business is to be done to-night."

"And the way we arranged holds good?"

"Barring accidents, or any thing unforeseen in Eyle's report presently—yes. There's some one riding into the yard now. He's come back, I dare say."

The Major pushed open the door and looked out.

"I thought so, Dick," he said. "Here he is."

A man in a groom's undress, with "soldier" stamped in every unmistakable way, was swinging himself off his horse and bawling for Mr. Spain.

"Here, Eyle!" Rawdon called as the ancient hostler came shivering and shambling out of the warm tap-room and took the Hussar's bridle. Mr. Eyle turned, made his appearance in Lucia's loose-box, touched cap, and subsequently, with his soldier-like report. The line would be clear enough of snow, the Ashbridge station-master had told him, by an early hour the next morning to admit of an attempt, at all events, being made to get the long-delayed Paris mail through to Dover, supposing, of course, no fresh fall took place, and no wind came on to occasion a fresh drift. The mail was expected, in such case, to reach Ashbridge about 4 A.M., and Mr. Eyle had taken upon himself to secure a compartment for his master, and to acknowledge the rails were expected free so that if the train got as far as that station there was no likelihood of its being blocked up anywhere further on.

On this Mr. Eyle had certain orders given him; and then Rawdon Darlington, Major of "Ours," and his friend, Dick Jocelyn the Guardsman, walked, talking rather earnestly together, through the straggling street of the little Kentish village to where the lights of the wintry afternoon sun were gleaming on frosted window-panes, and so through the lower lodge-gates and the long avenue of snow-draped elms back to Court Jocelyn.

Ex-private John Eyle watched them a brief while, stroking his mustache as he had seen his master stroke his.

"Ah!" he thought aloud, as he turned away; "that's the Major's little game, is it? And a very pretty little game it is, too!"

II.—SEULE À SEULE

"HILDA! You love him?"

"Oh, Helen!"

Miss Jocelyn's confession in two words, made with such a sudden sob, such a tell-tale hiding of a blush-rose face in her confessor's lap! The said confessor looked grave, but stroked the penitent's hair kindly and forgivingly enough, notwithstanding.

Then there was silence for a space in the little chamber where the mistress and the wintry gloaming over the log-fire. Cousin Helen's room, they called it at Dane Court. It looked over the lawn upon the park and the elms of the Ashbridge Avenue; up which Dick Jocelyn and his friend were walking just then, after their visit to Lucia's loose-box.

It was of one of these two out there in the snow that Miss Jocelyn and Hilda Jocelyn had been talking for the last half-hour. Till their talk had ended in that last question and answer we have overheard. It began naturally, of course, in a minute or two. Naturally it couldn't be let to die there.

"You love Rawdon?" Helen said, bending over the golden head nestling in the folds of her dress. "Since when?"

"Always, I think. Always, since that first night I saw him. Oh, Nell! I couldn't help it." As though the child anticipated rebuke, and were trying to deprecate it.

But the other hadn't, apparently, the heart to be hard with the criminal. Nay, she bent over the golden head, and her hands smoothed the child's cheek and chin, and lifted up the flushed, tear-stained little face, and kissed it. That kiss was absolution. Hilda felt it to be such, and her eyes fell faster. Helen let them have their way a while before she said:

"There are no accounts ago, Mignonne. I remember, at that ball at Princes Gate. Dick brought him there. Just after you had let them say you'd adopt me, I have been. Oh, Hilda, why did you ever let them?

As if Mignonne had ever had a chance against mamma! As if she could resist her clever cousin and Jeffrey Marsden, the City banker, had been a pet project of Lady Hope's always; it was so nice to have one's own children's part to do in a rangement would have carried weight! My lady's word, as she proclaimed to all the world, was law; Hilda had never let her life dared dream of disobedience. As she told her confessor now.

"What could I do?" she pleaded. "Mamma said I was to be kind to him, and—and I was kind. Nell! his cold, hard voice made me shiver!—and I did as I was told. Then, when he came—Rawdon. And then I knew what I had done. We went away to Homburg, mamma and I; and I was to write to him about him. It was no use, Nell. He came to Homburg, too, with Dick. Mamma was terribly angry with me because he said I was to see him. But I was so happy. He never said a word to me any body mightn't have heard; but I thought—but I *knew* he cared for me better than any one. I don't know whether Mr. Marsden fancied any thing; but in his icy way I know he hated him. Mamma said I must forget him, and I tried to, Nell. I tried. I was so happy—happy in such a strange, painful way, dear!—to think he cared for me, my brave, strong Rawdon! Then we came home. Then Nell! I thought I should have died that night I said good-by to him—the last night I should ever see him, perhaps! We came home. I think if I hadn't got ill, and you hadn't come down here to nurse me, I should fight for me, mamma would have had me married to Mr. Marsden in two months. As it was, I got a respite till now. And now I can't do it! I won't do it!" poor Hilda sobbed out.

The elder girl's soft voice and loving hands soothed her tenderly.

"I begin to think you mustn't, Mignonne," Helen said. "And if you mustn't, you shn't! But let me hear the end of it. How came Major Darlington down here this Christmas?"

Mignonne smiled through her tears.

"Dick brought him again," she answered. "Cousin Dick! He's been so good to me, in his quiet, cool fashion, all through. I think he and Rawdon are bosom-friends, you know, Cousin Dick. They've no secrets from each other; and—"

"I see!" Helen nodded. "And, moreover, Dick detests the Crassus. Yes; I quite understand."

"And you know," Hilda went on, "mamma never consults with him, somehow; and Jane Court really belongs to him. So when she found Rawdon in the drawing-room one day, just before the dance, dressed for dinner, and Dick told her he'd brought him down for the shooting, why, she had to accept the situation. She was worse off to Mr. Marsden, I think, to come down too, a fortnight sooner than had been arranged. And before he came—"

Hilda's cheeks made pause here. The fair little face paled and flushed; the golden head began to droop again. It was clear enough to Helen how all had happened before Jeff Marsden came.

"He spoke to you? You let him, Mignonne?"

"I—I don't know. I can think I could stop him, Helen? I hadn't the power—nor the will, perhaps. Yes, he did speak to me; he did tell me he loved me! And I listened to him."

She lifted her head up with a sudden, proud little gesture, and looked her questioner fairly in the eyes.

"I listened to him," she went on; "listened to every word that made me thrill, and shiver, and grow joyful and very low, passionate words he spoke, as you would never think his voice could speak. He loved me, my own! His own lips told me so at last! I've even think I could stop him, if I was his, he said; no other man's. His own—was it not so? Ah! he had no need to ask. I was his! I am his, my dear, dear cousin!"

Passion transformed the child's face so that there was upon it something of my lady's "determined" look, while she spoke these last words.

"You can never be the other man's now, Mignonne, Helen said, presently, when the Major's coming had been unmistakably announced, and there were no more questions to be asked. "But you must tell Aunt Hope what has happened."

"Tell mamma? I dare'n't, Helen! I dare'n't set her heart on my marrying her Crassus. And, besides, she can't bear Rawdon."

"No? Is that why you don't tell her, Rawdot must; or I. I'm not afraid of her."

"But Rawdon says she mustn't be told yet. Not for a little while."

"Yet? Have you forgotten what this day fortnight was to have been? Mignonne gave a little shudder. "You would have been Mrs. Marsden by this time, poor child! He thinks you will be so still. He's a right to think so, Hilda, till you tell him you've changed your mind. And you must tell him."

Hilda shook her head.

"Don says no!" she replied, dutifully. "He says mamma is too strong against us as it is."

"What are you going to do, then?" Miss Cavaso asked, rather impatiently.

"Whatever Don tells me, dear," Mignonne said, "I shall do all in time."

"I must have a little talk with this autocratic Don," Helen said to herself.

There came a knock at the door.

"May I come in, Helen?" Dick Jocelyn's voice asked.

"Of course," Helen answered; and Dick entered.

He went straight up to the log-fire and stirred it into a blaze. Then he leaned tranquilly against the low mantle-piece and warmed himself.

"Cold, ain't it?" he said. "Come in to tell you we've arranged about the business for to-night. Don will drive one of you; and I the other. I've told my lady about it."

"What did she say?" questioned Helen, glancing at Hilda.

"Objected, of course. She always objects, you know. Didn't mention her objection to interfere her that she couldn't get more than four people into the carriage—herself, old Jeff, and the two young women. She could have had the sofa to send *them* in a sledge; besides, Don and I wouldn't have on at any price. We don't mind driving you ourselves. I told my lady so."

"On n'est pas flatteur, Monsieur!"

"No, is one's due! Well, my lady suggested the carriage should come back for you. I said she might think herself lucky if it got her to the Ashbridge at all. Which, between you and me, was a deuce of a job, that's all. Then she wouldn't go. Needn't, I told her; but *we* meant to go. You should have seen her look! I fancy I can't say that, Hilda, for the fun of the thing! And, besides, what would the Boodles think if she stopped away when they came to her with their sledges and a snow-plow? At last she dropped into my plan. You and Hilda are to be sleighed over, and Jeff, if he likes, may accompany you. We skid than in Don's; so I'm to take Mignonne, and you'll have to trust yourself to him."

"Oh!" remarked Helen, seeing an opportunity for her little take.

"Yes," Dick returned. "Crumple your bahdresses a bit the buffalo-robes will; but it's the only way of getting there to-night, I do believe. Suppose you want to go?"

"Yes, of course!" both girls cried, quickly.

"All right, then. Start at ten. Don's had a mare he had in London sent over from the Barracks expressly for the occasion; and it's a jolly old night."

Dick moved away from the mantle-piece as if he were going. Instead of that, however, he stopped into a chair, as though the unwonted eloquence he had indulged in had knocked him up.

He smoothed Hilda's golden hair rather more fondly than usual, too, as he said:

"Go and get me a rose-bud for my coat out of the conservatory, Mignonne, will you?"

She looked up at him inquiringly. He drew her head closer, and whispered in her ear. A stage whisper, though; Hielen heard what he said.

"Don's there, darling! My lady's dressing; so are the other women; and old Jeff's writing in the library for his life to save the post. Don wants to speak to you."

She gave a little cry, and ran out of the room.

"Dick!" Hielen said, reproachfully.

"Pooh!" returned that individual. "Hasn't she been telling you all about it? Thought so. And you don't suppose I'm going to let her mount that gray old icicle, Jeff Marsden, do you? I'd have stopped that little game of my lady's at first if I'd been on the spot. I'm going to stop it now. Awful fun, it ll be!"

"What do you mean?"

"Going to tell you. You're a sensible girl, Helen, and worth the trouble. Sit down and listen."

Miss Carew sat down, and did listen. Dick began to unfold a conspiracy. When the dressing-bell rang Mignonne hadn't come back, and Dick was talking away still.

III.—THE BOODLES' BALL.

"I think it a most objectionable proceeding, and I repeat that it is my wish that you do not go!"

He who spoke was a grim, gaunt, grizzled personage, with a voice that grated on your nerves like a hinge; with thin, bloodless lips, and fishing steel-blue eyes; clothed in severe evening dress; in a choking collar and a creaking cravat, and a decidedly bad temper. He was Jeffrey Marsden, banker, of Lombard Street and Roehampton; and, having managed to catch her alone for five minutes in the Indian Court drawing-room before the expedition started for the Boodles' ball, he was haranguing the fair-haired child whom he counted on having in another fortnight undisputed right to harangue for the rest of her natural life, in his most autocratic manner, though with hardly the same effect as usual.

Hilda stood where he had stopped her, rather pale, and with her little gloved hands clasped tight upon each other; but neither trembling nor submissive.

"Sir, pa, my *request*, that you give up this ball, under the circumstances!" enunciated the Cræsus, after an emphatic pause, and setting down his empty coffee-cup.

"Give up this ball?" Hilda repeated—and he was vaguely conscious that she spoke in a different way to him from her usual one toward herself—"Why?"

Marsden looked as her over the creaking cravat as one who finds a difficulty in understanding what he hears, or fancies he can scarcely hear aright.

"I beg your pardon." he said in his most irritating rasping tone; "you asked me—?"

"I asked you why I should give up this ball?" She set his hard eyes quite steadily. He looked at her in real surprise.

"Did you not hear me say it was my wish, my request? You can require no better reason."

"A plainer one, at all events."

"Hilda!"

He had never called her by her name half a dozen times in his life; he was only startled into doing so now. What had come to her that she dared speak in this way; dared meet his rebuking glance so—yes, so defiantly? He must put an end to this once for all.

His thin lips shut close together once or twice. Then he said, with his most offensively authoritative air:

"You oblige me to lay my commands upon you not to go."

He was preparing to stalk gravely to a chair or out of the room, when she spoke again, still in that same changed voice.

"You have a right to do that!" Hilda said.

"No right?" he repeated, mechanically.

"No. No right to 'command me not to go. No right to 'command me at all. No right to speak to me as you do speak. No right to tell me at the last moment that I am not to go tonight, for no better reason than the assertion of authority over me—an authority to which you have no right either."

He turned very white, but stood speechless. She went on.

"An authority you claim, I know, but which you have done nothing to gain. What have you ever been at the pains to win from me? And now you 'command me! It is too late!"

Flat rebellion this, beyond question. Fool that he was to try and crush it with the heavy hand as he thought he could do!

"Enough, if you please!" he said, with what he flattered himself was irresistible severity; "I can listen to no more of this. Once more, and for the last time, I distinctly and formally forbid your going to this ball to-night. Be good enough to take notice."

How little he knew what he was really doing at that moment! Couldn't he almost see, though, the face she turned toward him?

"It shall suffice!" she said. "Distinctly and formally I refuse to be forbidden. For the last time, as you say."

Before he could find his voice again there came a sound of other voices from beyond the *portières*. The other women had come down. The pleasant little *tête-a-tête* was going to be interrupted. And she had defied him! This pernicious child he thought he had broken so thoroughly to his hand had defied him, Jeffrey Marsden, the millionaire, who had actually condescended to ask her to be his wife! What did it mean? What could have come to her? And what was he to do? She had set his express commands at naught; she evidently was determined to have her own way and go.

His cold blood ran almost warm under the sense of his defeat. But he was so utterly taken by surprise that he could only mutter awkwardly enough something about "Lady Hope" and "to-morrow" before the others came in the room. To-morrow He remembered afterward the smile that crossed the girl's pale face when he talked of that.

"What's been the matter, Mignonne?" Helen whispered as she came up to Hilda by the fire, and Marsden stalked away stridently in his varnished boots. "Have you told him?"

Hilda shook her head.

"He has been telling me that I wasn't to go to-night, that's all," she answered. "Ordered me not to go. And, as he said, for the last time!"

"Now then!" Dick Jocelyn broke in, "come and be wrapped up, you two. Lady Jocelyn's carriage stops on the way. Perhaps you'll give my lady your arm, Marsden. Don and I will see after the girls."

"Rook, Richard," began that "faded beauty of the baths," Lady Hope, "I think they'd better let the carriage come back for them!"

"Wal-till it gets here, mother mine! You don't know what the roads are like to-night. Better let us come back for you. But don't keep the horses standing if you mean to go, I advise you. Now, Marsden, look alive, will you?" the irreverent youth went on. "Ah! here's Don, in his Canadian get-up."

Rawdon came in with a fur pelisse over his ball-dress, and another over his arm.

"I think this wet is going to be very much, Miss Jocelyn," he said, in his tranquil way, going straight up to Hilda; "it's very warm, and very light. Let me put it on you." He wrapped the glossy seal-skins about her tenderly, under Marsden's hostile eyes and my lady's.

The London dandy's manners cared as much, I verily believe, for the girl as he could care for any thing but himself; though to "form" her for his wife he had a pleasant self-assertive, tyrannized over her till she simply hated him; and, seeing another perform what should have been his duty—watching her face when she met Rawdon's look—a feeling of simple dislike he had always been conscious of for the Saxon grew slowly into a stronger, fiercer, more angry strange one—jealousy. Yes; Jeffrey Marsden hated the man jealously now. Was it he who had undermined all his authority over his future wife? Did he actually dare to—

He tries to stifle *that* half-formed thought his unswerving pride refuses to angrily.

"But there shall be no more of this!" he said to himself as he led Mary Hope to the next carriage. The Pierrepoint women and the other four followed.

Dick was right about the night; it *was* splendid. Clear, calm, moonlit, with the thermometer down a dozen degrees below zero. A sparkling snow mantle covered the roads and the hills beyond; feather flakes of snow draped every tree. Just the night for a sleigh-drive, as Dick remarked.

The two sleighs were waiting just behind my lady's family nk of a carriage. Lucia's silver sables being somewhat mussed, she must needs lean her head and snorted, hearing her master's voice.

"Keep close to us, Richard," my lady said, as she settled herself in her corner, "and take care of Hilda, mind!" The family ark moved on a little, and then waited till the others were ready.

Dick Jocelyn lifted his fair cousin in his strong arms, and carried her down the steps to her place in his own sleigh, and rolled the great buffalo robe round her. Rawdon followed, on the foot-cloth, under Don's escort.

"All right?" Dick inquired, taking his reins. "All right?" came back from the rear.

"Go on, Johnson!" And the expedition started.

The great ark lumbered along, with a tortoise-like deliberation; the two sleighs slid smoothly after. Down the Long Avenue, through the Lodge gates, out into the Kensington road, with a wall of snow a dozen feet high on either side, stretching and winding away yonder like a narrow white ribbon.

In the ark the Pierrepoint women did all the talking; my lady was sulky with cold, and Marsden sulky with worse.

"Well, Mignonne!" Dick said presently to his silent companion; "it's all settled, ain't it?"

"Oh, Dick," she whispered out of her furs, "how *can* I?"

"You *will* though," was the wise and unsentimental reply.

"Don, dear, may Miss Carew," was how Don finished a long-meditated uncertain objection—"may, half of them, it must be confessed, merely *pro forma*—which Helen had raised. "And so I really don't see why we are not to do. Do you now? Hilda's no chance with my lady if she stays here; nor have I. They'll marry her to this—this man, Marsden. Think what that would be for both of us! My plan saves us both. Every thing's arranged. If she says yes, you need say no."

I don't think Miss Carew did.

In due time the Dane Court expedition arrived at Boodle Park.

IV.—"NUMBER NINETEEN."

THREE A.M. The Boodles' ball began to manifest symptoms of dissolution. Pale families, with a ten or fifteen mile drive before him through snow-covered roads, began to look anxious up to his horses' withers in places, began to growl and look at his watch. Matre familias, surprised and sleepy, began to cluck impatiently to gather her broad round her out of the *mêlée*. The circle was getting freer, and the pace too. The land of the "Contry Crushers," rather wild and uncertain in its *tempo*, had just commenced attacking the last valse, number nineteen.

Rawdon and Dick Jocelyn were standing together near the doorway. Marsden had that moment stalked out between them. They could hear him asking about Lady Hope's carriage in the hall; my lady was going.

"Ain't much time to lose, Don," Dick said in the other's ear, "if you mean to do it correctly. Better go and get your valse, hadn't you? She's looking for you, you know."

Hilda was looking for him, as, pale with some unusual excitement, she stood beside my lady, with her trembling little hand clinging secretly to Helen's. Rawdon was at the upper end of the room, where Marsden had left them to order up the ark; and couldn't see Don in the doorway.

"Time enough," the latter replied, coolly, to Dick's suggestion; "I'm waiting for—ah! here is—Johnson from Lady Hope."

A servant gave him an envelope, sealed, and with his name scrawled upon it in pencil.

"Boy's just brought this for you from Ashbridge, Sir." George explained: "You were to have it immediate, he said."

"All right."

Don tore open the missive, glanced at the single line in Eyle's writing it contained, and passed it to Dick.

"Baggage and us is here," wrote Mr. Eyle; "Don't come on to Ashbridge. Meet at Dane."

"Admirable!" Dick ejaculated, grinning. "Us' means Fanchon and himself, I suppose. But you must look sharp, old man. It's three now."

"I know. But Lucia will do the five miles in less than two minutes, and I don't want to have to wait at Ashbridge, you understand. Now, look here—you have the sleigh all ready at the back door. At the end of twenty past, just show yourself here in this doorway. I shall be waiting with her, and looking out for you. When I see you I will—and get her out of the room in the general scrimmage without being noticed. Then on with those seal-skin swaddling-clothes; into the sleigh—and—*Partez, cocher!* We ought to be half-way to Calais before any one but you and Miss Carew's the wiser. Understand?"

"All right!" Dick nodded. "But, I say, Don, she won't hang back at the last moment, eh? I've seen that sort of thing, you know. You won't get a chance like this again. And women are queer cattle."

"I don't think she will," Rawdon said, looking up the room toward her. "She might under other circumstances, perhaps; but not now. Marsden has given matters too much for that. The pompous bully would drive a woman to any thing. He was hectoring her about coming here to-night because of the risk, just as if she didn't hate him already! The man's been playing my game all through; and we have will almost won him. It's time to play it. You ten minutes to see to the sleigh, and I to dance number nineteen. Au revoir, my boy!"

"Now tread me a measure, quoth young Lochinvar," hummed Dick, as he turned to go. "Wonder what the deuce ever heard of that song, old—? Ah! beg your pardon, Marsden," he ejaculated with unwonted civility, as he ran against the Croesus, returning for the last time to Lady Hope's carriage. "Hope I didn't hurt you? All right, Don!"

And the disguised man moved off to fulfil his part in the plot, chuckling at intervals over old Jeff's approaching discomfiture. Rawdon went straight toward the door. Marsden followed.

"Well, dear," Helen whispered in her cousin's ear rather anxiously, "will you?"

A pressure of the hand she clung to was all the other's answer. Then Helen felt her start nervously, and saw her turn pale, and then flush feverishly. Lady Hope's sight of Don making his way round the outside of the circle to where they three were still standing. Miss Carew's own pulse quickened also. The decisive moment was all but come.

"Where can Mr. Marsden be?" snapped Lady Hope, querulously. "What a time he is, seeing about the carriage! Ah! there he is, at last."

Then the tall, gaunt, bloodless figure, whom Lady Hope overlooked till she heard him speak to Hilda.

"Number nineteen," Don was saying; "our valse, you know, Miss Jocelyn."

Poor child! How much those quiet, commonplace words of Don's must have crush had arrived. If she took his arm now she gave consent to that plan for saving her he had proposed. If she refused—there was no plan left to her!

"You had better let me take you to the cloak-room, I think," rasped Marsden's saw of a voice, wonderfully like a saw's. "the carriage will be ready directly, I believe," it added, as the speaker turned to my lady.

"Then I had better go," Lady Hope assented. "Will you take Hilda?"

This was pointedly at Rawdon, who showed no signs of hearing. Marsden's face flushed a little. It was with his most insufferable air of proprietorship that he thought to say—

"Excuse me, Buckingham. Now, Hilda, come!" And he put his arm out stiffly for her to take.

As Don had said, the man couldn't help playing his opponent's game. That *tête-a-tête* in the drawing-room at Dane Court just now, even hadn't taught him better than to take this tone to the girl a second time that night. He fancied, rather, that with my lady to back him, she must submit to him this time and give him a pleasant triumph over the man he hated. So his tone and manner toward her were simply unbearable. If she ever had hesitated, hesitation was past now. If he ever could have kept her, he had lost her in that moment. She lifted her head; her eyes met Don's; and Don read her decision plainly in them.

A light came suddenly into his; but it was in his usual impassible fashion that he struck in, sure of winning now.

"Afraid I can't forego my engagement, and your number nineteen, if Miss Jocelyn decides for me," he said. "I don't think the carriage can get up for ten minutes or so, you know, Lady Hope," he added, blandly; "and so—"

"Excuse me," Marsden's cold, harsh, irresistible, icicat hauteur; "but Miss Jocelyn really can not—"

Hilda put her hand on Rawdon's arm at the "can not."

"I decide for number nineteen, at all events," she answered, just in the way she had answered him before the ball. The child's blue eyes looked at him again in that defiant way that had so angered him then. Marsden bit his thin lips, and looked at my lady. My lady looked fairly astonished for once.

"Really, Hilda—" she was beginning in her "punishment" tone.

Hilda shook her head.

"I have promised, mamma. It is too late."

Then a quick whisper in Helen's ear: "Good-by, darling Nell!" And before the others could speak again Rawdon had carried her off.

"My own Hilda now?" he said to her when his arm was round her in that valse. "You will trust yourself to me, darling?"

"Oh! Don, take me away!" she answered, passionately. "Let me away from him. Any where with you!"

He made no reply, in words; and she had no more to tell him after that.

Round and round they swept; past my lady's angry eyes, Marsden's scowling face, again and again. Each time they were near me door-way Rawdon looked for Dick Jocelyn's signal that all was ready for the raid. At last, Dick appeared.

"Now for it!" muttered Don. He clerked his partner, and brought her up close to where Jocelyn was waiting. It was a trying moment, fortunately it was *but* a moment. All passed so quickly that the trembling little Hilda had no time to break down.

Rawdon got her through the little crowd near the door without notice. He was in the hall, and Dick was wrapping the furs about her.

"Good-by, my pet!" he said to her, rather touched at the sight of her white, tearful face.

"Good-by, Mignonne! Take care of her, Don!"

Then she was going down the steps into the fly air, hidden by Don's arm, the door shut, carriages the sleigh and Lucia were waiting. Then Don, muffled in his pelisse, was lifting her into her seat; then Lucia leaped, her silver *grelots* this time) was whirling her swiftly down the frozen drive; and Darieghan of "Ours" had safely reached the sleigh. Then Dick Jocelyn, on the steps, turned to his own man, who, suspecting nothing, was watching Rawdon's exit, mechanically.

"You'd better get my sleigh up, Tom," he remarked to him, quite loud and staring directly. Well! it's done," he soliloquized, as the man went off on his errand; "I'm devilish glad of it. I shall be now happy with Don; and old Jeff will be—"

"Richard!" my lady's voice said sharply behind him, as he crossed the hall. "Where's Hilda?"

There stood my lady and Marsden; Helen, looking about her anxiously, a little in the rear.

"Miss Jocelyn passed through the hall this moment," Marsden said. "You must have seen her; and—and—Major Darieghan."

The last words seemed to choke him.

"Yes," Dick nodded. "I saw her all right."

"Where are they, then?" Lady Hope snapped. "I can't find Hilda in the cloak-room. They say she's not been there. Where can they be?"

Dick faced the two, stroking his mustache calmly, but with an odd twinkle in his eyes.

V.—YOUNG LOCHINVAR."

"GONE!"

The same word from all three, but in very different keys.

"Really—" began Marsden with a portentous severity that hugely amused Dick. The plutocrat didn't understand. My lady, with the *éleve-squeeze* of the mistress of the world, knew at certain half-formed suspicions of her own, understood every thing in a moment. She glanced round her for the first time to see who was within hearing; then she said in savage *staccato* to her nephew:

"I'll never forgive you for this, Sir, as long as I live."

"Dear me, *chère tante!* What have I done?" returned the gentle-eyed youth, not quite certain whether, as he expressed it, "my lady was fly to all the little game yet."

She wasted no time on him. Her hand grasped Marsden's arm with an energy that startled that emotionless man. Emotionless though no longer: for her words startled him even more.

"Don't you see?" my lady was whispering impatiently. "She's gone—with him. They've eloped! Now listen!—for he stared at her as though she had suddenly gone mad. He really thought she had. What! that innocent wife dare so far forget what was due to *him* as to elope!

"Listen!" Lady Hope repeated, actually shaking him in her impatience. "This must be prevented. They must be overtaken—stopped! At any risk: at once! You must do it."

"I?" Jeffrey Marsden gasped.

"You. Who else is there? Richard is in the plot. Rawdon is another how it may be too late. Quick, man! quick!"

He was beginning, electrified by this jaunty guid woman's fierce, unwonted energy, to understand now. He had been robbed; and by the man he hated most. For the second or third time that night the snow-water in his veins ran almost warm. She saw his face change.

"Will you go? To save her—to defeat him, remember! There may be time yet."

"Yes!" he muttered between his blanched, lean lips; "you're right. There may be time yet; and if I overtake him—I'll go! But how?—where?"

She had thought of every thing, this clever Lady Hyde, most cunning almost in her self-interest.

"The other sledge!" she answered; "it's ready down there, by this time. Don't you hear him order it? Follow the track. They have gone to Ashbridge, I am nearly sure. There is no train yet; you *must* prevent this! But don't waste time! You have your cost and hat!—Quick!"

"Never fear!" he returned; and the blanched lips were actually guilty of an oath; "I'll do it!"

He flung his coat about him and hurried through the inner glass doors out on to the steps.

Dick, explaining matters to Helen *sotto voce*, had kept an eye on him all the time.

"Let me see about the carriage, Aunt Hope!" he observed. "Poor dear old Jeff will catch his death of cold if you trot him about on a night like this."

He moved away in pursuit; though rather wondering that Jeff could possibly do, you know, after all.

Lady Hope caught him just as he was pushing open the doors that Marsden had just swung back. Through them he saw the latter rush down the steps, and leap (actually leap!) into his (Dorchy's) sleigh, in reminiscence, as my lady had foreseen, below; saw the horse plunge and spring forward under the whip; saw his man get knocked backward and loose his hold on the reins, and Jeffrey Marsden drive furiously off and disappear.

"Oh! by Jove! you know—" Dick began.

Lady Hope stopped him.

"Silence, Sir!" she said; "do you want all the world to know this? *I* sent him to stop them. And he will."

"Will he?" thought Dick; "he'll probably break his own neck in the first five minutes, that's all!" Then the thought of Jeffrey Marsden driving a sleigh about the country in the dead of night, and coming to frightful grief against a gate-post or in a side-drift, caused Ensign and Lieutenant Richard Jocelyn to laugh aloud.

"Take us to the carriage, Sir!" his relative said, majestically; "whatever happens, we had better not stay here."

They were all back again at Dane Court when they heard what had happened.

Swiftly and smoothly, flinging up a little shower of snow spray, and leaving a straight

"THE SPEED AT WHICH THEY TORE ALONG ALMOST TOOK HILDA'S BREATH AWAY."

track behind it that did credit to Don's steering; faster and faster, as Lucia warmed to her work, between the high snow walls on either hand, the sleigh that carried Algernon and her Lochinvar whirled along the white solitary road that led straight to the Ashbridge Station, four or five miles off.

Muffled in her furs, and with the great buffalo-robe over all, Hilda lay back, only answering her lover's attempts to reassure her by a little sob now and then. The excitement of the last hour or two had been a little too much for the child.

"But it's all right now, darling!" Rawdon said presently, taking a pull at the mare as he topped the one long hill that lay between Boodle Park and Ashbridge—"it's all right, now. We shall be at the D'Arbleys by dinner-time, comfortably. I've telegraphed to her to meet us at the Nord terminus. She's about the only relation I've got left; and, as she's fond of me, she'll simply worship you, you know! We've managed beautifully, haven't we? Got away and no one that matters the wiser! Jove! though, I should like to see the City man's face to-morrow—or rather *this* morning, when he discovers—Eh? what's that?"

He checked Lucia a moment and turned his head to listen. The ringing of *grelots* behind, plain enough. Round a slight bend came something dark against the snowy roadway at a furious rate after them. Another sleigh.

"Dick, perhaps!" Don muttered; "but no, he wouldn't come after us. Besides, he wouldn't yaw about so frightfully. That fellow's never driven a sleigh before, I should say!"

"Oh, Don!" Hilda suggested, nervously; "suppose it should be—"

"Marsden? By Jove, it is! My lady's found us out and sent him, I suppose, to bring us back dead or alive! What a joke, isn't it?"

Algernon didn't seem to see it in that light at all. "For Heaven's sake, Don, don't let him overtake us! I couldn't bear to see him again," she said.

"No chance of his overtaking us, Algernon!" Don laughed.

"Is there, Lucia?"

The mare tossed her head, and sprang away like an arrow, as the reins dropped on her back again. A hoarse cry came from the pursuing sledge. It was so close behind them now that they could see its occupant gesticulating vehemently; could hear him calling to them to stop —Magdeu's voice, they both said.

"He'll break his neck directly!" Rawdon observed, with a grim sort of smile; "and we must leave him to it, I'm afraid!" He looked at his watch as he spoke. "Yes; we've no time to waste. *Allons!*"

The mare laid herself out fairly now. The speed at which they tore along almost took Hilda's breath away. They left the other sleigh as if it had been standing still.

They were on the high ground now. Straight before them, yonder, where the lights were twinkling, lay the Ashbridge Station; right and left the snow-mantled country could be seen for miles. Rawdon's eye ran along a thread-like dark track he knew where to look for—the line of rails down which the Paris mail was coming.

"She ought to be in sight, if they told Fyle the truth!" he muttered; "awkward if she's been blocked any where, now we've got this fellow behind us!"

Again his eye ran along the line of the embankment. It stood out well against the white background; nothing was visible on it.

All this time Lucia's speed never slackened: they were close on the station now. Where was the mail?

He caught sight of something at last. A red light: a gleam of other lights, dull through frosty window-panes. Then the shriek of a whistle reached them. It was the Dover mail coming into Ashbridge. Other eyes besides Don's had caught sight of it.—Again that cry to them to stop came from the other sleigh behind.—Don laughed.

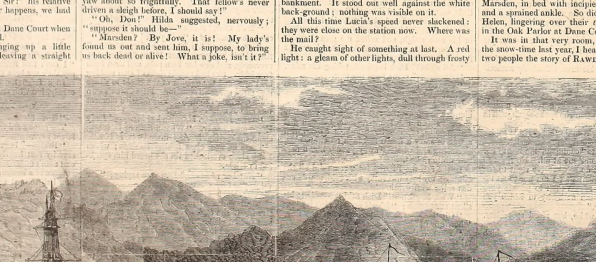
"Rather a sell for him, you know! He'll come up just in time to see us start!" he remarked.

So it seemed, for they were passing through the gate of the station-yard almost as he spoke. It was a tall, heavy gate, usually held open by a catch, but on this occasion by a man muffled to the eyes—Mr. Fyle.

"All right, Sir! I had that individual reported, as Don pulled up a moment. "The French woman is here with the baggage and the tickets: mine's signaled. You're just in time, Sir."

Don leaned forward and laid a bank-note in the man's ear. Mr. Fyle grinned.

"I'll take care, Sir," he returned. The sleigh moved on up the little incline to the station entrance. Mr. Fyle hurried the next moment up after it. Mademoiselle Fanchon rushed out to The Dover mail ran along-



THE CRETAN INSURRECTION—HARBOR OF CASTEL-SELINO BLOCKADED BY THE TURKS.—[See Page 71.]

side the platform.

Just at that moment the pursuing sleigh reached the gate of the yard. The pursuer shouted for some one to open it in vain. With an oath he leaped out and fumbled with frost-bitten fingers at the latch. In vain, too: the latch was immovable; Mr. Fyle perhaps best knew why. The pursuer saw the train run in, heard the doors slam as its passengers took their seats, heard the whistle sound for its departure. And this infernal gate wouldn't open! At last the undignified notion of climbing over struck him. He put it into immediate practice, slightly incommoded by the severely-strapped evening nether garments. It was a sight to see that tall gaunt figure a *cheval* upon a gate-bar!

Just as it got there the train began to move slowly off.

"I'll telegraph though!" the figure muttered aloud with a vicious expletive, and preparing to descend on the other side. Not carefully enough, unfortunately. His foot slipped and turned awkwardly on the middle bar, and Jeffrey Marsden, Esq., came heavily to the ground with a badly-sprained ankle. Where Mr. Fyle presently found him.

The Paris mail reached its destination without mishap, and Don and his Mignonne got to the Avenue de l'Impératrice in capital time for dinner, as he had prophesied.

Two days afterward my lady—she has managed to survive her disappointment—read her daughter's marriage in the *Times*. So did Marsden, in bed with incipient rheumatic fever and a sprained ankle. So did Dick Jocelyn and Helen, lingering over their *tête-a-tête* breakfast, in the Oak Parlor at Dane Court.

It was in that very room, by-the-by, that, in the snow-time last year, I heard from those same two people the story of RAWDON'S RAID!

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL—FORTNIGHTLY SLAVE MUSTER AT THE CASA GRANDE, MORRO VELHO.

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL.

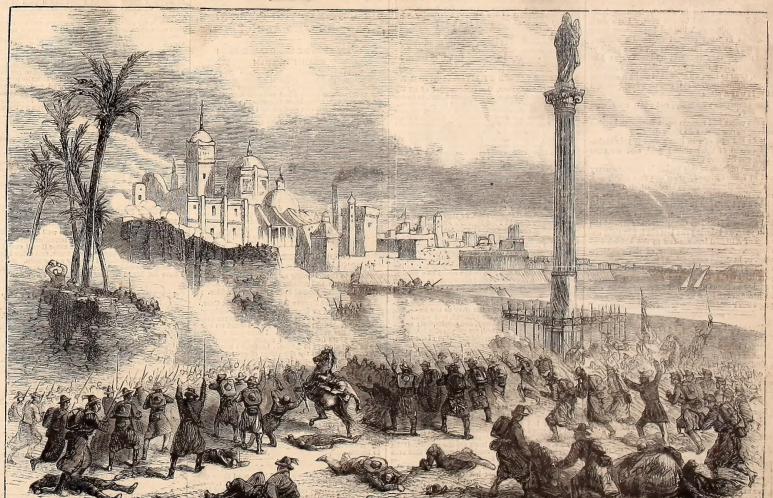
THE interior of Brazil—the newest empire on earth and the crude beginning of a mighty and magnificent nation—still remains almost a *terra incognita*. But Captain BURTON, the most enterprising and experienced of English travelers, has by his recent explorations opened up the interesting region of Minas Geraes and the valley of the San Francisco. This region, lying northward from Rio de Janeiro, Captain BURTON believes will become the seat of empire through the vastness of its wealth and the immense variety of its productions, which appear to comprise every thing which human beings require, beginning with salt and leaving off with diamonds.

At the beginning of his explorations every thing was favorable to the advance of external knowledge of the Brazil. The Rio de San Francisco and the Sweetwater Mediterranean farther north had been thrown open to the merchant-ships of all nations; the Minister of Agriculture and Public Works had dispatched a steamer to be put together on the upper course of the stream; the President of Minas (a country as large as all England, and as fertile) had granted to a Brazilian engineer a concession to *exploit* by steamer the tributary valley of the Rio das Velhas. In addition, an English surveyor was laying out a line of rails to connect the capital of the empire with the city of Sabara, the future St. Louis, thus linking to the southern Atlantic the water-way which receives a thousand streams, but now only drains 8800 square leagues of one province, and supports but two millions of population instead of twenty.

BURTON'S journey involved 500 miles of land traveling, which he calls his own and his wife's "holiday trip" to the gold mines of Central Minas Geraes, *via* Petropolis, Barbacena, and the Highlands of Brazil, and also a voyage of 1150 miles on a raft down the San Francisco. After the steamboat trip to Manà, which is a constant recitation of beauty, there is railway for a while, and then by private conveyance the traveler reaches the maritime mountains, and gazes wonder-stricken at the colossal amphitheatre of the "Eastern Ghauts." The ascent is by a cunning winding way through seemingly impenetrable mazes, under the shade of the giants of a virgin forest, by the side of whole botanical gardens of misplents and parasites. Thus on and on to the glorious Alto da Serra, 2900 feet above sea-level. The traveler from Rio to Juis de Fora sees Nature in the garb which she presents in Equatorial Africa and in the lowlands of Hindostan.

Our travelers have at length reached the province of Minas Geraes, and with the start for Barbacena they begin to feel the approach to the Highlands; the land rises, the receding woods become less dense; the cabbage-palms and other growths of the maritime range disappear. The air and soil are too cold for tea and coffee, but rice and maize are good, vegetables and tobacco flourish, every hut has its floor for drying beans, and in the bottom-lands cotton might be grown with advantage. Still up and up, past the Parahybuna River, animal life becoming more conspicuous: the brilliant tropical birds and the wonderful ants abounding.

At Barbacena the mining business begins to be visible, and "gold troops" are encountered from the Anglo Minas mines. Here BURTON breaks off into a masterly description of the "Campos" or Brazilian prairies. "The mornings and the evenings," he says, "are the perfection of climate; the nights are cool, clear, and serene, as in the Arabian Desert, without its sand. Nor are the prairies deficient in the highest beauties of form and tint. There is grandeur in the vast continuous expanse fading into the far distance. The eye can rest upon the scene for hours, especially when viewing it from an eminence, while it is checkered by the afternoon cloud, whose eclipse seems to come and go, as it walks over the ridged surface of the light green or pale golden earth-waves, upheaved in the intensely blue atmosphere of morning, or in the lovely pink tints of the 'afterglow' from the shadowy hollows and the tree-clumps blooming below. If we analyze the charm, its essence seems



SPAIN—CHARGE OF THE CHASSEURS OF MADRID UPON THE INSURGENTS OF CADIZ.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

to be the instability of the ocean where we know there is the solidity of earth.

From this luxurious travelers struck out westward just several beautiful villages to Barroso, thence to San José del Ret, and then through the wilder and more wonderful scenes to Alagua Dourada, or the Golden Lake. Here preparations were going on for laying the railway which is to end the present "hideous waste of power" between the valleys of the Paraïyba and the San Francisco.

After the ascent of the Serra de Santo Antonio a difficult and fatiguing march brought the travelers to the great gold mines of Morro Velho.

The mine interesting portion of Captain Burton's work is that relating to the gold mines in Minas Geraes. He believes that the exploitation of gold and diamonds has but just commenced in this region. His description of life at Morro Velho is very entertaining. Brazil and the Brazilian colonies are the only remaining footholds of slavery in Christian lands. In Brazil the treatment of the slaves, Burton thinks, is very humane.

Our illustration on page 77 represents the "Revista" or manner of the blacks which takes place every second Sunday. BURTON does not believe that the negro belongs to the human race; but the worst we can say of the blacks at Morro Velho is that they have a tendency to lie in the sun, and smoke on Sunday afternoons. They go to church, and of course to have an opportunity of taking for their masters. They are not scrupulously moral or particularly healthy.

On the whole, life at Morro Velho, whether for white men and women or for black "chattels," appears to be a decidedly agreeable institution, and the scene which the traveler beholds "down the mine" was wonderful and interesting —not a little awful and deeply impressive when, the descent completed and the sight of day disappeared, the details were taken in, thus:

"The huge palace of Darkness, slim in long perspective, wears a tremendous aspect; above us there seemed to be a sky without an atmosphere. The rock-masses either black as pitch, or reflected slender rays of light glancing from the polished watery surface, or were broken into monstrous projections, half covering and half concealing the enormous gloomy recesses. Despite the lamps, the night pressed upon us, as it were, with a veil, and the only means of seeing distance was a spark here and there, glimmering like a single star. Distinctly Dantesque was the grif between these mountain sides, apparently of threatening every moment to fall. Every thing, even the accents of a familiar voice, seemed changed; the sound was struck by the hammer-fall and thud of the hammer upon the boring iron, and this upon the stone; each blow in rapidity struck so as to keep time with the brilliant of the borer. The other definite sounds, curiously complicated by an echo, which seemed to be within reach, were the shuh of water in the subterranean path, the rattling of the gold stone thrown into the kibbles, and the crash of chain and bucket. Through this Inferno grooms and kobolds glided about in ghostly fashion—half-naked figures lighted by the mist. Here dark bodies, gleaming with beaded heat-drops, hung by chains in what seemed frightful positions: there the miners, like Ixion's ass, from place to place; there they swarmed up loose ropes, like the troglodytes; there they moved over scaffolds which, even in the void, would make a strong temperament dizzy. This one view amply repaid us. It was a place

"Where thoughts were many, and where words few;"

but the effect will remain upon the mental retina as long as memory do their duties.

"At the end of two hours we left this cathedral cavern of thick-ribbed gold, and we were safely out to gaze."

Public opinion in this region is against slavery and in favor of immigration and free labor.

Captain BURTON bases his description of Morro Velho, where he found work carried on by night and by day in the heart of the Tropics, and in the midst of the Brazil, with the following statement: "The Company has outlived the 37th year, and during the last six it has paid upward of 45,000 contos tax to the Brazilian Exchequer. The present outlay of the establishment is, for wages, £146,000 per annum, and the income £230,000. As a mine it has no parallel in the Brazil, the excavation has descended to seven levels reached by other works, and its breadth is without a parallel. It directly employs 2521 souls, indirectly double that number."

PRANG'S CHROMO.—We are in receipt of the third number of *Prang's Chromo*, a neat little journal issued by LOUIS PRANG, Boston. This number is embellished with several fine and most prominent pictures, with a description of each. A copy of either number of this journal mailed on receipt of stamp. L. PRANG & CO., Boston. —*Lawrence American.*

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THE BEAUTIES AND MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

The times are pregnant with startling events; old isms, theories, and fallacies are fast disappearing beneath the gigantic heels of progressive and busy development. Change is written, with the iron finger of fate, upon all matters, men and masses, material and spiritual. The mighty, omnipotent power has fashioned the stupendous orbs that revolve in the immensity of space, and governs all things in wisdom and purity. The majestic ocean, the deep blue sea, the manifold earth and all things therein contained, were planned and executed by infinite wisdom, and the law of harmony whose power holds sway over all. Intelligence is manifested in the minutest insect as great and small—the tiny insect, the beautiful butterfly, and God-like man, are each endowed, according to their kind, with that instinct or intelligence bestowed by Him who "doeth all things well."

Medicine, and how to apply it, are three great standard-bearers whose sumptuous hands mete out to each individually the measure of Divine, universal law, designed to bless mankind who healthful alike and noble man in his own image and all lesser created things. The sunshine and vegetable world never cease to the progressive human mind. Eternal progression is written with the unerring finger of Deity upon all. The scene of human life is below with the sweet income to all who, like angels of mercy and ministers, are ever busy, ready to devise means for the alleviation of human woe and the prolongation of life. The unceasing march of individual and national progress, as it moves on in its path, scatters blessings and actors upon the stage of mundane life. The stern struggles and conflicts of the political, the caustic minds of all countries can not awe or swerve them in the path of duty and power.

PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

whose discoveries in reference to

LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES

are now attracting the attention of the whole medical world, and whose success is carrying joy and restored health to thousands.

His well-attested cases of liver diseases, lung diseases, blood diseases, and diseases of the kidneys, bladder, spine, stomach, and nervous system, are now well known all over the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Australia, Europe, Southern Africa, and in many of the commercial and missionary settlements in every part of the world.

For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver, we quote on this subject, and remark that the worst symptoms found in such cases will be found below:

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face; a bad taste in the mouth; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; pain under the right shoulder-blade, frequently extending to the breast; fullness or distension after meals, and hurried and difficult breathing; fluttering of the heart; a dry cough; nausea and sometimes vomiting; want of appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food. In many cases all of the above symptoms are present, with constipation of the bowels, alternating sometimes with looseness; at other times the patient will be troubled with piles and tenderness; aggravating pains in the back, sides, chest, limbs, and sometimes with colic pains and soreness through the bowels, with a full, distended feeling, as if filled with wind, and frequent attacks of dizziness; piles, flatulence, nervousness, sleeplessness, cold feet, and a rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, sometimes with a slight cold chill, alternating with hot flushes, with dullness, low spirits, nausea, and a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, with loathing, weak nesses and irregularities.

DISEASES CAUSED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Bowels, Stomach, and Skin are all of the kindred works of the Creator, in so constituted that, to the healthy, they must have a free flow of pure, worn-out, and poisonous materials as fast as it can be made to accumulate from our food and drink. The food is assimilated and made into nourishing and healthful blood principally by the influence of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are then to be carried to the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the importance of the liver as the most powerful purifying and excreting organ. The most learned pathologists and physicians have been their servants upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of carbon excreted should be determined by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and a half pounds, and that the more interesting matter is the fat, and the experiments to prove it, may consult Frichsmann's work on Physiology, page 1, 1845. It may see a response of these facts in Prof. Dalton's *Physiology*.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than a cathartic, and has been so long and heretofore been taught by eminent medical men. The bile is natural to the blood, and is the cause of the blood—effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver fails to secrete the bile, and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. Ignorance has been the cause of much fatal vitiating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ of the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily-accumulated excess of bile, runs from the liver to the heart, and all the nerves of the heart are affected, and we have an inflammatory state of the heart, or pericardium. When this cause is long continued, we get chronic irritation, and then enlargement, and hence the beginning of the developing many forms of HEART DISEASE.

Next we find the lungs receiving poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity and thence to the lungs. Here the circulating all through those most delicate organs. The lungs become inflamed, irritated, ulcerated. Here we vitiate the scrofulous humors of the blood because they are thus forced to throw them off. Hence follows the typical scrofula, so declared and proved by *Louis* and all the great authorities of Paris. The lungs are inflammable and purify the blood, and they do it in a great measure. We perform the office of the liver partially, and you smell the blood-poison matter in the man's breath. Hence, CATARRH, Bronchitis, Consumptive Cough, and Consumption itself are the results. If the liver had done its duty—and not poisoned the blood—the Lungs would not have been diseased.

Next we find the kidneys, the skin, and the bowels from the lungs back to the upper left cavity of the heart, and thence to the kidneys. Here we have the renal arteries and capillaries to every organ and tissue of the system. Among the most important of these organs are the kidneys, furnishing the urinary secretion a most important excretion. But the kidneys themselves are irritated and congested by the presence of the bile-poisoned blood, and they become diseased. Every person who has had a liver disease knows that the urine is scanty, high-colored, and loaded with red deposits, at times, or other diseased products. Hence, disease, or dropsy of the kidneys, is one of the bladder.

But this is not all—far from it. The poisonous blood goes to the BRAIN, and affects the great electrical centre of all vitality; and the brain, stimulated by unhealthy blood, can not perform its office healthfully. The person has violent headaches, incapacity to keep his mind on a subject, can not remember, has a crowded and dizzy feeling, is sleepy, becomes nervous, gloomy, easily irritated, and often has a bilious or a neuralgic headache.

And the BLOOD itself becomes diseased: as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin it is so irritating and poisonous that the person has discovered Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, and other eruptions; sore boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors.

Disease of the LIVER is by far the most common of all diseases. The sudden changes of the New England climate, from extreme cold to heat, are the best also of the South, as well as the dietetic habits of the people, are productive of liver complaint, and tend to develop the Liver Disease, in some of its various forms, in the United States. This is true both of man and beast, as every butcher knows that he finds the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine diseased too times where he finds any other organ diseased once. Liver complaint is the most common disease, and many are constantly bilious. It may be more congenital, from the heat, and torpidity of the liver, or this may result in some structural or organic difficulty. The liver, when thus deranged, will without affecting the stomach, bowels, and the other organs we have spoken of, not costiveness, piles, jaundice, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, and impoverished blood are among the necessary results.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

PROF. HAMILTON will also inform the afflicted that, having treated successfully thousands of patients, his office has become the greatest centre for the treatment of chronic diseases in the United States, if not in any place in the world. No hospital in Europe or America can show such a record of complete and permanent cures as are presented, either personally or by letter, at No. 546 Broadway. He is the author of the work, *Prison of Classical Medicine*. Among the thousands of cases given from different parts of the Liver, Lung, and Blood, which he treats, the following receive a prominent and distinguishing notice: Liver and Bilious Headache, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Contracted Cords, Stiff Joints, Eruptions and Brown Skin, Dropsy and Diseases of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bowels, Scrofula in all its forms, Spinal Irritation, Salt-Rheum and Syphilitic Eruptions, Mercurial Affections, Female Diseases of the Heart, Diseases of Females, and all Diseases caused by Bad Blood, Liver, Lung, Rheumatism, Catarrh and Throat Diseases, &c., &c.

SYNOPSIS.

For greater convenience of those wishing to write me about their diseases, I insert the following, which readers may copy, and send to me to know my success: Have you constipation of the bowels? Have you attacks of headache? Pain in the region of the back, sides, or shoulders? Have you a pain or tenderness directly over the liver? Have you a distressing cough? Have you sallow or yellow skin? Have you cases arising from disease of any part of the body? Have you a headache? Are you dull, heavy, or sleepy? Have you a bad taste in the mouth? Coated tongue? Poor an irritation or dryness in the throat? Have you cold chills alternating with hot flushes, sensation of the heart? Is your appetite unsteady? Is your stomach sour? Does food lie on your stomach like a stone? Is on any choking spells? Are you troubled with sickness at your stomach? Do you feel bloated about the stomach? Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning? Do you have colic pains? Have you wind in the stomach or bowels? Have you piles or fistula? Is your blood impure and all-gone feeling? Have you cold feet and hands? Have you a rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy? Pain in the sides? Have you fainting or epileptic fits? Have you frequent bowings of spirits? Have you gloomy forebodings?

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING, AND SEE WHO ARE CURED.

SUPPORTED BY HONORABLE MEN!

READ!! READ!!!

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* Duty prompts me to a most grateful acknowledgment of my entire restoration to health by your treatment. I was, For nearly three years I had suffered from Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Kidney Complaint, and Extreme Nervousness; inasmuch that life had become an intolerable burden. I had tried many doctors and many remedies. Physically and mentally broken down, I was induced by Rev. Mr. Lyon, a brother of a minister, who was preparing to retire from the ranks when provided with your treatment, to make application to you. *Methodist*. I had already travelled so far and expended so much that I felt it would be scarcely a cure, that I was with great reluctance and little hope. I am happy to say that I have been cured, and that hope—your remedies were received and taken, and the result was more than I could have hoped. I have my condition as it was gratifying to myself. In reason when I say that I am in the prime of health, and can attend to labor, and if my services are any value to the Church, they are at your command. I feel that I owe you much gratitude. You may refer to me at any time, and I shall be ever pleased to render testimony to your extraordinary skill. Yours truly, REV. JOSIAH CRANE, West Joseph, Mich.

CASES OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the medical discoveries of Professor R. L. HAMILTON. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa.

NO. 90 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DR. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, No. 546 Broadway:

My Dear Benefactor! A sense of duty impels me to say to you, and through you to the world, that for what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from a bilious derangement, terminating as a missionary in Africa. Last fall I was declining in health, and the symptoms of quick consumption fixed. I applied to you for help. You remember: I came to you, and through your kind attention, I lived several years younger than you have ever felt since you knew me. I have had little of ease, or of health, *but often received similar assurances from eminent physicians, that I had but a few months to live.* Within a few weeks all my symptoms were entirely changed, and I am now in the enjoyment of perfect good health. In a few weeks I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform my ministerial duties with zeal, than at any previous time since I left Africa. My liver is in perfect order, my stomach, Bowels, and Kidneys are strong, and make you as kind in restoring them to health. A. A. CONSTANTINE.

NEWSPOINT, N. Y.

PROF. HAMILTON—*Dear Sir:* I have used many quarters of the package of medicine you sent me, and have found it a most efficient remedy for Liver Complaint, and the great good they have done me. I truly believe that my disease was of the liver and digestive organs, and had I not received timely aid from your treatment my difficulties would have terminated in liver consumption, and that I should have been incurable. I had been failing fast for the last few months previous to applying to you, although under medical treatment of three of the most skillful physicians in one of the cities of this State. Many persons are daily visiting me to see what your treatment has done for me, and say that "Professor Hamilton must be possessed of more than a doctor's power to cure you." Some look at me with great amazement, after noticing the great change that has taken place in my condition and appearance in so short a time. I ride on my every day round and walk a mile. Truly yours, MRS. D. C. HOWE.

RHEUMATISM CURED!

WILLIAM MCNELLIS, Eagle Rock, Venango County, Penn., writes:

"I return my sincere thanks for having permanently cured me of rheumatism, after having suffered severely for two years! When I had doctored with other doctors, and tried all the patent medicines that I could get, and was about discouraged, I felt that I could hardly get out of my house, and part of the time not able to get out of bed at all. I was afflicted so nearly every joint, I thought I would try you as a last resort. Your agent, by, in less than two months, I was able to go out and *jump* with the most active man in the place. I am now entirely free from pain, and can ride 12 pounds; and I never had better health in my life than I have enjoyed for the last few months. May God bless you and your *miraculous remedies*."

CASES OF ASTHMA.

Mr. Joseph Little, of Thompson, Penn., writes:

"Last January I received a package of medicine from you. With much pleasure and thankfulness that I now state that my health is fully re-established. I was troubled with asthma difficulties entirely removed, with the other numerous complaints before specified. I now feel as well as any one can expect to be at my age—sixty-seven years."

Mrs. Eliza Bryant, of Preston, Hamilton County, Ohio, writes:

"I have so far regained my health, under your treatment, as to be quite free from my terrible complaint—Asthma. I have now lay my head upon my own pillow and sleep calmly and sweetly all night. I have no pains now through my shoulders, chest, or any part of the body."

REPORT FROM A CASE OF ASTHMA.

Mrs. Jesse Smith, of Candia Village, Rockingham County, N. H., writes:

"I received your medicine, and have used the most of it. My cough is better, I breathe freely, and can sleep well nights. I have regained my appetite, my skill, and hope soon to be permanently restored."

CANCER CURED!

Extracts from a letter of Mr. Edwin Sanford, of Brookdale, Morris County, Ohio, to

"Do you remember the young man who came to your office last summer, from Ohio, to consult you about a skin cancer on his nose? I returned to New York to see you, but there are many who go far, but few who go home to be treated and be cured. I took three prescriptions of you, and that dreadful cancer which was eating away my nose, I think she will be cured. Do you remember Mr. Guy, the gentleman who came to your office to see you? He cared him entirely, and he now says that there is no one that he would have to treat him but you. Yours sincerely, EDWIN SANFORD."

Wooster City, Iowa.

DR. HAMILTON—*Dear Friend:* I write you to thank you, as well as to all those who are afflicted with disease to go to you for relief. I was a living skeleton which I have received from the use of your medicine. When I left you I had a cough in my shoulders and side, soreness across the chest, difficulty in breathing, but now I am free from coughing and rousing in my ears. I was very nervous, and my hands were never still; could not write a letter, and I would seem almost incredible if I were to attempt to describe the objects which came to me when awake while awake. Sleep was no rest to me. I had dreadful dreams, and when on the road was so unable that I soon got relief my earthly career would soon be ended. I am now in comfortable health, and can work as well as any one all the time. My husband induced me to write to you, and I am glad he did so. I am a living trophy of your skill, and in a very short time I began to recover, and can now say that I am in very good health. I have your faithful attention, and I shall always recommend you to the afflicted. With much respect, MARY E. LYON.

THOSE AWFUL FITS CURED!

FROM P. C. HOWARD, of Hot Creek, Virginia:

"Your package was received, and the medicine taken as directed, and I am happy to be able to inform you that I have had the desired effect. My general health is much better than it has been for several years. It has not been a day since or fits since I commenced taking your medicine."

A VOICE FROM WAYNE COUNTY, PENN.

Mr. John Beney, of Honesdale, writes:

"It would be injustice to you as well as to myself not to acknowledge the great benefit I have received from your medicine. I can say I never was so much benefited by any medicine as I have by that which I have taken all the medicine I felt like a new man. All of my neighbors say that I look like a new man. Speaking, I have not felt so well for five years as I now do."

EPILEPTIC FITS CURED—OF TWO YEARS' STANDING.

PERSIFANY, N. J.

PROF. HAMILTON—*Dear Sir:* Again I am moved myself to inform you of the success your medicine has done me. I can say I am entirely cured. I had taken all the medicine I felt like a new man. All of my neighbors say that I look like a new man. Speaking, I have not felt so well for five years as I now do."

EPILEPTIC FITS CURED—OF TWO YEARS' STANDING.

PERSIFANY, N. J.

PROF. HAMILTON—*My Dear Sir:* Your medicines were all promptly received, and taken according to directions. Lottie is a well girl again. I never expected to see her so well as she is. She can do a good day's work, and she has had no return of Catarrh and vomiting. She sends me most sincere thanks, and says you have done a great thing for her. You have restored her sinking health in a very short time. We shall be grateful to you so long as we live."

EPILEPTIC FITS—BAD CASE IN MANISTEO, MICH.

OAK CREEK, *August* 31, 1863.

R. L. HAMILTON, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* I have a little boy, 3½ years old, that has fits. You were recommended to me by Mrs. O'Neil (at present Mrs. Shannon), of Manistee, Mich., who was cured by her daughter, who was very bad with them. I had been a resident of Manistee for the last five years, and moved to Wisconsin lately. I have seen the young lady quite a number of times, and know she has had not one in three years.

I would have got one of your circulars from the lady, but she had given them away. Write me what to do, and I may place my dear boy under your care. Yours respectfully,

THOMAS O. DERBY,
Oak Creek, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

A VOICE FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

MR. John Fletcher, Sr., of Oswego, N.Y., writes:

"I am happy to inform you that the disagreeable symptoms I had when I wrote to you first have all left me, and I do not require any more medicine. I followed your advice strictly and carefully, and the result has been successful. So long as I live, so long as my memory retains its seat, so long will I retain and cherish feelings of the deepest gratitude to you; and, wherever I may be in this world, I will recommend every person I know in want of medical treatment to Professor Hamilton."

"NEARLY GONE WITH CONSUMPTION."

MRS. Rachel Griffin, of Eldora, Iowa, writes:

"When I commenced taking your medicine, I was like a person nearly gone with CONSUMPTION. Now I am enjoying good health. Many of my friends have told me they never expected to see me any better. Some said it seemed like a miracle to see me well, as that cough and ache to be about again. May God reward you for the good you do to the afflicted in the wish of your friend, MRS. RACHEL GRIFFIN."

LIVER DISEASE CURED!

Read this testimony from Miss Crouch, of Schoharie County, N.Y.:

WEST CONESVILLE.

DR. HAMILTON—*Respected Sir:* I embrace the present occasion to write a few lines to you to inform you of the effect of some medicine received from you in the spring. The medicines were prepared as soon as received, and I commenced their use. I took the first or three days I felt very little effect. I was in this condition seven or eight days, when I noticed a change for the better. I have since taken about one dollar, heavy headache was gone; my sleep was sound and refreshing. I seemed to sweat much instead of distressing me—indeed, the best way I can describe the change is that I have like taking on new health and being, repairing the waste places, and building up anew. We have done writing, to see whether the cure was permanent or not. I have reason to believe it is such thing. I believe your remedies to be very efficacious in eradicating disease from the system, and therefore in confidence commend them to the afflicted.

May you long be spared to bless the human family by the exercise of your great skill in the science which of your very grateful friend,

MARIA CROUCH.

LUNG and HEART DISEASE CURED!!!

FIVE YEARS' USELESS TREATMENT!!!

MRS. Marinda Brubmer, of Roscoe, Del., Wis., writes:

"I am much better—consider myself well. The headache was bad every week, but has left. My cough is cured. The pain and soreness in my chest and sides are gone. The night-sweats I had I do not now have. I feel very thankful for your medicine, for God only bless you. The means you use are no humbug, and there is no humbug in what you say. I doctored five years with good physicians, as we all thought; you have done me more good than all the doctors and their took. My heart does not stop as it did, and the buzzing in my head is cured. I hope God will bless you."

A CLERGYMAN RESPONDS.

MORRISTOWN, Morris County, N. J.

PROF. R. L. HAMILTON—*Dear Sir:* I have purposely delayed writing in order to give you the results of your remedies. The medicines came to hand in due time, and I commenced using them as instructed, and have persevered. For the first week I felt no relief or much change. The second week there seemed to be a giving way of the disease; and by the end of the third week I felt a decided change for the better was manifest. I was able to walk about with more ease and comfort. I send you my sincere and many thanks, and pray that God may bless and prosper your life for many years. I feel that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, you have done great good to many.

Yours truly, REV. T. HOUG.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

MRS. Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, of Ripon, Wis., writes:

The remedies you sent me last spring worked like a charm through my entire system. I do not believe *I should have lived until the present time had I not had your medicine.* It is my sincere prayer that God may bless and spare you many long years to minister to the suffering of diseased humanity. All that I can do to extend your field of labor shall be done earnestly and willingly."

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The REV. Orville Gaskins (Troy Conference), of West Sand Lake, N. Y., writes:

"I am in better health this fall than I have been before in five years. My stomach is getting quite strong; my appetite is *steady and powerful*; my habits are regular as they used to be in the days of being all *pinched up*, I am getting to be quite corpulent. I have been very worked so hard or preached so much as this fall; I have labored two months in a protracted meeting; preached most every night; gone sixty souls converted to God be all the praise. I shall still continue to attend to the use of some of these days, and the great benefit derived from your prescriptions. I have also given them to others, and the remedies I ever took. In fact, they are the only medicines that have benefited me."

RECOMMENDS THE AFFLICTED TO APPLY.

David E. Erb, of Bridgeport, C.W., writes:

"It is with pleasure that I write to inform you that my wife received the medicine you sent her. She was not able to attend on her feet for over two months, and was not expected to live; but since she used your medicine she has been gaining strength daily. I think a little more of your wonderful medicine will cure her. I shall recommend all the afflicted to apply to you."

APPLIES FOR TREATMENT.

George Fraser, of Queensville, C.W., writes:

"You will doubtless remember a former my sister, Mrs. Steuben Noble. You performed such a wonderful cure in her case that I beg leave to give you a statement of my case."

A CLERGYMAN RESPONDS.

ROCKAWAY, N. J.

R. L. HAMILTON, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York I could scarcely walk from the cars before your door into the office without exhaustion. With all your goodness as a medical physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. I had been sick for four months and more away, but during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhœa and piles. I had tried the best physicians, and used every thing I heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do me more good than others? But, in justice and gratitude compel me to say that after the use of your medicines for a few months the result was a complete cure. I crossed the use of your medicines almost the last of September, and had no return of diarrhœa until the 25th of January, 1864, and that attack I could trace to its cause—cold, sir, I can not expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease any more than others; but, sir, I had the voice of thousands, and could assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you. Yes, sir, no one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would allow of receiving fees.

Yours truly, REV. GEORGE H. JONES.

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE INCREDULOUS.

So well knowing the general custom of the American people to denounce all advertising Physicians as "Humbugs," without knowing any thing at all in regard to their merits, in addition to the numerous and wonderful testimonials from some of the Professors who have been cured by me, I publish below the names and addresses of a few reliable persons who know me well as a thorough scholar and an able medical physician. Any one desiring can call and consult any of these persons in regard to letting the use of my name.

Benjamin Berry, Matteawan, N.Y., Alex'r Hughes, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., John Dwyer, Waterford, N.Y., Thomas B. Singerland, Rome, N.Y., Wm. Wood, Attorney-at-Law, No. 3, Liberty Street, New York City; Timothy Cronin, Attorney-at-Law, No. 19 Broadway, New York City; J. H. Robertson, No. 51 Nassau Street, New York City; Norval Hall, Belle, New York City Post-Office; Dr. Palmer, No. 78 Fourth Avenue, New York City; William Betts, Newark, N.J.; Thomas Hogan, Troy, N.Y.; Harvey Wilcox, Rider Mills, N.Y.; Hon. Wm. F. Dwyer, Attorney-at-Law, No. 2 Pine Street, New York City; Wm. Reed, Attorney-at-Law, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City; Parker, Davis, & Co., 13 Park Row, New York City; Van Schaick & Sons, State Printers, Albany, N.Y.; Joseph Hoxie, Sand Lake, N.Y.; Abram Hart, Troy, N.Y.; Riley Merrill, Sandlot, N.Y.; Daniel Edwards, Otego, N.Y.; Rev. Thomas Bradbury, N.Y. Mission Board, South Branch, N.Y.; Thomas Colby, Morrisville, N.Y.; Rev. Wm. Hosier, Pastor M. E. Church, Sing Sing, N.Y.; Druggists, No. 141 William Street, New York City; Wm. Hamilton, No. 141 William Street, New York City; Reuben Buchanan, Chemist, No. 188 Fulton Street, New York City; Hon. Wm. Smith, Attorney-at-Law, Kingston, N.Y.; Oscar Hamblin, Stationer, No. 291 Canal Street, New York City; Adams, Druggists, No. 105 John Street, New York City; Wm. Cauldwell, No. 49 Liberty Street, New York City; J. Tillitson, Clerk in the New York Post-Office; E. Hamilton, Druggist.

SUFFERING READER.

If you are afflicted with any chronic disease, throw aside, for once, any preconceived, erroneous notions in regard to an advertising physician, who gives ample evidence of his skill and ability.

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

is a thoroughly-educated Physician, a regular graduate of one of our best medical schools, a man of over twenty years' experience in the treatment of all chronic diseases to which the people of this or any country are subject, and has for a number of years been under treatment in every State and Territory of the American Union, in the British Provinces, South and Central America, the West Indies, Sandwich and Canary Islands, Europe, China, and the East. This will doubtless sound somewhat to many, but the evidence can be produced at Dr. Hamilton's office every week day.

It is also asserted, on the most reliable authority, that Dr. Hamilton is the only physician in this world who is supposed that Dr. Hamilton's treatment consists in "Mercury," which is the most pernicious combination ed to cure all the ills that flesh is subject to. On the contrary, Dr. H.'s prescriptions and specific compounds are all made up from vegetable roots, principally, for each individual case, as they are presented to him, either by person or by letter, and a perfect and efficient if the combination of symptoms are properly presented, according to the directions given in this article.

Again, Dr. Mineral remedies are not used in any form by Dr. Hamilton; consequently patients are safe from the horrible mineral poisons so much used by some physicians.

REMEMBER ONE THING!!!

READER: Remember that you can not be cured because you have tried other remedies. Let it be distinctly understood that many of my remedies are known only to myself, for certain diseases and varieties of my own, and are compounded according to my own reasoning and extensive experience with the sick.

All sick persons must remember that they can not be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them if they make up their own medicines principally; or patients can mark the symptoms they have, as above published. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for it is constantly thousands under my treatment, in various parts of the world, and have never failed in a case of sickness, and especially as those I see in person—in fact, some of the best cures ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in my case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and I can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

Please write at once, all ye afflicted, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or not be saved. And in so doing, every honorable family physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the salvation or happiness of his suffering and erring children. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always enclose ten cents—postage must be paid in advance.

I am always in attendance, and attend to all cases in person, and have the assistance of my sons, every responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

Have no hesitancy in writing to the Doctor, and state to him your case in full, and he will deal honestly and promptly with you. All letters to him must be addressed thus:

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

No. 546 BROADWAY,

CARE OF POST-OFFICE BOX No. 4957, NEW YORK.

The number of the Post-Office Box must be put on each letter to insure safety.

The Celebrated Imitation Gold

$15. HUNTING WATCHES. $20.

THE COLLINS OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

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Our superior ROYAL WATCH, as keeping recently been published, and worthless duplicates sold in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities, represented as our Watches, we hereby caution the public against them, and give notice that we are in no way responsible for these bogus concerns, and only those purchasing directly from us can secure a genuine Watch of our own manufacture. We have recently greatly improved our style and finish, and are fully equal to a Gold Watch costing $100. Chains of every style, from $2 to $8. Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Earrings, Sleeve-Buttons, Lockets, Studs, Finger-Rings, Bracelets, Pencils, Charms, Gold Pellow and Mariner Pins, &c., all of the latest and most elegant styles, and fully equal to gold in appearance and durability.

TO CLUBS.—Where SIX Watches are ordered at one time, we will send one extra Watch free of charge.

We positively desire to inform those who would require a commission, as we can not possibly manufacture the watches for less than our published prices. Our regular customers, therefore, have the benefit of the lowest prices. Parties in New York, or elsewhere, representing themselves as agents for us, are hereby notified that we have no such agency, and we can only be had at our office in New York City. Customers are reminded that the guaranty in these advertisements is given by no other part of the United States to be paid for when taken from the express office. Customers must pay all express charges. In ordering, write plainly the name, post-office, county, and state. Also, in all cases, remember that our only office is

No. 37 and 39 Nassau Street, Opposite the Post-Office (Up Stairs), New York.

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR

Holloway's Ointment.—Asthma and Quinsy, frightful diseases! Let them not hesitate. We assure they were frightful thirty years ago; but Holloway's Ointment now cures them every day. Sold everywhere. Never fails.

VELOCIPEDE WHEELS,

MANUFACTURED BY

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Dayton, Ohio.

They also make a prime article of Spokes and Hubs for light Carriage and Buggy Wheels. Write for Prices.

$25 KNITTING MACHINE.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 632.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS elegant and commodious building, of which we give an illustration on this page, has been recently erected for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association in San Francisco. It is located on Sutter Street, and has a frontage of 54 feet with 120 feet depth. It consists of a basement and two stories, with a Mansard roof overlooked by a tower, and contains a reading-room, lecture-hall, a library, and lodging and bath rooms. There is also a gymnasium connected with the building. The front is built of blue sandstone wrought after the Venetian style. The building and lot cost $75,000.

"THE LONG SLEEP."

ON first glancing at this touching picture—and only at the first glance—some uncertainty may be felt as to M. RIVIÈRE'S intention, so ambiguous is the title (though, of course, on reflection, it must appear most significant and appropriate), and such excellent taste has the artist evinced in avoiding any of the more painful indications of death. For that the awful and mysterious counterpart of sleep—that sleep from which the soul only awakes, "the long sleep" of death—is represented, admits not of a moment's doubt. Death, in the welcome guise of tranquil, customary sleep, has come at last, as Friend and Liberator, to that aged shepherd in his chair. Every thing intimates the peaceful, not untimely, close of a long life spent in a monotonous round of humble duty with little to cheer, and none left to solace, or even now to mourn its ending, save the mute creatures, sole sharers of his cares and hearth. Perhaps the poor shepherd passed the village church-yard last evening, faint, worn, and infirm, and thought of death in sure and certain hope as he gazed wistfully toward the grave of her who had followed the dear ones gone before, or had alone remained to him after their probably enforced departure to tend flocks on wide Australian plains or prairies of the Far West—she who had perhaps till lately welcomed him, constant as sundown, with blazing hearth and boiling kettle. Alas! since then he has had himself to prepare the eventide meal, however fatigued with watching or recovering the last sheep of his flock. At length came the preparations for a meal of which he was never to partake. The fire burned up briskly, the kettle sang cheerfully, as usual, and the tired shepherd composed himself for a short nap while yet he should have to wait. But now the fire is gray and dead and cold, like him who put to it the living spark; the kettle has boiled out, its contents have vanished like his expired breath; and it has fallen on its side. The night stole on, and the dogs slunk to their corner without their wonted feed and caress. The night wore away without sound or sign from the sleeper. The life-giving, awakening rays of a new-born sun pour in at the casement, but they do not vivify or rouse the late slumberer. Yet—so gentle was the stroke of Death, so quietly did the spirit pass away—they reveal no change in his attitude: save, perhaps, that the head has sunk a little lower; the chest propping the jaw, which would have fallen. With instinctive apprehension the dumb animals try, by licking face or hands, and by uneasy, mournful whine, to waken their master. But in vain—in vain! The Night has come and enveloped him with its shadow. He is sleeping "the long sleep." His watching and watching are forever ended. He will never more call those faithful companions of solitude to the pastures on hill or plain; more will they hear his voice—never more His sleep is dreamless. He is absent a shepherd; he himself is gathered to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

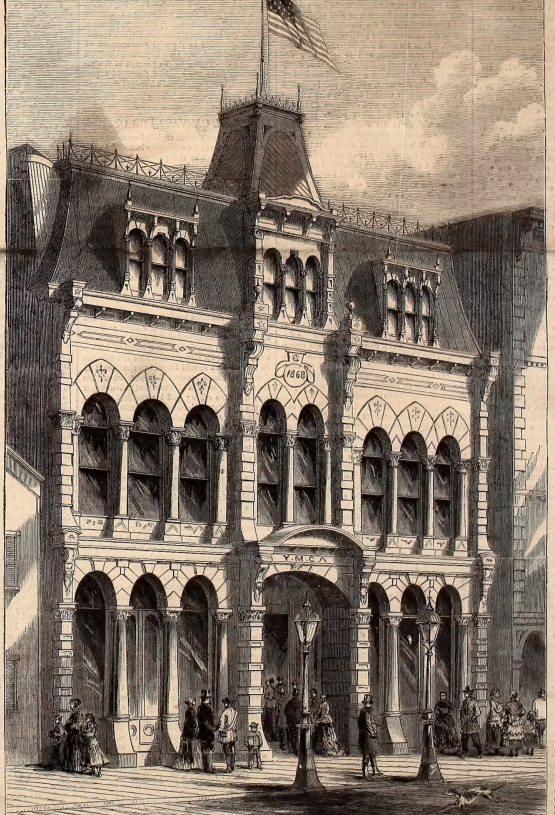
THE COLORED CONVENTION.

THE object of the National Convention of colored men, recently in session at Washington, was to secure therein the actual condition of the negro race in this country, and to consider the political and social problems which that race has to encounter as the result of emancipation. At the close of the Convention, on the morning of January 10, the Convention sent a committee of twelve to call upon General GRANT. Mr. LANGSTON, the Chairman, addressed the General as follows:

General GRANT:—In the name of 4,000,000 of American citizens; in the name of 700,000 electors of African descent—electors who fought, bravely, who defied intimidation, whose numbers have been reduced by assassination and murder in their efforts in the exercise of a franchise guaranteed by American law to every one clothed in the full livery of American citizenship, to secure to the late Presidential canvass the election of the nominees of the National Republican party to the high places to which they were named, we, the accredited delegates of the National Convention of Colored Men, the sessions of which in this city have just closed, come to present to you our congratulations upon your election to the Presidency of the United States. Permit us, General, to express, in this connection, our confidence in your ability and determination to execute the laws already enacted by our National Congress to preserve and protect the life, the liberty, and the rights, no less of the humblest subject of the government than those of the most exalted and influential. Called as you are to fill the Chair of State, your duties will be arduous and trying, and especially place in the reconstruction period of the Government, removing the rubbish, the accretions of the now dead slaveholding oligarchy) you will administer the government according to the principles of morals and law announced by the Saviour. In advance we bring to you, General, as a pledge of our devotion to our common country and Government, the liveliest sympathy of the colored people of the nation, and in their name we express the hope that all things connected with the administration of the Government, upon which you are so soon to enter as our Chief Magistrate, may be under Providence, so ordered for the maintenance of law and the conservation of freedom, that your name, inscribed high on the scroll of honor and fame, may go down to posterity, (and we pray and immortal), associated with the names of your illustrious predecessors in the Great Chair of State—WASHINGTON and LINCOLN. Again, General, we express our congratulations.

To this address General GRANT replied:

I thank the Convention, of which you are the representative, for the confidence they have expressed, and I sincerely believe that the colored people of the Nation may receive every protection which the laws give to them. They shall have my efforts to secure such protection. They should prove by their acts their advancement, prosperity, and obedience to the laws, worthy of all privileges the Government has bestowed upon them, and by their future conduct prove themselves deserving of all they now claim.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

THE SITUATION.

THE political character of the Senators just elected in various States shows, as is generally stated, that the radical sentiment of the dominant party still controls it. But the radical sentiment of a party generally controls it, and this is no fever of the Republican or of the Democratic party. In this State Mr. MORGAN was undoubtedly fatally injured as a candidate by his long political intimacy with Mr. WEED and Mr. SEWARD, and Mr. FENTON was elected, who was never friendly to Mr. WEED, and who has been always the favorite of the radical sentiment. But the Democrats showed the same tendency in casting a vote of honor for Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY as Senator: a man of high character and of acknowledged ability and accomplishment, but who holds the extreme Democratic view of the colored race. So, during the war and at its last National Convention, the Democratic party was under the control of its radical element.

Indeed, the radical element is the positive aggressive influence in a party. It is that which fights its battles and brings it into power. It is its heroic element—the spirit of the young David who challenges the towering giant of old tradition. The ADAMS and JAMES OTIS and the Sons of Liberty were the radicals of the Ante-Revolutionary Colonies. The conservative element in a party would never seriously complex an opposition nor carry the party to triumph. Indeed, the conservative spirit seldom appears until the party is established. But when it acquires responsibility, when something more than unsparing assault upon a policy or a principle is demanded, then it is remarked that all parties become conservative. The tendency is evident. Instead of broadly declaring a purpose, the party must now consult the means of attaining it. It must, therefore, be busy with possibilities, alternatives, delays. It is discovered, for instance, that to denounce extravagance and to practice economy are very different things. Out of power, CHARLES FOX loudly demands Catholic emancipation. In power, CHARLES FOX discovers what mountainous difficulties lie in the way.

But political radicalism is never a very precise term. We say that the election of the Senators shows the predominant radicalism of the party; not certainly the sum and the whole of phrase does not mean the extremest view in the party; it is merely the view that tends toward the extreme, rather than toward the middle ground. Thus it is probable that Mr. WEED would have preferred to remain a Whig, but he was too sagacious not to see that Whigs must choose either to become Republicans, or to go to the Democrats, or to sink into political cynicism with Democratic tendencies. Mr. WEED became a Republican, but, as an old Whig, the hostility to slavery which was the vital element of the party was unnatural to him. Many of the most earnest members and leaders of his new party would call Democrats, and many radical abolitionists. Both were repugnant to him. Therefore, when the inevitable war came, he was almost as bitter toward radicals as toward rebels; and when the crisis was reached, and safely passed in the Emancipation Proclamation, he was sure that it was an act of unspeakable folly that ruined the Union cause.

Mr. WEED illustrated the tendency toward the other party; Mr. SUMNER and Mr. CHASE, both of whom he cordially disliked, illustrate the tendency toward the extreme Republican view, seeking the same end as the abolitionists, but under constitutional forms. Of course, when politics reached a war, the latter spirit became supreme, and has controlled the country ever since. Its present force is shown by the selection of Senators. That spirit is in favor of the true American spirit of fair play and equal rights. It holds the Government firmly now, and, as we have seen, will continue to hold it upon one condition, and that is that it proves its faith by its works. If it loses power it will be a wanton act. No party in the country was ever more tolerant and more justly treated than the Republican. The old Democratic party, in its most powerful day, was never intrenched in the affections and conscience of the American people. It was a negative, not a positive, attachment. The Whigs were held to be the heirs of the old Federalists. They were called a silk-stocking party, a bank party, an expensive party, an aristocracy. They could be opposed only by the Democratic party, and the opposition implied to that standard, but there was no other. But the feeling of the Democratic party for ANDREW JACKSON, contrasted with that of the Republican party for ABRAHAM LINCOLN when he had fully proved himself, illustrates the difference. When JACKSON died, and VAN BUREN, MARCY, BENTON, CASS, and CALHOUN were the party magnates, it had prodigious power, but the interest of the American people neither respected nor loved it. It had no great, inspiring principle; but all its talent, all its force, were devoted to perpetuating a vast and most infamous injustice.

The people, as the elections constantly show, will not readily restore to power a party which has heretofore been so recreant to humanity; and seeing where its present strength lies, and the character of its course where it has unquestioned ascendency, they will not easily turn away from a party whose formative principle was equal rights, and whose traditions are emancipation and the salvation of the Union. But neither of those are the questions of today. It is with parties as with individuals. Not all the good deeds in the world will redeem for him to-day the confidence of those who once trusted and followed him. Not all the splendid services of the Republican party can retain for it the public trust if its own action repels it. If Congress should be wasteful and profuse, if it should show ignorance of its high duty, if legislation should be partial and extravagant, if the public service should be corrupt, and money notoriously carry the elections in which the party prevailed—if, in a word, the party action should show that it had forgotten its own great principles of honesty and justice, no loud assertion of extreme views, no spurious imitation of sentiment or of sympathy with the real radicalism of intelligence and honesty, could avert the fate of all who are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

THE REPORT OF Mr. WELLS.

No report from any Department has excited such attention and interest as that of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, and it is one of the most valuable public documents ever issued. It is far from satisfactory to the most advanced free-traders, and it is bitterly denounced by the protectionists. For many years its author has been a profound student of the subject it discusses, and the great question of revenue by and with which he has made the latitude of knowledge and clearness and comprehensiveness of judgment which give the greatest weight to his conclusions. A truly scientific treatment of public revenue is so unusual that this Report is as novel as it is interesting; and it may serve to cheer the imagination with a glimpse of the financial millennium in which the country would find itself if great offices were held by men so thoroughly equal to their duties as PEIRCE to a mathematical computation, or SHERIDAN to a battle.

The portion of Mr. WELLS's Report which relates to internal taxation will doubtless command very general assent. He regards the system as one of the wisest and most successful measures of the war. While the war lasted the tax was not regarded by a majority of producers as oppressive, for the war called for extensive modifications became necessary, and have been wisely made. The reforms have occasioned the relinquishment of at least $170,000,000 of annual revenue, but they have so strengthened and stimulated the productive interests of the country as to make good the deficiency. Only a few such changes are necessary, in the Commissioner's opinion, and in the same direction—to make the system so complete as to yield the largest revenue with the minimum of disturbance to the wealth-producing interests of the country.

The part of the Report which is devoted to a discussion of customs duties from the most desirable for its strictly temperate and dispassionate tone. Indeed, Mr. WELLS comes to the discussion not as a protectionist or as a free-trader, but as a man of science, as a scientific statesman. What view do the facts justify when considered in their largest and subtlest relations? That is the question which he puts and answers. There must be a revenue, to begin with. Indirect taxation is more agreeable and more just. We have seen, moreover, that there must be an average of duties so high as to afford all that can be reasonably demanded for protection; and as more revenue is wanted than the tax upon imported luxuries alone will supply, the rest of the tax may properly be adjusted to favor those branches of industry most exposed to foreign competition. But the adjustment for the latter purpose must be decided upon the closest and most ample observation and reflection, and not upon the urgency of specific industries. Moreover, Mr. WELLS shows conclusively that the financial systems of the great European states are not founded upon theories of political economy at all, but upon views of enlightened self-interest; in other words, that they are really systems of protection. Thus in Great Britain any other policy than Free Trade would end the cost of manufacturing by increasing the price of food and raw material, and thus directly benefit the foreign competitor; so, as we understand the Free Trade argument, it does not deny the proposition so forcibly stated by Mr. WELLS. It merely alleges that perfect freedom of industry and exchange is necessarily the highest interest of every nation.

The Report proceeds to show by a curious variety of statistics that the present tariff fails in a great degree to check importations or to give desirable protection. This result the Commissioner attributes to ignorance and the consultation of specific interests instead of the general welfare. The consequence is, that while commerce is really exchange in kind for mutual benefit, our tariff system has so raised the cost of all domestic products that such exchange has become almost impossible, and we have to send out of the country gold and silver, which the foreigner least wishes, and which we can least afford to spare. Mr. WELLS, therefore, earnestly protests against any further general increase of the tariff, and recommends an enlargement of the free list; a reduction of some rates of duty, and, as an exception, the increase of a few others as a matter of revenue; a reduction of some rates with a view to their abolition, and the conversion as far as possible of the present *ad valorem* duties into specific, to insure certainty and equality in assessment and the prevention of undervaluation, and, finally, a prohibition of the individual privilege of travelers to import freely goods corresponding to their supposed social position.

The Commissioner enters at some length into the general question of the national credit and the return to a specie currency, and a most valuable letter is added to the Report upon the conversion of Great Britain, France, and the United States, by GEORGE WALKER, lately a Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts—a deeply-versed student and competent authority upon the subject. Indeed, the topics which the Report touches are discussed so concisely and pointedly that it is difficult to give in a brief space more than a very general and therefore unsatisfactory view of the Commissioner's elaborate and masterly treatise. It is impossible, however, to lay it down without the conviction that precisely such ability, industry, patience, knowledge, and insight as the Report reveals are indispensable to the wise management of the national finances. How important Congress considers it is shown by the passage of the resolution to print two hundred thousand copies for general distribution, and a hundred thousand for the Treasury.

PERSONAL CANVASS FOR OFFICE.

THERE is one custom rapidly becoming common which would be especially honored in the breach, and that is the personal canvass for high office. It must be assumed to be as disagreeable to the gentlemen concerned as to their fellow-citizens whose opinion they would most value; and nothing but very extraordinary considerations should induce a candidate for Senator, for instance, into the situation in which many candidates for Senator have been lately seen. When a Legislature is about to elect a Senator, the coming of gentlemen, with their friends and henchmen, occupying rooms at a hotel, to which every member who can be coaxed is carried to a personal interview, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, and the often notorious character of the friends, a strong suspicion of corruption.

For why should the candidate come? He can hold a constant levee but a few days at most, and if his character and ability have not already impressed the public with a sense of his fitness, how can his conversation for a few minutes do it? A man should be sent to the Senate of the United States because his general career has satisfied the people of the State that he is a proper person for the office; and his personal canvass of the Legislature inevitably assumes that this is not the case. It is surely enough to throw very grave doubts upon a candidate's character that he appears upon the eve of such an election to hold private interviews with the members of the Legislature.

Of course when a man is nominated to the House of Representatives he may very properly canvass his district. He is often selected for his ability in publicly discussing the questions of the hour, and he goes upon the stump not alone to secure his own election, but to prove the superiority of the principles and policy of his party. But it is not so with a Senatorial election. The party result is a foregone conclusion. The struggle is between members of the same party. There is therefore no discussion of principles—it is a question of candidates merely, and the candidate who is not willing to rest upon the general confidence in his character and fitness is the candidate who ought to be rejected.

It is not easy to imagine a legitimate occasion for such a personal canvass as we describe, and yet it is becoming a matter of course. Senators, obeying what they consider an unhappy necessity, leave their places in Congress when important business presses, hasten to the capitals of their States, and cover themselves with unbecoming humiliation because no truly creditable reason can be assigned for their conduct. Opposing candidates also appear. Is the Legislature to choose between them upon points of personal appearance or manner? Is the choice to be decided by intrigue or money? A Senator was lately elected in this State. Was the circumstance preceding that event, even although the candidates were not personally responsible for them, such as to command them to the sincere respect of honorable men? Besides the presence of the candidates, besides the notorious and shameless bribery which was practiced in their name, although we have certainly no right to say by their authority, the public business of the State was delayed for three weeks by the postponement of the appointment of the Legislative Committees until after the Senatorial election. The Speaker is a gentleman of character and intelligence: he must, therefore, all the more plainly perceive the painful suspicion to which his delay necessarily gave rise. It at least afforded opportunity to those who would improve it to make promises in regard to places which were only bribes and meant to be bribes.

Senator SUMNER and Senator WADE, of this State, used to repel with indignation in the Constitutional Convention the insinuation that there was great legislative corruption. Like the old poet, they looked into their own hearts and spoke. But we should like to know their theory of postponing the appointment of the committees. There seems to be coming to a point where public honor is a disgrace. Success in political life is becoming presumptive evidence of knavery. "Have you been to the Albany auction?" said one gentleman, alluding to the Senatorial contest. It may seem a hazardous assertion, but there is a public opinion in this country which requires self-respect in public life, and which feels that a man is truly honored in being chosen Senator only when, as in the case of CHARLES SUMNER, his election and his re-election are unsought and unbought.

THE BRITISH TREATY.

OUR friends of the daily papers are so very enterprising that it is sometimes difficult to determine when the news really is. Every important fact is announced with great emphasis, and just as every body has mastered it and the public judgment is forming, there follows some serious correction which instantly warns the public that even newspapers may err. What, for instance, is the exact scope of the new English treaty? We have had what was called the text of it, and we have had the modifications and the assertions that it was not the text. Now the State Department has absolute control of it, and it is very foolish to allow any but an authorized copy to be published, if it is to be published at all. There is, indeed, no occasion for secrecy. The whole such a paper has been concluded and signed by the agents of the two governments, the sooner its details are known the better.

But the copy that has been published and corrected probably contains the substance of the treaty, which is very simple. It is an agreement for the settlement of claims against the two governments which have arisen since the last treaty in 1853. Each government is to name two Commissioners, and these four an arbitrator. Then each can not agree, and each name one, and when his services are required it shall be determined by lot which of the two it shall be, and the arbitrator's decision is to be final. But if any two of the Commissioners prefer, in any particular case, that some friendly sovereign or head of a government should arbitrate, the Commissioners shall report to their governments, and they shall decide upon the umpire. The Commission is of course to hear all evidence, and if demanded, oral evidence upon each side. Every claim must be presented within six months of the first meeting, and all money awarded must be paid in coin, within one instead, within eighteen months from the decision. The ratifications of the treaty must be exchanged within twelve months from the date of signing, which was the 14th of January, 1869.

Of course in such a treaty the point upon which Mr. SEWARD was understood to insist so strenuously was left out. Of course, Great Britain does not openly concede that the concession of maritime belligerent rights to the Southern States was wrong. If she did concede it, the American claim, as the *Nation* very truly remarks, would be at once the total sum of our maritime losses during the war. But this concession is really unnecessary to settle the treaty, for the essential question can not be avoided. Claims will be made for losses by ships that were arrested in British ports. The reply will be that they were belligerents; the rejoinder, that they were not lawful belligerents; and here is the crucial question directly presented. For there is to decide, and then the governments are to regard his decision as final. This is, in fact, leaving to the umpire the settlement of the one great point international law, whether maritime rights of war shall be granted to a belligerent without a port, and who is compelled to destroy his prizes at sea. If they may be, foreign governments can concede such maritime rights to the Indians, upon whom we are now making war, and it will be for Great Britain to determine whether she wishes to abide by such a principle.

The duty of the umpire is plainly most important, but we are inclined to think that he may as well decide the question. The United States are certainly not very much imperiled by a judgment either way. If the arbitrator concludes that the action of the British Government was wrong our claims are paid, and that government is convicted of a most humiliating blunder. If he decides the other way, the commerce of England will be annihilated whenever another Abyssinian or Indian war be-

gins. There can be little doubt which decision the British Government would prefer. So far, then, the proposed treaty is a skillful counterpoise of that government upon the essential point. It doubtless feels that its position is untenable, and would be disastrous to itself; therefore, under the dry form of leaving a specific claim for damages to be settled by an arbitrator, it forecasts his decision and yields in advance. There is another vital point in the treaty. The claims of British subjects upon this government is meant the toleration by the United States, as a subject of serious debate, of the demands of any class of holders of rebel obligations of any kind, the rejection of the treaty should be immediate and emphatic, and the Minister who has so shamed his position should be instantly recalled. This is the first point to determine; but if the treaty does not contain this gross insult, it does not seem to us that the United States will suffer by its ratification.

"A SECRET CHAPTER OF HISTORY."

IF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE had never been born or if CHARLEMAGNE had been an idiot—what then? This kind of profound and useful inquiry is suggested by the revelation of what is called "a secret chapter of history" during the war. A long story is told to the effect that, while General GRANT was before Vicksburg and General BANKS before Port Hudson, the latter was ordered to supersede the former and virtually declined, wherefore the success, the greatness, the Presidency of General GRANT are owing to the forbearance of General BANKS. The story is clumsily told because the real point is not made apparent. The emphasis is laid upon the forbearance of General BANKS, when it should be laid upon the reverse of it; namely, that while President LINCOLN and the great authorities of the Government had lost faith in the hero of Donelson and Shiloh, one person—who in view of a new Presidency is severely nameless—recognized the essential greatness and confessed his own inferiority.

It certainly does seem very surprising that General BANKS, after his unfortunate military experience, should have preferred not to add to it what was supposed to be the foregone conclusion of a repulse at Vicksburg, and if the authorities at Washington ever thought of asking him, as a soldier, to do what they thought General GRANT could not do, we can only be the more devoutly grateful for our final triumph. The story as told is wholly improbable, and the only real interest about it is the inquiry why it is told just at this time, and in a form which, contains BURLEIGH'S most solemn nod, is telegraphed from Washington, that General BANKS states that he never authorized the publication of the story. That is a most suspiciously pregnant negative.

The most ludicrous interpretation of the present publication of the story is, that it is an attempt to raise General BANKS to the Cabinet. But suppose it to be literally true—suppose that General BANKS was ordered to supersede General GRANT, and delayed or declined, what then? It by no means follows that he did it from any perception of GRANT'S ability, or from any desire to do him justice. The action was just as likely to be due to a wish to keep himself out of the scrape into which General GRANT was supposed to be falling. But let us assume the most favorable view to General BANKS; let us agree that he did recognize the military genius of GRANT, and for that reason remonstrated against superseding him. Was an act under the circumstances would very naturally be considered a friendly act by General GRANT, but what is to do with the Cabinet? In what way does it prove the kind of character and capacity that the President properly seeks? For suppose, again, that the order had been sent to General BANKS, and he had instantly obeyed it and had superseded General GRANT, is it probable that the result would have been what it was? Vicksburg would have fallen, and that the subsequent career of GRANT would have been BANKS'?

Probably nobody thinks so. But, for the reasons that have been given, General BANKS was conscious that he was not a great soldier, he should be made Secretary of War. Self-knowledge is certainly valuable in a Secretary of War, but if every soldier who felt that GRANT was his military superior should be called into the Cabinet, that body would be a very Vicksburg of its own. Whether the story as told be false or true, it has nothing whatever to do with General BANKS's fitness for a place in the Cabinet, and its publication can, in that view, have been of the least service to him.

WANTED A KING.

SPAIN is apparently about to undertake a remarkable experiment. The elections have returned an overwhelming majority of delegates in favor of a monarchy. But the old monarchy has been overthrown, and there must be a king and royal family found for the occasion. Various Barbikins have been named; but the most original suggestion is that of the *Tribune*'s correspondent, that a senator of the United States might be agreeable to one of the Spanish parties now looking out for a monarch. The DUKE OF AOSTA, the heir-apparent of Italy, is said to be willing to renounce his Italian heritage and to take his chance in Spain; while the DUKE OF MONTPENSIER thinks that he is rather the best candidate who has yet offered.

If an ex-Senator of the United States would answer, the supply is so ample that our own peace might be disturbed by a Spanish war of the succession. But why not an ex-President? All that we have to do is to find the true-blue school. Mr. FILLMORE would make a most presentable monarch. Mr. PIERCE could bring his military experience to bear in the rule of countries should prevail, and in royal questions it generally seems to prevail, it might be urged that, as they were both very poor Presidents, they may prove very good kings. Indeed, the still fresher hand is Mr. JOHNSON, who will be at complete leisure after the 4th of March. There can be no objection to him upon the Bourbon score, at least. Imagine also how grateful it would be to him to address his faithful subjects and exclaim, "Bless you, my children, I am stepping around the entire circle of human honor. I began as Alderman of my native village. I have been Representative of my district, Governor of my State, Senator, Vice-President, and President of the United States, and King of Spain. I do not despair of being Emperor of Turkey, and why not Pope of Rome? I will now leave with you as a particular curiosity a few copies of the Constitution of my country which I have rescued from the clutches of a usurper, and upon the wise use of its government, and then proceed to call your attention to My Policy." Happy Spain! Happy King JOHNSON! But such visions are too good to last.

It is a little late to improvise a monarchy, and at a time when the political convictions of the world are rapidly turning to republican governments, to play at Kings and Queens. The device of crowning any nobleman or any military chieftain is absurd. The only way in which the experiment is to select some scion of the old royal house, however remote, and place him or her upon the throne, with a popular Constitution. The King or Queen was of royal family, and so was the wife of WILLIAM III. The times will not tolerate any pavenu or plebeian royalty, unless there is another NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to be found—and if there were, he would already have crowned himself. Tradition is essential to monarchy. The whole thing is a mockery if it has its genuine air. No King PRIM nor King ESPARTERO will answer. Nothing will serve but some European or American Bourbon.

LITERARY.

"CAST Up by the Sea," just published by HURST & Company, is a romance of the sea, by SAMUEL W. BAKER, the distinguished traveler and author of the "Albert Nyanza Great Basin of the Nile," and "Ismail's Court" Wandering in Ceylon," etc. This work is unabridged and unadulterated, and contains ten beautiful illustrations. It is the only complete and illustrated edition published in this country. The story is well written, and is the most intensely exciting narrative of adventure which has been published for many years. The following "Dedication" by the author shows the character and purpose of the work:

"Since the publication of 'Albert N'yanza' and the 'Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia,' I have received numerous letters from boys to whom I was entirely unknown, and who are at this moment unknown to me, except through their appreciation of my correspondence. Their letters were written in the youthful enthusiasm of the moment, and they spoke freely of the success and of our African journeys, they had closed the book, and, full of sympathy, they wrote to the author. They spoke as the sea speaks to a boyish admiration for a successful struggle with difficulties.

"As a proof of the value that I attach to these warm expressions of interest taken by the young in our past adventures, I now dedicate to all boys (from eight years of age to eighty) a story which, combined with certain facts, that will, I trust, relieve the dreariness of a long Christmas evening.

"At the same time that I have endeavored to avoid all improbabilities, I must apologize for the great latitude in geographical liberty in producing an eclipse of the sun which is not in the almanac."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 13:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported from the Finance Committee a bill to authorize contracts to be appropriates one hundred and forty millions annually out of the 5 per cent. loan, to be applied to the payment of the interest and reduction for the principal of the bonded debt of the United States and bonds therefore authorized. A provision is made for a change of bond-lender notes for gold, per cent. ten-forty gold bonds; gold notes to be issued to the amount of coin in the Treasury for the redemption of 5 per cent. securities in the city of New York; but the amount of such notes shall only equal the amount of legal notes surrendered for bonds. The last section authorizes banks to issue demand notes, payable in coin to the extent of sixty-five per cent. on bonds deposited by them, regardless of the present limitation of five hundred millions.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Public Expenditures to investigate the terms of the contract made with Wells, Fargo, & Co. for the transportation of the overland mails, and the manner of its fulfillment. A resolution was adopted, 90 to 67, that in the present condition of national finances Congress ought not to vote for any more bounties or bonds or money to railroad corporations or local enterprises, but that the whole resources of the country should be so directed as to relieve the people from the burdens of taxation. Several amendments were adopted to the Naval Appropriation bill, which was then passed.—A resolution was adopted, directing the Controller of the Currency to report to the House what National Banks had been allowed to exchange gold-bearing interest bonds for the currency bonds issued to the Pacific Railroads, also what banks had refused further shares in the Pacific Railroads, and were doing business under State charters, and retaining their privileges as National Banks.—Mr. Boutwell reported from the Committee on Banks and Currency the Senate resolution providing that persons now holding office under the Provisional Governments of Virginia and Georgia, who can not take the test oath, shall be removed, and not vacancies filled from the list of rejected persons. An amendment recommended by the Committee provides that the resolution shall not affect those whose names have been relieved from their political disabilities, and that the act shall take effect thirty days after its passage. The amendment was agreed to and the resolution passed.

January 19:

In the Senate a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for information relative to the fisheries captured by the patriots of Alaska.—A bill regulating the tariff on copper was passed.

In the House, a resolution to print 100,000 copies of Commissioner Wells's Report was adopted.—A bill was passed to preserve the purity of elections in the territories, 61 to 84.—The Senate substitute for the House bill regulating judicial proceedings, in certain cases was passed. It provides for the transfer from State to Federal Courts of suits by or against foreign or common carriers for property destroyed *in transitu* in consequence of the late rebellion.

January 21:

In the Senate, a bill was passed providing for the representation in the Senate of the State of Nebraska, reported by the Naval Academy.—The contested Anderson-Swisher case was so decided that Mr. Anderson retains his seat.

NEWS ITEMS.

It appears that two clerks were burned to death in the Caldwell & Avery store-room, as reported by fire in Philadelphia.

The Indiana Legislature has elected Hon. D. D. Pratt as Senator in place of Hendricks. Seven other Democrats were elected on January 20, and seven New York elected ex-Governor Fenton; Massachusetts, for the fourth term, elected Charles Sumner; and the elected Hannibal Hamlin; Missouri elected Carl Schurz; Pennsylvania elected John Scott; Rhode Island, in place of the present Democratic Senator, Mr. Buckalew; Delaware re-elected Willard Saulsbury; Iowa, James Harvard (father and son), the former to fill the unexpired term of Senator Hubbell, deceased, and the latter to be the successor of his father after the 4th of March. Mr. Ramsey, of Minnesota, for the term elected Zachariah Chandler, who has served in the Senate since the thirty-third Congress. Mr. Ramsey was elected for the second term Alexander Ramsey.

During the month of the past year there were 11,581 deaths in tenement houses, out of a total of less than 30,000 in the city.

The President has withdrawn his nomination of Perry Fuller to be Collector of the Port of New York, and sent in the name of William H. Webster. Below are the nominations of Benjamin Bulkley and Willett to be Assistant Engravers in the Regular Army in place of Rawdon, Wright, Hoyt, and General Hitchcock, deceased.

Bierstedt's painting, "The Reception at the White House," which was pronounced by critics to be the finest picture in the country, was destroyed by fire in the Derby Athenæum on the 18th of January. It was insured for \$5,000, and was painted upon the occasion of his inauguration.

The Legislature last year, 1868, school-houses have been erected in West Virginia. Three hundred and fifty-two school-houses have been erected in the State of Texas, and the Peabody fund is accomplishing important results.

Above one hundred men of Secretary Seward's escort and army and two thousand militia for the suppression of the Know-Nothings.

The New Hampshire Democratic Convention have nominated Asa Fowler for Governor.

Half of the business portion of Troy, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire January 19.

The British bark Cadet arrived at Philadelphia January 19, with a voyage of 100 days from Calcutta. The crew had suffered terribly from starvation, having been on only two days' provisions, and would have starved to death had they not been able to hail another vessel, from which they received supplies.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The death of Leopold Ferdinand, Prince Royal of Belgium and Duke of Brabant, has been announced.

Advices from the United States have been received that the dissatisfaction with the Juarez Government is becoming more general. Many of the Governors of the States of Guerrero, Alatemo, and others, are at the head of a formidable insurrection against the Juarez party.

Death of the brother of Juarez.

The Spanish Government has authorized Cuba to contribute to the Conservative Party in the Constituent Cortes, and the Island of Porto Rico elevens.

The young Monarch of Spain, who recently came of age and into the possession of \$1,500,000 of annual income, has appointed Count Reus his Chief Equerry.

The French Corps Legislatif was opened by the Emperor in person.

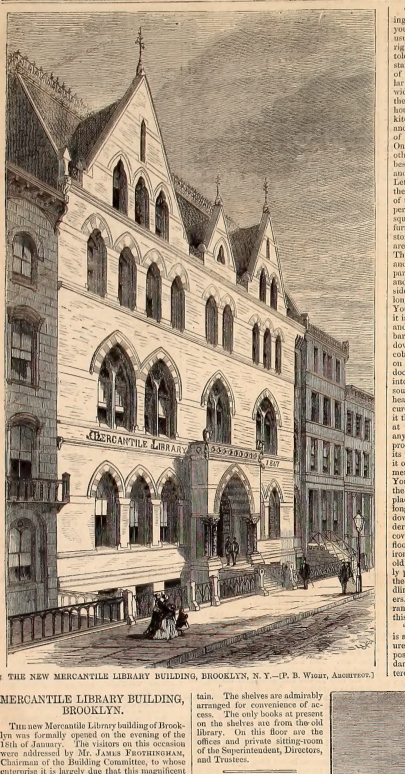
Dispatches from India report that sharp shocks of earthquake have been felt across Alcutta and Bombay.

It is reported, on the authority of a Parisian journal —the *Gazette de France*—that peace has been concluded on the terms of the late Conference.

It is said that the *Chronique des Arts* that there are altogether about twenty millions of volumes in the public libraries in Europe. In France alone there are about 2,333,000—or nearly one-third of the whole; in Italy, 1,700,000; in Prussia, 1,000,000.

The Nineteenth Œcumenical Council will be held in Rome this year, and preparations are being made to render the meeting a great success. It is stated that already the bishops of Europe and America are at the head of the most distant parts of the globe to be present at the ceremony. Among the most distinguished will be the archbishop at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and consist of "Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also, and proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians."

The Council is to be called the Council of Rome, and Roumists believe that it will be second to no assembly that has ever met. Among those who received an invitation to be present at the forthcoming Council were the Patriarch of Constantinople; but the Patriarch declines.



THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—(P. B. WIGHT, ARCHITECT.)

MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, BROOKLYN.

THE new Mercantile Library building of Brooklyn was formally opened on the evening of the 18th of January. The visitors on this occasion were addressed by Mr. JAMES FETHINGHAM, Chairman of the Building Committee, to whose enterprise it is largely due that this magnificent structure has been erected. He gave an interesting account of the progress of the enterprise since 1862. The first subscription was of $4,000 by Mr. CHITTENDEN; by December, 1864, there had been raised $30,000, and by the next February $80,000. Mr. CHITTENDEN then doubled his subscription, provided the necessary sum should be subscribed by June. In May, 1865, the subscription had reached $123,000. The Library building alone cost $125,000, and the office buildings on each side cost $25,000. The entire cost of ground and buildings was $227,000. This was all paid but $20,390. Twelve thousand five hundred dollars was subscribed on the spot. The main building fronts 75 feet on Montague Street, near the City Hall. The architecture is modern Gothic, and the building of red brick. The entrance is by a lofty porch, supported upon variegated marble pillars. A wide hall leads to the lecture and general reading room, occupying the rear part of the first-floor. This room is about 60 by 75 feet, and is furnished with tables and stands for newspaper and periodical files, and has a lecture stand at one side. On the left of the entrance-hall, and in front of the lecture-room, is the ladies' reading-room. This is a large and handsomely furnished apartment, where ladies may enjoy the benefits of the library, and at the same time the comforts and even luxuries of their parlors. Opposite this is the ladies' dressing-room. A broad stairway leads from the hall to the second story. On this floor is the library, with shelves enough to accommodate thousands of volumes more than they now contain. The shelves are admirably arranged for convenience of access. The only books at present on the shelves are from the old library. On this floor are the offices and private sitting-room of the Superintendent, Directors, and Trustees.

"Instead of entering the East Room, as you approach it by the usual way, turn to the right and go down a tolerably well-lighted stairway to the level of the basement or cellar of the building. A wide paved hall runs the entire length of the house. On one side a kitchen, store-rooms, and other apartments of similar character. On the opposite are other store-rooms, and besides vaults for coal and for other purposes. Let us enter one of these near the east end of the building. It is perhaps 30 or 40 feet square. In it are the furnaces. The floor is stone. The furnaces are bricked over. There are piles of coal and wood in various parts. It is not tidy, and there is on all sides the litter that belongs to such a place. You shut the door and it is gloomy and quiet, and through the iron bars across the windows you can see the cobwebs and the dust on the panes. The door which leads out into the area on the south is thick and heavy, and barred securely. As you face it there is another door at the right, a heavy one also. If curiosity, or any previous information of what is hidden there, prompts you, open it. It will grate a little on its unused hinges. There is just room to swing it open, as it turns inward, and the small apartment is nearly filled with a variety of trash. You enter part way and then are obliged to shut the door in order to move around. It is a small place, almost like a cell. It may be ten feet long and eight wide. There is one grated window, dim with dust, looking out into an area under a porch. There is an old work-bench, half covered with worn-out coal scuttles, and on the floor are some portions of broken grates and old iron pipes, and a heap of coal and kindling. An old wine-box, half full of musty feathers, evidently pulled out of a ragged cushion which lies on the window-sill beside it. On the coal and kindling is a lot of shavings half mixed with feathers. On that heap of rubbish, in this subterranean cell of the White House, lies a stone with this inscription [see illustration].

"The stone upon which this inscription is cut is a species of red sandstone very similar in texture to that so commonly in use for building purposes in our Eastern cities. Its surface has grown dark by age. A considerable piece has been battered off, and there the grain looks fresh. The block is rectangular, the upper surface being two feet three inches long, by eighteen inches wide, and the thickness about nine inches.

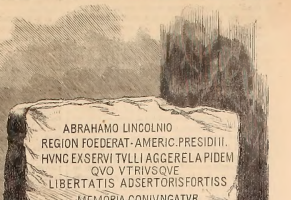
"The translation of the inscription, which will vary slightly with the word for which the letter D in the last line but one is an abbreviation, has been thus rendered:

"'The citizens of Rome dedicate this Stone, taken from the Tomb of SERVIUS TULLIUS, to ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President for the Second Term of the United States of America, by which the Memory of either brave defender of Liberty may be joined to that of the other. A.D. 1865.'

"The story of this block, as told by those about the White House, is as follows:

"It arrived in the autumn of 1865 or beginning of 1866. It was allowed to lie on the porch of the White House for a number of weeks. One side of the box which held it was at length broken off. The exposed side was then turned up against the building. Some, who knew its character, criticising the treatment it was receiving severely, it was taken inside, and for some time formed a sort of foot-stool under a window, where orderlies and attendants sat. Finally, after several moves, by none of which was its position bettered, it found its way into the cellar when the White House was being renovated last summer, and from the cellar it was allowed to rest at length in the cell where it lies to-day. Whether this account of the occupants themselves concerning its treatment be correct, certain it is that the block as described, with the inscription as given, is in this dark coal-hole in the cellar of the White House; and in any case it is a disgrace to the present occupant that it lies there—it is more than disgraceful, it is infamous.

"In this connection, though the story or the legend of SERVIUS TULLIUS is familiar to every reader, it will be interesting to note the parallel between the old Roman King and President LINCOLN. The King was of humble origin. He was a soldier in his early manhood. He was kind to the poor, heartily espoused the cause of the masses, strove constantly to elevate them, and especially to confer upon them the right to vote. Upon announcing his determination to introduce a free form of government he was assassinated by his son-in-law, who, uniting with the discontented Senators, was able to bid defiance to the resentment of his subjects. The memory of SERVIUS lived long among the common people; their veneration for him constantly increased; and the usurper with his followers lived in daily fear lest the people should rise in power and restore the



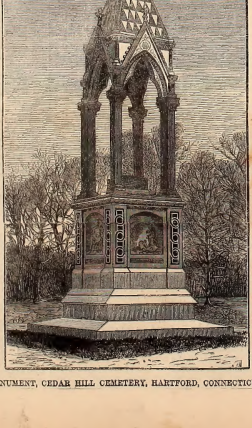
THE REJECTED STONE.

THE STONE WAS TAKEN FROM THE TOMB OF SERVIUS TULLIUS, AND BY THE CITIZENS OF ROME SENT TO WASHINGTON TO BE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

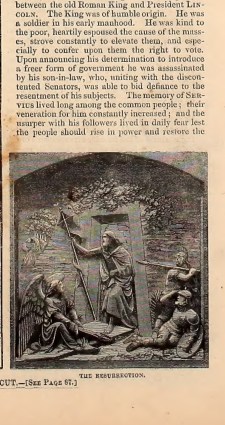
THE REJECTED STONE.

THE curious monumental fragment of which we give a sketch on this page is interesting to our readers on account of its origin, the history of its transmission to Washington, and its subsequent treatment by the present occupants of the White House. A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, some time ago, contributed the following details in regard to this stone. Since this account was written the stone has been removed to the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

THE PASSION.



THE BEACH MONUMENT, CEDAR HILL CEMETERY, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—(SEE PAGE 97.)



THE RESURRECTION.

laws of the martyr. From all this the full beauty of the inscription, and the character of the sentiment which prompted the gift, will appear; and stern voices will speak to all from out that past of 2400 years in condemnation of ANDREW JOHNSON'S treatment of Mr. LINCOLN'S memory."

DEVEREUX'S DREAM.

I GIVE you this story only at second-hand; but you have it in substance—and he wasted few words over it—as Paul Devereux told it me.

It was not the only queer story he could have told me about himself if he had chosen, by a good many, I should say. Paul's life had been an eminently unconventional one: the man's face certified to that—hard bronzed, war-worn, seamed and scarred with strange battle-marks—the face of a man who had dared and done most things.

It was not his custom to speak much of what he had done, however. Probably only because he and I were little likely to meet again that he told me this I am free to tell you now.

We had come across one another for the first time for years that afternoon on the Italian Boulevart. Paul had landed a couple of weeks previously at Marseilles, from a long yacht-cruise in southern waters, the monotony of which, we heard, had been agreeably diversified by a little pirate-hunting and slaver-chasing—the evil tongues called it piracy and slave-running; and certainly Devereux was quite equal to either *métier*; and he was about starting on a promising little filibustering expedition across the Atlantic, where the chances were he would be shot, and the certainty was that he would be starved. So perhaps he felt inclined to be a trifle more communicative than usual, as we sat late that night over a blazing pyre of logs and in a cloud of Cavendish. At all events he was, and after this fashion.

I forget now exactly how the subject was led up to. Expression of some philosophic incredulity on my part regarding certain matters, followed by a ten minutes' silence on his side pregnant with unwonted words to come—that was it, perhaps. At last he said, more to himself, it seemed, than to me:

"'Such stuff as dreams are made of.' Well, who knows? You're a Sadducee, Bertie; you call this sort of thing, politely, indigestion. Perhaps you're right. But yet I had a queer dream once."

"Not unlikely," I assented.

"You're wrong: I never dream, as a rule. But, as I say, I had a queer dream once; and queer because it came literally true three years afterward."

"Queer indeed, Paul."

"Happens to be true. What's queerer still, my dream was the means of my finding a man I owed a long score, and a heavy one, and of my paying him in full."

"Bad for the payee!" I thought.

Paul's face had grown terribly eloquent as he spoke those last words. On a sudden the expression of it changed—another memory was stirring in him. Wonderfully tender the fierce eyes grew; wonderfully tender the faint, sad smile, that was like sunshine on storm-scathed granite. That smile transfigured the man before me.

"Ah, poor child—poor Lucille!" I heard him mutter.

That was it, was it? So I let him be. Presently he lifted his head. If he had let himself get the least thing out of hand for a moment, he had got back his self-mastery the next.

"I'll tell you that queer story, Bertie, if you like," he said.

The proposition was flatteringly unusual, but the voice was quite his own.

"Somehow I'd sooner talk than think about—*her*," he went on, after a pause.

I nodded. He might talk about this, you see, but *I* couldn't. He began with a question—an odd one:

"Did you ever hear I'd been married?"

Paul Devereux and a wife had always seemed and been to me a most unheard of conjunction. So I laconically said,

"No."

"Well, I was once, years ago. She was my wife—that child—for a week. And then—"

I easily filled up the pause; but, as it happened, I filled it up wrongly; for he added:

"And then she was murdered."

I was not unused to our Paul's stony style of talk; but this last sentence was sufficiently startling.

"Eh?"

"Murdered—in her sleep. They never found the man who did it, either, though I had Dowden and all the Rue de Jérusalem at work. But I forgave them that, for I found the man myself, and killed him."

He was filling his pipe again as he told me this, and he perhaps rammed the Cavendish in a little tighter, but that was all. The thing was a matter of course; I knew my Paul well enough to know that. Of course he killed him.

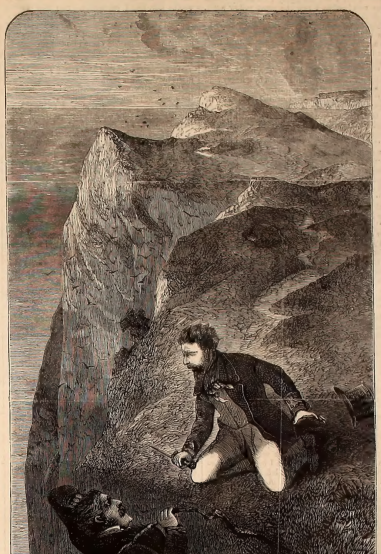
"Mind you," he continued, kindling the black *bride-cake* the while—"mind you, I'd never seen this man before, never known of his existence, except in a way that—however, it was this way:

He let his grizzled head drop back on the cushions of his chair, and his eyes seemed to see the queer story he was telling enacted once more before him in the red hollows of the fire.

"As I said, it was years ago. I was waiting here in Paris for some fellows who were to join me in a campaign we'd arranged against the African big game. I never was more fit for any thing of that sort than I was then. I only tell you this to show you that the thing can't be accounted for by my nerves having been out of order at all.

"Well, I was dining alone that day, at the Café Anglais. It was late when I sat down to my dinner in the little salon as usual. Only two other men were still lingering over theirs. All the time they staid they bored me so persistently with some confounded story of a murder they were discussing that I was once or twice more than half inclined to tell them so. At last, though, they went away.

"But their talk kept buzzing abominably in my head. When the waiter brought me the evening paper the first thing that caught my eye was a circumstantial account of the *probable* way



"AND I KNELT ABOVE HIM, WITH THE KNIFE IN MY HAND THAT WAS STAINED WITH *HER* BLOOD."

THE NATIONAL COLORED CONVENTION IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY THEOD. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

the fellow did his murder. I say probable, for they never could bring it home, as you will see presently, they could only suppose how it occurred.

"It seemed that a well-known Paris banker, who was accustomed beyond doubt to have left one station alive and well, and with a couple of hundred thousand francs in a leathern *sac* under his seat, arrived at the next station the train stopped at with his throat cut and *mains* all his money, except a few bank-notes to no great amount, which the assassin had been wise enough to leave behind him. The train was a night express on one of the northern lines; the banker had taken a place in a first-class carriage; and the murder must have taken place between midnight and one, at, next morning. The train, I presume supposed—rightly enough, I think—that the murderer must have entered the carriage *from without*, and have left it the same. Indeed there were no signs of any struggle—opened the *sac*, taken what he wanted, and retreated, loot and all, by the way he came. I fully understood my particular writer's opinion that the murderer was an uncommonly cool and clever individual, especially as I knew he got clear off and was never afterward laid hands on.

"When I had done that I thought I had done with the affair altogether. Not at all. I was regularly ridden with this confounded murder. You see the banker was rather a swell; and the body knew him; and that, of course, made it so shocking. So every body kept talking about it, and they were talking about him at the *Cafés*, and over the *buvcarat* and *bouillotte* at La Tonnaise's later. To escape him I went to bed and smoked myself to sleep. And then a queer thing came to pass. I had a dream—I who never dream; and this is what I dreamed:

"I saw a small room in a country that I knew. A starless night hung over it like a pall. I saw a narrow track running through it, straight, both ways, for hours. Something kept still upon the track with a hurrying rush and roar. This something, that at first had looked like a red-eyed devil, I saw, as it drew full of dire, involved itself, as I watched it, presently, into a more convenient and familiar shape. I saw, in along, though, as no express train ever traveled on; for all that I was able to keep it quite easily in view. I saw it in the compartment as they whirled by. One—two—three—four—five—six; but I could only see distinctly into one. Into that one only could I see distinctness. Into that one I seemed forced to look.

"It was the fourth carriage. Two people were in it. I had in my opposite corners; both were sleeping. The one who sat facing forward was a woman—a girl, rather. I could see that, but I couldn't see her face. The blind was drawn across the lamp in the roof, and the light was very dim; moreover, this girl lay back in the shadow. I was forced to know her, as well I knew that her face was very fair. She wore a cloak that shrouded her form completely, yet her form was familiar to me.

"The figure opposite to her was a man's. Strangely familiar to me too this figure was. But, as he slept, his head sunk upon his breast, and the shadow cast upon his face by the low-drawn cap-peak on he wore hid it from me. Yet if I had seemed to know the girl's face, I was certain I knew the man's. But as I could see, as I could remember, neither. And there was an absolute torture in this which I can't explain to you—in this inability, and in my inability to wake to discover their sleep.

"From the first I had been conscious of a desire to do that. This desire grew stronger every second. I tried to call to them, and my voice wouldn't move. I tried to spring toward them, to thrust out my arms and touch them, and my limbs were powerless. And then I tried to open my eyes to what I *knew* must happen, and my eyes were held open and dragged to look on in spite of me. And I saw this:

"I saw the door of the carriage where these two sleepers, whose sleep was so horribly soon were sitting, and saw this door open, and out of the thick darkness another face took in.

"The light fell on it. It was a very dim, but I could see this face as plainly as I can see yours. A large yellow face it was, like a wax mask. The lips were full and fearful and cruel. The eyes were little eyes of an evil gray. Thin yellow streaks marked the absence of the eyebrows; this face was bald, and moved itself noiselessly for traveling-cap. The whole face seemed to grow slowly into absolute distinctness as I looked, by the light of the lamp, that is, as it were, radiated. I had chanced upon a good many damnable visages before then; but there was a cold fiendishness about this one such as I had seen on no man's face, alive or dead, till then.

"The next moment the man this face belonged to was standing in the carriage, that seemed to plunge and sway more furiously, as though to waken them that slept on. He was in the room for traveling-robe, grit about the waist with a fur girdle. Abnormally tall and broad as he was, he looked in this dress gigantic. Yet there was a marvelous cat-like lightness and agility about all his movements.

"He bent over the girl lying there helpless in her sleep. I don't make rash bargains as a rule, but I felt I could have given years of my life for five minutes of my lost freedom of limb just then. I tell you the torture was infernal.

"The assassin—for he was an assassin—bent a while, gloatingly, over the girl. His great yellow hands were both bare, and on the forefinger of the right hand I could see some great stone blazing like an evil eye. In that right hand three gleamed something else. I saw him draw it slowly from his sleeve, and, as he drew it, turn round and look at the other sleeper with an infernal triumphant malignity and hate the devil himself might have felt. But the man he looked at slept heavily on. And then—God! I feel the agony I felt in my dream to-night—there was a great yellow hand, with the great evil eye upon it, lifted murderously, and the bright steel it held shimmer as the assassin turned again and bent his yellow face down closer to that other face hidden from me in the shadow—the girl's face, that I knew was so fair.

"How can I tell this?.....The blade flashed and fell..... There was the sound of a heavy sigh stifled under a heavy hand.....

"Then the huge form of the assassin was erect over the sleeping pair; the hideous sound to laugh silently, while the hand that held the steel pointed at the sleeping man in diabolical menace.

"And so the huge form and the bloated yellow face seemed to fade away while I watched.

"The impression with which I entered through the blinding darkness without; the sleeping man slept on still; till suddenly a strong light fell upon him, and he awoke.

"And then I saw why I had been so certain that I knew him. For, he lifted his head, I saw his face in the strong light.

"*And the face was my own face; the sleeper was myself.*"

Paul Devereux made a pause in his queer story here. Except when he had spoken of the girl he had called Lucille, he had used, hardly, the *tu* of familiarity. He had been smoking all the time was smoked out. He took time to fill another before he went on. I never swore a word, for I guessed who the sleeping girl was.

"Well," Paul remarked presently, "that was a devilish queer dream—eh? I say, I'll be discount for it by telling me I'd been so pestered with the story of the banker's murder that I naturally had nightmare; perhaps, that the whole question was out of order. Call it a nightmare, call it dyspepsia, if you like. I *don't*, because—but you'll see why I don't directly.

"At the same moment that my dream-self awoke in my dream, my actual self woke in reality, with the same horror upon me.

"I say the *same* horror, for neither then nor afterward could I separate the two self from my self. They seemed identical, as that the queer dream made a more lasting impression upon me than reality. Before I went to bed I had had that sort of thing couldn't last very long. Before I came back from Africa I had utterly forgotten all about it. Before I left Paris, however, and while it was quite fresh in my memory, I sketched the big murderer just as I had seen him in my dream. The great yellow face, the cruel broad frame in the fur traveling-robe, the great hand with the great evil eye upon it—every thing, literally and absolutely, to the finger-nails, trying to paint a portrait that I wanted to make lifelike. I think at the time I had some such intention. If I had, however, I failed. I did not make the sketch, as I say, carefully; and then I forgot all about it.

"Two years passed—three years nearly. I was wintering in the south of France that year. There it was that I met her—Lucille. Old D'Arcy's daughter, and I had met Lucille D'Arcy in Paris. He was dying now. He left the child on his death-bed to me. The end was I married her.

"Poor little thing! I think I might have made her happy with me, but she died of fever one often she was happy with me. Poor little thing!

"Well, we were to come straight to London. That was Lucille's notion. She wanted to go to my London first—nowhere else. Now I would have gone upon any other, but unwilling to let the child have her way. She seemed nervously eager about it, I remembered afterward—seemed to have a morbid dislike to any other place I proposed. But I saw or suspected nothing to make me question her very closely, or to account for her peculiarity on any other than Pandemonium? What could I suspect? Not the truth. If I only had! If I had only guessed what it was that made her so shy of Paris, and to be safe there already. Safe? What had she to fear with me? Ah, what indeed!

"Well, we came home over sea to England. It was a cold, dark night early in March. We reached Lyons somewhere about seven. I should say, mind, because I had no watch. But I think. She entreated me so earnestly and with such strange vehemence to go on by the night-mail to Paris, that at last, to satisfy her, I consented, though it struck me unpleasantly at the time that I had to do so. I was sorry after that, in which the child's fevers should have come to pass. She should feel quite safe there, she said.

"Safe! Where safer? yort might ask. Nowhere, I believed. Alone with me—surely nowhere safer. The French servants I had with me train that night; but I managed to secure a compartment for ourselves. I left Lucille in her corner there while I went across to the *buffet* to fill a flask. I was gone barely five minutes; but when I came back the change in the child's face fairly startled me. I had seen it last with the smile it always wore for me on it, looking so remarkably happy and bright for her. It was all gray-pale and distorted, and the great blue eyes told me directly with what.

"Fear—absolute fear—I thought. But fear? Fear of what? I asked her. She clung close to me half-sobbing a while before she could answer, and then she told me—nothing. There was nothing the matter; only she had felt a pain —a cruel pain—at her heart, and it had frightened her. Yes, that was it; it had frightened her, but it had passed; and she was well, quite well again now.

"All this time her eyes seemed to be telling me another story, but I said nothing; she was to excited already. I did my best to soothe her, and I succeeded. She told me she felt quite well once more before we started. No, she had rather, much rather go on to Paris, as I had promised her she should. She should sleep all the way, if no one came into the carriage to disturb her. No one could come in? Then nothing could be better.

"And so it was that she and I started that night by the express.

"I made her up a bed of rugs and wraps upon the cushions; but she had rather rest her head upon my shoulder, she said, and feel my arm about her; nothing could hurt her then. Ah, strange how she harped on that!

"I had left them, as she loved best—with her head resting on my shoulder, not sleeping much or soundly; uneasily, with sudden, waking starts, and a strange restlessness about her, till I would speak to her. And then she would look up into my face, smile, and fall into a short, dull, uneasy sleep again. And I would think she was overtired, that was all, and reproach myself with having let her come on. And then the hours seemed passed like this, and then we had got as far as Dijon.

"But the child was fairly worn out now, and she offered no opposition when I asked her to let me pillow her head on something softer than my shoulder. So I made a warmer thick shawl into a roll which I covered with my cloak, and she made that her pillow.

"We were rushing full swing through the wild, dark night when she lifted up her face and bade me kiss her and bid her sleep well. And I put the express train out of mind, and the child's lovely lips—for the last time while she lived. Then I flung myself on the seat opposite her, and watched her till I slept—perhaps, and peacefully, slept at last myself also. I had drawn the blind across the lamp in the roof, and the light in the carriage was very dim.

"How long I slept I don't know; it couldn't have been more than an hour and a half, because the express was timed to speed for its first halt beyond Dijon. I had slept heavily I knew; but I woke with a sudden, sharp sense of danger that made me bound across the carriage to where she was.

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"Poor little thing! I think I might have made her happy with me, but she died of fever one often she was happy with me. Poor little thing!

"Well, we were to come straight to London. That was Lucille's notion. She wanted to go to my London first—nowhere else. Now I would have gone upon any other, but unwilling to let the child have her way. She seemed nervously eager about it, I remembered afterward—seemed to have a morbid dislike to any other place I proposed. But I saw or suspected nothing to make me question her very closely, or to account for her peculiarity on any other than Pandemonium? What could I suspect? Not the truth. If I only had! If I had only guessed what it was that made her so shy of Paris, and to be safe there already. Safe? What had she to fear with me? Ah, what indeed!

"Well, we came home over sea to England. It was a cold, dark night early in March. We reached Lyons somewhere about seven. I should say, mind, because I had no watch. But I think. She entreated me so earnestly and with such strange vehemence to go on by the night-mail to Paris, that at last, to satisfy her, I consented, though it struck me unpleasantly at the time that I had to do so. I was sorry after that, in which the child's fevers should have come to pass. She should feel quite safe there, she said.

"Safe! Where safer? yort might ask. Nowhere, I believed. Alone with me—surely nowhere safer. The French servants I had with me train that night; but I managed to secure a compartment for ourselves. I left Lucille in her corner there while I went across to the *buffet* to fill a flask. I was gone barely five minutes; but when I came back the change in the child's face fairly startled me. I had seen it last with the smile it always wore for me on it, looking so remarkably happy and bright for her. It was all gray-pale and distorted, and the great blue eyes told me directly with what.

"Fear—absolute fear—I thought. But fear? Fear of what? I asked her. She clung close to me half-sobbing a while before she could answer, and then she told me—nothing. There was nothing the matter; only she had felt a pain —a cruel pain—at her heart, and it had frightened her. Yes, that was it; it had frightened her, but it had passed; and she was well, quite well again now.

"All this time her eyes seemed to be telling me another story, but I said nothing; she was to excited already. I did my best to soothe her, and I succeeded. She told me she felt quite well once more before we started. No, she had rather, much rather go on to Paris, as I had promised her she should. She should sleep all the way, if no one came into the carriage to disturb her. No one could come in? Then nothing could be better.

"And so it was that she and I started that night by the express.

"I made her up a bed of rugs and wraps upon the cushions; but she had rather rest her head upon my shoulder, she said, and feel my arm about her; nothing could hurt her then. Ah, strange how she harped on that!

"I had left them, as she loved best—with her head resting on my shoulder, not sleeping much or soundly; uneasily, with sudden, waking starts, and a strange restlessness about her, till I would speak to her. And then she would look up into my face, smile, and fall into a short, dull, uneasy sleep again. And I would think she was overtired, that was all, and reproach myself with having let her come on. And then the hours seemed passed like this, and then we had got as far as Dijon.

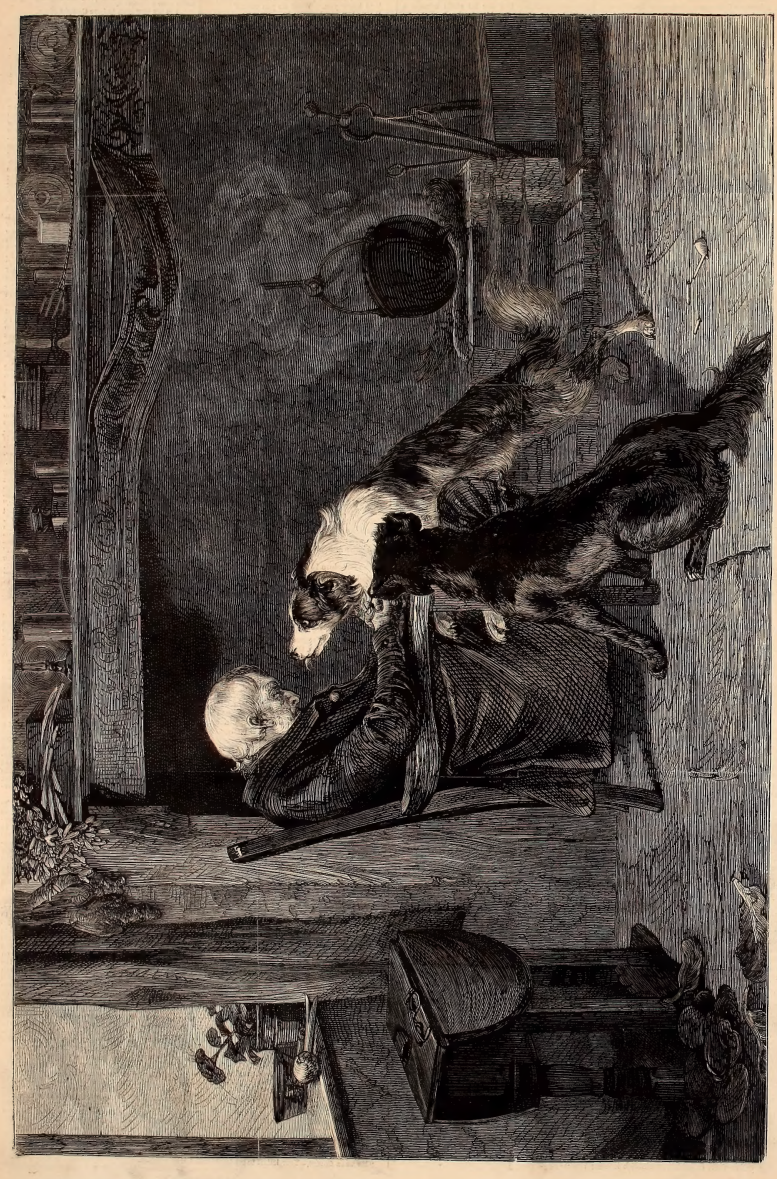
"But the child was fairly worn out now, and she offered no opposition when I asked her to let me pillow her head on something softer than my shoulder. So I made a warmer thick shawl into a roll which I covered with my cloak, and she made that her pillow.

"We were rushing full swing through the wild, dark night when she lifted up her face and bade me kiss her and bid her sleep well. And I put the express train out of mind, and the child's lovely lips—for the last time while she lived. Then I flung myself on the seat opposite her, and watched her till I slept—perhaps, and peacefully, slept at last myself also. I had drawn the blind across the lamp in the roof, and the light in the carriage was very dim

"From another source I discovered that in the lifetime of Madame Steinmetz Lucille was frequently at the house. She had ceased to come there about the date of the commencement of Madame's sudden illness. I got this information by degrees, while I lay *perdu* in an old haunt of mine in the Rays Latin yonder; for I had always had an idea that I should find the man I wanted in Paris. When I had got it I thought I should like to see Monsieur Steinmetz, the agreeable husband. One night I strolled after fix as his new residence in the street off the Champs Elysées. Monsieur Steinmetz lived on the first-floor. There was a brilliant light within, and Monsieur Steinmetz was entertaining friends, it seemed.

"It was a fine night; I established myself out of sight under the doorway of an unfinished house opposite and waited. I don't know why; perhaps I thought that when his friends departed the fineness of the night might induce Monsieur Steinmetz to take a stroll, and that then I should be able to gratify my curiosity. You see, I knew that if he were my man I should know him directly. I waited a good while: shadows crossed the lighted blinds; once a big, broad shadow appeared there, that made me fancy I mightn't have been waiting for nothing after all; soon how, however, Monsieur Steinmetz's guests departed, and in a little while after there appeared on the balcony of Monsieur Steinmetz's apartment *the man I wanted*. There was a moon that night, and the cold white light fell on the great yellow face with the full black lips and the full cruel chin, just as I had seen the light fall on it in my dream. It was the same face, the same black hair, the same man. I couldn't be mistaken. I had no doubt; I *knew* that the assassin of my wife, of that tender, innocent, helpless child, stood there, twenty yards from me, on that balcony.

"I had got myself pretty well in hand; and it was as well I never moved. The face I knew turned presently toward the spot where I stood hidden—the face I had seen in my memory beyond all doubting. The evil grey eyes glanced carelessly into the shadow, and up and down the quiet street; and then Monsieur Steinmetz, humming an air, put inside the window again, and closed it after him. Once more the great burly shadow, that had at first told me I should have to wait a while, came broadly in vain, crossed the blinds; and then it disappeared. I was my man no more that night; but I had recognized my man no more that night; but I had recognized my man so more that night; but I had recognized my man so more that night; but I had recognized my man so



"THE LONG SLEEP."—FROM A PAINTING BY M. RIVIÈRE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

LATIMER, *addressing* CRANMER. "What manner of men are these who thus *perform* our MASTER'S work?"

PROTESTANT MUMMERIES.—[See PAGE 90.]

PROTESTANT MUMMERIES.

See Illustration on page 89.

WHAT would the saintly Fathers of the Church Say of these histrionic follies? They Made for Eternal Truth unwavering search, And to defend it gave their Lives away.

II.

Weakly and old seemed LATIMER, until The pile was lighted, in that terrible time, Then, by the power of the Almighty who The wondering crowd beheld him in his prime.

III.

"Cheer up," he said to RIDLEY, as there lay Dry fagots blazing on the fresh green sod; "The Candle lighted in this realm this day Shall burn forever, by the grace of God."

IV.

Ay, and it burns—extinguishable never, Save by disloyalty of its guardians here; A lamp of life whose shine shall last forever, Filling the minds of men with holy cheer.

V.

But ye who mock the Martyrs' fire—who fancy That foolish fripperies do not desecrate— Who turn religion into chicanery— Churchmen week-minded and degenerate!

VI.

How in your gorgeous costumes would ye tremble— How would your cheeks with shamefit terror burn— If, as your silly vole-ees assemble, The Martyr Bishops entered, calm and stern!

ROMANISM IN ENGLAND.

THE Ritualists in England deny that they seek a union with the Roman Catholic Church; but a glance at our illustration on page 89 will show that whatever obstacle there may be in the way of such a union it is not to be any difference as to the ceremonies of worship. It is probable that any schism in the English Church would result in simply a separation of the Ritualists from the main body. But if Ritualism is not Romanism it is certainly an abandonment of the principles of Protestantism established by the reformers of the sixteenth century. Romanism may not be perfect, say the Ritualists in common with Dr. Erwe, but nevertheless Protestantism is a failure.

But, apart from the *quasi* Romanism affected by the Ritualists, what progress has been lately made by the Papal Church in England? It is asserted that the number of adults received into the Roman Communion by conditional baptism and subsequent admission to the other sacraments during the last twelve months in England amounts to more than 2200 persons. Of these about half have been received in the provinces, and the other half in London. These converts belong almost entirely to the upper, middle, and professional classes, including a higher class of shop-keepers, and not a few of the educated mechanics in some of the large towns. The number of male converts slightly predominates. Dr. Newman—himself a convert of twenty years' standing—has received into his church at Edgbaston two peers, nineteen Anglican clergymen, seven or eight university graduates, and many other persons more or less well known in their respective spheres and callings.

The *Weekly Register and Catholic Standard* says:

At the end of 1864 there were in England and Wales 1850 priests; at the end of 1866 we find the number increased to 1881; at the end of 1866 they numbered 1410; at the end of 1867 they were still further increased to 1485; and at the end of 1868 they number 1493; showing, in five years, an increase in the number of our clergy of 181 priests in England and Wales. At the end of 1864 there were in England and Wales 341 churches, chapels, and stations; at the end of 1866 these were increased to 1871; at the end of 1866 they had further increased to 1014; at the end of 1867 to 1067; and at the end of 1868 they number 1102.

The convents have gone on steadily increasing. At the end of 1864 they numbered 197; at the end of 1866 they had increased to 196; at the end of 1866 they had further increased to 204; at the end of 1867 to 214; and at the end of 1868 to 214.

In Scotland the progress of Catholicism appears to have been very slight indeed during the last five years. At the end of 1864 there were 105 priests and 119 missions in the whole of North Britain. A year later, at the end of 1865, the number of priests had increased to 135, but the number of churches or chapels had decreased to 114. At the end of 1866 they had increased again to 138 priests and 193 chapels; and at the end of 1867 they numbered 142 priests and 201 churches or chapels, at which figures they remain to the present time.

So much for the progress of Romanism; but what is the belief of the converts? How far do they yield obedience to the papacy? Dr. Newman himself insists upon an English style of Romanism, and the same mandatory would scarcely be accepted in Italy. His writings have incurred the displeasure of the Pope. Another convert, Mr. Ward, has Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, has just published a letter to Archbishop Manning. It is drawn out in defiance of the assumed suspicion which, in the present temper of the Roman hierarchy, is of the cringing ultramontane rubble, such an expression of loyalty would occasion.

After giving the history of a memorable interpolation in the creed by a Spanish king at the end of the sixth century, the sequence of which was forced by Charlemagne two centuries later, in the north of an Œcumenical Council and of the reigning Pope, Mr. Ward observes "that, whether absolutely inerrant or not in matters of faith herself, Rome has abundantly proved during the last thousand years that she can be a most negligent, hesitating, fickle, self-seeking, hypocritical guide to others, even when the Faith is concerned."

This writer considers that "if ever there was a justifiable revolt from authority, it was the revolt we call the Reformation;" and adds that the union of Christendom can neither be expected nor desired "till material guarantees have been secured that Rome shall never again be what she has been and, to some extent, still is. So irresistible, to my mind, are the evidences that it is her [Rome's] conduct more than any theory, which has divided Christendom, *her conduct since she became a Court as well as a Church*—not her faith, but her policy for the last thousand years, dating from her endowment under Charlemagne." And he quotes the stern reminder, addressed by St. Bernard to Pope Eugenius III., of a truth which Eugenius and his successors from that day to this have always studiously forgotten—"Your power is by no means separable from God."

Mr. Froude tells us, after fourteen years' experience as Regius Professor, that he can find no remarkable contrast between his present and former co-religionists, and that he can not see that the change has converted "have progressed in any perceptible degree," while many of them "have notoriously descended to a lower level of Christianity since their conversion."

This is the style of English Romanism, and among intelligent converts no other is possible.

THE ENCHANTED APPLES.

IN the dawn of the Consulate, when Bonaparte was indeed Cæsar—that is to say, absolute master in a state retaining the name of the Republic—the First Consul and his wife frequently quitted Paris for a short sojourn at Malmaison. Josephine loved the ancient country house best of all their residences, and far from attempting to transplant thither the ceremony and form which wearied her at the Tuileries, she found in the simple habits of provincial life, and banished from her house every thing showy and ostentatious. Upholsterers, during their visits Malmaison became the leader of universal attraction, and Madame Bonaparte, in spite of all the efforts made behind hand her more flatterers than flowers. Almost before she was aware of it her *salon* was crowded with the most distinguished persons and the most ambitious men of the time—some agreeable surprise was daily planned for her—and (especially in her absence) ovations awaited her wherever she turned.

Especially in Bonaparte's absence. The courtiers found the secret of their power much from that penetrating glance which could at once detect the selfish motive of a gallant attention or the political aim of an assiduity. Now Bonaparte had a well-grounded dread of the heedlessness of his wife, who unreflectingly followed the impulse of her kindness, and found her heart led to retract her hasty promises or check her naturally impetuous speech by—an amiable weakness of which Josephine could never cure herself, and which afterward gave her the first place among those whom she has dried many tears, but never caused one to fall.

One evening Madame Bonaparte dined almost alone at Malmaison. The company was small even on the table, M. de Noailles, a junior member of the ministry, was admitted to pay his respects to the wife of the First Consul. There was a man about fifty years old, who carried a little table which he set down before Josephine, spreading on it a rather coarse napkin. On these primitive arrangements were made he drew from a bag three pewter cups and balls, and the latter seemed to be endowed by inchantment with the precised fingers; then they rebounded like hail—then, at a breath, they vanished.

"Madame has only to speak," said the unknown, confidently, to Josephine, "and her commands shall be obeyed. I regret that Madame has finished her dinner, otherwise I should have been able to present her with dishes which have just graced the table of the Tuileries—as, for instance, Mediterranean—Sardines from Royan—or, better still, the delicate little silver-fish caught in that quarter of the globe which has lent the costume of giving birth to Madame for the happiness of France. But Madame does not express a wish. Would she prefer a pheasant roasted on the or a warbler from the woods—an Oriental ruby, or one of those nightingales which enchant our forests?"

The man who thus placed universal nature at Josephine's service, appeared to wish that she should select the latter. Instead of this he set up a goblet and seemed listening to the harmonious cadences of the minstrel of spring.

But Josephine, who, without demanding immense sums on her toilet, retained sufficient simplicity of taste to prefer a wreath of flowers to a coronet of gems—replied to the conjurer that diamonds nor birds; she asked for a rose.

Hardly had she pronounced her lips when the juggler reversed his cup and, holding it for an astonished spectators a rose surrounded with buds, which trembled lightly on its stem and filled the room with fragrance.

"Bon Dieu!" cried Josephine, "you have gathered the ornament of my garden—the only rose which I had counted on giving Bonaparte to-morrow, because it yet wanted a night to become full blown."

"Pardon me, Madame," replied the conjurer, respectfully, "that rose is mine, and I have the honor of offering it to the wife of the First Consul. I could not have had the effrontery to lay hands on the flowers of Madame Bonaparte—moreover, I have never set foot in her conservatory."

Josephine sent one of her attendants to verify this statement, who announced on his return that the rose destined for Bonaparte still bloomed safely on the tree. Madame Bonaparte, simple and credulous as a Creole child, could not disguise her amusement. Nothing, it seemed, could baffle the prodigious skill of the unknown magician. Now he sent from his bag flights of birds who picked up the crumbs fallen from the dinner-table; now he filled a cup with water, and tossing it to the ceiling, an avalanche of flowers descended on the spectators.

When admiration was at its height, and curiosity was still unappeased, Josephine took up a bag which hung from the arm of her couch, and began seeking for her purse, but the conjurer drew himself at her feet. "Madame," said he, "you can repay me a hundredfold for the trifling amusement that I have given you—but not with gold. A boon, Madame, a boon!"

"What can I do for you?" inquired Josephine, who fully believed her petitioner possessed of far greater power than herself. The juggler merely begged her to taste some of the fruit which was on the table, and she extended her hand toward an apple whose golden rind had tempted the conjurer even before; and using her fruit-knife with the hesitation of one who expects a miracle to follow, she cut the perfumed flesh.

There are flowers, says the Latin poet, on whose petals are inscribed the names of kings. The apple held Bonaparte's name concealed in its core a petition to the First Consul.

"Madame," cried the stranger, still on his knees before her, "you see at your feet an unfortunate who mingled in the quarrels of kings and took arms against the Republic. I wore at La Vendée a cockade which was not that of my country; and when the party I served was defeated, I had to fly from France, and live a banished man. My Heaven ignorance—you ever knowing what the exile suffers! My fatherland has rejected me, my name is transferred from the list of citizens, and of the proscribed. A word from you, Madame, and this wretched fate will be reversed; I shall return openly to Paris; I shall live once more in the midst of my own!"

During this appeal Josephine closely scrutinized the fragments of apple which lay on her plate: she saw through her slender fingers the unbroken and shining pel, and marveled at the prodigy she had witnessed—an apple which held parchment instead of pips!

"Monsieur," she said to the conjurer, "your request is granted. The First Consul shall see your petition, and rest assured that I will do all in my power to promote it."

The magician bowed, replaced his cups in his bag, took his little table under his arm, bowed to the ground, and withdrew.

Addressed the servant man who had introduced the clever conjurer, Josephine said, "I am your debtor for an amusing evening, M. de Noailles. You can not imagine how accomplished man Bonaparte must befriend him—he has done greater favors to far less entertaining and useful persons. I must send for your unknown when I want something superhuman done for me."

Under the Directorate the proscribed emigrants had returned in crowds. The careless Barras readily believed that all enmity was extinct. Not so Bonaparte, who, though not suspicious, was wary, and knew that the germs of disaffection would endanger the tranquillity of the new government. Therefore he secretly severely under the Consulate than the Directorate; and while Bonaparte regarded the Republicans as his most dangerous adversaries, he more keenly kept watch over the movements of the emigrants—and those who had fought at La Vendée or sojourned in England he watched closely.

Fouché, on his part, exercised a general *surveillance*, and constantly forwarded to Bonaparte the most alarming reports with all his vigilance, however, he could not prevent the explosion of the Infernal Machine. It is well known that Bonaparte's policy was to accuse the Republicans of this conspiracy, while Fouché, who fancied he saw the plots of England in all the troubles of Europe, unhesitatingly denounced the Royalists.

At eleven o'clock on the evening of the conjuror's visit to Josephine the First Consul left the Opera, and proceeded to Malmaison. He arrived unannounced and alone, and hearing that Madame Bonaparte was sleeping, went at once to his apartment and threw himself on the iron camp bedstead which accompanied him on his numerous campaigns, and has become historical.

At six o'clock next morning, as Bonaparte took a hasty meal in the breakfast-room, the carriage which was to convey him to Paris already waiting in the court-yard, Josephine entered the apartment. She flew to him, seized his hands, and kissed his forehead.

"Can I guess what you have left without seeing me?" she playfully asked.

"What did you do yesterday, Josephine?" returned her husband. "Who came to see you? how did you spend your day?"

I was very much amused. If you stay and dine with me at dinner I will give you a agreeable surprise. By-the-way," she added, producing a paper, which she showed him, "erase this name from the list of *proscrits*, and you will do me a great favor. Besides, I have promised."

"A Chouan! exclaimed Bonaparte, angrily, as he glanced at the petition. "Georges Mauvec, one of the fanatic followers of Charette and De la Rochejaquelein, one of the men who, barely eighteen months since, followed the armies of the Republic, plundering and killing straggling soldiers, throwing those left wounded on the battle-field! Mauvec, Mauvec! A man who comes from England, who landed secretly on our coast, no doubt as an emissary from Pitt. For, my good friend Fox, has repeatedly warned me against the plots of these traitors. And what do you know of this man? Where have you met him? Why are you interested in him? Speak, Madame, speak!"

At this explosion of wrath the terrified Josephine burst into tears.

"Control yourself," said Bonaparte, coldly, "leave off weeping, and answer me. Of course you were ignorant of the man's crimes, and he has imposed on your compassion. They flatter themselves that I can reject nothing presented by your hand, and that they will thus be enabled to undermine Paris beneath our very feet. Oh, Fouché was right! These wretches are incapable of change."

While speaking Bonaparte had drawn his wife's arm through his own, and walked impetuously up and down the room with her, utterly oblivious of his irritated hands.

"I know *nothing* about him," returned Josephine. "Do not disturb yourself so, Bonaparte. Tear up that petition. Let us say no more about it. If you only knew how it came into my hands!"

"That is exactly what I want to know," Bonaparte answered; and then Josephine related how M. de Noailles had introduced the conjuror on the previous day, and the wonderful feats with which he had astonished her. Even the petition Josephine held in his hand had something ludicrous about it; it seemed to have grown in the apple, or at least to have been placed there by supernatural agency!

"And to this sort of thing you open the doors of my house!" said the First Consul, angrily. "O wandering mountebanks who, disparaging of hoodwinking the husband, practice on the credulity of the wife, and seek to make her the tool of their intrigues. What a child you are, Josephine! A trickster deceives you, and you fancy him a magician—you see sleight of hand, and call it a miracle!"

So speaking he stopped before a side-board and took some fruit from an *epergne*.

"Josephine," said his wife, gently. "I found the petition in an apple like that—you know I am fond of them, they are brought to table every day, and I took the first that came."

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders, and opening the knife, inserted it into the fruit.

The marvel was repeated: a petition was hidden in the core.

"I have two, two," said Bonaparte; and taking up another apple, he peeled it also, and discovered a third petition. The plate was emptied, and a similar result in every case.

Then Bonaparte showed his wife the adroit artifice by which every apple had been hollowed out, so that a very roll of paper carefully folded could be inserted in place of the pips.

"The man could not afford to lose a chance," he said, "and the arrangements were made so that you could choose hap-hazard. He must have had an accomplice in the fruiterer, who shall serve as a clue to lead us to your conjuror, I will send to Fouché, and—"

"Oh, Bonaparte, I implore you," cried Josephine, "do not be harsh; keep sacred the shelter of our roof!"

"Our roof! Is *he here*, then?"

"Not now, but he will return. I had hoped to amuse you this evening by—"

"No matter, Josephine: be satisfied; Fouché will find him without disturbing the tranquillity of your house. He can not be permitted to mature his conspiracies unchecked."

Josephine, finding listening any longer to Josephine's remonstrances, he hurriedly embraced her, trampled under foot the fragments of apple and the torn petitions which strewed the floor, sprang into the carriage which awaited him in the court-yard, surrounded by the consular guard, and set off at a gallop for Paris.

It is impossible to describe the distress of Josephine, who already shared the kindness of heart which in after-days won for her the title of "the good Empress." She felt no personal interest in the man in question, but, fearful that she had caused his imprisonment, perhaps his death, was insupportable to her. She sought for George, and in all the environs of Malmaison; she inquired for him every where, she consulted every one; and if she could have found Marec she would have laid his pardon at the feet of the conjuror to conduct him safely beyond the frontier. But her search was fruitless. Even M. de Noailles, who introduced Marec, had quitted Malmaison on the following night, and had not returned.

At last the dinner hour arrived; Josephine, engrossed by one haunting thought, could touch nothing. When dessert was served a sharp knock at the house door startled her sister-in-law up, and George Marec himself stood before her, with his little table, his bag, and his ebony wand.

"Oh," cried Josephine, in terror, "fly, Monsieur, fly, or you are lost! You are a Chouan —you have sought out Fouché's stronghold—you deserve to die! My house can no longer protect you—fly!"

The conjuror looked at her with an unfeigned terror and tranquil smile; and begging her to afford him a moment of an hour's audience, he arranged his table and took out his cups and balls.

This time he did not offer bouquets of roses and rubies, he sent forth no flights of birds, he called down no deluge of flowers. They were puppet soldiers—Austrians and Russians, diminutive cavalry—which issued from his goblet.

"Here!" he cried, "are the Austrians, the Prussians, the Russians, who fear us no more. See their battalions, their squadrons, their divisions. See, on a white horse, Melas, their chief; on a black horse, Wurmser, their general-in-chief, who has promised St. Nicholas, his patron saint, all the French guns to ornament his shrine. One hill is in front of the French army. Behold Bonaparte—he narrowly watches his opponents —he extends his hand, and all the world is in arms. Do you hear the roar of the cannon, the challenge of the trumpet? Do you perceive the ricochet Bay advance toward the enemies' staff, whom it threatens, whom it attacks, whom it scatters? Long live the Republic! Long live General Bonaparte! Victory is ours!"

And by a master-piece of dexterity and of mechanism the tiny troops continued to emerge from the conjuror's cup, taking rank on the table, and executing the movements with the enumeration of which Marec deafened Madame

Bonaparte. When the contest was over, victors and vanquished re-entered the goblet, and the juggler declared that he would proceed to show the illustrious wife of the First Consul many yet more wonderful things—Mourad Bey, the Mamelukes, Junot, Kleber, Dessaix, the Battle of the Pyramids—a world, the campaign in Egypt: but she was too much alarmed for his safety to enjoy the singular spectacle.

"In Heaven's name," she cried, "take this purse and depart!"

"Grant me one last favor," said the conjuror, leaving the *campagna in Egypt* sitting in his cup; "condescend, Madame, once more to open an apple."

Josephine hurriedly complied with his request, and found the following letter:

"MADAME,—I have in my possession documents which will prove to the First Consul that the Master who has had the honor of appearing before you, and speaking your native tongue, is not the murderer of Hassia who meets the utmost rigor of the law, an hour or two, who took part, it is true, in the expedition of Quiberon, but who fought honorably, and was expatriated on the demand of the Royalists. He did not emigrate to England, but to Switzerland, whence he has brought the Marionettes which have amused you. The other Master is named Jacques, and he has never quitted Italy, where he lives very easy as a rentier.

"I am happy to inform you, Madame, that your protege's fame is not struck from the list of the marvellous.

"I have the honor to be, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

"X. COMUS."

"Excellent news!" cried Josephine, with a deep sigh of relief. "Monsieur, Monsieur, show me the conjuror in Egypt!"

Georges Marez had indeed passed two years in Switzerland, where he practiced conjuring for a livelihood. On returning to France he laid aside the cards and balls, except for the occasional amusement of the Empress, whose influence procured him an appointment in the commissariat.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

THE public institutions on Blackwell's Island, committed to the charge of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, form the subject of our illustrations on page 92. We purpose to give a brief description of these institutions, with such facts and suggestions derived from the last published Report of the Commissioners—that for 1867.

The Small-pox Hospital, at the southern extremity of the Island, is sometimes entirely vacant. Advantage was taken of such a vacancy in 1867 to repair and paint the building throughout, and to introduce gas for lighting from the Charity Hospital. Of the 209 patients under treatment that year fifteen died.

The Charity Hospital, in 1867, subsisted 6855 patients, of whom 1201 died. This hospital, though open to patients suffering from every variety of disease, is largely devoted to the treatment of syphilis. More than 3000 cases of this description were admitted in 1867. It will soon be necessary to erect a separate hospital for patients of this class.

No applicants are admitted to the Alms-house except those who, from old age or chronic infirmity, are incapable of earning a livelihood, for it is found that the inmates, after a brief residence, lose all self-reliance and become a public charge during life. The able-bodied, who may be suffering from want, are either granted temporary relief by the Superintendent of the Outdoor Poor, or are committed to the Penitentiary house. Under the present regulations the Almshouse is, as it should be, a shelter for the old and infirm rather than, as formerly the asylum for the vagrant and slothful. Hospital rules have been established, thorough cleanliness is enforced, and a more generous diet has been provided.

The prisoners committed to the Penitentiary, numbering 9911 in 1867, are divided into three classes according to the gravity of their crimes, and, though subject to the same rules in respect to labor and discipline, they work in separate gangs and eat at separate tables, and each prisoner occupies a separate cell. Only those guilty of felony wear the distinctive dress of the Penitentiary. "There are," say the Commissioners, "about 30,000 children in this city growing up in ignorance and idleness. They have no occupation but to beg, and learn no art but to steal. Hordes of children are sent out every morning to beg or pilfer along the piers and boat-heads of the city, to snatch up, unobserved, a few grains of coffee, or handfuls of cotton, or scraps of iron; and their progress from the first act of pilfering to burglary is as regular as the progress of a school-boy from class to class. At the age of fifteen the girls are prostitutes and the boys professed thieves. The brevity of their lives, shortened by syphilitic disease, is the only check upon the increase of their numbers." The measures recently adopted to break up this career of crime among our youth by arresting children found begging or peddling nick-nacks in the streets promise to secure good results.

The Juvenile Asylum of this city, which is authorized to receive children on the warrant of a magistrate, has been the means of saving from destruction many children of the classes referred to, and its managers are entitled to the warm thanks of the community for their zeal and devotion to the great work of philanthropy in which they are engaged. The Children's Aid Society and the Reformatory, with other charities of a like character, have, without coercive powers, been instrumental in rescuing annually large numbers of children from ruin, by gathering them from the streets, clothing them, and securing for them comfortable and reputable homes.

To the Work-house are committed drunkards, vagabonds, and disorderly persons, the terms of imprisonment varying from ten days to six months. As a house of correction it well fulfils the purposes of its establishment. Of the inmates committed a considerable proportion are newly-arrived emigrants. In order to protect the counties of the State from the maintenance of foreign vagrants and criminals, the Legislature has imposed a tax upon each emigrant arriving at the port of New York. The Commissioners of Emigration collect the moneys thus raised, which they disburse under regulations which they have framed for their own government.

THE PRESENT ART SEASON IN NEW YORK.

THE art season of 1868-9 fairly opened rather feebly, so far as regards the exhibition at the National Academy of Design. The main interest in this exhibition was centred in the collections of the works of three Academicians, whose deaths within a few months preceding had thrown a gloom over the whole fraternity of American artists. We refer, of course, to ELLIOTT, LEUTZE, and WILLIAM S. MOUNT. The works of ELLIOTT and LEUTZE covered three sides of the large south gallery, excepting the space given to one of the characteristic and strong figure-pieces of CHURCH, and the same was almost invariably the trait of ELLIOTT by BAKER. Standing in this gallery on the Saturday preceding the opening, and getting a really "private view," the various memorial memorials of genius untimely lost to the world, our musings were pleasantly interrupted by the entrance of two members of the American art, one of whom has already rounded out a long life full of distinguished honors and world-wide usefulness, while the other has, in the course of many years the venerated chief of the Academy of Design—SAMUEL F. B. MORSE and DANIEL HUNTINGTON, the former one of the fathers of the Academy, and the latter for years its President, by several years still their senior. Gorgeous, as the two recent portraits sent by him to the exhibition, his clear eyesight, and elastic step at Mr. Cozzens' "Old Corner Book" left of the artists affectionately call the lamented ELLIOTT —but return long enough to paint a group including four of the men who, in connection with, together with ASHER B. DURAND, another of our best artists who still retains his powers in their ripeness, and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—what a priceless gift such a picture would be to posterity!

The visitor to the Academy, judging our artists by the present exhibition, would arrive at a very inadequate conception of the amount and quality of the work which fills the studios. The landscape painters especially are weakly represented. Most of them spend the country during the summer and fall, and do not get fairly at work until about the first of December. A few pictures, however, are to be found in the fall exhibition. Some, also, of our best figure painters are unrepresented, preferring to keep their pictures in reserve for the Spring exhibition. Artists are doing, and what they have recently done, we must visit them in their studios, where their pictures are seen to the best advantage, and where our interest in the artist enhances our pleasure in his works. A few visits of this sort we propose to make, enabling us to give in the next issue the readers of the *Weekly* to see the artists and their pictures as we saw them ourselves.

It may be necessary to remark that it is utterly impossible to find space for even a brief mention of all of those who have obtained a recognized position as artists. The Council of Government of the Academy contains the names of one hundred and sixty-six Academicians and Associates. Of these, DE HASS, BRUCE, LANG, HUNTINGTON, M'ENTEE, LAURT THOMPSON, J. F. WIER, and others, are in Rome, where also, DURAND and FREEMAN are residing; BELLOWS is in England; HAZELTINE and SULLIVAN are somewhere abroad; HUNTINGTON, JOHN W. CASILEAR, where PEALE resides; WUST is in Antwerp; VEDDER is in Paris, and MAY lives there, and BIERSTADT is in Paris or Switzerland. Artistic emigration abroad of which Americans may well feel proud. Besides those who are enrolled on the Academy catalogue there are about one hundred artists in New York who have more or less claim to the title. Some have come here quite recently, like MR. A. T. BRUCHER, a landscape painter, from Boston, of decided ability. Some do not, for reasons of their own, desire to become Academicians, like MR. T. P. ROSSITER, a figure painter whose powers are generally acknowledged.

It will be seen that we can only select from among the two hundred and fifty or more artists in New York whom we propose to visit a few of those who are best known, and who represent most thoroughly the various specialties of our art. Some of those whom we should otherwise have included in our survey of the present season were not in their studios when we called, and must therefore be reserved for notice on some future occasion. There is an increasing tendency among our artists to congregate in buildings partly or wholly devoted to their use; but the present accommodations of such buildings are altogether inadequate, and our tour among the studios will take us from Bleecker Street to Thirtieth Street, a distance of a mile and a half north and south, and from Astor Place to the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue, about half a mile east and west.

Beginning at 650 Broadway, near Bleecker Street, we find the capacious double studios of GEORGE H. HALL in the upper story of a building whose exterior gives little indication of artistic occupancy.

GEORGE H. HALL.

MR. HALL whose flower and fruit pictures are better known and more generally admired than those of any other American artist, is personally one of the most agreeable of acquaintances. Extremely modest, and almost shy in his manners, his quiet earnestness, frankness, and real cordiality win on one insensibly. In Spain, where he has twice temporarily resided, he found subjects for figure pictures which enabled him to display his fine ability as a colorist. On his last return from there he brought back sixty-three sketches from life, from which he has already painted over twenty pictures. The remainder will occupy the best part of his time for two years more, when he expects again to visit his favorite sketching ground. The illustrations of Spanish life and character which, as sketches or finished pictures, adorn the walls of MR. HALL'S studio fairly glow with their warm colors, all have a striking air of reality. Peasants, laboring, fruit-dealers, gipsies, priests, and beggars are depicted just as they were sketched from the wealth of picturesque subjects available to the artist in such a city as Seville. Nowhere in Europe does the brunette type afford richer or more various specimens, from the delicately-colored faces of the latter class to the so-ugly and almost repulsive countenances of the gipsies. The costumes are equally interesting and effective in color, even when they are little else than rags. When, as is usually the case, MR. HALL introduces fruit and flowers in his Spanish figure pictures, his mastery of the finer specialties which he has chosen becomes especially manifest.

J. T. CROPSEY.

Across Broadway, and a little further up, in the upper story of the book-store of G. P. PUTNAM & SON, we find the cozy studio of MR. CROPSEY. Although popularly regarded as among our veteran artists, he has by no means and in no degree lost the skill as a colorist, and especially as a painter of the brilliant hues of our autumnal forests, which in former years gave him a name, when there were fewer rivals than now. He has a summer residence and studio back of Newburgh, in the romantic Wawasenin Valley, from which locality he has brought back several sketches and nearly-finished pictures. Whether there or here, he enjoys in his artistic labors the society and appreciative sympathy of his pleasant and cultivated family. His last picture has in it not the same characteristics as those of his earlier days. An autumnal scene just painted, which we saw in his studio, illustrated this. Simplicity in composition—a quiet stream, back of which the mountains rise all around—the hazy, dreamy atmosphere, seemingly holding in solution the rich colors of the foliage, would have enabled us to identify the authorship of the picture anywhere. MR. CROPSEY is now engaged on a large picture of the Hudson as seen near Fishkill.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

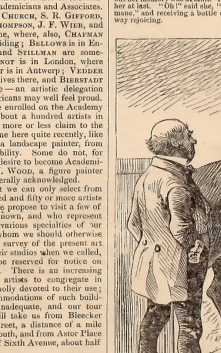
RESIDENCE FOR THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.—"The Thawing-House."

LITERARY.—We have the highest authority for announcing that the forthcoming novel, "Drowned in Sherry," by the author of "Wrecked in Port," is in active preparation.

DISPUTING MEANINGS.—To tan a dog's hide with his own bark.

A LITTLE girl attending a party was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," said she, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be no happier unless I could grow."

A damsel of Celtic origin entered a grocery store and asked for a bottle of them things up there, pointing to a shelf filled with luxuries, etc. The clerk, anxious to supply her wants, asked which she meant, but her memory was at fault. A bright thought struck her at last. "Oh," said she, "it's a bottle of foine champane," and receiving a bottle of capers she went her way rejoicing.



"THERE'S THE RUB."

OWNER. "Now, Tim, put a Good Coat on him."
TIM. "Shure, and I'll make him Shine like the Top of your Anner's Head."
[His "Anner" considers it Personal, and objects to the Stories.

REFLECTIONS BY AN OLD BACHELOR.—Domestic happiness may be very sweet, but when I look at my brother's family it strikes me that it is also very dear.

The complexion of a girl of the period differs from a railway accident in that the one is, and the other is not, transferable.

I love to see little children eating unaccustomed delicacies, and my heart rejoices at a think of the happiness of the family doctor awaiting them.

Mistrust the woman who, when a glass of wine is split over her dress, smiles, and says it doesn't matter.

The taste for sweets grows in all of us long after childhood—nay, even in old age every one wishes to be worth a plum.

Curious how this life resembles billiards—kisses and misses are generally found near together.

We hear much of the balance of power, the balance of happiness, and the balance of receipts; but, to my thinking, the most effective balance of all is to be found at your bankers'.

A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

When I look upon a party of young people, I console myself with the thought that, after all, my style is as good-looking as any of theirs, and that's what it must resolve itself in at last!

A MAN entered a furniture store and said: "Have you any old furniture?" "No, Sir," was the reply, "we make new goods," was the answer. This reminds one of the Englishman in a restaurant who ordered fish to be "cooked as you handle 'em."

A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

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Too TRUE!—The man who is awfully *urbane* to his creditors strangers is generally also "*her* base" behind their backs.

A "LADIES' SUFFERMENT"—Crinoline!

HOW TO "SERVE" A DINNER—Eat it.

A VERY ONE-HORSE AFFAIR—The taking of Troy.

A man up in Berkshire had company to dine one day, and when all were seated at the table his little son deliberately folded his hands and with a solemn face asked a blessing. When he had finished the little father looked around the table and innocently said, "Father does this when nobody is here."

PARIS GREEN—The fellow who ran away with Helen.

USEFUL DOMESTIC COOKERY—Making both ends "meet."

A MISNOMER.—"*Idle* reports," contrary to what the name would imply, are always extremely busy!

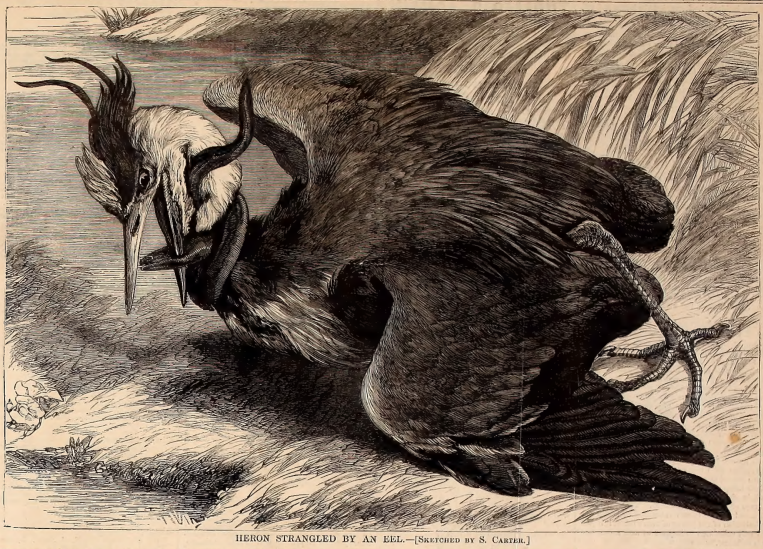
DELIGHTFUL DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college many thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology not calculated for his exercise of philosophy, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent journeyman of insects that he invited him to board and bed in chambers. Next morning Dr. Mostly greeted his guest, "and how did ye sleep this night, Mister Beetlesnuff?" "Well, very well, strange bed, perhaps! But—" "Ah," quoth the doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?" "Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was." "Just think of that! Bitten, my ye! Now, can you say it was any thing at all noteworthy that bit you? Peradventure, eh?" "Well, I think, but don't know for biting I never met in my life." "I should think so, indeed! with great pleasure. "They're Sicilian fleas; *I imported them myself!*"

MAKING A CLEAN SWEEP—Giving him a Turkish bath.

SUGGESTED ANIMATION.—A Performer on the *trapeze*.

Two friends met the other day in the street. "What a shocking bad hat you wear!" exclaimed one of them. "My dear friend, I wear it only because I love my own liberty." "But what on earth has your liberty to do with the hat?" "Oh, a great deal with it! Any person who would never walk out with me as long as I should wear such a hat!"

VIEW OF THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF CHARITY AND CORRECTION ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



HERON STRANGLED BY AN EEL.—[SKETCHED BY S. CARTER.]

A HERON STRANGLED BY AN EEL.

MR. S. CARTER, an English artist whose sketch we have engraved, states that this singular encounter took place on December 5, at a stream much frequented by herons, near Gooderstone Water-mill, in Norfolk. The strange gestures of the bird had attracted the attention of a miller named CONIES, who came up to it and found it expiring. The heron, it seems, had pierced with its lower mandible an eel through the gullet, when the eel, on being struck, coiled itself tightly round the heron's neck in such a knot as to completely strangle its enemy, to which, however, the miller dealt an unnecessary blow on the head with his stick. But, on discovering the strange nature

THE MUSIC LESSON.

of the incident, he forwarded the heron and eel, without distributing their relative positions, to Mr. ELLISS, a skilful naturalist at Swaffham, by whom they are now preserved just as they were found; and they are to form part of the collection of Mr. TYSSEN AMHERST, at Didlington Hall, on whose estate, very near the spot where the heron and eel were found, is the heronry, of which Mr. CARTER lately supplied an illustration. The drawing now engraved was made by Mr. CARTER from the victims in the flesh, before they were skinned for stuffing. The heron, which is a fine bird, proved to be in good condition, and very fat. The eel measured 24 inches in length and weighed 8½ oz.

A NEW STAR.

A FEW words about the star which, not suddenly appeared, or rather, was suddenly observed, in a portion of the heavens where it was known that no such star was visible up to a very recent period.

The honor of this interesting discovery is due to a French engineer, M. Courbebaisse, who has already, as an amateur astronomer, acquired some distinction, as having called attention to the fact that one of the nebulæ of the third magnitude, in the constellation known as the Northern Crown, increases occasionally in brilliancy until it becomes easy to be ranked as a star of the second magnitude, diminishing again in splendor until it almost, if not entirely, disappears from view.

The newly-discovered star was first observed by M. Courbebaisse in the Balance, early in the morning of the 20th November, 1866; and, knowing how many watchful eyes are continually scanning the heavens at every favorable moment, he had not the instant in question for his discovery to the astronomical world.

It has been established, by well-grounded reasonings, that light travels at the enormous speed of nearly ten millions of miles in a minute. Astronomers tell us further, that the distance of some of the visible heavenly bodies is such, that a ray of light from them requires two millions of years to reach this globe; so that the extraordinary fact is presented to us that centuries ages before the appearance of these starry phantoms upon our earth, their further history may have passed into space and have ceased to have their being; and, as a necessary corollary, the whole of the unexplored vault may be but the image of that which has been. Truly, if astronomical science is well calculated to excite our admiration of the power of man's mind, it is just as well calculated to impress us with a sense of his littleness.

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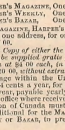

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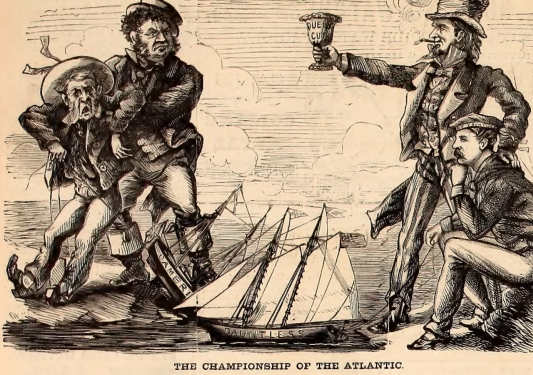

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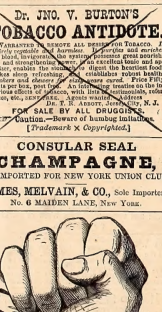

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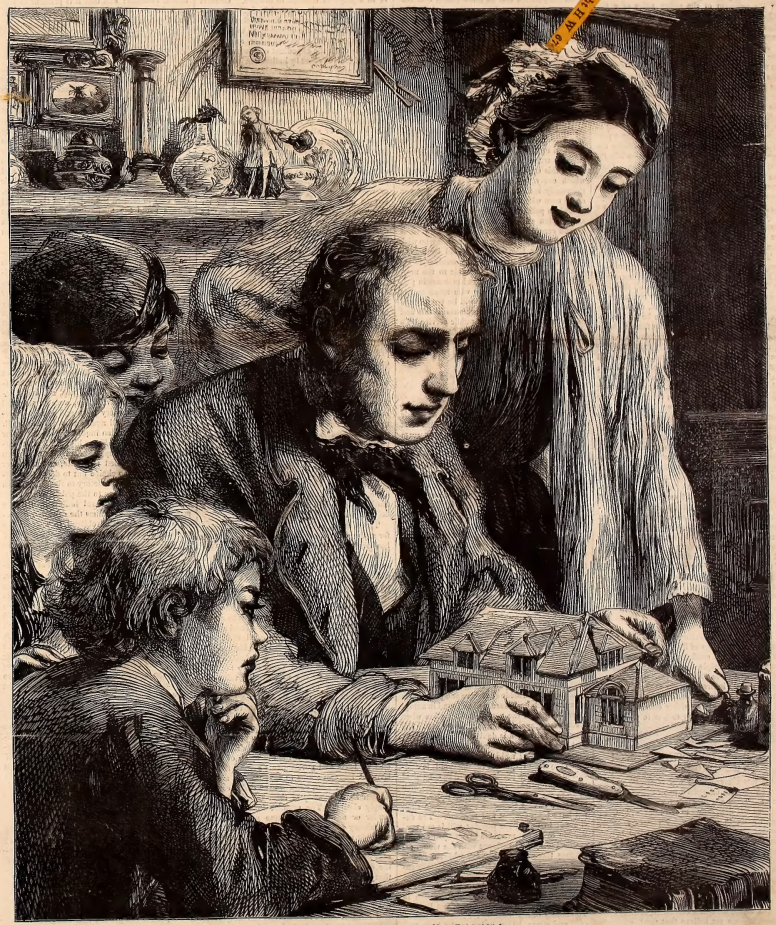


MODELING A HOMESTEAD.—[See Page 105.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

ENGLAND AND THE TREATY.

LAST week, in commenting upon the proposed British treaty, we said that the question of granting maritime rights to a belligerent without a port would necessarily be drawn into the discussion. It is now announced that General GRANT is of opinion that "the treaty is unjust to the United States, because it assumes to measure injury inflicted upon this country by money-value of ships actually destroyed, whereas this class of damage to our commerce was in our ships being driven from the sea by Anglo-Rebel pirates. In addition to this, the sympathy extended by the British Government to the Southern people during the war at least a year, and for all lives lost and money expended for this time England is directly responsible. The treaty proposes to settle all these things by the payment of the paltry value of a few ships." Whether this is the opinion of General GRANT or not, it is certainly that of many other persons.

Now, that the action of England did destroy our commerce and prolong the war, there can be no doubt. Such an offence can be settled in one of two ways: only by war or by treaty. If we go to war the victor will settle the terms of peace. If we make a treaty, the only practicable method for England to atone for the wrong is to apologize or to pay for the losses. But this report represents General GRANT as sneering at payments as a method of settlement, except perhaps upon some scheme that shall include all the expenses of the last year of the war—while for lost lives no compensation is possible. Does the worthy reporter mean that we shall understand it to be the intention of the new Administration to demand an apology and the payment, without commission, of such a bill as we may present? This merely means war, and if General GRANT is an extremely sensible man, we do not believe he will begin his Administration by forcing David to fight.

The *Tribune* says that our commerce was swept from the seas, "and *that* is the measure of British liabilities." But how shall the amount of his liability be determined? Shall the Government compute the value of our commerce in 1860, and showing it to England, demand immediate payment, or shall there be an investigation by a commission? If the former course be adopted, it does not seem promising for peace. If the latter, precisely the same result may be reached, and the peace preserved. And as we said last week, there should be no counter British "claims," arising from the recognition of the rebels, during the moment. We do not expect that we will receive money in settlement of our commerce, or our ships, or our claims, or whatever name may be referred, it is at least worth considering whether investigation by a commission is not the preferable method.

But we must begin with one clear understanding. Nothing whatever, as treaty, or payment, can satisfy the deep indignation which the conduct of Great Britain aroused in the American people. It was incredible that a nation of our own race, and so peculiarly related to us, should encourage the attempt of an oligarchy of slaveholders to overthrow this government. But sharp experience soon "knocked incredulity to intense hostility. England was more hated in this country when the war ended than she had been since 1776's treaty. Much of that feeling remains, and we must suppose that it can not be allayed by any kind of diplomacy. It is a wound which time only, as it reveals a more kindly feeling, can heal. But that treaties and statesmanship can do is upon a lower level; and it is essential to understand it.

If the British Government is willing to pay for the consequences of its conduct it confesses its regret for that conduct. If it does not renounce the principle upon which it acted its retribution will be swift and fearful. Governments will do indirectly what they will not do directly; and since we must be the gainers, both in honor and power by either course, it seems hardly worth while to go to war to prove how deeply we were offended.

HOW TO SAVE THE FOURTH DOLLAR.

"I HOPE every voter will remember," said Mr. JENCKES in his speech upon the Civil Service bill, "that out of every four dollars raised in taxes one dollar goes to the thieves!" That would seem a most obviously plainly enough. Twenty-five per cent. of the revenue of the country is stolen and wasted. If there be a more powerful practical argument for a system which should secure honesty and capacity in the civil service we do not know what it is. And notwithstanding the immense part which patronage plays in our politics—for patronage is the power by which the gentlemen in parties, of whom we speak elsewhere, control their followers—we yet believe that great, certainly the best, of the men in public life, would prefer to be relieved of the harassing consequences of the present appointing system.

There are probably to-day scores of thousands of incompetent persons armed with letters of introduction from local politicians, and with no other credentials than what is vaguely called party fidelity, who are hovering expectant and ready to pounce upon the offices upon the succession of General GRANT. The immense majority of those who recommend these persons know nothing whatever about them. If they should urge a bank, or a merchant, or any man to employ a person of whom they knew nothing, they would justly lose their reputation, not only as men of judgment but as men of common honesty. Yet they hardly hesitate to recommend to the Government for lucrative and responsible positions persons whose names they have never heard before and which they forget the next moment.

It is no answer to say that although they do not know the candidates yet they recommend them at the request of friends who do know them, for that does not impose a like obligation upon the petition that he knew Smith who recommended Johnson who recommended Jenkins who recommended Smith 15 to be a gentleman in good party standing, it might be the truth, but Jones's signature would not be of any great weight to the document. Suppose that the signature were equivalent to an indorsement, and that every man who signed a petition for a successful applicant to an office were to be held for the losses that the party could fix from his dishonesty, how many of the present signers would sign? Yet certainly a man's name should be on all the moral force of such an indorsement. Nobody should ask that a man be placed in a responsible situation without a conviction founded upon knowledge that he would not betray the trust.

All this confusion and folly and knavery by which every tax-payer in the country must necessarily suffers, and which intolerably vex every man who wishes to transact the public business of the country, could be avoided by the very simple plan of intrusting the civil service to proved capacity and character. It is obvious that the great multitude of the people who wish to save every fourth dollar would be infinite gainers, and that those who are anxious to reform the present system are liable to the most damaging suspicions. All the hucksters in politics, all the rings, all those who mean to live dishonestly upon the public will be warmly opposed to any change in the present shiftless and absurd method of filling the public service. To the victors belong the spoils, says some vehement partisan. But did the victors ever put an officer whom they had not proved in command of the captured city?

COIN.

WHENEVER resumption takes place prices will be multiplied by the standard of specie instead of that which now prevails. It is the interest of those who have propounded a theory seem desirous of accomplishing resumption, and at the same time holding prices at their present level. As this is an impossibility it is scarcely to be supposed that the schemes which have been hitherto presented with any hope of their adoption. They are to be regarded rather as bids for popular favor.

The subject is one of such vast importance that it should be settled by the present Congress. It is possible that the legislation of gold contracts on a basis to prevent the oppression which would ensue from being obliged to pay gold on a low of legal-tender notes whose purchasing currency may take place, but the work of providing a complete plan will unquestionably be postponed, partly from the fact that the political situation must concur in this view.

A new Administration is about to be installed. It is not too much to say that throughout the Union there is a keen desire on the part of politicians to have some part assigned to them in this duty. They will not peril their chances by any undue opposition upon which the "coming man" may not approve. General BUTLER, however, who has no hope of being invited into the Cabinet, has laid aside all reserve and presented a scheme which he is sure will be satisfactory to the onium to that of the new Administration when it comes to grapple with this great subject. His view of the situation is doubtless correct in this, that the matter will go over to the next Congress. But what will be the precise temper of that body with respect to resumption it is difficult to say. Both parties in it will be compelled to have an affirmative financial policy with which to go to the people for re-election, if during the existence of that Congress some scheme shall not have been devised and adopted. If they are not to offend the popular will is too conciliating to permit members to act upon considerations of duty at variance with the views, erroneous though they may be, which a people long debauched with paper-money generally entertain.

The differences of opinion which prevail on questions of money and industry are due in great part to the experience of Great Britain. The money of that country for ages was mainly gold and silver. But, owing to the imperious demands of war, Parliament, in 1797, made the bills of the Bank of England in *effect* a tender for debts. England at one period adopted the policy of a tariff for protection. When she became the first manufacturing nation in the world she established free trade. Each of these policies had its supporters in works of great influence, on the ground not merely of what was expedient under the force of exigencies, but as matter of choice under any circumstances. The bullion system generally prevailed in England till about 1821—an experience so recent that the erroneous views in support of the policy, not only as a measure of war, but as one for peace and for all time, has had great effect here.

General BUTLER appears as an advocate of these views. But it will require discussion and time to eradicate them from the public mind.

His assertion that coined money was a device of kings to further their despotic purposes, and that paper-money was devised to by the people as a means of security and defense against despotic assault, must be regarded either as evidence of the most remarkable self-delusion, or as a palpable attempt to deceive. General BUTLER has exactly reversed both the character and function of coin. Fairly coined money is the people's device for a measure, as well as one of the safeguards, of steady labor, and paper-money is often the expedient of government or of individuals resorting to indirection its control.

The stamp of coinage is nothing more than a certificate of the weight and fineness of a coin. If this were not upon it individuals would be obliged to ascertain the value of Baron Rothschild, and establish a private assay office, or some other means of testing the value of coins. The coinage of all countries corresponds with some precedent law regulating the quantity of gold or silver and of the respective alloys which each piece shall contain. The effigy of a king is the device of a state to cumulative evidence of what its *reverse* alleges as to its denomination or weight and fineness of metal. The labor bestowed on this shape is exchanged for an equivalent amount of usually useful labor in some other shape. For instance, if it take a day's labor to mine and fabricate a gold dollar weighing one hundred grains, and a day's labor to produce a silver dollar weighing 412½ grains, they will be exchanged for each other on equal terms. When, however, this relation of one to the other is disturbed, requiring more *labor* to obtain the one than the other than now, no government can secure their circulation on an equality.

The proportional value of silver to gold is about 1 to 15, a difference which arises from the fact that both metals are considered indispensable for coinage, that silver is more generally diffused and more easily obtained from the earth than gold, and upon the basis on which gold and silver coins are thus exchanged, other products are also exchanged for them. The monarch who uses no other money allies himself with and acknowledges his dependence upon labor. The paper-money obtains the metal and fabricates the coin. It has never been possible for any government seriously to change the acknowledged proportion of difference between the two precious metals. We have adjusted the weight of the half-dollar at 192 grains, and the weight of the quarter-dollar, dime, and half-dime in a half, a fifth, and a tenth of the weight of the half-dollar, while the dollar itself is 412½ grains.

These small coins were made legal tender for some time for amounts of dollars, the dollar, however—the weight of which corresponds more nearly with that of the dollar of other countries—is made legal tender for all sums whatever. The small coins were fabricated of lower weight in proportion than the dollar in order to remove the temptation to export or melt them. The selling extent, and on a limited scale, it is possible for nations to affect the well-known relation between gold and silver. According to the spirit of General BUTLER's speech, it would be difficult in his estimation to legislate them into entire equality.

If it were possible for Congress to make a material change in the proportional value of gold and silver respectively, adjusted as we have seen at 15 to 1 or thereabouts, then his idea that the value of a coin is due to its stamp, and not to the amount of useful labor required for its production, might be maintained. It requires fifteen times more labor to produce an ounce of gold than an ounce of silver, and hence commerce adjusts the exchange of labor on that basis and governments merely follow. General BUTLER seems to suppose that an accurate idea of what constitutes a *dollar* can be formed independently of these coins. This is simply absurd. The promise in every legal-tender or national bank note and in every promissory note or bond in naming dollars, is precisely as if the weight and fineness of the metals as they are respectively contained in a gold or silver dollar had been specified. From the exigencies of war Congress has provided that the promise of the Government to pay such a dollar shall be accepted by its citizens for the present as if it were the actual dollar produced not by the printing-press but by labor. General BUTLER would thus convert the temporary substitute into the standard, and have as a perpetual and sole measure of value for the labor and industry of the country the (sometimes) arbitrary and variable promises of the Government. The word *dollar* on this view would be incapable of definition. If it means the gold or silver dollar his theory is at an end, inasmuch as if the payment of that is promised the promise ought to be performed. He knows or ought to know that the multiplication of those promises expels the actual dollar from circulation, and produces those malignant panics which, in the absence of a legal-tender act such as we now have, inflict ruin upon the community. Delusions of this character must disappear before any return to specie payments can be expected; and if General BUTLER seriously holds any such view, what must be the condition of those less enlightened?

We repeat, therefore, that this Congress in all probability will not provide for complete resumption; but we urge, as the prosperity of all is now "suspended on the wings of paper-money," that a change to the standard of gold and silver as a basis for our circulation is inevitable, and is required at the earliest practicable moment; and that it is prudent to prepare for the difficulty by industry, economy, and freedom from debt.

SCRATCHING THE TICKET.

A CONNECTICUT gentleman has recently published a letter upon corruption in politics, and probably every body will abstractly agree with him in condemning it. But condemnation is not remedy. The best and most intelligent men constantly find themselves in a very unpleasant dilemma. They discover that they must either vote for candidates upon whom they seem to them unfit for the offices for which they are proposed, or they must risk bringing into power a party whose principles they abhor, and whose candidates are no more fit than their competitors. This is an intolerable position. It is easy to scratch the ticket, but that will not always avoid the misfortune. If the choice must necessarily be between corrupt men and a radical change is essential or the whole system will speedily perish,

Now one of the chief reasons of this repulsive choice which is so constantly forced upon the voter is the general indifference to the primary meetings. It is there that the government practically begins. But of all the voters in this country how many attend the primary meetings? A few interested managers take care to fill them with men upon whom they can count, and they thus control the nominations in every office. The delegates to the Convention are selected by these managers, and elected by their trusty followers. The managers will—or the slate—then to be broken only with great difficulty, if at all. This was the way, undoubtedly, in which Mr. and Mr. Sapery, and more recently Mr. THURLOW WEED, were powerful in politics. In every town and almost in every district they had agents who did their will. "Mr. WEED," said an inquirer, "do you know Mr. FILLMORE?" "Know him, Sir! I invented him!" was the reply. And thus a few men in a state controlled the state, and the voter had practically no choice but to do as they dictated, or to help give victory to the party which he thought dangerous to the public welfare.

So long as this general indifference to the primary meeting continues the dilemma will remain; we shall all be obliged to support the regular nominees, or connive at the defeat of the candidates of the party which seems to us the best guardian of the public interests. If, therefore, it be accepted as a fact that the people will not attend themselves to the primaries, they can keep the party pure only by scratching the ticket in cases where they know it ought to be scratched. But if even by our negligence corrupt men should have any where obtained control of the party of our choice, we are bound to do all that we can do to baffle them. A thousand honest men control it no better than any other corrupt party, and if the scratching imperils the whole party it can only be because there is no control it every where, and because it is their custom to name only men that ought to be scratched.

Let every voter, then, if he will not take pains to secure the nomination of good men, at least try to defeat the election of bad men. This protest at the polls will tend to regulate the primaries. It will remind the gentlemen in parties that their candidates will be supported if they deserve to be, and not otherwise; and this consciousness upon their part would promote the invention of proper candidates.

GEORGIA.

WHEN Congress declared that Georgia should be restored it did so upon the distinct ground that the terms and the intention of the reconstruction law had been satisfied. The majority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate have investigated the facts and have discovered that the presumption was incorrect, and have therefore reported against the admission of the Senator from Georgia. Mr. THURMELL, in his minority report, takes the ground that Congress having decided that Georgia is entitled to admission can not now recede, and asserts that there is

no evidence that the conditions have not been complied with. That, however, is a question of detailed proof, upon which the majority disagree with the chairman.

Mr. TRUMBULL will concede probably that the substance of reconstruction is the essential point. The purpose of the Reconstruction Act was restoration upon certain conditions, of which the chief was the political equality of the citizens. Mr. TRUMBULL will not deny that these have been denied to nearly half the people of the State. Does he think that the law properly justifies any such absurdity? and if he does, is he not of opinion that if that absurdity is discovered before the restoration of the State is completed, it is wise to pause long enough to remedy the difficulty? Is it statesmanship or common-sense to admit Georgia with half of the population politically disabled by such law of slavery, and thereby to declare that the disability is consistent with the object and spirit of the reconstruction law and with the peace of the country?

The authority of Congress over the subject does not end with a resolution that Georgia is entitled to representation; and even if the House has admitted members the Senate is certainly not bound to imitate it, if in the mean time evidence has accumulated to show that their election is invalid at its very source.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Mr. WELLS, in his special report on the Revenues for 1868, states at page 62, as issued from the Government printing-office, that the total imports for 1868 exceeded our exports, the latter reduced to specie, seventy-eight millions five hundred and seven thousand one hundred and sixty-eight dollars ($78,507,168). This he states as the *apparent* balance; but as our exports of specie and bullion for that year amounted in value to $63,746,161, and as we guaranteed bonds abroad to the extent of $100,000,000 —such is the estimate—the actual balance must exceed that sum.

Our imports are larger than appears at the custom-house, due to undervaluation, and also to smuggling, which is carried on extensively on our southern frontier, into the Southern States, and by those running travellers who are by law large sea-ports are permitted to land their twenty-five or thirty trunks without examination of their contents. Smuggling also is believed to be carried on from the West India and other islands contiguous to our coast with greater facility than before the rebellion, owing to the remains of universally feeling toward the Government and the withdrawal of those means for the detection which obstructed the running of the blockade.

Part of this hundred millions of bonds negotiated abroad during the year was remitted to meet the accrued interest on the public debt due to foreigners and the expenses of Americans in Europe. The whole amount remitted on these various accounts constitutes a balance against us too large to contemplate without serious anxiety.

We are very well aware that the fact that the British statements, which ordinarily show larger imports into the kingdom than are found in ours, it, are capable of explanation so as to show a profit instead of a loss, is relied upon to shake the confidence which our returns appear to create; but actual experience here is the reverse of the experience of Great Britain.

As we are not the carriers of our exports, as the British are of theirs, the value of which in transportation is received by the foreigner, who adds this profit to that of his commission as a banker, and often invests it in foreign securities. The amount of loans made here by English capitalists, of a floating character, on a pledge of our securities, is from fifty to a hundred millions of dollars. The sum is swelled by profits accruing from trade, from interest reinvested, and also from capital sent here from the bankers on the other side, tempted by the high rate of interest paid by us and the low rate earned elsewhere.

No class or our citizens are in the habit of making, or indeed, are able to make, like investments in foreign securities, and hence we have nothing invested abroad to represent the profit upon our exports, which the English, as the chief carriers, are enabled to realize in respect not only to theirs, but also to the exports of this country. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the figures presented by Mr. WELLS are incapable of such explanation as would arise in England upon an adverse balance upon her statement of imports and exports. We have been full in this statement as the difference between the two countries, because there is much misapprehension on the subject.

The question whether this will lead, and what remedies may be applied, ought to command great attention.

We are now in the fourth year after the war, and yet have not sufficiently recovered from its effects to support ourselves without incurring this heavy debt. Our inability is due in part to the necessity which the severity of the war occasioned of cutting loose from our old moorings with respect to money, and entering upon a wide sea of expansion. Much of it was in excess of actual necessity; indeed it progressed after the war was closed by the creation of National banks up to the prescribed limit. Prussia went through her war with Austria with no visible effect upon the habits of the community, because she had wisely, in advance of the conflict, set apart a fund out of her revenues from taxation to defray the expense. We not only had unusual outlays to meet on the contrary driven away from the country during a time of peace the precious metals, and were obliged to conduct our with paper-money. Prices advanced and large fortunes were made by speculators of all descriptions, and examples were furnished which have withdrawn large numbers from honest industry to engage in operations of a speculative character. Never probably, in any country, has there been an equal amount of display and extravagance to that which is now witnessed in portions of the Northern States.

Although the circumstances may be favorable for a continuation a little longer of the extraordinary folly in this direction, its weakness must soon be ended. We owe our ability to maintain appearances which the truth does not justify to the great condition of trade in foreign countries. Whenever there shall be sufficient activity abroad to require the capital which is temporarily invested here and loaned abroad on our bonds deposited as collateral, a pressure will be felt inconsistent with the extravagance which now prevails.

We think those who despise the plainness and solidity which are appropriate to our republican institutions to consider the experience to which they will presently be condemned, and note to wait for disaster to teach them better with a folly which is sure to incur punishment as it is certain to inflict less injury upon the public.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

We hope that Senator FOLGER's bill to submit to the people the Constitution, which was adopted by the State Convention last year, will promptly pass. The bill provides that the town elections shall be held upon the 4th of April, and that there shall be two additional ballot-boxes, one for the property qualification clause for colored citizens, and the other for the whole Constitution. Should the Constitution be adopted, an election is to be held in June for Judges of the Court of Appeals and of the city Common Pleas.

It is time that the absurd and barbarous discrimination against certain voters because of the color of their skin should be abolished, and it is humiliating that in such a State as New York there should be such a blot upon the present Constitution. A colored citizen, however intelligent, industrious, and prosperous, must have lived twice as long in the State as the rest of us and pay a tax, which is imposed upon nobody else, as the price of the right of voting.

There are some Republicans who have hitherto opposed this equality of suffrage; but the great weight of the opposition has proceeded from the Democratic party. In the Convention Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY and Mr. WILLIAM CASSIDY rested their opposition upon an alleged inferiority of race. They were unconscious of traces of the traditional aristocratic mastery of that party. The other day the *New York World*, commenting upon General GRANT's speech to the deputation of the colored convention, spoke of him as being very reticent to the white people, but very complaisant to their "swallows." So the Democratic party speaking of American sympathy for the people of other countries who were trying to mend their condition, described those people as "canaille." The true Democratic estimate of the humblest man, is as foreign to the Democratic managers as it was to a South Carolina overseer.

The party which heaved such portentous sighs over the temporary political disability of those who sought to destroy the Government will doubtless vote against the equal enfranchisement of the citizens of New York. But every man who is opposed to a wanton oppression of any class of his fellow-citizens will vote to equalize the suffrage.

THE SETTLEMENT BY WAR.

Some of the most prominent merchants in Boston have signed a protest against the *Alabama* treaty, upon the general ground that the destruction of our commerce during the war was an act of piracy upon the part of England. This is substantially the same ground which, as we have elsewhere mentioned, is said to be held by General GRANT. The merchants object to conceding any kind of equality between the claims of British subjects arising from disagreement as to the ordinary forms of neutrality and our claims arising from British piracy. Do these gentlemen expect England to confess that she has acted the part of a pirate? And if she declines to do so, do they recommend war? In other words, do they refuse any kind of arbitration?

The difficulty suggested in the treaty is, that the most important of all the questions, namely that of responsibility, which is in fact the only question, is to be left by chance to a single umpire; and the assumption is, that if he happen to be an Englishman he will decide against us. But no Englishman can afford to decide against us. To decide against us is to decide against the commerce of England. To decide against us is to decide that maritime rights may be granted to a belligerent without loss, even from a friend, and without a war. That is a decision which surely need not trouble us—and because the consequences of such a position are so plain the British Government is willing to satisfy our demands.

It seems to us that the feeling that inspires the Boston petition is one that no treaty can possibly satisfy. Perhaps it is best to settle the account with England by war, but we do not believe it. There is no conceivable misfortune greater even than such an event. Moreover, it is not necessary. England does not wish to go to war, nor do we. She must prove us for the losses which fell upon our commerce by her action, and whether the sum decided for us or against us she will sooner or later inevitably pay. If the question is not settled by an umpire it must be referred to a Congress or to a war.

THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.

The Republican Congress has just adopted another of those great measures which commend it to the confidence of all thoughtful men, and to the gratitude of posterity. Down to the year 1860 this country had been subject for more than a generation to a party whose chief aim was the utter degradation of a seventh of the population. The purpose of the party that succeeded it has been the elevation of every individual to a perfect equality of right and opportunity. The triumph properly crowns the work by the most revolving tyranny; the other aims at permanence and peaceful progress by the most enlightened justice.

Mr. BOUTWELL, in introducing the amendment of equal suffrage, well said that it was a necessary and logical act for the Republican party. It gives to the highest guarantee of the United States to the political equality of all its citizens, and secures the principle of the reconstruction policy. The objection that it infringes the right of the people to settle the suffrage precisely reverses the fact; for the amendment provides that no local law shall deprive any citizen of a fundamental right secured to him by all the people.

There is, as we believe, no sound doubt of the authority of Congress to establish equality of suffrage by law. It can be repealed by a majority in Congress; a constitutional amendment can be distorted only by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. It is certainly true that a provision of such importance should be interwined in the fundamental law; and the general feeling of the country would undoubtedly prefer that it should be so. Those who hold that each State has a final right to arrange the suffrage exactly as it pleases will be less averse to a settlement which requires the separate consent of three-quarters of the States; while those who believe that as the Government is required to secure a republican system in every State it is clearly possible that it may even so set aside a system which is not republican, will yet gladly see the republican form secured by the clear power to the constitutional amendment can be ever formally taken. The only practical reason for the law rather than the amendment, is the greater delay involved in the adoption of the latter, and the possible injurious consequences. But this is a consideration which under the circumstances is secondary to the desirability of the fundamental guarantee. The committee, however, to cover the whole case, have recommended the passage of a law which would serve until the amendment is adopted.

The amendment is also a measure of wise consolidation. It touches no right of which any State can justly be jealous, or which it can reasonably claim as belonging to States. The first essential condition of a popular national government is the equality of its citizens equally secured. Ours, indeed, is not a national government in the strictest form; but on the other hand, it is not a league nor a confederacy of States. It is a national Union. It has a national constitution, and therefore it is not an attempt to regulate a national policy upon the theory of State sovereignty as hitherto maintained is futile. The adoption of the amendment will be the declaration of the people that they perceive the legitimate conditions of a truly national Union.

It will also serve rapidly to remove an exciting question from politics. It is plain now that the current of our political progress, for more than a generation, has been toward the political equality of all the people. The Democratic party, which is the organized opposition to this result, has been constantly defeated upon every field, but still perplexes and delays it. The Democratic representatives in Congress voted in a body against the amendment, upon the ground that it was a subject to be left to the States, the only chance of a possible majority in a State the right to deprive a citizen of the United States of his share in its government, and to establish an unrepublican form if it should choose. But the Republican party, whose watchword is a constantly enlarging liberty as the condition of increasing intelligence, moves with the fraternal spirit of the age, and will not have accomplished its work until it has placed the government of the United States in the hands of all the people.

A STAGE IN LIFE.

The days are sleeting by, and melt away
Like snow-flakes lighting on the sun-pierced ground;
And as the canopy of cloudy gray
Is by wind-hurtled, shows a ruby round,
So now towered life a sharper outline casts
Upon the eternal; and the excited soul
Looks out like one that sees the tops of masts
Rising above the ocean's furrowed roll,
Whose dark must bear him from his native land.
The land whose mossy hills he used to rove,
Now familiar streets have grass'd and lined,
Whose bright home kissed him with unwonted love.
Ah! fluttering soul, then must go all alone—
Pray for the Faith that hails a world unknown.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

January 25:

In the Senate, the bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act was reported from the Retrenchment Committee, with an amendment giving the President power to remove or suspend Cabinet officers during a recess of the Senate, and to suspend all civil officers during such recess without specific charges.—The majority report of the Judiciary Committee rejected without debate the claim of Joshua Hill, of Georgia, to a seat in the Senate.

January 28:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Reconstruction Committee to inquire into and report as to what further action should be taken in regard to the representation of Georgia.

January 29:

In the Senate, a bill providing for the reduction of the army to 37,000 men by July 1st was reported with a committee of five to inquire what legislation is necessary to secure the taking of a new census.

January 30:

In the Senate, the Pension, the Naval, and the Military Academy appropriation bills were passed.

In the House, the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution declaring that "the right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race, or color, or previous condition of slavery," was passed, 144 to 42.

NEWS ITEMS.

A petition against the ratification of the Alabama Civil Rights Bill was presented before the United States Senate. The petitioners say:

"The so-called treaty proposes to put upon the same footing claims by British subjects which have arisen by reason of disagreement as to the ordinary forms of neutrality, and claims of our own citizens for the wrongs which Government has permitted by British built, British manned, and British armed vessels to prey upon our commerce under the British ports, under protection of the British flag, and burned American ships on the high seas, after having taken them into port for condemnation, and without any claims being made for the wrongs done by British Government, when these atrocities were laid before it by proper authority. In many instances, these pirates were every where received with rejoicing when in the British ports, and when the American Minister of one of them boasted of the same in the British Parliament, for which he received a pension, was received with cheers and expressions of satisfaction. This shows the animus of the British Government, the animus of the British Government toward the Government of the United States."

The full force of Cole's Armory at Hartford is now employed on the contract to furnish the Russian Government with thirty thousand Berdan rifles, and upon the one hundred thousand Remington rifles. The armory is to be enlarged.

Rev. Dr. Hodgson was ordained as Bishop of the new Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island, January 27, in the church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn.

Francis W. Pickens, formerly Governor of South Carolina, died at Edgefield in that State on the 25th of January.

Mayor P. Stockton was, January 26, elected Senator by the New Jersey Legislature, to succeed Mr. Frelinghuysen.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Russian Government urges Greece to agree to the proposition of the Paris Conference for the settlement of the Cretan dispute by the mediation of the Queen and the Ottoman Empire. It is thought that Greece will comply.

Details of the news from Rio Janeiro show that the insurrection in Paraguay is not considered by any to be most complete. All the Paraguayan forts are in their hands. Lopez has captured the entire army and equipage of Loopez's army, and 2000 prisoners. The Dictator has fled to Asuncion, and will, probably be soon surrounded by the Allied troops.

The Spanish Commissaries in Spain, which led to the assassination, recently, of the Governor of Burgos, has resulted in the appointment of a new Commissary-General, clearing the equality of religious sects before the law.

The Fenian Movement is about to withdraw from Ireland. The treatment to which he has been subjected by the Irish Church Establishment has led Mr. Butt, its representatives, and they have professed against the measure offered to them.

The steamship *Pereire*, Captain Duchesne, sailed from Havre on the 16th, for New York, arrived at New York, touching at Brest, which port she left the day following the 16th. She encountered severe gales of winds and heavy weather almost from the start. The most disastrous of these occurred on the night of her sailing from Brest, it became a furious gale which threatened the destruction of the ship. Every sail was close reefed, her carrying away entirely her forward deck cabin, which contained the first-class passengers' saloon, damaging the engine-room, and partially disabling the ship. The gale increased until the vessel was hove-to, and the passengers and crew were thrown into a state of panic which was fearful to witness. Not a life and injury to person on board are attributable to the gale. The length of the voyage of the *Pereire* shipped an immense sea, estimated at a thousand tons, which completely flooded the cabins. Not a life was lost, although considerable damage was done, and she arrived safely at Havre on the 26th. Three of the crew and three of the second-class passengers were killed, and many injured during the gale. Others, however, were mainly slight, and all are now doing well. Mr. Callaghan, a passenger, died. Mr. Pendergast's daughter was killed. Puckelberg, were the only passengers killed. The latter had her neck broken. None of the first-class passengers were injured.

THE HON. JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT, who was on the 19th of January elected Senator by the Pennsylvania Legislature, was born at Alexandria, in Huntingdon County, where he obtained a fair education, and prepared for the practice of law. He soon acquired a local reputation, which widened until he was recognized as one of the best lawyers in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In politics he was formerly a Democrat, but even during BUCHANAN'S Administration he leaned toward the side of the Opposition. In 1860 he was the Democratic candidate for the State Senate from his district, but was defeated; the next year he was elected to the Lower House as a War Democrat. He has since uniformly acted with the Republican party, and in 1867 presided over the State Convention at Williamsport.—He is about 47 years of age. His father was a Representative in Congress from 1829 to 1831. Mr. SCOTT is one of the few examples of a public man attaining to the office of Senator without having been previously a member of the House, or having filled some important position under the State Government.

HON. JOHN SCOTT, SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, 712 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.)

THE BAY OF SAMANA, SAN DOMINGO.

THE Bay of Samana, San Domingo, of which we give an illustration on this page, was one of Secretary SEWARD'S unhappy bargains. At least Congress does not seem disposed to think it worth while to pay $5,000,000 in gold for the possession of this harbor. It is an extensive inlet of the sea, forty miles long and twelve broad, at the western extremity of the large island of San Domingo, or Hayti. It is formed by the peninsula, or rather island, of the same name, divided from the main land by creeks filled with water at high tide. This shelters the bay on the north side, and it affords a safe and capacious anchorage for any number of ships.—The purchase of this harbor has been contemplated ever since the steps taken by some active New York adventurers sixteen years ago. At that date it was proposed to place 4000 or 5000 American settlers in the country, the population of which is estimated at only about 200,000, and the obvious intent was to acquire this place, with its valuable coal-mines, which are very important for the supply of steamers. The town of Santa Barbara, on the north shore, possesses excellent natural facilities for repairing vessels. The bay affords one of the finest harbors in the world, and occupies an important commercial and military position. The negotiations opened with the Dominican republic for the cession of this port to the United States in 1853 were unsuccessful.

BARTERING FOR ANIMALS.

WHENEVER a vessel from a civilized nation may touch upon the coasts of South America, of the Sandwich Islands, or, indeed, of any semi-barbarous country, one is met upon landing by a group similar to that shown in our illustration on page 101. The natives gather about the newly arrived strangers (if they have not already boarded the vessel before the disembarkation), show their collections of curious animals of every description, and try to negotiate an exchange. These specimens of natural history are often brought home by sailors and naval officers. The scene which we illustrate is more frequently witnessed on the South American coast.

THE BAY OF SAMANA, SAN DOMINGO.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

EVERYBODY knows Hammer Nailsby. Oho! They know him well enough, and have felt, over and over again, how neatly he can pinch, how lightly he can clutch, how sharply he can bite. The old man has more than one customer in this room. I've made many of you shake in your shoes and sue for mercy in my time; and now, I dare say, you're delighted to see me ruined, broken down, and a prisoner. If I was hard, if I was harsh, whose fault was it? I only wanted my money, I only asked for my own. If you sued to me for time, and sued me in vain, why didn't you write me out a check before you went down on your knees? What's the good of going down on your knees if you haven't got any money? As for your being glad to see me in a stponging-house I don't care a button about it. Whoever I sued—whoever I outlawed—whoever I arrested—whoever I forced into Bankruptcy or Portugal Street—whoever I brought to misery and beggary, had only himself to thank for putting himself into my power. Business is business, and whatever I did was done strictly in the way of business. I hate humbug. I was always open and above-board in business matters. I won't say any thing about being fair, because fairness wasn't in my line of business. But you walked into my place with your eyes open. If I was a shark I opened my mouth and showed my teeth before I ate you. I never asked people to borrow my money; but when they asked me to lend them some I said, "Look here! I'm not going to tell you any lies about parties in the City or clients in the country who want me to lay out their funds for them at good interest. I lend money myself. It doesn't belong to any parties in the City or clients in the country. It's mine—never mind where I got it from—and I intend to make as much money by turning and turning it over as many times a year as ever I possibly can. My rate of interest's sixty per centum per annum. That means, if you don't pay me down on the nail when a bill comes due, a hundred and sixty per cent.—perhaps more. That's your look-out. *I* don't ask you to take my money. I'd much rather keep it, and there are plenty of uses quite as profitable which I can turn it to. But if you take it here's the stump, and here's the bill, and here's the amount of interest you'll have to pay in three months' time, and here's the money! There's no beating about the bush with me—what I say I mean. I'm none of your shuffling, pettifogging, two-penny-half-penny bull discounters, who put a customer off with half wine, or half pictures, or jewelry, or camel's hits, or ivory frigates, or flint-lock muskets from the Tower! There's so much money coming to you from this bill, and here's a check for the amount, or if you like it better here's the cash in notes or gold!"

Perhaps you'd like to know how I took to lending money? It doesn't matter a rap now if you know all. I'm a broken man—quite gone to the dogs, and I've no motive for concealment. My father lent money before me. He kept an inn in a little market-town in Suffolk, and lent money, at as high a rate as he could get for it, to the farmers round about. They called him "Wensel" Nailsby, although his name was Peter, just as they call me Hammer Nailsby, although my name is John. Many were the standing crops mortgaged to my father; many were the flocks, and herds, and horses, and farming implements which he had seized by the sheriff. His strong-box was full of leases and notes of hand; and then he made all the farmers who were in his debt come to his inn when they attended market, and eat and drink of the best at his own prices. There was a stupid story whispered round about our part of the country that a great squire, Sir Percival Eightborn, of Orley Hall, had positively paid "Wensel" Nailsby a handsome sum of money to go away, and never to show his face—his ugly face, they call it—in that neighborhood again, as he was fairly ruining all the farmers within a radius of seventy miles. But the story was mere lying gossip, and I fancy that Sir Percival Eightborn, of Orley Hall, was himself rather too deep in "Wensel" Nailsby's books to be able to pay him any thing to go away.

However, my father did leave Suffolk eventually, and came up to town, where there was a much wider field for his abilities. He settled, gentlemen, in a highly respectable neighborhood—that of Clare Market; and there, for nearly twenty years, he resided, prospering exceedingly. He made a rule of never lending more than five pounds at a time—and he would have much preferred lending five shillings—and he never lent them for more than a fortnight. Those were in the days before county courts, and all that rubbish, and you could pop a man into the Fleet for forty shillings. In the course of time all the butchers about Clare Market, all the small tradesmen about Drury Lane—ay, and a good many market gardeners and florists in Covent Garden—had done business with "Wensel" Nailsby. Oh, he was a sharp customer, was my dad!

My mother was as sharp as he, and was not above lending a bit of money now and then, quite in a friendly manner, to the wives of workingmen or petty shop-keepers; for which, of course, she took their husbands' I O U's. She was a great hand, too, at persuading women to run up scores with the tallymen, who, in most cases, were merely agents of "Wensel" Nailsby. Ah, if my mother had been alive, I should never have fallen into the cursed scrape which has been my undoing. "John," she used to say to me, "I've done business with my own sex, and it's only a woman that's fit to do business with 'em. They're too sharp for the men, John. They'll have the best of you in the long-run; and, though I say it that shouldn't, I was you to keep clear of women, both in marriage and in money." She's been dead and gone nearly thirty years.

I was sent to a school at Camberwell—a commercial school—when I was nine years old, to make me sharp. The master had been bankrupt in the Irish cattle trade; but he wrote a beautiful hand, and was a capital accountant. We didn't have any Greek and Latin, or French and drawing, or any of that kind of nonsense, but we were kept pretty stiffly to our slates and our copy-books, and at fourteen years of age I could write like copper-plate, and knew all about vulgar fractions and the rule of three. I should like to know how many of you grand young gentlemen who've had a college education, as you call it, can say the same? Directly I came from

"SPARE HIM! MR. NAILSBY—SPARE HIM!" SHE SAID, SHEDDING TEARS.

BARTERING FOR ANIMALS—SCENE ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN SEA-BOARD.—[SEE PAGE 100.]

school, being, as I think, tolerably sharp, I was put into a lawyer's office in Lyon's Inn to make me sharper. Insolvency was the principal part of my employer's business, and my time was mostly spent between Portugal Street, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea. When I was seventeen my father, to make me additionally sharp, made me for a time his own clerk, agent, and collector of rents; for he had by this time bought the free hold of a good many houses about Clerkenwell Market which, as leases expired, let out in rooms at two shillings a week—a better investment for a prudent landlord than the grandest mansion in Pall Mall. When I was twenty I was articled to another lawyer, a solicitor in Carey Street. He never got much in small game and insolvency; but he was a wonderful hand at conducting the affairs of fraudulent bankrupts. He did a good deal of bill fine and bill and I found I was out of my articles I had become not only sharp, but hard—not only hard, but strong. I was full grown, Walkley.

I had just been admitted a solicitor—I'm one now, yet I dare say somebody will be trying to strike me off the rolls—when my father, the "Weasel," died, and I found myself the possessor of thirty thousand pounds, put away in safe investments. I was the only child, and sole residuary legatee; and there was no nonsense or bother about the will. I went into business for myself in Chancery Lane, with my attorney-law, of Argyll Street, Regent Street, is, I flatter myself, a character pretty well known. I chose the Lane as a place where to set up my office, for the reason that I had a soul above buttons, that I despised the petty gain to be scraped from lending money to struggling sailors and drunkards' sloop-keepers in Clare Market, and that I felt that my ren- ubove of action was among the "nobs" in Chancery. I made but no great dance to a pretty tune i- my time. Sixty per cent. on a loan of five pounds was all very well in my father, the "Weasel's," time; but even out, even five thousand pounds was a kind of thing that suited Hammer Bailey much better.

If I were to give you a history of all my transactions during the five-and-thirty years I did business in Chancery Lane I should be furnishing you with the materials for five-and-thirty five-act plays and as many three-volume novels, and all I told you would be true, whereas the plays and novels are all fudge. I had but two clerks all this time: one was deaf and dumb—he attended to the tuition business, and was a capital fellow to keep secrets; the other looked after the outdoor work—he drank considerably, but was wonderfully sharp at getting inquiries, serving writs, and hunting out gentlemen who were out of the way. Until my troubles came upon me I always thought it a very pleasant and shabby thing for a gentleman to avoid a person to whom he owed money.

Well, as you know very well, I made a good thing of the money-lending business. I was always the plaintiff and plaintiff's attorney too, and saved a deal of money every year by making out my own bills of costs. I made much, much money. [Here Hammer Nailsby uttered that which I am unwilling between a sigh and a groan, but more closely resembled a groan than either.] I must have been worth at one time near seventy thousand pounds, and now, with all my sharpness, I haven't a penny.

I came to know the peerage, the baronetage, the Army List, the Court Guide, the Law List, and the Clerical Directory by heart. I only did business with people, and I was mostly in those books that I found the swells suitable for my purposes. I never advertised in the papers for custom, and I never employed runners and sharpers to bring flies to my web. I had only to sit in my back office from ten to four every day, and the swells would come trotting in quickly enough of their own accord. There were always two or three broughams standing at Hammer Nailsby's door. I've made the proudest duke in England wait three-quarters of an hour in my front office, not because I was engaged, but because I wanted to take his Grace's pride down a peg or two. Duchesses, countesses, ladies—I've had 'em by dozens, with their diamonds in their reticules, begging and praying me to let them have a hundred-pound note. Members of Parliament and colonels in the army, captains in the Navy, University bucks, Guardsmen, barristers, popular preachers, orators at Exeter Hall, and managers of theatres, every body who had a position, or a title, or a name, came to Hammer Nailsby. I never troubled the aristocratic tradesmen and clubs, and such like tag-rag and bobtail.

Ten years ago I was a very wealthy man, had a splendid business at my banker's. The house I lived in was my own. I had an estate in Suffolk, close to the very house where my father had been a servant in the furnace. I was over-and-twenty thousand pounds for this land, and the house upon it, and I promise you that the son of the great squire, Sir Percival Rightclere, who had now come into the title, was civil enough to plain Hammer Nailsby. There had always been a little banking account open between the Barnet and myself.

I was a bachelor, and I enjoyed myself out of business hours. I had a little, and generally won. I played cards a good deal, and *always* won. I gave very nice little dinner-parties; and was known as the Good Marquess, the right honorable Barnet, and the noble Captain, if they pleased either engagements, or failed to come up to time, when Hammer Nailsby invited them to put their legs under his mahogany. You've dined in Argyll Street many a time, Sir Frederick Montresor. Do you remember my thirty-four port? do you remember my eighteen-hundred-and-eleven cognac? It was like—it was my charming Host? and my East India Madeira? I wasn't a stingy host. I always gave you a good skinful when you came to Argyll Street.

It was a woman, gentlemen, that was my undoing. They've been getting me into trouble ever since the time of Adam and Eve and the apple; and it was my fate, at last, to find out how much common-sense there was in my old mother's advice, never to have any thing to do with women either in the way of marriage or of money. It happened, ten years ago, as I say, that one of the swell parties with whom I was brought into constant were a Captain Hillbury, of the Life Guards. He was a fine, handsome young fellow, over six feet high, and with as big and handsome a heart. He came to see me him in St. James's Street, on a drawing-room day, ogling the women, and admired, I dare say, by them; and he thought me a swell! That big black horse with the beautiful saddle-cloth you're riding, my fine fellow—that shining helmet and breast-plate—that splendid suit of clothes, right down to your jack-boots, all belong, body and boots, to Hammer Nailsby." He did belong to me, root and branch, and to the thousandth part of him. He had been a ward in Chancery; but I had lent him money before he came of age; and, as soon as ever he was twenty-one, I made him pay up, principal and interest. And then, of course, I lent him more money, and more. He had very soon run through the whole of the latter had left him, which did not amount to more than five thousand a year; but all his connections were rich people. He was heir-apparent to a peerage, and had vast expectations from a rich old aunt. I was foolish enough to let him owe me, and me alone pretty nearly—alone, nevertheless a sum than seven thousand pounds.

Captain Hillbury was not married; but, like many other officers and gentlemen in the Life Guards—and the Foot Guards, too, for the matter of that—he had a charmer established near the St. John's Wood, which cost him a mint of money; and there was a dainty little lady, who was called the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, and who I believe, no more Honorable, and no more Mrs. Rivers, than my dead-and-dumb clerk. A worthless, unwilling, unworthy woman she was. Ugh! I should like to have her throat in my grip, with her long, fair hair, and her big gray eyes that were always beaming with some infernal mischief or other.

This creature had managed to get rid of a pretty slice of the Honorable Captain's money, which Captain Hillbury had, and, if the truth were known, of a good many more thousands to boot. She was the most extravagant thing that you could possibly conceive. Silks, satins, velvets, Brussels and point lace, horses, carriages, French poodles, and Persian cats, Cashmere shawls, Cottons and ladies' maids in ringlets; Champagne suppers and maraschino breakfasts; trips to Richmond, Greenwich, and Blackwall; balls, stalls at the play, and boxes at the opera—that was the way in which Captain Hillbury's money went: or rather, it was the way in which it ceased to be the dogs at South Bank, St. John's Wood. The young scamp had solemnly promised me that he would never let Mrs. Rivers have a horse, brown to the dogs at South Bank, St. John's Wood. The young scamp had solemnly promised me that he would never let Mrs. Rivers have a horse, brown to do business with him, I discovered that he had won six thousand pounds on the Derby and lost them on the St. Leger.

The oldest thing about the Honorable Mrs. Rivers was, that although she was as wasteful as could be, and would have ruined the affairs of Milbray's, so long as he had a shilling to give her, she was passionately fond of him. I believe that she loved Frederick Hillbury with her whole heart and her whole soul. She was never happy but when in his company, and, questionable as her character was, I believe she was certainly faithful to him. Well, one fine morning the young spark's rich old aunt took it into her head to die. In due course of time Frederick, her and her will was read, and the result of the perusal of that precious document was that poor old Hammer Nailsby found that he had been robbed—infamously robbed and swindled of his hard-earned eighteen thousand pounds. I remember once again on the strength of his expectations under his aunt's will, may I be broiled on a gridiron, that I will!

I was, of course, utterly astonished at this coming to an end of all the fine prospects of Captain Hiram Hillbury. The explanation very soon taken. "I'll have those fine jack-boots and buckskins off your legs in no time, my fine packstaggy," I said to myself, and I did. I made the Captain sell his commission to begin with; but he was deeply in debt to his brother officers and to others, and he had to be settled with before I could touch the proceeds, and I barely realized two thousand pounds out of the sale of his commission. Then the horses were

ous objects. For, in either of the associations, I should expressly expect him. But such is the designing nature of the man that he steals in where no reasonable precaution or prevision could expect him. As in the following case:

Adjoining the Caves of Ignorance is a country town. In this country town the Mississippi Monmouses, nine in number, were announced to appear in the Town Hall, for the general delectation, this last Christmas-week. Knowing Mr. Barlow to be unconnected with the Monmouses, though holding republican opinions, and deeming myself secure, I took a stall. My object was to hear and see the Mississippi Monmouses as are the bills described as their "National Ballads, Plantation Break-Downs, Nigger Part-Songs, Choice Conundrums, Sparkling Repartees, etc." I found the nine dressed alike, in the black coat and trousers, white waistcoat, very large shirt-front, very large shirt-collar, and very large white tie and wristbands, which constitute the dress of the mass of the African race, and which has been observed by travellers to prevail over the whole number of degrees of latitude. All the nine rolled their eyes exceedingly, and had very red lips. At the extremities of the curve they formed, seated in their chairs were the performers on the Tumbourine and Bones. The centre Monmus, a black of melancholy aspect (perhaps inspired me with a vague uneasiness for which I could not then account), performed on a Mississippi instrument closely resembling what we used to call in this island a hurdy-gurdy. The Monmuses on either side of him had each another instrument peculiar to the Father of Waters, which may be likened to a stringed weather-glass held upside down. There were likewise a little flute and a violin. All went well for a while, as he had had several sparkling repartees exchanged between the performers on the tambourine and bones, when the black of melancholy aspect, turning to the latter, and addressing him in a deep and improving voice as "Bones, Sir," delivered certain grave remarks to him concerning the juveniles present, and the season of the year; wherein I perceived that I was in the presence of Mr. Barlow—cocked.

Another night—and this was in London—I attended the representation of a Christmas piece. As the characters were lifelike (and consequently not improving), and as they went upon their several ways in designs without reference to undressing themselves to me, I felt rather confident of coming through it without being regarded as Tommy; but so, as we were getting on, I drew close to the end. But I deceived myself. All of a sudden, and apropos of nothing, every body concerned came to a check and was transfixed to the foot-lights in a general rally to take dead aim at me, and brought me down with a moral homily, in which I detected the dread hand of Barlow.

Nay, so intricate and subtle are the toils of this hunter, that on the very next occasion that I was again entrapped, where no vestige of a sponge could have been apprehended by the simplest, it was a burlesque that I saw performed; an uncompromising burlesque, where every body concerned, but especially the ladies, carried on a very considerable flirtation with me. Most prominent and active among the corps of performers was what I took to be (and she really gave me very good opportunities of thinking so right conclusion) a young lady of a pretty figure. She was dressed as a picturesque young gentleman, whose pantaloons had been cut off in early infancy, and she had very neat knees, and very neat satin boots. Immediately after singing a slang song and dancing a slang dance with an engaging figure approached the fatal lamps, and, bending over them, delivered in a thrilling voice a random Johnsonian on, and Eccentrication to me, the Virtues. "Great Heaven!" was my exclamation. "Barlow!"

There is still another aspect in which Mr. Barlow perpetually insists on my sustaining the character of Tommy, which is more unendurable yet, on account of its extreme aggressiveness. For the purposes of a Review or newspaper, he will get up an abstruse subject with infinite pains, will Barlow, quarrel regardless of the price of midnight oil, and indeed of every thing else, save cramming himself to the eyes.

But mark. When Mr. Barlow blows his information off, he is not contented with having crammed it home and discharged it upon me, Tommy, his target, but he proceeds flat to make always in possession of it, and made nothing of it, that he imbibed it with his mother's milk, and that I, the wretched Tommy, am more or less perfectly behindhand in not having done the same. I ask, why is Tommy to be always the fat of Mr. Barlow to fire exterior? What Mr. Barlow had not the slightest notion of himself a week ago, it surely can not be any very heavy task for sliding in me not to have at my fingers' ends to-day! And yet Mr. Barlow systematically carries it over me with a high hand, and will mutter, and ask me in his articles whether it is possible that I am not aware that every school-boy knows that the fourteenth turning on the left in the approach of Russia will conduct to such-and-such a wandering tribe? With other disparaging questions of like nature. So, when Mr. Barlow addresses a letter to any journal as a volunteer correspondent (which I frequently find him doing), he will previously have gotten somebody to tell him some tremendous technicality, and will write in the coolest manner: "Now, Sir, I may assume that every reader of your columns, possessing average information and intelligence, knows as well as I do that"—say that the draught from the touch-hole of a cannon of such a calibre bears such a proportion in the nicest fractions to the draught from the muzzle; or some equally familiar little fact. But whatever it is, he certain that it always tends to the exaltation of Mr. Barlow, and the depression of his enforced and enslaved pupil.

Mr. Barlow's knowledge of my own pursuits I find to be so profound that my own knowledge of them becomes as nothing. Mr. Barlow (disguised and bearing a feigned name, but detected by me) has occasionally taught me, in a sonorous voice, from end to end of a long dinner-table, trifles that I took the liberty of teaching him five-and-twenty years ago. My closing article of impeachment against Mr. Barlow is, that he goes out to breakfast, goes out to dinner, goes out every where high and low, and will not let me preach to me, and thus I can't get rid of him. He makes of me a Promethean Tommy, bound; and he is the vulture that gorges itself upon the liver of my minstructed mind.

DR. TYNDALL'S LAST DISCOVERY

That ever-active physicist, Dr. Tyndall, who has already proved himself a worthy successor of his illustrious master, Faraday, has just added to his other valuable discoveries the discovery of a new kind of chemical experiment, remarkable for its simplicity of idea, and which there is reason to believe will soon open a very large field of inquiry. "It consists," to use his own words, "in subjecting the vapors of volatile liquids to the action of continuous sunlight, or to the concentrated beam of the electric light;" and some of the results which he records are of such singular, almost inconceivable beauty, that for this reason alone, and putting aside their important application to many atmospheric phenomena, and probably to art, they have a claim to be noticed in these pages.

He uses the *experimental tube*. It is connected with an air-pump, and with a set of tubes used for the purification of the air, and at one end of the tube, which lies horizontally and is closed by plates of glass, a small platinum lamp is arranged that the axis of the tube and that of the parallel beam issuing from the lamp are coincident.

The substances whose vapors were passed into the tube and there exposed to strong light are known to chemists as iodide of amyl, iodide of allyl, iodide of isopropyl, hydrobromic acid, hydrochloric acid, hydriodic acid. To the great majority of our readers these names, excepting perhaps the last three, convey no more information than the appalling word, *Hinterlabungsverhaltungsverfassungsverschwendschaft* (which is quoted in the *Cosmos* of Sept. 26), would do to a person totally ignorant of German. This is, however, of little consequence, and all that need be known is that they are all readily converted into vapors by the application of a moderate heat. These vapors are exposed to the above-described action, clouds of the most beautiful appearance, and at some points vividly iridescent, show themselves in the tube. When the nitrite of amyl vapor is mixed with a little air the cloud is white; "but if air is freely admitted and the nitrite vapor thus attenuated, the cloud varies in color from a milky blue to a little air-bubble." "There could scarcely," says the author, "be a more impressive illustration of Newton's mode of resolving the colors of natural bodies by the experiment than that here exhibited; for never, even in the skies of the Alps, have I seen a richer or a purer blue than that presented by a suitable disposition of the light falling upon the precipitated vapor. May not the aqueous vapor of our atmosphere act in a similar manner?"

The cloud yielded by iodide of allyl was extremely beautiful. The whole column revolved round the axis of the descending central beam, and was nipped so as to have an hour-glass appearance, while round the globular dilatations delicate cloud-filaments wandered, sometimes in spirals. It also folded itself into convolutions resembling those of shells. When hydrogen is made the vehicle of the vapor, the cloud assumes a pearly lustre, such as Dr. Tyndall has often noticed in certain conditions of the atmosphere in the Alps.

The action of light upon the vapor of iodide of isopropyl occasions in the course of a few minutes some singularly graceful developments. The column of cloud is seen to divide into two parts near the middle of the tube, and in one experiment a globe of cloud formed at the centre with axis projecting right and left. Sudden commotions were observed in the nebulous mass, knots of cloud shooting out and growing into flower-like forms. In one case the cloud-bud grew rapidly into a wreath, which, a moment was formed, and from the mouth a cord of cloud, resembling a tongue, was rapidly discharged.

The aqueous vapor of hydrobromic acid mixed with air gave rise to the formation of two clouds five inches apart, and united by a slender cord of cloud of the same illustrious appearance. After undergoing various modifications of form, both clouds presented the appearance of a series of concentric funnels with open mouths, the interior ones being seen through the gaseous walls of the outer ones. As many as six of these concentric vases were observed.

The aqueous solution of hydrochloric acid yields a vapor which required an exposure of fifteen or twenty minutes to the electric light for the production of a fully developed cloud. It was then divided into several sections, united to each other by a slender cord. "Each of these sections," says Dr. Tyndall, "possessed an exceedingly complex and ornate structure, exhibiting ribs, spears, funnels, leaves, involved scrolls, and iridescent *fleurs-de-lis*. Thus the structure of the cloud from beginning to end was perfectly symmetrical; it was a cloud of revolution, its corresponding points being at equal distances from the axis of the beam."

The aqueous vapor of hydriodic acid yields a nebula which so far resembles those of the two preceding acids that the process commences by the formation of two small clouds united by a cord; but it exhibits more vivid colors (green and crimson) than the other vapors. Of the various substances experimented on none gave such astonishing results as this. "The development of the cloud," says Dr. Tyndall, "was like that of an organism, from a more or less formless mass at the commencement, to a structure of marvelous complexity;" and this grand simile is fully borne out by his description of the changing phenomena which he observed. After a time the cloud formed into a spectral cone with a circular base, from which filmy drapery seemed to descend. On this base was an exquisite vase, with a vase of similar shape in its interior, and from the edges of the vases fell the finest clouds. The anterior portion of the cloud assumed in succession the forms of roses, tulips, and sunflowers; it also presented the appearance of a series of beautifully shaped bottles placed (like the funnels in a previous case) one within the other; and once it positively assumed the form of a fish, with eyes, gills, and feelers. "The grasses of the animal form," says the observer, "was displayed throughout, and no disk, coil, or speck existed on one side that did not exist on the other." For nearly two hours Dr. Tyndall looked in wonder at the extraordinary vision which his magic skill had evoked.

These experiments are capable of almost any degree of modification and extension. They have already revealed to us a new world abounding in images of almost incomparable beauty; but it is very probable that they have more than an æsthetic value. The assistants who watched the phenomena with the Professor, and whose minds were probably of a more practical cast, remarked that these reactions "would prove exceedingly valuable in pattern-designers," and if artistic skill can seize these fleeting phantoms there is no reason why this idea should not be carried out.

The chemical reactions which occur in these experiments are only slightly noticed, and do not admit of a popular explanation; it is, however, in the highest degree probable that future chemists will make this form of experiment a potent auxiliary to the laboratory, while future meteorologists will find in it the true explanation of various atmospheric phenomena which as yet remain in more or less obscurity.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A DARKEY in Natchez was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of two pounds of sugar he had bought at a rival store. "Let me weigh the sugar," said the grocer. The darkey assented, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't chest de child much; for he'll be wa sure'ing the sugar I stole two pair of shoes."

MEN seem to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother,
But women want to kiss so badly,
They kiss and kiss each other.

A LADY REPLIES.

Men do not kiss among themselves,
It's well that they refrain,
The bitter dose would vex them so
They ne'er would kiss again.

RIDDLES BY A WRETCH.

What is the difference between a surgeon and a wizard?—The one is a cupper, and the other is a sorcerer.

Why is America like the set of reflection?—Because it is a roomy-nation.

Why is your pretty cousin like an alabaster vase?—Because she is an *objet de* beauty.

A letter bearing the following superscription was recently received at the Dead Letter Office, from Iowa:

"Augustus Jones, a web-foot scrub.
To whom this letter wrats to go,
Where the pond-wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho."

THE NEW BACK-GAMMON—The Grecian bend.

THE SWELLS.

Hear that noisy lot of swells—
Hear those swells!
What a deal of trashy talk their company foretells!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the ball-room of a night!
Making such a fearful clatter,
As if something were the matter,
And had put them in a fright.
Killing time, time, time
Never thinking it a crime!
With the foolish conversation, to the little, laughing belles,
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Those swells, swells, swells!
While a-waiting and a-talking with the belles.

See those dissipated swells—
Heathen swells!
What a tale to temperance they they tumble tells!
In the startled air of night
Ringing bells in with great delight,
And singing songs with all their might,
Although the words they do not quite
Distinctly utter,
Reeling, reeling, reeling,
Standing, standing, standing,
Rolling, rolling, rolling,
On their honorable journey stirring
With a resolute endeavor
To show to all, or never
Side by side with their companions in the gutter,
Are in arm with their companions in the gutter.

See those horrid dandy swells—
Those swells!
What a world of rapid talk their company compels!
How distressing their flirtation,
And affected alienation
Of envy's contamination
Of the belles!
Oh, malicious young and single!
Lest your ears with pain should tingle,
You never listen to the jingle
Of the swells—
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
To the jingling and the mingling of the swells.

A doctor was very much annoyed by an old lady who always stopped him on the street to tell him of her many ills. Once she met him when he was in a great hurry. "Ah, doctor, how you are quite feeble," said the doctor. "Shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She did so, and the doctor moved off left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

GROSS DERAVATION—Getting fat.

HISTORY OF BOSTON.

Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, is a city of no mean pretensions. In age it antedates the Pyramids. When first discovered by the Tyrian Phœnicians, 1200 B.C., it bore the marks of extreme antiquity.

Faneuil Hall is supposed to have been the original Solomon's Temple, and Boston Common is known to be the Garden of Eden with modern improvements. The Tree of Life has been removed to make room for the magnificent Old Elm, and the Four Rivers are represented by the beautiful fountain which squirts continually.

Boston was named in honor of a certain cracker, which was there made in great perfection by the pre-Adamite inhabitants. And it retains the name—and the cracker—to this day.

A certain of its poets, whose name orpheus is Holmes, has called Boston the Hub of the Universe. Hub, and also a place where the rabbit muscles are never used, it may truly be termed the centre of creation.

No one laughs in Boston, and whoever would smile must go half a hundred miles to do it.

The streets in Boston are unlike the one in Damascus which was called Straight. When paved out, back in the carboniferous period, the Street Commissioner did not heed the injunction of the "Great Expounder:" "Ye solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations." And so the ruts and crevices of the town stagger about after the similitude of a rum's gait.

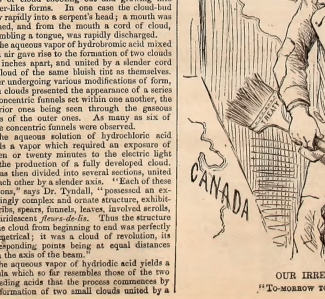
The principal hotel was formerly kept by Theodore Parker, and is still called the Parker House. It is kept on the European plan, which is, to charge so much for a room that you have no money left to invest in a breakfast.

Boston includes the towns of Cambridge, Jamaica Plains, Roxbury, Framingham, Worcester, Salem, and indeed all Massachusetts.

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover that she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

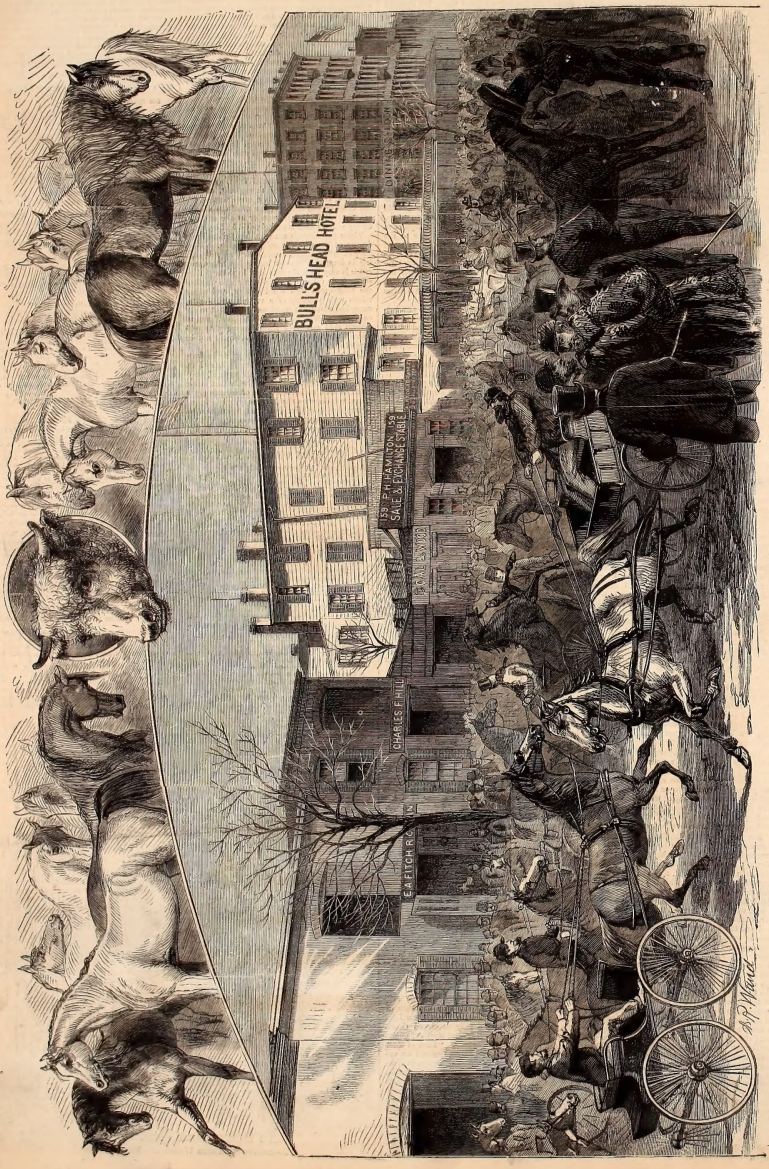
"But how if your friends see it?"

"Ah, and I'll tell the artist not to make it like you, so they won't know it."



OUR IRREPRESSIBLE "BILL"-STICKER.

"TO-MORROW TO FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW."


BULL'S HEAD HOTEL
CHARLES F. HILL
P. H. HAMILTON
SALE & EXCHANGE STABLE
P. H. HAMILTON
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SALE & EXCHANGE STABLE

"THE WELL-KNOWN KNOCK."

A simple and touching story of duties and trials in humble life, of wifely devotion and marital constancy, is told in our illustration on this page. By the dresses of the young mother and the little one who has risen with her, and also by the candle brought and placed on the stairs—not to be blown out at the door by, perhaps, a stormy wind raging without (and the "cast shadows" thrown by which are so well-managed by the artist)—we see that the summons for admission to a beloved home has come at night. That it is the return of husband and father we have an additional assurance in the title. By the ear of affection that knock could never be mistaken: sweeter music could not reach it. We are further told, by the eager gratification depicted on the pleasant countenance of the wife, and in her attitude of haste, so wholly free from any trace of doubt or apprehension, and by the quiet confidence of the child, longing likewise to give the kiss of welcome, that absence has been enforced by duty, and any delay was compulsory. This is no return of base truant, vile drunkard, reckless gamester, or penitent prodigal. However long the return has been expected, there will be no look or word of upbraiding in the reception. Perhaps it is some service of responsibility and danger which detains the man from home habitually far into the night; perhaps some public duty by sea or land. It may have been some ordinary journey; but very possibly it is the return from a long and perilous voyage, and the "well-known knock" comes like an angel voice in the still night, announcing glad tidings of joy and comfort to the yearning heart of the young wife and mother—mother perhaps since the husband's absence. A thousand conjectures the spectator may please to indulge in; but however romantic the explanation to which he inclines the picture forbids any denouement for the story but one of the fruition of hope and love in bliss unqualified. No subject could more forcibly suggest the perfect happiness of home.

"THE WELL-KNOWN KNOCK."

MODELING A HOMESTEAD.

The group represented on our first page is very suggestive. During the long winter evenings what occupation can be more interesting to the family gathered about the fireside than that of "modeling a homestead?" The first question with birds—the first problem they set about solving—is that of nest-building. With every frugal family the establishment of a permanent homestead should have the same prominence. It is of the first importance. Our population is rapidly increasing, the demand for houses, and consequently the price of rent, is daily growing greater, especially in our large cities and in their neighborhood; and the question presses imperatively upon all citizens: "Shall we pay rent in houses built for us upon the plans of speculative landlords, or shall we build for ourselves, and upon our own plans, such as our several necessities and our tastes suggest?"

The freedom from the thralldom of rent is in itself a great end to be secured. But this is by no means all. The homestead, which is the outward and material symbol of the spiritual significance of home, should become ours not simply by legal possession; it should be an outgrowth

from our own souls, stamped with the impress of our own deep sin. The robin can not build a nest for the swallow; and why should Mr. Boodle or Mr. Coodle build a homestead for you or me? Of course, we may need to consult those who are more experienced than ourselves as to materials best adapted to certain ends, as to cost, or as to the practicability of our plans, considering the means at our disposal. But every good housewife knows exactly what sort of a kitchen or pantry would suit her best. Every farmer can agree as to what would be the nicest kind of parlor for itself, or what kind of sitting-room would precisely meet the ideas of comfort and tidiness. Even the hall can have a sort of individuality impressed upon it, so that the first impression of a stranger would disclose some hint as to the tastes of the occupants. The size of the bedroom and the number of its closets; the degree of convenience and abundance of closet-room; the number, arrangement, and shape of the windows; the style of porties or piazzas; every thing, in fact, from the floor of the cellar to the chimney-top is a subject for mature deliberation, and for the exercise of individual taste. The house we live in, not less than the garments we wear, should furnish some indication of our predilections.

The first thing is the determination to build; such a purpose will furnish an additional motive to economy and industry. Then comes the planning—the delicious occupation of many pleasant hours spent in family consultation. Even the youngest members of the household are interested, and may participate in the work. The outlined sketches of plans on paper may be by means satisfactory. I therefore our group in the illustration prefers modeling. This may be done either by the use of colored blocks or of pasteboard; the latter being more convenient, because more easily managed. In this way a perfect model of the end of the finished homestead. It is a happy little fireside company, which we commend to our readers. Let us hope that the house will not only be modeled but built, and that it will shelter those who will always be as ready to re-operate with and help each other as they do now in this "modeling of a homestead."

THE NIGHT-SUMMONS.

I WISH could quite make up my mind to like Captain Standrid. He was only Lieutenant Standrid when he first came to Buckholme, and let my sister Alice see how deeply he was in love with her. He is a very good-looking and very well accomplished; and in the eyes of Alice and mamma, he was simply perfection. Any opposition that I, a raw schoolgirl of fifteen, might feel inclined to offer to my sister's engagement would have been worse than useless: it would only have aroused the storm which the most complete had heretofore reigned, and would not have influenced Alice's after-fate in the least. So the wedding came and went, and left me for our dear one with it. Mamma and I were left in the old house alone; and Buckholme had never seemed so dreary to either of us as it did now that Alice's pleasant laugh was no longer heard in its rooms.

About six months after Lieutenant Standrid's marriage his regiment was ordered to Ireland; and then Alice would have been lost to us entirely but for the letters that passed to and fro between Buckholme and the little town where she was in garrison with her husband.

My sister had been gone about a couple of years when that terrible affair of the bank-failure took place. Mamma lost two-thirds of her entire fortune in the crash, and my little portion went the same way.

As a consequence of this calamity we were obliged to quit Buckholme, the spot where Alice and I had been born and brought up, and close to which was the churchyard where our dear father lay buried. Mamma could no longer afford to keep up so large an establishment. We were even obliged to let our old Scotland, a pet of my girlish fancy, crossing the Border was like going into a foreign country. Mamma had a little house, in her own property, in one of the northern counties of England, and that was to be our future home. After Buckholme, it was a mere cottage, and for several weeks after our arrival we seemed to have scarcely breathing-room in it. But the feeling of narrowness and want of space quickly wore itself away, and we came to look upon the little house emphatically as home, and to love it as we grew to love it. It was pleasantly situated on an upland slope of rich pasture-land. From its windows you looked across a wide expanse of undulating valley to the foremost spurs of a range of great hills that stretched northward — one giant pressing close on the other, instead of another shown in Border itself—and formed no bad substitute for the more rugged grandeur of my native land. Our tiny domain was about in one and the sluggish waters of a canal. This canal was a great eyesore to mamma, who always spoke of it as "that ditch;" but for my part I did not dislike it. The slow-trailing barges, laden with coal or merchandise, and the gay packet-boats that passed and repassed twice a day, coming up and down—lent a touch of human interest to the landscape, and were of service to us in drawing our thoughts away a little while from ourselves and our immediate troubles.

Alice had been gone about three years. Of late her letters had been very infrequent, and those that we did receive were confined to details of the meagrest kind. They breathed no syllable of complaint, yet there was always a troubled look in my mother's eyes for a day or two after she had received one of them. In the last letter sent us by Alice there was no hint of what came to pass such a short time afterward; consequently, our surprise was all the greater when, in the dusk of a certain summer evening, I duly stepped at our garden-wicket and the next moment I clasped my sister to my heart.

It was only natural, after the first glad surprise of the meeting was over, that both mamma and I should want to know how it happened that Alice had come back so unexpectedly, and without a single word of announcement. But my sister stopped us at the outset.

"Captain Standrid's regiment is ordered to Canada," she said. "I am not accompanying it. I decline going to Canada; consequently, I am come back home. I have nothing further to tell you; and if you love me, you will ask me a single question more."

And nothing further did she tell us. We were too happy to have her with us to question her against her will as to her reasons for returning.

During the six months that followed between the night of her return and the strange incident which I have now on record, Alice received but two letters from her husband. Whether the news they contained was good or bad no one ever knew but herself. All that was, that Captain Standrid was quite well and seemed indifferent regards to mamma and me; but she seemed even more melancholy after the receipt of them than she had been before, although not the fastest murmur or complaint of any kind escaped her lips. Both mamma and I were anxious on the score of her health, which seemed to wane with the waning year; the listless, brooding sadness that had come upon her during the month to month, and the doctor's visits grew more frequent as Christmas drew near. But Alice's illness was of the kind that all the leeches in the world would have availed her but little.

That winter was the hardest that had been known south of the Border for many years. We had been used to hard winters all my life. The black frost, which set in about the middle of December, generally brought to afford an opportunity of indulging in my favorite pastime of skating, which, on leaving Buckholme, I had given as a last parting present to something which I could hope but rarely to enjoy again. Every morning when I awoke the first glance was to the window of my room, to see whether a filigree of frost-work still obscured the panes; and morning after morning my anxiety found was there again, telling me that the frost had not yet broken.

When the frost had lasted four days I sent Simon, our solitary man-servant, who was coachman, butler, and gardener in one, to make a secret reconnoissance of the canal, reporting to me as to the character and capabilities of its ice.

"It 'll bear all right by to-morrow, Miss Theo, will 't 'ee," was Simon's report.

Next morning I imparted my project to mamma; but she was not nearly so hopeful as I was later, when my importunities induced her to yield a reluctant consent. I must go alone, or not go at all; but I did not mind that. I had been many a solitary hour skating on the great loch near Buckholme, with no company but my own thoughts. So long as mamma was sure of the edge of the canal and put on my skates for me, and then I started. I had a glorious three hours on the ice; and I came back from the bridge just as the sun was dipping into the gray mists of the dying afternoon.

A week passed and still the frost held without the slightest sign of a break. Every day I went for a longer or shorter time; and mamma was quite as anxious as myself when I assured that the ice could not give way—that I should enjoy a splendid exercise while I had an opportunity of doing so, as I had often said her wishes in the matter. Dear mamma! She would enjoy Alice's company, and would indeed my spirits if I staid too much indoors; that I should catch the trick of sadness without having its warrant.

On the morning of Christmas-eve there came a third letter from Canada addressed to my sister. We were both much puzzled when it was brought in, for, this morning, Alice received a letter than usual, and had come down quite unexpectedly. Something in the shape of news that trembled slightly. As her eyes took in the contents a deep angry flush mounted to her white face. Her hands trembled, looking beautifully indignant, and, crossing the floor, thrust her husband's letter between the bars of the grate, and did not speak a word till every bit was burned to ashes. Then she crossed the room to leave it. She was going back to the middle of her own little parlor, when mamma, anxiously, as Alice's hand was on the door.

"Captain Standrid is well, dear?" asked mamma, anxiously, as Alice's hand was on the door.

"Captain Standrid is well," she answered, coldly, and next moment she was gone.

Later in the day I went out on the ice as usual, but the edge of the canal seemed to be cut off by my sister's evident trouble. If only she would have made a confidante of mamma, and have told her every thing, I felt sure that one half the sting would have been taken out of her trouble. But she trusted it in solitude, brooding over it in lonely misery, and, by her obstinate silence, making all three of us far more wretched than we need have been, and not her lips been sealed by mistaken pride.

I was not by mamma on entering the house. Alice is more than usually thin this afternoon," she said. "The letter she received this morning seems to have given a shock to her nervous system which has utterly prostrated her. I would send for Dr. Webb but that she is so obstinately bent on not seeing him after his visit of yesterday; and when she sets her mind either for or against any thing you know how determined she can be."

Has she said any thing to you respecting the contents of the letter?"

"Not a word."

As the evening advanced Alice seemed somewhat better, but still very silent and depressed; and altogether it was the most wretched Christmas-eve I had ever known. I was glad when bedtime came. After I had put out my light I stood peering out of the window for a few moments. A slight snow-shower had fallen a few hours before, but the clouds had rolled themselves away by this time, and the wide landscape, white and solemn, lay bathed in clearest moonlight. What a pity it seemed, I thought, to waste a night that was fit could claim so much beauty as their own!

I was fast enough asleep, however, when mamma came into my room about two o'clock, and touched me on the shoulder. "I want you to get up, dear," she said. "Alice is much worse, and I am beginning to be very anxious about her."

Mamma's anxiety was at once shared by me when I entered my sister's room. That she was very dangerously ill was quite evident even to my inexperienced eyes. "Dr. Webb must be summoned at once," said mamma; "but whom can we send to fetch him?"

Dr. Webb lived at Dale-end, a little town five miles away. The ordinary was the position of our house that he was the nearest practitioner. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no difficulty in summoning him. Old Simon would have got out Ball, the pony, and have driven him over to Dale-end with the basket-carriage; but Ball had brought the doctor back with him. But to-night is so happened that neither Simon nor the pony was available. The former was ill with bad Christmas with some friends several miles away; and Ball, a few days previously, had fallen lame, and was for the present unfit for work. Besides mamma and myself there remained in the house only two maid-servants, who would rather have perished than have attempted to have walked five miles along a lonely country road at that uncanny hour.

"I will go and summon Dr. Webb," I said, in answer to mamma's question.

"You, Theo, you can never walk five miles at this time of night!"

"I both can and will do it. Dr. Webb will bring me back in his gig."

"It will never do for you to go alone. Bessy, the house-maid, must accompany you."

"She would only be an encumbrance, and I am not at all afraid. I should get along twice as well without her. You know my walking powers of old, mamma."

"I must really insist, Theo, upon Bessy going with you. Otherwise I shall go to Dale-end myself."

I should probably have carried my point in the end, but just then a sudden thought struck me, which left me for the moment powerless to speak, and mamma at once took to call Bessy.

Five minutes later Bessy and I were ready to start. Mamma let us out at the front-door and bade us God-speed, and stood watching us till we shut the garden-wicket behind us and were lost to view. The moon and stars were shining brightly, and all the country-side lay white before us. The snow was not thick enough to impede walking, but was just enough to deaden the noise of our footsteps on the hard ground. There was a keen frosty wind that smote us like a scourge when we left the sheltered lane and turned our faces northward.

Beg your pardon, Miss Theo, but you are taking the wrong road to Dale-end," said Bessy.

"No we shall, Bessy; or rather I shall. There will be a nearer way to go."

"But Mrs. Saltoun said I was to go with you, Miss Theo; and, my how, this is not the road."

"Let me assure you: I am going to skate there along the canal."

"Law! miss, you will never be so foolish!" exclaimed Bessy, aghast at the idea.

"Whatever will your mamma say?"

"Mamma has had to forgive me many worse things than that," I said to Bessy. Dale-end is the time it would take me to go by road, and Dr. Webb will be able to see my sister so much the sooner. You have to go down to the canal with me and assist me on with my skates. After that you can go back home and tell mamma what I am doing."

Bessy grumbled, but was obliged to give way. I sat down on a large stone by the canal side, and she assisted me to put on my skates. My dress was well looped up, so as not to impede my movements; my hands were protected by a warm muff. Bessy fixed a handkerchief over my hat and under my chin. Then I started. Good hearted Bessy stood on the bank and waved me a farewell signal, as though I were going on a voyage of a thousand miles.

The ice was in splendid condition. The keen wind that had sprung up since midnight had swept the powdered snow off its surface almost as well as a broom could have done. To find myself on the ice by night was to remind me of old happy hours in Scotland when we used to go out, a party of us, with torches and hot pipes, and skate on Buckholme Loch. I gave myself to the occasion, and determined to do the distance at good speed. It was six miles, a mile further than by road. When the black span of the first bridge was touched and passed, and Bessy told me I had a mile behind, the overpowering solitude of the scene began to weigh upon my heart. But the condition of my nerves of itself compelled me to make me feel sad and anxious. It could not surely be that we were going to lose her? And yet there was something in her appearance to-night that excited my worst fears. In my own mind I could not help connecting my sister's increased illness with the letter from her husband which she had received that morning while at breakfast. If that hateful Captain Standrid had never come to Buckholme Alice would have left her, and not all the after-misery of her life resulting from her marriage with that man would have been spared her.

Such was the precise nature of the thought in my mind at the moment that a faint sound struck on my ear and caused me to turn my head. I was disagreeably startled to find that I was not quite so entirely alone on the ice as I had imagined myself to be. There was some one behind me—a man. "Some belated skater, no doubt," said I to myself, "who has been detained by good cheer and company, and is now making the best of his way home."

Without feeling exactly frightened I was yet rather anxious and excited, and at once put on my speed to the utmost with the view of distancing the stranger behind me. But I quickly perceived that my effort was a futile one. My pursuer —for such, although I had no reason whatever for so doing, I could not help calling him in my own mind—was rapidly lessening the distance between us. The ring of his skates was plain enough now to my ear above the noise made by my own motion. Suddenly I decided to slacken my speed, so as to let this troublesome individual shoot ahead of me, since that seemed the only way to get rid of him. In my wretchedly unquickened beating of the heart that I put this plan into operation and reduced my speed by half. "Pass me, you stranger now coming up," I said over hand." "He will reach me at the bridge," said I to myself, calculating the distance with my eye. So it was. As we shot under the bridge, he was skating in my shadow; as we shot out on the other side, he and I were abreast. I kept my eyes fixed straight before me and skated on, but still at a reduced speed. I was momentarily expecting to see the stranger glide on in front of me, having no desire to pursue my own course. But he did nothing of the kind. We had left the bridge about two hundred yards behind, and he was still skating in an exact line with me. My indignation was rapidly overcoming my timidity.

"A piece of unwarrantable impertinence to intrude his company on me in this way," I said to myself. With that I turned to fix him with a haughty stare; perhaps to question him, and saw—whom?

"Captain Standrid!"

My first thought was one of utter surprise on finding by my side a person whom I had at that moment believed to be some thousands of miles away. But this feeling quickly merged itself, and was lost in one that was far more unpleasant —in one of sheer horror. In the first moment of my surprise seeing Captain Standrid I pronounced his name, and was about to add some simple question, but a second glance at him caused the words to die away in my throat. As well as I could make out he was dressed entirely in furs. On his head he wore a close-fitting cap, made of the skin of some animal, from which his pale sharp-cut features and shapely mustache stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight. On his face was a pallor that was more than pale; it was white—a dull, deathlike, green white in the light of the moon—the face of a dead man. My soul seemed to shudder with a dread ineffable, as the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I was in the company of a dead man. He was looking straight before him at the moment I pronounced his name, and he took no apparent notice of my ejaculation. We were still gliding swiftly forward on our shoes of steel—I almost mechanically; we were still in a line one with the other, with a space of five or six feet between us; we had progressed about half a mile from the spot where Captain Standrid had come up with me, when he suddenly turned his head, and his eyes full upon mine—terrible eyes, with nothing of earthly speculation left in them, but in its place a nameless indescribable something, lighting them up with a strange inward light of their own, as this fearful procession was as clear to me as if I had seen them by the broad light of day. The horror that was upon me deepened till it was almost unbearable. Earth and sky, moonlight and starlight, and the whistling by floor which my feet were devouring so swiftly, all seemed out of the cognizance of unconsciously as a dream fades out of the brain at the moment of waking. We seemed to be skating, my dread companion and I, over a sea of glass toward a precipice that could be discerned dimly in the distance, and over which, having no power to stop ourselves, we must inevitably go headlong to destruction.

As in dreams we have no real knowledge of the duration of time, so, in my terror in which I then was, I seemed to have passed hours in skating over the sea of glass, whereas it could only have been half a minute at the most before I came back to a recognition of time and place, and the real circumstances around me; and felt rather than saw, with a shock of indescribable relief, that my companion's baleful eyes were no longer fixed upon me. In the mere fact of his presence there was something unspeakably terrible; but had he kept his eyes on me much longer I must either have died or gone mad.

There was something appalling in my companion's utter silence. I became possessed by an almost irresistible desire to challenge him, to question him, to do any thing that would cause him to speak; and yet in my secret heart I was intensely thankful that he did not speak: it was a consolation to me that I am not a coward. Had he spoken to me, I should never have summoned up courage to answer again. Nothing, indeed, save the strong consciousness of acting within me that the errand on which I was bound must be accomplished at every risk gave me the strength needful to accomplish my purpose. Had I been supported by a sense of any duty less stern and exacting than support would have been in vain; I should infallibly have broken down; I should have shrieked aloud for help, though no help could have come to me; I should have turned and fled by the way I had come; or else I should

have fallen senseless on the ice, and have been found next morning frozen and dead. Last year I drew my breath hard, and set my teeth, and murmured to myself: "Not twenty Captain Standrids, dead or alive, shall stop me from going where I want to go!"

I increased my pace and Captain Standrid increased his. Onward we sped along a winding course that followed every bend and twist of the little valley, the white meadows, solitary and far-reaching, and the pines on either side. Not a sky road without a sign of human life or habitation. Such a journey for which I was inspired by in a fold of the valley, and could not be seen from the canal till you were close upon it. My heart began to beat more freely at the first thought that now the end of my journey was not very far away. Almost a mile before you reach the town, the canal makes a sharp bend into two branches, and after forming a loop (for purposes of trade), comes together again in the large basin at the terminus. Each of the two branches would have answered my purpose equally well, there being little or no difference in their length; but I had made up my own mind to take that which led to the right. When we were about a dozen yards from the point of division the dark and speechless figure by my side shot suddenly ahead in the direction of the left-hand channel. I now saw, what I had not noticed before, that my weird companion was shadowy indeed. The noise made by his oars cutting the ice could be distinctly heard above that made by mine; in bulk and figure he seemed, as other men, to have become steeped in night, and was apparently as palpable to the touch as my own; yet, despite all this, as he shot forward in the lead, he bounded, not the slightest shadow was cast by his figure on the ice. I saw, and, thrilled from head to foot as I saw. At the entrance to the left-hand channel, my companion paused in his career, turned his head slowly, and beckoned to me to follow him. As though impelled by some fatal fascination from the moment I had determined on in my own mind, my feet, without any apparent effort of my own, turned off to the left, as if in obedience to my ghostly summons. Another instant and I should have been close upon him, when suddenly I heard my sister's voice, as clear and distinct as ever I heard it in my life, say close to my ear: "Follow him not, Jack!" I took a half-smothered cry, I swept swiftly round, and next moment I was racing at a headlong speed down the channel to the right.

I thought I had got rid of my ghostly pursuer. My eyes went stealthily round and could see no signs of him. For a couple of minutes more, as I emerged from the shadow of a bridge, he was by my side again. But every minute now my nerves were growing in steadiness, for the end of my journey was nigh. Presently we shot into the great basin of the canal, the roofs of Dale-end were seen over, and my heart gave utterance to a brief silent thanksgiving for my safe arrival. I sat down on the wharf steps to take off my skates. My dread companion vanished; I was alone.

As I hurried up the narrow tortuous streets of the little town I seemed to be conscious of a vague shadowy presence accompanying me; but whenever I turned my head there was nothing to be seen. This impalpable something followed me close up to the doctor's door, but was gone utterly the moment I laid my hand on the bell. The good doctor was quickly down in answer to my summons. "Dr. Webb,—your sister!" was all I could say; and then I fell insensible at his feet.

When I recovered my senses I found Mrs. Webb by my side, whom her husband had fetched out of her bed to attend to me. There, too, was the doctor himself, busily engaged for the journey.

"You had better stay here for the rest of the night, my dear Miss Salteon," said the doctor, "or else I may have two patients on my hands instead of one."

"I am quite well now; and I must get back home," I said, for I could all the while discern efforts of the kind-hearted couple persuade me to the contrary. Five minutes later, well wrapped up in some shawls and rugs, I was seated beside the doctor in his gig, on my way home. As we were going along I narrated to Dr. Webb the details of my solitary journey on the ice. He answered me, as I quite expected he would do, that my nervous system was out of order: that the delicate membranes of the brain were slightly disarranged; that my mind had been dwelling too much on Captain Standrid and the letter written by him; and then he added that mental health was affected in a certain way nothing was more simple than to explain such a spectral illusion for a creature of flesh and blood. Finally, it was Dr. Webb's opinion that what I wanted most was tone; and he would write a prescription for the tonic morning which would put all ghostly fancies to flight for the future.

"What you say may be quite correct," I replied; "nevertheless, I am as perfectly convinced that Captain Standrid is dead, and that he died within a few hours of the present time, as I am that I am sitting here and speaking with you. All I ask of you is, that you will put down the exact day and hour in your pocket-book, and leave the event to prove whether I am right or wrong."

"Agreed," he said. "There can be no harm in my doing that. You will not, I presume, say a word either to Mrs. Salteon or your sister respecting what you have just told me?"

"Certainly not. It will be time enough for them to know when the news shall come."

"The news never will come, my dear Miss Salteon, take my word for it."

We found my sister no worse than when I had left home. Dr. Webb staid with us till breakfast-time. Before taking his leave he showed me the memorandum which he had made in his pocket-book.

A fortnight later came the news of Captain Standrid's death. He had been out skating on Christmas-eve with a party of friends on one of the smaller of the Canadian lakes. After some time he had left the ordinary track of the rest of the party for a solitary run up the lake; and when about a mile and a half away from any assistance he had unwittingly skated into a large air-hole, which had been made by some Indians on the ice for fishing purposes. His body was recovered, but not till life was extinct. In the suddenness and terrible nature of his calamity every thing was forgiven and forgotten by his widow, except the fact that he had been her husband, and that once on a time she had loved him very devotedly. By one loving heart Captain Standrid was long and sincerely mourned.

After a time, and from other sources, some particulars of my sister's married life reached us. What I had heard was unhappy one, marked by gambling and dissipation on the one hand, and by patient endurance on the other, is all that need be said here. But from a child upwards a woman can not forgive, and Captain Standrid did that which would not allow of his wife accompanying him home. She received a letter on the first morning of Christmas-eve contained a request that she would try to persuade mamma—poor as the latter now was—to cut out five hundred pounds' worth of stock, and remit him the proceeds.

I have nothing further to add, except that I was afterward informed that at the time of my journey to Dr. Webb's the ice of the left-hand channel had been purposely weakened in order to undermine the bridges. Had I taken that channel, as summoned to do by my ghostly conductor, I should, in all human probability, have met a fate similar to that of Captain Standrid.

Dr. Webb is, however, still skeptical, and always will be, about what he is "a very remarkable case of spectral illusion."

REUNION OF THE NEW YORK CHASSEURS.

THE Chasseurs left New York city, under their Colonel, JAMES COCHRANE, on the 27th of August, 1861. They were mustered originally as members of the renowned Seventh Regiment. ALEXANDER SHALER was their Lieutenant-Colonel, and JOSEPH E. HAMBLIN their Major. The regiment was organized by the written authority of the Secretary of War, SIMON CAMERON, by whom its Colonel was concurrently (June 11, 1861) mustered into the service of the United States.

On the 28th of October, following a commission as Brigadier-General, the officers of the regiment took commissions from the State of New York, appointing them officers of a regiment thence numbered the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers. Before this regiment Colonel COCHRANE made his memorable speech, in which he pledged himself to the slaves, and it was the one which introduced into the army the singing of "John Brown."

The Chasseurs were brigaded with Sumner and in Maryland under General M'CLELLAN, and having been incorporated with the Sixth Army Corps in the Summer of 1862, they were present at and participated in all its battles on the Rappahannock, in the Valley, Maryland, Pennsylvania, at Petersburg, and Five Forks, and closed the war with Assistant Adjutant-General of the Corps, Brevet Major-General M. T. M'MAHON, says that "on the 18th of April, 1865, the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers (Chasseurs), *the last regiment* of the greatest army that has ever illumined history by its deeds, was duly discharged from the service of the nation. When mustered out but forty veterans of its original rank and file were left.

Its first field officers, Colonel COCHRANE and HAMBLIN, became successively Brigadier-Generals, and subsequently Major-Generals by brevet. Two of its Captains, EUGENE and THOMAS H. HIGGINBOTHAM, became Colonels of other regiments, and the first-named a Brigadier-General by brevet. The Lieutenant-Colonel, as we have said, was commanded by Colonel HENRY C. FISK.

The second reunion of the officers of the regiment was held on the 7th inst., at the house of the General COCHRANE. The occasion was honored with the presence of the various Generals under whom it served. Gen. EUGENE FRANKLIN, SMITH ("Baldy"), NEWTON, WRIGHT, ABERCROMBIE, and FRED GRAHAM were in attendance, with the ladies of the officers.

When the Chasseurs and their guests drew round the banquet-board General COCHRANE introduced the theme of the evening with the recitation of the following lines written by him for the occasion. Our artist has represented the scene at the words

"Comrades, a toast—all standing—"

when the whole company arose, and silently drank the toast:

"Our dead in Freedom's fight!"

Resuming their seats the General proceeded with the stanza. The following is a copy of the entire poem:

THE CHASSEURS.

We bore your colors, once our comrades! a thousand strong;
But battle and fever have thinned the martial throng.
The fiery breath of conflict
Consumed our stricken band,
When Death mowed down the Chasseurs,
And on Cold Harbor's strand.

O comrade! from the blood-red field
Bring here your scars to-night;
And, comrade, maimed and marrowless,
Bring to our feeling sight
Your battles won—the Wilderness,
Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill;
And bear the word at Gettysburg
Proclaim ye your valor still.

When men shall in the future
Make up the roll of fame,
Unsummon'd your deeds remember,
Immortalized your name.

We left them there behind us—
We left them there to die;
But many a sigh and tearful eye
Mourn them we loved so well.

We gazed upon their battle-shrouds,
Upon each pallid face;
Then laid their grimed accouterments
Each in its proper place.
We pinned their badges on them,
Their swords we placed between;
Beneath each head its knapsack laid
With each his old canteen.

They're sleeping where we laid them
In Slocum and Wright,
Comrades, a toast—all standing—
Our dead in Freedom's fight!
We've poured the sad libation,
Drained deep each sable bowl;
With last behest we pray them rest
To their immortal souls.

On friendship's burning altar
Lay now your mutual hands;
Be kindness and forbearance
With love our mutual bands.
Our country claims us comrades,
Each to his duty true;
The boon conferred at Petersburg
Was PEACE, GOD-WILL TOWARD MEN.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

INTELLIGENCE continues to arrive from California of the prevalence of small-pox in various parts of the State, particularly in San Francisco. Great anxiety and distress prevail, especially because the disease assumes the most malignant type, and the symptoms are in many cases so frightful as almost to prevent any necessary attention to the sufferer. The city authorities have adopted every expedient to check the spread of the epidemic, and it was determined to convey all persons afflicted, whether rich or poor, to a hospital outside the city, and every man was carried out. But the name of "pest-house" alarmed the community, and the word "hospital" was substituted. A number of ladies, members of the Howard Association, have their services as nurses, and measures were adopted to place these facilities within a species of quarantine. The epidemic, however, still increased, and during the first week in January there reported in San Francisco were over five hundred, the population of the city being only one hundred and thirty thousand. The most remarkable circumstance in connection with the very startling feature of the epidemic, as described in the San Francisco papers, is that vaccination appears to afford no reliable protection. This is by some ascribed to the character of the vaccine matter employed; and the wish is expressed that the people of the Atlantic coast would forward vaccine matter which could be trusted on the Pacific. Others appear to think that the disease is of too malignant and formidable a character to be stayed by the effects of vaccination upon the system, although properly performed. All agree in recommending the use of soap as the accounts come of the cases. One case related is that of a man who was frightfully pitted by the small-pox, who, after the use of soap for a time, presented in the doctor's office when several persons were being vaccinated, and on the severing of a thing, the doctor vaccinated him. Strangely enough the operation took effect, and he was subsequently proof against all the local and constitutional symptoms of the disease. Another case is related of a child who was vaccinated with the same lancet that had been used in a case of small-pox, and carried to the same child. The disease assumed the confluent type and he died in a few days.

A Sacramento paper has the following incident, indicating in a most unusual manner how extensively the epidemic has enlisted the attention of the community. The writer says: "A little friend of ours found among her many collections of curiosities, a bone the position of some of Mund, and it taken out every pleasant morning for a walk. In her walk she met with a piece of orange meriua pinned on a stick by the nursery maid, I proceed to the children, who I was quickly notified to leave by little Charley, who seemed to be acting in the capacity of doctor, 'for Maud was todays small-pox girl how she would get, and the yellow flag was hung out!' Dear only knows how much nursing Maud had to undergo, and how many medicines I heard some painful discords and failures in an attempt at singing the little nursery hymn of 'Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,' after which I beheld a little procession, in which Charley carried the dog, and Floy the cat, closing the procession, and as they slowly round up the hill into the garden, I understood from the mournful tone of voice that it was a matter of grief and distress, that it was a funeral going on, Maud having died from which I arrived at the little graveyard under the geranium-bush just in time to rescue the lovely wax doll from being buried. 'She's saved by a hair,' said Floy, 'and we would 'a buried her too!'"

A very bold and startling robbery was committed lately at the National Park Bank. At about half past eight o'clock in the morning a man entered the bank; placed upon the counter a check of the office, and then suddenly but deliberately smashed the large plate-glass window in the money department with a huge octagon-shaped plate of iron fully ten inches in diameter and a foot in length. The man then coolly found no difficulty in reaching the piles of bank-notes that lay in the open safe, and thus obtained a booty amounting $8636 in National Bank bills of various denominations, with which he darted from the building, the large iron bar still in his hand, astounding all in the bank. He was pursued, arrested, and sent to prison. Strange to say, his counsel pleaded that he was not, in the deed, he insisted that he was innocent, and desired opportunity to prove himself so. *Perhaps he might plead insanity! If so, query*, would the jury acquit him?

It is announced that several oratories will soon be given in this city, with Madame Parepa-Rosa as soprano. This is a step in the right direction. Every quantity of nitro-glycerine from this city. We have seen. It is now impossible for the city in boxes marked "gasoline." Unusual care being manifested in its transportation suspicion was aroused. The boxes were examined, and found to contain nitro-glycerine. If this very dangerous mixture had exploded while passing through the streets the result must have been terrible. The explosive power of nitro-glycerine is variously estimated at from five to thirteen times that of gunpowder. Suddenly heated to 360° Fahrenheit it explodes. The temperature of 70° Fahrenheit it is liable to spontaneous decomposition. The facts above mentioned having come to the public the President of the company from whom the nitro-glycerine was purchased stated that it was packed and transported according to law, that it was marked "Nitro-Glycerine—Dangerous," in large letters, but "in order to make sure of careful handling, it seems the purchaser marked on another end of the boxes 'Gasoline,' in pencil, that article being more dangerous than nitro-glycerine."

For some time past there has been on free exhibition at Sueddene's Art Gallery "The Yosemite Valley," a fine painting by Thomas Hill. The Yosemite Valley is a long, rocky chasm in California, shut in by stupendous walls of granite, over whose perpendicular precipices waterfalls tumble headlong. It is from six to seven miles in length, and half a mile to a mile in width, its trees, wild grasses and rocks resembling quite closely the banks of the Connecticut Valley. Hardly less than the natural scene is Mr. Hill. The Merced River, a clear blue stream, meanders through it; its banks are fringed with the fir, the oak, the willow, and the birch; and here and there, luxuriopened stand a broad, green, quiet meadows of rich grass, there are groves of trees of immense size and wonderful picturesqueness. In Sueddene's gallery there are also many other fine landscapes as well as numerous chromos. Lovers of the fine arts, even if they have no desire to purchase, may spend a leisure hour most pleasantly in examining this collection.

Not long ago a Russian peasant entered the office of a publisher at St. Petersburg, and asked him for employment. The publisher thought he wanted a place to do manual labor. To his great surprise, however, he learned that the peasant, on the contrary, desired employment as translator from the Italian, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He said his name was Ivan Trunin, and he lived in the district of Jaroslavl, where he owned a farm of about a piece of ground. All the above-mentioned languages he had acquired there in retirement and diligence. An examination showed that he was able to translate the most difficult passages in a very pure and literary style. The publisher engaged him immediately to translate the English Bible into Russian. The most curious feature about this learned peasant is that he works all day in the field, and devotes only his leisure hours to the exercise of his literary employment.

The frequent loss of life in this city occasioned by the explosion of kerosene lamps resulted in a thorough investigation of this matter by the Board of Health. It was ascertained that a large proportion of the oil sold in this city was absolutely unsafe. At a recent meeting of the Board an ordinance was adopted regulating the manufacture of this article of use. The substance of this ordinance is, that no kerosene oil, or other liquid having similar properties, shall be kept or offered for sale as a burning fluid unless it can stand the following tests: 1. That it shall not take fire or burn at a temperature below 110° degrees of Fahrenheit; and 2. That it shall not evolve an explosive vapor below 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The Board of Health had thus restricted the sale of kerosene oil, supposing that it had the authority to do so, but Metropolitan Fire Department announced that by a State law or local ordinance, the right to test kerosene sold in the city, and to recover such as failed, was one of the law. The Board of Health has certainly done a great thing in putting up the high standard, as to a sense of duty, and it is to be hoped some decisive action on the subject will be taken hereafter.

The one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, the illustrious Scotch poet, was celebrated last night by a grand banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel. It was been customary heretofore to confine these annual dinners to gentlemen only, but on the occasion a number of ladies were invited, and their presence added to their pleasure. The question of ladies to public dinners will doubtless be thus approved by many, yet there can be no question but that their presence would be welcomed by some sunshine, and exert a wholesome, restraining influence upon those who are inclined to indulge in too much wine.

The Portland *Press* informs us that at one period the salmon were so numerous in a spring near the bank of Location Falls that after the fish had gone from the river their backs formed a bridge on which one might venture to walk. This is a fish story; but it is certain that now both salmon and trout have disappeared from the spring, and the river generally. The noble streams of Maine have been depopulated by neglect and improvidence, and must now be restocked with fish.

A shocking occurrence is reported from Belleville, Clermont. The family daughter of a farmer, named —, a lovely girl of eighteen—died and was buried. The day after the funeral, the grief-stricken parents visited the grave of their child, when, to their horror, they found evidences of its having been disinterred. To relieve their minds somewhat, they came to the conclusion that the clothes and ornaments had been stripped from the body and carried away. The matter was at once disarranged condition as to require to be redressed and interred. Upon again doing so, they found pockets at this gross indignity and outrage can not be described. They have caused the remains of their beloved child to be interred in a more secure manner, and their residence, where it is hoped they will be permitted to remain in peace.

A novel vessel—which is named *Novelty*, by-the-way —has lately been launched in Boston. This is an iron boat, designed to carry anchors and chain. As the hold she has seven circular tanks, secured on an iron framework, which can be filled with water, and are connected with one another in such a manner that they can be used as ballast or discharged at pleasure. Their combined capacity is 90,000 gallons. On the deck is a steam-pump of large capacity for ballasting, and also over each there is a hatchway, so that they can be examined around, above and below, at all times. The hull is divided into seventy-two feet by bulkheads, and it is estimated that in six hours her cargo can be pumped out. At the place where she will discharge in Boston there is a tank to receive her cargo.

In the Iowa Agricultural College two of the students are women.

Everybody who has seen the novelty lately announced as the "Fowler Adding Machine," says that "this instrument, small enough to be carried in one hand, will add up more than a thousand items on common note-book, and simple in its construction as a child's playthings, will put together sums of figures, in quantities ranging from the limits of simple addition to the most complicated combinations of the higher rules of arithmetic with as much ease and certainty as a boy will tell marbles." The inventor says that "all there is about it is that it is the easiest thing in the world to add up columns of figures, and that it will do it with perfect accuracy." We therefore suggest to the Board of Education that arithmetic may now be omitted from the course of study, as hereafter all sums can be footed up by machinery. "I would I were a boy again!" will then be the song of those who in former years groaned over the addition table. Seriously, however, the accuracy of this machine is said to be beyond a doubt, the rapidity of its action marvelous, and its simplicity remarkable; and if this is the case, to book-keepers, accountants, and business-men generally, it must prove of immense value.

THE RIVER-POLICE BOAT ON THE LOOK-OUT.—[SKETCHED BY P. FRANZENY.]

THE RIVER-POLICE BOAT.

ON illustration on this page represents a boat belonging to the Metropolitan River Police force, hidden behind a pier and on the look-out for suspicious crafts that, under the cover of night, move up and down the river for the accomplishment of illegal purposes. The River Police is a regular branch of the city force, organized under Captain HART. It has two sergeants and twenty-two officers, and has at its disposal a number of oarsmen and sailors, ten or twelve boats, and a steamer. The duties of this force are similar to those devolving upon other policemen—the protection of life and property, and the enforcement of sanitary regulations. It is a rough and toilsome service, and not unattended with peril; for this force is brought into contact with some of the most desperate characters which infest our city. The utmost vigilance is required, as every thing depends upon a sudden and unlooked for descent upon the river thieves, who must be caught before they can sink their booty. The boats are usually manned with two or three of-

RÉUNION OF THE NEW YORK CHASSEURS, FEBRUARY 3, 1869.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ficers, two oarsmen, and a pilot or boatswain. The boat itself is stoutly built and guarded on both sides by rope fenders to subdue any noise occasioned by running against piers or vessels.

BULL'S HEAD HORSE MARKET

THE Bull's Head Hotel was built about forty-two years ago, when the neighboring region consisted of open fields, with here and there a country villa or a farm-house. Lots on the Bowery at that time could be bought for $300 or $400 each. The old tavern at the corner of Twenty-third Street is almost the only relic of that time. In those days the drove-yards were here; now they are up town, and horse-dealers and stables monopolize the neighborhood. The trade in

SCENE IN A VELOCIPEDE RIDING-SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY.

horses is always dull at this season of the year. The open winter, with very little sleighing, lessens the demand for the finest horses. The chief call just now is for railroad horses, which bring from $150 to $200 each, and for work horses at from $200 to $400. The weather has been favorable for opening streets, grading parks, etc., and there is a fair demand for strong, serviceable horses adapted to this sort of labor.

The stock of horses in this country has been very much reduced since the war. The call for fine spirited and other driving horses has been such as to lead to the conversion of many splendid stallions into geldings, leaving a scarcity of good breeders.

THE WITCH.

I think he'd like to be a witch,
To sail upon the sea,
In a tub or sieve, in storm or shine,
Mid wild waves flashing free.

I'd catch the billows by the mane,
The bounding billows and strong,
Goad them, and curb them, or trample them down,
Or lall them with a song.

I'd churn the sea, I'd tether the winds,
As suited my fancy best,
Or call the thunder out of the sky,
When the clouds were all at rest.

I'd wreck great ships if they crossed my path,
With all the souls on board,
Wretched, but no wretched as I,
In the judgments of the Lord.

And then, may be, I'd choose out one
With his floating yellow hair,
And save him, for being like my love,
In the days when I was fair.

In the days when I was fair and young,
And innocent and true;
And then, perhaps, I'd give him a kiss,
And drown him in the blue.

In the blue, blue sea, too good to live
In a world so false and bad,
I think I'd like to be a witch,
To save me from going mad!

OLD LOVES.

THE love of a boy or girl is unique. It is never repeated in kind, though it may be even surpassed in degree; for the love of the mature heart is more powerful than that of the youthful; but its freshness, the ecstatic sense of certainty, the sudden belief in itself and its own immortality, in its unchangeableness and future, characteristic of the first young love, have no echo even in the strength and fidelity of the mature. Besides, it is so divinely blind; and its blindness remains, though the eyes may be coached to see every thing else. Though our early charmer was snub-nosed and red-headed, and fully half a dozen years our elder, yet our memory plays magic tricks with reality, and we think of her to this day, as we believed her at the time: beautiful, golden-haired, and sixteen. If we have never seen her since that fatal hour we console ourselves from her side in an agony of despair at the cruel fate which sent us to New Zealand or the West Indies, no shock of personal experience has shattered the sweet falsehood of our boyish dreams, and we should always be to us what she was; but if we have seen her after our eyes have been couched, we stand aghast, as at the discovery of some blunder in her upward state. That plain-featured, commonplace dowdy is no more the peerless Dulcinea of only ten years ago than she is her grandmother. Heavens! such she is two persons: the one, living in memory: the other in actuality; and of the two the remembrance is the more real.

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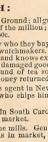

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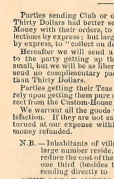

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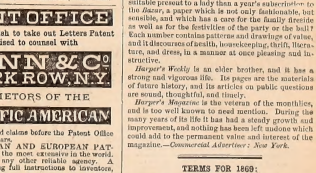

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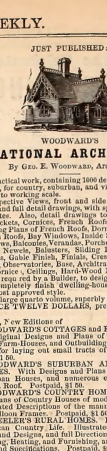

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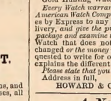

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 634.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE LETTER-BOX.—[See Page 114.]

THE LETTER-BOX.

MR. JEWETT'S expressive drawing, published on our first page, is so suggestive in itself that it is scarcely necessary to make any comments or attempt to interpret a story that is so well told by the artist's pencil. The sadly-anxious face of the wife and mother as she deposits her missive with a silent prayer "that he may get it soon," and the address of the letter, let us at once into the whole secret. How many such letters are daily dropped into the letter-box! and sad indeed is the story they tell of necessary separation, even of the faithful love full of hope, yet full also of anxiety which follows the absent father and husband. As in our illustration, those mailings seem to bear along with them the prayers of the mother and the kisses of the children.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

"THE FALLACIES OF HOPE."

THERE more hopeful Democrats profess a cheerful faith that the Republicans already "doubt" General GRANT. "They doubt him; they doubt him" exclaimed Mr. W. W. EATON, with great zeal, in the Connecticut Democratic Convention; and the doubt which he so vehemently affirmed appears to give Mr. EATON peculiar satisfaction. And so also many of the chief Democratic papers chuckle with great delight at what they hope to be the quarrel of coming trouble between the new President and the Republican party.

It would seem, indeed, that the Democratic experience of the withdrawal of Mr. JOHNSON from his party, and the total want of any substantial benefit in consequence to the hungry Democracy, should be held inspiring reasons to justify such enthusiasm over the prospect of a similar defection. The Democratic newspapers tended President JOHNSON to the utmost; but the *World* at last said that there was only one way in which he could prove that his sentiments were truly sound, and that was in bestowing the patronage upon the faithful. Congress, however, enacted its little Tenure-of-Office bill, and now not even the Connecticut Democracy, with Mr. JAMES F. BABCOCK, the great original Democrat of Connecticunia, at their head, has so much as a word of sympathy or admiration or regret for the retiring distributor of the Constitutional.

The next Democratic hope is, that General GRANT will imitate ANDREW JOHNSON. He has not, indeed, hitherto shown a remarkable admiration for that example; but it is supposed that he is not a party President, that the Republican party was compelled to take him, that he is not an extreme man, that his only military training—and, indeed, reasons are as plentiful as blackberries when you have once made up your mind that you must have them. But at least it is the one evident point of difference between these gentlemen. GRANT is reasonable and firm; JOHNSON most delightfully unreasonable and obstinate. It would be hard to find any thing more comically absurd than his grave recommendation to Congress that, as the country had now finally decided against his policy, Congress should vote to succeed to adopt it. That was worthy of Sancho PANZA in Barataria.

There is also another point of difference which is evident enough. Mr. JOHNSON was a Border State Slavery politician of the poorest kind—of so poor a kind indeed that there has always been a question whether his love for the Unionism was not quite as much hostility to a certain social class in his part of the country as to their disloyalty to secession. The war and his position undoubtedly cast a glamour upon him under which he was nominated by the Republicans in 1864. But he had never shown then, he certainly has never shown since, that he understood in the least the controlling cause of the war, and consequently what must be the policy to secure peace. He has been a stupidly contemptuous and hostile toward the colored population, to whom he proposed himself as a Moses, as he has been dogmatic in urging his policy upon the country. General GRANT, meanwhile, has supported Congressional reconstruction upon the profoundest conviction that it was the best practicable plan.

But it is not in any specific point that the baselessness of the hopes of our Democratic friends is to be found. General GRANT is, as the French would say, a political child of the war. He naturally takes the view of the situation that logically results from the war. The man is constantly very foolish who doubts that General GRANT'S Administration will pursue the fundamental Republican policy. It will defend the equality of civil and political rights under the law. It will maintain the public faith toward every body, freedmen and creditors. It will aid the most vigorous possible reduction of the public expenses. Its spirit will be that of charity toward all, of malice toward none. In doing this it will be simply carrying out the principles proclaimed by the Convention that nominated the President, and in doing it, also, General GRANT'S Administration will be in the truest sense a Republican Administration.

Such being, as every body will admit, the undoubted policy of the new Administration, is its chief likely to ask the assistance of HORATIO SEYMOUR of FERNANDO WOOD, of WADE HAMPTON or FRANK BLAIR? In the conduct of an Administration based upon the principles of equal rights and good faith, is the President likely to look to a party which has always asserted and maintained those principles, or to one that has always derided and opposed them? Is there any conceivable reason why General GRANT should undertake to gather figs of thistles by depending upon the Democratic party for a policy of national justice and honor? Are duplicity and intrigue characteristic of him? Is he inordinately ambitious? Yet, if he sympathized with the Democratic party on any question, he might undoubtedly have had the Democratic nomination. Has any thing happened within the year that should give him greater respect for the policy or the principles of that party? Has any thing occurred, upon the other hand, which should give him a suspicion of the Republican party? In the highest way, General GRANT'S political comprehension of the situation is that of the Republicans. In the lowest view, he has nothing to gain by going over to the Democrats.

On the other hand, that the new President will wear no man's collar we most gladly and fully believe. That he will resist any and all attempted dictation from those who call themselves the "leaders" of the party we have no doubt whatever. That some other candidate for office than mere party service will be demanded by him we most sincerely hope. Party relations will not, of course, be disregarded by him; for he is personally only a man of sagacity, and he knows that in our political situation the results at which he aims can be achieved only with party support. But that reduced to party relations justice and honor are in doubtless wholesomely skeptical. Capacity, knowledge, integrity, experience, prudence, sagacity, are quite as essential to the right use of the Administration as "claims" founded upon "doing all the dirty work of the party." Cliques and rings and factions in the Republican party, as in all other parties under the same circumstances, will doubtless be disappointed and disgusted by the conduct and the appointments of the new Administration. But those who are delighted to trust to doubt that the great mass of the party, its intelligence and character, will most heartily sustain the new President, and that his Administration will be wise and strengthen it. Our Democratic friends have been mistaken in him before. As a soldier, they announced him as a blunderer; and when, as a Presidential candidate, they sneered at him as brainless. Now, when they hopefully praise him as a second-hand ANDREW JOHNSON, they will find themselves as deeply in error.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE return of the anniversary of WASHINGTON'S Birthday naturally suggests curiosity as to the present condition of Mount Vernon, and more especially as it is the day when Congress is asked to make an appropriation for the Mount Vernon Association. This association and its objects have been always a little in disfavor, with chilly cowings of the shoulders in the cold. There was, indeed, something which struck the public as an attempt to save the Union by a mere sentimentality when the project was announced, and when the demand for $200,000 JOHN A. WASHINGTON as the price of the estate; the charter from the State of Virginia; the Presidency of the Association by a lady of South Carolina; the advocacy of Mr. EVERETT, who was thought to be politically weak, if not "Southern," all favored the impression that the enterprise was of the party kindred of JOHN A. WASHINGTON, and for the local glory of "the South."

It was nearly seven years before the war that Miss PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, of South Carolina, suggested that the women of America should own Mount Vernon. An Association was formed of one representative lady in each State, called a Vice-Regent, and a presiding officer, the Regent. Miss CUNNINGHAM was naturally elected Regent, and she has given to it very much of her fortune to the object. From the report of November 19, 1866, it appears that the receipts of the Association from the beginning were $68,000, of which $18,000 or 20 was contributed by Mr. EVERETT as the proceeds of his Washington oration and of his *Ledger* papers. The sum of $200,000 demanded by JOHN A. WASHINGTON was paid. The charter was granted, and the Association kept an agent at Mount Vernon in charge of the estate, and a lady Secretary in charge of the house, and during the darkest days of the war another lady as companion. The agent was a connection of the WASHINGTON family, a Confederate and her friend were from the State of New York.

During the war the annual meetings of the Council were held, thinly attended and almost exclusively, of course, by Northern women. The Regent, Miss CUNNINGHAM, was at home in the interior of South Carolina, and her ample fortune was lost in the general wreck of Southern prosperity. The revenues of the Association were derived from visitors to Mount Vernon, and when the steamers were forbidden to stop there, during the war, the income also stopped. But the visitors did not stop coming, and they did not stop stealing. They whittled bedsteads, and they even wrenched off the ivory keys from MARTHA WASHINGTON'S harpsichord. Some of the rooms were closed for safety, and it was necessary to keep watchmen to save the property from the hands of patriotic and sentimental thieves. Such necessary expenses produced a debt; but since MISS CUNNINGHAM'S restoration to health and duty she has successfully paid off the debt, and the treasury is empty. The agent has been dismissed as an act of economy, and the Regent herself, with the consent of the Council, is to live at the house in charge of the estate. The daily receipts are now the only revenue of the Association, and it is impossible, with so uncertain a dependence, to take the care which is essential to save the estate from decay.

In the year 1865 the Council, at a meeting from which the Regent was absent, and which was attended by Northern women only, petitioned Congress for indemnification for the entire loss of income caused by the withdrawal of the boat. The Appropriation bill, in which the grant was an item, was not passed that year. At the last session the indemnification passed the Senate, but was lost in the House by four votes. On the 4th of February, 1864, the Vice-Regent for New York proposed in the Council that the estate should be given to the United States under certain restrictions. Mr. EVERETT favored this plan, and thought that the consent of Virginia could be procured at that time. But the Council disapproved, and nothing was done.

The Association wishes to make the estate self-supporting by a new system of agriculture; but it has not yet made the experiment. It is supposed that Congress may grant seven thousand dollars; but that sum is needed for immediate repairs. We suggest to the Council that, as all of feeling on the subject has now died away, a proper appeal to the public, not to Congress, would raise a small but sufficient fund, while the daily receipts will give an income for current expenses. The interest and exertions of the women have saved Mount Vernon from destruction and division. If now the people of the country really care to preserve it, they will raise a fund. If they will not, let it remain deserted, stripped, and destroyed. It is useless to feign a sentiment upon such a subject. We do not believe now, nor did we ever believe, that the country cherishes any peculiar feeling for Mount Vernon. But there are those in the country who do, and let it be their pious charge.

AID TO RAILROADS.

THE combination formed at Washington to press a bill through Congress to guarantee for thirty years the payment of interest at six per cent. on bonds to the amount of thirty thousand dollars per mile, to be issued by the respective companies as they severally complete twenty miles of road, is a combination which involves the safety of the public credit and the existence of the Republican party. If this extensive Ring can drive this entering wedge into the Treasury to the amount proposed, the end will be driven still farther from year to year, until the Treasury will be split into fragments.

The combination embraces schemes of all descriptions, classified generally as good, bad, and indifferent; but they stand on the same footing in the estimate of the Ring, and are expected to share together in the public bounty. The supposed danger of its passage results from the fact that this present Congress will expire on the 4th of March, and that a number of unsatisfied members will be out of service by private life. The scheme for payment is of such proportions as to gratify the appetite of the most voracious and greedy. A combination of the division among the trusted friends of members of the stock is a controlling part of it of thousands of miles of projected railroads. The statement that fabulous amounts have been divided among the forty or fifty stockholders and directors of the Union Pacific Railroad in the shape of the Credit Mobilier, and the open manner in which its directors, unrebuked, have used their influence as members of the House to further its interests, have undoubtedly contributed to the production of the present new railroad scheme character.

But it must be borne in mind that, although it is in the power of the Government of the United States to push one great highway forward to the Pacific, at a time when money is stagnant in the leading foreign markets and our credit remains untarnished, the passage of a bill requiring the payment by the Government of interest on the vast sums which these new enterprises are to cost, would create in all prudent minds here and abroad such an apprehension of the dishonesty of the national legislature as to peril the construction of even the road across the continent, which we now expect to see running in June.

The readiness of capitalists in Europe to invest in our bonds—due in great part to the want of activity in the productions which they make and export—and the exhibition of skill and power in the rapid construction of the road—presenting a spectacle to mankind favorable to the fame of our country—these are circumstances which can not be expected to coexist hereafter. The members of Congress who signalize their separation from the Fortieth Congress by passing this omnibus bill will find that industry abroad will revive before their schemes are under way, and that there will be use for the capital elsewhere which is now so freely lavished on, even if the impudence of the vote failed to alarm the fears of those who are accustomed to these loans.

The rapid construction of the Union Pacific road is the result of a clear comprehension of the financial condition. It is doubtless hoped, and there is reasonable ground for expecting, that the ebb, which dates its movement from the expiration of the flood, will not begin till they have carried this enterprise through to the ocean. But although we commanded the energy which the country with just pride has witnessed, it is now manifest that a painful impression is felt in many quarters as to the manner in which the trust—for this is partially its character—has been performed by those who occupy the triple character of directors, stockholders, and contractors. The eyes of the whole world are now turned upon this great work; and it were better that he had not been born who in this high trust justly encounter the public censure.

The measure before Congress ought to be promptly defeated. The country is in no situation to stand this serious drain upon its resources. The guarantee of interest in gold five years in *currency* will be deemed a Congressional decision that the difference between currency and gold is expected to continue for that time, if not to be permanent. The sagacious will see in the declaration of this policy now a wide difference from that which at a wholly different period provided for issuing bonds for the Union Pacific road with interest payable in currency. It will amount to a significant indication that specie payments are to be indefinitely postponed.

We urge upon all who hold a share in the obligations of the United States, upon the banks, whose credit and means are so constantly interwoven with the public faith, and upon the Republican party, which will be held justly responsible for this defiance of prudence, wisdom, and honesty, to take measures to defeat this scheme of plunder, and save the party from certain defeat and our finances from the confusion which its passage must occasion.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

THE *Tribune* is impatient of the discussion in the Senate of one of the gravest possible constitutional amendments. When its excellent editor was a member of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867 he was equally opposed to debate. He was of opinion that the work ought to be done in a month or six weeks. It is not clear that he would not have put the whole Constitution through under the previous question. But have we not had nearly enough of the previous question upon the most fundamental and far-reaching measures? The *Tribune* very pertinently inquires whether a great deal of difficulty, say the Georgia muddle, might not have been avoided if Congress had been as anxious to do its work well as it was to do it rapidly. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS used to rise and say that to-morrow at eleven o'clock he proposed to demand the previous question. It was marvelous that a body of intelligent men, armed with interests so momentous, confessedly dealing with a condition of affairs entirely without precedent, and upon which they were generally so ignorant, should have submitted to so despotic and unreasonable a demand. Mr. STEVENS used to add, with peremptory good humor, as he called out of vigilance, that every body's mind was made up, as General BUTLER said the other day about the Tenure-of-Office bill, at the outset, whose mind had indeed made up upon the abstract question that some measure of the kind proposed was necessary, yielded to the ingenious sophistry and consented to obtain light.

It is time that this abominable abuse of the previous question was ended. Fortunately there is no such gag in the Senate, and therefore no measure is adopted except upon consideration of its merits. It is very true that Americans and Englishmen talk a great deal, but it is equally true that they have the freest governments in the world. The difference between a free and a despotic government is talk. A despotism is a permanent Previous Question. Talk upsets thrones, and therefore the first blow of tyranny is at the tongue. The old slave aristocracy in this country knew this. It was willing that Yankees should think what they chose if they would hold their tongues. But as the Yankee means to talk down all abuses, and will not hold his tongue, the slave masters resolved to cut it out. They failed utterly; and the war has abolished the previous question in the Southern States, and has opened them all to the freest and fullest talk upon every subject.

The Parliamentary previous question is intended to restrain factious debate. When the discussion of a question has been plainly exhausted, and it is continued solely for the palpable purpose of preventing a decision, it is fair for the majority to use its power for the public

welfare. But it is a wanton and criminal abuse of power for a majority to drive the most vitally important measures to a decision by mere force of numbers. Congress then ceases to be a deliberative body. The Government is no longer reasonable but arbitrary; and a party whose majority so outrages the very genius of a popular system will justly be deprived of power.

Now in the case of the fifteenth or suffrage amendment, the debate in the Senate at which the *Tribune* impatiently exclaims was conducted with great ability upon the side of the friends of the measure by Senators FERRY and MORTON. Their suggestions were very valuable, and may very materially improve the amendment, which, substantially, will of course pass both Houses. Senator FERRY observed the important fact that the Democratic opposition was no longer to the measure itself but to the method of its submission for approval; and Senator MORTON showed that the amendment was negative, and not affirmative in its terms, and that it did not necessarily attain its proposed end. He, therefore, favored an amendment directly declaring who shall have the right of suffrage and of holding office. Is there really no need whatever of discussing in what manner a result so important shall best be attained? Is it mere "verbosity" to consider whether our net setting a trap to catch yourself? Is it advisable that Congress should abdicate its most essential function, namely, to determine not only what shall be done, but how it can most wisely be done?

THE SUFFRAGE.

In his speech upon the Suffrage Amendment Mr. SUMNER elaborated the view which he had before expressed, and which we have vindicated in these columns, of the constitutional power of Congress over the suffrage. The constitutional provision, that the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the Legislature, is certainly not a grant of prohibitory power to the States. That is certainly so unless we look for the peremptory disabling of a class. A qualification, as Mr. SUMNER well says, is something attainable by well-directed effort. A person may not have a qualification, nor the color of the eyes, nor the form of the nose. These are unchangeable conditions, and no man having them can reasonably qualify himself for a function which requires that he shall not have them. In like manner color of the skin can not be considered a qualification, for it is neither attainable nor alienable. That only is a qualification in an honest sense which the industry of average men can acquire, or which, like age, is in its nature necessarily attainable by all men.

The character of the qualification must be determined by the circumstances of the case. The United States are bound by the Constitution to secure a republican form of government to every State. Before they can execute this behest they must, of course, determine what is republican, and as that is a term of progressive, or at least of changing meaning, it is obviously wise to remove all occasion of friction between the States and the power which is authorized to decide the question. Thus the final authority upon this subject should not be left to the States, we suppose is rapidly becoming the general conviction. Every man can see how desirable, how essential, it is that no State should be allowed to destroy the fundamental right of any citizen of the United States. The question becomes, then, one of method. In what way should this point be settled?

Mr. SUMNER thinks that an amendment would be no more permanent than a law, because, the suffrage once equalized, no future Congress would ever desire to restrict it. But with an amendment, no future Congress ever could restrict it. The probability undoubtedly is as Mr. SUMNER states, but the certainty is with the amendment. He then urges, however, that a law settles the question at once, while the preparation of an amendment holds it open indefinitely. Nobody is bold enough to think that there are States enough which would ratify it immediately, and to propound it is, therefore, merely to exasperate party spirit. Mr. SUMNER finally appeals—if considerations of justice under the Constitution are insufficient—to the desire of party success. There are, he says, three thousand voters in Connecticut ready to respond to the call of Congress upon the side of the party which enfranchises them. There are thousands more in Pennsylvania. Why should the dominant party refuse their aid when it has the authority to summon it? Mr. SUMNER, however, we think, from the tone of his speech, and perhaps from the fact that the amendment has been so unanimously supported by the Republicans in the House, does not expect to secure the result by a law.

Indeed, it seems to us that he hardly sufficiently considers the present state of public opinion upon the subject. The real force of a law is in common consent, and while the whole Democratic party would vehemently oppose this one, a very considerable and not the least intelligent portion of the Republican party would seriously doubt its constitutionality or expediency. Mr. SUMNER would certainly not wish a snap judgment upon such a question, and the time necessary to gain a moral consent to the law would perhaps be about the same as that to secure the amendment. We put it doubtfully, for there are good reasons for passing a law instead of proposing an amendment. But in the one form or the other the Republican party, in the adoption of this great measure, adds another to the list of its illustrious services to the country and to mankind.

AN ADMIRABLE PLAN.

WE observe that a delegation waited upon General GRANT during his recent visit to New York, and the Chairman informed him that they represented the Irishmen of America, and as there were a great many of them in the country he was respectfully requested to give a good office to some Irishman.

It is understood that the numerous body of our fellow-citizens of German birth and descent also propose to wait upon General GRANT with a similar request.

Item, the English and Scotch.

Item, the French, Spanish, and other foreign American citizens.

The colored citizens, who are a very large and important part of the population, will present each their claim.

The Methodists, who are counted by hundreds of thousands, will proceed to the White House and request the bestowal of a good office upon some representative Methodist.

The hard and other shell Baptists would also like a comfortable place.

Ditto, the Presbyterians.

Ditto, the Congregationalists.

Ditto, the Episcopalians.

Ditto, the Latter-Day Saints, Mormons, and other communions.

The various professions and trades will also attend by delegation, and request the appointment of some member of each to office as a reward for the claims of doctors, masons, lawyers, blacksmiths, ministers, and carpenters.

The bootblacks will meet in the Park to designate the candidate by whose appointment they propose that the President shall recognize them.

It is hoped that by this admirable arrangement every nationality, sect, and industry in the country will be as much satisfied as the public service will be benefited.

AN OBJECTION TO THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

THE NEW YORK *World* recently objected to the new Constitution proposed for the State that it based the senatorial districts upon those of territory instead of population. The *Western New Yorker*, at Warsaw, Wyoming County, well says that, if the objector had given himself the trouble to read the article which he rose to condemn, he would have seen that in providing for the districts it prescribes that "each district shall contain, as near as may be, an equal number of inhabitants."

The truth is that the new Constitution, as probably the majority of the Democratic members of the Convention will agree, makes a modern but very vital change in the general provisions of the present Constitution, except in the casual management, relieves it of a certain friction in working which has sometimes revealed. Indeed, nothing was more amusing than to observe the distaste with which any suggestion of radical change was received by the Convention; and it was with exceeding difficulty that Mr. ORDYKE succeeded in persuading it to adopt his article for the prevention of bribery. The lawyers, we think, will generally agree that the Judiciary Article is a great improvement upon the present one; and, if the eminent Democratic lawyers in the Convention are consulted, we doubt if their party, as such, will very vehemently oppose the new Constitution.

MADRIGALS.

THOSE who have supposed that the musical taste of New York was hopelessly perverted, and that the Opera Bouffe and Humpty Dumpty alone divided the enthusiasm of the town, may have been agreeably undeceived by the recent madrigal concerts at Steinway Hall. The melody and charm of this quaint old music, with its really learned skill in composition, and the remarkable excellence of its execution, were thoroughly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience that filled the place. There were no brass trumpets blown; there were very few of the ordinary methods of advertising; but somehow the faithful knew what was coming, and it was truly delightful to see the audience and share its feeling of the purest gratification.

The madrigal is a pastoral glee for many voices. The words and the music describe that fair and impossible realm, the pretty world of swains and shepherdesses, which is a kind of foolish-fond realization of some fancy of the Golden Age. It is indeed Arcadia that the madrigals imply—the lovely scenes and nymphs that never were of CLAUDE's landscapes—the world of Corydon and Sophron, of Doris and Phillis. This music was formerly the accomplishment of fine society, as the Italian music has more recently been. But while it has ceased to be distinctively fashionable it has retained a certain domestic character, so that it now seems to be, in the highest sense, family music. It was impossible to remark the simplicity of the whole performance, and the quiet self-respecting air of the singers, without thinking of the scenes of delightful private clubs and societies in which this music is probably most cultivated—but alas! not in our own. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in the concert were all trained singers. Their voices blended into one full rich sound, which was as delicately shaded as a single voice; and we do not remember to have heard a finer choral effect.

As these accomplished singers united for this occasion only, we can hardly expect from them more than the single repetition of the concert which they have given us. But they must remember that duty is proportioned to power, and that those who can so satisfactorily render such unusual and captivating music as to truly gratify its sincerest lovers, ought to be willing to take some pains for so great a pleasure oftener, say, than once in a quarter of a century!

A LOST ART.

A FRAGMENT of a statue is sometimes found which reveals a nobler art than ours. In the following letter, written in the year 1810 and never before published, is found a fragment of honor which is rapidly disappearing, if it be not wholly lost, in our politics? The writer had been elected Senator, but doubts had been suggested of the regularity or legality of the election:

"The appointment to the office of a Senator of the United States with which I was honored at last June session is thought by some of the citizens of this State liable to doubt and objection upon Constitutional grounds. Though, upon the fullest consideration which I have been able to give to this subject I can discover no solid foundation for such doubts, yet the fact that some reputable citizens entertain them is sufficient to call upon me for the resignation of a consequence inconvenient to the State. I wish to hold no office, however honorable or desirable, if attended in any degree questionable. I have been summoned by the President of the United States to attend a session of the Senate upon the fourth day of March next; and I should feel myself wanting in a proper respect to my own character and to the rights and dignity of the State to take a seat in that honorable body under a doubtful title, especially as the present session of the General Assembly presents a fit opportunity to submit the subject to their decision.

"If it be objected that the proceeding at June session should be reshed, it is important that the mode of doing it should be consistent with the law and with the dignity of the Legislature. With the advice of several judges and friends I have thought it best to relieve the subject from all embarrassment, and the General Assembly from the necessity of taking it up for consideration, by declining the appointment with which they honored me in June. By thus placing the subject again before them, I manifest my respect for that body by relieving them from the necessity of an interference in a case in which the propriety of it might be questioned, and all apprehension of future inconvenience from a controversy will be entirely removed. The General Assembly will thus have it in their power to proceed to an election of a Senator without reference to any thing that passed upon the subject.

"I do therefore beg leave to decline accepting the appointment of a Senator in Congress with which I was honored at the last June session, and request your Excellency to communicate the same to the General Assembly. I hope the General Assembly will consider this step on my part as a proof of my respect for and confidence in them, and also acknowledgments for the favor and consideration with which that honorable body has often distinguished me.

"I have the honor to be, with sentiments of great regard and sincere friendship, your Excellency's obedient servant."

LITERARY.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER says, that, after the publication of his books upon the Albert Nyanza and the Sources of Abyssinia, he received so many and such grateful and interesting letters from boys, that he could not forbear acknowledging them in a story of adventure, in which the chief points are facts. This story he calls "Cast up by the Sea," and dedicates it to "boys from eight years old to eighty. It is profusely and excitingly illustrated, and is issued by the HARPERS in a very neat and cheap volume. It is an admirable present it to boys and girls and to those who purvey reading for them, as it would be to urge them to read a new story by the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

THE late United States Consul at Tunis, Mr. AMOS PERRY, found himself in a country of singular historical interest, and with abundant leisure for accurate study of the ruins of HANNIBAL and Dido, the jealous rival of Rome, now almost wholly deserted. In this handsome volume just issued by the Providence Press Company Mr. PERRY publishes the results of his study, and personal exploration and observation. Carthage and Tunis, past and present, is a history of the country and a picture of its condition to-day. The author has collected in a convenient form a great deal of valuable information, and the details of the customs of Northern Africa life at this time are very interesting. Mr. PERRY has evidently diligently improved all his official opportunities, and his work may be consulted with advantage.

ABOUT a year ago we called attention to a very extraordinary drawing, in India ink, of the Rhine-valley, by Mr. HAIG. The vigor, freedom, precision, and effectiveness of the work were equally remarkable; and, as a piece of curious character-drawing, it was novel and most interesting. But, handy as the work was, the wonder grew when it was considered as that of an unfortunate paralytic, lying helpless upon his back, with no other means of holding a brush than his mouth. Indeed this little picture, intrinsically excellent and attractive, with others executed in the same way, is already a subject of scientific, as well as aesthetic attention; and Mr. MILLS, the owner, has published, from the press of HURD & HOUGHTON, a brief pamphlet of the artist, with facsimile illustrations of his little works, a volume entirely unique and full of curious interest. The pamphlet name was JOHN CARTER, a silk weaver in Essex, England, who, hard-working one night, fell from a new frame that he had framed, upon the pavement and foor again. He lived utterly helpless until 1850, when he died in consequence of the accident. He began to wager in which he was unable to take the air. RICHMOND, the famous English draughtsman, drew his portrait, and the *Lancet* had an article upon the singular and interesting case. The fac-simile of the drawing of his head shows a face of great gentleness and beauty; and the life of so saint, nor any Sunday-school tract, describes a truer heroism, or is a more touching and inspiring story than this simple Memoir of JOHN CARTER.

THE three days ago Mr. C. W. DILKE "followed England round the world." He made a journey through the English-speaking or English-governed lands, and has published an account of his travels in a handsome volume, issued by the HARPERS, called "Greater Britain." Mr. DILKE is a shrewd observer and a lively writer, and his sympathies were entirely with the Northern sentiment during the rebellion. Toward our part of the English-speaking world he is generous quite beyond the customary British tone; while from the regions still subject to the British rule his work may be expected to be the latest authentic report, and it is extremely interesting as the "Young England" view of the situation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 2:

In the House, the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge over the Niagara River was passed.

In the Senate, the resolution declaring vacant the offices held by disqualified persons in the late rebel States was concurred in.

February 3:

In the Senate, the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.

In the House, the bill for the construction of a railroad bridge over the Canadian River was passed.

February 4:

In the Senate, the bill providing for the sale of the arsenal grounds at St. Louis was passed.

In the House, the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. During the debate Mr. Holbrook, delegate from Dakota, said that Mr. BENJAMIN, the delegate "which he knew to be unqualifiedly false." Mr. HOLBROOK subsequently said that he had no idea that offensive language having been taken down, a resolution of censure was passed without a division. The Sergeant-at-Arms then brought Mr. Holbrook to the bar of the House, and the Speaker administered to him the censure called for by the resolution.—The Senate bill to prohibit the use of the stationery franked by Dempsey & O'Toole was agreed to; also the Senate bill to prohibit the coolie trade.

February 5:

In the Senate, a bill was passed authorizing the President to enter into treaties with foreign nations to protect alleged criminals delivered up to the authorities of the United States upon the subject.

In the House, a bill was passed for the relief of Andrew Johnson and other officers and men of the fleet who passed Forts Philip and Jackson under fire. The bill provides that the officers and men of the fleet would have been entitled to and the courts of Louisiana been open at the time.

NEWS ITEMS.

In the Georgia Senate a resolution to restore the expelled colored members to their seats was defeated after a hearing; but the lower house has passed a resolution to submit the question of citizenship to the people.

The Connecticut Republican Convention on the 3d unanimously renominated Governor Jewell.

The entire amount of bonds issued to the Pacific Railroads to January 1, 1869, was 64,623,512, and the annual interest at six per cent. is $3,905,938. The amount of interest redeemed by the United States by the several roads, from freights, etc., up to January 1, 1869, was $1,905,938.

The challenge of the owner of the American yacht Dauntless to the Cambridge yacht Sappho Cousolera, for an ocean race, has been accepted.

Mr. Chevalier, the Belgian aeronaut, has brought over to this country a monster balloon, with a bomb-built car, in which he proposes to cross the Atlantic. It is fantastic in the same. He believes the thing can be done, and will get up to a current of wind which will waft him toward the globe itself at a height of eight or ten thousand feet.

The International Hotel at St. Paul, Minnesota, was burned by fire on the 3d of February. The guests escaped, but lost all their clothing. The total loss is estimated at $100,000.

The official records of the Internal Revenue Department show that the receipts from cotton taxes at fifty cents per gallon are greatly in excess of the former estimates. For the last week they were $1,000,000.

From the annual report of the Metropolitan Police Board it appears that during the month ending November 1, 96,861 persons were arrested, being 4,861 more than in 1867, but 9,000 more than the average of the past nine years. The whole force consists of 2,919 men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE cabinet ministers of the Greek Government have resigned on account of their opposition to the compromise offered by the Paris Conference. The question is of great difficulty in forming a new cabinet.

A Reporter has been killed in a duel in Madrid, the cause of which he was recently elected. The Carlist organ of Madrid says that the pretender to the throne is not of Spain; bands of this faction have appeared in Catalonia, but they can scarcely hope for any success. Ex-Queen Isabella has issued another manifesto from Paris against the Provisional Government, and asserting her own right to the throne. The contents of the Governor of Burgos are to be executed.

The Marquis of Moustier, late French Minister of Foreign Affairs, died on the 8th instant.

A fierce battle is reported to have been place in Turkey between the Turks and the Montenegrins, near Nikschitza.

HON. DANIEL D. PRATT.

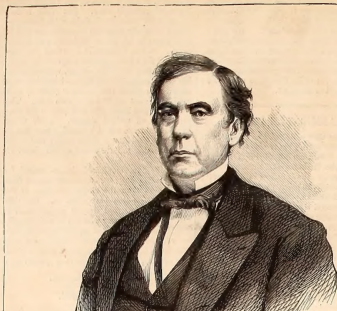
THE Hon. DANIEL D. PRATT, recently elected Senator, vice Mr. HENDRICKS, by the Indiana Legislature, was last year elected a Member of the Forty-first Congress. He has been a resident of Logansport for thirty years, and is one of the oldest and ablest lawyers in the State, but his experience as a public officer does not extend beyond a couple of years' service in the State Legislature. He is about forty years of age, and is said to weigh nearly 400 pounds. He was an old Whig, and is now a very strong Republican.

UNDERGROUND LODGINGS FOR THE POOR.

IT is estimated that in a single year from 90,000 to 100,000 persons are lodged in the New York city police-stations. The "floating population" of this city includes not only strangers staying here temporarily, and passengers detained for a time, but also thousands of vagrants and poor people, who "have not where to lay their heads." Many of them find a most uncomfortable lodging at our police-stations; others are allowed for a mere pittance to stow themselves away for the night in some cellar like that in Greenwich Street, shown in our illustration on this page. During the day they lounge in the lowest groggeries, go on begging excursions, loaf listlessly about the streets, or steal.

Our sketch gives a fair representation of the underground lodgings of these vagabonds. In the daytime the cellar is a kitchen or oyster-room, to become at night again the common sleeping-room of the vagrant guests above described. Then mattresses and blankets are spread on the floor. The lodgers are accommodated according to their means, the most indigent being compelled to content themselves with the bare floor. The price of a night's lodging varies from ten to twenty-five cents. The room is generally overcrowded, twenty or thirty persons being huddled together, without regard to sex, in an atmosphere scarcely endurable for one-fifth of that number. The guests are usually old men and women, and boys and girls from fifteen to twenty years of age.

It is needless to say that this lodging system encourages vagrancy, and both directly and indirectly promotes demoralization and vice. The lodgers are made up of the idle rather than of the unfortunate poor. The abuse cries loudly for reformation, and some other alternative than the cells of the station-house must be found, in order to effect a radical cure. For those who are simply unfortunate provision can and ought to be made; and those who can but won't work should be placed where they must. The lodging-houses are nurseries of disease and crime, and should be broken up promptly and effectually by our City Government.



HON. DANIEL D. PRATT, SENATOR FROM INDIANA.—[PHOT. BY H. G. FETTER.]

THE LASH IN MONKISH HANDS.

THE Jesuits have lately come to grief in France, owing perhaps to want of care on the part of some of their order in the indulgence of their favorite pastime. Since the days of Loyola they have confessedly been fond of flagellation. Their theory of the absolute subjugation of the will, and of the inexorable right to enforce obedience at any cost to ghostly authority, has never been disclaimed; and, taken in connection with their success in rendering their pupils proficients in the syntax and the smut of classic literature, their example has often been cited by those who politically hate the Company of Jesus as good reasons for the practice of brutality in domestic and academic education. Along with Bourbonism, harlotdom, and unbelieving priestcraft, the Reformers of 1789 broke up the whipping-dens of the Jesuits, and enacted, as a fundamental item of the criminal law, that to strip a child, or still more a youth approaching the age of adolescence, for the purpose of indecently scarifying his body, was a cowardly and filthy act, no matter what its pretense or excuse, to be punished with imprisonment and fine. Napoleon thoroughly adopted their noble and humanizing ideas in this respect. There are terrible words of his upon the subject on record, which we need not quote. The Restoration never ventured to give back the whip into the cruel hands of the drummer or the priest; and for now three generations the youth who is able and has the pluck to resist indecent exposure and the attempt to flog him, no matter by whose hand, is justified by the criminal law of France, and likely to be applauded, even though he fail in the attempt. The result is, that only by stealth have the monkish Fathers ventured to resume their enjoyments of this kind. Occasionally, however, they do walk unwarily; and hence the singular *exposé* that has just taken place at Bordeaux.

At Tivoli, a short distance from the provincial capital, an academy has for some time been conducted by the order of Jesuits. It is said to make good Latin scholars and submissive sons. Parents puzzled what to do with their sprightly and unmanageable offspring, have been glad enough to send them to the holy drill-shed, out of which they hear that they will come skilled in carrying intellectual arms, and orderly through the fear they learn there of being caught tripping by the world, the flesh, or the devil. How the regulating terror is put into them careless and skeptic parents do not trouble themselves to inquire. Their sons come home for the holidays demure and well-behaved; no tales are told out of school; they go back when term begins, and as for the ultimate figure who takes thought of that? The weaker-minded wither into superstition and asceticism; the coarser natures turn the educational trick they have learned to account, and wait oft their revenge on others for all they have suffered in the process. It so happened, however, that in the course of last autumn rumors spread in the locality that their Reverences were indulging somewhat too freely in the traditional privileges of their order. A boy named Ségelat had the impiety to tell an unbelieving father that for a set-to about twenty-five centimes with a class-fellow, in which he had made his playmate's nose bleed, he had been sent to what is called the prison, a place without fire or furniture, and kept there without food or drink for the space of twelve hours. When thus, as it was supposed, reduced to a fitting temperament of submission, he was visited by Père Commire, with whip in hand, and told to strip for chastisement. Being fourteen years of age, and never having been thus used before, he naturally resisted, whereupon the holy father deliberately tore his shirt and trowsers off him, and then proceeded with his purpose. The boy after a time broke loose and fled for shelter into the sleeping-room of Père Judie, who happened to be engaged in pious meditation. In vain the culprit appealed to him for protection. Père Judie inexorably waved his hand and beckoned him to withdraw. But his tormentor reappearing at the moment, he was flung upon the bed of the holy man, his mouth stopped to stifle his cries, and the search recommenced from throat to ankles for spots hitherto untasted by the many-tongued lash. How long the feast of pain lasted neither of the reverend gentlemen could, on cross-examination, be made to disclose; but as appetite grows on what it feeds upon, it appeared in evidence that other pupils approaching to the tempting age when muscular development begins, and the courage of provok-

UNDERGROUND LODGINGS FOR THE POOR, GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY P. FRENZENY.]

ing resistance commences to throb in the adolescent veins, were sought out by Père Commire and his accomplices. Several other youths were called as witnesses before the Imperial Court at Bordeaux, who testified to what they had endured, the offenses, or rather the pretenses, being infinitesimally and insignificantly small. A case more revolting than the rest was that of a young man of eighteen years of age, who, for some lapse in Latin verse, was fixed on for priestly prey. He was led up to the attic, in the hope of diminishing the chances of detection, ordered to strip naked and submit; and on his refusal seized and held by reverend accomplices wearing masks, until the passion of the flagellant was satisfied.

In vain the accused special pleaded about the number of many-tongued strokes inflicted: in vain they produced several terror-stricken little boys to swear that they had never been beaten, and in one instance a fanaticized and half-crazy creature, who had been taught to believe that, for the sake of his immortal soul, it was good for him to have the epidermis periodically whipped off his loins and thighs. The President of the Imperial Court made no secret of the judicial scorn and loathing wherewith he regarded this shuffling defense. Sternly and clearly he cited the fundamental maxims of the law which forbids all that can humble the spirit and brutalize the nature of youth, and which punishes as a grave offense in those who undertake the function of teachers all that touches lewdness and cruelty. The reverend fathers were sentenced to pay a heavy fine and costs, and to be imprisoned as common misdemeanants for a period of two months. The trial is reported to have caused great excitement, and the sentence is stated to have been received with general satisfaction.

Happily the time has gone by, even in Roman Catholic countries, when Papal bulls can counteract civil reforms, or when the vestments of the sacerdotal order can cover gross indecency.

"MR. HAUTVILLE TOOK HIS LETTERS, ONE AT A TIME, FROM THE SALVER."

A PINCH OF PEARL.

IT was a wild night on the Jersey shore, the close, as the fishermen hoped, of one of those fierce easterly storms which annually strew the Atlantic coast with wreck and desolation.

Nor had this proved more merciful than its kind; for just as the sun in setting tore a great rift in his black veil, and glared angrily out over sea and shore, a breathless messenger arrived at Philip Bayley's house, summoning him to the beach half a mile below, where a packet-brig gone ashore was thumping its life out upon the reef.

Philip, who to his nominal profession of fisherman added, as circumstances demanded, those of wrecker, pilot, or life-boat man, was not slow to obey the summons; and girding his "oil-clothes" about him, tying his flapped sou'wester beneath his grizzled beard, and dropping into his huge hip-boots, he only paused to administer a few parting charges to wife and daughter before following the impatient messenger.

"I want to go too, mother," impetuously exclaimed the younger woman as the door closed behind her father.

"Nonsense, child. You sha'n't do any such thing," briefly replied Mrs. Bayley, shading her face with both hands, while she peered through the window into the gathering night. "First place, you'd blow away; next place, you'd get wet to the skin; and if there weren't any other reasons, the bench will be full of men. I suppose you want to see how Jake West carries sail in such a time as this, but I can't have you making a town-talk of yourself running after him, or any fellow."

"I didn't think of Jake West, mother. I only wanted to see the wreck," replied the girl, indignantly, while the red flush rushing over cheeks and brow added beauty to a face already pretty enough to please the most critical observer.

"Well, you won't see no wreck to-night, Dora Bayley, without you see it through the window; so go to work and pick up this kitchen while I see to the fixings, in case any of the folks is brought up here."

"Did Reuben say they'd bring them up here?" asked the girl, excitedly.

"Yes; I told him he might. I'm going up to get some blankets before it's too dark. You see to the fire and hang the kettle over."

The busy housewife bustled away as she spoke, and Dora, with a wistful glance toward the window fronting the sea, applied herself to her task, sweeping the white scoured floor and reddened hearth, piling the old iron dogs in the fire-place with pieces of drift timber and lumps of turf, hanging the great iron tea-kettle over the blaze, and pushing the settle, which served for couch and sometimes bed to the guests of the Bayley cottage, nearer to the fire.

Then Dora stole a glance at her own pretty face in the little mirror over the sink, smoothed back her never-smooth brown curls, and smiled just enough to show two rows of fresh white teeth.

"I wonder if Jake will come up with the men?" murmured she, going to the window and peering into the darkness.

An hour later, as Mrs. Bayley, her preparations complete, sat knitting before the fire, and Dora, unable to settle herself to any thing, flitted from door to window, from the settle covered with hammock blankets and warm wraps to the table, where various restoratives and some substantial food were set forth, both of them heard and recognized the tramp of heavy feet upon the oyster-shell walk between the gate and the house.

"They've come, mother," cried Dora, breathlessly, flying to the door.

"And they've brought *something* to be took care on," muttered the elder woman, listening

LOVE'S CROSSES—CROSS LOTS.

intently, while she rolled up and laid aside the long blue stocking in her hands.

"Father!" said Dora, pushing half timidly into the black night beyond the door she held open.

"Stand away, girl! we've got a—man here. Where's mother?" replied the rough voice of the wrecker as he and his fellows passed a moment upon the threshold, their awful load in their hands.

"Here, Philip. Bring it right in and lay it on the settle, or here on the floor, if there's life in it," replied Mrs. Barley, cool and ready for emergency she had met more than once before.

At her word the men, taking a firmer grasp of what they held, tramped across the threshold and toward the fire-place, leaving a broad, cozy track across the sanded, pure white floor, and filling the quiet room with the steam and reek of wet clothes and boots, and their own deep breathing.

"Is he dead?" whispered Dora, sliding into the group about the fire-place.

"We don't know yet," replied a good-looking young fellow, rising but an instant from upon the face of the young girl with evident good-will and admiration.

"Where did you find him, Jake?" continued she, not heeding the glance or replying to it.

On the beach. He washed inshore lashed to a spar, and would have washed back with the undertow if we hadn't hung on to him like grim death."

"Dora! fetch that bottle of sperit!" sharply commanded Mrs. Barley, and as the girl obeyed she added, in an under-tone, "And do, for the Lord's sake, leave off chattering with Jake West, and make yourself handy."

With a laughing glance Dora knelt near her mother beside the prostrate figure upon the hearth and began rubbing one of the clammy hands, glancing, meanwhile, at the white, calm face, so curiously lighted by the uncertain flame.

It was the face of an old man, with thin white hair clinging to the narrow and wrinkled forehead, with stern straight brows and hollow eyes, with the high aquiline nose and sallow skin of an Oriental, and with a venerable beard, tangled and disheveled with clinging drift and sea-weed.

"Poor old man!" murmured Dora, pitifully, and just then the stern eyes opened and fixed upon her face.

"He's alive! Take yourself out of the way you women-folk, till we strip and rub him a bit," said Philip Barley, who had, with his comrades, been refreshing themselves with meat and drink after their vigorous exertions.

"As soon as he's dry and warm get him into bed. I've fixed a place for him in the fore-room," said Mrs. Barley, rising, and throwing Dora aft-er her into the next room.

The young man called Jake West followed them.

"There's enough to take care of him," began he, rather presumptuously. "And I wanted to ask if Dora is really going away, as I heard tell at the shore to-day."

"At the shore!" echoed Mrs. Barley. "Yes, you men get together at the shore and gossip like women-folks by the hour together. To my mind a young woman's name had better be kept chicker than that."

"It was Bayley himself said she was going away," replied West, a little maliciously.

"Well, he'd better have held his tongue," retorted Bayley's wife, shortly.

"But are you going, Dora?"

"Yes, Jake, next week."

"Where, and what for?"

"To New York, to live in a family."

"What! live out?"

"Yes. I'm to take care of the best room where they receive company, and to mend the table. There won't be any thing hard about it," replied Dora, rather doubtfully, for her lover's face expressed both wonder and disapprobation.

"Well now, Dora, what are you going to do it for? it isn't work at all, at least."

"Why, I want to see something of the world before I die, something beyond Rocky Point and Newby Beach and the three tiresome sea. That is all I ever saw yet," said the girl, wearily.

"And maybe you want to get some new friends instead of the old ones you've got as well as the sea does," said Jake, in a low voice, for Mrs. Bayley was busy in a closet at the other side of the room, and the young people were virtually alone.

"Well, I don't know that I've thought much about that, Jake."

"Think of it now then, Dora, and give me a promise before you go that you'll come back the honest girl you are now—come back and marry me. Don't you like me well enough, Dora?"

"I always did like you, Jake."

"And I love you better than meat or drink, bass; so give me your promise, or what is better, give up that crazy plan, and let us be married as soon as I can get a home ready for you."

"No, Jake, I won't give up going to New York, nor will I make any promises before I go. I feel just as if there was something splendid and surprising out in the world, and if I went and looked about me I'd find it. I can't tell you so as to make you understand; but I'm bound to go and seek my fortune, and go I must.

Jake West looked keenly into the flushed and beautiful face of the girl he loved with the blind, deep passion of his kind, and then he said:

"Dora, I'm going to Nassau in a place like York is easy found, Dora, and an easy speak. After that comes Blackwell's Island, or for them that's luckier the river and the fishes. Surprising enough, but not so splendid as you've dreamed of it, my girl."

"What do you mean, Jake?" asked Dora, turning pale and catching at his arm.

"I mean what, like it or not, Dora Bayley, when you go away from here you'll carry all that makes a man of Jacob West along with you, and it's for you to look to that you bring it back safe and sound. You haven't any right to turn out bad, Dora, for you've got my life in your hands."

"Come, mother, and you too, Dora. He's shed now, and we must be off. Come along, Jake!"

And Philip Bayley, drawing the three after him by an autocratic gesture, returned to the kitchen, where the men were already standing at the door ready to depart.

"I'll see you to-morrow, Dora, and ask your mind once more," muttered Jake, searching behind him for his hat.

"My mind's made up and won't change. I'm going," replied the girl in the same tone, and so they parted.

Following her mother into the next room, Dora bent over the gaunt figure stretched upon the bed, her eyes full of tears—it may be for him, it may be for herself.

"He's alive, mother; but how bad he looks!" murmured she.

"Yes. Some sort of a foreigner, I reckon. They think the brig was German, a Hamburg packet. Say, friend, can you speak any English?"

The sick man turned his eyes wearily toward the speaker, but made no attempt at reply. Then they wandered to the fairer face at the other side of the bed, and lingered there with a weird, anxious look needing no words to explain it.

"He wants something, mother. What is it, poor old man? What can I do for you?" And the girl bent above the pallid, haggard face upon the pillow, touched the forehead gently with her finger-tips, smoothing away the scant hair, and expressing, as plainly as words, her pity and sympathy and pity tendy to blossom into kind deeds so soon as the sufferer can make known his need.

The old man fell the spell, and both remaining some words in a tongue unknown to his hearers, he took the caressing hand in his, carried it to his lips, and kissed it with fervent gratitude.

Dora smiled, blushing a little also, and let the hand remain where it was placed; but the thin fingers that had grasped the girl's hand never ceased to watch the covering which Mrs. Bayley had deliberately drawn close beneath the stranger's chin when her daughter first bent above him.

"He is trying to pull away the sheet, mother," said Dora, in a low voice. "Perhaps he is feverish."

"Feverish! The poor fellow is struck with death, and never will be warm again, not in this world," replied the matter-of-fact woman devoid of one who knows her subject well. "They most always put a pall at the bed-clothes that way before they go."

"But, mother, he wants something done for him, I'm sure. Don't he want to rest on his breast?" persisted Dora, looking anxiously down at the dying man, who was indeed making a terrible effort to express, by gestures and muttered words, some meaning at which the young girl could not guess.

"Maybe it is hurt there. Stand away, Dora, and I'll look. You needn't," said the mother; and as Dora drew timidly back, she uncovered the sick man's breast, and examined it.

"Lor' he's got a little pouch slung round his neck, covered with oil-silk. That's what he wants to tell about. What is it, mister?"

The tone interpreted the words, and the old man replied to it by a gesture. Feebly touching the little basket upon his breast he pointed to Dora standing at the back of the room, and murmured the name,

"Senaid."

"You want she should take this and give it to Senaid, if she can find him?" asked quick-witted Mrs. Bayley, comprehending at once.

The sick man murmured something—it might be assent—and wearily closed his eyes.

"He's going, Dora. Don't stop here. It isn't pleasant, nor what you're used to, and you can't do any good. Run over to Noble's and ask Semanthy to step right in, and get Sally to come back and stop with you to-night."

So ordered the young girl, though brusque, tender though imperious, delicate though original, en, like many another woman of her class and country.

Dora obeyed without reply, and as she ran hastily across the sandy barren between her father's house and the nearest neighbor's, she thought more, it must be confessed, of Jake West's parting words than of the dying man she left behind her.

Sally Noble willingly returned with Dora, and the two girls went immediately up stairs, leaving their mothers to watch by the dead, and their last offices in which such women appear to be but mysterious and solemn delight.

The husband having Mrs. Bayley stood beside her daughter's bedside in the early dawn, the little oil-silk pouch that had hung around the dead man's neck in his hand.

"Here, Dora, wake up! I've brought you what the old man wanted you to keep for Senaid. You've got a right to open it yourself, so I left it for you. Here's the scissors."

And Dora, a little less curious than her mother, sat sleepily up on her bed, and patiently first the oil-silk bag and then a soft leather one within it. A white, round, or rather pear-shaped something, the size of a large filbert, dropped into her hand.

"What is it?" gazed Dora, poking it with the point of her scissors.

"Lawful sakes! what is it, sure enough?" exclaimed her mother, peering over at the window, and examining it by the gray, stormy light of the early morning.

"It beats me. Why, there's a hole through the neck part of it, to put a string through, I expect. Maybe it's some sort of medicine, or a charm, like, such as folks wear round their necks to keep off sickness. A string of rose-bay is the true cure, and guinea-peas will help the scarlet-rash. But I don't know what this would be good for, I'm sure."

"Nor I; but I'll put a string through, and wear it round my neck for good luck," said Dora, laughing; "and then, you know, when 'Sumuel comes, he'll see it and claim it."

"I'll tell you what would be pretty," remarked Sally Noble, who, having wakened by degrees, was now prepared to join the conversation. "Take them gold beads that your grandmother left you, Dora, and string them over with this thing right in the middle like a locket, you know. You was wishing you had one."

"So I was. Yes, that's what I'll do, and have it to wear when I go to the city next week," said Dora, stifling a sigh, and turning very pale.

Sally Noble looked at her sharply.

"So you're bound to go?" Jake thought you wouldn't."

"Jake was too sure. I'm going down stairs. Are you ready?"

And without waiting for reply Dora was gone, and the girls were left alone for neglected upon her little pine dressing-table. Sally looked at it carelessly, and tried to chip it with her thumb-nail.

"Sort o' ground glass, or maybe a shell from foreign parts," concluded she, tossing it down again.

A few days later Dora left home for her city place, and Jake West slipped for a fishing-cruise. The shipwrecked stranger was buried in a nameless grave, and his memory faded from the minds of those who had rescued and buried, or separated from them scores of years before and since the night that cast him upon their shores.

"You have a new servant, mother?"

"Yes, Edward, and a much better one than we have ever before found for her department. She is an old servant, from New Jersey. I asked Mrs. Bond, when she went down there to visit her people, to find me a nice, tidy, good-looking girl, as I was tired of waiting. She brought this one, and I am quite satisfied."

"What did you have to pay for her?" asked the young gentleman, peeling another banana. Mrs. Hautville stared.

"Pay!" echoed she.

"Yes. You spoke as if you engaged this Mrs. Bond to purchase you a parlor-maid among the other domestic stores for which you generally send into New Jersey."

"Nonsense, Edward. Mrs. Bond is a woman who sees her own, and, of course— But what is the use of trying to argue against nonsense?"

"There is none. Will you please ring the bell, mother?"

"For what?"

"The girl—what is her name, please?"

"Dora."

"No other?"

"I am sure I don't know. You might ask her," replied Mrs. Hautville, with great sarcasm.

"I will, with your permission," returned her son, as yet unwhirled. The door opened, and Dora appeared, looking hot and angry. Mrs. Hautville took a rapid and comprehensive glance at her pretty face, trim figure, and neat dress before he said,

"Dora—what is your other name, please?"

"Bayley, Sir."

"From New Jersey—what town?"

"Near Sandy Hook, Sir."

"Yes, I remember a Bayley in that neighborhood when we were fishing off Sandy Hook last year. We went ashore one night, mother, to get some fresh provisions after that gale."

"Yes, Edward, I remember."

"You stopped at our house, Sir; but it was near dark."

"You need not speak, Dora, except when Mr. Hautville asks you a question," interposed the mistress, with cold authority. Mr. Hautville raised his eyebrows with a slightly, for this tall young man was a radical, and a republican, and a stickler for human equality and self-respect, and various other obnoxious theories, which description perhaps accounts for the fact of his generally leading his home elsewhere than under his mother's roof.

Both as a son and as a gentleman, however, he always treated the mistress of that house with perfect respect, and now he only said,

"I requested Mrs. Hautville to rung for you, Dora, that you might tell James I wish him to go to the post-office and inquire for letters. Will you do so, directly, please?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Dora, and to that man again, Sir," stammered Dora, very red as to the cheek, and very tremulous as to the lips.

"Why, what's the matter, Dora?" Hautville, indignantly; but her son, begging the floor by a gesture, interposed,

"Why, what's the matter, Dora?" Hautville, indignantly; but her son, begging the floor by a gesture, interposed,

"Why not Dora? Has he been rude to you?"

"He—he—he kissed me in the entry, and I won't stand it; he hadn't any right to, and—

"Dora put her apron full of hands and a white apron to cover the burst of tears that would not be longer denied.

"Go, Dora, to your room, Dora!" ordered Mrs. Hautville; but Mr. Hautville again interposed,

"Will you be so kind, mother, as to allow Dora to remain for a few minutes longer?"

"Certainly, Edward, if you wish it; but why—"

Mr. Hautville rose and rang the bell beside the fire-place. This summons meaning coals, the factory trust in New York, hearing the scuttle, was immediately heard, and that good-looking, impudent young Irishman presently appeared.

"Put down the scuttle, James," said his master, sternly. "I have a few words to say to you upon the part of Mrs. Hautville and myself. You have been rude to this young woman, I understand."

"Why, indeed, Sir, I had no thought of it. I was just for givin' her a small salute like as how other young oman 'ould took and said 'Thank ye' for, and she—well I wouldn't wish to be mak-in threshold, Sir, but she—"

"Well, what did she do?" asked Mr. Hautville, much amused, but exceedingly grave.

"I slapped him in the face, Sir, and I don't care. I can go home again, and I had better have staid there when—"

"That will do, Dora. James, I desire that this may be the last instance of such rudeness upon your part, or I can not retain you in my service. It is not safe to conclude that every young woman likes to be kissed by strangers because some do; and my mother does not allow her maids to be annoyed in such a manner. That will do. You may go to the post-office now, and see after letters for me. Dora, there is a little present for you."

"Thank you, Sir, I don't want it," replied the parlor-maid, glancing at the bank-note with some disdain.

"Yes, Dora is all; except, Dora, I hope there are to be no more of these disturbances in the house on your account,' said her mistress, severely.

"I'm sure I hope so too," replied Dora, so simply and so ruefully that Edward Hautville could not repress a smile.

"Don't look so indignant, mother," laughed he, when they were alone. "You expressed a hope, and Dora endorsed it; how was she to know that an unmeaning 'No, ma'am,' was all that her position allowed her to reply?"

"A servant must not be educated, thoroughly trained until she submits to the etiquette of servitude," replied Mrs. Hautville, loftily.

"The etiquette of servitude," repeated her son, musingly; "what a charming phrase, mother, and quite new, too, I believe! Shall I read you the *Evening Times?*"

"Yes, if you please, my son," replied the mother, much pleased at the attention; and the reading was not over, when Dora appeared with some letters and papers upon a salver. She had washed her face, put on her toilet, and to put the string of gold beads with its white pendant about a neck almost as white as that.

Mr. Hautville took his letters, one at a time, from the salver, examined them in a leisurely manner, and laid them upon the table. Then he said:

"Dora, won't you light this other burner just above my head? You know how, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

"Yes, that is right," remarked the young gentleman, watching her. "Now please put on the drop-light, and close the shade."

Dora obeyed in silence; and then, taking her salver, was about to depart.

"Stop, Dora. Dora. Please bring me a glass of water from the dining-room."

"Yes, Sir," meekly replied Dora, thinking that this thing promised a progression in great deal of waiting upon, but that the service was not disagreeable.

Mr. Hautville sipped the water slowly, and replaced the glass upon the salver.

"Thank you: that will do," said he at last, and Dora returned, leaving Mr. Hautville with her drowsy knitting and her son to his correspondence.

But after opening one or two of his letters the young man paused with the third in his fingers to say,

"Do you know, mother, I want to paint a picture of that girl?"

"What girl, Edward?" asked Mrs. Hautville, waking with a start, and sitting very upright.

"Why, this little Dora of yours."

"Dora! Paint her! Why, what can you see in that red-headed, wide-mouthed creature to attract you so wonderfully?"

"Her hair is very nice, just the color that Titian loved so much, and her mouth is none too wide for beauty. Should you object to her sitting to me for an hour a day, here at the house, of course? I want to put her into my Court of King Arthur."

"Why, if she can be useful to you in your business, of course she shall make herself so; but I hope it won't be putting silly notions in her head, and making her fit for her proper station," remarked the mother, reflectively.

"What is her proper station, mother?" inquired Edward, curiously.

"That of a servant, of course."

"But she never was a servant until this month, and she is at least twenty years old. Has she been out of her station all this time, and just found it now?" asked Mr. Hautville; and then, perceiving the tone of annoyance upon his mother's face, he added:

"Don't be vexed at your saucy boy, mother. Listen to Adelaide Wallbius's letter from Vienna. You know you always like his letters."

And without waiting for reply Edward Hautville began translating the letter of his German college friend, skipping the Kantish philosophy and skeptical queries, and dwelling upon the bits of court gossip, news, and personal details which his mother liked to hear. Among the rest came this paragraph:

"A grand deal of commotion in certain circles has been caused by an audacious and partially successful attempt to rob the pretty Russian Princess Wosowski, as she was leaving the palace after the last court ball. The thief introduced himself among the servants waiting about the carriage-door, and as the Princess advanced grasped suddenly at the magnificent necklace of diamonds and pearls about her neck. The fastening held so well, however, that he only secured the pendant hanging from the centre; but this is in itself a fortune, being no other than the great pearl called 'The Sea of Milk,' purchased in Ceylon by an agent of the last King of Oude, and sold by him to Prince Ivan Worowski, who bequeathed it as a fortune to his brother, the present Prince. This magnificent jewel is said to be as large as a pigeon's egg or a large pear-shaped, and pierced through the neck for the wire by which it hung to the necklace of the

Princess. This Sea of Milk is said to be worth fifty thousand thalers; that is to say, in your money, about thirty-seven thousands of dollars, is it not? The city has been searched, the country has been searched, Europe, the world have been searched for the thief and the jewel, to which it seems the Princess attached a superstitious value, but no news of either is obtained as yet. Upon wide your eyes, then, my friend, and tell me if it is not hidden in America, this marvelous Sea of Milk, at whose loss the brightest eyes in Venice have cried themselves dim, and the sharpest detectives in the world have proved themselves but blind bats."

So ended the quotation, and Edward Hautville, allowing the letter to fall upon his knees, retreated, thoughtfully, "Open my eyes, and see? it would be very strange if it should prove so.

A few days after this sittings commenced, and Dora, in a strange flutter of delight and shame, found herself posed as the object of the handsome artist's admiring scrutiny and critical criticism. Of course she dressed herself in her simple best, and by no means omitted her solitary ornament—the string of gold beads with the singular white pendant.

"That white dress does very well, especially as it is of the shoulders, and I can arrange this crimson scarf—allow me!"

And with grave delicacy of touch the artist laid the soft folds of Indian wool about the white neck, allowing them to trail gracefully away from one of the dimpled shoulders. Suddenly he stopped.

"That is a peculiar necklace of yours," said he. "Will you allow me to look at it?"

"Oh, yes!" and Dora raised her chin and leaned a little forward, wondering why any one should need to ask before looking at any thing so obvious.

"I meant to ask if I might take it a moment," said the young man, smiling a little at the childish gesture.

Dora colored, she scarce knew why, but unclasped the necklace and laid it in his hand.

"They were grandmother's beads, and she willed them to me when she died," said she, simply.

"Yes. And this thing: what is this?" And taking the pendant between his fingers, Mr. Hautville examined it attentively, and then glanced sharply at the girl, who answered, without embarrassment,

"I don't know, Sir. Mother thought it was some sort of bead, and that it would keep off sickness."

"And where did your mother get it?"

So Dora, beginning with the stormy March night, and the wreck of the Hamburg brig, told all the story of her treasure, and at the end asked, somewhat anxiously,

"Why, is it good for any thing, Sir? or do you know any thing about it?"

"Well, Dora, I am not sure, but I have an idea that this is a very remarkable pearl, and worth a great deal of money. At present we scarcely lost in Vienna no better than this, as this appears, and it was valued at more than thirty thousand florins."

"Thirty thousand dollars!" gasped Dora, turning as pale as ashes.

"Yes. It is a great deal of money, is it not?" suggested Edward Hautville, eying her attentively.

"A great deal. And would it be mine?"

"Who is this Samuel of whom the old man spoke?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I think I do. Will you trust this pearl to me until to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, Sir, of course I will."

"Thank you. Now stand still, please, just as you are."

With these words artist and model assumed their relative stations, and not another word was spoken until the end of the sitting. Then Dora, taking up the bit of thread that held the Sea of Milk in its position as pendant to old Mother Bayley's gold bead necklace, restored the latter to Dora, and dismissed her with a pleasant but absent-minded nod.

Left alone for about five minutes at his picture, then glanced at the pearl in his hand, and muttered,

"By George! What a beauty the girl is! and this, if it belongs to no one else, would be a fortune for her, Stranger things have happened."

Then Mr. Hautville wrote a little note, sent it to its address, and resumed his painting.

The next day when Dora made her usual modest entrance into the studio she found the gentleman in conversation with her young master, as we may style our artist in distinction to the old masters, and was about to withdraw when he called out:

"Come in, Dora; it's all right. Take your place just as you did yesterday—there, that will do, now you have only to stand still."

And having arranged his model Mr. Hautville returned to the easel and resumed his conversation with the visitor, apparently quite oblivious of any interruption.

"And you don't know what has become of your father?"

"Since writing that he was about to visit me in this country I have heard nothing of him at all. He did not mention the name of the ship he would take or the port from which he would embark," replied the visitor, in a voice of such peculiar accent that Dora, having her eyes at liberty, turned them rather curiously upon him.

"What a handsome young gentleman!" was her mental comment, as she surveyed the olive-tinted face, with its long, dark eyes, bright red mouth, abundance of glossy hair and beard, and glancing white teeth. True, the nose was somewhat over prominent, and of that aquiline and vulgarly called hooked, and the glossy quality of the hair seemed to have communicated itself in a degree to the olive-tinted skin, and the long, dark eyes had a cunning and treacherous expression; but Dora was inexperienced both in the rules of beauty and in ethnological traits, and failed to draw the same deduction from these defects that we have already drawn, or to be as much repelled.

"You have written to Vienna, you said?" pursued Mr. Hautville, absently.

"Yes, some months since—immediately after receiving your letter, in which, in fact; but I can only hear that my father has left the city to go no one knows where."

"Very strange—very indeed!" pursued the artist, in that exasperating, dreamy tone always used by artists at their work; and then filling back a few paces to contemplated his picture with half-closed eyes and the end of his mustick pressed against his teeth.

"It turn it a little this? Yes, that will do very nicely. Like that pose, Samuels?"

"Admirable. You are a genius, Mr. Hautville," replied the visitor, beaming with enthusiasm. Mr. Hautville smiled.

"Oh no, not quite that, Samuels, not quite that yet. I had a letter from Vienna yesterday by-the-way. Nothing about your father in it of course, but an old story of a lost jewel, a pearl called the Sea of Milk."

And in the true, artistic, exasperating style, Mr. Hautville repeated, with many pauses and interruptions, the extract from his friend's letter which we have already read.

"Good thing for whoever has got that pearl, concluded he, absently.

"Capital! Capital! Thirty-seven thousand dollars you say, and a fortune to a man with by judicious management!" exclaimed the guest, rubbing his hands.

"I dare say—by judicious management—yes. Well—possibly it may be offered you for sale yet. The person who—who has it may wish—to dispose of it. You would be afraid to buy, eh?"

"Afraid? Why, then?"

"Oh, on account of this Princess What's-her-name. Suppose the jewel was much stir."

"It could never be reclaimed. We are not Germans, and there is no international search-warrant for missing trinkets," said the visitor, chuckling.

"No; ha! ha! Pretty good, Samuels. No; could not be reclaimed. Well, I'm glad to see you take it by all means, Samuels; take it, and pocket the thirty-seven thousand dollars."

"I wish that, you may be sure, Mr. Hautville. All is fair in love and war, and all is fair in business that the law does not pronounce unlawful. The law knows," replied Mr. Samuels, with an air of candor.

"I'm. Now is that crimson drapery the thing against the deep green, or Genevieve's robe—to use see."

And Mr. Hautville became so absorbed in his work that, when his visitor rose to leave, he only said,

"Going, Samuels? Well, let me know if you get hold of The Sea of Milk, won't you?"

Yes indeed, Mr. Hautville, you shall have the first chance of securing it, you may depend," smiled Mr. Samuels, and so departed.

For a few moments Mr. Hautville continued to paint in silence. Then he laid aside brush and pallet, saying,

"Dora, sit down in this chair. I have something to say to you."

Dora obeyed silently and in wonder, while the artist quietly continued,

"Dora, Dora, is named Samuel Samuels. He is a German Jew, and deals after a blind fashion in jewels and other valuables. I have had transactions with him, and a year or more ago he came to offer me some antique emerald cameos which he said his father had written from Vienna to mention to him. I declined the jewels, and some time since I sent to inquire after them. Samuels came to inform me that he could get no things of the kind, but that he would keep his eye on his way to this country, as he had been for some time arranging to come.

"Yesterday, when you told me your story, it occured to me at once that this old man with Jewish features, wrecked in a German vessel, speaking no English but one word, Samuel, and conceiving upon his person a jewel of such value as the pearl you intrusted to my care, was very likely to be the friend Samuels's missing parent. I sent for him to-day and questioned him in your presence with the view of settling this question. Dora, you have behaved very well, and to my own satisfaction, and the result is glad things."

"The robber of the Princess Worowski, afraid to retain his booty, sold it for a trifle to this old Jew, just about to leave Germany on his country on a visit to his son. The old sinner succeeded in hiding it, and escaping with it, but took the precaution to write to Samuels that out of the vessel and port he selected. A quick retribution, or an unlucky fate, overtook him upon the American coast, and you know the rest."

"Oh, Sir! And he did look so like the gentleman that was here just now! The hooked nose and all!" cried Dora, clasping her hands in astonishment.

"Did he? very probably. Well now, Dora, here comes the best probably. And it is one for you to settle. Supposing my theory to be correct, our old friend Samuels senior evidently desired to have this Sea of Milk, the jewel in the shape of a pearl, conveyed to his son, young Samuels. Now, is that the best thing for us to do with it? It is a genuine pearl, by-the-way. I ascertained that last night, and is worth perhaps fifty thousand dollars."

"Of course, Sir, I will give it to the gentleman. I should never think of keeping it, if it was worth twice fifty thousand dollars," exclaimed Dora, in some heat.

"That would be a hundred thousand dollars, Dora," said Mr. Hautville, coolly. "But you are quite right so far. Well, then, it is to Mr. Samuels we are to give the pearl?"

"Why, yes, Sir."

"But what about the Princess Worowski?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Dora, and then considered a little. "But won't Mr. Samuels give it back to her if you tell him all about, Sir?" asked she at length.

"Did he talk like it?" asked Hautville, quietly. Dora shook her head and sighed a little impatiently. "I wish—" began she, and then, less petulantly,

"Would you be so kind, Sir, as to send it back to those who have a right to it?"

"And get the reward offered for finding it? That is not a bad idea, especially if it is done quickly," said Hautville, coolly.

"Why quickly, Sir?"

"Because the lapidary to whom I showed it last night proposes to buy it from me at his door and a few sparkling scales will be all that remains of the thousands of Milk. Some pearls, and especially unusually large ones, ran a trick of crumbling away in this fashion, and my friend the lapidary suspects that this is one of them. But after we have returned it to the Princess Worowski and got the reward—"

"Why, Sir, as you think I would take a reward for giving up a stolen pearl, and never tell that it was rotten!" exclaimed Dora, rising, with scarlet cheeks.

"Wouldn't you?" asked Hautville, looking at her curiously.

"Of course I wouldn't, Sir; and, once for all, I wish you'd take this pearl and do whatever you think right with it. I never want to see it again; and I'm going home this morning."

"Going home, Dora? What's that for?"

"To see an honest man. There's one lives there, and I know he is."

She began to cry, and Mr. Hautville crossed the room and stood beside her.

"Dora, forgive me. I was only trying you, child; sounding your heart, to see if it was as true as your face. I know it now, as I believed it before. Dora, will you stay here and—be my wife?"

"Your wife, Sir?"

"Yes. I have no foolish prejudices to overcome, thank God, and I recognize a true and beautiful soul under a dress as quickly as under a silk one. Dora, will you let me educate you and make you my wife?"

Dora sat with head bent face flushed, her eyes downcast for a moment, then frankly said:

"It is a great temptation, Sir, and it is very kind of you; but I cannot not, if you please."

"Rather not marry me, or rather marry some one else?" asked Mr. Hautville, quietly.

"I am sorry, Sir, but I do not. I did about going home to find an honest man, for I believe now that you are one—"

"Thank you, Dora—"

"But there is a man, Sir, that has wanted to marry me for a great while, and I—"

"Well, Dora?"

"And I didn't know how much better I liked him than I can any body else till now."

"And he is that man, Dora?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, in God's name, child, go home and marry him; and be as happy as such a man as such a woman ought to be.

"Thank you, Sir, and like enough you will be glad, by-and-by, I didn't take you at your word. I shall never tell any body about it, Sir."

"I don't suppose you will, Dora. I have just that faith in you. Dora, I hope he will value you as I should have done, and honor you as I do."

"He loves me, Sir," said Dora, naively, and so the conversation ended.

A few months later Edward Hautville came, an honored guest, to Dora Bayley's wedding, and Mr. Samuels, in the course of the evening he spoke to the bride apart:

"Dora, you showed your own good sense when you refused the pearl, and refused me also. You will be happier with him than I could have made you."

"And you are happier, too, Sir," said Dora, shyly. "And he nor any one else has ever known."

"I you promised they should not, Dora, and I never imagined you could break your word. The pearl belongs to the end of the Sea of Milk. I communicated, through a friend in Vienna, with the owners of the lost pearl, who were glad enough to hear of it, and offered to pay the reward, which I refused for you. The pearl was sent out carefully sealed in a little box. It arrived, was opened, and found to be—as you opened the box and found—what do you suppose?"

"The pearl, Sir?"

"A little white powder, Dora—nothing more. The Sea of Milk and the thirty-seven thousand dollars it represented had crumbled to a pinch of white dust—nothing more. And now, good-night; and God bless you!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A MODERN case of trance is reported from Burlington, Wisconsin. A little girl twelve years old had a severe attack of measles and diphtheria. She has nearly recovered, when, one day, she called her father to her bedside and told him she was going to sleep, and that she would sleep for a long, long time. She said she would look as though she was dead, and she made the father promise that he would not bury her, which promise it may readily be supposed has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request, the child to all appearance was quietly and peacefully into her last sleep. As it was supposed she was dead, the body was embrowned and placed in a coffin. Yet the body retained the signs of death, except the pulse, the heart, and the respiratory organs had ceased to perform their natural functions. Thousand many days in this condition a vein was opened, and the blood flowed naturally. Her case was considered by the medical faculty as most remarkable. All efforts to resuscitate her were in vain; yet her friends did not wholly despair until twenty days had passed, when indications of death appeared. It is now believed that the girl lay in a trance for at least twelve days before death ensued, and that had she been kept in her bed instead of her coffin she would have recovered.

The Boston Public Library is now said to rank second among American libraries in the number of volumes. In August, 1868, it contained 164,000 volumes and about 30,000 pamphlets, a number only exceeded in this country by the library of Congress. It is also rapidly increasing. The last report of the trustees gives some facts indicating the comparative popularity of reading authors among the reading population of Boston. In the following table the first column gives the number of volumes of a given author owned by the library, and in the second the number of times they were borrowed during 1868:

Dickens	341	4777
Scott	321	1677
Cooper	177	6417
Bulwer	171	1066
Charles Reade	164	1000
Thackeray	155	809
Hawthorne	132	2423
Mrs. Heatz	118	3670
G. P. R. James	116	1520
Charles Lever	102	1166
W. O. Stoddard	100	1702
George Elliot	84	1237
Muhlbach	79	2577
Miss Muloch	119	1001

Among the poets Shakspeare, Longfellow, Scott, and Tennyson seem to be the most popular. Mrs. Stowe, Mosley, Bancroft, Prescott, and Abbott among historians. Barnard Taylor leads all names of travellers, Agassiz's "Brazil" following close upon him. Dr. Hayes next, and then Dr. Kane and Livingstone. Muskie's books were often taken out, as was Hugh Miller, and Schoolcraft. Of Dickens's books "Pickwick" and "Bleak House" had the most readers, Scott's next; of Bulwer's, "Paul Clifford;" of Cooper's, "Spy;" of Hawthorne's, "Scarlet Letter;" of Scott's, "Ivanhoe;" of Thackeray's, "Vanity Fair;" of Hawthorne's, "The House of Seven Gables." Mayo's Kentucky and Oliver Optic's [illegible] were the most popular juveniles. In drawing out references from facts like these, however, allowance must be made for the difference between the number of works issued by different authors. Thus, the writings of Scott, Dickens, and Cooper have some thirty or forty volumes of each writer to draw from, while those of Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Miss Muloch a much smaller number. Also the circulation shown is that of Boston only. But if similar statistics could be furnished by the different libraries throughout the country, and an average table made from them all, we would furnish valuable information to those deriding upon works for publication or selection for the public libraries of the country.

San Francisco is to be supplied with ice from the summit of the Sierra Nevada, in a very novel way. A party of speculators have contracted to build a wooden conduit of holding 90 or 100 tons of ice near the Pacific railroad route. From a stream on the Sierra above a flume has been run to the top of the ice-house, where the water is allowed to fall in small jets and freeze in the building below. In this manner they expect gradually to form a mass of solid ice which will fill the entire building. Won't this be a (a) ice way?

A Washington paper says that Miss Vinnie Ream has so nearly completed the model of her statue of Lincoln that its merits can be somewhat fairly judged. Although Miss Ream's abilities have been a theme for discussion of opinion in regard to this statue, it has been pronounced by some of the intimate friends of President Lincoln as an excellent likeness.

A few days ago a couple of idle fellows, bent on having some sport, strolled into a church in a neighboring city. The service was being conducted by a colored minister, and the young men thought it a good chance. But when the minister rose to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked around on his fair congregation.

"Brethren," said he, at length, "may do Lor' hab mercy on the sinners?" A long pause. "May do Lor' hab mercy on all the sisters?" Solemn pause. "May de Lor' hab mercy on de preacher? Brethren, he de doer!" The scoffers retired before the benediction.

The Siamese Twins have visited Edinburgh to obtain the advice of Professor Syme as to the practicability of severing the intercommunicating band by which they have been so long held together. After a careful examination he was strongly of opinion that such an operation would be extremely dangerous to their lives, and accordingly advised that the operation should not be performed. It is intended, however, to take the opinion of a second professor on the case.

A rope-dancer was lately performing some jaggery feats in a Bengalee theatre, when, much to the cry, "You are on fire!" arose from the audience. In case of burning stuff from one of the lighted torches had fallen on his dress, and he forgot how to act. With one foot on the iron rope and another in the air, he remained there, and the audience, seeing that he passed her hand over her clothes, and felt nothing. He then looked at his foot and cried the contrary people. She understood, and, carrying her hand to her head, rapidly clapped it there. She then continued her performance as if nothing had happened.

"They appear to have had colder weather in the Adirondacks than we have had in this region. A Western paper gives extraordinary accounts of the effects of a recent cold snap. It asserts that a jet of a marble statue was frozen stiff. It is thought it will have to be amputated. Barbers' poles, signs, and lamp-posts were frozen off. The air is so cold that in many cases it is used to cut up sausage-meat. Physicians have ordered citizens out to breathe it until the edge has been taken off; a benevolent gentleman in town is busy day and night taking the edge off."

The juvenile students of a certain Western college have demanded the removal of "certain words" applied to their classical literature fraud, and have substituted "colic-pills," as being more suited to their tastes.

The latest defense for crime, on the ground of insanity, is after this style: "A man who commits a crime is not to be blamed for it, but his wife; for how is he, sane against himself, in the second place, he was against his fellow-man, and in the third place, he sins against his Creator—and, gentlemen of the jury, you know as those three things and be a perfectly ease man!"

Are gentlemen aware of the popular interpretation given to the fashionable queue worn by the ladies? Report says that this solitary ringlet, which floats from so many waterfalls, is a notification on the part of the wearer that they are not engaged. If it is certain that the queue is supposed to be every desirous of getting spliced at once—if only moderately long, it shows that only good offers will be entertained—but extremely long, or short, signifies that the wearer is very particular as to whom she accepts, but nevertheless shows that she is not yet engaged.

JURORS LISTENING TO COUNSEL, SUPREME COURT, NEW CITY HALL, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

WAITING FOR CUPID—A SPINSTER'S REVERIE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

VALENTINE'S DAY is now almost every where a much degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to *quiz*, and this confined very much to the humbler classes. The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the printsellers' shop-windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post-paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous colored caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good; and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St. Valentine's Day.

At no remote period it was very different. Ridiculous letters were unknown; and, if letters of any kind were sent, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to some young maiden, honeyed with a few compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of a hope that his love might meet with return. But the true proper ceremony of St. Valentine's Day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits. Misson, a learned traveler of the early part of the last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day.

"On the eve of St. Valentine's Day," he says, "the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls *his valentine*, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune

WAITING FOR CUPID—A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give bulls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

In that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., *Pepys my wife*, we find some notable illustrations of this old custom. It appears that married and single were then alike to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was invariably and necessarily given to the choosing party. Mr. Pepys enters in his diary, on Valentine's Day, 1667: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside (I being up dressing myself) little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her some written verses, blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines." Two days after he adds: "I told my wife Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me: which I was not sorry for, it ending me of something more that I must have given to others." But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was "Most courteous and most fair," which, it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." Noticing, soon after, the fact that one of the celebrated Miss Stuarts who became Duchess of Richmond, he says: "The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a present worth £800: and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300." These presents were undoubtedly given in order to relieve the obligation under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors. In February, 1668, Pepys notes in Audience: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons that in her purse now hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to employ herself with." The reader will understand wretch to be used as a term of endearment.

Notwithstanding the practice of *relieving*, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some considerable liking for the person drawing the associate of the party in wedlock. At least, we may suppose that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at, where the drawing of names was at all slightly from other considerations. There was, it appears, a prevalent notion among the common people, that this was the day when the birds selected their mates. They seem to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day, which rendered in some degree irresistible the bent of choice by which any youth or maid was now led to fix his attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was apparently in accordance with that first unnatural person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning in walking abroad, as the destined wife or a destined husband. Thus Gay makes a rural dame remark:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their pairings take (and others clapping find),
I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away:
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
Thrice first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be."

A forward Miss in the *Connoisseur*, a series of essays published in 1754–56, thus adverts to other notions with regard to the day: "Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty did we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? —Mr. Bisket was up to us. I lay dead and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

St. Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakspeare and by Chaucer, and also by the poet Lydgate (who died in 1440). One of the earliest known writers of valentines, or poetical amorous addresses for this day, was Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken in the battle of Agincourt. Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's time, full of great but almost unknown beauties, wrote thus charmingly:

TO HIS VALENTINE.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
And virtue's lover declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate,
This day is St. Valentine's:
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and see
What beauty it shall be
Which for fortune to assigne.

But in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In youthful chimney tower
Gilt by the glittering rise;
Oh, Jove! that in a shower,
As once that thunderer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise!

Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So terrible a sight:
That it the gods might awe,
And powerfully transgress
The globy universe,
Out-shooting every light.

My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek:
And in her ear I'll say,
"Oh thou bright morning-star!
'Tis I that come so far,
My valentine to seek."

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may it fare with me
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles constant be.

Let's laugh at them that choose
Their valentines by lot;
To wear their names they use,
Whom lidy they have got.
Such poor choice we refuse,
St. Valentine befriend:
We this like mistress may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not.

THE JURY BOX, NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.

MR. WILSON HOWARD'S characteristic drawing on page 120 shows the pleading of a case before the jury of our State Supreme Court in New York city. The scene is laid in the New City Hall. The picture is remarkable for its delineation of character, apart from its value as a faithful representation of life in the arena of jurisprudence.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR INNER LIFE.

LET me open this chapter with an apology. And I mean it not only to extend to errors of the past, but to whatever similar blunders I may commit hereafter. What I desire to ask pardon for is this: I find in the attempt to place before my reader the events, small as they might be, that influenced my life and moulded my destiny. Had I not gone to this fete, for instance, had I taken my holiday in some quiet mumble into the hills during the first week in—as I have passed scores of happy hours—in the solitude of my own room, how different might have been my fate!

We all of us know how small and apparently insignificant are the events by which the course of our lives is shaped. A boy who catches at parting—a word spoken that might have passed unheard—a pressure of the hand that might or might not have been felt—a glance among all our smiling orders are revoked, and instead of north we go south. Bearing this in mind, my reader will perhaps forgive me, and at least believe him that these things are not done by me through inadvertence, but of intention and with forethought.

"So we are shunted," was what I learned to me as I awoke and found my old companion at my bedside. "You're the twenty-fifth that has 'shunted' me," he continued. "But look to it, Knabe; change is not always betterment."

"It was none of *my* doing, Hansel; none of *my* wishing."

"If you had worn the grey jacket you wear on Sundays there would have been none of this, lad! I have seen double a dozen years in the yard as you have been in the world, and none have ever seen me in a gentleman's table or walking with the master's daughter."

I could not help smiling in spite of myself at the thought of such a mesalliance.

"Nor is there need to laugh because I speak of dancing," said he, quickly. "They could tell you in the Rathhaus there are worse performers than Hans Spitzer; and if he is not an Englishman, he is an honest Austrian!" This he said with a sort of defiance, as if he expected a reply.

"I have told you already, Hans," said I, soothingly, "that you need not fear that I am to be transferred from the yard. I was very happy there—very happy to be with you. We were good-tempered in the past, as I hope we may be good friends in the future."

"That can scarcely be," said he, sorrowfully. "I can have no friend in the man I must see 'Sir' to. It's Herr Ignaz's order," went he on, "he sent for me this morning, and said, 'Hansel, when you are ashore, tell Knabe to come by, he said Herr von Owen—' never forget he is your superior; and though he once worked with you in the yard, he is now your boss, and friend—" he will do so no more."

"But, Hans, my dear old friend—"

"Ja, ja," said he, waving his hand. "'Jetzt ist nus.' It is all over now. Here's your rockling, and the cup of coffee; and when you've told the gentlemen that the guitar you bade me give her ten, but four was plenty—that makes seventeen six-and-sixty: and you've twenty-three and fifteen—four kreutzers is that packet, and so Leb wohl." And with a short wave of his hand he turned away; but as he left the room I saw that the other hand had been drawn over his eyes, for Hansel was crying and I buried my face in the clothes and sobbed bitterly.

My orders were to present myself at Herr Ignaz's private office by noon. Careful not to presume on what seemed at least a happy turn in my destiny, I dressed in my everyday clothes, studious only that they should be clean and well brushed.

"I had forgotten you altogether, boy," said Herr Ignaz, as I entered the office, and he went on closing his desk and his iron safe before leaving for dinner. "What was it I had to say to you? Can you help me to it, lad?"

"I'm afraid not, Sir; I only know that you told me to be here at this hour."

"Let me see," said he, thoughtfully. "There was no complaint against you?"

"None, that I know of, Sir."

"Nor have you any to make against old Hansel?"

"Far from it, Sir. I have met only kindness from him."

"Ach, wait, wait," said he. "I believe I am coming to it. It was Sara's doing. Yes, I have it now. Sara said you should not be in the yard; that you had now well brought up and cared for. A young girl's fancy, perhaps. Your hands were white. But there is more bad than good in them. Men should be in the station they're fit for; neither above nor below it. And you did well in the yard; ay, and you liked it?"

"I certainly was very happy there, Sir."

"And that's all one strives for," said he, with a faint sigh; "to be at rest—to be at rest: and why should one change, boy?"

"I am not seeking a change, Sir. I am here because you bade me."

"That's true. Come in and eat your soup with us, and we'll see what the girl says, for I have forgotten all about it."

He opened a side door which led by a narrow stair into a back street, and shuffling along, with his hat drawn over his eyes, made for the little garden at the back, unlocked the gate, and to his door. This he unlocked, and then bidding me follow, he ascended the stairs.

The room into which we entered was furnished in the most plain and simple fashion. A small table, a square chest and some common ware, stood ready for dinner, and a large loaf on a wooden platter occupied the middle. There was no sign of any other but the old man who speedily arranged a third place, muttering to himself the while, but what I could not catch.

At this moment the door to the Fräulein entered. She was dressed in a sort of brown serge, which, though of the humblest tissue, showed her figure to great advantage, and fitted to perfection, and designed the graceful lines of her shoulders and her taper waist to great advantage. She saluted me with that frank and pretty smile, and said: "You are come to dine with us?"

"If there be enough to give him to eat," said the old man, gruffly. "I have brought him here, however, with other thoughts. There was something said last night—what was it, girl?—something I was to tell you: do you remember it?"

"Here is the soup, father," said she, calmly.

"We'll bethink us of these things by-and-by." There was a sharpness in the tone of command that she said, the tone of one who asserted a certain supremacy, as I was soon to see she did in the household. "Sit you, Herr von Owen," said she, pointing to my place; and her words were uttered like an order.

In perfect silence the meal went on; a woman-servant entering to replace the soup by a dish of boiled meat, but not otherwise waiting on us, for from time to time we drew plates and served us with fresh ones; an office I would gladly have taken from her, and indeed essayed to do, but at a glance I perceived that there was no room, taking, I sat down again, and, unmindful of my presence, they soon began to talk of business matters, in which, to my astonishment, the young girl seemed thoroughly versed. Cargoes of grain for Amsterdam and for use in house were now to be transferred to some other. There were large orders from France for staves, to meet which some one should be at once dispatched into Hungary. Hemp, too, was wanted for England. There was a troublesome litigation with an Insurance Company in Hamburg, which was evidently going against the House of Oppovich. So unlike was all this the tone of dinner conversation I was used to that I began to wonder, however, how they could devote the hour of social enjoyment and relaxation to details so perplexing and so vulgar.

"There is a large affair of the leakage, too," cried Herr Ignaz, setting down his glass before drinking; "I had nigh forgotten it."

"I remember, father this morning," said the girl, gravely. "It is better it should be settled at once, while the exchanges are in our favor."

"And pay—pay the whole amount!" cried he, angrily.

"Pay it all," replied she, calmly. "We must not let them suppose, father, that we have *friends* here," and she laid emphasis on the word, "that would not be grieved to see you get the name."

"Twenty-seven thousand gulden!" exclaimed he, with a quivering lip. "And how am I to save money for you, Lowzy, girl, with losses like these?"

"You forget, Sir, we are not alone," said she, proudly. "This young Englishman can scarcely feel interested in these details." She arose as she spoke, and, taking up a pack of cards that lay on the table, and then served us with coffee; the whole done so unobtrusively and in such quiet fashion as to leave the observer appear a routine that could not call for remark.

"The *Diebaut* will not take our freight," said he, suddenly. "There is some combination against us there."

"I will look to it," said she, coldly. "Will you try these figs, Herr von Owen? Fiume, they say, rivals Smyrna in purple figs."

"I will have no more to do with figs or olives either," cried the old man. "The Englishman bent you down to the lowest price, and then refuse your cargo for one damaged crate. I have had no luck with England."

Unconsciously, I know it was, his eyes turned fully on me as he spoke, and there was a defiance in his look that seemed like a personal challenge.

"If he does not mean it for you," said the Fraulein, gently, in my ear, and her voice gained a softness I did not know it possessed.

Perhaps the old man's thoughts had taken a very gloomy turn, for he leaned his head on his hand and seemed sunk in reverie. The Fräulein arose quietly, and beckoning me to follow her, moved noiselessly into an adjoining room. This chamber, furnished with more taste than I had a piano, and some books and prints lay about on the tables.

"My father likes to be left alone at times," said she, gravely; "and when you know us better you will learn to see what these times are." She took up some needlework she had been engaged on, and sat down on a sofa. I did not well know whether to take my leave or keep her company, and while I hesitated she appeared to read my difficulty, and said, "You are free, Herr von Owen, if you have any engagement."

"I have none now," said I; then remembering that the speech might mean to dismiss me, I added, hastily, "but it is time to go."

"Good-by, then," said she, making me a slight bow; and I went.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OFFICE.

On the following day the cashier sent for me to say it was Herr Oppovich's wish that I should be attached to some department in the office till I had fully mastered its details, and then be transferred to another, and so on till I had fully acquainted myself with the whole business of the house. "It's an old caprice of Herr Ignaz's," said he, "which repeated failures have not yet discouraged him with. You're the fifth he has tried to make a supervisor of, and you'll follow the rest."

"Is it so very difficult to learn?" asked I, modestly.

"Perhaps to one of your acquirements it might not," said he, with quiet irony; "but for a slight example: here, in this office, we correspond with the countries in their own language, consequently that room, they talk modern Greek, and Albanian, and Servian; there's the Hungarian group next door, bow-wunders, and then Arabs in the Lower Danube; and in what we call the Expeditions department, there are fellows who speak seventeen dialects and can't write so twelve. So much for languages. Then what do you say to mastering—since that's the word they have for it—the grain trade from Odessa, rags from Transylvania, staves from Hungary, fruit from the Levant, cotton from Egypt, minerals from Brody, and Bohemia, and woollens from Bohemia? We do something in all of these, besides a fair share in oak-bark and hemp."

"Stop, for mercy's sake!" I cried. "It would take a lifetime to gain a mere current knowledge of these."

"Not quite the finance department," said he; "watching the rise and fall of the exchanges, buying and selling gold. That's French, in that office with the blue door, could tell you's not to be picked up of an afternoon. Perhaps you might as well begin with him. His is not a bad school to take the fine edge off you."

"I shall do whatever you advise me."

"I'll speak to Herr Ignaz about it," said he; and he left me, to return almost immediately, and conduct me within the precincts of the blue door.

Herr Ulrich was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man, with his hair brushed rigidly back from the prominent bone of his head. His whole look of life was the office, which he arrived at by daybreak, and never left, except to visit the Bourse, and late at night. He disliked, of all things, new faces about him; and it was a piece of malice on the cashier's part to bring me before him.

"I believe I have said existed, Herr Ignaz already, but, to the cashier, "that I am not a schoolmaster."

"Well, well," broke in the other, in a muffled voice, "try the lad. He may not be so incompetent; they tell me he has had some education."

Herr Ulrich then specified the various books that he from head to foot for some seconds. "You have been in the yard?" said he, in question.

"Yes, Sir."

"And is counting oaken staves the first step to learning foreign exchanges, think you?"

"I should not, Sir."

"I know whose scheme this is well enough," muttered he. "I see it all. That will do; you may leave us to talk together about it," to the cashier. "Sit down there, lad; there's your own famous newspaper, the *Times*. Make me a précis of the articles relative to stocks, Austrian securities and Austrian enterprises; contrast the report there given with what that French paper contains; and bring it to me finished." He returned to his high stool as he spoke, and remained to work. On the table before me lay a mass of newspapers in different languages, and I sat down to examine them with the very vaguest notion of the service expected of me.

Determined to do something—whatever that something might be—I opened the *Times* to find out the meaning of précis; but, totally unfamiliar, I turned from page to page without discovering it. At last, I thought I should find it by carefully examining the columns of a leader on damages for injuries incurred on the rail. None of these, certainly, were financial articles. At the head of the next column I read, Court

of Probate and Divorce. "Mr. Spanks moved that the decree *nisi*, in the suit of Claremont *v.* Claremont, be made absolute. Motion allowed. The damages in this suit against Sir Roger Norcutt have been fixed at eight thousand five hundred pounds."

From these lines I could not turn my eyes. They revealed nothing, it is true, but what I knew well must happen; but there is that in a confirmation of a fact brought suddenly before us that always awakens deep reflection; and now I brought up before my mind my poor mother, deserted and forsaken, and my father, ruined in character, and, perhaps, in fortune.

I had made repeated attempts to find out my mother's address, but all my letters had failed to reach her. Could there be any chance of discovering her through this suit? Was it possible that she might have intervened in any way in it? And, last of all, would this lawyer, whose name appeared in the proceedings, take compassion on my unhappy condition, and aid me to discover where my mother was? I meditated long over all this, and I ended by convincing myself that there are few people in the world who are not well pleased to do a kind thing which costs little in the doing; and so I resolved I would write to Mr. Spanks, and address him at the court he practiced in. I could not help feeling that it was at a mere straw I was grasping; but nothing more tangible lay within my reach. I wrote thus:

"SIR,—I am the son and only child of Sir Roger and Lady Norcott; and seeing that you have lately conducted a suit against my father, I ask you, as a great favor, to let me know where my mother is now living, that I may write to her. I know that I am taking a great liberty in offering this request upon you; but I am very friendless, and very little versed in worldly knowledge. Will you let both these deficiencies plead for me? and let me sign myself,

"Your grateful servant,

"DIGBY NORCOTT.

"You can address me at the house of Hoding and Opprovich, Frome, Austria, where I am living as a clerk, and under the name of Digby Owen—Owen being the name of my mother's family."

I was not very well pleased with the composition of this letter; but it had one recommendation, which I chiefly sought for—it was short, and for this reason I hoped it might be favorably received. I read it over and over, each time seeing some new fault, or some omission to correct; and then I would turn again to the newspaper, and ponder over the few words that meant so much and yet revealed so little. How my mother's position would be affected—if at all—by this decision I could not tell. Indeed, it was the mere accident of hearing divorce discussed at my father's table that enabled me to know what the terms of the law implied. And thus I turned from my letter to the newspaper, and back again from the newspaper to my letter, so engrossed by the theme that I forgot where I was, and utterly forgot all about that difficult task Herr Ulrich had set me. Intense thought and weariness of mind, aided by the unbroken stillness of the place, made me heavy and drowsy. From poring over the paper I gradually bent down till my head rested on it, and I fell sound asleep.

I must have passed hours thus, for it was already evening when I awoke. Herr Ulrich was about to leave the office, and had his hat on, as he aroused me.

"It is supper-time, youngster," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Yes, you may well wonder where you are. What are you looking for?"

"I thought, Sir, I had written a letter just before I fell asleep. I was writing here." And I turned over the papers and shook them, tossing them wildly about, to discover the letter, but in vain. It was not there. Could it have been that I had merely composed it in my mind, and never have committed it to paper? but that could scarcely be, seeing how fresh in my memory were all the doubts and hesitations that had beset me.

"I am sure I wrote a letter here," said I, trying to recall such circumstance in my mind.

"When you have finished dreaming, lad, I will lock the door," said he, waiting to see me pass out.

"Forgive me; one moment, Sir, only one," cried I, wildly scattering the papers over the table. "It is of consequence to me—what I have written."

"That is if you have written any thing," said he, dryly.

The grave tone of this doubt determined the conflict in my mind.

"I suppose you are right," said I, "it was a dream." And I arose and followed him out.

As I reached the foot of the stairs I came suddenly on Herr Ignaz and his daughter. It was a common thing for her to come and accompany him home at the end of the day's work, and as latterly he had become much broken and very feeble, she scarcely missed a day in this attention. "Oh, here he is," I heard her say as I came up. What he replied I could not catch, but it was with some earnestness she rejoined:

"Herr von Owen, my father wishes to say that they have mistaken his instructions regarding you in the office. He never expected you could at once possess yourself of all the details of a varied business; he meant that you should go about and see what branch you would like to attach yourself to, and to do this he will give you ample time. Take a week; take two; a month, if you like." And she made a little gesture of friendly adieu with her hand, and passed on.

BLUE AND WHITE.

"Or all the colors, sweet Sir, what may your favorite be?"
And the lad I had burst back to life looked up, and made answer to me:
"Two colors I choose—blue and white." Then up from my throat did there spread,
Yes, to my very temples, a dye of the happy red:
For a maiden's face will flush at the lightest thing evermore;
And blue was the ribbon that bound my hair, and white was the gown that I wore.

"May I tell you all, lady sweet?" "Ay, Sir, an' it please you so."
All alone with each other we sat in the fire-light's glow:
He the lad whom our men had found nigh dead close by,
And the mother that bare him could never have cursed him more gently than I.

"Sister—nay, pardon my freedom—but oh, you have been so good,
I well could wish that I owed you the duty of brotherhood;
Crown your sweet favors with this, the greatest of all, and be
As tender to her I love as you have been tender to me."

Then over every sense there swept down a terrible, dim
Dusk of oblivion, as there I sat, and listened to him.
Silence a moment, and then, by the helping of God
His grace,
I answered: "Yes, brother, I will," with a very smile on my face.

"Now, God bless you, sister. Listen. A year ago
She gave herself to me for ever and ever, and so,
One sweet autumn eve, in the time of the falling of dew,
I crowned her little white hand with a circlet of sapphires blue.

"She, my own lady, taketh ever the most delight
In the calm virginal colors—the delicate blue and white:
And, sister, mine eyes were soothed with a sense of lovesome repose
When I saw you this evening wear the hues that my darling chose."

Oh, but the bonnie blue ribbon pressed on my head all too tight!
Oh, but my heart beat wild beneath its virginal white;
Oh, but the hours were long as I knelt in the dusk alone,
Moaning: "My Father, teach me to say but, 'Thy will be done.'"

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

THE Mercantile Library in this city has now 100,000 volumes, embracing the best works on every topic. About 10,000 volumes are added yearly. Popular works are largely duplicated; often 200 copies of a popular novel are purchased. All English books of interest to general readers, or of special value, are imported as soon as published. The yearly income of the Library Association is $60,000, and it holds real estate valued at $500,000; it has $150,000 worth of books. The number of stockholders is 2000, and there are 10,000 members. The Reading-room is supplied with 3000 books of reference and 400 periodicals, foreign and domestic.

The Association began its career in 1820; it grew out of a meeting in the Tontine Coffee House of a number of clerks who felt the importance of a society for the promotion of the intellectual improvement of their class. The Library was first opened at 49 Fulton Street. In 1826 it was removed to Cliff Street, where it occupied rooms in Harper & Brothers' publishing house. Then the Clinton Hall Association was organized, and erected the building on the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, now occupied by the Nassau Bank. Here the Library grew and prospered until the purchase, in 1854, of its present and more eligible quarters up town. We hope that ere long the Association will be able to erect a building more suited to its wants—one which will do New York city as much credit as the magnificent and stately edifice recently erected by the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association does to Brooklyn.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TEN MOVEMENTS—Grave digging.

HOW TO CURE A COLD—Swallow the oven.

NOVEL PROPOSAL.

ALGERNON. "Is that little Skye-terrier yours?"
LUCRETIA. "Yes, it is."
ALGERNON. "Do you know the saying, 'Love me, love my dog?'"
LUCRETIA. "Yes."
ALGERNON. "Do you agree with its philosophy?"
LUCRETIA. "Oh yes!"
ALGERNON *(after a moment's pause).* "By Jove, I love your dog awfully!"
He was accepted.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

"It has been estimated that the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to nearly in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

"The expense of buttons on the backs of our coats, where they are of no use earthly, is equal to the support of our orphan asylums.

"The amount of time lost in the case of old boots thrown aside, whilst a little more wear is left in them, is longer, by more than enough to buy a flannel nightgown for every baby in the land. Also, that the cost of every inch on the full chirt-collars of our young men, is equal to the sum necessary to put a Bible in the hands of every Patagonian giant."

PERSONS FOR A GIRL OF THE PERIOD—A bottle of olives, and a box of cigars.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The hand that can make pie is a cushional feast to the husband that marries it."

"SLEEPING IN CHURCH."

One of our preachers ventilated seeing six hundred people asleep at one time while in church.

O'er their devoted heads,
While the law thunderers,
Smugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred,
Great was the preacher's theme,
Screwed on was all the steam,
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.

Terrors to right of them,
Terrors to left of them,
Terrors in front of them—
Still itself plundered
Of its most awful things
Wide-minded preacher flings—
Kindly he spoke, and well
All he dared dare to tell,
Well was his hardest yell
Fearful and thundered:
Yet, eyeing—the truth to tell—
Neither for heaven nor hell
Snored the six hundred.

Still with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel—
Making the pulpit reel,
Shaken and thundered—
Called them the church's foes—
Threatened with hand and heel—
Faintly the answer rose
(Proof of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred.

A young lady in the course of a lecture, the other day, said, "Get married, young men, and be quick about it, too. Don't wait for the millenniums, hoping that the girls will turn to angels before you can trust yourself to one of them. A pretty thing you would be alongside of an angel, would you not, you brute?"

Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1869.

THE ENGLISH CUPID.

THE AFRICAN CUPID.

THE YANKEE CUPID.

THE IRISH CUPID.

THE FRENCH CUPID.

THE GERMAN CUPID.

A gentleman once thus addressed a letter to his bride: "My dearest Maria." The lady replied: "My dear John, I beg that you will mend either your morals or your grammar. You call me dearest Maria—am I to understand that you have other Marias?"

STAGE MANAGER. "John, go and see if the ballet are all dressed, for it is time to ring up the curtain." BOY returns. "About ready, Sir; got most of their clothes off."

A "MARINE PARADE"—A naval review.

POINTED ARCHITECTURE—The Cathedral of Spires.

The lovely hair my Celia wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For—I know where she bought it.

A VERSE BY NATURE'S POET—The uni-verse.

A GRATE WORK—Repairing a stove.

The following touching lines are inscribed on a tombstone in a country church-yard in this State:

Died, when years and life were juvenile,
Of the whooping-cough, our Tyrone.

A LEARNED FISH—The re(a)d herring.

Kate was talking glowingly of "love-apples."
"That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, feeling accepted lover. "Why should love be associated with apples? On the contrary, I thought love always went in pairs."
Kate smiled approvingly.

THE GRECIAN BEND.
Throw up the chin and out the chest;
Assume the form of the letter S:
Like a kangaroo your arms extend,
And then you'll have the "Grecian Bend."

A "PERFECT" MEASURE—Half a quarter.

Why was Mohammed like a man in church with a bad cold? Why—because his coughing (oughs) had to be suspended!

THE ICE VELOCIPEDE.

THE moment any style of locomotion creates general excitement there appears to be a tendency to put the thing on ice. At least this appears to be the case along the Hudson River. When the yacht-racing fever came on the ice-yacht enterprise soon followed at Poughkeepsie. A few days since a velocipede of the style represented in our sketch on this page was observed on the ice near Tarrytown. The frame of this velocipede is built like those which are commonly in use in this city. It has but one wheel, steered with a bar as in the land machine, but armed with sharp points to prevent its slipping. Instead of the two wheels behind are two sharp steel runners, like those attached to the ice-boats. This velocipede is propelled with astonishing rapidity.

THE ICE VELOCIPEDE.

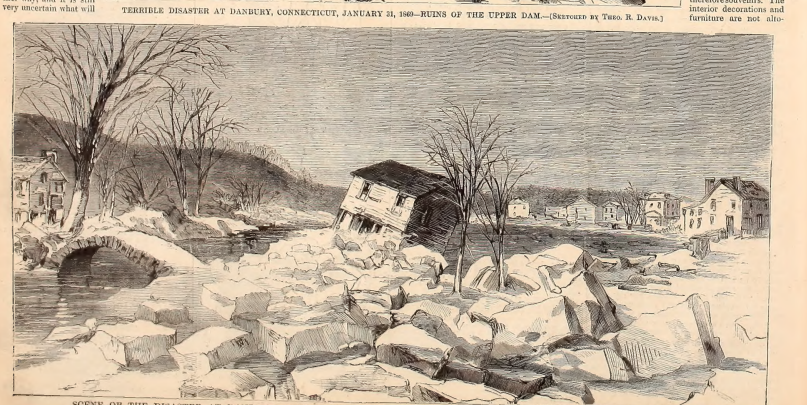
THE DANBURY DISASTER.

THE city of Danbury, Connecticut, was the scene of a frightful calamity on the evening of Sunday, January 31. The city is supplied with water from reservoirs five miles distant, and 250 feet above the level of the river which runs through the town. Some four months ago a break was discovered in the upper dam, but was neglected. Suddenly, just after the bells had ceased ringing for church on the Sunday evening alluded to, the dam gave way, emptying sixty acres of water upon the lower and smaller reservoir, which also gave way. This immense and rushing volume of water came upon the town through the gorge above Flint's Dam, bringing with it huge masses of ice and lumber. With terrible velocity it struck the houses on Main Street near the river bank, instantly sweeping them from their foundations. Rushing down the flats along the north stream and east of Main Street it swept all before it. The water seethed and roared fifteen feet above the bed of the river; the noise of wrecked houses mingled with the screams of drowning men, women, and children; and what the water did not overwhelm was demolished by the rushing ice and timber. At Still River, near White Street, the current poured along the railroad for the distance of a mile and a half, rooting up the ties and damaging the bridge over Washing River. The blow fell suddenly upon the town, and in less than half an hour accomplished its fatal work. Thirteen persons are known to have been drowned. The entire loss of property is estimated at $100,000. Our illustration at the foot of the page shows the scene of the catastrophe where the loss of life mainly occured.

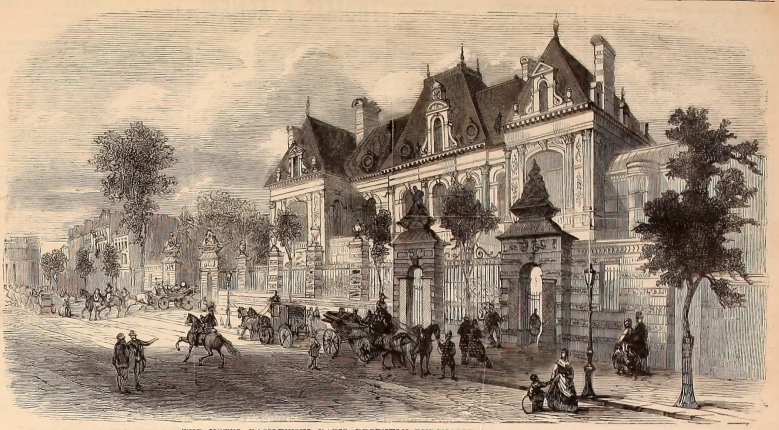
QUEEN ISABELLA IN PARIS.

AFTER all, the "affairs of Spain" have not altogether borne out either the hopes or the fears of those who prophesied of the results of the revolution. Few great events do exactly answer people's expectations either way, and it is still very uncertain what will be the course pursued by patriots or politicians. It would seem, however, that the ex-Queen is waiting for another chance, even though she can have very little hope of being restored. Their Majesties are, it is true, on most friendly and intimate terms with the French Emperor and Empress, the latter going, as it would seem, out of her way to express her profound sympathy; but there is no need to give a fictitious importance to the courtesy of the heads of the politest nation in the world to those who are their unfortunate guests and seek an asylum in their very capital. It was impossible for ISABELLA to remain at PAU, where it was at first believed she would endeavor to maintain correspondence with the frontier, and for some time the residence in Paris was uncertain; but her ex-Majesty has now settled down, and a good many of the royal jewels, or a pretty penny of the royal savings, must have been expended in the completion of the purchase of the Hôtel Basilewski. House property is enormously dear in Paris, and this hotel has been no exception to the rule; indeed, it was rumored that her Majesty was willing to be off her bargain, but matters have somehow been arranged, and the hotel is now consigned to its new tenant. It was built by Count BASILEWSKI three years ago in the new, or HAUSSMANN, district of Paris, and carte blanche was given to the architects and decorators to make it worthy of the modern portion of the capital. It occupies a fine position in the Avenue Roi de Rome, almost at the angle of the Rue Pauquet. Six gates—four large and two of smaller dimensions—give access to the court-yard, and each of these gates is flanked by two stone pillars supporting allegorical figures, from the workshops of Bloche, representing the four quarters of the globe. Allegory, indeed, seems to have presented itself to the artists in all departments of the palace, even in the decorations of the façade, where warlike figures in all branches of the military and naval services do duty. The building, which is two stories high, is composed of three divisions, the outer ones extending laterally into the court-yard; while the centre, which is furnished with a portico supported by eight columns of the Composite order, is surmounted by the heraldic shield of the Counts BASILEWSKI. The court-yard, paved with asphalte, is surrounded with evergreen shrubs, and there is accommodation for eight horses and twelve carriages. Altogether, the space on which the hôtel stands is very circumscribed, for ground costs gold in Paris, and there is very little of either to spare; so that, when the new tenants desired to extend their grounds, the adjoining proprietors raised their prices from 150 francs to 400 francs. The vestibule of the house is of white marble, supported by eight fluted columns, and the furniture is simple enough, consisting of a dozen or so of black wooden chairs, picked out with gold lines. These chairs come from the château of La Granja, near Madrid, and are therefore souvenirs. The interior decorations and furniture are not alto-

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 31, 1869—RUINS OF THE UPPER DAM.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



SCENE OF THE DISASTER AT DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 31—HEAD OF MAIN STREET.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



THE HOTEL BASILEWSKI, PARIS, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY QUEEN ISABELLA.

gether completed, but they will be elegant; and the dwelling itself is not by any means an unworthy retreat even for an exiled Queen and her royal consort.

Our correspondent in Paris sends us a graphic sketch representing the reception of Queen ISABELLA at the Luxembourg, on the 18th ult. The occasion excited great interest. "On Friday the 18th," says our correspondent, "it was rumored that the Queen of Spain was to visit the Gallery of the Luxembourg; consequently the streets in that vicinity were crowded with eager beholders of all shapes and colors. There stood the waiting throng for three long hours, their optic nerves stretched to the utmost tension, watching the two-horse cabs and gilded flunkies until 4 o'clock, when their expectation was rewarded by the arrival of the large female who bears the name of Queen. After passing through various portions of the building she made her appearance in the picture-gallery. There stood many copyists, boxes in hand, waiting patiently to behold her ladyship. As she passed through many lifted their hats, some removing them altogether, while others merely smiled by way of greeting. It was evident that she did not admire pictures by the way she hobbled along, keeping her eyes directly in front, while her escort was doing his prettiest to call her attention to some of the principal historical works. When she had got about half-way round the gallery an order was given to clear out the common humans, leaving the Queen and her escort to view the interior of the building at leisure. Myself being one of the common humans, I was turned out with the rest, and so can say no more on that subject."

MATURE SIRENS.

THAT mature sirens can be passionately loved, even when very mature, history gives us more than one example; and the first name that naturally occurs to one's mind as the type of this is that of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos. And Ninon, if a trifle mythical, was yet a fact and an example. But not going quite to Ninon's age, we often see women of forty and upward who are personally charming, and whom men love with as much warmth and tenderness as if they

VISIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA TO THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT.]

were in the heyday of life—women who count their admirers by dozens, and who end by making a superb marriage and having quite an Indian summer of romance and happiness. The young laugh at this idea of the Indian summer for a bride of forty-five: but it is true; for neither romance nor happiness, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years; and, after all, we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look. All women do not harden by time, nor wither, nor yet corrupt. Some merely ripen and mellow and get enriched by the passage of years, retaining the same delicate womanliness—we had almost said girlishness—into quite old age, and blushing under their gray hairs while they shrink from anything coarse or vulgar or impure as sensitively as when they were girls. *La femme a quarante ans* is the French term for the opening of the great decade beyond which love can not pass; but human history disproves this date, and shows that the heart can remain fresh and the person lovely long after the age fixed for the final adieu to admiration, and that the mature siren can be adored by her own contemporaries when the rising generation regard her as nothing better than a chimney-corner treasure. Mr. Trollope has expressed the claims of the mature siren in his "Orley Farm" and "Miss Mackenzie;" and no one can deny the instantaneousness of the chunsters and the interest of the stories.

THE LAST SNOW OF WINTER.

'Tis the last snow of winter, so pure and so white,
Coming gently from realms far away,
To apparel the earth in a garment of light
At the dawn of its blossoming day.

Then art failing so softly and tenderly now,
Embracing the world of ours,
Just before it shall put a new wreath on its brow
And become a bright garland of flowers.

Then lovest our dark world, and fain thou wouldst spread
Thy mantle of purity o'er,
That no more it may seem like the home of the dead,
But bright as the glorified shore.

But a moment thy white robes shall linger, fair Snow,
Like a dream they will vanish away:
Too spotless and pure for these regions below
Is the vesture thou givest to-day.

Old Boreas is gone, with the storm on his trail,
But his farewell our favorite will bring:
As Nature so gently withdraws this light veil
For the music and blossoms of spring.

CHICOPEE, S. C., 1869. BENJAMIN F. JACKSON.

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WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION.

IN connection with the approaching event of General GRANT'S inauguration as President of the United States—an event destined to be memorable in our history—there is one incident in the career of General WASHINGTON that is especially called to our minds: it is the resignation of his commission as Commander-in-Chief, at Annapolis, December 23, 1783.

For eight years WASHINGTON had devoted his life to the service of his country. The revolution had been accomplished, and the struggling republic began its career as an independent nation. The preceding month had witnessed the evacuation of New York by the British. On the 2d of November WASHINGTON issued his "Farewell Address to the Armies of the United States." On the 25th he entered New York, where, a few days later, he took a final leave of his principal officers. After this scene—one of the most touching that is recorded in military annals—he walked in silence to Whitehall, followed by a vast procession, and took his departure for Annapolis, where Congress was about to assemble. Here he arrived on the evening of December 19. The next day he informed Congress of his desire to resign his commission. That body resolved that it should be done at a public audience on the 23d, at noon.

The day was fine, and around the State-house a great concourse was assembled. The little gallery of the Senate Chamber was filled with ladies, among whom was Mrs. WASHINGTON. The members of Congress were seated and covered; the spectators were all uncovered. WASHINGTON entered and was led to a chair, when General MIFFLIN, President of Congress, arose and announced the readiness of that body to receive his communications. The Chief, with great dignity and much feeling, delivered a brief speech. "Happy," said he, "in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence—a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven." After other remarks he handed his commission to the President, who received it and made an eloquent reply.

After his resignation General WASHINGTON set out for Mount Vernon. All the way from Annapolis, as indeed it had been from New York, his progress was a triumphal march.

On our first page we publish an original portrait of WASHINGTON, engraved from a painting made by POLK at Valley Forge. This painting is now in the possession of the venerable and accomplished widow of JOHN J. AUDUBON, the celebrated naturalist. The following is its history:

The great American naturalist's father, JOHN AUDUBON, commenced life as a sailor, and was successful, after a few years of well-directed industry, in obtaining a handsome property in St. Domingo; following which he received an official appointment on that island, the duties of which, on his return to France, brought him in contact with the influential men connected with the "First Empire." While resident of France, after his requirement of fortune and official influence, he purchased a beautiful estate on the Loire, seven miles from Nantes.

While residing in the West Indies JOHN AUDUBON frequently visited North America, and with great business foresight purchased lands in Louisiana, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

When Rochambeau, in 1780, was sent to America, JOHN AUDUBON held an important command in the fleet; and this position, with the fact that he had married an American wife, gave him naturally a large influence with the American officers, and secured the notice and friendship of General WASHINGTON.

During the revolutionary war JOHN AUDUBON (now styled Commodore), took possession of Mill Grove, on the Perkeominy Creek, the residence of which, the Schuylkill flowing between, was about one mile from WASHINGTON'S headquarters at Valley Forge. The presumption is that the vivacious sea-faring, and by marriage semi-American, and strong republican French officer, was a frequent visitor at WASHINGTON'S head-quarters, and probably by his manners and conversation shed some geniality over the dark days of that eventful period in our revolutionary struggle.

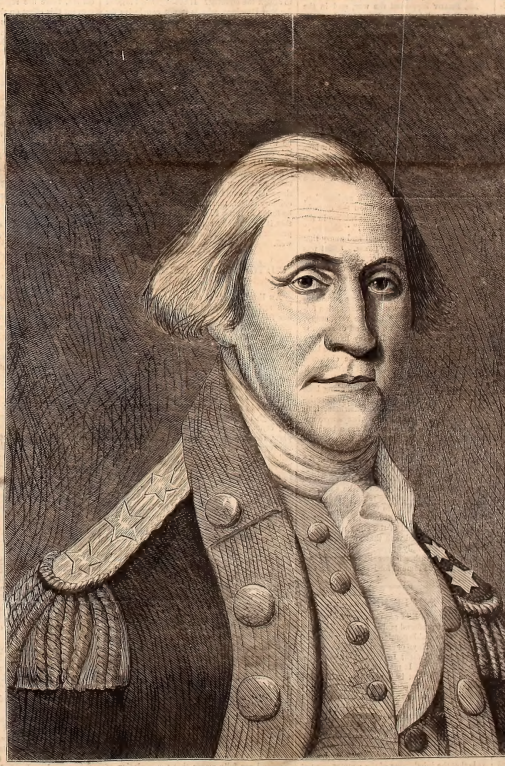
While thus situated it would seem that the camp had its resident artist by the name of POLK, who painted at the same time, and of the same size, the portraits of Commodore AUDUBON and General WASHINGTON. These two pictures Commodore AUDUBON, at the "declaration of peace," took to France, and they became conspicuous ornaments of his country seat on the Loire.

In the year 1835, while JOHN J. AUDUBON was with his family in London, he sent his eldest son to Nantes with a power of attorney to put his sister in possession of all the French property willed to him by his father, the old Commodore. The son faithfully executed his father's wishes, reserving nothing but the two portraits, one of WASHINGTON and the other of M. ANTHONY senior. In the half century, nearly, in which they had hung undisturbed the frames were so destroyed by time that they fell to pieces; the pictures, however, were brought to London and carefully lined by an expert in such matters. Upon the old and discarded stretching-frame, or upon the back of the pictures—Mrs. AUDUBON does not now remember which—was the name of the artist.

MR. POLK'S picture realizes all that has been said by contemporaneous historians, and represented by other artists, of the dignity and benevolence of WASHINGTON'S face. It combines characteristics that are discernible in TRALL'S picture, in STUART'S master-pieces, and HOUDON'S bust. WASHINGTON, at the time the picture was painted, was nearly fifty years of age, consequently in the prime of life. The negligence, comparatively speaking, of the hair is what might be expected of camp-life in the terrible winter that surrounds the memories of Valley Forge. Upon the epaulette are three stars in silver; we do not remember of seeing this designation of the rank of commander-in-chief on any other picture, and they are not on HOUDON'S statue, though the epaulets on the latter are perfect *facsimiles* of those in POLK'S picture.

POLK seems to have executed several paintings of WASHINGTON, as there are other which bear his name. One was found at Leesburg, on the estate of ARTHUR LEE. Concerning the one from which our engraving is taken there can be no doubt as to its genuineness, as the account of it has been handed down from father to son.

Every thing relating to WASHINGTON is held in such reverence by mankind that it is an event to present an original picture, which, after a lapse of nearly ninety years, dating from its production, is brought from the seclusion of private life and given to the world.



ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—[FROM A PAINTING EXECUTED BY POLK AT VALLEY FORGE.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

COUNTING THE VOTES.

THE scene at the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President was both outrageous and absurd. Every body and every thing were at cross-purposes; but in the universal confusion, of the two prominent figures we very much prefer that of old BEN WADE vigorously pounding with his gavel, completely obfuscated, declaring every thing out of order, but insisting that the result of the count should be announced, to that of General BUTLER pulling up his coat-sleeves and suggesting that Hell be cleared and fought over. Mr. WADE indicrously fails in every requisite of a presiding officer except dogged persistence. The difficulty could easily have been avoided had he instantly ruled General BUTLER out of order, and upon the appeal being pressed, submitting the question to the assembled Senate and House; because the vote sustaining the ruling would have been so overwhelming that the question whether a numerical majority of the assembled Houses of each House were necessary, would not have been raised. But when this "old Roman" directed the Senate to withdraw the anarchy was complete, for it showed that the presiding genius of the occasion had not the faintest conception of the rules that could alone control the situation.

The conduct of General BUTLER was what should have been expected. It was of the most characteristic "Old Bailey" school. There was undoubtedly a very grave question involved in what he asserted; but his manner of stating it naturally excited the utmost doubt and suspicion. It was a comical effort to browbeat men who were quite as experienced and shrewd as himself. When the General was a practicing lawyer in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, he had to examine a Professor in Harvard College as a witness, long after the execution of Dr. WEBSTER. With singular delicacy and fairness he began, "What is your profession?" "I am Professor at Cambridge." "Oh! Professor at Cambridge; yes, we hung one of your Cotber day." The anecdote has a flavor of JEFFERIES. In the storm of last week in the House the same spirit was the same spirit. "The Senators," said the honorable gentleman from the Fifth District of Massachusetts, "can go out when they please, but we can't kick them out when we want to." And upon this ground was this courteous remark made? Similarly because there was opposition to the General's claim that the House should disregard a rule of its own which it had not rescinded. This extraordinary performance of the General was but another of the indications which he so profusely furnishes of the extreme disadvantage to a public man of having been educated as a pro-slavery politician. The General's political energies down to 1861 were directed to justifying the most flagrant system of outrage upon justice and human rights. It was a business that spurned reason and humanity and demanded the bluster and brutality that were known, when they appeared in Congress, as "plantation manners," of which the most characteristic display was PRESTON BROOKS's assault upon Senator SUMNER and the "scrimmage" of BARKSDALE in the House. Tried by that standard, the conduct of General BUTLER at the counting of the votes was full of promise.

As to the essential difficulty involved in his extraordinary remarks, the General was too hot to perceive it. It is a constitutional difficulty as Mr. SHELLABARGER clearly explained. It is a difficulty to consider which required every quality which the General did not display, and which was only increased by every quality that he did. The Constitution provides that the votes shall be counted by the Vice-President in the presence of both Houses. Houses are to be witnesses that he counts correctly, but the Constitution does not provide for the case of his making the returns or of dishonesty upon the part of the Vice-President. This is an omission to be remedied by law rather than by joint resolution, and ought to have been provided for. The omission was possibly intended for at the time nor in the manner chosen by General BUTLER; and the very stupidest thing conceivable was to excite the natural jealousy and hostility of the two Houses upon a point in which they were equally interested and which requires careful and calm deliberation. The General's assertion that the Senate was trying to bully the House, and in the same breath asserted by implication the right of the House to be the judge of the case of the hall. It would hardly be possible to imagine any more signal proofs of the peculiar fitness of General BUTLER as legislator at this time in this country than his two performances during the present session, his speech upon the finances and his conduct at the counting of the votes. General BUTLER's motion of censure was laid upon the table by a vote of 130 against 65, and at the instance of General LOGAN who eulogized Mr. WADE more warmly than wisely.

The scene at the counting of the votes and the subsequent debate, although very unpleasant and humiliating in themselves, will yet be of substantial service. Congress will undoubtedly provide by law a method of securing the result intended by the Constitution, which shall be consistent with the dignity of both Houses; and the country has had another opportunity of estimating the qualifications for civil public service of General BUTLER. For as the jury is concerned we said last autumn, what time merely shows in this case as it has always shown in all similar cases, that extreme cleverness and extreme professions do not make trust-worthy agents or representatives. In his general conduct upon this occasion General BUTLER insulted the country and the House, and by assuming his shafts of derision and suspicion at Mr. WADE and Mr. COLFAX he insulted the Republican party.

JAMES A. BRADY.

WITH the social gifts, the ambitions, and susceptibilities that seem to get together their own success, Mr. BRADY, whose portrait will be found in this paper, had a certain manliness and independence that always bound the admiration that was felt for him upon genuine respect. Whatever his special abilities and professional accomplishments may have been, his name will be remembered as that of a man of the utmost tenderness, generosity, and charity in every relation; a humanizing force which is to more powerful power as heat to light. Although always a Democrat, he was radically differed with the Democracy; and for a native New Yorker of Irish blood and of Democratic traditions and training the moral conviction to differ openly with his party was proof of a tenacity and independence which can here be appreciated if not elsewhere.

Mr. BRADY was a man of war, and in the Connecticut political campaign of 1862 he spoke for the Union candidates against those of the Democracy. On one occasion the scene of these lines went with him to a meeting at Danbury. It was just before the election, and the excitement was intense. Upon the previous evening and in the same hall, Fernando Wood had spoken at a Democratic meeting, and the curiosity to see and hear so conspicuous a Democrat as Mr. BRADY, when it was supposed, would especially address himself to the Democrats, crammed the hall. The opposition had prepared a most ingenious method of annoyance. They had distributed watchmen in various parts of the gallery to hiss and laugh and talk to disturb the orator, relying upon the impossibility of putting them out in such a dense throng.

The orator was received with acclamation, but he had scarcely begun when the disturbance began. There was general hissing in the galleries. A loud cry of "Hush!" "Shut up!" arose from the floor, so earnest and angry that Mr. BRADY was obliged to pause. Quiet was restored, and he began again, but the interruption. The cries of "Put 'em out!" were then so vehement that the chairman turned to the gallery-door and begged the people to preserve order. Mr. BRADY smiled, made a jocose remark, and proceeded; but the interruption followed, and the audience became very angry. Yet there seemed to be no alternative except silence, for nobody wished to lay hands upon the women, and in any case it would have been very difficult to do so. Again the chairman could only rap and exhort, and it seemed as if the meeting would end in confusion. But with the gayest smile Mr. BRADY looked down both of the galleries, and then said, in the most sarcastic tone: "Ah well, Mr. Chairman, it is the old story. My addresses always were misunderstood by the ladies, and I am no doubter to this day!" He then begged the audience not to be troubled by the tongues of his fair friends: "For those tongues," he said, with the most delightful humor in his voice, "are among the sweetest trials of life." He then finished his speech, but he whispered as he sat down that it was a good deal like "going a long walk without boiling the peas in your shoes."

Mr. BRADY's name will long live in the traditions of the bar and of the city; and he will always be mentioned in the most affectionate regret which he so fully appreciated when he said that he would rather be recalled as "poor JIM BRADY" than be famous for learning or for eloquence.

SAN DOMINGO.

THE ESSAYS of Elia are not supposed to be a repository of profound political wisdom, but we hope that honorable gentlemen in Congress, before protecting Hayti or annexing San Domingo, will spare a moment to read A Dissertation upon Roast Pig. It may be very desirable to dine upon pig; but is it worth while to burn your house down to cook your dinner? It may be convenient to have a naval station in the West Indies; but is it wise to buy it by adding to our population nearly a million of creoles and West Indian negroes, and by the assumption of nobody knows what debts and liabilities? The reason given for this annexation should arrest the attention of every thoughtful man. We want the inhabitants of the country can not take care of themselves nor maintain a firm government. Revolution follows revolution. To be an educated, vigorous, and public-spirited citizen of San Domingo, we are told, is to be one in a thousand; but the mass of ignorance around such citizens is, says the same authority, too dense for the thousandth part of intelligence to penetrate—and *therefore* let them be annexed.

It would seem that our territorial and our financial question had striking points of resemblance. It is not worth while to increase our debt, because it is already quite large enough for us to manage, and it is not desirable to extend our territory and population until there is more popular intelligence diffused in what we already have. That this country needs San Domingo for any purpose at all commensurate with its necessary cost nobody can pretend. That its annexation would be the last moral or even material advantage can not be urged, while the risks are evident. We certainly want Cuba as much as Hayti, and the rest of the West Indies as much as Cuba. By the same reasoning we want the whole continent from Bering Straits to Terra del Fuego. It may be our manifest destiny to acquire it all, and to civilize it; but meanwhile it is our manifest duty to do nothing that shall imperil the principle of our Government, which is the condition of that progressive civilization. Hayti is also a very turbulent country. Revolution succeeds revolution there also. The Mexicans have no less foreign blood in their veins than the people of Hayti and San Domingo. There, too, is a mass of ignorance, and the vigorous and educated citizen is as one in a thousand. Mexico, moreover, suffers under the same want of active capital which is alleged in the argument for annexing San Domingo. Mexico finds it very hard to find capital. Ought we not, therefore, to annex the country? If the argument is good for San Domingo, why is it not conclusive for Mexico. The case of the South American republics, of Venezuela, of Canada is not less cogent. There is a striking want of order, of capital, of security, of all that is most desirable in a political community in each of the states near our southern border. Shall we not straightway annex them?

Something more is necessary in a firm and wise government than becoming a state or a public. France tried that experiment eighty years ago. Mere accretion is not vital growth, in mere size is not strength. Whatever may be wise hereafter, nothing is less desirable to this country at this time than territorial expansion. "It must be agreed," says Elia, "that of a roasted pig the crackling is confessedly the best morsel as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in favor of this." But he does not deny that it is generally conceded that the cheaper process of the spit answers the purpose quite as well.

COTTON AND OTHER SPECULATIONS.

AN English cotton circular, received by the late arrival, concludes as follows: "We ask our friends what must the following state of affairs lead to? The Eastern markets all greatly overstocked; prices ruling there not likely to be increased; merchants losing heavily on every piece of shirting they ship; manufacturers producing cloth at a ruinous loss, and cotton rising?"

The question is one to be weighed not alone by persons engaged in the merchants and manufacturers in this country. Early in November, although middling cotton was selling at 25½ to 26¼ cents per pound at the principal Southern ports, the intelligence existed that when the new crop appeared in quantity the price would fall. Contracts were made here at that time for middling, to be delivered in January, at 22½ to 23 cents, but it declined early in that month in the principal Southern ports to 27½ to 28¼ cents. In the 8th of February the market opened in Florida, New Orleans, and Texas was 30½, 30¾, 30½, 30¾ cents.

In a circular issued here, dated early in January, it said: "Settlements effectuated on the close of last month by payment in cash of 3 cents per pound.....The 'shorts' delayed buying until late in December, but seemed determined to cover early in January, hence the heavy demand not only at the sea-board but in the interior markets of the whole country. Do-mestic consumption is also large."

Either the condition of trade in England, as developed by the English circular, of which we have presented an extract, or some other motive, induced various manufacturing establishments in Lancashire to propose working at half time. The plan was acceded to by some, but the action after being general it may be considered abandoned.

Undoubtedly one object of resorting to short time in English factories was to meet the advancing price of cotton in this country. The situation there is unquestionably such as the English circular states—"*manufacturers producing cloth at a ruinous loss, and cotton rising.*" Those who have watched the state of trade in England are fully aware that the explosion of 1866, from which there has been no recovery, was followed by very defective crops in 1867 and 1868, which has had the effect to prolong and intensify that explosion.

The policy therefore of resorting to short time was wise. Its abandonment is proof of the great difficulty of inducing rival establishments, suspicious of each other, to arrive at any mutual understanding, especially when it involves a resort to economy in management, or a cessation of industry. An English paper states that some of the mills, having received orders at an advance in price, went to work at full time, and others had followed, or were about to follow. Whether these orders were given by the allies on the other side of the speculation in this country to force other settlements from the short interest is not stated.

The fact is evident that a speculative movement was set on foot to advance the price of cotton, that its arrangements are on a gigantic scale, and that upon the business in foreign markets and here it exercises a powerful influence. The ease of the money-market is highly favorable to *present* success, but the real condition of the trade of the commercial nations must be the test by which the price of cotton must ultimately be measured.

This speculative spirit, which prevails to an extent hitherto unknown in the world, may be observed in operations in all the great staples: it damages all regular business, and must prove ruinous to those who hold on in this policy. The question is widely discussed to what this abundance of money is due. By the vast majority of writers it is charged to the increase of the precious metals mined in California and Australia, and consequently it is claimed that a corresponding advance in prices is to be expected, and will be permanently maintained.

So far as the product of those mines is concerned, there are regular laws in operation to prevent this effect on the scale supposed. The non-banking countries are constant, and not only large, but permanent, absorbers of the precious metals; and in times of excessive produce gold and silver are extensively used in the arts to satisfy the love of display which then prevails. The gold and silver withdrawn from circulation by these means nearly equals the excess of recent production.

The policy by which the precious metals are expelled from the banking and the non-banking countries, and from those which are immoderate to those which exhibit more prudence, is incessant and of great force. The abundance of money at this juncture may be attributed to other and sufficient causes.

When we followed up the creation of legal-tenders by excessive bank issues, we drove immediately into other markets that deprived us of money which foreigners received. Its increase in other countries highly stimulated manufacturing industry. On the termination of our war an immediate supply of cotton followed the cotton famine, and heavy losses were produced also as a consequence of the fall in price of both manufactures and raw material. In 1866 the collapse came upon England, and being followed by a loss of two successive crops in corn-crops of the first necessity, the gross bills of the Bank of France have been issued of as low a denomination as fifty francs, which tends not only to make money more abundant in that empire, but also to drive it from other states, which enjoy the benefit of the coin which the French thus necessarily dispose.

The diminished activity in the system of business in Europe would of itself produce a surplus of money, without estimating the effect of our adoption of the 1,908,333 of paper, and the degradation of money which French writers call it.

To these circumstances may be traced the spirit of excessive speculation which prevails abroad and at home. On the termination of trade in foreign markets this excess of money will no longer be felt; on the contrary, if it shall be accompanied by an attempt to return to specie payments on the part of this country in the course of a severe character will arise for the possession of the precious metals, and speculation will soon be over.

Now, however, it is active here in coin, in stocks, in cotton, and corners are frequent at Chicago in breadstuffs. The tendency betrays a gambling spirit, but little heeded is the fact ful than that which seduces many to the contest with professional gamblers. In the purchase of such stocks the descriptions of property we have named the purchaser needs carefully to consider the effect upon price, then and subsequently, of the bold operations of the gambling fraternity. The ordinary laws of supply and demand founded on production and consumption are, for the time being, nullified by the unscrupulous few, who, in their haste to acquire wealth, have no thought of the speculators they suddenly ruin, or of that large class of ordinary dealers who are damaged in their legitimate trade.

Those who now think that the money which has universal circulation exists in great excess of what is usual will have cause, on the recovery of commerce and the redistribution over the United States of our appropriate supply of coin, to complain of its deficiency. But however disheartening to those who pursue their accustomed and safe but now scarcely remunerating industry may be the comparison be-

tween their slow progress and that which obtains a large fortune by ventures in wild speculation, the time is approaching when they will be thankful that they have done their part in an honest occupation constantly followed to save the country from the demoralization which speculation produces.

We hope the planting interest of the United States may be benefited by the *bull* movement in cotton. There seemed to be an understanding quite general among the planters at the early part of this season to hold their crops so that they should not be compelled to make the losses which they suffered from the crop of 1867. But the price has been carried up far beyond their expectations, and the two things, "manufacturers producing cloth at a ruinous loss and cotton rising," must soon be remedied by inevitable laws.

THE CASE OF GEORGIA.

THE joint resolution in regard to counting the vote of Georgia was intended to avoid any indirect settlement of a question which is still pending—namely, the admission of the Senators from that State. It declared that the Vice-President should say that, if the vote of Georgia were counted, the whole number of votes cast would be so many; if not counted, so many, thus throwing an intended doubt upon the exact relation of the State to the Union.

We said last week that the substance of reconstruction was the important point—a phrase to which the *Nation* objects, as implying a very dangerous doctrine. Perhaps we failed to state our view distinctly. As we understand it, Congress has stated certain conditions upon which Georgia may resume its relations to the Union; but only when Congress is satisfied that these conditions have in good faith been observed. For instance, if after adopting a Constitution and before Congress has accepted it as satisfactory Georgia should show that it considers the disabling of half of its citizens as constitutional, Congress might properly say that it was not satisfied; and the proof of the satisfaction of Congress is to be the admission of Senators and representatives.

Now the conduct of the Legislature of Georgia before the admission of the Senators has proved to Congress, let us suppose, that the conditions have not been in good faith observed. If this be so, Congress may justly say that it is not satisfied; and if the circumstances have revealed a defect in the law, it may be properly amended so as to secure more certainly the "substance" of reconstruction. The action of the House in admitting members can not bind the Senate; and if the Senate is persuaded that the law has practically evaded, it should require some other reason for committing the folly of getting deeper into the mire than that the House has gone before.

This is not the case of interpreting the law by an after-thought, but of the satisfaction of a contract of which one of the parties is the judge. It is very desirable that Georgia be restored to the Union as soon as practicable; but it is very much more desirable that Congress should not deliberately declare—as in case is submitted to it—that Georgia may disable half of its voting population from holding office. Of course the adoption of the new Amendment as it has passed the Senate would end the difficulty in Georgia and in every other State.

A KING OF SPAIN.

IT would have seemed hardly credible that a complete revolution in Spain could have been for several years almost foreshadowed and that in the country which has seemed the most backward in progress and the farthest from modern influences the monarch should not only have been exiled, but a general election peacefully held, and a Cortes or Convention assembled to decide upon the form of the new government. Yet all this, as will be constantly illustrated by events we have seen. The Convention is now sitting at Madrid which is to do for Spain what the French Convention, eighty years ago in Paris, tragically failed to do for France. That the Marquis of SERRANO, in opening the session, was justified in saying, "The revolution has achieved a glorious victory," and, "It is armed; yet probably there would be no general surprise if the peaceful progress of events should be at any moment impeded. During his speech the Marquis was interrupted by many cheers; now for PRIM; now for the Provisional Government; for a republic; for a monarchy. Yet the sentiments of the Convention are already known. They are monarchical by a great majority.

But they are monarchical as those of the revolution of '30 were in France. They demand a liberal monarchy. The freedom of religion, of the press, of education, already proclaimed by the Provisional Government, must be guaranteed, according to SERRANO, by the Cortes. And it would be remarkable if the Spanish liberal monarchical revolution should place upon the throne the son of the king whom a similar revolution in France brought to the Tuileries. At present this seems to be the probability. What a monarchical country wishes to change the persons and not the forms of its government, it does not crown a commoner, it finds the nearest available blood successor. The English revolution which expelled the direct STUART line in JAMES II. and his son, the Pretender, placed his daughter upon the throne. Her sister succeeded, and she dying without an heir, the crown went to the son of the Electress SOPHIA of HANOVER, who was cousin to JAMES II. Thus the old royal blood of the STUARTS flows from ELIZABETH of Bohemia, sister of CHARLES I., to ALBERT EDWARD, the Prince of Wales and most puissant Prince Champagne Charlie.

So in FRANCE, when CHARLES X. was exiled, his cousin, LOUIS PHILIPPE, was summoned to the throne; and wherever there is a monarchical preference so strong as to resolve upon a king, it will naturally resolve to save as much of the prestige of the past as it can by holding to the royal line. The king being a ceremony all the essential conditions must be observed, and one of the most potent of them is tradition. There has been but one founder of a royal house in modern times, and that was a man of the most extraordinary genius living at an epoch most fortunate for his ambition. Yet his house, although owing its position to a more illustrious original than any other in Europe, has the weakness that generally seems to have in an aristocracy. It is therefore very probable that DUKE OF MONTPENSIER, the youngest son of LOUIS PHILIPPE and the husband of the first Queen of Spain after ISABELLA, may be the choice of the Spanish Cortes for king. If the elections really mean a preference for monarchy there will be no KING PRIM nor KING SERRANO, but a scion of the royal stock; and the nearest in the direct line will be the logical successor of ISABELLA.

THE QUESTION OF SCHOOL EDUCATION.

THE Suffrage amendment, as finally adopted by the Senate, is essentially less than that which passed the House. It declares that no male citizen of due age shall be disfranchised or disabled from holding office by any test based upon race, color, nativity, ancestry, or creed. That is a subject which we hope the House will not drive through by the process of the previous question even if a gentleman should be on his feet, low-members that their minds are made up. The amendment as it passed the Senate is the work of Mr. WILSON. He is a man of sagacity and experience, and the Senate, like Massachusetts, a State in which the value of education is fully understood. The prohibition of any test of education is therefore less to be oversight, but it is a matter of deliberate intention. Mr. WILSON means that the want of education shall not deprive a citizen of the right of suffrage. His objection to a test is the same now as in form. He may think that education is no proof of the requisite intelligence desirable in a voter; or he may think that the power of the several States to avoid a practical political equality. The same spirit that under the form of vagrom laws passed after the abolition of slavery and subjugation of the freedmen after emancipation, will endeavor to annul the political rights of the new citizens. As a class, the freedmen are ignorant. Experience shows, they may be peremptorily turned out of office when the State merely supposes that it is restored to the Union. Experience will be no possible when the States are actually restored and their internal management is left exclusively to such bodies as the Georgia Legislature? A test of education, imposed by the Southern and Company, and applied by them, would not admit many colored citizens of South Carolina to the polls of 1870. The object of Mr. HAMILTON is not of the dominant party in South Carolina, it must be remembered that, as Georgia proves, it is quite as much a question of color as of party. Moreover, if a test were framed to constitute a test, Mr. WILSON would probably say that it will be a direct incitement to the WADE HAMPTON class to resist schools for the freedmen.

The amendment, he would therefore say, must be adapted to the actual circumstances. Does any body suppose that any of the unnaturbed States will prescribe a condition of education for the suffrage, if they do not have it now? On the other hand, is it likely that it would not be imposed in the Southern States if opportunity were offered? And would not the consequences be quite as deplorable as the present regulation of the suffrage? Such is the argument, and this we think would be his strongest position—is it not plain that nothing will so surely secure general education as general suffrage? Is not the education of the new citizens at the South one of the most imperative necessities of the situation? Yet is there any method by which that education is so likely to be accomplished as by the firm conviction of the hostile class in that region, that by no trick or arbitrary test can they disfranchise the new citizens of the ballot? The moment they are persuaded of that they will see that their fellow-voters must be educated. As a principle it is plain that where every man votes, it is the general interest that every man should vote intelligently; and England is now likely to have a better system of popular education than she ever had before, because the suffrage is more widely extended.

Such are some of the reasons which we can very readily imagine have influenced the judgment of Senator WILSON. He knows, however, we presume, that without the general intelligence and moral perception which are implied by the word education, free government is not long practicable. Territory, and wealth, and resources, and audacity can not produce a wise government from ignorant men. Counting the freedmen as fully voting, there is probably a full seventh of our population to-day who can neither read nor write. Now a man may be able to read and write, and still be a fool or a knave—but shall we, therefore, shut up our schools? It may be very easy to evade any practical test of a voter's technical education, but is it, therefore, wise that the country should seem to think that ignorance is not harmful in a voter? It is a question worthy of the frankest and fullest consideration, and it is now presented by Senator WILSON'S amendment. We are by no means sure that his amendment does not tend to promote education, notwithstanding its appearance to the contrary. We are little disposed to suppose him to have in the application of any technical educational test. The question is one of the highest expediency. How shall we most rapidly educate the ignorant?

GENERAL GRANT'S SPEECH.

GENERAL GRANT'S speech, upon being notified of his election, was just what every intelligent man probably expected. He is emphatically not a politician and the more have ever made fewer professions. But what he has to say he says directly, without the least declamation or appeal to Bancombe. Upon this occasion he said that the duty of his administration would be to secure economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt. The great payment days of every administration to enforce the laws he did not allude to, because it was unnecessary, and the laws already enacted cover the subject of reconstruction. The Democratic party has attacked General GRANT his distrust will not be removed by the speech; if he has not distrusted him, he will not distrust him.

Indeed, the election of General GRANT is of itself a test of the national faith in character independently of purely party relations. We have become so accustomed to the love of party that we have somewhat forgotten the higher; and the practical disdain of dictation which the conduct of General GRANT's recent war has easily misinterpreted into a repudiation of party assistance. But every government in a free country is conducted by means of a party, and to suppose that a President could long exercise to stand alone, or would rely upon the chance of support from the party that opposed his election, is to suppose him much more fool than knave.

General GRANT will depend upon his party as much as any President, but he will choose his measures for himself. He says that he does not announce his selections for the Cabinet, because he does not care to expose them and himself and the objectors to needless pain. He says even quarrels are to wise a decision, and upon what ground? General GRANT knows what men he thinks most fitted for the duty to which he proposes to call them. They are of course Republicans. Now, who can give the General any real information concerning them? Naturally there are plenty of gentlemen who will tell him that his friend better equip somebody else; but he shows his great wisdom in nothing more than in declining to listen to them.

Perhaps the President has not heard of the experience of Mr. LINCOLN in appointing his Cabinet. There were two permanent caucuses of "leading men" in Washington, the Republicans had their spies, their runners, their agents. The Conservative caucus, of which Mr. THURLOW WEED was the presiding genius, urged Mr. SEWARD and Mr. CAMERON, and other Border State men of that kind upon the President. The Radical caucus insisted upon another kind of Cabinet. Rumor had it was perilous to include Mr. CHASE in the Cabinet, and Mr. WEED made a desperate effort against him. Embassies from both sides waited upon Mr. LINCOLN at Willard's, and then at the White House after the inauguration, and the last made its appearance before breakfast upon the morning of the day that the President sent in the names of his advisers to the Senate. Perhaps Mr. LINCOLN'S mind was made up long before. Perhaps he finally nominated those whom he had originally selected; but what infinite vexation he would have spared himself and the politicians if he had said at the beginning that he should decide for himself.

And who has the right to claim to be a leader of the party, and in that capacity to advise the President? Plainly, every party has the best claim that is to office will claim the right, and with equal justice—which is simply saying that there is no other practical way than to leave to the President to decide whom he will consult, if any body. If there is any clique in the party which has hoped that by the necessity of the case the President would fall into their hands, they will now be undeceived. Any "rings" in Congress or out will find that the President will follow his own conviction, relying upon what will not fail him, the better opinion of his party and the country. General GRANT is the man to whom we look with the men who are the strength of the Republican party: and to-day, also, he is undoubtedly more honored and respected than ever by the noble host of business men and camp-followers who always attach themselves to the victorious army.

The new President will enter upon his office with as general public confidence as that which saluted Mr. LINCOLN at the beginning of his second term. His hold upon the heart and faith of the American people is very great, and this faith is founded on a thorough personal conviction of his honesty, capacity, and commonsense. These were the talismans of LINCOLN as they will be of GRANT.

CONGRESS AND INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 8.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the bill regulating coupon duties were agreed to.

February 9.

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's Suffrage Amendment was passed—44 to 17—providing that no discrimination shall be made in the exercise of elective franchise, or in the holding of office on account of race, color, nativity, property, education, or creed.

February 10.

In the House, both branches of Congress witnessed the counting of the electoral votes. The House separated twice: the first time to decide upon the constitutionality of the electoral vote of Georgia, both branches determining to count; but upon the division in regard to counting, the Senate determined not to count the vote of that State, while the House refused. The whole number upon this question was declared, 214 votes for Grant and Colfax: 114 votes, counting Georgia, and Seymour and Blair 80 votes.

February 11:

In the Senate, the bill to secure equal rights in the District of Columbia, by striking the word "white" from the city charters of Washington, was passed.

February 12.

In the Senate, the appropriation for removing the obstructions in the Red River was passed—\$200,000.

In the House, a bill was passed to pay the officers and crew of the *Kearsarge* \$10,000 in gold coin as the value of the pirate *Alabama*. The bill providing for the payment of a monument from Washington to New York was passed—109 to 64.

February 13.

In the House, a bill was passed to prevent National Bank bonds being taken on United States notes or National Bank notes as collateral security.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the morning of February 8 Senator Morton and Representatives James F. Wilson and J. W. G. Prince called upon General Grant at his residence, and officially informed him of his election as President. Previous to reading the official notification, to which General Grant replied as follows:

"I have no remarks to make to the committee except to endeavor to call around me as assistants, such men only as I believe will carry out the principles which you have said the country desires to see carried—economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt. If I should fail in any of these duties, I shall not at any time fail to make a record, or even a third trial, with the confidence of the Senate, who have the appointing power, and should just as soon remove one of my own appointees as the appointee of any other person. It would make no difference.

"There is one matter that I might properly speak of here, and that is the selection of a Cabinet. I have concluded to fill that in writing. I will endeavor to announce or even to consult with the gentlemen of the Senate, in regard to inviting to a place in the Cabinet, before the official declaration of the result of the election was made. Although I presume that there was no doubt about what that declaration would be, I have taken consideration that I have no confidence that there is not a man in the country who could be named that I would be in the Cabinet without first or some other gentleman making an effort to secure his confirmation. I think there would be objections to the party named, but that there would be others named that would be quite as objectionable to the first place. I can tell that from the great number of recommendations which have been sent to me, in regard to for this particular person or that one, from different parts of the country. If announced in the Cabinet my efforts would be made to change my determination, and I would fail. I have concluded to defer making it, announce who I am going to invite to seats in the Cabinet until I get to the city where I am to receive confirmation. If I say any thing to them about it, it will certainly not be more than a few days previous to sending in their names. I think it well to make a public declaration of this fact of consultation so that my intentions may be known."

The President has nominated Lewis Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Minister to Chili, ice Kilpatrick removed, with all the Legation. Secretary of Legation.

A heavy and protracted rain-storm has just visited California, overflowing many of the rivers, and doing much damage. Many lives are lost, many of railroad bridges were swept away, and travel considerably obstructed. Another cyclone has visited Galveston.

The steamboat *Nellie Mowray* was burned on Lake Pepin, in the Red River, on the night of February 6. She had a large number of passengers on board, sixty-three of whom lost their lives.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish Constitutional Cortes was organized, February 13, with RIVERA as President.

We publish on page 138 a very full and accurate map of the Island of Cuba, and on pages 136 and 137 a panoramic view of Havana. The Government of Spain has withdrawn his proclamation of amnesty, and has declared the whole island in a state of siege.

The first public Protestant religious service ever celebrated in Spain took place on the 15th of January last. There was no disorder. Some faint idea of the prejudice which exists among the Spaniards against religious liberty is conveyed by the petition lately offered to the Provisional Government against toleration, and signed by over 15,000 ladies.

The King of Greece has chosen a new cabinet. The Government has sent in its adherence to the protocol of the late conference.

Whalen, the Fenian murderer of D'Arcy McGee, was executed in the Hill Jail, Ottawa, Canada. His last words were, "God save Ireland! God save my soul!"

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Florence, Italy, on the 8th.

GENERAL WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION TO CONGRESS AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 23, 1783.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

AT BAY.

See Illustration.

OVER! over at last:
The shots like hailstones fall;
The battlements go down;
Down goes the riven wall.
There went the banner-pole,
Our standard brought to shame;
They're sending fire-brands in—
Look to the smoke and flame!

Nay, do not shrink or fear,
Although the end be nigh;
Thou wilt have time to live,
I shall have time to die.
Thy woman's face will win
The mercy of the foe;
And I—I am content
The certain end to know.

For the old love, Nanette,
I swore this thing to do;
And he who counts the cost
Lives not the cost to rue.
My honor well I love,
Love well the cause I serve;
And yet for thee and thine
From both I freely swerve.

Fierce is the deadly feud
That rends the land apart,
Dividing kin from kin,
Divorcing heart from heart;
But were the deadly breach
A hundredfold as wide,
I had forgotten all
To fight upon thy side.

Lips white with rage will curse
The cur that dares to turn;
And feet will—like a dog's—
The traitor's body spurn;
But in thy heart of hearts
The truth will plead for me,
That when most false to them
I was most true to thee.

That shout! They come, they come!
Once more, Nanette, no fear:
This bullet meets the first,
My sword the next in rear.
It is too soon to yield,
E'en when too late to fly;
And thou'lt have time to live,
I shall have time to die.

FROZEN IN.

IT was a bitterly cold February night toward the close of last century. The Rhine was not completely frozen over, but huge masses of ice floated down its swollen waters from the upper part of the stream. The bridges of boats had been all long since removed, and for many days only a few ferry-boats had hazarded the dangerous passage of the stream. Communication from town to town was only kept up by the road, which ran beneath the mountain sides along the left bank of the river; and even this precarious passage was inundated in parts. The wind blew in angry freezing gusts, but without stirring the leaden veil of sky. All the more stifling seemed the heated air of the low, common rooms of the way-side inn, which marked the first post station from Andernach toward Cologne. The night was advanced. But two or three villagers still lingered over their empty bottles, as if in expectation of some event. This event was the passage of the ordinary diligence from Coblentz to Cologne. The hour when it was due was long since past. The hosty inn-keeper had given orders to his pretty daughter to have all the available beds ready; for he reckoned that the state of the roads would not permit the expected travelers to go further that night. He was now getting sulky that the diligence had not arrived ere, and grumbled against Lorenz, the conductor, for not having made a strenuous exertion to come on to a station at which a few dollars might have been made to find their way into the pockets of a friend. But presently he pricked up his ears. Surely it was the sound of the horn. All doubts were soon resolved by the audible noise of the lumbering wheels on the frosty ground. Curiosity and interest were reawakened. After a sufficient delay to enable the passengers to emerge from their masses of cloaks and wrappers, they were ushered into the room.

First swaggered in a broad-shouldered, red-haired young fellow, in the garb of a student of the period, calling lustily for wine. A group of personages followed, the most striking of which was a fair, handsome girl, pale with fatigue and traces of recent sorrow, who leaned lightly on the arm of a tall, dark, gray-eyed young man, likewise in student attire, who was evidently offering her assiduous service; while on the other side of her tottered an old man, whose features, as far as they could be distinguished under his heavy fur cap, gave unmistakable evidence of his Jewish origin. When led by the fair girl to a bench he sank together with a groan, as if wearied in mind as well as body. The dark-haired young man gazed with admiration upon the lithy form of the girl thus occupied, and then sighed, as if a struggle were taking place in his mind. From his contemplation he was roused by the other student.

"Come, Adrian!" said the burly fellow, "leave off gaping at that frozen Rebecca, with her old Isaac, and take a glass of good Affenthaler to

ITALIAN IMAGE-MAKERS, NEW YORK CITY.

warm your blood, if it be not too hot already."

"Hush!" replied the young man addressed as Adrian; "they will hear you, Egidi."

"Why not?" said Egidi, half sulkily. "Should a Jew be offended because you call him a Jew, any more than a dog because you call him a dog. Come away! You are moon-struck, man! Come away! or I shall have you falling in love next with the designing daughter of a villainous old usurer whom you have picked up in a diligence."

"You shall not insult *her*, at all events," recommanded Adrian, angrily.

But his friend dragged him away with a noisy laugh; and the two were soon engaged in a animated discussion, which ended in an intense appreciation of Master Egidi to the Affenthaler before him.

Supper, meanwhile, had been prepared. With difficulty the old Jew was persuaded to take his seat at the table, where he felt his presence so repugnant to one of the party. Conversation was out of the question under the circumstances. But "mine host" made up for all deficiencies in this respect. In voluble flow of language he warned the travelers of the desperate state of the roads, the terrible dangers incurred by continuing the journey at night in such weather, and the urgent necessity of remaining on the spot. Little head regarding all of these commendations on the first; but presently the conductor entered the room. He was followed by another individual, in humble attire, and bearing a long box, or package, cradled in his arms, who bowed to all around in a manner savoring of unctuous reverence, and all of worship, on which a pair of restless, cunning eyes strangely contrasted. This latter personage was saluted by the host as the keeper of the Mother Rocha, the holy-relic vendor, from Treves. Appealed to by the inn-keeper, Master Lorenz, the conductor, was ready enough to swear that the dangers of proceeding on the journey were certainly very great—*but* he must say, although, it his presence, in spite of his reverence, chose to go, it was his duty to drive them, and drive them he must. Fortified with this verdict, "mine host" again urged the advantages of his well-aired beds. An impression was evidently made. Egidi smacked his lips over his wine, while his friend gazed anxiously at the latter, who, in her turn, looked almost with entreaty at her old companion. But it was the old Jew who, although evidently weak in health and overcome by his journey, and vexing an air of positive terror at the threatened perils of the journey on his pale face, lifted his voice against the proposal, at this moment of indecision.

"It can not be!—I must go on!—I must!" he cried, striking his hands, and lifting his eyes as if in application to Heaven.

In spite of Egidi's coarse and insulting remonstrances, Adrian's entreaties in favor of the fair companion, the Jew still muttered, "I must go on!—I must!"

"I have entered into a compact," he said, at last, with resolution, "with Master Conductor, here, and his employers, by which I am to be conveyed safely on my right on my way to Cologne, so as to reach that town before the hour of noon; the conductor and his employers must abide by the compact."

"Oh! Shylock," burst out Egidi, "so that you have your moneys to the hour you care not whose liver you stab, even to your own child."

"The God of us all knows that I do for the best," responded the Jew, although with a shudder and a deep sigh; "and, even for the love of the poor girl, we must go on."

All further expostulation, either soothing or insulting, proved to have no effect on the obstinate old man. Master Rochus, the relic vendor, who had been watching the result of the controversy with an eager interest in his small, dull eyes, and had uttered a few cry of disappointment at the unexpected resolve of the Jew, threatened, in a mild vow, the vengeance of the Virgin and all the holy saints at this tempting of Providence on the occasion of a fit wintry weather. But the humble malediction was of no avail.

"The effort was vain," murmured the relic vendor, as he drew away, with a sigh of rage on his face. "But I must on with him still, to prevent his arrival by all means!" and the pious man muttered what sounded more like a curse than a holy blessing.

The conductor moved away to obey orders. He was evidently impatient that Adrian had resolved not to separate himself, on the journey, from his fair creature who had so quickly enchanted him; and, though he still wore a look of surly, was as evidently disciplined to be thought cowardly by his imposing behind. In due time the whole party was again packed in, and the diligence rumbled onward on its journey.

The night had become intensely cold. The old German diligence, as it struggled heavily on its way, looked, through the mist, like the funereal chariot of the Ice King himself. The clocked red light of the lantern, placed aloft in front, like a large demon eye, shed an uncanny, lurid radiance; and an uncanny was the aspect of the four horses, attached all abreast, snorting steams which looked, on this lurid night, like chilly fire. The postillion, perched on his low box, had crouched together, as if to present as small a mass as possible to the cold, and wore the aspect of a dark, toad-cautious and demon carriage. The passengers seemed chilled into silence. Even the doctor, shrunk from his uncongenial companion in the coupé, the relic vendor of Treves, as from a noisome thing. From time to time alone he tried to peer into the darkness, so as to ascertain the nature of the road; and only once, in answer to repeated questions from Master Rochus, whose nervous twitchings displayed his own anxieties, did he vouchsafe the answer that the greater danger was to be apprehended from the increase of the swollen torrents and the roaring masses of ice, which might have accumulated since the diligence last passed that way. In the interior, the silence was only broken by the snoring of Master Egidi, who, after grumbling about the best places being given to "abominable unbelievers," had yielded to the influence of the Affenthaler, and fallen asleep.

From time to time the old Jew muttered, as much from nervous apprehensions as from cold; and his fair companion might have been considered lifeless, had she not occasionally bent forward to arrange the disturbed wrappings of the suffering old man. The faint light within the carriage fell upon the pale features of the latter, as yet, fixed on the pretty form of the girl before him, who was evidently the object of his ardent admiration; and, but for the occasional sigh now and then, he might have been considered lifeless also. Yet, silent as it was, the busy vehicle contained in its small the world of passions, interests, emotions, and cares.

Presently, the diligence began to tumble heavily down a gradual descent. Anon, the conductor, bent eagerly forward. He could see but little; but he felt that there was a struggling and striving among the horses as they gained the hollow. Now came the splashing of water. The road was inundated. For this event he had prepared, but the anxious question in his mind was as to the force and depth of the flood. He called to the postillion to ask whether he could see the railings of a bridge. The answer was in the affirmative.

"Open over that cursed strip of land beyond, and we are safe, thunder and cannon!" he bawled.

"On! man; and take care of the bridge!"

The postillion, who was a man of iron which moved forward with unsteady, swaying movement. Lorenz could just distinguish the tall ridges of the railings of the bridge, amid a wide stream, generally narrow and scanty. A dull grating sound indicated that the diligence was on the bridge. The conductor breathed more freely—the railings tottered. Was the bridge so weakened by the force of the stream during the last hours that it would be unable to bear it still? This apprehension was felt by all except the sleeping Egidi. A heavy groaning sound—a crash—and other railings—another bridge—still still still! The diligence shook fearfully, then seemed to find a firmer support. It had reached the opposite side: but the bridge had fallen in behind it. A few spars of shattered railing, on the side of the carriage had reached, were all that was visible. Again the horses struggled—one—two—once more—then stopped entirely.

Lorenz called again to the driver, but his voice was deadened by the wave of waters around. Without further reflection he opened the door of the coupé, and sprang out. He stood nearly up to his middle in water. To his horror he found that the flood was rushing fiercely against him. The diligence had evidently been carried back upon itself. The horses could stem it with their burden no more.

The conductor's intimate knowledge of every portion of the road caused him to be at once aware of the precarious position in which the carriage had been left. The bridge which it had been checked by the force of the flood was the upper end of a low strip of land skirting the river, and several hundred yards intervening were by a small stream. Lorenz knew that this passage was sometimes inundated in the flooding seasons, but seldom or never to the extent of the present occasion Could they have reached the other end, where the road again rose, all would have been well; but, in the dark and amid the wild confusion of the waters, some accumulation of ice-blocks further down the stream had caused it to flow back on itself. It was impossible—impossible—all retreat had been cut off by the breaking of the bridge—on every side they were hemmed in. The first feeling of the conductor was one of utter despair. An icy chill ran through him. Some of the lesser ice-blocks drove against him, in though coming in contact with him. The danger to all of being frozen to death before they could be extricated was through his brain.

Meanwhile the passengers in various degrees aware of the precarious position in which they were placed, had been roused by the shock, which in every limb, cursed the mission on which he was engaged and all its agents, blasphemed his Maker, and was in utmost consternation at some of his so-called relics from his tray, and prayed to the saints for its deliverance, in agony of mind. In the interior scene, all was still more chaotic, clamorous and selfish despair, was scarcely less agitated. The fair girl, regardless of the cold, pressed her hands on her bosom, looked wildly around, and threated him to be "of comfort;" while the old Jew, more preoccupied it would seem with the weight upon his mind than the danger or self-preservation, shrieked clamorously and ceaselessly, "They must go on! they must!"

Adrian was equally absorbed in the object of his admiration, begged her to trust to his protection, and swore that no ardent lover in so sore a strait, to rescue her or die. He would have sprung from the carriage had not Lorenz extracted him by main force from the window—step until some means could be devised for their liberation.

Egidi, now fully roused from his half-drunken sleep, poured forth a torrent of blasphemous oaths against the head of the "unbelieving and accursed Jew," whose obstinacy and love of usurious gain had plunged them, spite of warning, into so fearful a predicament.

The only means that Lorenz could devise were that the postillion should unharness one of the horses, mount it, wade through the flood until he reached the higher ground, gallop to the nearest village down the stream, and obtain assistance in boats. With difficulty, numbed as were their hands, and with movements impeded by the accumulating ice-blocks, was this task at last achieved by conductor and postillion. As the horse and rider disappeared in the fresh gloom of hope glimmered in the mind of Lorenz. But the gleam was but a flash, extinguished speedily in the utter darkness of despair. Spite of the roaring of the stream, the shouts of the unhappy postillion were heard, to give notice that he was surrounded by ice-blocks, and frozen in, unable to advance or return. With his clothes now freezing to his body, and cracking in every slight movement, Lorenz now contrived to climb upon the roof of the diligence and shout for succor—Egidi as he could not but feel the attempt must be in vain.

In this despairing task he was assisted by Master Egidi, who, with all his coarseness, had a fine stentorian voice. Amid the roar of desperate adversaries, and had climbed upon the roof.

From time to time Adrian, though unwilling to leave his fair friend, joined in the shouts; while she, poor child, heeded little the words of her admirer, and was wholly absorbed in the sufferings of the old man, who, in her way huddled together, or inert and groaning mass. The postillion's horn, too, was blown; but the ringing note of the instrument was dull and faintly presentient then ceased altogether. Above all the clamor might be heard the piteous and disordered groanings of the horses, battered by the ice-blocks whirling around them, and evidently freezing to death. The cries of the drivers reached other ears of the unhappy beings imprisoned in their narrow cell of death; it was that of distant cannonade. Whether it was fancy or reality given to travelers on such occasions; but to them the warning was already vain. The energies of the human frame were benumbed, and weakly nerved as they were more and more by the intense cold which threatened to deaden them soon to lifelessness.

But there was a more immediate danger still. Masses of ice rushed round the devoted carriage, like demon monsters of the flood, ready to claim their prey, and, as they clashed, climbed higher and higher on the vehicle, as though they were living things. With a thundering crash, at last, it was only too true. The waters oozed, and gushed, and hissed into the vehicle beneath the apertures of the doors, and rose and flooded the floor, and now were rising little by little within. The coach tottered and shook in its whole mass, as if tending to destruction. In a short time, as they might be swept away, Adrian contrived to raise the Jew to a crouching position on the seat, where he could keep his head aloft as best he could, chafing his hands. The young man would fain have despoiled himself of all his wrappings to better protect the object of his care, but he hesitated; but these intentions she gently though firmly repulsed.

Within, all was passed in the silence of suffering expectation; while to their ears came the alternate cruses and shrieking prayers of the despairing. Without, meanwhile, the waters rose slowly and steadily—now quiet, but not less fatal—now hissing and bubbling through the apertures, in gurgling streams. All of the last stood, half sobs of drowning men—sucked backward and forward, as the carriage swayed—but slowly rising as the waters rose, and the men on the roof, although they did not feel so keenly the lingering horrors of approaching death by drowning, was perhaps more immediately precarious. In spite of their incessant movements, to impart some warmth to their benumbed limbs, they felt that they could not long contend against their invisible but deadly enemy. With their last failing strength they ceased shouting aloud. The only sound returned was the boom of the cannon. The lingering dawn broke faintly and slowly over the shrouded earth at last. As the snow was falling. A dull, gray view of a sea of ice was gradually revealed. The horses were there, ripe, in death, in their positions. In the nearest distance a dark mass showed where the postillion sat, a frozen statue on his frozen horse. Around the coach the waters still rose more and more.

With the dawn sundry groups of various personages from the neighboring villages had assembled in different spots on the heights above, not far from the place where the diligence had been hemmed in. A merciful Providence had been astir that night, in the shape of Lieschen, the pretty daughter of the inn-keeper. She could not keep her eyes shut, for that fair, delicate girl, exposed to the rigors of the cold, and evident dangers of the journey; and at last she declared to Hans, her swain, "who came to say a last 'good-night' to her, that she would never look upon his face again, if he did not immediately take steps to prevent a catastrophe. So poor Master Hans, however unwillingly, was obliged to pursue a journey, so resolutely begun, by those by-roads on the heights known to the inhabitants of the district. He gave the alarm all along the mountain of the approach of the diligence. The population were already aroused by the sound of the warning cannon; in their eyes the diligence was a sort of body-guard as a thing of government creation and superintendence. It was speedily ascertained that no intelligence had arrived of the reverend vehicle beyond the low, narrow strip of road, known to be already considerably flooded.

Before break of day a crowd of men, and even women and children, were assembled on the heights above. The last snow had ceased to fall, but a mist still hung over the river, like the steam of a gigantic caldron. The little masses of people clustered together for their own—hour, but no answer was returned. Presently the mist swept away, and the cry came that the glimpse of some dark object below had been seen. Again a parting of the mist, and a considerable portion of the river came to view. A louder shout proclaimed that the dark mass of the diligence was visible below. The detached masses now congregated on the promontory of rock overhanging the spot where was the carriage. Means of rescuing the unhappy travelers were discussed. The masses of ice prevented the access of boats. But presently ropes were brought, and several sturdy fellows were lowered down the steep rock with planks and ladders. All was animation, excitement, and interest. Some of the men were soon seen, from above, plunging almost up to their arm-pits in the icy tide. Again the mist swept over the scene, and all was doubts and uncertainties. Long seemed the agonizing moments of suspense. At length came a noise of shouting, and directions to those upon the heights to superintend the action of the ropes. Then, at last, a man was raised to the level of the earth; he bore in his arms a fair girl, seemingly utterly lifeless. Succeeded by women and children, she was borne away to the largest house in the village. Luckily, the parish priest was not without sufficient share of medical knowledge for the treatment of such sufferers. In a few minutes all that was necessary for resuscitation was provided. Last came the old man, a mere mass of ice, whom the girl soon opened her eyes to life: her first inquiry was for her aged companion; and she wept for joy as the old Jew was also likewise borne in, and placed upon a rude sofa: he, too, was completely lifeless. The face of Adrian appeared for a moment at the door: he gazed wildly around him, as if scarcely able to collect his benumbed faculties; but he heard the words, "She lives." And he resigned himself to the hands of those who hospitably cared for him, and placed him with the mattress spread in the outer room. Egidi was there, too, in the first impulse on entering the house had been to open his mouth, with a maiden's tearful eyes and liquid lips were poured down with wonderful effect. Lorenz still strove to stand upon his feet, and laughed and cried hysterically; but the sturdy old soul was wholly overcome. For the postillion alone fears were entertained; his frozen state seemed to have arrested the rapid current of life in his heart. Stiffen, held down on his mattress almost by force, raved the relic vendor of Treves. Terror had absolutely unmanned him. Egidi swore. He screamed incoherent words. Now he cried, "Stop him! let him not get on to Cologne!" and then, again, in an air of triumph, he would exclaim, "Praised be the Saints! It is done! it is done! the reverent Jew will not be there in time!"

Egidi was the first to recover his senses enough, although his complexion remained of the redness of beer-rot. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he was not aware that was at hand was the glass which was being filled with brandy.

"Thunder and lightning!" he shouted, with all the returning force of energy restored to his lusty frame, "here's to the good genius of the house of Hohenfels. The last of the illustrious race of Hohenfels was perished like a frozen cock-sparrow on a dunghill!"

At the same moment, his fair traveling companion had recovered the inner door to escape him to moderate his noisy manner, as the reviving old man had sunk into a heavy slumber. She started at the words of Egidi, and, lingering forward, begged a few words with him. Adrian, who had raised himself from his mattress on his first sight of the entrance, thought that his brain must be under the delusion of delirium, as he caught the eager and animated colloquy between his friend, who had, during the journey, known nothing but repugnance to the sweet girl, and the object of his intense admiration. The conference, hurried as it was, appeared long and —did his eyes deceive him? surely the burly Egidi was overcome by the feeling in the room. He started up, still doubting his own sight. But scarcely less was his surprise when Egidi cried aloud, with fervor, "So help me Heaven, I will do it!" and ran out of the house, while the girl disappeared into the inner room. "It must be all a delusion," Adrian thought, as he tried to collect his senses. No! he was not mad with the sufferings he had undergone. It was with the most intense joy that he became that he saw Egidi again enter the house hurriedly, knock at the inner door, receive a heavy packet from the hands of the girl, and, as she appeared, express a kiss upon her forehead, and then again rush frantically from the house. He sprang up, and released Egidi's friend. He heard the sound of a galloping horse upon the frosty ground as he reached the door of the house. On the road he caught sight of Egidi, seated upon a horse, turback in a mad career. Bewildered, mystified, and with strange sentiments of jealousy raging in his heart, Adrian fell back on his mattress in a sort of swoon.

The day was far advanced when Adrian awoke, to find himself in the arms of the priest, who held his wrist.

"You will do now," said the old gentleman; "you only want food."

"But what did it all mean? Explain!" said Adrian, still confused.

But the priest only shook his head, and again felt the young man's pulse. Adrian saw that he was not communicative. He inquired after his fellow-travelers then. The Jew was still in a very prostrate state, weeping and refusing to be comforted; but the girl was by his side, assuring him that all would be well. She herself was much restored, but evidently troubled in mind. Adrian was still a prey to the most conflicting feelings, compounded of doubt, anxiety, sympathy, jealousy, and fear of having betrayed his own passion on a woman who had so quickly shown an undue familiarity with another man, and that woman a Jewess, when the object of his love had rejected the race. He contrived himself sufficiently to ask, with an air of politeness, how was her father.

"Barmbus, of Cologne, is not my father," she answered, with a smile; "only a good old friend, who deserves a father's title for the care he has long bestowed on me. It is but allegorically that I would now repose some confidence in you. I need a friend, such as you have shown yourself in the past hour of heavy trial, with whom to speak of all my anxious doubts and fears. Will Baron Adrian von Steinberg listen to me?"

"You know my name?" exclaimed Adrian, still more bewildered.

"I learned it from your friend. It is that of one with whom, however distantly connected, I may claim some relationship."

To the astonished Adrian the girl now told all her history. Did he know that unhappy Count Hohenfels, who had become guilty of high treason, and had lived long in exile? Yes, was Adrian's answer, his story had been in every mouth: he was his gentleman's father. She was Helmina von Hohenfels.

The tale, though told with much detail, may thus be succinctly repeated:

"Count Rudolf von Hohenfels had been throughout life the opponent of the Jesuits; and in all his views he had been abetted and supported by his friend and patron, the Emperor Leopold. But he had excited the virulent hatred of the powerful Jesuit party. The Emperor stood too high to be reached at once by the manœuvres of these wily foes; but Count Hohenfels became a doomed man. The extravagance of his father, and a considerable amount of carelessness on his own part, had greatly involved the property of the County. To relieve himself of his temporary difficulties he had contrived to raise a large sum upon the mortgages of his estates; but, in effecting this negotiation, the Count had not been aware that cunning eyes had been upon all his movements, and that the mortgage had fallen into the hands of his enemies, the Jesuits. Not content with this hold upon their active adversary, however, the party had had their nets around the unwary Hohenfels, with such adroitness of intrigue that they were able to bring against him a charge of high treason, with some fair semblance of truth. But the Count had been warned by his friend, the Emperor, of this accusation, and, until measures to prove his innocence could be taken, had been counseled flight and concealment. The unhappy nobleman had been for some few years a widower; but a child, a daughter, remained to him; and he feared to make the poor little delicate girl a partner of his flight. Some years previously the Count had been able to render an important service to a persecuted Jew; and Barnabas had sworn a life-long devotion to his benefactor. To this faithful and secret friend the Count had confided his child. Years went by before the innocence of the exiled Hohenfels could be proved: By the active measures of Leopold the Jesuit party had been considerably weakened; a considerable had betrayed their manœuvres. The falsehood of the accusation was patent; and the Count was recalled. But a revenge was still in the hands of his adversaries. The hour of the forefeit of the mortgage had arrived. If the Count escaped the fate prepared for him, at all events his estates would pass into the hands of the adverse party. No time was to be lost to rescue the estates by payment of the debt. The funds were raised. The Count hastily sent his instructions to old Barnabas to depart for Cologne, with the moneys and papers for the release, and pay off the mortgage before the close of the last day. For this purpose the Jew had departed with his young charge from Mayence—where he had sought a residence with Helmina—to Cologne; and hence the poor faithful old man's agony lest he should not arrive in time. The catastrophe of the past night had rendered all his hopes. He lay prostrate upon his couch, groaning that all was lost, that his benefactor would be ruined, and nothing was left him but to die. But at this hour of despair Helmina von Hohenfels had discovered in Egidi the orphaned son of her father's younger brother, and hence her cousin. To him the situation of things had been explained; and Egidi, who, coarse as he was, had a brave heart, had ridden on, intending to take relays of post-riding horses on his way, with the papers and moneys in his possession, and strive to reach Cologne in time to prevent the foreclosing of the fatal mortgage."

But still all was doubt and anxiety. Would Egidi, weakened as he was by the miseries of that fearful night, be able to reach the town of the Cologne man-of-law in time? The terror of failure was in the minds of all.

Poor old Barnabas whimpered and lamented; and Helmina was thrown into trouble for the fortunes of her father, whom she was so soon to press in her arms, after years of separation. And thus the day passed in their village home.

Rochus, meanwhile, was in a state of high fever. From his mad ravings, and his muttered words in his more lucid intervals, it had soon been revealed to the priest, and subsequently to Adrian and Helmina, that the relic vendor had been bought over by the agents of the Jesuit party, to prevent, at any price, the arrival of Barnabas, the Jew, at Cologne. Providence had destined that both the Jew and the old man should be timely found strength enough to know that the estates of his benefactor had been saved.

It is only further necessary to record that Helmina was soon restored to her father—that, in due course of time, Adrian von Neisberg was betrothed to the fair Helmina—that counsel Egidi drank profound health to the bride and bridegroom on the occasion of the latter's marriage—that Egidi, to enable his benefactor's grandchildren—and that Rochus, the relic vendor, became the parents of a numerous family of boys. Evidence, it may be as well to mention, that the anniversary of that day in February was always kept in the family of Hohenfels as one of thanksgiving for escape from death, when frozen in.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE question is often asked with paternal solicitude, what climate is the most consumptive invalid? The answers given are puzzlingly diverse, and must always be so, since adaptation has to be found to the needs of a consumptive person most in general be a matter of experiment in each individual case. It is however, a common and sensible opinion that relief is most likely to be procured by some change of air—that is, if the disease has not progressed too far. To this very *cede* invalid away from home is usually dangerous. Within a few years past many Eastern physicians have recommended Minnesota as a favorable place of residence for those threatened with lung disease. Many have been permanently benefited by the climate. Others have continued to waste away. Minnesota is by no means a warm country. Its summer monster is said to fall frequently thirty and forty degrees below zero in the winter; but the air is pure, dry, and still, and one does not feel the intense cold as in places of the same temperature where high, cutting winds prevail. March and April are, as in most sections, trying months. It is said, moreover, that those who regain health by going to Minnesota need to stay there in order to render the cure permanent. Nassau, on New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands, is a favorite resort for those threatened with pulmonary complaints. An average of about four days takes one to this city. Fruits, such as oranges, bananas, and cocoa-nuts abound; but the special attraction is the equable temperature, which enables a person whose lungs are affected to keep constantly out of doors. No such thing as a fire-place or stove is ever required for warmth. There are no damp, cold winds, no sudden changes in the atmosphere. The thermometer seldom falls below sixty-two degrees in what is called winter, nor is the heat so excessive in summer as it sometimes is in New York. It is the genial climate which draws invalids to the city of Nassau.

THE progress of the gallant Louis Napoleon must decidedly. They have been looking up dates of important events; and have drawn the following curious parallel between the present Emperor of France and Louis Philippe. Those who attach significance to coincidences may be interested in solving the mysterious problems:

Louis Philippe ascended the throne	1830
Was born	1773
Queen was born	1808
They were married	1809
1830 1808 1809	1830
1 1 1	1
1 8 0	1
1 8 0	0
1 8 0	9
1848 1848 1848	

The year of banishment.

Louis Napoleon proclaimed Emperor	1852
Was born	1808
Empress was born	1826
Married	1853
1852 1826 1853	
1 1 1	
1 8 0	
0 8 0	
1 8 0	
1869 1869 1860	

To be dethroned.

THE Lieutenant Ball, held in the Academy of Music last week, was so numerously attended, that the large building was rendered ill to answer its purpose. The costumes were elegant, and generally in excellent taste. A significant feature of this ball, which distinguishes it from many others which have been given this season, was the absence of objectionable persons. The committee were so particular that one mask who appeared in a rather indecorous toilet was politely requested to withdraw.

THE trial trips of the Elevated Railway, which has been constructed on Greenwich Street, from Courtland Street to the Battery, appear to have given great satisfaction. The cars are drawn by an endless chain, and every part of the motive process seems to have been designed with a view of rendering accidents impossible. The chain is worked by a pair of oscillating engines. It is proposed to extend this railway to Thirtieth Street, to connect with the Hudson River Railroad trains.

A standard headline to one column in our daily papers continues to be "The Awful Murder." Any developments of various kinds appear from time to time, but they seem to have no important bearing on the case. The mystery is as mysterious at the time of this writing, though something new, startling, and even decisive may "turn up" any day. There are some cases on record as strangely dark as this; but time or luck is usually generally brought to light, and it is believed that the old adage, "Murder will out," will prove true in this instance.

WHY not employ the forest-a machine for composing editorials, interesting stories, and the like? In this progressive age, somebody really should undertake to do it. It would scarcely be more difficult than to design a mathematical contrivance for adding figures in so simple a manner as Mr. C. H. Webb has done. His "Adding Machine" works in a wonderfully intelligent manner, and will give a much agreeable rest to the brains of those whose lives are often harassed by puzzling figures.

The dangers of the sea have been unusually great during the present winter. Seldom has the Atlantic Ocean been visited by so many violent storms, and some terrible maritime disasters are the consequence. That so many vessels have been able to outride the furious elements and bring their passengers safe to port, is a matter of devout thankfulness.

In an essay read at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences the author stated that manufacturers of lace are in the habit of using a large quantity of coloring matter, sometimes as much as 200 per cent. of the whole weight, on silk subjected to the dyeing process—a practice which must be injurious to its quality. Some silk charged with foreign matter to the amount of 150 per cent., having been subjected to a temperature of 220° Fahrenheit, it lost 22 per cent. of water. One end of a sample thus treated caught fire even before it was taken from the stove, and the whole burnt into a mass immediately after. A second sample did not ignite when it was brought out, but emitted sparks which threatened to break out into a flame. The material, being perfectly dry, absorbed moisture so rapidly when exposed to the air as to cause an immediate increase of temperature.

A curious story is reported from Washington. Among the appropriations recently asked from Congress was one for paying the Superintendent of the *Globe*. Nobody knew any thing about the Globe. Investigation has revealed the fact, soon after Seward's Washington died, Congress provided for the construction of a vault under the Capitol, to be called the Crypt, in which his remains were to be deposited. A light was to be kept burning near it, and a Superintendent was appointed to watch it, as he has been doing daily for the last fifty years! Meantime, Washington's body was not deposited there, and every body, Congress included, forgot that any such thing was in existence. The only memorial that exists to keep the memory of the affair alive has been the annual appropriation for the Superintendent.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued stringent orders to prevent the filling of fur sacks in Alaska. A military force will be stationed on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, in Behring's Sea, and a steamer will cruise in their neighborhood. The seals frequent in numbers only these islands, and their habits and timidity are such as to make necessary the utmost caution in dealing with them, or they would be speedily driven from the Territory. Every proceeding likely to frighten the animals is prohibited; but if the stoppage of seal-hunting causes want among the natives, it will be liberally relieved from the treasury. Strict regulations are to be enforced until Congress shall make provision by law putting the animals to be killed.

GENERAL GRANT maintains his characteristic reticence even toward ladies, who, fancying perhaps that they can find a weak spot, appeal to his gallantry. "General," remarked a lady to him not long ago, "I am dying to know who are to be in the Cabinet?" "Are you?" was the composed rejoinder. "Yes," she repeated, "I am dying with curiosity!" "*That's just what Mrs. Grant says!*" was the cool reply of the General.

Every one who writes about tea and coffee nowadays—and there are not a few who find a good deal to say about them—gives a new recipe for making these beverages, which he thinks is the only really good one extant. It is somewhat amusing as well as puzzling to read the various methods, which are each one the "best." The most directions we have seen are these: "In point of strength it is found exponentially that infusions of tea and coffee are strong enough when about two and a half tea-spoonfuls of tea or two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee are infused in boiling water." Boiling water! *How much, pray?* A gill, or a gallon, or what other quantity?

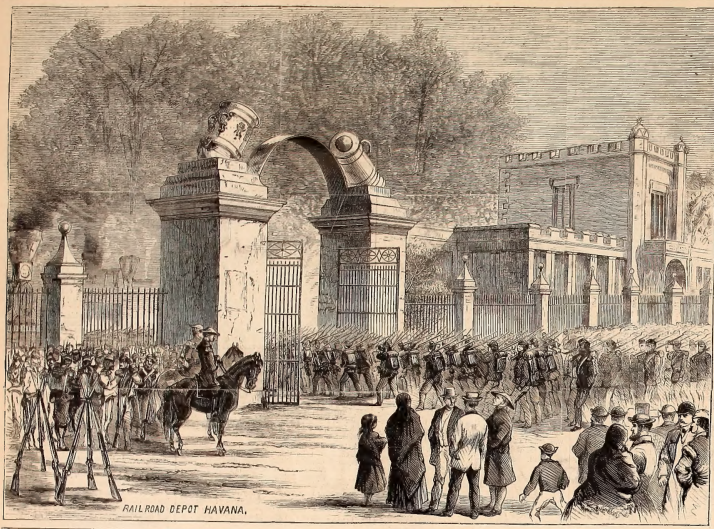
CHICAGO is to have a mammoth hotel. A company has been incorporated, styled the Intercoastic Hotel Company, which, with a capital of two millions dollars, and many enterprising leaders, will doubtless accomplish something excellent in the hotel line.

The Chinese language is peculiar in construction and inflections. An American missionary lately asked for a hammer, and had a whole paragraph to him. Another, demanding a beef-steak, was supplied with three thousand words. A third applied for some candy, and received a rusty old hatchet.

DO children ever feel cold when they are dolog what they like to do, is a question suggested by the recent case of a little fellow. He was crying bitterly with the cold when he was told by his mother to remain in the house. To insure compliance with her demands she removed the youngster's boots. He was discovered an hour later mercifully counting barefooted along the snow.

IT is reported that Queen Isabella has remarked that if she had known Paris was such a pleasant place to live in she would have abdicated long ago. Her apartments in her new Parisian mansion are spacious and gorgeous. She goes out but little, except for her daily promenade at the Bois de Boulogne. She usually spends her evenings at home reading, writing, or receiving callers. Of course numerous visitors endeavor to gain access to her, but all are not admitted. Her husband is a fond nuisance. Her son, the Prince of Asturias, is said to be a pleasant boy, lively and keen. He is ten years old, and seems to like Paris.

MAP OF CUBA AND THE ADJACENT ISLANDS.



RAILROAD DEPOT HAVANA.

THE CUBA

The determination of the
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partly for garrison duty and
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affairs shall take in Spain.
without revolution, followed
then the entire force of the
the Cuban rebels. In any
whether the island becomes
colony.

Havana, of which we pub
of government (transferred
It is situated on a fine bay
population of over 130,000
well-informed persons estim
walls of the city inclose an
but more than twice that
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palaces of the Captain-Gener
plain edifices fronting on the
"Fuente de la India," or Ind
markable palms. The Cathe
is a spacious and solid structu
formerly the Convent of San
Our illustrations of Havana
by C. D. FREDRICKS, No. 10
Cuba and the adjacent islands

PANORAMIC VIEW OF HAVANA, CUBA.—[PHOTOGRAPH

OLUTION.

to hold Cuba at any cost, es in spite of any of Sec- ratens that the home Gov- with its queen. It also pon her principal colonial

r that the revolution is by ent of rebellion is spread- ern section of the island. ished as to the strength of magnitude of the means housands of soldiers been more are on the way, but battalions of volunteers, active service in the field. Havana, is garrisoned by roops may proceed to Cien- the island were restored to had been reduced to the olutionists are abundantly ban fastnesses of the East- ged conflict. Their only arms.

end upon the turn which Provisional Government be, a monarchy or a republic, ot will be available against very in Cuba is doomed, ent or remains a Spanish

norasmic view, is the seat tiago de Cuba in 1550). Gulf of Mexico. It has a to the census of 1853, but y high as 200,000. The about 2000 by 1100 yards, st of them is thickly cover- regular but narrow. The of the Intendant are large, de Armas, in which is the fountain, surrounded by re- se, fronting on the harbor, ains the deposit warehouses, ers.

ngraved from photographs de la Habana. A Map of n found on page 135.

PALM'S ABOUT THE INDIAN FOUNTAIN.

ED BY C. D. FREDRICKS, No. 108 CALLE DE LA HABANA.]

THE HELPLESS

The ben-bird beats her pinions on the snare:
Her mate the goshawk's crooked talons tear:
Over the callow nestlings, weak and lone,
What wing shall spread when darkness gathers?—None.
Poor little birds!

The shepherd's dog with age lies dead and cold:
The wolf steals down upon the trembling fold:
The last pale crimson streak of sunset's gone:
Who guards the flock until the morning?—None.
Poor little lambs!

The father in the felon prison lies:
The mother in her garret sadly shuts her eyes:
Sharp hunger sickens: day is almost done:
Who watches by the squalid cradle?—None.
Poor little babes!

THE BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNWISHED-FOR PROMOTION.

THE morning after this brief intimation I attached myself to the departure side of book whose business was to receive and reply to telegraphic messages. I took that group of countries whose languages I knew, and addressed myself to my task in right earnest. An occupation where either leisure or emergency will always possess a certain interest, but beyond this there was not any thing attractive in my present pursuit. A pressing message to sell this, or buy that, to push on vigorously with a certain enterprise, or to suspend all action in another, would perhaps form the staple of a day's work. When disasters occurred, too, it was their monetary feature alone was recorded. The fire that consumed a warehouse was told with reference to the amount insured; the shipwreck was related by incidents that bore on the lost cargo, and the damage incurred. Still, it was less monotonous than the work of the office, and I had a certain pride in converting the messages—sometimes partly unintelligible—into the plain language that could be understood, that imparted a fair share of ambition to my labor.

My duty was almost myself, with my book in which I had entered the dispatches, each evening, at supper-time, at Herr Iginas's house. He would be at table with his daughter when I arrived, and the interview would pass somewhat in this wise: Herr Oppovich would take the book from my hands without a word, and, even as he sat at me, and the Fräulein, with a gentle bend of the head, but with the faintest show of any more intimate greeting, would acknowledge me. She would continue to eat as I stood there, as unmindful of me as though I were a servant. Having scanned the book over, he would hand it across to his daughter, and then would cause a few words to be written after which his daughter would write opposite each message some word of reply or of comment, such as, "Already provided for," "Will attend to details myself," "Useless," or such like; but never more than a few words, and these she would write freely, and only considering herself with the man—whose accuracy failed him more and more every day, and whose general debility grew rapidly—did no more than glance at the matters and nod an acceptance of them. In giving the book back to me she rarely looked up, if she did so, and if her eyes met mine, their expression was cold and almost defiant; and thus, with a slight bend of the head, I would withdraw.

Nor was this reception the less chilling that, before I had well closed the door, they would be in full conversation upon something that was reference it was which had inspired the constraint and reserve. These, it might be thought, were not very proud and liberal measures to me; and yet they formed the happiest incident of my day, and I actually longed for the hour, as might a lover to meet his mistress. One day it will pass with a pale and beautiful face, to watch the sunlight as it played upon her golden hair, which she wore in small knots, hanging peculiar to her face—in heavy masses of curls that fell over her back and shoulders; her hand, too, a model of symmetry, and with the fingers rose-tipped, like the goddesses of Homer, affected me as a spell; and I have stood there unconsciously staring at it till warned by a second admonition to retire.

Perhaps the solitude in which I lived helped to make me dwell on this thoughtfully on this daily-recurring interview; for I went nowhere, I associated with no one, I dined alone, and my one brisk walk for the day was exercise I took by myself. When evening came, and the other clerks frequented the theatre, I went home to read, or at others to sit and think.

"Sara tells me," said the old man one day, when some matter chance had brought him to my office—"Sara tells me that you are suffering from over-confinement. She thinks you look pale and worn, and that this constant work is telling on you."

"Far from it, Sir. I am both well and happy, and if I looked to be made happier, this thoughtful kindness would make me so."

"Yes; she is very kind, and very thoughtful, too; but, as well as these, she is despotic," said he, with a faint laugh; "and so she has decided that you are to exchange with M. Marsac, who will be here by Saturday, and who will go up to all the details of his walk. He buys our timber for us in Hungary and Transylvania; and he, too, will enjoy a little rest from constant travel."

"I don't speak Hungarian, Sir," begun I, eager to offer an opposition to the plan.

"Sara says you are a quick learner, and will soon acquire it—at least, enough for traffic."

"It is a business, too, that I suspect requires much insight into the people and their ways."

"You can't learn them younger, Ind; and, as all those we deal with are old clients of the house, you will not be much exposed to roguories."

"But if I make mistakes, Sir? If I involve you in difficulty and in loss?"

"You'll repay it by zeal, Ind, and by devotion, as we have seen you do here."

He waved his hand in action, and left me to my own thoughts. Very sad thoughts they were, as they told me of separation from her that gave the widest charm to my life. The manner to me had been so markedly cold and distant for some time, so unlike what it had been at first, that I could not help feeling that, by continuing me away, some evidence of displeasure was to be detected. The old man's kind, fatherly interpated, for every day showed him less and less alive to the business of "the House;" though, from habit, he persisted in coming down every morning to the office, and believed himself the guide and director of all that went on there.

I puzzled myself long to think what I could have done to forfeit her favor. I had never in the slightest degree passed that boundary of deference that we all like to exact from all in the service of the house. I had neglected no duty, nor, having no intimates or associates, had I given publicity to any part of me that I had said this or that of my employers. I scrutinized every act of my daily life, and suggested even possible and impossible causes for her coldness, but without approaching a reason at all probable. While I thus doubted and disputed with myself the evening dinner-hour arrived, bringing them a letter addressed to myself. It bore the postmark of the Austrian Post, and superscribed "Digby Owen, Esq., at Messrs. Oppovich & Fils, me." I tore it open, and read:

"The Abbey, Kilgobbin, Co. Cork, 'Lady Norcott's Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.'"

The writing looked an English hand, and the language was English, but the name was not, nor any signature. Could it have been, then, that I had folded, and sealed, and sent on my letter—that letter I had written to my mother—and found out knowing it, and that the lawyer had sent me this reply, which, though long delayed, might have been prompted like the rest by eagerness for tidings I conveyed? At all events, I had got my dear mother's address—at least, I hoped so. This point I had long been anxious to solve, and sat down to write to her. It was a very flurried note I composed, though I did my very best to be collected. I told her that I was well, was busy, and by what accident of fortune I had come here; that I had reasonable hopes of advancement, and, even now, had a salary that left me little to be needed. I was afraid to say much of what I wished to tell her till I was sure my letter would reach her; and I entreated her to write me in return of post, were it but a line. I need not say how much longer and fuller what longings to be again beside her, to hold her hand, to hear her voice, and call her by that dearest of all the names affection dictates. "I am going from this in a few days into Hungary," added I, "and address me here, and it shall be sent after me."

When I had finished my letter I was free from my thoughts to this strange communication, so abrupt and so short. How came it to Finme, too? Why was it addressed to Oppovich and not to whom? If posted in Fiume, why not written there? Ay; but by whom? Who could know what I had stated for any one's address? It was a secret buried in my own heart.

I suddenly determined I would ask the Fräulein Sara to send in when she came to dress, by which, of course, I could do without disclosing the contents of the note. I hurried off to the house, and asked if she would permit me to speak to her.

"Yes. The Fräulein was going out, but, it my business was brief, she would see me."

She was in bonnet and shawl as I entered, and stood with one hand on a table, looking very calm, but somewhat hurried.

"I beg your pardon, M. Owen," said she, "if I say that I can only give you a few minutes, and will not ask you even to sit down. If it be matter of the office—"

"No, mademoiselle, it is more a matter of chance."

"Then, if it relate to your change of occupation—"

"No, mademoiselle, not even to that. It is a purely personal question. I have got a letter, with a Fiume postmark, but not without the writer's name; and I am curious to know how it could find me to discover him. Would you look at the hand, and see if it be known to you?"

"Pray excuse me, M. Owen. I am the stupidest of all people in reading riddles or solving difficulties. All the world knows as to say how I treat anonymous letters myself. If they be simply insults, I burn them. If they relate what appear to be matters of fact, I wait and watch for them."

Offended by the whole tone of her manner, I bowed and moved towards the door.

"Have you seen M. Marsac? I hear he has arrived."

"No, mademoiselle; not yet."

"When you have conferred and consulted with him your instructions are all prepared; and I suppose you are ready to start?"

"I shall be, mademoiselle, when called upon."

"I will say good-bye, then," said she, advancing one step toward me, evidently expecting to offer me her hand; but I replied by a low, very low, bow, and retired.

I thought I should choke as I went down the stairs. My throat seemed to swell, and then to close up; and when I gained the shelter of the thick trees I threw myself down on my face in the grass, and sobbed as if my heart was breaking. How I vowed and swore that I would tear every recollection of her from my mind, and never think more of her, and how her image ever came back clearer and brighter and more beautiful before me after each oath!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAN WHO TRAVELED FOR OUR HOUSE.

As I sat brooding over my fire that same evening my door was suddenly opened, and a large burly man, looming even larger from an immense cape, rather than the man, entered. His first care was to divest himself of a tall Astrakhan cap, from which he flung off some snow-flakes, and then to throw off his cape, still steaming the snow from his great boots, which reached halfway up the thigh.

"You are," cried he at last, with a jovial air, "you see I come, like a good comrade, and make myself at home at once."

"I certainly see so much," said I, dryly; "but whom have I the honor to receive?"

"You have the honor to receive Gustave Manceforce de Marsac, young man, a gentleman of Dauphine, who now masquerades in the character of the travelled agent for the respectable house of Hodnig and Oppovich."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, M. de Marsac," said I, offering my hand.

"What age are you?" cried he, staring fixedly at me. "You can't be twenty?"

"Yes, I am not quite so young."

"And they purpose to send you down to replace me?" cried he; and he threw himself back in his chair, and broke out into laughter.

"I see all the presumption; but I can only say it was none of my doing."

"No, no; it is not presumption," said he, in a half-coaxing tone. "But I may say it, without vanity; it is not every man's gift to be able to succeed as I have done, Monsieur. May I ask for a cigar? Thanks. A real Cuban I verily believe. I finished my tobacco two posts from this, and have been smoking all the samples—pepper and hemp-seed among them—since then."

"May I offer you something to eat?"

"You may if you accompany it with something to drink. Would you believe it, Oppovich and his daughter were at supper when I arrived to report myself, and neither of them as much as said, Chevalier—I mean Mon. de Marsac—won't you do us the honor to join us? No. Old Ignas went on with his supper, and I could eat a potato," said, I think it was; and the fair Sara examined my packing-book to see I had made no delay on the road; but neither offered me even the courtesy of a glass of wine."

"I don't suspect it was from any want of hospitality," I began.

"An utter want of every thing, mon cher. Want of courtesy; want of delicacy; want of due deference to a man of birth and blood. I see you are sending your servant out. Now, my dear, don't send a stranger—don't make what we call a 'Prince Rupert' of me. A little quiet supper, and something to wash it down; good wholesome wine, is all the rest. May I give your man the orders?"

"You will confer a great favor on me," said I. He took down my address, and whispered a few minutes with him at the window. "Ly Kleptomitz first," said he aloud, as the man was leaving; "and then come to my M. Marsac sent you. Smart 'bursche' you've got there. If you don't take him with you hand him over to me."

"I will do so," said I, "and am happy to have secured him a good master."

"You'll not know him when you pass through Fiume again. Fiume is Marsac's nut every time Europe to drill a servant. Give me a Chinese, an Esquimaux; give me a Hottentot, and in six months you'll not know him—a passable visitor, driver a letter, wait at table, or serve coffee, with the quiet dignity and the impassive steadiness of the most accomplished. Fiume is not immortal. Do you think he is?"

"I have no opinion to think so."

"Well, well, you are too young to take interest in politics; not but that I did at fourteen: I majored at fourteen, Monsieur. I will show you a stiletto Mazzini gave me on my birthday, and the motto on the blade was, 'An service du Roi.' Ah, you are not a Legitimist, I'll tell you. I hear you say to yourself, 'How the devil did he come to this place? what led him to Fiume?' A long story that; a story that Alexandre Dumas would give one of his eyes for. There's more adventure, more scrapes by villainy, dangers, and deathblows gnashing in that twenty-two years of my life—I am now thirty-six—than in all the Monte Christos that ever were written. I will take Chevalier Marsac's counsel for once, and say, What do you say if we lay the cloth? It will expedite matters a little."

"With all my heart. Here are all my household goods," said I, opening a little press in the wall.

"And not to be despised, by my means. Show me what a man drinks out of, and I'll tell you what he drinks. When a man has got thin glasses like these—à la Montebello, as we say—his ripple is Bordeaux."

"I confess to weakness," said I, laughing.

"It is my own infirmity, too," said he, sighing. "My theory is, plurality of wines is as much a mistake as plurality of wives. Coquette, if you will, with fifty, but give your affections to one. If I am any thing, I am moral. What can keep your fellow so long? I gave him but two commissions."

"Perhaps the shops were closed at this hour."

"If they were, Sir," said he, pompously, "at the word Marsac they would open. Ha, what do I see here—a piano? Am I at liberty to open it?" And without waiting for a reply he sat down, and ran his hands over the keys with a masterly facility. As he flew over the octaves, and struck chords of splendid harmony I could not help feeling an amount of credit in all his boastful declarations just from this one trait of real power about him.

"I see you are a rare musician," said I.

"And it is what I know least," said he; "though Elotow said one day, 'If that rascal De Marsac takes to writing operas I'll never compose another.' But here comes the supper: and as he spoke my servant entered, with a small basket with cold viands in it, two bottles of Chianti wine, and a good-sized tin box, with a charcoal fire beneath.

"Well and perfectly done!" exclaimed my guest, as he aided them to place the soup on the table, and to dispose some hors d'œuvre of anchovies, caviare, ham, and fresh butter on the board. "I am sorry we have no flowers. I love a bouquet. A few camellias for color, and some violets for smell. They relieve the grossness of the material enjoyments; they poetize the meal: and if you have no women at table, mon cher, be sure you have flowers: not that I object to both together. There, now, is our little bill of fare—a white soup, a deviled mackerel, some truffles with butter, and a cutlet upon with stewed mushrooms. Oysters they had not, not even those little Ostenders they call scampi; but the wine will compensate for much: the wine of Hungary: Champagne, with a faint suspicion of dryness. Ah, the chairs of the board in all form. "You are called—"

"Digby is my Christian name," interrupted I, "and you can call me by it."

"Digby, I drink to your health: and if the wine had been only a little warmer, I'd say I could not drink it so in a more generous way. No fellow of your age, however, knows how to air his Bordeaux: hot flannels to the carafe before decanting, and all that is necessary, and let your glasses also be slightly warmed. To sip such claret as this, and then turn one's eyes to that Chinese-looking wonder in the wall, is like the sensation of a man who in his honey-moon fancies how happy he will be one of these days, if it succeeded to a peerage. Don't you see the triumphant enjoyment at this moment? Is there not something at your heart that says, 'Hodnig and Oppovich may go to the devil for me?'"

"No; I don't think you have rightly measured my feelings. On the whole, I rather suspect I bore a very good will to the house and people who have enabled me to have these comforts."

"You pretend, then, to what they call gratitude?"

"I have that weakness."

"I could as soon believe in the heathen my mother: I like the man who is kind to me while he is kind, and when the kindness, and I could, if occasion served, be kind to him in turn; but to say that I could retain such a memory of the service of one who found it would renew in me the first pleasant sensations I received, and with these sensations the good-will to require them, is downright nonsense. You might as well tell me that I could get drunk simply by remembering the orgy I assisted at ten years ago."

"I protest against your sentiment and your logic too."

"Then we won't dispute the matter. We'll talk of something we can agree upon. Let us abuse Sara."

"If you do, you'll choose some other place to do it."

"What, do you mean to tell me that you can stand the haughty airs and proud pretensions of the young person?"

"I mean to tell you that I know nothing of the Fräulein Oppovich but what is amiable and good."

"What do I care for amiable and good? I want a girl to be graceful, well-mannered, pleasing, lively to look at, and eager to listen. There now, don't get purple about the cheeks and flash at me such fiery looks. Here's the Champagne, and we'll drink a bumper to Sara."

"Take some other name for your toast, or I'll fling your bottle out of the window."

"Why, will, will you?" said he, setting down his glass, and measuring me from head to foot.

"I swear it."

"I like that spirit, Digby: I'll be shot if I don't," said he, taking my hand, which I did not give very willingly. "You are just what I was some fifteen or twenty years ago—warm, impulsive, and headstrong. It's the world—that the old world, Digby—grinds that generous nature out of one! I declare I don't believe that a spark of real truthfulness survives a man's first twenty campaigns: there are very faint, very faint indeed; there's a suspicion of evil in the upper lip, and some small capillary flourishes along your cheek. That wine is too sweet. I'll return to the Bordeaux."

"I grieve to say I have no more than that bottle of it. It was some I bought when I was ill and threatened with ague."

"What profanation! any thing would be good enough for ague. I, at in a man's days of vigorous health he merits cherishing. Let us console ourselves with Rediger. Now, boy," said

he, as he cleared off a bumper from a large goblet, "I'll give you some hints for your future, far more precious than this wine, good as it is. Gustave de Marsac, like Homer's hero, can give gold for brass, and instead of wine he will give you wisdom. First of all for a word of warning: don't fall in love with Sara. It's the popular error down here to do so, but it's a cruel mistake. That fellow that has the hemp trade here—what's his name—the vulgar dog that wears mutton-chop whiskers, and fancies he's English because he gets his clothes from London? I remember his name presently—he has all his life been proposing for Sara, and begging off—as matters go well or ill with the House of Oppovich; and as he is a shrewd fellow in business, all the young men here think they ought to 'go in' for Sara too."

I should say here, that however distasteful to me this talk, and however willingly I would have repressed it, it was totally out of my power to arrest the flow of words which, with the force of a swollen torrent, came from him. He drank freely, too, large goblets of Champagne as he talked, and to this, I am obliged to own, I looked as my last hope of being rid of him. I placed every bottle I possessed on the table, and lighting my cigar, resigned myself, with what patience I could, to the result.

"Am I keeping you up, my dear Digby?" cried he, at last, after a burst of abuse on Fortune and all that it contained that lasted about half an hour.

"I seldom sit up so late," was cautious reply; "but I must own I have seldom met with a good evening."

"You hit it, boy; that was well and truly spoken. As a talker, of the highest order of talk, I yield to no man in Europe. Do you remember Duvergier saying in the Chambre, in an apology for being late, 'I dined with De Marsac?'"

"I can not say I remember that."

"How could you? You were an infant at the time." Away he went after this into reminiscences of political life—how deep he was in that Spanish marriage question, and how it came to a breach—an irreparable breach—between Guizot and himself, when that woman, "you know whom I mean, the Countess, went to Buhver. Of course, I ought not to have confided it to her. I know all that as well as you can tell me; but then I am wise, when I choose, who is self-possessed at all times?"

Next entirely trustful of what he was telling me, and little interested in it besides, I brought him back to Fiume, and to the business that was now about to be confided to me.

"Ah, true; you want your instructions. You shall have them, not that you'll need them long, mon cher, a few months—what am I saying?—three will see it all up with Hodnig and Oppovich."

"What do you mean?" cried I, eagerly.

"Just simply what I say." It was not very easy for me to follow him here, but I could gather, amidst a confused mass of self-glorification, prediction, and lamentation over warnings disregarded, and such like, that the great Jew house of "Hodnig and Oppovich was the real head of the firm of Hodnig and Oppovich. "The Nathanheimers own all Europe and a very considerable slice of America," burst he out. "You hear of a great wine-house at Xeres, or a great corn-merchant at Odessa, or a great tallow exporter at Riga, and it's all Nathanheimer! If a man prospers and shows that he has skill in business, they'll stand by him, even to millions. If he blunders, they help him away as if to brush away that cork. There must be no failures with *them*. That's their creed."

He proceeded to explain how these great potentates of finance and trade had agencies in every great centre of Europe, who reported to them every thing that was going on, who flourished, who foundered; how, when enterprises that promised well presented themselves, Nathanheimer would advance *any* sum, no matter how great, that was wanted. If a country needed a railroad, it a city required a boulevard, if a sea-port wanted a dock, they were ready to furnish it—and all of them. The conditions, too, were never unfair, never ungenerous, but still they bargained always for something besides money. They desired that this man would aid such a project here, or oppose that other there. Their interests were so various and so far spread that they needed political power every where, and they had it.

How effectually power pardoned, and power condoned, which was any, the slightest, insubordination among those they supported and maintained. Marsac gave a catalogue of those that had ruined in London, Amsterdam, Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna, simply because they had attempted to emancipate themselves from the control imposed upon them. Let one of the subordinate firms branch out into an enterprise unauthorized by the great head, and straightway their transactions become dishonored and their credit assailed. In one word, he made it appear that from one end of Europe to the other the whole financial system was in the hands of a few crafty men of immense wealth, who unthroned dynasties and controlled the fate of nations with a word.

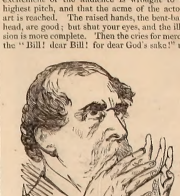
He went on to show that Oppovich had somehow fallen into disgrace with these mighty patrons. "Somehow that he is too old and too feeble for business, and hands over to Sara details that she is quite unequal to deal with; some ever that he has speculated without sanction, and is intriguing with Greek democrats; others declare that he has been merely unfortunate; at all events his hour has struck. Mind my words, three months hence they'll not have Nathanheimer's agency in their house, and I suspect you'll see our friend Bettmeyer will succeed to that rich inheritance."

Rambling on, now talking with a vagueness that savored of imbecility, now speaking with a purpose-like acuteness and power that brought conviction, he sat till daybreak, drinking freely all the time, and at last so overwhelming me with strange revelations that I was often at a loss to know whether it was he that was confounding me, or that I myself had lost all control of right reason and judgment.

"I've been dead beat, my poor fellow," said he at last, "and it's your own fault. You've been drinking nothing but water these last two hours. Go off to bed now, and leave me to finish this bottle. After that I'll have a plunge off the end of the mole, cold enough it will be, but no ice, and you'll find me here at one o'clock with a breakfast appetite that will astonish you."

I took him at his word, and said "Good-night."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW READING.



NEARLY eleven years have passed since Mr. CHARLES DICKENS commenced his career as a professional "reader." He had read the "Christmas Carol" and the "Chimes" before public audiences on several occasions, but always in aid of the funds of some charitable institution. It was not until the evening of Thursday, the 29th of April, 1858, that he appeared to give a reading for his own benefit.

Since then, as is well known, Mr. Dickens has frequently given readings from several of his works, in London, in the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and in the United States.

But, although among his friends and such of the outside world as had been admitted to the private performances of the Tavistock House theatricals Mr. Dickens was known to possess much dramatic power, it was not until within the last few weeks that he found scope for its exhibition on the platform. When Mr. Dickens read recently from one half-dozen books to friends and acquaintances, on whose discrimination and knowledge of public audiences he had reliance, and when, after requesting their frank verdict on the experiment, he commenced the new reading, "Sikes and Nancy," (intl, gradually warming with each succeeding sentence, he flung aside his book and acted the scene of the murder, shrieked the terrified pleadings of the girl, growled the brutal savagery of the murderer, brought looks, tones, gestures simultaneously into play to illustrate his meaning, there was no one, not even of those who had heard the scene or who believed in him most, but was astonished at the power and the versatility of his genius.

Grandest of all the characters stands out Fagin the Jew. There is nothing comic about him, there is nothing grand or tragic, as in Shylock; he is sordid, mean, avaricious, and revengeful; and Mr. Dickens shows him to you in every phase. You read it in his rounded shoulders, in his sunken chin, in his puckered cheeks and hanging brow, in his gleaming eyes and quivering, clutching hands, in the lithe shiftiness of his movements, and the intense earnestness of his attitudes. The voice is husky and with a slight lisp, but there is no nasal intonation in the part. And so should every other conventional attributes be omitted, the conventional words are never spoken; and the Jew fence, crafty and cunning even in his bitter vengeance, is there before us, to the life.

Next comes Nancy. Readers of the old edition of "Oliver Twist" will doubtless recollect how desperately difficult it was to fight against the dreadful impression which Mr. George Cruikshank's picture of Nancy left upon the mind, and how it required all the assistance of the author's genius to preserve interest in the stunted, squat, round-faced trull whom the artist had depicted. No such ill-favored slut would have found a protector in Sikes, who among his set and in his profession was a mark. We all know Nancy's position; but just because we know it we are certain she must have had some amount of personal comeliness. Mr. Cruikshank has entirely denied her. In the reading we get none of the common side of her character, which seem forth occasionally in the earlier volumes. She is the heroine, doing evil that good may come of it—breaking the trust reposed in her that the man she loves and they among whom she has lived may be brought to better lives. With the dread shadow of impending death upon her, she is thrillingly earnest, almost prophetic. Thus, in accordance with a favorite custom of the author, during the interview on the steps at London Bridge, not only does the girl's language rise from the tone of everyday life and become imbued with a romantic intensity and fervor, but that eminently prosaic old person, Mr. Brownlow, becomes affected in the same manner, saying "before this river wakes to life," and indulging in other romantic types and metaphors. This may be scarcely lifelike, but it is very effective in the reading, enchaining the attention of the audience and forming a fine contrast to the simple pathos of the dialogue in the murder-scene, every word of which is in the highest degree natural and well-placed. It is here, of course, that the excitement of the audience is wrought to its highest pitch, and that the acme of the actor's art is reached. The raised hands, the bent-back head, are good; but what your eyes, and the illusion is more complete. Then the cries for mercy, the "Bill! dear Bill! for dear God's sake!" un-

Fagin

tered in tones in which the agony of fear prevails even over the earnestness of the prayer, the dead, dull voice as hope departs, are intensely real. When the pleading ceases, you open your eyes in relief, in time to see the impersonation of the murderer seizing a heavy club and striking his victim to the ground.

I would have the reading end here. I would have the curtain descend, as it were, upon that deed of blood. I would have no more of Sikes, nothing of the pleasant humor of Mrs. Sharp. Throughout the entire scene of the murder, from the entrance of Sikes into the house until the catastrophe, the silence was intense—but a phrase, "a pin might have been heard to drop," might have been legitimately employed. It was a great study to watch the faces of the people—eager, excited, intent—permitted for once in a lifetime to be natural, forgetting to be British and cynical and unimpassioned. The great strength of this reading did not last into the concluding five minutes. The people were earnest and attentive; but the wild excitement so seldom seen among us died as Nancy died, and the rest was somewhat of an anti-climax.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

CAN I think how it happened? Vaguely. She was there on the porch, you know, The wide of the woodbines above her, The pomp of the roses below; And zealously stitching, as usual, At the work you have doubtless seen— An impossible worsted parrot, A solecism in green.

I stood by the gate and watched her, With feelings strangely queer As those in your book of poems, Tom— The book that was damned last year. And so richly the sunbeams jeweled Her hair in its golden knot, That you, with your knack for sonnets, Would have collided one on the spot!

But when I unfastened the gate, Tom, The noise of its clinking latch Made her look from the parrot's crimson wing With a crimson flush to match. And the speed of her nimble needle Was stopped with a sweet surprise As she bid me go through the roses By the glad light in her eyes.

And then for an hour and longer On the shadowy porch we sat, With humming-birds in the woodbine To drowsily echo our chat— Light, wandering talk, and careless— Of nothing, and nothing, But somehow beneath it a hidden joy Like the gleam of the wedding-ring.

It is wonderful, Tom, how often A sensible man will try, When his power of bliss looks perfect, To fling it wantonly by: The reverse, I suppose, of that impulse Which prompts us to shrink from pain, And a problem in metaphysics I am powerless to explain.

Did you ever contemplate in rapture, Like the poets Percy Fox, Some marvel of delicate color And faultlessly chaste design, And feel at the moment a longing Destructively lunatic, To stab the immortal canvas With a lunge of your ...sking-stick?

Don't smile; for a similar madness Attacked me, I'm sure, that day. How the quarrel began or ended I would be idle, perhaps, to say. But the serpent that stole to our Eden (And I state, Tom, what I mean) Took the form of a worsted parrot, A solecism in green.

I chose to be stupidly fretful That the eyes I loved were bent Always toward the tiresome bird, On its crimson wing intent. What I said is hard to remember; *Entre nous*, I'd rather not try 'Twas a wish, I believe, that the parrot Could make use of his wing and fly.

Her answer was apt and ready— You know, Tom, the darling's wit— "Poor bird! as it's only worsted You must fly, I suppose, from *it*." What then? And follow, don't ask me. I was petulant, she was much more; We quarreled and parted.—You're laughing, You unsympathetic beast!

But, Tom, as you go there this evening, While I sit gloomily here, Could you manage—I know you *will*, Tom— To whisper a word in her ear? Just mention how dearly I love her, And say how forlorn I've been, And all for that odious parrot, That solecism in green!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BEST HAT FOR A BETTING MAN.—A wide-awake.

AN Alabama editor, in pulling a grocery kept by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo is as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own tongue."

HERRINGS are the only sure preventive against hair falling off.

A SENSELESS SAYING.

"Pluck up your courage." Do nothing of the sort! Better mid action than in. The former is the better. It will stand you in rare good stead one of these dark nights.

FOG-SIGNALS—Coughs and colds.

KILLING TIME—Shooting a cow'ey.

A DREADFUL DEED—A warrant for execution.

Irish citizen in his grief is asked by his friend, What's the matter, Mat? "Matter, indeed! Why, here, I insured my brother's life only two weeks ago, and I entreated him to avoid wild adventure. And when I came to tell them insurances they'd been after making some mistake, the blackguards they tried to bribe me off with a hundred pounds, as if I was a heathen to sell my brother's blood!"

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There's a lofty Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is a fool who begs
When he has a woman's kiss.
But there's danger in displaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it:
Be I tell you, Love Provident,
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Never let another follow
Steal a march on you in this,
Never let a laughing maiden
Say you spelling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to klasing
And the jolly ones will take it
Have a motto that is winning:
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Any fool may face a cannon—
Any body wears a crown—
But a man must win a woman
If he'll have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it:
If the telling is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would hurn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his wings for summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
On! I tell you there's a secret
And you can not, can not break it,
Have a motto that is winning:
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Any fool may face a cannon—
Any body wears a crown—
But a man must win a woman
If he'll have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it:
If the telling is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and afterward remained for half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

THE ARMY DRILL.

ATTENTION—Wake up!

EYES TO—Look with some amiable and virtuous young woman. Don't look at anybody else.

ATTENTION—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

RIGHT FACE—Pop the question like a man, and she'll accept you.

QUICK MARCH—With her to church, and go through the service without stuttering.

HALT—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE—From the haunts you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

ADVANCE ARMS—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

BREAK OFF—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A wag calls Grecian architecture the "stoops" that ladies use at present.

Josh Billings says: "When a young man sin't good for my thing, I like to see him have a good-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

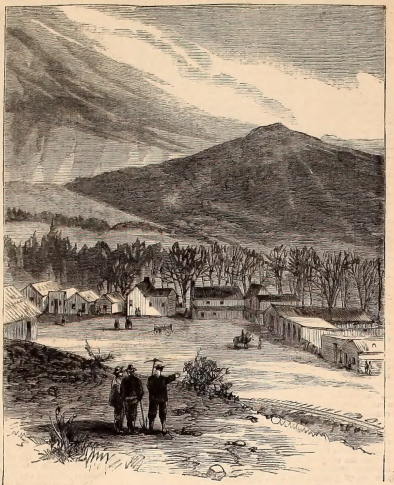
RHYMING CALENDAR.

January snowy,	July mopey,
February flowy,	August croppy,
March blowy,	September poppy,
April showery,	October blowy,
May flowery,	November showery,
June bowery,	December frosty.

An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to reform her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

A noted politician was once asserting his entire indifference to the opinions of his opponents, and to their personal abuse. "Why," said he, "a man like me, the other day to Judas Iscariot, but I don't care a fig." "And a by-stander, "but how does Judas feel about it?"

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—SCENE AT WEBER CANON, UTAH.



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—TERMINUS AT ECHO CITY, UTAH.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD IN UTAH.

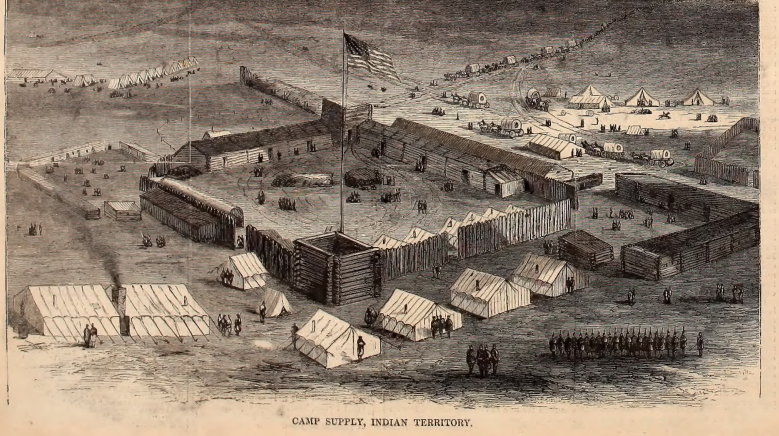
ECHO CITY, represented in one of our illustrations on this page, is the present terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad in Utah. The accompanying picture is a sketch of Weber Cañon in the same vicinity, being situated on the east of Salt Lake and a few miles north of Salt Lake City. It is now almost certain that this railroad, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, will be completed by the end of the coming June. The transportation of passengers and specie and of precious goods will thus find an appropriate channel. This railroad will result in the rehabilitation of Eastern Asia.

CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE post is situated near the confluence of the "Beaver River" and "Wolf Creek," which, uniting, form the north fork of the Canadian River. The view of Wolf Creek, in our sketch, is obstructed by the timber, which at this point is very dense. The site was originally selected by Brevet Brigadier-General ALFRED SULLY, Lieutenant-Colonel Third Infantry, on a previous expedition, in the month of September, 1868, the column which he commanded having had a severe skirmish near this place while crossing Wolf Creek, at a point which is designated as "Bald Hill." This post was planned by General SULLY, and is, without doubt, one of the most defensible works of its kind on the Plains. The store-houses and quarters of the soldiers are constructed of heavy timber, cut in the vicinity of the post, and are loopholed for musketry; the stockade is ten feet high, and the block-houses are also ten feet in height, with a parapet of four feet, from which an additional fire can be brought to bear on all points of approach. The soldiers' quarters are so constructed that they can fire over the roofs of the buildings (which form lunettes at the angles), while an additional fire is delivered from the loopholes inside. The garrison consists of Companies "B," "E," and "F," Third U. S. Infantry; Company "G," Thirty-eighth Infantry, with "C" Troop, Tenth U. S. Cavalry, the whole commanded by Brevet Major J. H. PAGE, Captain Third U. S. Infantry.

BURNING OF THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AT ST. PAUL.

THE fire at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 3d instant, destroyed property estimated at over $100,000. The International Hotel and four other buildings were laid in ruins. The occupants of the hotel, two hundred and six in number, were suddenly alarmed at twenty minutes



CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

past five o'clock in the morning. The flames spread with great rapidity, and the lodgers found it impossible to secure even their clothing. Several persons, occupying rooms on the third floor, were obliged to escape by means of ladders. No lives were lost. Among the lodgers were several members of the Minnesota Legislature.

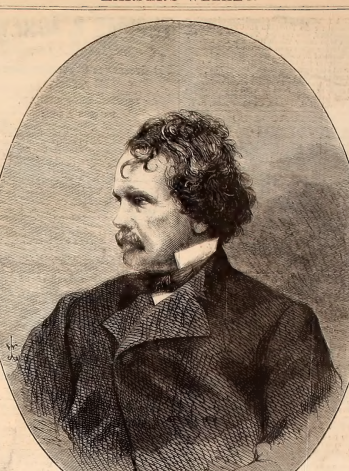
JAMES T. BRADY.

GENIUS pertains always and exclusively to the moral nature. Spiritual *sympathy* is its very atmosphere. But this sympathy in some men is so entirely occupied and absorbed in an ideal world, and is so exclusively directed toward goals that are only discerned by the highest order of prophetic instinct, that it scarcely touches the individual heart: its appeal is to the race. Our Platos operate by cycles—through the attraction of gravitation, rather than through molecular affinities. This, perhaps, is the highest order of human power; it is certainly the grandest.

But there is another kind of genius that does not elevate itself above the immediate circle of its movement, but which most strongly allies itself with the moral forces with which it comes in contact. To this order belongs the subject of our sketch. His eminence and wonderful tact as a lawyer, and his success as a politician, were due to a genius of this kind, aided by an active and brilliant intellect, well stored with knowledge, and ripened by culture.

JAMES T. BRADY was born in this city, April 9, 1815. Both of his parents were natives of Ireland; and his father, who emigrated to this country in 1812, before entering the legal profession, prepared young gentlemen for college, numbering among his pupils Archbishop M'CLOSKEY. JAMES was the eldest of his children. He studied law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. His practice was extensive, and in 1845 he was appointed Corporation Counsel of New York city, holding that position for two terms. He was chiefly known from his connection with criminal cases.

Among the important criminal cases in which MR. BRADY was engaged for the defense were the trial of DANIEL E. SICKLES for the killing of FRANCIS BARTON KEY, in Washington; the case of M'DONALD, of Mobile, for the killing of VIRGINIA STEWART, in Broadway; the case of HUNTINGTON, the Wall Street banker, in which the defense of moral insanity was set up; the JEFFERIS case, in which the prisoner was charged with the murder of WALTON and MATHEWS; the case of Madame RESTELL, in which he was associated with the late DAVID GRAHAM, the prisoner being charged with having produced abortion; the BAKER-POOLE trial—BILL POOLE having been shot at Stanwix Hall, Broadway, in 1854; the



THE LATE JAMES T. BRADY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 809 BROADWAY.]

KANE arson case, wherein the prisoner was tried for having set fire to buildings in the Third Avenue, and several lives were lost by means of the conflagration. There were also many other criminal trials of lesser note in which he was counsel for the prisoner. As a proof of his extraordinary success as a criminal lawyer it may be stated that of all the persons he has defended for capital offences, only one ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The last criminal case of importance, the defense of which was conducted by MR. BRADY, was that of General COLE, who was tried in Albany a few months since for the killing of Hon. MR. HISCOCK, a member of the late Constitutional Convention.

Few men have left behind them a larger circle of cherished friends than MR. BRADY. His kindness and courtesy endeared him to all. With the younger members of the bar he was an especial favorite, always ready to aid them by his counsel and advice. A large number of young lawyers owe their success, in no small degree, to the kindly encouragement given them by him in times of trouble and despondency.

MR. BRADY was never married. His political sympathies have always been with the Democratic party; but he supported the Administration against the rebellion, and upheld the Draft law of 1863. He devoted a considerable portion of his time to literary efforts, and was a popular lecturer. His appreciation of the ludicrous was very great; and his sallies of wit before the bar or in the rostrum were always ready and irresistible in their effect. His eloquence as an advocate was often more than a match for superior legal attainments.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.

THE Chancellor was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl, somewhat rustic in her attire, slightly embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits, entered the room, and walked up to the lawyer's chair. "My dear," said the Chancellor, rising and bowing with the Old-World courtesy, "who are you?" "Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Weobly, the daughter of the Vicar of Weobly, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby, and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as Member of Parliament for Weobly." "A promise, my dear young lady?" interposed the Chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself. "Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that, if ever you are Lord Chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife you will give her husband a living;' and you answered, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half-a-crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more!'" Enthusiastically the Chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right; I admit the obligation; I remember all about it;" and then,

BURNING OF THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, FEBRUARY 3, 1869.—[SKETCHED BY R. O. SWEENY.]

after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of matronly, he added, "But surely the time for making good my promise has not yet arrived? You can not be any one's wife at present?" For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer; and then with a blush, and a ripple of silver laughter, she replied, "No, but I do so wish to be somebody's wife! I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there is a living in Herefordshire, near my old home, which has recently fallen vacant, and if you give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall be married before the end of the year." Is there need to say that the Chancellor forthwith summoned his secretary, that the secretary forthwith made out the presentation to Bessie's lover, and that, having given the Chancellor a warm expression of her gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Herefordshire, bagging the precious document the whole way home?

EACH TO HIS OWN.

"O my sweetest, and O my dearest,
How rich the summer is, having you!
Over your head the sky is cloudless,
Warmest sunshine and freshest dew."
So, with a lover's flattering breath,
The butterfly to his daisy saith.

"Ah, my sweetest, and ah my fairest!"
Brushing her face with a tender touch;
"Of all the flowers you are the rarest —
And all the meadows are full of such!"
O royal rose, sitting up alone,
Is there any thing more for you to own?

Ho, blue heavens that bend above her!
Ho, little daisy down in the grass!
Who would guess her to have a love
More than others we daily pass?
Why love cometh or stays away
Truly none can but love can say.

The little brown robin leafy-nested,
Quiet and small and plain is she;
But listen to robin scarlet-breasted!
He is as proud as proud can be.
None could praise her with sweeter words
If she were wife to the king of birds.

The sweetest home in the forest's bosom
None can be happy owner knows;
And to be called the fairest blossom
It isn't needful to be a rose.
O love, you surely are blind to see
In all the meadows only me!

Truer than truth, love, when you flatter!
Say, do you know, O great, grand skies,
That all your shining's a useless matter,
Without—he said it!—without these eyes?
"Be proud, my daisy, my pearl," saith he,
"For you are the crown of the world to me!"

CARL SPENCER.

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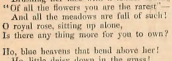

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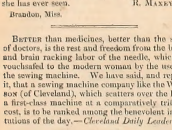

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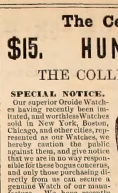

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.—[DRAWN BY A. B. WARD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

HOW TO HELP PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE long agony will soon be over, and we shall all know who is to be in the Cabinet. The reticence of the President elect has given boundless opportunity for conjecture, and for many weeks we have been regaled with very extraordinary speculations. Meanwhile it is curious to remark how very limited has been the range of names mentioned for each office, and how confidently, despite all rumors, the conviction of the *properly* partisan character of the Administration has deepened. By partisan we do not mean to contrast party with patriotism, but to identify the two. If a man honestly believes the principles and policy of the Republican party to be best for the country, his patriotism and his party fidelity are so far synonymous. Party in that case is the hand by which patriotism works. Those who do not perceive that parties have their origin in human nature and temperament may heartily despise them; but those who do, see also their necessity. There is always a great deal of sentimentality about a no-party Administration; but a partisan President is a party President.

Now the principle which we shall undoubtedly see illustrated in the choice of the Cabinet is one that every member of the dominant party should consider. The President will select honest and capable men from the Republican ranks. Let every Republican who recommends another office follow the same rule. We have to bear the odium of the enormous corruption which prevails in the Revenue Department. Whether the offenders are political Johnsonites or not, they are supposed to be under the protection of the party in power. It is a duty to the party, therefore, not to connive at the nomination to office of incompetent or unprincipled men, however sound Republicans they may be. Every such man is a mill-stone around the neck of the party, and whoever assists him into place helps to push the party out of power.

Especially should those whose names are valuable simply for keeping them on a list indiscriminately signing every petition nor recommending every applicant. A conspicuous gentleman, who had filled high offices in the State, signed with every petition that was brought to him, and always had a private understanding with the appointing power that his name was not to be regarded unless it was accompanied by a special letter. This was timid, and like all timidity it baffled its own ends. For the appointing power could always see that the recommendation of one who had no moral courage, and who was evidently so anxious a politician, was not very valuable. No man can complain, when he has signed a people not to respect his name, that it has ceased to be respectable.

If a man has not the courage to abide by his convictions of fitness and honesty under such circumstances, he has not courage enough honestly to take part in politics. He is constantly running against the public welfare, and makes himself a public nuisance. It is to him, and such conduct as his, that the horrible waste and corruption in the public service are due, which have made the Civil Service Bill indispensable. And while we have no such law let us all do what we can to supply its place.

As to the distinction between what are called conservatives and radicals the President will undoubtedly smilingly disregard it, and we may wisely do the same. Those who are most conspicuous in the party as conservatives and as radicals are not the most conspicuous also as honest and unsuspected men. We shall not be surprised if the Cabinet is made up of both classes. General GRANT is naturally not an extreme man, as it is called; if we may mix metaphoric party slang, he is neither a hunker nor a red. But of all men he is a self-dependent, and if the Secretary of State, being both honest and capable, be also radical, we presume there is no man in the world who will be less troubled by that fact than the President. His policy will not be determined by his Cabinet, and he certainly will be the last man to cringe or faction. How refreshing it is to contemplate such a President! How the whole national life is invigorated by the general conviction that sagacity, integrity, and energy are about to succeed sluggishness, confusion, corruption, and treachery in the executive control of the Government!

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

THE fact that there are only about four weeks between the time of voting for Presidential electors and the time of their assembling to ballot for President and Vice-President, and the further and controlling fact that this time is wholly insufficient for correcting the astounding frauds which have become engrafted upon the system, must convince the people of the United States that some serious change is necessary to secure a fair and complete expression of the popular will. The regulation of this matter, if a change of the National Constitution shall be thought inexpedient, belongs partly to Congress and partly to the State Legislatures, the power of each being derived from that instrument. The Constitution provides (Sec. 1, Art. 2) that "Each *State* shall appoint in such manner as the *Legislature* thereof may direct a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress," and that "the Congress may determine the *time* of choosing the electors, and the *day* on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States."

An act of Congress, passed in pursuance of this last provision, requires that the electors shall occur on the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, and that the electors shall meet on the first Wednesday in December. The general ticket system has been adopted by the several States for the election of electors in place of the district system, which prevailed in some States, and of that of appointment by the Legislature — a mode also adopted by several States, and adhered to by South Carolina up to a recent date.

The Congressional arrangement of the time for choosing electors and the day for their meeting, which constituted the limit of Congressional power, was made when the Constitution was first set in motion, and was afterward slightly changed, without opposing, it may be inferred, that there would ever be gross frauds like those perpetrated at the last election — frauds which gave the electoral vote of New York to the nominees of the Democratic party. The arrangement of those frauds, and the advance of the general election, created a "serene confidence" in the result in the minds of those who were charged with the duty of management. The escape from this danger, the most frightful to the country which can be contemplated, was due to the early discovery of this plan, to self-devotion to conceal the fact, and the great popularity of the Republican candidate, and, it may be said, to an interposition which in great emergencies has ever saved our country from ruin.

The momentous interests which are staked upon a Presidential contest leave no doubt that future elections will be managed with the same serious and general than those of last November. The question, what remedies shall be applied, is far above those which ordinarily receive attention in parties and in politics. It concerns the purity of the franchise, the liberty — indeed the safety — of each citizen, and the continuance of free government. The remedies must not be devised neither property nor life will be safe. They will be at the mercy of those politicians who hold all rights in utter contempt.

As the Constitution is now interpreted, we cited to Congress no other power in this matter than to arrange the *time* for choosing and the *day* for the action of electors; but the Legislatures have the sole power to determine the *manner* in which each State shall appoint them, it will be seen that, while Congress can relegate the interval between the election and the day for balloting, the State Legislature alone can provide the means within that enlarged interval for purging the returns of their frauds. The whole interval, consisting at the last election of only twenty-four working days, was consumed in the necessary process of counting. By reference to our last number it will be which conform in this respect very nearly to those of other States, it will readily be seen that no opportunity exists for expunging the fraudulent votes.

First, the inspectors of the election are to count and certify the result; next, the boards of local canvassers are to examine and compare these certificates. The returns of the local boards are to be sent to some central point in particular districts; they are then to be collected and forwarded to the Secretary of State. The boards of State Canvassers then meets to ascertain the combined result; and, finally, the Secretary of State gives to each elector a certificate of his election; and thus provided the electors organize, fill vacancies, and on the next day, the first Wednesday in December, give their votes.

These several investigations are armed with no other authority than that of ascertaining the vote actually given, and can not investigate any charges, such as that of repeaters or the improperly naturalized commit. On the contrary, jurisdiction over the correction of these frauds is given solely to the Judiciary, which is fettered by the well-known fact that each board of canvassers can not be convened by any authority after the day fixed for the purpose of completing their work by statute; and hence it would be impossible to act except during the time this allowed to each of those Boards. The frauds were so extensive and the time so very short that the authors of them were fully aware of their existence, and who desired their correction, was completely frustrated. This difficulty was perfectly well understood by those who planned this scheme for securing the control of the General Government, and constituted the basis of that "serene confidence" which was felt in the result.

The adoption of the general ticket system is a direct encouragement to these frauds, inasmuch as under that system the fraudulent vote of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and places which were exposed to the same influences, overcame the vote of the rural districts; whereas if the district system had been in operation, at that of appointment by the Legislature, this temptation to commit these frauds would not have existed to the same extent. Under either of these latter modes of appointment each locality would be free of the control of any other, and its vote would be represented in the Electoral College.

The public objection to the general ticket system was based is simply this: that it was deemed material to the power and influence of each State in the Electoral College, that its vote for Presidential candidates should be undivided; whereas under the district system it was possible to divide the vote of any State among the several candidates. But if the interior districts are to be overshadowed by the frauds of cities under the general ticket system, it will be far better to abandon it forever, and thus give to the honest voters an opportunity to be felt in elections for the Presidency. The vote of the State as a unit on the side of corruption is a calamity which outweighs every consideration founded on the pride and power derived from our numerical strength in the Electoral College as compared with that of other States. Division of the vote is the only possible chance for those who perform their duty with integrity. In some districts in this city no all of those who were selected to represent the honest voters and to prevent the reception of illegal votes were obliged, by indications not to be mistaken, to retire and leave the field to the most abandoned politicians. The moral mind were terrified and the prudent alarmed, but the boldest found that it was impossible to check in any manner the action of those who by intimidation converted the ballot-box into an instrumentality of fraud and plunder.

Inasmuch as the legislative power under our State Constitution is conferred wholly on the Senate and Assembly, and the Governor has no control over it, except so far as bills are concerned, which by the Constitution require his approval or are subjected to his veto, it would seem to be competent for the Legislature *alone* to exercise the power which the Constitution of the United States expressly and in terms confers on the *Legislature* to determine the *manner* in which the State may appoint its electors. The Legislature alone may adopt the district system in lieu of the general ticket system. In States in which the legislative power is conferred on the Senate and Assembly conjointly with the Governor (the case in this State) it is not an examination of our State Constitution will show that the power is not conferred in that manner.

So far as the mode of appointment adopted and long practiced in South Carolina is concerned, in reply to the ground that the *State* was to appoint and the *Legislature* was to provide only the manner in which it should do so, and consequently that an appointment of electors by the Legislature is illegal, it may be said that numerous States at the outset adopted the system which in the end was counted in the presence of the two Houses of Congress for many successive terms, and that this is hence regarded by many as a practical construction of the Constitution which long acquiesced in to admit of question. But the true remedy is an amendment of the National Constitution, conferring upon Congress authority to fix the time, place, and manner of conducting the election for President and Vice-President, which is substantially the proposition of Senator MORTON.

The theory which underlies the original dependence of the General Government upon the several States in this respect was based by the framers of the Constitution in undoubtedly this, that there were *interests* then existing in the particular States of so important a character that it was dangerous then to create a differently constituted General government. The most prominent interest in producing this weakness in the central power was unquestionably that of slave property, the security of which was regarded in many States as of greater importance than the Union itself. The complete destruction of this institution leaves no interest of this character remaining. On the contrary, every interest now points to the necessity of a national government capable of preserving its own existence.

In one of the most forcible Numbers of the *Federalist* it is conceded that if a majority of States were to omit the appointment of Senators the Government would be at a stand-still for which there would be no remedy. Secession would have accomplished its work if it could have seduced such a majority into that iniquity. A weakness of structure so apparent should no longer be endured, since the interest which produced it has been eliminated from our system. It is therefore, that the Constitution should be made to conform to the new situation by imparting to the General Government the power to provide for the election of its chief magistrate, and particularly to punish and prevent the frauds which threaten to secure an odious pre-eminence of the worst citizens.

The Constitution, to be complete, should also provide that if any State fails to elect a Senator the Senators elected by the other States shall have power to constitute the Senate and perform its duties.

In the mean time the State should provide adequate means for investigating the late frauds, with a view to having them expunged, and its true vote declared and announced to Congress. The power conferred by the National Constitution on the Legislature *merely* authorizes such a proceeding in defiance of the Governor's veto; but if it shall be thought that the veto may legally be exercised it will be expedient to expose the Governor to a contingency of being obliged to protect or to punish those to whom he owes a distinction which commends him to higher honors secured in the same manner.

EDUCATION AND POLITICS.

IN considering last week the terms of the Constitutional Amendment as adopted by the Senate, which forbade any tests for the suffrage founded upon race, color, nativity, education, or creed, we stated what we supposed to be the reason which may have induced Senator WILSON to apply the prohibition to education. Since then, however, the House has made short work of the subject. It promptly and peremptorily disagreed to the Amendment, and the Senate decided to compromise by adding to the declaration that race or previous condition of servitude shall not disqualify from holding the words, or holding office. It is very true that where every body votes it is generally superfluous to provide that every body may be voted for. It is one of those things that may be safely left to the general good sense and "the course of affairs." But the proceedings in Georgia show that the opportunity for in this instance quietly remedy an actual difficulty. It will not compel any body to vote for a candidate upon the grounds of color or race, but it will prevent his exclusion from office if he is legally voted for and elected. It is a generally harmless and just now a useful superfluity. Certainly no one should not allow himself to defeat the Amendment, but we can not see why it should.

The Amendment of Mr. BINGHAM indeed has the advantage of that proposed by the Senate, that it will have the hearty support of the great mass of intelligent citizens, and raises no question as to the wisdom of the step. It permits any State to require an educational qualification; but that of creed is forbidden in the State Constitutions. Whether it be desirable to make the right of suffrage the result of education as a means of promoting general intelligence may be a question, as we suggested last week; but there can be no question that education is a prime necessity of our condition.

Ignorance is the victim of knavery, and it is ignorance which is the chief source of the corruption of politics. The immigration of the Southern laboring class was the capital of the Slavery Lords, and the strength of the rebellion. The population of New York and Brooklyn city flexible in the hands of Tammany. General intelligence is the foe of injustice and the friend of equal rights, and as intelligence increases, the power of demagogism and fraud as controlling political forces declines. An educated *class*, when it is also the class which has the exclusive political power, is always mischievous enough. The enemies of human progress have always been the aristocratic classes, and they have always been the technically educated classes. But the equal power of intellect was the ignorance of the other classes which they carefully fostered, and which their superior education enabled them to control. The difficulty is that ignorance blinds men to their own interests; and although technical education does not supply the moral sentiment it does enable men to see the relation between honesty and expediency.

Now it is a mistake to suppose that we are numerically the best-educated people in the world. That is true of parts of the country, not of the whole. At least a seventh of the population is ignorant in the technical sense, and our just boast must qualify it to the extent to the utmost the best system of schools that we have. Hardly less necessary is the duty of keeping them free from every form of sectarianism and bigotry; and, therefore, the exclusive purpose of the Roman church to obtain a separate share of the public school money must be as resolutely opposed. The Roman Church is a political party seeking to prevail under the plea of religious immunity. Its claim that a people should be religiously educated is valid, but the sophistry of the argument is the implication that public schools are to be places of religious education for which they are not intended, the real secret of the hostility of the Roman priesthood to unsectarian common schools is the consciousness that the mere contact of children themselves, the Catholic child sees that there may be every kind of excellence and superiority outside of his church; in a word, that a technical Catholic is no better than one who is not.

Whether we make voting depend upon education or not, we may be very sure that only intelligent voters will give themselves an honest and economical government, and that the only practical way of increasing intelligence is to promote education.

AMNESTY AND PARDON.

THE Judiciary Committee of the Senate has reported without hesitation that the President's Christmas proclamation of full pardon and amnesty to the late rebels was, as we have always supposed, wholly beyond his constitutional power, and it proposes a resolution to that effect. The Committee remark that of the operative words amnesty and pardon, only the latter is found in the Constitution. That instrument permits the President to grant reprieves and pardons, and the significance of those words is well settled. Pardon in English law and precedent, which we follow, relieves a party offender from punishment not already suffered for a specific crime named. It restores nothing already lost, but remits what is yet to be suffered. The power of general pardon by the sovereign was not claimed by a British sovereign after the country had a settled constitution, although it was often exercised by Parliament.

Amnesty was an act of oblivion granted by the Government to those who had been guilty of crime. So far as the public was concerned it had the same effect as if the crime had never been committed, and procured a restoration of all rights. It purified blood corrupted by attainder, which a pardon did not, and was granted to whole classes of offenders. It thus affected the crime instead of the criminal, and proceeded from the sovereign power, which in England was the King and Parliament, and in the United States is Congress with the approval of the President, or by a two-thirds vote without his approval. In the British system the power of amnesty or general pardon existed in the King, and our Constitutional Convention of 1787, restraining all royal prerogatives, did not use the word amnesty, and gave the President simply the power to grant reprieves and pardons.

These brief and clear statements of the report can not be successfully controverted, and the resolution is very much more than a form. If the President at any time and at his individual pleasure can declare a general pardon, he can dispense with the laws; and it seems to us that the Attorney-General has been altogether too swift in his decision under the proclamation. Moreover, in the present case the whole subject of reconstruction was in the management of Congress, and the country in the elections had approved that general policy. The conscience of the President was, therefore, evidently but another wanton attempt to make trouble.

THE BRITISH TREATY.

THE opinion of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, and especially of Senators SUMNER, FESSENDEN, and MORTON, should have great weight in the consideration of the British treaty. The Committee, or the Republican members, are unanimously opposed to the ratification. Mr. SUMNER is wholly opposed to it, and by the time that we go to press we may perhaps have his reasons. There is no public man in the country more familiar with the subject of international law, as it is rather studied in books, and among his great public services the speech upon the *Trent* difficulty will always remain one of the main signal. It was a speech delivered at a moment of unprecedented excitement, when so accomplished and prudent a student of international law as Mr. EVERETT justified England's seizure of SLIDELL and MASON, and when our hostility to the rebellion and hatred to England clamored for holding the rebel emissaries at any cost. But Mr. SUMNER by his comprehensive review and masterly statement of the American doctrine and precedent made us not only ready but proud to surrender them. It is a peculiar right to be heard upon this subject, and to be heard with the most respectful attention.

It seems hardly credible, as is now reported, that Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON could have made the concessions which he is said to have made, as that the Commission should meet in London; that *Alabama* claims may be settled by a unanimous vote, while for the others a majority should be sufficient; and that the *Alabama* arbitrator must be agreed upon by the governments, while in the other cases he should be chosen by lot. This, as is said, was naturally very distasteful to Mr. SEWARD, and he insisted upon a new treaty. It is certainly a favorable fact for the present treaty that Mr. SEWARD approves it, because Anglomania was never one of his tendencies. We should not be surprised if he considered the treaty as proposed a virtual surrender upon the part of England. For what is the real point at issue? Whether England shall pay for the losses arising from rebel privateers fitted out in English ports. That is the question; not whether England shall pay for our commerce destroyed, and own that she did wrong in acknowledging the rebels as belligerents. The only practical way that a government can atone for a commerce destroyed is to pay for specific losses; and the way to ascertain specific losses is to have a Commission of Inquiry.

But the great wrong of England toward us, the moral offense, can not be negotiated away. Only time can deal with that, and we do wrong to insist upon carrying that sense of moral injury into our discussion of the treaty. Of course, if the mandate of the Commission is partial, the treaty should not be ratified; and if we intend a certain settlement "any how," the commission is a farce, and the treaty useless. On the other hand, if we have specific claims for damages for definite material injury, ought we not to be willing to submit them to an impartial tribunal?

It is alleged that the treaty leaves to an umpire the decision of the gravest international question. But to this it may be answered, first, that the umpire is chosen by the Commission or determined by lot from two candidates named by it, and the Commission must be supposed to be composed of those whom we would willingly send to a congress; and, second, that the decision of the question of recognition of rebel maritime belligerency, whether for us or against us, can only seriously affect Great Britain; and in that, as we think, lies the practical surrender of the treaty.

The *Tribune* very truly remarks that the rejection of the treaty will show that "enthusiastic after-dinner speeches are not quite enough to satisfy the American people for the seizure of our lawful carriage of distress by professed friends to accomplish the destruction of our commerce." Exactly; but while that is our feeling, is any treaty or settlement possible? The Legislature of Massachusetts has taken into consideration a resolution that no treaty ought to be ratified which does not by its terms concede the liability of England. If that is the only terms indispensable, and we should refuse the offer to concede that liability indirectly, the question will merely remain open.

SUBMISSION OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

THE Senate of New York has voted to submit the new Constitution to the people at the next annual election, and the Assembly will probably concur. It has further voted to submit in like manner the suffrage; the judiciary; the taxation; and the rest in one group. If any of the three specified articles are rejected, the provisions of the present Constitution will remain. The suffrage article proposes a political equality among the male inhabitants of the State; the judiciary article will be undoubtedly accepted as the most wise and safe improvement upon the present one; and the article upon taxation, among other sections, provides that there shall be a uniform rule for the taxation of real and personal property.

The proposed Constitution, like the present one, provides for the submission to the people every twenty years of the question whether there shall be a Convention for constitutional revision. This proposition was adopted without debate, but it is a very foolish one. How could it do to have a Convention every twenty years to overhaul the Constitution of the United States? The simple and obvious method would seem to be to amend the present, as fundamental law that are found defective and not to remodel the whole. In a Convention for the purpose there is either a zeal to reform every thing on a reluctance to change any thing. As the late Convention in this State Mr. LAPHAM of Canandaigua proposed immediately after the organization to take up the present Constitution and to go through it regularly in Convention, changing only what by common consent needed change. This plan was suggested as a means of saving time. They have probably probably have been an equal delay, without the previous question which the Convention was unwilling to adopt in its early stages. Each general subject was therefore referred to a Committee, and each Committee reported an article. The changes that were made are probably improvements; but the proposition that the equalization of the suffrage could have been presented in the manner already provided.

LET THE PEOPLE ELECT THE PRESIDENT.

IN another article we have considered the defects of the present system of electing a President. The general views there expressed are confirmed by a careful paper by Mr. CHARLES F. ADAMS, read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association at Albany. The electoral machinery provided by the Constitution has, in his opinion, failed. The successful candidate in the previous election received a majority of five per cent. in the popular vote, and only forty-four per cent. in the electoral colleges. A change of less than 30,000 votes in seven States would have elected Mr. SEYMOUR President, while General GRANT would still have received a popular majority of 280,000 votes.

Mr. ADAMS's conclusive of two things: one, that the present system in a very possible emergency will defeat the will of the people in the choice of President; and the other, that, as we elsewhere show, it stimulates fraud in places where a few votes may nullify a great many in other places. It was well known to be the hope and intention of the Democratic managers possibly to decide the late election, especially to decide the State election, in the city of New York. The famous message sent into the rural districts to state virtually how many votes they wanted was the natural result of the present system. As Mr. ADAMS truly says, it remains to be seen how long the voters of Illinois, Ohio, and Massachusetts, rolling up useless majorities by scores of thousands, will stand with folded arms and calmly watch the working of a system under which one vote in the Sixth Ward of New York may outweigh fifty votes within their own borders.

The present system has no advantage whatever, and is full of plain perils. It was the suggestion and not the rights, in any honorable sense, but of State jealousies. It is a cumbrous and absurd impediment to the smooth and simple course of the Government, being a contrivance by which, when there are but two candidates, the will of the minority of the voters may prevail. The district election is an improvement upon electing a general State ticket, but the best and simplest plan is the abolition of the clumsy electoral machinery, and the direct popular vote for President.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETOES.

IN resisting special legislation in cases which should be determined by general laws Governor HOFFMAN is doing a true service. One of the serious evils of our legislation, both because of the opportunities of fraud in themselves and of the delay of really important business, is the deluge of private bills. Every man and section has an axe to grind, and it is not the business of the State to grind for each case. We observe with pleasure the distinction made by the Governor. There are vitally important cases which no general law can cover, and for the best of reasons. Governor HOFFMAN presented in his form we hope that it may be our pleasing duty still more to commend the Governor

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

THE war in Paraguay seems near its end; and we trust that the power of LOPEZ is so wholly broken that the Allies will dictate terms which shall practically complete the destruction. The tyrannical will of one man has secluded that country from all the influences of civilization; and when his offenses properly gave occasion for the interference of foreigners, it was sincerely to be wished that he would persist to his own overthrow, which we presume is practically the case now. Whether LOPEZ has escaped into the interior or will cross the ocean to Europe, as other South American tyrants have done, is of little importance, provided the settlement of the country by the Allies be made firm and secure. It is certainly of the best augury for South America that the same year which witnesses the overthrow of SANTIESTRO near the mouth of the Plata should also behold the fall of the ferocious Dictatorship of LOPEZ upon its upper waters.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just published several interesting and valuable books. Among them is "China and the Chinese," by the Rev. JOHN L. NEVIUS, for ten years a missionary in that country. It is a manual of China, describing not only the manners and customs, but the religion, philosophy, and moral and charitable systems of the nation, with chapters upon the social system, life and work in China. It is written with sympathy and good feeling, and is a very timely and convenient book, now that our relations are to become more intimate with the flowery foreigners.

Another of the late issues of the HARPERS is "Her Majesty's Tower," by WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, a skillful grouping of the events and persons of the Tower, many of whom are especially associated with the Tower "the most ancient and poetic pile in Europe." It is a striking glimpse of the tragedy of history, and the tragedy which almost seems to justify SWIFT's cynical satire, and CARLYLE's scornful contempt and impatience. The book of Mr. DIXON'S will be found peculiarly interesting, and quite invaluable to those going to London.

Since Alaska is now part of us it is well to know something of that extremity of ourselves, and Mr. FREDERICK WHYMPER'S "Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska," republished by the HARPERS, gives us that knowledge. Mr. WHYMPER accompanied "the expedition to Dutchmouth" for Vancouver Island via the Horn, and reaching Alaska he proceeds to describe the country and the people and inhabitants in a lively and entertaining strain. The novelty of the subject and the extent of the voyage, for the traveler ascended the Yukon River, with his good humor and his vigilant eye make his book capital reading.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S last novel, "He knew he was Right," Part I., is also just issued by the HARPERS, and it has all his most characteristic traits. The same fidelity to nature, the same quiet shrewdness, the same interesting plot which distinguish his other novels, will be found in this by his army of readers, who will not like it the less that it is printed in clear type and on excellent paper, and costs only thirty cents.

Our readers will not forget that the second volume of DR. BELLOWS's book of travel, "The Old World in its New Face," is now published; a book which delightfully refreshes the remembrance of the grand tour, and adds the result of the observation of a most shrewd and intelligent observer. When MONTAIGNE went into Italy he stopped at every castle to pay his respects to its lord. In like manner the Doctor pays his respects to the most conspicuous contemporary movements and persons in Europe; and although his work is necessarily desultory, it is vivid and entertaining.

The picture elsewhere in this paper of Mr. DU CHAILLU lecturing to the young folks reminds us that Mr. HARPERS have published his permanent lecture to them in a book, "Under the Equator," of which the title tells the story.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 15:

In the Senate, the Senate amendments to the joint resolution relative to suffrage were non-concurred in.

February 16:

In the Senate, a bill was passed granting lands to aid in the construction of the Green Bay and Lake Michigan Railroad. Also a bill relating to the transfer of lands from the Union Pacific to the Denver City Railway Company.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was passed.

February 17:

In the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Navy bill was agreed to. The report proposes a large reduction in the naval force and in the navy-yards. The Committee on Foreign Relations reported against purchasing a new site for the Executive Mansion. A resolution was adopted requesting the Attorney-General to furnish a list of the names of persons convicted of violating the revenue laws, and the fines attached to such convictions, and the number of actions issued for such offenses.

In the House, the Committee on Elections submitted a report in the Louisiana case declaring the seat of Mr. SCOTT, McCANDLESS, and HUNT are entitled to the seat of the contestants, respectively. The report was laid on the table.—The Bill supplementary to the National Bank law was amended in several of its sections, and then laid on the table, by 69 to 58.

February 18:

In the Senate, the House bill regulating the franking privilege was agreed to. An amendment, abolishing the franking privilege entirely after the first of July was then adopted, after which the bill was rejected and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the bill supplementary to the National Banking law was taken up, and the vote laying the bill on the table was reconsidered. After an animated debate on several amendments offered, the bill was recommitted to the Banking Committee, with instructions to report back, forthwith the first three sections of the bill, striking out Secretary's restrictive fourth section, and it was agreed to without division. The bill was then with much regularity put through and was passed by a vote of 106 yeas to 77 nays.—At the evening session the bill on the Louisiana election bill was resumed. An amendment, offered by Mr. Hodges, was agreed to. It restores the power to the county registrars to thirty, and consolidates the original bill with the amendment.

February 19:

In the House, Mr. Blaine's amendment to the Army Appropriation bill was adopted; it contemplates the reduction of the army to twenty regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and five of artillery, and provides that no appropriations in the bill for pay shall be paid to made until further action of Congress. The amendments making appropriations for special purposes were agreed to, and the bill then passed.—The Committee of Conference on the bill to reduce the Navy and the Marine Corps submitted a report, which was agreed to. It provides for a gradual reduction of the corps by absorption.

February 20:

In the House, the Suffrage Amendment was considered. The Senate amendment to the Conference bill reported by the Senate 40 to 16—which declares that the right of citizens of the United States to vote and hold office shall not be denied or abridged by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. This amendment was agreed to 140 to 35.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Syracuse shorter election resulted in a decided Republican triumph.

The Kiowa Indians have all come into the reservation at the Wichita Agency, in accordance with the demands of General Sheridan. The Comanches and Arrapahoes are expected to be at the same point, and it is expected that these three belligerent tribes will soon be peacefully located on the lands set apart for them.

Dr. J. Sims will shortly lecture in the Academy in this city. His lectures are scientific and relate to gynecology. They have attracted great interest. Dr. Sims makes a lecturing tour West this spring.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Constitutional Cortes of Spain have requested Prime Minister Serrano to rearrange the Cabinet. The Minister of Justice has submitted a plan for establishing a uniform system of jurisprudence, abolishing ecclesiastical courts, and declaring universal toleration important reform. An unsuccessful attempt was made on February 16 to assassinate General PRIM. The Duke de Montpensier has been permitted to return to Spain as a private citizen.

Late advices from Cuba indicate that the insurrection is rapidly spreading throughout the island. Havana itself is practically in a state of siege, although not officially declared so. Many Americans in the revolt is raised the incentricities are joined by large numbers of recruits, and every sparking for weal or woe. The rebels are forced to abandon their labors and seek safety within the fortified strong-holds. Many Americans have been entirely deserted by both owners and overseers, and crops are spoiling for want of labor.

The new British Parliament was formally opened February 9. The Queen's speech announced troubles the country on the reign of peace; hopes that the possibility might exist to exist between the United States and Great Britain may be established on a broad basis; and announced the speedy introduction of a bill for new administration.

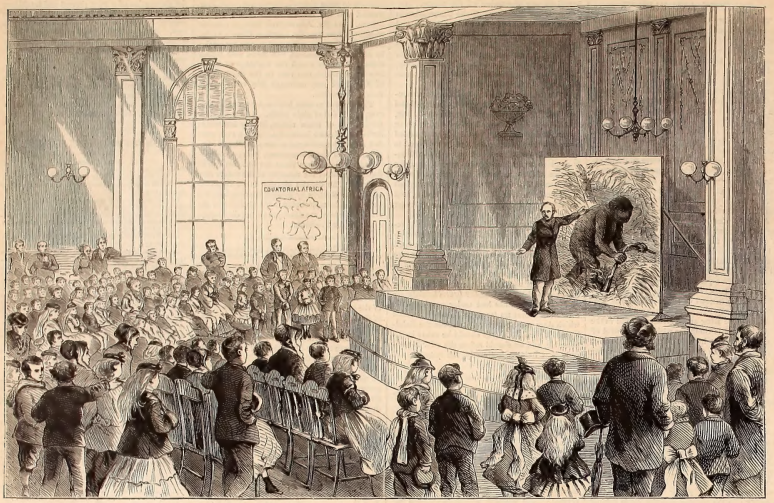
The reported reservation of Aesuncion by the Paraguayan army, and subsequent flight of President Lopez, is confirmed by later advices from Rio Janeiro.

Public meetings of a somewhat extraordinary nature have recently been held in France, at which resentments have been expressed in favor of the abolition of the power of the Senate and of the Legislature. The Emperor has consequently abolished the privilege of the people to assemble in public meetings.

A dreadful disaster occurred recently on board the steamer Ville-de-Boulogne, by which the whole saloon took place in the powder magazine, completely blowing up the ship and killing nearly all the officers and crew.

The Mikado of Japan retains ex-Lieutenant Grinnell, an American, as Chief of his Naval Bureau, and has appointed General Paul Frank, an American officer, General-in-Chief of the Japanese army, at a salary of $20,000 per year.

Mr. Daniel A. Lange, English representative of the Suez Canal Company, advertises officially that the Canal will be opened to general navigation on October of this year. Its width will be 72 feet at bottom, 295 feet at top, and its depth 26 feet.



MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU LECTURING TO THE YOUNG FOLKS OF BOSTON.

DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MR. DU CHAILLU—the celebrated African explorer—has, at least so far as young folks are concerned, taken the front rank among our popular lecturers. His series of three lectures recently delivered in the Horticultural Hall at Boston were attended by thousands of young people, and were a remarkable success. Mr. DU CHAILLU is peculiarly well fitted for a popular lecturer. In the first place he has something to say, and what he says is new. He adds to the stock of human information. His style is inimitable. Interesting as are his printed works, as compared with those of other travelers, his lectures, delivered as he delivers them, are still more interesting.

We give on this page an illustration showing this famous traveler as he appeared when addressing his youthful auditors in Boston. "It is saying but little," says the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, "to state that the lecturer was successful in his efforts to interest his eager auditors. There has not for many years been a lecturer who so completely delighted his audience; and both old and young were equally interested and instructed. DU CHAILLU has the happy faculty of living over again in speech the adventures of his career as a traveler; he becomes so absorbed in his relation of hunting wild beasts that there was no one in the hall who did not catch his enthusiasm. It was very interesting to see the hundreds of boys and girls who sat before him leaning forward, with half-open mouths and sparkling eyes, as he unfolded his large cartoons and depicted the scenes that they portrayed."

The subjects of these lectures related to the animals, vegetation, villages, and people of the interior of Africa. We understand that the interest excited by them will lead to the establishment of a "Young Folks' Lyceum" at Boston. We have not space to give any detailed report of MR. DU CHAILLU'S lectures; but, as he will probably be invited to deliver them in all our large cities, we advise all our young readers to hear them for themselves, and also to read his charming books, "The Ashango Land," "The Gorilla Country," and "Wild Life under the Equator." MR. DU CHAILLU'S lecture on "Races and Types of Mankind" has been highly appreciated by our most learned SAVANS.

GRAND MASQUERADE CARNIVAL AT THE SKATING RINK, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

A VELOCIPEDE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A VELOCIPEDE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE velocipede, which is just at this moment so popular in New York, was brought to the city just *fifty years* ago! It was supposed to be the invention of a German nobleman, Baron CHARLES DE DRAIS, who used it while performing his official duties as master of the woods and forests belonging to the Grand-Duke of Baden. They were for a long time called the Draisina, from the inventor; and on their introduction into England, at the beginning of the present century, the greatest possible expectations were created with regard to their usefulness and speed. The nature and properties of the machine were thus set forth: 1. That on a well maintained post-road they would travel up a hill as fast as a man could walk. 2. On a plain, even after a heavy rain, they would go six or seven miles an hour. 3. When the roads were dry and firm they would run on a plain at the rate of eight miles an hour. 4. On a descent they would equal a horse at full speed. By examining our illustration, which is taken from a picture published by ACKERMAN of London in 1819, it will be perceived that it is precisely the same thing we now call the velocipede, except in the crank or "treadle. The English called these machines "Hobby-horses" and "Dandy Horses;" they were introduced into this city under the first-mentioned name. They were described in advertisements of the day as "consisting of two wheels, one behind the other, connected by a perch, on which a saddle is placed as a seat. The front wheel is made to turn on a pivot guided by a curved lever or rudder, which comes up to the hands; the fore-arms *rest on a cushion in front*, in this position, both hands holding the rudder firmly, the machine and traveler are preserved in equilibrio."

The sporting gentry of England for a while cultivated the velocipede; but Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and persons of his style finally pronounced against them, and they soon descended to the vulgar level of playthings for young people, and ceased to be regarded in any other light than a toy or hobby. While the fever did last a shoemaker of London made some money by the manufacture of a strong shoe with a bit of iron at the toe, which greatly aided the feet of the "velocipeders" as they went over the ground.

On their introduction into New York our excitable citizens went into an ecstasy of astonishment and delight. The manufacturers for a time could not apparently meet the demand. Very desperate contests at nightfall used to run them up the Bowery to Vauxhall Garden, and other more desperate people ventured on them down the hill that led from the head of Chatham Street to the City Hall Park. There was a place opened for their exhibition somewhere near Bowling Green; but in the highest point of the fever it was terribly broken by a *wet blanket*, the application of which is thus detailed in the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, a weekly paper now lying before us, published corner of Chatham and Dunne streets, by WOODWORTH & HYRETES, on Saturday, August 9, 1819:

"VELOCIPEDE HOAX.—Some mischievous wag on Saturday last caused printed hand-bills to be distributed announcing that on Monday at 5 o'clock precisely a velocipede would start from the head of Chatham Square, and proceed to St. Paul's Church in less than two minutes, and that it would afterward be exhibited in the Park, etc. Notwithstanding the rain on Monday the people began to collect at an early hour, so that before 5 o'clock Chatham Street was literally crowded from one end to the other. Every window from the basement to the attic was thrown open, and filled with the beautiful heads of ladies and children, exposed to an incessant searching mist, which robbed their lovely tresses of every curl which the morning's industry had created. But female fortitude and curiosity combined are not to be shaken by winds or weather. For more than an hour did the throng continue to increase, until it was almost impossible to pass the street with, or without a velocipede. In the mean time the Park was also crowded, and the City Hall exhibited the appearance of a gala-day. It is needless to say that no velocipede appeared."

In the same publication of the preceding week we find the following interesting account of a newly-invented velocipede for ladies, then building by "a distinguished artist:"

"It is to have beams, or bodies on springs, and four wheels which will insure its safety. It is to quarter on the road like other carriages, and with four *velocifers*, it is supposed that it will proceed with astonishing rapidity; but its peculiar recommendation is to be the conveyance of two ladies and two *velocifers*, at the rate of six miles an hour."

We are at a loss to know what the "distinguished artist manufacturer" meant by *velocifers*, unless the modern treadle, which is probably the case.

The velocipede mania of 1819 soon died out in New York, and the people who had purchased machines at high prices sold them much less than cost, or gave them away as playthings for grown-up boys. Time must decide whether history is to repeat itself with regard to the present velocipede mania. At present, however, there seems to be no danger of any diminution in the interest taken in this curious machine, of which a single agency in this city has prepared seventy patents for improvements!

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY INSTRUCTIONS.

My friend did not keep his self-made appointment with me at breakfast, nor did I see him for two days, when we met in the street. "I have gone over to the enemy," said he, "I have taken an engagement with Bettmeyer: six thousand florins and all expenses—silver florins, mon cher; and if you're wise," added he, in a whisper, "you'll follow my lead. Shall I say a word for you?" I thanked him coldly, and declined the offer.

"All right, stick to gratitude, and you'll see where it will land you," said he, gayly. "I've send you half a dozen letters to friends of mine up yonder," and he pointed toward the North.

"You'll find Hunyadi an excellent fellow, and the countess charming; don't make love to her, though, for Tasnay is a regular Othello. As for the Erdödis, I only wish I was going there instead of you—such pheasants, such woodcock such Tokay, their own vintage. Once you're down in Transylvania, write me word whom you'd like to know. They're all dear friends of mine. By-the-way, don't make any blunder about that Hunyadi contract. The people here will want you to break it —don't on any account. It's the finest bargain ever was made; splendid timber, magnificent bark, and the cuttings alone worth all the money." He rattled out this with his own headlong speed, and was gone before I well knew I had seen him. That evening I was ordered to Herr Oppovich's house to receive my last instructions. The old man was asleep on a sofa as I entered, and Sara seated at a table by the fire, deeply engaged in accounts.

"Sit down, Herr Owen—she had given us calling me Von Owen—" and I will speak to you in a minute."

I was not impatient at the delay, for I had time to gaze at her silken hair, and her faultless profile, and the beautiful outline of her figure, as, leaning her head on her hand, she bent over the table.

"I can not make this come right—are you clever at figures?" asked she.

"I can not say it is my gift, but I will do my best to aid you." And now we were seated side by side, poring over the same page, and as she had placed one taper finger next the col- umn of figures I did so likewise, thinking for less of the arithmetic than of the chance of touching her hand with mine.

"These figures are somewhat confusing," she said. "Let us begin at the top—fourteen hundred and six hundred make two thousand, and twelve hundred, three thousand two hundred—now is this a seven or a three?"

"I'd say a three."

"I've called it a seven, because M. Marsac usually writes his sevens in this way."

"These are De Marsac's, then?" asked I.

"And why 'De,' may I ask?" said she, quickly; "why not Marsac, as I called him?"

"I took his name as he gave it me."

"You know him, then? Oh, I had forgotten —he called on you the night he came. Have you seen him since?"

"Only passingly, in the street."

"Had he time to tell you that he has been dismissed?"

"Yes, he said he was now in Mr. Bettmeyer's office."

"Shall I tell you why?" she stopped, and her cheek became crimson, while her eyes sparkled with an angry fire that actually startled me; "but let us finish this. Where were we?" she now leaned her head down upon her hands, and seemed overcome by her emotion. When she looked up again her face was perfectly pale, and her eyes sad and weariful. "I am afraid we shall wake him," said she, looking toward her father; "come into this room here. So this man has been talking of us?" cried she, as soon as we had passed into the adjoining room. "Has he told you how he has requited all my father's kindness? how he has repaid his trustfulness and faith in him? Speak freely if you wish me to regard you as a friend."

"I would that you might, Fräulein. There is no name I would do so much to win."

"But you are a gentleman, and with noble blood. Could you stoop to be the friend of"—here she hesitated, and, after an effort, added, "a Jew?"

"Try me, prove me," said I, stooping till my lips touched her hand.

She did not withdraw her hand, but left it in mine, as I pressed it again and again to my lips.

"He told you, then," said she, in a half whisper, "that our house was on the brink of ruin; that in a few weeks, or even less, my father would not face the exchange—did he not say this?"

"I will tell you all," said I; "for I know you will forgive me when I repeat what will offend you to hear, but what it is safer you should hear."

And, in the fewest words I could, I related what Marsac had told me of the house and its difficulties. When I came to that part which represented Oppovich as the mere agent of the great Parisian banker—whose name I was not quite sure of—I faltered and hesitated.

"Go on," said she, gently. "If he told you that Baron Nathanheimer was about to withdraw his protection from us?"

I slightly bent my head in affirmation.

"But did he say why?"

"Something there was of rash enterprise, of speculation unauthorized and—"

"Of an old man with failing faculties," said she, in the same low tone; "and of a young girl, little versed in business, but self-confident and presumptuous enough to think herself equal to supply his place. I have no doubt he was very much on this head. He wrote to Paris also, who sent me his letter—the letter he wrote of us while eating our bread. It was not handsome of him—was it, Sir?"

I can give no idea, not the faintest, of the way she said these few words, nor of the ineffable scorn of her look, while her voice remained calm and gentle as ever.

"No. It was not handsome."

She nodded to me to proceed, and I continued:

"I have told you nearly every thing; for of himself and his banefulness—"

"Oh! do not tell me of that. I am in no laughing mood, and I would not like to hear of it. What did he say of the Hunyadi affair?"

"Nothing, or next to nothing. He offered me letters of introduction to Count Hunyadi; but beyond that there was no mention of him."

She arose as I said this, and walked slowly up and down the room. I saw she was deep in thought, and was careful not to disturb or distract her. At last she opened a writing-desk, and took out a roll of papers fastened by a tape.

"These," said she, "you will take with you, and carefully read over. They are the records of a transaction that is now involving us in great trouble, and which may prove more than trouble. M. Marsac has been indeed—how we shall not stop to inquire—to contract for the purchase of an extensive wood belonging to Graf Hunyadi: the price, half a million of francs. We delayed to ratify an agreement of such moment until each party assured of the value of the timber; and, while we deliberated on the choice of the person to send down to Hungary, we have received from our correspondent at Vienna certain bills for acceptance in payment of the purchase. You follow me, don't you?"

"Yes. As I understand it, the bargain was assumed to be ratified?"

"Just so."

She paused; and, after a slight struggle with herself, went on:

"The contract, legally drawn up and complete in every way, *was* signed; not, however, by my father, but by my brother. You have heard, perhaps, that I have a brother. Bad companionship, and a yielding disposition, have led him into evil, and for some years we have not seen him. Much misfortune has come to him; but none greater, perhaps, than his meeting with Marsac; for, though Adolf has done many things, he would not have gone thus far without the promptings of this bad man."

"Was it his own name he wrote?" asked I.

"No. It was my father's!" and she faltered at the word; and as she spoke it her head fell heavily forward, and she covered her face with her hands.

She rallied however quickly, and went on:

MY INSTRUCTIONS.]

"We now know that the timber is not worth one-fourth of its large sum. Baron Elsa himself has seen it, and declares that we have been duped or—worse. He insists that we rescind the contract, or accept all its consequences. The one is hopeless—the other ruin. Meanwhile, the Baron suspends further relations with us, and heavy acceptances of ours will soon press for payment. I must not go into this," said she, hurriedly. "You are very young to charge with such a mission; but I have great faith in your loyalty. You will not wrong our trust?"

"That I will not."

"You will go to Graf Hunyadi, and speak with him. He—as many of his countrymen are—a man of high and generous feeling, he will not bring ruin upon us, when our only alternative will be to denounce our acts. You are very young; but you have habits of the world and society. No—I am not seeking to learn a secret; but you know enough to make your compunctions and acceptable, where any others in our employ would be indadmissible. At all events, you will send us the sum of our we have to deal with, and you will report to me at once."

"I am not to tell him how this signature has been obtained?" asked I, awaiting the reply.

"That would be to denounce the contract at once!" cried she, as though this thought had for the first time struck her. "You know the penalty of a forgery here? It is the galleys for life. He must be sent at all events. No! you can," cried she, eagerly, "I can give you no instructions! I have none to give. When I say, I trust you—I have told you all."

"Has Herr Ignaz not said how he would wish me to act?"

"My father knows nothing of it all! Nothing. You have seen him, and you know how little he is able now to cope with a difficulty. The very sense that his difficulties are not his own very overcomes him, even to tears."

Up to this she had spoken with a calm firmness that had in a touch of almost sternness to her manner, but at the mention of her poor father's condition her courage gave way, and she turned away and hid her face, but her convulsed shoulders showed how her emotion was overcoming her. I took her hand, and she took mine hand in both my own. She left it to me while I kissed it again and again.

"Oh, how I despised rather than spoke, "if you knew how devoted I am to you, if you know how willingly I would give my very life for you, you would not think your confidence ill-placed at this hour. Your trust in me has made me forget how lowly I am, and how humble—to forget all that separates us, even to telling that I love you. Give me one word—only one—of hope; or, if not that, let your dear hand but close on mine, and I am your knight forever."

She never spoke, however, and her cold fingers returned no pressure to mine.

"I love you; I love you!" I muttered, as I covered her hand with kisses.

"There! Do you not hear?" cried she, suddenly. "Ulric is calling me."

"Sara, Sara! Where is Sara?" cried the old nunn, in a weak, reedy voice.

"I am coming, father," said she. "Good-by, Digby; remember that I trust you!"

She waved me back with hand, with a faint, sad smile, she moved away. As she reached the door, however, she turned, and, with a look of kindly meaning, said, "Trust you in all things!"

I sprang forward to clasp her to my heart, but the door closed on her, and I was alone!

TOO HARD ON THE LINE.

On a certain pleasant morning Burleigh came down into Hesperia's drawing-room with a sober face. He was not a jealous man, nor to have one's fiancée impudently flirting under one's very nose demands some course of action, if a man is not quite so. But the ladies had become involved with him maliciously; and whether the ring on Frank Fayal's chain was or was not Lucy's material little, as it was popularly supposed to be long to that young lady. Patience he had tried, with an expectation of shaming her by magnanimity. But that requires a certain moral development to comprehend magnanimity. Had Burleigh stormed like Blue Beard and Rochester rolled in one Lucy would have experienced a genuine respect for him, and liked him all the better. As it was he retreated behind his pride, when he talked of trust and loyalty, and indulged herself in growing contempt for what she esteemed his lack of spirit.

And so Burleigh came down determined on reason with her.

Now he loved her was bad enough for a sensible man like Burleigh. The man has magnanimous with her was worse. But to reason with her was madness of all. Preposterously folly! A genuine throwing away of pearls before—Oh. I am not going to say what you have in your mind. And I only mean by "jewel of gold in a swine's snout," to which Solomon likens "the fair woman without discretion."

As usual, before breakfast Lucy sat in Flirtation Nook. So Hesperia had dubbed it, and her frolicsome mood was to come to make the title good. It was, in fact, only a bay-window contained off from the drawing-room and furnished with a fauteuil, a flower-stand, and a bust of Psyche. But what had not that Psyche seen in those few short weeks! Hesperia had there that winter, besides what she termed her "miscellanies," her madcap cousins Lucy and Dot, who, with Burleigh and Fayal, had entered into an alliance of offence and defence, and were known as the Square Party. And they flirted so enormously and glaringly that people said it was a matrimonial party—as it is certain that Lucy and Burleigh were engaged; but Lucy flirted with Fayal, and Dot laughed and was sweet on Whitney Gilbert, known as the Bait in Hesperia's circle, because of his millions. Who can tell how matters stood in those days? It is enough for us to know that Burleigh found Lucy in Flirtation Nook.

If my reader is clever in drawing conclusions, she—I say "she" for I know that *he* won't read me—she has already concluded that I am not at all in love with my heroine, and is quite right in so deciding. At my time of life hearts and heads are tough alike; and I have learned what we all learn by the time we are forty, to wait, and the lesson is of no particular use to us—not to rely on my eyes! Old fellows like me arrive at a horrible spirit of analysis. The blue or the brown of an eye is only so much coloring matter; ivory, white or clear *brune*—is only so much buffer, that will one day wrinkle. Lovely outlines are only so much muscle, nitrogen, sulphur, what not? Shows no mounting wonderful in the sun, but only than muscle and coloring—both so perishable!

But men of Burleigh's age! I—oh, to him Lucy's pink cheeks and fair, curly head were innocence! Under her broad, smooth forehead could lurk no guile. Her soft blue eyes bewildered him. A touch of the long golden tress hanging over her shoulder sent the blood whirling through his veins. Fresh and young, single there in her white frock and blue sash, she was immortal youth and beauty, smiling sancy defiance at the mouses outside and their analogies. And, vanquished at every sight, Burleigh bent over her to be pettishly pushed away.

"No; you shall not kiss me," said Lucy, pouting. "Did you ever see such an ogre or a bear; and I don't like bears, Burleigh."

This brought Burleigh back to his intention of trying reason.

"Neither do I like coquettes," he replied, sitting down by her and looking at her with a very serious face. "They are unwholesome bears, Lucy."

"Yes; the old story. You are jealous. I cannot imagine what you mean. I think you are a Turk at heart, Sir; and, if you could have your way, I should peep out at life from behind a harem lattice," cries Lucy, raising her head, "and never step out unless enveloped in a yashmac."

"Not even when people shrug their shoulders and sneer at you," replied Burleigh, with rising irritation, "and indignant when you place me in the ridiculous position of a man who society expects to be jealous. If that has any connection with hattices and yashmacs I admit that I am a Turk."

"Just as I said! Poor Frank and I exchange a dozen words, and you look daggers for the rest of the evening. Is that Christian? Is it the best partner in the room, and you are indignant because—"

"No," interrupted Burleigh, eagerly. "I could not be jealous of you in this degrading fashion. I only wish you to ask yourself seriously—"

"But I do not wish to ask myself any thing seriously; for, knowing that she has the worst of the argument, she becomes herself in a double childishness. "I know nothing about reasoning and considering."

"But dear—"

"I hate duty. I always did. You make me think of Cato, pulling off a shoe, and I can't and now I hope I may look in what direction I choose;" and with a sweeping reverence Lucy took her fairy self out of reach.

Natural result of trying to reason with a thoroughly unreasonable being; and a very lucky man was Burleigh to escape from further marriage, though he did not think so at that moment, but sat astounded. To have discovered that his idol was heartless, unconscious, and ungenerous seemed to him a very dismal business.

"This great advantage, however, had Burleigh, in common with most of the men in his displayal love. He was habitually self-controlled, and whatever he felt, not the quiver of a muscle betrayed him. Lucy knew that he was angry with vexation when people looked for his missing ring, and her spite at him grew every day. Do we her confidante; and while Burleigh rode and walked, recklessly indifferent where, trying to rid of the sense of love tugging at his heart, the two were closeted together in devising vengeance. Burleigh never was in greater danger.

Coming home one of his long tramps, Burleigh found a letter on his table.

"One of your letters, Sir," explained Jim. "I found it in a sweeping out, Sir."

The edges of the paper were eaten with fire, and discolored, showing that it had been in the flames. Burleigh stood, remembering that he had burned letters; but Jim had declared that this was his letter, and, with that touching faith in the word of man's place in positive assertion, he opened it, and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—I am, you say, to describe my life here accurately. I am to tell you how I live, and all down faithfully. But of what life would you have me speak? Of the hour I pass in bed, and the groups I wear? Unless a life may consist in pulling on the boots every morning, my days have no duration. Hesperia is kind to me; it is her nature, and I am her cousin. Nobody here is uncivil. Her guests are ladies and gentlemen. And yet I never was sadder! I must say it out: I am restless and dissatisfied. I am a stone in every body's eyes; and I can not lie quietly, and bear the everyday wear and tear, like other stones, because I have the longing, and I have the power to feel the sense of beauty. Where if some one would but find it out to me.

"I—but there were [illegible] days, when they remember me; but that is not often. I am so neutral a tint, that I remarked to-day, with a smile, and not beautiful! It is right, I suppose, it is quite natural. Yet I am filled with a devouring envy and jealousy. I could forgive a lifeless stone to the feeble clatter that these feeble belles offer for conversation. I am like the ugly princess of the fairy tales, with this spell laid upon me that I can never attract or shine unless I am first sure that love is my listener. And, sitting in my deep loneliness, I see women guarded by the reverence and admiration of men whom they can not even comprehend, and receiving such protection and worship as I crave.

"In right of what, I wonder? It is a trick of red and white in the cheek, a roundish arm, a well-cut nose, a flounce and a train that alone may rightly claim such homage. And I—I am a woman! I am a woman's crown, and till she enters on the empire of some heart I am but the mockery of myself dissatisfied people. And I rebel against the flimsy barriers between me and my inheritance. I rebel against Lucy, struggle for your portion of life's good; the world belongs to him who takes it; refuse to sit in coldness and neutrality, shadow, and accept universal neglect. Brave words, my dear, brave words! And I—I cannot tell myself as much. But there is the habit of being forgotten; and I have denied myself. I have never yet believed in despise, and of the laughing eyes with which they would regard me if I were to attempt to shine in society. The struggle is too unequal! It is easier to submit. I submit, and yet if there is ever an opening in the talk for me, I am brilliant. I am all the things I go by; and no doubt I shall always sign myself,

"Yours, faithfully,

"ALICE AINSLEIGH."

This remarkable letter was indorsed in the same hand in which it was written, "sentimental and feeble—rather pretty," and had evidently been thrown in the fire. As evidently it had never been answered by Burleigh. But some balance it had received and found its way to him was of course a mystery. There was a Mrs Ainsleigh, but Burleigh could not recall a Christian name of her face; partly because, till the last few days, he had been under the impression that Lucy filled all the places in his conversations. Now, on reading her letter, he felt some such curiosity concerning Miss Ainsleigh as you would about the six stones which you walk over every day, if you had just learned that the Koh-i-noor was imbedded in one of them.

Quite unconscious of his interest, Miss Ainsleigh sat in a corner, with her crochet, very much as the letter had said. She was a delicate woman, and, owing to no means have looked her twenty-eight years if it had not been for the extreme gravity of her face. Her mouth was small, but sweet-looking enough. Her eyes were gray, very soft, and very dark. Her reddish-brown hair, parted evenly on a well-shaped forehead, and was brushed very smoothly, too smoothly for her beauty, over her ears. She had no color, but was of a fair white—not sickly. Her figure seemed rather tall, but firmly. The little foot resting on the stool was neatly slippered. The ruffle of her skirt, the handkerchief in her lap, were fine and delicate. A dainty lily of a woman," thought Burleigh; "needing only a little flush of happiness to bloom into a beauty."

And that was the end of an exceedingly thing it is to think well of yourself; and how much better to say at once that you are a fool, and be at rest. Up to that morning Burleigh had met Miss Ainsleigh three times a day, at least, and had never once thought of her.

He made his way toward her. Nobody else saw her. The talk was of a drive to be taken, but in flowed about for an hour about a rock. Nobody expected her to have any interest in the excursion, and she sat patiently silent, her eyes fixed on her needle.

"You say nothing," said a pleasant voice in her neighborhood. "Do you dislike driving? May I offer you a seat behind my horses? I can assure you they are gentle."

Miss Ainsleigh went on calmly with her work. Reasons and explanations taught her that no such speech could be addressed to her.

"Miss Ainsleigh!" urged the voice.

Then, looking up, surprised, and looked up at Burleigh with an amusing astonishment, and, as plainly as eyes could speak, her eyes said:

"This is me! Are you quite in your right mind?"

"Will you go?" repeated Burleigh, doing his best to look unconscious of her stare.

A little titter reached Miss Ainsleigh. Lucy and Dot, nearly in hysterics at the great spectacle of Burleigh humbling your her class.

"I shall be very happy," she said, demurely, thinking to herself the while, "I see; a love quarrel. Well, I am sure I have no part in it." figure, and I shall enjoy the drive." So she went, and was quite at her ease. Why should a man figure in love affairs? She possessed a quiet and great faculty, hearty enjoyment of small pleasures. Her contentment was so thorough that it was almost self-reflection. But her companionship relieved his bitter thinking. After the drive he came to sit beside her. The next day he would have to ride again. Before very long he found himself thinking, since his own happiness was destroyed, why not make hers: on the principle that some lovers fall to practising the sick, and others go out as missionaries. Quite unconscious to herself, somewhat surprised, Miss Ainsleigh received him with quiet serenity. All his attentions she attributed to the evident quarrel with Lucy, and herself that evening could look any morning to see them reconciled, and cooing together in Flirtation Nook.

But she did not believe how she should relish the spectacle? The part even of a lay figure has its dangers. Burleigh was a winning man. She had enjoyed his talk and his attentions immensely. Most significant sign of all, she was growing courageous. She bantered Burleigh, and contradicted and teased him, and grew quite merry and spirit. What magician is it that works such miracles? Miss Ainsleigh was old enough to know.

For Lucy—she made a bouquet every morning for Fayal's button-hole, and fastened it there. She tied away his whiskers and arrayed him in her hat. She leaned on his arm, and looked up into his face, and looked down again, all under Burleigh's eyes. It was excruciating, but a mistake, dear coquettes, one and all. Your real power over a man will always be in exact proportion to the extent of his belief in you! And so some day Dot, who was much cleverer than Lucy, said to her,

"I never saw any thing so ridiculous, but I think Burleigh is getting in earnest about that old maid. You had better tell him about that letter or it will be too late."

"Nonsense!" said Lucy, sharply.

Miss Ainsleigh and Burleigh had arrived at that stage when such is attained as a woman yet can find nothing to say. Miss Ainsleigh prophesied rain. Burleigh denied it. Silence. Miss Ainsleigh looked about the room, saw the canary, and made a neat little speech on birds. Burleigh said "yes" and "no" in the wrong places, and created a second silence, and Miss Ainsleigh's heart began to beat very fast, when Lucy entered, and with that graceful unconsciousness of another woman's presence to civility which some young ladies exhibit, she laid her hand on Burleigh's arm, saying,

"I am afraid I bring you disengaged. I want to speak with you," and drew him out into the hall.

The reconciliation had come; and the poor lay figure? Were the shadows deepening about her, sitting motionless by the fire, half as dark as that falling over her life?

Lucy drew Burleigh into the hall. A soft twilight reigned there, and it could hardly be said that they had leaned heavily on any one or not as they walked up and down the marble pavement. She was looking her loveliest. She was wearing a most beautiful young woman, and she felt herself irresistible. She looked up at Burleigh. He was quiet and grave, waiting to hear what she had to say. She hesitated, and pressed her little hands on his arm—experience taught her that might go further than many arguments —and began thus:

"Burleigh, I have a confession to make, but you must promise me not to be angry."

"How can I promise that till I know the offense?" asked Burleigh, in a crushing, matter-of-fact way, for he was a little afraid of this confession.

"How grim you are, Burleigh! You did not use to be so severe with me."

At this ferocious picture of himself being severe with such a very pretty young woman, Burleigh felt himself relenting; but by some trick of memory recalled Lucy tying away Fayal's whiskers, and hardened his heart.

"I am very sorry blunt and rude. What was it you wished to say?"

"It was about a letter"—Lucy's confidence decidedly on the wane—"which I—you know I have written it, but Dot and I only thought of it as a joke. I never did like Miss Ainsleigh. She was so ill-natured, and I felt just a little spiteful at you. Dot composed it and I copied it, and we burned it a little to pretend it had been in the fire, and gave her a few dollars to say he found it in sweeping out your room, to make you read it. And I told Hesperia the other day what a fib Miss Ainsleigh had written about us, and said I had done such a dreadful thing, and that I must tell you! And I thought I never could do it; and—will you forgive me, Burleigh?"

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Burleigh, radiant, "I have never so delighted. You have relieved my last doubt. I couldn't quite reconcile it with the refinement and delicacy of Miss Ainsleigh's manner that she should have written that letter."

"Oh! very well: I am glad I do," pouted Lucy; but Burleigh scarcely looked at her, and evidently was not thinking of her at all. She took her hand from his arm. He made no effort to detain her. She turned away from him. He went back to the room where he had left Miss Ainsleigh. She had risen.

Miss Ainsleigh sat quiet in the shadow as he had left her, only it was now so dark that he could distinguish her figure. Perhaps that was the reason that he seated himself so near her.

"I think I could see your face," he said, and there was a thrill and tremble in his voice new to her. "I have something to tell you. Something to ask you."

"I know," she said, trying to nerve herself.

"You know?"

"I have always foreseen that you would one day be reconciled. I am very glad for you!"

Very glad? Oh, Miss Ainsleigh! all the fits were not laid at Lucy on that memorable evening.

"Reconciliation!" echoed Burleigh. "Of what are you talking? My question concerns myself. It is to know whether you know why I have so persistently haunted you of late?"

"No," she answered, trying to speak with indifference, "I guess there have arisen among men a new order of Don Quixotes, sworn to the service of elderly spinsters and undesirable femininity in general."

"Then you never thought," questioned Burleigh, taking her hand, "that I was the most selfish of men, and was continually with you because—I love you."

Miss Ainsleigh started violently, but she made no answer.

"Speak," he pleaded, raising her hands to his lips. "Tell me that you will be my wife."

"I will not," answered Miss Ainsleigh, low and distinct.

"You will not?"

"No."

Burleigh sat dumb. He loved this woman, and honored her, yet there had always been upon him a certain sense of sacrifice. "It was for her happiness," he had told himself, and he had never canvassed the possibility of a rejection. Now that she did reject him, he discovered, in his bitter and overwhelming disappointment, how very much he loved.

"Understand," she said, turning toward him

as he sat motionless beside her; "I could love you with heart and soul. Your love might be, would be, Paradise to me. But poor and plain and lonely as I am, I will not take Paradise itself as an alms thrown to me by a reckless, disappointed affection."

"No!" said Burleigh, as eager as he had been downcast; "but do you refuse to make Paradise for me? Did not I tell you that I was selfish? I ask you to make my happiness. I love you. Plain? Then I love your sweet face. Lonely? Then you are lovely! You said you could love me with heart and soul. Only love me as I love you, and I ask nothing better."

"Beg pardon," said Jim's voice in the door; "but the bell have rung three times for supper."

One word, whispered Burleigh, "before we go. Say yes."

And some one near him murmured "yes." Probably it was Miss Ainsleigh. For I heard Hesperia saying shortly after,

"I never was so surprised. Alice is a nice person, a clever woman; but that she should marry Burleigh! I am not sure if I remembered to congratulate them, for I really felt as if I were dreaming. What could he see in her?"

Lucy married the Bait, Whitney Gilbert. Dot became Mrs. Finch. Both ladies are fond of quoting Mrs. Burleigh. For the moral, it there is any, old Mrs. Hubbard drew it for the benefit of her absent daughter.

"And, after all, you must never feel quite sure," said Mrs. Hubbard, "till the knot is fairly tied, how many strange things may turn up. There is Mrs. Gilbert, she that was Lucy Simpson. She might once have married Burleigh. She was smartly engaged to him; but he proved to be perverse, and he slipped through her fingers, fell dead in love with his present wife. Oh! you can tell stories about her now. She is mightily improved, a very fine woman; but in those days she had only two grooms to her back, and was quite an old maid. Nobody thought of taking her out. And he—raved about her—and is as fond of her now as ever. There is a great deal in luck, my dear. Remember that! And when you have your fish well hooked, don't strain too hard on your line. Time enough to wallop him when you get him safe to shore."

CARNIVAL AT THE BUFFALO SKATING-RINK.

THE skating-rink at Buffalo is one of the largest in the country. It was recently the scene of a most excellent masquerade skating carnival which we illustrate on page 148. The rice was crowded with a throng of skaters of both sexes, and a very imaginative costuming of them; there was a large attendance of spectators, filling the immense building to its utmost capacity. When all were on the ball simultaneously and the masks were laid aside it was a decidedly interesting spectacle; for the ladies of Buffalo, and especially those of them that skate, are unsurpassed in beauty by any in the world.

The rink is one after Mr. Heaver's patent, and an interview with this one at Buffalo would represents all the institutions of the sort in this country, and will therefore be interesting to all of our readers who enjoy skating.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE collections of living animals, now popularly known as Zoological Gardens, are of considerable antiquity. We read of such gardens in China as far back as 2000 years; but they consisted chiefly of some favorite animals, such as stags, fish, and tortoises. The Greeks, under Pericles, introduced peacocks in large numbers from India. The Romans had their elephants; and the first giraffe in Rome, under Nero, was not as great an event in the history of zoological gardens as its time as the arrival in 1849 of the hippopotamus in London. The first modern public garden of which we have any detailed account is that in the reign of the Chinese Emperor, Wen Wang, founded by him about 1150 B.C., and named by him "The Park of Intelligence"; it contained mammalia, birds, fish, and amphibia. The zoological gardens of former princes and their masters occasionally as hunting-grounds.

Alexander the Great possessed his zoological gardens. Pliny from Pliny the Younger had given orders to the keepers to send all the rare and curious animals which died in the gardens to Alexandria.

Splendid must have been the zoological gardens which the Spaniards found connected with the Palace of Montezuma. Bernal Diaz, Ferdinand Cortes and other writings of the time, as well as more recently "The History of the Indians," by Thomas Herrera, give very interesting and detailed accounts of the menagerie in Montezuma's park. The buildings belonging to these gardens were all gorgeous, and even the grandeur of the Indian princes; they were supported by plates, each of which was hewn out of a single piece of some precious stone. Cochineched galleries led into the different parts of the garden—in the marine and fresh-water basins, containing innumerable water-fowl—to the birds of prey, falcons and eagles, which latter especially were represented in the menagerie variety—to the crocodiles, alligators, and serpents, some of them belonging to the most venomous species. The halls of a large square building contained the dens of the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves, and other wild animals. Three hundred slaves were employed in the gardens tending the animals, upon which great care was bestowed, and scrupulous attention paid to their cleanliness. To this South American zoological garden of the sixteenth century no other of its time could be compared.

The annals of zoological gardens now in existence have been founded in this century, with the exception of the Jardin des Plantes, which, although founded in 1626, did not receive its first living animals until the year 1793-1794. Hitherto it had been a Garden of Plants exclusively.

We shall not be expected to enumerate the great Continental gardens, of which that at Berlin, half an hour's drive beyond the Brandenburg gates, contains the Royal Menagerie; it is open upon the payment of an admission fee. Berlin has also a zoological museum, similar to Museum of Natural History. The collection is one of the richest and most extensive in Europe, especially in the department of Ornithology; it includes the birds collected by Pallas and Wildenow, and the fishes of Bloch. The best specimens are those of Japan, China, the Sea, and the Cape. The whole is exceedingly well arranged, and named for the convenience of students. Still more extensive collections in the British Museum (to be hereafter removed to South Kensington) is allowed to be the finest in Europe.

The Zoological Society of London was instituted in 1826, and occupies now about seventeen acres of gardens in the Regent's Park. Among the earliest tenants of the menagerie were a pair of emues from New Holland; two Arctic bears from a Russian bear; a bald Congreve; a Persian mastiffs and Thibet watch-dogs; two llamas from Peru; a splendid collection of eagles, falcons, and other birds of prey; cranes, cassowaries, and storks; zebras and Indian cows; Esquimaux dogs; armadillos; and a collection of monkeys. To the menagerie have been added an immense number of species of *Mammalia* and *Aves*; in 1865 a collection of *Reptiles*; and in 1833 a collection of *Fish*, *Molluscs*, *Zoophytes*, and other *Aquatic Animals*. In 1836 the menagerie was visited by George IV. at Sandpit-gate, Windsor, was removed to the society's Gardens; and in 1834 the last of the Tower lions ended his regretted love. It is now the finest public Vivarium in Europe.

Very rare, and consequently expensive, animals are purchased occasionally. The Indian rhinoceros cost £1000; the four giraffes, £700, and their carriage an additional £700. The elephant and calf were bought in 1851 for £450; and the hippopotamus, although a gift, was not brought home and housed at less than £1000—a sum which, in more than three years of the Crystal Exhibition season, when the receipts were £10,-000 above the previous year. The lion Albert was purchased for £140; and the lioness for £200. The value of some of the smaller birds will appear, however, more startling: thus, the price of blackcocks and grouse in season is from £80; a pair of crowned pigeons and two maleos, £60; a pair of Victoria pigeons, £35; four Mandarin ducks, £70.

There is a strange notion that the Zoological Society has proposed a large reward for a "tortoise-shelled cat," and that one was actually delivered to the Society for £2501 But male tortoiseshell cats may be had in many quarters.

The Zoological Society's Gardens were established in 1831. Thither Cross removed his menagerie from the King's Mews, where it had been transferred from Exeter Change. The Gardens, a glazed circular building, 100 feet in diameter, was built for the cages of the carnivorous animals (lions, tigers, leopards, etc.); and other houses for mammalia, birds, etc. Here, in 1834, was first exhibited a young Indian rhinoceros, for which Cross paid £800. It was the only specimen brought to England for twenty years.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are thirteen public markets in New York city. One of these, Washington, in the lower part of town and East River, has not yet been occupied. It is, however, completed, and will be occupied as soon as the contract bonds as regards health and reputation? Recently a meeting respecting the removal of some of the markets was prepared by General Egbert L. Viele, Civil Engineer, at the request of the Common Council. From this report it is evident that an immediate renovation is needful—a fact which those who frequent the markets sufficiently know. The sites are also painfully realized. General Viele concludes his report with a plan and specification for the health department. In regard to Washington Market, he begs to remind the Common Council that it is important that it might to be in its present location; it is itself choked in, while the commerce of its vicinity is rapidly and healthfully growing. It is his opinion that this market be removed as speedily as possible to the block bounded by Fulton, Front, Dover, and Pearl streets. A design for a new building, to be located on this spot, is submitted, which would occupy the block from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth Streets, and Eleventh Avenue and the river. It is also suggested that Fulton Market be removed to the block bounded by Pier 1, and markets as are not required in their present location be discontinued. The plan, in its most prominent features, be erected.

"Am does not appear to be confined to days by any means. Several deaths from this fearful disease have recently occurred in Brooklyn and other places on Long Island. Several persons, we learn, are said to have been killed in Queen's County within a few weeks. The latest victim was the boy of a stagnoy dog is liable to produce hydrophobia.

Since the recent revolution in Spain the Spaniards are trying to establish a republic in Cuba also; and they seem to conduct them quite differently from either the English or the American. An election in Madrid is thus described: The polls for one district are to the building where the deputies meet. You turn to the right, then to the left; nobody to show you the way—nobody else going in. In a room on one side half-a-dozen men are chatting by the fire-smoking of course: hats and cloaks on, equally of course. On a table are fifteen little boxes, each inscribed with some care. You may choose at your leisure—if you happen to be able to read—the box you prefer. Assist or molest you, urge you to vote for one or dissuade you from another. When a man comes in whose shy looks prove that he can not tell one ballot from another, some one of the five or six hats, and cloaks, and cigarettes will help him—but only one. There is not the smallest appearance of rivalry or contest. When the voter gets his ballot he bows, thanks his assistant, passes from this smoky room into another smoky room, carpeted, panelled with mahogany, furnished in mahogany, very grave gentlemen awaiting him, pen in hand, cigarette in mouth. Of goes his bit, he bows, advances timidly through the great room, undergoes a scrutiny, scarcely passes over writings done in big follow, gives in his ballot, sees it put into the mahogany box, and makes what reverence he can be a recipit. The quivering elector who has undergone this ordeal seems thankfully away with a sense of relief mingled with the pride of having done his duty.

From an exchange we gather some significant items respecting Zion's Church in this city, which is commonly known as the Mother Church. They own a large brick meeting-house on the corner of Bleecker and Tenth streets, a roomy little parsonage in Grove Street, and some funded property, all had in Eighth Street, amounting in total value to above $200,000. Their membership is about 1,000 in all, and very thing pertaining to their service indicates a well-ordered society, amply capable of taking care of their own affairs.

An elegant botanical which has been dug out of the mine of Pompeii, has been put together, and is now in the Museum at Naples. It is of bronze, and inlaid with silver. The ornamentations are large—nine feet in length, and five in width.

Seldom has a theatre been the scene of such a real and fearful tragedy as occurred recently at Havana. Senorita Aldama, a beautiful young Cuban, daughter of a wealthy planter, appeared on stage, while among the Cuban revolutionary song in a theatre, was brutally assassinated. At the time of this occurrence she was upon her favorite American flag, with the inscription, "Long live the Republic of Cuba!" upon it. When that inscription was being sung the whole audience rose and cheered the young lady, and as she bent to acknowledge the salute, a Spaniard with her with a revolver, killing her instantly. Two American gentlemen occupied the box adjoining Senorita Aldama, and one of them, seeing the pistol pointed at the young lady's breast, drew his revolver and killed the assassin.

The art of picking pockets has been brought to a high degree of perfection, as most of our readers are aware. The following revelation of some of the most approved methods in vogue is from a New York "exit," and may be useful to put the fortunate possessor of well-lined pocket-books upon their guard. To pick a man's pocket, he says, "Why, you see a crowd, single out a man who is promising and whose money we want; one of the best ways is to get behind him, and as to crowd against his left arm, another gets himself behind him, and the operator stands at his right hardly back. If you are in a strange place and a comfortable money about him, he is naturally careful of his money and will put his hand to his pocket-book, which is in his right-hand pocket. When the proper time comes the operator shall tips up or somehow at the hat of the victim, whose first impulse is to restore it, and as he can't raise his left arm he takes his hand from his right pocket, when the operator gives it and seizes the money. This action he does not feel nine times out of ten. Sometimes a man will have his hat knocked over his eyes, and turns to see who did it. The one who did it escapes through the crowd, and we all follow, and meet at some appointed place to divide the spoils. Sometimes a man's pocket-book is in the street care, the same authority pronounces to be "a risky business." "But the way of doing it is easy. For instance, I sit unpicked as a man will manage to get my hand or finger into her pocket (she is not fool is a man), and get out her purse (pocket-book; then I open it and extract the money, and then replace the purse in the pocket. Sometimes I find discovers her loss she is almost sure to think that she has lost her money or left it where she was last shopping, and so will look for it enough. As to ladies' watches and jewelry, we don't do it—that is, the best of us don't—unless we are hard up."

In a recent work on health it is shown that many more of the "ills to which flesh is heir" are due to improper diet than we are fully supposed. Long disquisitions of various kinds—pain in the lungs, heart, and brain—result from the use of indigestible food, and the like—frequently result directly from indigestion. And physical and mental treatment addressed to the stomach brings immediate or speedy relief, and satisfactory diet effects a cure. Many instances are given in each proves that it is a hard saying.

It has been well said, that a judicious woman always keeps a little behind and a little within the line of the fashion of the day. She is not in a hurry to adopt an innovation until she sees it has fairly won ground; and even then she does adopt it, she will modifies it to her own personal needs, so reflues down the extravagance and caricature which usually at first accompanies the introduction as displayed upon the persons. She never makes a fashion in its greatest excess, but always in moderation.

An anxious inquirer, in a Western journal, propounds the following conundrum:

"If a fellow, riding his velocipede, meets a lady on a particularly narrow bridge, where there is room for hands to steer, is he positively required to let go with one hand to do it? If so, how will he do it? Will he do it with his machine?

"If a fellow, riding his velocipede, overtakes a lady carrying two bundles and a parcel, what should he do with his velocipede?

"If a fellow, riding his machine, meets three ladies walking abreast, which, particularly is entitled to the honor, what ought he to do with it?

"If a fellow, riding his velocipede, encounters his expected father-in-law bobbing painfully over a bit of slippery asphalt, what shall he do with it?

"If people, coming suddenly around corners, will run against a velocipede, is it bound to be a long and apologize, or are they?

"If a fellow wishes to join a funeral procession, ought he to ride his machine?

"Am does not appear to be confined to days by any means. Several deaths from this fearful disease have recently occurred in Brooklyn and other places on Long Island. Several persons, we learn, are said to have been killed in Queen's County within a few weeks. The latest victim was the boy of a stagnoy dog is liable to produce hydrophobia.

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"If a fellow wishes to join a funeral procession, ought he to ride his machine?

"Am does not appear to ride a velocipede to church; and, if so, what will he do with it when he gets there?"

An ingenious gentleman in Cincinnati is constructing a velocipede which is to be propelled by a spring. After various trials he estimates that it will go 500 miles before it will again require winding. *Query*: Will the spring be wound after the boss dowel? A reason velocipede has been invented recently, with which it can be steered. It has one on two feet, one faute, however. The driver is half roasted by the boiler, and is liable to be blown off at a tangent without a moment's warning.

"Carleton," of the Boston *Journal*, in a sketch of a visit to Salt Lake City, says that as soon as girls arrive at a marriageable age they become concubines. "The Mormon Church teaches that monogamy is the highest God. To accept it is to glorify Him; to reject it is to reject eternal happiness. A man may have as many concubines as he may be able to support, but for a girl to reject his addresses is to reject the gospel. Women regard polygamy as a religious sacrifice. It is to them the will of God. Accepting it, they glorify him and secure their own salvation. I venture to say that there is not one really happy woman in Utah, if united to a man with more than one woman. Polygamy is against nature. You see nature's protest in the sad and care-worn countenance of every woman you meet.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that, when cut flowers have faded, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem and putting the freshly-trimmed stalks instantly into boiling water, the petals will revive, and become fresher and resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Colored flowers, crimsons, blues, scarlets, roses and geraniums, may be treated in this way. White flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers need the process, although anxious revive wonderfully. Flowers that have lain the whole night on a table, after having been worn for dancing, may be instantly renovated, It is said, by means of a cupful of hot water.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD REASSER.—A teetotaler's arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.

BUDS OF A FEATHER.—When a man has feathered his nest you will generally find that he also plumes himself upon it. How true it therefore that Fiches take unto themselves wings!

"THOSE ARE SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."—An Englishman recently remarks, that distant relations when making their visits are invariably "very close."

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

Take sits to live worth money, dearly get;
Spend less than earn, and owe not; and ever think
Out OF ARE ELEMENT.—The last place which you could expect a woman to like is—a Still-room.

DIFFERENT MEASURES OF VALUE.

The Spanish Real—Million!
The Spanish real—Ten cents' worth!

A BLUNDER-SOME.—Kissing the wrong girl.

"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Artemisian of Down-Easter who was gazing with disdain upon an alligator with open mouth on the bank of the Mississippi. "Ah, that's responded the latter, "reminds me of the mental exercise." "But what ye will call a hair'some critter, but he's a deal of openness when he wakes."

TO LET.

To be let at a very delicate rate,
A snug little cottage, with healthy state,
"It's a bachelor's heart and the agent is chance,
Affection is rent—to be paid in advance.
The owner, as yet, has possess'd it alone,
So the kitchen and parlor are both in one;
But soon "Twill be furnish'd by Cupid himself, if a wife
Takes a lease of the term for a heart like life.
The tenant will have a few lazes to pay—
Love, kisses, and such—but no taxes, they say.
As for the good-will, the owner's inclined
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind.
Provided true title, by proof, can be shown
That the heart is unfettered, the lease is his own.
So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
Here's an offer worth while, for a heart to be let.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.—A worthy deacon in a town somewhere in North America, gave notice at a prayer-meeting, the other day, that a charity sermon that was to be held immediately after, and unconclusively added: "The collection will be taken up for the benefits remaining." This was equaled by a clergyman who told in the course of a very solemn prayer scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear to the house."

"Father Taylor, is your son-in-law a Christian?" said a minister of long-standing to the Bishop. "I mean isn't exactly a saint, but he is a very sweet sinner."

A blind old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see how he does it when he comes onions, as well as when he hollers glory hallelujah."

A celebrated divine, who prided himself upon the originality of his sermons, was once told, jocularly, that a sermon he had preached was excellent. "But," said the vain preacher, "I fear it is not original, for every word of it is a book I have at home." The answer rebuked vanity and pedantry in the spirit of Solomon: "Then I have no doubt you have the same book in your library; it is sometimes a looking-glass."

A pompous individual walked up to the bar of a sea-side hotel, and with considerable flourish, signed the book, and wrote down, "Mr. —, gentleman and servant." "That don't make any difference," says the landlord, "I charge you both the same price for board."

Two little boys were met after dark by a fellow who demanded their money. Said one of them, "I have not money." "Then," said the fellow, "I must murder you." But the other made assurance doubly sure by saying, "I, sir, haven't got a pocket to put money in."

A maiden lady, alluding to her youthful accomplishments, said that at six months of age she went alone. A matrimonial friend facetiously remarked: "Yes, and you have been going alone ever since."

A gentleman standing in a crowd felt the pressure of a lady's hand upon his watch-pocket. At first the sensation was delightful. It made inexpressibly delicious thrills run through his frame; but these sensations were away, and the pressure began to feel the most bit uncomfortable. "Madam," said he, "if you suspected, 'you are standing on my feet.'" "Your feet, sir!" "Yes, madam." "Why, I thought it was your watch, Sir; I thought I was standing on a block of wood or something *quite large, Sir!*" "Quite—*but you covered 'em, madam.*"

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

Five parts of cold bitters, two parts of ice,
Sugar ahl, wel ewestaingus, considerabillus.
Spiritus Frumenti to the degree, ad lib.
Waterus pumpus, non multum.
Nutmegus, sprinkilus.

"Pals de matter, wat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutchman as he looked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vy, dere is a fight."

"There is a man killed," answered a by-stander.

"Oh, tat is all!—shust a man kill! Humph! I tot it was a fight."

"What, in Heaven's name, shall we do for dinner?" asked a wife, when, after telling her husband there was nothing in the house to eat, he said that he had no money.

"Do?" exclaimed the husband, wildly. "Ha! ha! I have it now. Go fry the goldfish, and roast the canary."

A few days since a German called at the post-office, and inquired for a letter. He could not speak English enough to make himself understood; whereupon a friend asked him what it was like. "He has not many words yet; he only knows how to swear."

INDIAN BURIAL-PLACE ON DEER CREEK, NEAR FORT LARAMIE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 157.]

TRUCK-WAGONS, WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

MARKET-WAGONS.

Our illustration on this page shows one of the most interesting features of a large New York market-place in the morning. The streets along the boundaries of the market, and for some distance beyond, are filled with truck-wagons from the country laden with the produce of the season. The country farmers have come in from miles around, and, having reached their destination, carry on a driving business with the market-men, but principally with grocers from all parts of the city, who select the early morning hours for the purchase of vegetables, fruits, etc. In the summer an extensive business is carried on by agents who bring supplies to the New York markets from the thriving rural districts along the Hudson by means of barges.

HEAVY CATTLE.

To our agricultural readers the subject of our illustration on this page can not fail to be interesting. The pair of cattle known as "Own Brothers" here shown came from Indiana, and

THE "OWN BROTHERS"—RAISED BY W. H. DREW, ESQ., OF PUTNAM COUNTY, NEW YORK—LIVE WEIGHT 6500 POUNDS.

were raised by W. H. Drew, of Putnam County, son of Daniel Drew. One of them was five and the other six years old last spring. Their live weight is 6500 pounds. Their fine condition is owing in great measure to the care of Henry Hoffman, who has charge of one of Mr. Drew's farms. They were by him fattened, and were sold for $1500 to William Ialon, of Centre Market, who is noted for killing the heaviest cattle in our markets. The weight of this gigantic pair of cattle is most readily appreciated by a comparison with the weight of others which have been brought before our notice. The bullock "Reunion," at seven years of age in 1866, weighed alive 3795 pounds; the meat 2475 pounds. The live weight of the ox "Union," seven years old in 1867, was 3410 pounds; previous to these there was the "George Washington," whose live weight (in 1840) was 3204 pounds. Mr. Andrew Johnson, in 1866, weighed alive 3330 pounds.

CATHERINE'S QUEST.

Imagine to yourself an old, rambling, red-brick house, with odd corners and gables here and there, all bound and clasped together with ivy, and you have Craymoor Grange, as it was built long before Queen Elizabeth's time, and that illustrious monarch is said to have slept in it in one of her royal progresses—as where has she not slept?

There still remain some remnants of by-gone ages, although it has been much modified and added to in later days. Among these are the brew-house and laundry—formerly, it is said, mingled in the hall-room. The hall of these is chiefly remarkable for an immense arched window, such as you see in churches, with five lights.

When the owners to the Grange this year had been partially blocked up, and in front of it, by to one-third of its height, was a wooden dais, or platform, which stood a rudimentary mangle, left there, I suppose, by the last tenants of the house.

Of these last tenants we knew very little, for it was so long since it had been inhabited that the oldest authority in the village could not remember it.

There were, however, some half-defined moments in the village church of Craymoor, bearing the figures and escutcheons of knights and dames of "the old family," as the villagers said, but the inscriptions were worn and almost illegible, and for some time we none of us took the pains to decipher them.

We first came to Craymoor Grange in the summer of 1849, my husband having discovered the place in one of his rambles, and taken a fancy to it. As it was certainly thought we should ever make it our home, it was so dilapidated and tumble-down; but by the time winter came on we had secured the main portion of the premises made, and the rooms really became quite presentable.

As our family was small we confined ourselves chiefly to the newer part of the house, having the older rooms to the nice, dust, and darkness. We made use of two of the old rooms, however, one as a servant's bedroom and the other as an extra spare chamber, in case of many visitors. For myself, though I hope I am neither nervous nor superstitious, I confess that I would rather sleep in "our wing," as we called the part of the house we inhabited, than in any of the old rooms.

When Catherine l'Estrange came to us, however, during our first Christmas at Craymoor, I found that she was troubled with no such scruples, but declared that she delighted in queer old rooms, with raftered ceilings and deep windowseats, and so, and begged to be allowed to occupy the spare chamber. This I readily accorded to, as we had several visitors, and needed all the available rooms.

As my story has principally to do with Catherine l'Estrange I suppose I ought to speak more fully about her. She was an old school friend of my daughter Ella, and at the time of which I am speaking was just one-and-twenty, and the merriest girl I ever knew. She had stayed with us once or twice before we came to the Grange, but we then knew no other particulars concerning her family than that her father had been a Indian officer, and that he and her mother had both died in India when she was six years old, leaving her to the care of an aunt living in England.

I now, after a long, and I fear a tedious, preamble, come to my story.

On the eve of the new year of 1850, Catherine had a very bad sore throat, and was obliged, though against her inclination, to remain in, stay in bed all day, and forego our small evening gayety.

At about six o'clock P.M. Ella took her some tea, and fearing she would be dull, offered to stay with her during the evening. This, however, Catherine would not hear of. "You go and entertain your company," said she laughingly, "and leave me to my own devices; I feel very lazy, and I dare say I shall go to sleep." As she had not slept much on the preceding night, Ella thought it was the best thing she could do; so she went out by the door leading on to the corridor, first placing the night-lamp on a table behind the door opening on to the balcony, so that it might not shine in her face.

She did not again visit Catherine's room until reminded of it by my son George, at about half past ten. She then rapped at the door, and receiving no answer, opened it softly, and approached the bed. Catherine lay quite still, and Ella imagined her to be asleep. She therefore returned to the drawing-room without disturbing her.

As it was New-Year's Eve, we staid up "to see the old year out and the new year in," and at a few minutes to twelve we all gathered round the open window on the stairs to hear the chimes ring out from the village church.

We were all listening breathlessly as the hallclock struck twelve, when a piercing cry suddenly echoed through the house, causing us all to start in alarm. I knew that it could only proceed from Catherine's room, for the servants were all assembled at the window beneath us, listening, like ourselves, for the chimes. Thither therefore I flew, followed by Ella, and we found poor Catherine in a truly pitiable state.

She was deadly pale, in an agony of terror, and the perspiration stood in large drops upon her forehead. It was some time before we could succeed at all in composing her, and her first words were to implore us to take her into another room.

She was too weak to stand, so we wrapped her in blankets, and carried her out. As we did so, I noticed that as she was taken through the laundry she shuddered, and put her hands before her eyes. When she was laid on Ella's bed she grew calmer, and apologized for the trouble she had caused, saying that she had had a dreadful dream.

With this explanation we were fain to be content, though I thought it hardly accounted for her excessive terror. I had observed, however, that any allusion to what had passed caused her to tremble and turn pale again, and I thought it best to refrain from exciting her further.

When morning came I found Catherine almost her usual self again; I commented with brass mainin in until the evening, as her cold was not much better. Ella's curiosity to hear the whole affair had so much overcome her that she could now no longer be restrained; but whenever she asked to hear it, Catherine said, "Not now; another time, perhaps, I will tell you."

When she came down to dinner in the evening, we noticed that she was peculiarly silent, and we endeavored to draw her into her usual spirits, but in vain. She tried to laugh and to appear merry, poor child; but there was evidently something on her mind.

At last, as we all sat round the fire after dinner, she spoke. She addressed herself to my husband, but the tone of her voice caused us all to listen.

"Mr. Fanshawe, I have something to ask of you," said she, and then paused.

"Ask on," said Mr. Fanshawe.

"I know that you will think the request I am going to make very strange, but I have a particular reason for making it," continued she.

"It is that you will have the wooden dais in the east of the laundry removed."

Mr. Fanshawe certainly was taken aback, as were we all. When he had mastered his bewilderment, and seemed himself again he had heard aright—

"If," he indeed, a strange request, my dear Catherine," said he; "what can be your reason for asking such a thing?"

"I can only say that it does, and not question me, you will understand my reason," answered Catherine.

Mr. Fanshawe demurred, however, thinking it some foolish whim, and at last Catherine said:

"I must tell you why I wish it done, then I am sure we shall discover something underneath."

At this we all looked at one another in extreme bewilderment.

"Discover something underneath? No doubt we should discover a heap of rats, dust and spiders," answered Mr. Fanshawe, much amused.

But Catherine was not to be laughed down.

"Only do as I ask you, Mr. Fanshawe," said she, "and you will see. If you find nothing underneath the dais but cobwebs and dust, then you may laugh at me as much as you like." And I saw that she was serious, for tears were actually gathering in her eyes. Of course we were all very anxious to know what Catherine expected to find, and how she came to suspect that there was any thing to be found; but she would not say, and begged us all not to question her.

And now I must ask you to imagine yourself to be there.

"Let us do as Catherine wishes, father," said he, "the dais spoils the laundry, and would be much better away."

"Well, well," said Mr. Fanshawe, "do as you like, only I don't expect you will find any treasure that is found.—And now," added he, "you must have a glass of wine to warm you, Catherine, for you look quite ghastly, child."

Here the conversation changed, though we often alluded to the subject again during the evening.

The next morning the first thing in all our thoughts was Catherine's singular request.

I think Mr. Fanshawe felt that he would have forgotten it, but such was not the case; on the contrary, she enlisted George's services the first thing after breakfast, and the wooden dais, and they left the room together, accompanied by Ella.

It was a snowy morning, and Mr. Fanshawe was obliged to be away from home all day on business, so I was quite at a loss how to entertain my numerous guests successfully. Happily for me, however, the mystery attendant on the removal of the dais in the laundry charmed them all; and I have to thank Catherine for contributing to their amusement much better than I could possibly have done.

Not long after the disappearance of Catherine, Ella, and George a message was sent to us in the drawing-room requesting our presence in the laundry, and on all flocking there with more or less eagerness we found a fire burning on the old-fashioned hearth and chairs arranged round it.

It appeared that with the help of Sam, our factotum, who was a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, George had succeeded in removing the planks of the dais, which, although strongly put together, were rotten and worm-eaten, and that we were now summoned to be witnesses of its removal. We found Catherine trembling with a strange eagerness, and her face quite pale with excitement. This was shared by Ella and George; and, judging by the important expression on their faces, I fancied they were let farther into the secret than any one else.

We all sat down in the chairs placed for our accommodation; and the wild whistling of the wind in the huge chimney, together with the sheets of snow which whirled the window-panes, enhanced the mystery of the whole affair, while George and his coadjutor worked lustily on.

At length, after a great deal of panting and puffing, George was heard to exclaim, "Now for the tug of war!" and there followed a minute's pause, and then a shout, as the loosened planks were torn asunder, and a cloud of dust enveloped both workmen and spectators.

Impulsively I stepped forward, and a moment of the direst confusion ensued, during which the boys of our party greatly endangered their limbs among the broken boards.

"By George!" exclaimed my son at last—in his eagerness invoking his patron saint—as he stumbled upon something, "there is something here and no mistake;" and, hastily clearing away the rubbish and clinging cobwebs, he disclosed to view what proved on examination to be an immense oaken chest, about four feet in height, heavily mounted with ornamented with brass mouldings corroded with age and damp.

Here was a piece of excitement indeed: never in my recollection had excitement had I thought of any thing so mysterious as this. The most skeptical among us grew interested.

"Oh, do open it, Ella," said Ella, when the first exclamations of surprise were over.

"Easier to say than to do, Miss," replied Sam, exerting his herculean strength in vain. "Here's the aid of a hammer and the kitchen poker, however, he at last succeeded in forcing it open. It was fastened very eagerly to per from rust. There was something in it certainly, but we none of us could determine what, until Sam, who was in the hobbed in the chest in his hand and brought forth—something which caused the bravest to start with horror, while poor Catherine sank down, white and trembling, upon the hearthrug.

It was a bone, to which adhered fragments of decaying silk.

The consternation and conjectures which followed can be better imagined than described. Seeing the effects of the discovery upon Catherine, my husband and Ella had soon replace it in the chest, which George closed again, to be left until Mr. Fanshawe came home and could himself examine into it.

The rest of the day I passed in attending to Catherine, who seemed much shocked and overcome by what had been found, and in trying to divert my guests' thoughts from the subject, and in this I succeeded pretty well, though not all. In this I succeeded only partially, and never did I welcome my husband's return more gladly than on that evening.

On his arrival I would not let him be disturbed by the relation of what had happened until he had finished his dinner, and it was not till we were gathered as usual round the fire that George related the whole story to him.

When the recital of the young gentlemen left the room together, in order that Mr. Fanshawe might verify by his own eyes what he would hardly believe.

They were some time gone, and on their return I noticed that my husband held in his hand an old piece of soiled parchment, with mouldy seals affixed to it.

"We certainly have discovered much more than I thought we should," said he, "and I can possibly more than you thought for either." Here he paused for her to reply, but she did not.

"It seems that we have actually found some animal," added he—I fancied I could detect a certain anxiety in his tone that belied what he said—"but as to the nature of the accompanying tissues which I can see are running away with some of you"—here he looked round with a smile—"I will not decide. I'll call no come and examine them to-morrow. I have also found a piece of parchment in the chest," he added, "but I have not yet looked at it."

Before you do that, Mr. Fanshawe, and before you send for the surgeon," interrupted Catherine, suddenly, "I must tell you." Here she paused, as if to collect herself, and then began:

"I should certainly be very glad to be told," my husband admitted, much surprised; "though how you can possibly tell us all I cannot surmise."

"Listen, and I will tell you," answered Catherine; and feeling very glad that our curiosity was at last to be satisfied we all "pricked up our ears," as George would say, to listen.

I here transcribe Catherine's story word for word, as my readers subsequently wrote it down for themselves.

"You all remember," she began, "my alarming you on New-Year's Eve at midnight, and that I told you I was disturbed by a dreadful dream.

"I said so because I thought you would make fun of me if I called it a vision; and yet it was much more like a vision, for I seemed to see it waking, and it was so very vivid and consecutive than any dream I ever had.

"Before I try to describe it I want you all to understand that I reasoned intuitively to comprehend what I saw, and to recognize all the figures which appeared before me, and their relation to one another, though I am sure I never beheld them before in my life.

"When Ella left me that night I lay propped up with pillows, staring idly at the strange shadows thrown by the hidden lamp across the laundry and the open door. As I looked, it at last seemed to me that a change came over the room —a most unaccountable change.

"Instead of the blocked-up window, the rusty mangle, and the dais at the farther end, I saw the window clear and distinct from top to bottom, and in front of a deep window-seat at its base stood an oaken chest, exactly corresponding to the one discovered this morning. The room seemed brilliantly lighted, and every thing was clearly and distinctly visible; and not only was it changed, but also peopled.

"Many figures passed up and down; brocaded ladies swept by the door, and side-glimpses of men in strange costumes bowed in courtly style to the dames by their side. Among all these figures I noticed one in particular—a handsome man, and I knew them to be bride and bridegroom. The man was tall and broad, with dark hair and eyes, and a commanding and even fierce bearing, however, to be quite enslaved by the woman by his side, whom I hardly even now like to think of, there was something to me so repellent in her presence.

"She was tall and of middle age, and would have been handsome were it not for a sinister expression in her dark flashing eyes, which was enhanced by the black eyebrows which met over them.

"She reminded me irresistibly of the effigy on the stone monument in Craymoor Church, which Ella and I named 'the wicked woman.'

"As I gazed on the strange scene before me I presently became aware of three other figures which I had not noticed before. They were standing in a small arched doorway in one corner of the room (where the servant's bedroom now is) furtively watching the gay company. One was a pale, care-worn woman, apparently of about three-and-thirty, still beautiful, though haggard and mournful-looking, with blue eyes and a fair complexion.

"Her hand rested on the shoulders of two children, one a boy and the other a girl, of about ten and eleven years of age respectively. They much resembled their mother, I thought. Like her, they were meanly dressed, though no poverty of attire could hide the nobility of their aspect. I noticed that the mother's eyes were fixed upon the face of the tall stately man before-mentioned, who seemed unaware or careless of her presence: and instinctively I knew him to be the father of her children and the blighter of her life.

"As I looked and beheld all this the lights paled, the figures disappeared, and once more the room became dark and deserted. No, not quite deserted, for I presently distinguished, seated on the window-seat of the oaken chest, the fair woman and her children again.

"The moonlight now streamed through the window upon them with a flare, making it appear more ghastly and haggard than before. In her long thin fingers she was holding up to the light a watch set in large pearls, apparently interwoven in a diamond pattern, and on this the children were at first fixed.

"She then hung it on the girl's fair neck, who hid it in her bosom. Both children then crossed their arms upon their mother and kissed her repeatedly, while her head sank lower and lower, and the paleness of death overspread her features.

"This scene faded away as the other had done, and I saw the fair woman no more.

"Then it seemed to me that many figures passed and repassed before the window—the wicked woman (as I shall call her to distinguish her), accompanied by her by the image of herself, whom I knew to be her son. He was apparently older than the fair-haired children, who also passed to and fro, attired as servants, and generally employed in some menial work.

"At last the wicked woman's son, with haughty gestures, ordered the other boy to do some wearying thing that lay on the ground, and when he refused, he raised his cane as though to strike him. But the child escaped so, however, the Jew at him, and they engaged in a fierce struggle.

"In the midst of this the wicked woman, whom I had by this time learned to call Revenge and separated them; after which she pointed imperiously to the door, and signed to the younger boy to go out.

"He obeyed her mandate, but first threw his arms round his sister in a last embrace, and she snatched the diamond necklace from off her neck and gave it to him. He then went out, waving a last adieu to her, and I saw him no more.

"The figures seemed to recede from the scene me after this, and I remember nothing clearly until I beheld an infirm and tottering figure led away through the wicked doorway, in which I recognized the tall and stately man I had first seen in company with the wicked woman, but who was now old man, apparently being supported to his bed to die. As he passed out he laid one trembling hand upon the head of the fair girl, now a blooming woman, and a softer shade came over his face. This the wicked woman noted, and the marked disappointment in her countenance.

"She also was older-looking, but age had in no degree softened her features; on the contrary, they appeared to me to wear a harsher expression than before.

"In the next scene which came before me the wicked woman's son was was evidently making love to the girl. Both were standing by the old window-seat, but her face was resolutely turned from his, and I could see that he was seated at him it was with an expression of uncontrollable horror and dislike.

"Again this scene changed as those before it had done; the young man was gone, and only the light of a grated lantern illumined the room, or rather made darkness visible. The wicked woman was the only occupant of the laundry; she was kneeling by the oaken chest, trying to raise the heavy lid. In her left hand she held a piece of parchment, with large red seals pendent from it. I knew it to be the old man's will which she was hiding, thus defrauding the just claimants of their rights.

"Her hands trembled, and her whole appearance denoted guilty trepidation. At length, however, the lid was raised, but just as she was about to replace the parchment in the chest, a figure glided silently from a dark corner of the window-seat and confronted her. It was the fair girl, pale, resolute, and extending her hand to claim the will.

"After the first guilty start, which caused her to drop the parchment into the chest, the wicked woman hurriedly tried to close the lid. Her efforts were frustrated, however, by the girl, who leaned with all her force upon it, keeping it back, and still held out her hand as before.

"There followed a pause which seemed to me very long, but which could in reality have only lasted a minute.

"It was broken by the wicked woman, who, hastily casting a glance behind her into the gloom of the darkened chamber, then seized the girl by the arm and dragged her with all her force into the chest. It was but the work of a moment, for the woman was much the more powerful of the two, and the poor victim was too much taken by surprise to make much resistance. I saw one despairing look in her face as her murderess flashed the lantern before it with a hideous gleam of triumph.

"Then the lid was pressed down upon her, and I saw no more, only I felt an unutterable terror, and tried in vain to scream.

"This was not all the vision, however, for before I had mastered my terror the scene was superseded by another.

"This time it was twilight, and the wicked woman and her son were together. The son seemed to be talking eagerly, and grew more and more excited, while the mother grew pale and erect, with a malicious smile upon her lips. Presently she moved toward the chest with a fell purpose in her eyes, unlocked it, and by which hung from her girdle, raised the lid, and disclosed the contents.

"I understood it all now: the son was asking for the girl whom he had loved, and whom on his return home he missed, and the wicked woman, stung at hearing for the first time that he had loved her, was determined to have her revenge.

"He should see the dread contents of the chest the man staggered back horrified; then, doubtless comprehending the case, he would suddenly upon the murderess, and threw his arm around her, and there ensued a struggle terrible to witness.

"Her proud triumphant glance of malice was now succeeded by one of abject fear, and, as his strength began to fail him the mastery of destiny.

"His iron frame heaved for a moment with the violence of his efforts, the next he had forced her down into the chest upon the mouldering body of her victim. I saw her eyes light up with the terror of death for one second, and then her remains were stifled forever beneath the massive lid.

"The horror of this scene was too much for me; I found voice to scream at last, and I suppose it was my cry which alarmed you all."

When Catherine ceased speaking there was a profound silence for a minute, which Mr. Fanshawe was the first to break as he gave utterance a peculiar intonation in his voice, "It is very strange, very unaccountable," re-echoing all our thoughts.

Now it happened that Mr. Fleet, our family lawyer, was among our guests that Christmas-time, and since the discovery of the coffin and bones had taken a great interest in the whole affair. He now questioned and cross-questioned Catherine, and seemed quite satisfied with the result.

"This would have made a fine case," said he, "if only it had been a question of the right of succession, for any lawyer to make out; but unfortunately the events are too long past to have any effect upon the present. Now, Mr. Fleet was wrong, though we none of us knew it at the time."

We were all launched forth into conjectures and opinions, during which Catherine lay still and weary upon the sofa. I saw this, and thought it quite time to put an end to my day's adventures by suggesting a retirement for the night, and we were soon all dispersed to dream of the mysterious coffin and discovery.

I think we were none of us sorry when morning dawned without any further tragedy (by us, I mean the female part of the establishment).

When I came down to breakfast I found Mr. Fleet very active on the subject of the night before.

"A surgeon ought to be immediately sent for to pronounce an opinion on the contents of the chest," he said; and Dr. Driscoll presently came, and after examining the bones unanimously declared that they were, as we thought, those of two females, who might have been from one to two hundred years old.

Mr. Fleet next offered to decipher the will, for such he imagined the parchment to be, and he and Mr. Fanshawe were closeted together for some time.

When they at last appeared again, they looked much interested and excited, and had a piece of news to inform me of the result of their examination.

They told me that the document had proved to be a will, but that there was a circumstance connected with it which greatly added to the mystery of the whole business. This was the mention of the name of L'Estrange. I was, of course, as much surprised as they, and heard the will read with great interest.

I can not transcribe the technical terms in which it was expressed. Mr. Fleet read me the translation he had made, for the original was in old English; but it was to this effect:

It purported to be the will of Reginald, Viscount St. Aubyn, in which he bequeathed all his inheritance to his lawful wife, Francis St. Aubyn —commonly known by the name of Francis L'Estrange—and to his heirs forever. It was signed Reginald, Viscount St. Aubyn, and the witnesses were John Murray and Phœbe Brett, who in the old copy had each affixed their mark.

Mr. Fleet affirmed that it was a perfectly legal document, but this was not all it contained.

There was a postscript which our lawyer translated as follows:

"In order to avoid all disputes and doubts which might otherwise arise, I, Reginald, declare that my lawful wife was Editha, youngest daughter of Francis L'Estrange, Baronet, and that the register of our marriage may be seen in the church of St. Andrew, Haslet. By this marriage we had two children, a son Francis, and a daughter Catherine, commonly called Francis and Catherine L'Estrange. And I hereby declare that Agatha Thornbaugh was not legally married to me as she imagined, but that my wife being alive at the time; neither do I leave to her son by her first husband, Ralph Thornbaugh, any part or share in my inheritance."

Both the will and the writing at the foot of it were dated the 14th of May, 1641.

This communication of our stories caused me for a time to feel quite bewildered and unable to think, but Mr. Fleet was in his element.

"Here is a case worth entering into," said he, and he further went on to state that he had no doubt that Mr. Fleet's ancestors, named in the will were our Catherine's ancestors, the Christian names being similar rendering it more than probable. Catherine was the direct descendant of Francis L'Estrange, the heir mentioned in the will, who was no doubt also the fairhaired boy Editha's son, whose likeness he expected to gain from Craymore church. He reminded me, however, of Catherine's statement that the wicked woman in the vision resembled the effigy on the monument there.

Thither, then, the lawyer required, accompanied by Mr. Fanshawe and myself. It was thought best to keep the sequel of the story from Catherine and the others until it was explained more fully, as Mr. Fleet slightly affirmed it should be. I awaited anxiously the result of their researches, and they exceeded I think even our most sanguine expectations.

Not only had they deciphered the inscription round the monument, but, with permission from the clergyman and the assistance of the sexton they had disinterred the coffin and found it to be filled with earth.

I am aware that this was rather an illegal proceeding, but as Mr. Fleet was only acting in a semi-or-and not professionally, he did not stick at trifles.

The inscription was in Latin, and stated that the tomb was erected to the memory of Editha, wife of Reginald, Viscount St. Aubyn, who was buried beneath, and who died on the 31st day of December, 1640—about twelve months' years before the day on which Catherine had seen the vision.

I could not help thinking it shocking that the villagers had for two centuries been worshiping in the presence of a perpetual lie, but Mr. Fleet thought only for the practical satisfaction of his "case." He applied to Mr. Fanshawe to take the next step, namely, to write to Catherine's aunt and ask a living question to tell her the whole story, and beg her to assist in elucidating matters by giving all the information she could concerning the L'Estrange family.

This was done, and we anxiously awaited the answer. Meantime, all my guests were clamorous to hear the contents of the will, and I had to appease them as best I could by promising that they should know it soon.

In a few days old Miss L'Estrange's answer came. She said her brother, father, and grandfather had all declared that Editha, who had married her great-grandfather, who was a Francis L'Estrange, to have passed most of his life abroad, always having been on the Continent with her son.

What this was, however, she could not say. She affirmed that the L'Estranges had in old times resided in Craymore, and that she believed that her father's family had consisted of herself and her brother, whose only child Catherine was.

As for Catherine's vision, she said that the figures she had beheld in the vision were thought to be those of her ancestors, she was not so much surprised as I should have been, since she had had a presentiment all along that the tragedies she had witnessed were in some way connected with her own family.

I must not forget to say that on ascertaining that the parish church of Haslet was still standing we searched the register, and the missing link of evidence was made clear by the finding of the looked-for entry.

There remains little more to be told. The charge of the old will was committed to Mr. Fleet, and Catherine's story has been carefully laid up among the archives of our family. I say advisedly of *our* family, for the line of the L'Estranges, alias St. Aubyns, has been united to ours by the marriage of Catherine to my son George, which took place in 1850.

I have but one more incident to relate. I I have done. A short time ago old Miss L'Estrange died, bequeathing all her worldly possessions to Catherine, George's eldest and only old family relics. Catherine was looking over them as George unpacked them, and she presently came to a miniature of a young and beautiful girl with fair hair and blue eyes, and a wistful expression, and with it a necklace of pearls strung in a diamond pattern. On seeing these she became suddenly grave, and handing them to me, said: "They are the same; the young girl and the pearl necklace I told you of."

If you were to visit Craymoor Grange now, you would find no old laundry. The part of the house containing it has been pulled down, and children play where blackens peckett on the ground where it once stood.

The oaken chest has also long since been destroyed.

THE TELL-TALE.

"Who made that noise?" asked a teacher in one of our public schools, coming into the classroom.

A profound silence followed his question. There were thirty boys all looking at him, some three or four of whom had been guilty of a flagrant breach of order; yet every face was alike innocent in expression, and no one replied to his question.

"Boys," he asked, in a calmer tone, "who made that disturbance? Many of you know; and I depend upon the lovers of good order here to make common cause against the breach of it."

But still no one responded to the appeal.

"I know," whispered one to another; "and I'm not going to make a tell-tale of me."

"And so I," replied his companion; "but he will not get it out of me, I can tell him."

And thus the whole business ran through the room. For more than a minute the teacher stood before them awaiting some reply, and then retired to another room, and left them long in the adjoining room. But no sooner was his back turned than the same noise that had disturbed him was renewed, even louder than before.

He of course immediately returned, and again stood before them.

"Let the boys who have violated the good order of the school hold up their hands," he said.

No hand was held up.

"Now let all who are innocent hold up their hands."

Every hand was promptly raised.

For a few moments the teacher looked his scholars in the face, his own countenance expressing pain and mortification. At length he said:

"From a boy I have ever looked upon falsehood as the worst of crimes, indicating a disposition to commit any of the whole catalogue of crimes, if the individual had the courage to do so. I have always been pained to find that I have scholars in my class who are not above this meanest of all vices. It was bad enough to break the rules of the school, but a thousand times worse to tell a falsehood about it—a falsehood, too, that involved upon every innocent, high-minded boy in the room. I see here the sons of men whose standing in the community for virtue and honesty is known and acknowledged by all. These boys, I am sorry to say, are all involved in the guilt of this violation of order, until one of them shall be the crime of a virtual denial of it; for how can I discriminate when all act alike? Who, I ask the guilty to hold up their hands and confess it like men; but when I call upon the innocent to attest their innocence, and declare themselves to be innocent. I will now by you once more. Let the guilty hold up their hands."

But no hand was lifted.

"Now let the innocent lift their hands."

Every hand was again raised.

"I would not be the boy who has thus lifted his hand falsely to-day, and in attestation of a falsehood for all the wealth this world could bestow," the teacher said, as he looked at his class for a moment in silence, and then turned away and again left the room. Although he remained out for full ten minutes he was not again disturbed.

"Now you see, James Harker," said a boy in a low tone, looking with a half indignant expression of countenance at the boy who sat next to him.

"I don't care if I was. He couldn't find it out," was the answer promptly.

"But I don't think it right that others should be blamed for what you have done."

"You are a fine one to turn tell-tale, are you?" said Harker, with a sneer.

"No, not a mere tell-tale; but still I am not certain that it would be better for our teacher know that you were one of the offenders, unless you have the true spirit to do so yourself."

"Oh, that's all tell-tale! tell-tale! Tom Jones is going to turn tell-tale!" said James Harker, so loud as to be heard all around, pointing at the same time at Jones, while his face was expressive of the most sovereign contempt.

"Are you going to tell of me too?" asked a boy sitting near, with a threatening look.

"I did not see you making a noise."

"You had better not, I can tell you."

"I did not see you," repeated Jones, "and I was Thomas Jones's reply; "but I can tell you what I think. If you did make the noise, and then so rudely denied it as you did, I think that every honest-minded boy here should feel it his duty to expose you."

"Let any one dare to do it," was the reply to this.

After school several of the boys got around Thomas Jones, and attempted to convince him that to turn informer would be the most despicable thing in the world.

"I don't think it half so bad as to be a violator of the rules of the school and a liar into the bargain," replied Thomas Jones's rejoinder.

"There is not a meaner creature in the world than a tell-tale," said James Harker, with his expressive sneer.

"Which is worse, James—he who tells what is true of another, or he who falsely accuses him?"

"I will leave you to draw all such nice distinctions," replied Harker, tossing his head contemptuously.

"It is not hard for me to draw them, James, nor, I presume, for any boy here. But it is useless for us to talk about this matter. I will tell you what I will do, and if I say so, you may be sure that I will. If you will go up to-morrow and tell our teacher that you did the wrong he complained of I will keep silent; but if you will not my mind is made up on it. I am one and I will not rest under the imputation of having told a falsehood when I am innocent, nor do I think that I am right in suffering the whole class to rest under a false accusation while it is in my power to relieve them."

"I always thought you were a mean, low creature," replied Harker, "and now I know it."

"Well you know for yourself the meanness boy in the school if he does it," said another of the wrongdoers.

"He had better not tell on me," broke in a third.

"Look here, Thomas, come with me," another had said, taking Thomas Jones by the arm, and drawing him aside, when the two walked off together.

"I wouldn't say any thing about it if I were you," continued the last; "you will only get the ill-will of those boys, and perhaps of the whole class. You will be called a mean informer if you speak."

"There is a great difference, Jack," was Thomas's reply, "as my father has often told me, between a mere informer or tell-tale, as it is called by others, and one who makes known the wrong actions of another for the benefit of the whole. Now if, for the mere delight of seeing others punished, I were to be constantly running to the teacher with complaints against my fellow-students, then I would be that justly-despised individual—a tell-tale. But I have no such motives in view. James Harker has not only violated the rules of the class, thus throwing it into disorder, and hindering its progress, but by his bad conduct, and wicked denial of it, involved the whole class, you and I among the rest, in the imputation of being violators of good order, and utterers of falsehood into the bargain. Now, for one, I have been taught to love truth from my earliest recollection, and I can not and will not rest under a charge of falsehood."

"Then why not go to the teacher and declare your innocence?"

"What good would that do? Has not every boy in the class made such a declaration—the innocent with the guilty? I could not ask the teacher to believe me."

"But, indeed, I would not tell of it, Thomas," urged his friend.

"I have said that you would gain the ill-will of the whole class by it."

"That is not a reason sufficient to induce me to refrain from doing a right action."

Thus the boys kept conversed as they walked along, and at length parted from each other. As soon as Thomas Jones entered his own house, he sought out his father, to whom he always went in difficulties, and by whose judgment he was always guided. To him he submitted his case, and asked to be advised.

"You have made up your mind, you say," remarked his father, after he had heard all his boy had to relate. "If, on hearing your story, to-morrow, that James Harker was one of the offenders—"

"That is, if you approve of my doing so."

"From the statement that you have given, Thomas, I do certainly approve of it. But you will also have to remember that in your motives misinterpreted by many of your fellow-students."

"I know that, father. But you have often told me, that in every important action I should be governed by right motives, and not by the opinions of others.

"And you are conscious of having right motives in what you now propose to do?"

"I am."

"You do not feel glad at the idea of having James Harker punished for his conduct?"

"Indeed, I do not. It is that idea that causes me to hesitate more than any thing else."

"What, then, is your motive?"

"One motive is, to relieve myself from the charge of disorderly conduct, and from an imputation of falsehood; and another motive is, to relieve from similar censure all in the class who are innocent. It seems to me, in a case like this, that it is every boy's duty to point out the guilty who thus take away from the good character of the whole. I shall what is good be injured under the false idea that it is mean to expose what is evil?"

"You certainly reason correctly, my boy," replied Mr. Jones, "and I shall fully approve the act you contemplate. Do not be deterred from doing it under the idea that you will be regarded as an informer. There are many cases where it is right to become an informer, and wrong to withhold information; and this, I am fully persuaded, is an instance where the former rule is clearly applicable. But, in making your communication, as it is one in which your character and standing with the school is involved, do so in writing under your own name, with reasons. It is the duty of every one, after resolving to act right in a matter where he may be misjudged, to give his reasons, that he may not be injured by false judgment."

On the next morning, Thomas Jones presented

THE TELL-TALE—"HE WENT UP, WITH A FIRM STEP, TO THE TEACHER'S STAND, AND HANDED HIM A NOTE."

until nearly the close of the school, to see if James Harker would be honest and magnanimous enough to confess his fault; but as he did not do so, he went up, with a firm step, to the teacher's stand, handed him a note, and then retired to his seat. The teacher read the note, and after reflecting for a few minutes, arose and called the school to order.

"I hold a note in my hand," he said, after silence and attention were obtained, "the reading of which has afforded me no ordinary gratification. It indicates a tone of feeling and principle highly honorable to the writer. As requested by him, I will now read it to the class:

"'SIR,—Yesterday there was a violation of order in the school, the perpetrators of which you endeavored to find out, but in vain. In your manner of ascertaining the guilty the innocent became involved in the imputation of disorder, and, what is a thousand times worse, of falsehood. I saw one boy in the act of making the noise you complained of, and have tried, in vain, to convince him that he ought to confess his fault, and thus relieve his fellow-students from the charge under which they now rest. But he will not do so, and calls me a "tell-tale" and other hard names, because I tell him if he will not do so I shall be compelled to become an informer. Now, in doing so, I wish it to be clearly understood that I am not prompted by a desire to see him punished, but am only impelled from a sense of duty to myself and the whole class to do this act. The boy's name is James Harker. Please read this to the class. THOMAS JONES.'

"'James Harker will come forward," the teacher said as he laid aside the note.

The boy he called came forward with a guilty, downcast face.

"Did you make the noise I complained of yesterday?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why did you do it?"

"Bill Grimes, Henry Peters, and Tom Price were as bad as I. They made a noise too."

"William Grimes, Henry Peters, and Thomas Price, will all come forward."

The three boys named came forward; and when questioned, did not deny the charge.

"You now see," remarked the teacher, "the four boys who involved in disgrace the whole class. You also see the difference between a high-minded boy, impelled by a sense of duty to become an informer, and what is meant by a mere tell-tale. Thomas Jones is one, James Harker the other. So soon as the guilt of the latter is discovered he immediately informs on all who are guilty, in the hope of seeing them likewise punished."

"And now," continued the teacher, "let every boy who blames Thomas Jones for what he has done hold up his hand."

Not a hand was raised.

"Now all who approve of his conduct hold up their hands."

Every hand was lifted, and every countenance expressed gratification.

The class was then dismissed; and the offenders left with the teacher, to be dealt with as he might see to be the most for their good and the welfare of the school.

In this little story, the principal incidents of which are true, I have endeavored to give my young readers some idea of the difference between acting from a mere selfish impulse, and from a clear conviction of right. It is from the motive from which a thing is done that determines the quality or character of an action. Thus, an action may be good or bad, so far as the individual is concerned, according to the motive which influences him. Thomas Jones did right in informing upon James Harker, because his end was a good one; but James Harker was acted upon by a wrong motive, the desire to see his companions in evil punished with himself, when he became an informer; and therefore his act as far as he was concerned was an evil one. Learn, then, to discriminate between motives, and be well assured of their purity before you act from them. And also resolve, when you are convinced that it is right for you to do a thing, and that it is your duty to do it, that you will do that thing regardless of what may be thought or said of you. Then when you grow up to be men will you be truly useful in society; for to men of like character is society indebted for all the great moral reformations that have ever taken place in the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT, GENOA.

GENOA, ITALY.

WHEN and by whom was America discovered? A question in geography, which it was my turn sometimes to answer as I stood in class on a line of the well-worn floor in the ever-to-be-remembered old red-brick school-house located among the hills of northern Massachusetts. My parrot answer, "in 1492, by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, a native of Genoa," was as promptly as it was thoughtlessly given. That was many years lang syne; but the scene rushed vividly on my mind when, on entering Genoa by the Porta Lanterna, the first thing that I saw was this inscription on a building in front of the gate or porta, "CRISTOFORO COLOMBO scopre America." I forgot for the moment that I was entering Genoa, "la superba," and remembered only the old red-brick school-house and my childhood's pleasures there. Another object soon recalled my thoughts, for in the large square near the gate was a handsome monument of white marble, which had been erected to the memory of the brave discoverer, and of which the accompanying sketch will give you a better idea than any description of mine.

The Indian girl at the feet of COLUMBUS needs to be labeled, "this is supposed to be an Indian girl;" or, as Artemus said of his show, "DANIEL may be known from the rest of the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm." So this may be known for an Indian girl by the feathers on her head; for the bandeau of perpendicular feathers is all there is to mark an American aboriginal. Any modern original belle might well have posed for the statue. But as you have the sketch you can do your own criticising, whether for praise or censure. One item more of COLOMBO before we talk of Genoa.

A few hours before reaching Genoa we were shown a dingy old house located in a dirty little town yclept Cogoleto, or Congoletto, on which was an inscription that "here CRISTOFORO COLOMBO was born." Now if he was "raised" there I do not wonder that he sought another world, if only to escape from the wretched poverty and misery which were the prevailing characteristics of Congoletto.

The appellation of "la superba" to Genoa is apropos now to its situation rather than to the city itself, for its streets are very narrow, mere alley-ways most of them, two or three only having any pretension to the width of Broadway at Broadway's narrowest, and its palaces being all decayed and gloomy are superb only in large entrance gates, grand stairways, and extent of building. The guide-books will enlighten you as to their location, owners, founders, architects, and pictures, all of which interest me too little to waste ink and paper upon them; but the situation of Genoa I am ready to say that it is indeed superb.

It is sheltered and protected by the hills of Carignano on the east, St. Benigno on the west, and these are joined by an intervening Apennine chain on the north, which completes the amphitheatre, in the centre of which Genoa is situated. It is exposed only to warm, genial southern breezes, supposed to be conducive to health; but I should much prefer to take my chances for good health in a colder and cleaner place.

A few words only of the churches. The Annunziata is squalid enough exteriorly, but interiorly gorgeous in blue and gold. A Madonna in silver instead of the usual marble representation, lamps said to be of gold, and other expensive paraphernalia tell the story of the Annunziata. Of San LORENZO, or, as it is called now, the Cathedral, the exterior is a patchwork of black and white stripes, with only one tower completed, though the church was commenced hundreds of years ago. The columns are said to have been brought from Jerusalem, which does not by any means help to any idea of beauty, for they are most uncommonly ugly, as is the full relievo in stone of Saint LORENZO roasting on a gridiron, which adorns (?) the façade, being placed over the principal entrance. There is a chapel of St. John too in this Cathedral, where no female is allowed to enter on account of the fascinating power once exercised by Miss Herodias. Personally I did not consider the prohibition as any punishment, as I had no curiosity whatever to see the said chapel.

I found myself, or rather my hat, to be a curiosity to these untraveled Genoese. I don't know which attracted most attention, my "sea side" sun-protecting hat, on the part of the Genoese women, or their muslin mazeros or scarfs on my part; but I believe my hat carried the day, for I repeatedly heard remarks, *sotto voce*, on "*il cappello della Dama*" after I had passed by the speakers, who were either women or children. The men preserved due decorum in look and speech. One morning, as in my exploration of the by-ways I passed through a little market, I heard a call in a feminine voice of "*guarda il cappello*" (look at the hat), followed by such a merry, prolonged cachinnation that I involuntarily joined in it. I think the enjoyment of the thing was equally shared.

The never-failing head-covering of the middle class is a scarf (mazero) of white muslin, fastened either across the front or back part of the head (at the fancy of the wearer), and which, falling over the shoulders, has a very picturesque effect, particularly if the wearer is young and pretty, which was often the case.

The peasants wear a MAZERO of cotton printed in bright gaudy colors. Some of them looked as if they had been made from old-fashioned chintz bed-spreads, borrowed from some such stores as I have seen in New England garrets. One very old woman had on such a very striking affair that I turned to take a second look to see if she were really the motive power of the mass of gay birds and flowers printed on her mantle of white cotton, or if some of them had not volition of their own; but her gaze at my hat outdid mine at her MAZERO, so I called it "quits."

J.

MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT GENOA, ITALY.

AN INDIAN CEMETERY.

THE customs of burial adopted by different nations, handed down by tradition often from the remotest times, are very significant. Their meaning, however, is not *all* apparent: much has been lost in the lapse of ages, and frequently only the naked rite is left us, which we must explain as best we can. It is scarcely possible now for us to determine whether the Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their departed friends to preserve them against destruction in a watery soil or because they believed that by preserving the body they also preserved the soul. Certainly they seem to have held that the soul and body were indissoluble. Those ancient nations that adopted the custom of urn-burial appear to have held exactly the opposite belief—that the destruction of the body was the deliverance of the soul. BACON somewhere alludes to the preference which the Jews had for burial in a soil tint, on account of its peculiar chemical properties, tended toward the rapid dissolution of the body. Aceldama, he says, was chosen as a cemetery for this reason. Then, again, some nations prefer the concealment of the human remains, while others take extraordinary means to secure exposure. Some African tribes, DU CHAILLU tells us, bury in the hollows of trees or under the beds of streams. The Parsees, on the contrary, expose their remains on the top of lofty towers, called, in the poetical language of the East, "Halls of Silence." The bodies are left upon a grating so adjusted that when the birds of the air have accomplished the destruction of the flesh the bones fall through between the bars.

Somewhat similar to this is the custom adopted by the Indians on the Plains, illustrated on page 152. The body of the departed is covered with different wrappings, the first usually a blanket, and the last a mat of small willows strung together by means of buffalo sinews, and is then deposited among the bushes of the cotton-wood or other trees. Usually—almost always—these relics are found along the banks of streams. THEODORE R. DAVIS, in his article, "A Summer on the Plains," published in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1868, describes another but very similar mode of burial, an instance of which he observed on the Saline River. He says: "At some little distance from the village site, and on a prominent knoll, we discovered a small scaffold. It was evidently the last resting-place of some Indian; its investigation proved very interesting. The scaffold was constructed of small saplings, the body was placed on the top, where it was carefully covered from the weather with the canvas cover of a captured wagon. The Indians had left with the body what they consider the necessary outfit for a trip to the 'Happy Hunting Ground,' such as arms, ammunition, food, and clothing, a handsome parfleche, a number of carefully-braided lariats, and a small portion of the scalp of some murdered white woman. The white man's clothing seemed to have been highly valued, for several articles of his wearing apparel were found with the body."

However disposed of, the Indians always turn the feet of the dead to the south. Christians, and indeed almost all men, have from times immemorial buried the body with the head toward the west, so that the face looked toward the rising sun. But to the Indian the Great Spirit resides in the south, and thitherward they direct their prayers and the faces of their dead.

EYES AND NO EYES.

An amusing result of the passport system is reported from Paris. A certain mayor had to make out a passport for a certain duchess. The duchess was wealthy; the mayor was in her service. The duchess was something of a coquette; the mayor was anxious to gratify her humor. But the duchess was one-eyed, and the mayor had a difficulty in making out the passport. How was he to describe her eyes? He entered them in the schedule as follows: "Eyes—one, beautiful, soft, full of expression—*one of them being absent*." This is surely the triumph of courtesy, and worthy of the nation that places itself on its politeness.

ENGLISH VALENTINES.

IN England Valentine's Day has recovered its pristine importance, and it is now *en règle* to send a remembrance to one's *cotérie d'intime*, and valentines are made not only elegant souvenirs of friendship or of a deeper feeling, but are also useful gifts. Thus, beneath a beautiful sachet composed of quilted silk or satin we find a lace handkerchief or half-a-dozen fine cambric mouchoirs; or, in another style, we meet a musical valentine, and in the lovely humming-bird's nest lies hidden among the pearly eggs a pretty ring. The character of the most fashionable valentines of the season harmonizes with the Watteau costumes that are so generally worn. Many of the valentines are painted with Watteau designs; these are richly painted on white and colored silk, and framed by a netting of pearls and swan's-down or marabout feathers; others are ornamented with curious bows, knots, and rosettes of ribbon and lace. Among the Watteau valentines we remarked a painting that pleased us much: two figures—"Beauty, the girl, and Love, the boy"—are bound by garlands, and surrounded by wreaths of flowers and leaves.

HAVE CHARITY.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Tenacious the great, sin-blasted city
Toils a homeless little one—
Not a friend to soothe or pity—
Not a bed to lie upon—
Naked, dirty, bruised and bleeding—
Subject still to kick and curse—
Schooled in sin and sadly needing
Aid from Christian tongue and purse.

But the rich and gay pass by her,
Full of vanity and pride,
And a pittance they deny her,
As they pull their skirts aside.
Then a sullen mood comes o'er her—
Reckless she of woe or weal—
Death from hunger is before her—
She must starve or steal.

She does steal, and who can blame her,
Hunger hangs her vitals gnaw—
None understands nor heeds her,
And she violates the law.
Then the hungered child of fashion,
Who refused to give relief,
Cries, with well-affected passion,
"Out upon the little thief!"

Censure full of world-wise schooling,
Cease to mock and deplore—
When the girl transgressed man's ruling
She acted a higher law.
Take her place—feel her temptation—
Starved, shelterless, a sorrier lot
And, though sure of reprobation,
Ye would steal ere ye would die!

THE CITY'S CHILDREN!

TERRIBLE ATROCITIES!!

A Little Girl's Feet Frozen Off!!!

THE FLESH CUT FROM HER BACK!!!

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY!!!!

Villainy under the Veil of Charity

RELIGIOUS HUMBUGS EXPOSED!

VICE MORE PROFITABLE THAN VIRTUE!

A SAINT'S FACE AND A DEMON'S HEART!!

HOW LONG SHALL SUCH THINGS CONTINUE!!

THE MONSTER PUNISHED!!!

RETRIBUTION!!!

In spite of the exertions made by the "Churches of Aid Society," "Children-Boys' Lodging Rooms," and city missions generally, there is still much to do in the matter of relieving the necessities of the suffering little ones known as "The City's Children"—little, white-faced, neglected, abused sufferers, who live in the squalid, subterranean abodes, dark courts, and filthy alleys poisoned alike with the stench of the streets in the fine and steep at night in covered wagons, coal-boxes, or any other place they may be able to steal into—some of whom have neither parents nor friends, and others who have friends, but would be better off without them.

Nearly will remember the case of the unfortunate orphan girl who, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was taken from the poor-house by a fiend in human shape named Mrs. Decker, who resided at the time on Second Avenue. It will be in the recollection of many how this poor, friendless little creature was tortured by the wretch who had adopted her, till she was kindly put an end to her sufferings. How she was beaten by the little girl was a mass of bruises—starved till her bones seemed bursting through the skin—turned out into the bitter cold almost naked till her feet were blistered with frost, and her constituted frame racked by rheumatism—while all the while the monster who subjected her to such tortures attended church regularly, and was regarded as little less than a saint by those who did not know her.

This, as we have already remarked, occurred a score of years ago, but who can say how many similar cases have happened and are happening every day in this city? The Mrs. Deckers are not all dead yet—society is full of them still, and, alas, too, will be so long as there is a single child in the city who is poor, friendless, and has not other means to rely upon than the charity of the public. Such a thing—as cases such atrocities when they come to light, are a disgrace to the present age of progress. Any body who will follow us through the following narrative of wrong and humanity can acknowledge the full force of all which we have said, and will feel themselves well repaid for their trouble as well.

"Please, sir, may I shovel off your sidewalk?"

"No, boy; I employ a man to do that, and he'll take care of you."

"I only want five cents, sir—just five cents—let me have five cents for half an hour and I'll do say work you've got to do, and you'll see—I don't care what it is."

"No, I tell you! Go home and keep out of the streets! Go and learn to be honest—what pretense can be talking of to allow their children to go running around begging?"

The first speaker was a stout-built lad, who carried upon his shoulders a well-constructed wooden shovel, and the person to whom he addressed himself was the wealthy Mr. Stewart, who overheard the request of his son in one of the streets cutting the Fifth Avenue at right angles.

The boy was about fourteen years of age, and though shabbily dressed, a respectable-looking enough lad—he was something about his countenance which could not fail to impress any one favorably with him.

Mr. Seymour had just returned from a drive out on the Avenue, and was in particular sleepy mood when entering the door of his residence, when the boy, who had been loafing about, as he walked along, saw the windows of the rich mansions in front of which he was passing, and accosted him.

About an hour after the above conversation, Mr. Seymour, again coming out into the street, glanced from the window of his front parlor. Already he regretted that he had acted so rudely answering the boy's petition, and his imagination he again beheld the pleading face. Suddenly an exclamation, half of fear, half of surprise, burst from his lips as he actually met the mournful gaze of the boy's large, sorrowful eyes.

It was but a single glance, and the boy passed away without offering to stop, but soon recovering himself, Mr. Seymour sprang to the hall, then out at the door, and in a loud voice called to the boy's side.

"Here, boy!" he said, hurriedly, as he touched the lad on the shoulder, "you got work to do, and are asking for yet?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, dejectedly; "the people tell me that I am too small to shovel snow, and too big to beg, and so I s'pose I shall have to go home without any thing. No I won't though," he added, suddenly, while a look of savage resolution came upon his pallid features—"no I won't—I have never spun his pallid features—"no I won't—I have never spun no filthy rotten's cent yet, but I'll steal—I'll murder before I go home without any thing!"

"Good gracious, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Seymour, "what are you saying? Upon my life you talk like a perfect young savage. Have I been some change for you?" And he placed in his hand a few cents.

Instantly the look of fierce hatred vanished from the boy's face, and an expression of extreme satisfaction took its place, as, eagerly watching the move which the rich man held out to him, he hastily placed it into a brown "fip," and then, off like a shot, was up the street at his topmost speed.

Mr. Seymour, on seeing after the boy till he saw him enter a baker's shop on the corner, and then he mechanically followed in the same direction.

"So he was hungry," he muttered, as he walked along, "and probably had no connected with some one who is also hungry. Poor fellow! I wish I had given him a few dollars instead of a few cents; but then, he is but a child, and what will come of it." Now him, and he would be, but, by George, something that's not my business to meddle with, and I'll go in for a glass of brandy."

The boy was hungry—he was in the baker's shop, clutching a loaf of bread in his nervous grasp, and devouring it with a ravenously gnawed it as he tore a piece from it and ed cleanly, and as soon as he had done so he

to be frightened at, and I don't see as we've much to complain about. We see no pretty well. We've plenty to eat, and to drink, and to wear, and don't have to work very hard."

"Oh, yes," whispered Dick, significantly, "that's 'cos he's got a new boy on trial. We allers do have a fresh old time whenever a new boy comes; but we have to go back to it afterward. It seems to me almost as if you were my brother, Charley, and I will say this much to you, if I die for it—*don't you be bound to him!*"

"What are you whispering about there, Richard?" broke in the shrill voice of the king-bee from the entry outside. "I'll teach you to have to curtail your playing hours; you've got too much time for sleeping, you have!"

"I knew he was around!" whispered the little unfortunate. "Now, Dick, I'm for duty." And turning his back to his companion, he refused to say another word.

The boy's warning was not without its effect upon the mind of Richard Lawrence; but, having once resolved upon his course of action, he was not easily to be swerved from it; and he began to think that a night's sleep he determined to carry out his original purpose, let what would happen. He subsequently did so, but he had not been an indentured apprentice forty-eight hours when he bitterly regretted not having taken his little room-mate's advice.

From that moment the dormitories were signed with placed Charles Hollister beneath the entire control of Mr. Jeffrey. For years, the demeanor of the latter toward his superiors underwent no complete change but in the presence of his bed, although prone to witness something of the kind from whatever point of observation he chose to command. Ignorant of the world, and thoroughly artless and honest himself, he never imagined that any one could exercise such perfect hypocrisy. During the whole fortnight while he was in the house, he believed that all boys were treated with great consideration. All the lessons he received, as well as the neighbors he became a full-fledged "bee"—then tasks were imposed, and the ill-starred apprentice saw the completion of what took them from twelve to sixteen hours per day, and they were not performed daily to a standard that harrowing pieces of injustice which were calculated to wound the heart of any one but a person of very low possessing the slightest spirit.

It was in the middle of the second day of young Hollister's apprenticeship, and he was busily employed in the shop of Mr. Jeffrey, under whose tuition he at the shop of Mr. Jeffrey, under whose tuition he and temporarily been placed, when he was his worst, began extend the "bee" system of punishment. Walking from the exercise of his daily treatises. He was bestowed upon each to another of the boys, and the latter was directed to each to another of the boys, and the latter was directed to be passed along some biting insects or creeping things, to be passed along some biting insects or creeping things, remark which he uttered no reply, but still at length he stood behind Dick Manners, who felt something on the hands, but still at length he stood behind Dick Manners, who felt something on the hands, but still at length he stood behind Dick Manners, who felt something on the hands

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" 6. Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.
" 7. I really don't Think I shall Marry.
" 8. Praise of Tears.
" 9. Clumpetyclog Charlie.
" 10. Skating Rink Polka.
" 11. Genevieve Waltz.
" 12. Come hither, my Boy, my Darling.
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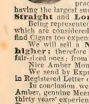

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 637.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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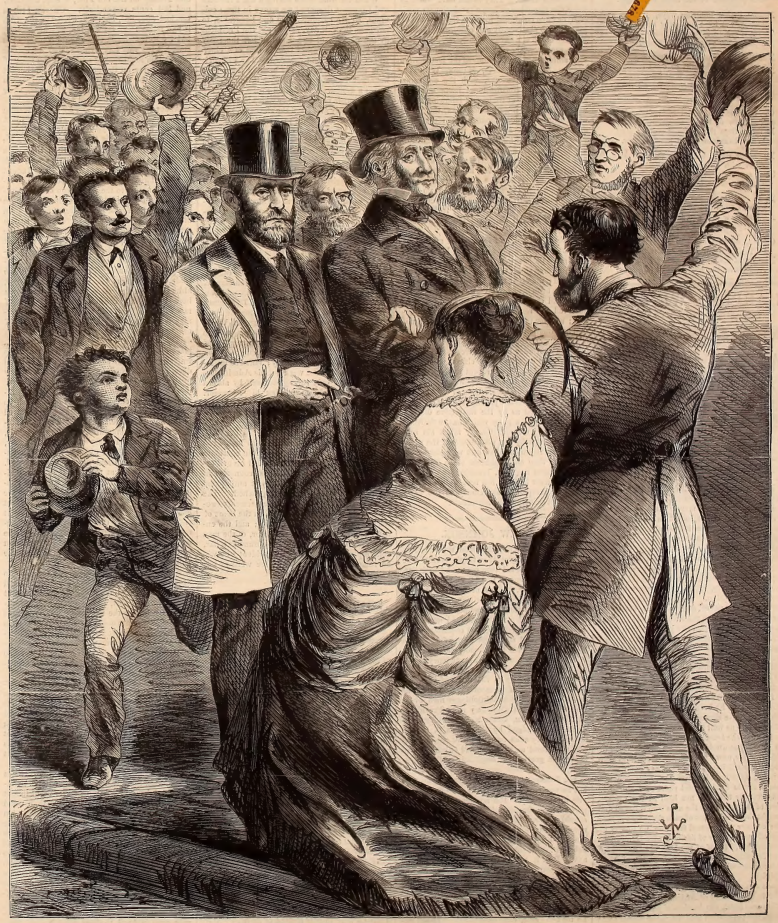


HURRAH FOR GRANT!—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

THE FIRST OF ALL THE LAND.

I.

Up to the outraged seats of power
He comes, the first of all the land,
Unmoved as in the battle-hour,
A people's favor in his hand.

To whom but unto him belong
Welcomes to the Deliverer's place?
It was his sword annulled the wrong,
And re-ennobled half a race.

His sword was in his greatest hour
To anger States the wand of peace,
And, loyal to his silent power,
The echoes of rebellion cease.

And Fame to land and age afar
Shall glorify him doubly given
Unbaffled soldier of the war,
Untroubled ruler in the state.

II.

Oh, land, to high occasion true!
The instinct of thy people brought
Their trust to him whose words were few,
But pregnant of the fields he fought.

Natures, in her unerring ways,
Fulfills the lean or larger need;
The soil where revolution sways
Bears some of an heroic breed.

Nor lightly may the hand forget
The men of thought or deed sublime,
Whose grand, decisive lives have set
Her luminous landmarks for all time.

III.

Oh, land, self-ruled and self-redeemed,
The Bow of Peace, ascendant now,
Is fairer than the Promise seemed
When Freedom was a perilous vow.

For other lands, beholding thee,
Alert with purer vigor, rise,
Shall scorn the ancient heresy
That Truth or Freedom ever die.

Discovered States the bond renew,
Purged from the old offense and shame,
And, to their last allegiance true,
Stand phalanxed in sweet Freedom's name.

Oh, day of all the land's desire!
Of night-long promise and surmise!
Night and eclipse with thee expire,
And dawn the happy years of peace!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

AFTER the lamentable interregnum of Mr. JOHNSON, which we elsewhere consider, General GRANT succeeds to the Presidency. He is elected by the same public, but a hundred-fold stronger, that elected Mr. LINCOLN, and which, by a two-thirds majority in Congress, has steadily baffled the designs of the Executive since Mr. LINCOLN's death. Heavily taxed, the country is yet prosperous and rich in industry and energy and hope, and feels that with the retirement of Mr. JOHNSON a horrible incubus is lifted, and that the course before it is so far cleared.

Eight years ago the Republican party came into power. Its opponents, under the name of the Democracy, were merely the vast and unscrupulous political organization of the aristocracy. The party was led by the great slavelords and their lieutenants. Its policy was a defense and maintenance of slavery. It was strictly a Southern party, with Northern adherents and allies; but no man who was not acceptable to the Southern mastery could rise to the highest posts, or hope to gratify even a moderate ambition. A more shameful subservience was never demanded or honorable men than that which the slave lords of the Democracy required upon the party's part to carry. Eight years ago there had been a protest upon the part of some of the party, and there were two tickets nominated. But the political philosophy of the protesting candidate, as well as his practical wisdom, humanity, and patriotism, were all expressed in his famous phrase, "I don't care whether slavery is voted up or down." Had he been successful, he would undoubtedly have served the purpose of those who elected him as well as Mr. BUCHANAN did.

If, then, the Democratic party had succeeded in 1860, what would have been the situation of this country now? Does any thoughtful man recall its condition under BUCHANAN and PIERCE without shame and indignation? There was not a single fundamental right of freedom in this country that was not held by the permission of slavery. For the man who believed and taught the equal rights of men there was in half the country no personal freedom, no liberty of speech, no security of life. Under Democratic ascendency, in half of the United States which vociferously sneered at despotisms, for an American citizen who held and expressed the opinions of Christian civilization every where there was no more protection than for the traveller in the interior of Africa. Meanwhile taxation was light, the burden of government was easy, the population was spare, the country was large, industry was active, and prosperity was great. War was a tradition. The word "union" was a spell by which the basest politicians conjured. To be a "Union saver" was to be a man willing to save the Union by the sacrifice of every thing that the Union was designed to secure. "The Union," interpreted by the Democracy, meant merely the supremacy of slavery.

But the real masters of the Democratic party, who lustily shouted "Union," were dismissive. They were willing to have Union so long as they could control it. They knew, what none of their Northern lieutenants perceived, that their prolonged dominance was impossible; and when they saw that the Fugitive Slave law, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the assault upon Kansas, and the Dred Scott decision, which were the last great aggressive movements, had not only awakened the conscience of the country, but that its self-interest felt the blighting hand of slavery, they foresaw the end and broke up the Charleston convention. But if Mr. DOUGLAS had been elected they would have gained four years in which to perfect their plan to the least detail. They would have aimed to force the Republicans into a revolutionary position, or have combined to make the demand of secession so peremptory and conclusive that the country could not have seriously struggled.

In the situation of this country nine years ago, amidst the machinations of the Democratic leaders, DOUGLAS, DAVIS, MASON, WIGFALL, BENJAMIN, and the rest, with the enormous moral lethargy, constitutional ignorance, and universal timidity of trade, and following Presidents like PIERCE and BUCHANAN, the figure of ABRAHAM LINCOLN seems no less remarkable and Providential, and much more contrasted with those around him, than that of WASHINGTON in the earlier day. Had he been defeated, it is hard to believe that this Government would to-day exist; and if it did, it could only have been with the dominance of slavery more supreme than ever. There was, indeed, no hope for the progressive civilization of this country, and none for the liberal movement of the world where, but in the defeat of the Democratic party.

In the eight years of Republican supremacy the Union has been saved, but not without danger to its great purpose; slavery has been abolished; the equal civil rights of all citizens have been established, the ungodly that ruled this Government has been overthrown; the admiration, prospect, and confidence of the world have been deserved and rendered as they never were before; and for the first time since the origin of the nation an American citizen, while fully conscious of the dangers that still threaten us, may feel that the necessary idea of a free popular government, the equality of all men before the law, is a fundamental law. The recent attempt of the Democratic party to recover power was defeated by votes even frank avowals of hostility both to the Democratic principle and to common honesty, as well as by the instinctive distrust of the country of a party which has so fearfully betrayed it. General GRANT comes to his seat with the sympathy and confidence of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and with less actual opposition than any Executive since WASHINGTON; and the same sagacity, tenacity, and honesty that his career hitherto has revealed will give a long and prosperous supremacy to the party whose best principles he represents.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON retires from the Presidency without the regret of his party, and he does not fear removal from office and with certainly as little general respect as attended the retirement of Mr. PIERCE or Mr. BUCHANAN. They were all, indeed, politicians of the same school, and that the worst school in American politics—a school which demanded moral and intellectual sophistication, and required its followers to defend the worst form of despotism as harmonious with the Democratic principle. It is a school whose political ascendency in this country for more than a generation has well brought the country to the verge of ruin, but made the name of Democracy odious in the world as honorable and intelligible men every where. It gave the country such Presidents as POLK, PIERCE, BUCHANAN, and ANDREW JOHNSON. Judged by the tenets of such a school, and by such representatives, what else was so natural as the universal official foreign sneer that greeted the beginning of the rebellion?

Mr. JOHNSON was elected by the Republicans, but he was never in sympathy with the principles of the party. His nomination was a departure from the rule which Republican voters should never forget, to trust in emergencies none but those who are beyond doubt. Had the war been a question of saving the Union only, Mr. JOHNSON was as good a candidate as any. But it was a question of saving the Union upon Republican principles, and he was therefore as bad a candidate as could have been selected. The melancholy spectacle of his inauguration was full of foreboding. The black shadows of murderous conspiracy amidst which he took his seat, only deepened the gloom occasioned by his verbose threats of rigor, and the conviction of his dullness and narrowness grew with every speech he made.

In the first development of his policy he claimed to follow the precedent of Mr. LINCOLN. But Mr. LINCOLN had no Procustean policy; and it was possible for Mr. JOHNSON neither to comprehend the character nor to assume what is granted to so few men, the exquisite good sense and sagacity of his predecessor. Among the most melancholy displays of this melancholy Administration was the last two letters-to Senators DIXON and DOOLITTLE that to blame Mr. JOHNSON was to blame Mr. LINCOLN. Whatever that statement was repeated in profound sense of the hopelessness of debate must have fallen upon the Senate. It is not easy to imagine two men more radically and absolutely different in character, temperament, wisdom, and political principle; and the man who could gravely defend Mr. JOHNSON's veto of the Civil Rights Bill, for instance, because Mr. LINCOLN wanted to recognize certain government in Arkansas, might amuse and exasperate, but he could not persuade nor win respect.

When the difference between the President and Congress deepened we strove in these columns, so far as practicable and honorable, to postpone the evil day, and to put the President in the position of one who had left the party that elected him rather than in that of a chief whom the party had deserted. The Philadelphia movement failed because Republicans were not shrewd men connected with it, and because it was a deliberate invitation to the conscience and patriotism of the country which had invited filth and disease and death to the slaves, to trust every thing in the future to ANDREW JOHNSON, the rebel leaders and the Democratic party. The New Orleans massacre was simply a vivid illustration of the inevitable result of the Philadelphia policy of "peace and fraternity." Then the desperate struggle between the Executive and the Legislature was pushed, and was, then, unquestionably, except for the perfectly steady attitude of the loyal country at the elections American JOHNSON would have shown himself as daring as he was dogged. Could he have had his way all that was really gained by the war would have been as far as possible surrendered. Had he had leisure and adequate time the Freedmen, and the *World* admits that could they have been kept from the suffrage the exrebel States would have been Democratic. With those States combined under so-called ascendency allied with the kind of Democracy that was revealed in the *World* during the Presidential campaign, what system was it. WADE HAMPTON a typical American citizen, and in General LEE a grand old soldier, the work of ANDREW JOHNSON would have been complete.

His failure, and his entire failure, is undeniably that, in the last weeks of his Administration, he could only re-ge himself by absurd attempts were made to explain his successor. He nominated to the Senate for consul to Havana a soldier who was conspicuously the enemy of General GRANT, and for minister to Chili, General SICKLES, whose character and relation to Mr. JOHNSON's Administration has had, however, the good result of proving the character of the people. At every mention of his evil career it has been evident that the country condemned him; and undoubtedly it anticipated his removal when he was impeached. The verdict against him, indeed, of the seventy-two thirds vote, but it was recorded in the heart of the people as it will be in history; and the enthusiastic election, as his successor, of the man whom he only succeeded to brand as a liar, is a contemptuously dismissed a President who will be remembered for not one wise word or one truly honorable action.

TRADE—THE PRESENT SITUATION.

THE period when the spring trade is about to assume its highest activity is one of great interest, as it involves always an examination as well of the preceding years' trade and industry as of the present and future things. Importers of all descriptions of goods have now their stocks opened and ready for sale at the sea-board, in excess somewhat at this part of the quarter of last year. Purchasers from all parts of the Union have reached and are moving toward the Atlantic cities; the questions being generally considered are, How shall we borrow and for? What quantity will consumption require?

The change of most importance which the results of last year's industry has produced is the improved condition of the whole Southern country. The South has less food to buy, and is receiving more for its cotton than for many years past.

The Macon *Telegraph* estimates the crop now being marketed at 2,500,000 bales, and as being worth $150 a bale, amounting in the aggregate to $250,000,000, or as much, it says, as the crop of 1859–60, "the largest crop ever raised." The crop of 1859–60 "approximated to 5,000,000 bales, realizing, at $60 a bale, $250,000,000."

There is an important error in this estimate of the value of the present year's crop as compared with that of 1859–60. The proceeds in 1859–60 were in *gold* instead of currency. But, allowing for this difference, it will appear that an enormous sum will be divided among cotton-planters without the disquiet and delay of being obliged to use it largely for food. The universal production of corn and wheat in the Southern States is due to the lessons taught by the war, and will be of immense benefit to that region for every and to the whole Union.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Southern States, which last year were in no condition to buy from us extensively—their cotton produced not much more than half of what the year before are now in a situation to supply themselves with foreign and domestic manufactures. Much cotton will be exported to foreign ports directly from Southern ports, and, as a consequence of it, foreign goods will be imported direct by the South; but a much larger trade will be enjoyed by the North with the South than has ever taken place in any year since the war. Money there is said to be in more general circulation than it has lately been, and a feeling of strength has succeeded to that of depression.

In our last issue we stated the price of middling cotton—of Florida, Mobile, New Orleans, and Texas—on the 8th Feb., at 30¢, 30¼, 30½, and 30¾ cents respectively. On the 11th it reached 30¼, 30½, 30¾, and 31. On the 18th it had fallen to 29 for Florida, 29½ for Mobile, 29¾ for New Orleans, and 29¼ for Texas. We stated, what was very evident, that a gigantic speculation had been set on foot at the close of 1868 to carry up the price, which it thought could not be maintained. The speculation reached its culmination on the 11th inst., since which the price has declined and fluctuated.

About this time last year, the combination of circumstances, cotton was depressed to 15 cents for middling upland, greatly to the injury of the cotton planter. This year, the planters being under lighter advances than they were then, have sent forward their crops with such moderation as to prevent any sacrifice. Indeed this speculation in the article of speculation has insured fortunately to the advantage of the planters, although they did not share in the advance that year, which took place after the crop had been driven to sell. Last year there was a rise in cotton goods, corresponding in part with the advance in middling upland, which advance at the close of the cotton year, at the end of August, had reached about 30 cents. This advance communicated considerable activity to trade. At present the situation is reversed, although cotton goods did not advance, either here or abroad, to conform fully to the price of raw cotton. The price of shirtings and sheetings is held on middling cotton at about 27 cents per pound, instead of 28½ to 29 cents. A decline of half a cent per yard on prints took place on the 9th of February. The market is watched with great eagerness in all descriptions of goods, and there is a tendency to be sparing in the purchase of cotton fabrics.

The trade will be also throughout the year received a heavy check by means of the lock-up on the part of the Erie operators which occurred on the 11th. Gold sold to 132¾. The great staples, all our manufactures, all imported goods, stocks, and indeed every species of property, sympathized with the distress which this unscrupulous and wicked speculation occasioned. We recommended at the time that the repetition of such an iniquity should be made punishable by penal laws, and we are happy to see that Congress has passed an act to prevent loans by National banks on legal tenders. It is not improbable, therefore, that the country may enjoy protection from a repetition that large and sudden displacement of an important amount of what is relied upon to redeem the issues of National banks.

The damage in this respect was the more to be deplored inasmuch as English operators had previously secured their supplies of cotton at prices below its cost, and by means of the lock-up, which struck the trade when the crop was being moved, were enabled to obtain our cereals at a rate below what is remunerative, notwithstanding the drop in wages in England. A blockfollowing a bad one in 1867—were such as to require larger supplies from the world's granaries than had been necessary at any period.

But, notwithstanding the serious damage inflicted on every interest by the "lock-up," the fact that we have a crop of cotton of such great value, and that we have a surplus of grain and food to supply to other countries, and that both will be required in unusual quantities, makes it very certain that we have a sound and solid basis for a healthy trade during all of the present year.

We have already shown in previous articles that foreign manufacturing states must maintain the labor of their mills at its usual height without taking more of our cotton than usual—we, in great part, to the necessary diversion of labor in India from cotton planting to the raising of grain to prevent a famine; and hence it is that although the prices of cotton here was carried up too high by speculation, yet a large demand must necessarily exist for what we have to sell at fair prices. We stand in a position no less favorable with regard to food; and it will be impossible for those countries which suffered severely from the six months' drought, which commenced in England and parts of Europe early in April, to delay much longer filling up the large gap in their supplies. The Albany

Evening Journal gives the quantity of wheat in store at Chicago, Milwaukee, and New York at 87,4 bushels less than last year, when wheat was 80 cents to $1 per bushel higher than at present. The stock of flour, it claims, is at no market except Chicago as heavy this year as last.

MR. H. KAINS JACKSON, in an article in the London *Times*, states that "whatever rates are current in London are to be accepted, they being as a rule the highest in the world." Whether or not we shall be obliged to accept these rates, will depend wholly on what has been so successful with cotton, the information which our farmers show in pressing their productions into market. The rates published in England amount to no more than an offer of price. The offer is based on a comprehensive view of what she can command from the granaries of the world; but now she will find that, as the manias of our competitors in supplying her with food are seriously crippled, it will be necessary to adjust the price to the stats of things known to exist. Firmness on the part of our substantial farming interest will unquestionably secure a fair price for all they have to sell. Fewer wheat vessels are bound to England from the world at large than usual, and her supply is unquestionably lower than at any period of 1867. The rates which come over the cable show that the lowest possible with the combined crop and imports permit. A late San Francisco paper mentions that wheat was taken in that market for England at prices which, although very high, would certainly produce a loss in England at the *current* English quotations. The apparent enigma is unraveled when it is considered that the English at this time, owing to the terrible effects of the drought, have an interest the deepest that can sway men to obtain food at the lowest price possible, and that New York is the market upon which the greatest reliance is placed for ultimately obtaining the requisite quantity. No device will be omitted which tends to break down the New York market. Our farmers who are able to hold may be sure that it is their policy to withhold their grain from sacrifice, as the effects of the drought in England will inevitably extend its influence over the countries which suffered from it to the period of the harvest of 1870. Such has been the preceding experience of such misfortunes.

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, at the banquet given to him in Dublin on the 8th of February, confirms some views which we have from time to time given. He says, referring to the crisis of 1866, that it "exceeded in intensity any commercial crisis which has occurred during the last twenty-five years;" and he adds, referring to the failure of the potato crop in Ireland: "During the last summer a very dry season pleyed in jeopardy one of the staple crops of the country, and affords a very large income to farmers in this agricultural country; but I believe that plentiful rains and the mild season which followed have prevented *that disaster, which at one time it was feared would take place throughout the United Kingdom.*

The *Mark Lane Express* of the 8th of February also says: "*The potato crop has suffered by the drought* have now got through the roughest of the season well, from the continued growth of excellent weather."

Undoubtedly the mild winter has had important effects, and we rejoice that it is so; but the fear which the LORD-Lieutenant refers to is wholly at variance with what Mr. CAIRNS, Mr. JACKSONS, and JACKSONS have expressed, with respect to English wants, in the London *Times*, and which, from having been adopted in this country, have kept down the price of our cereals very near to English limits.

The manipulators of grain market reports on the other side have had no time allowed for foreign producers, who supply England with much of her food, to know that there was any fear of *disaster* which would extend over the *entire kingdom*; and it is impossible to suppose that the excessive rains, commencing late in autumn, accompanied with a mild winter, and which allowed vegetation, grass, and the winter grain to continue growing, can have done more than postponed — close pasturing in winter is of questionable advantage—the time when grain from this country will be required.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION FRAUDS.

THE Congressional Report upon the election frauds in New York authentically confirms the universal impression that an enormous crime against the country was committed in this State by the Democratic managers. Every person who was actively engaged in the canvass knew that fraudulent naturalization papers had been sent out of the city into the neighboring counties and towns. The characters of the Democratic judges chiefly engaged in the business of naturalization were notorious. The equally notorious character of the most active Democratic managers justified the liveliest suspicion. Frauds upon the ballot in the city were certain— but then for the first time suggested, and, knowing the great probability of fraud, and suspicions of the universal conviction that it was even then attempted in the most flagrant manner, the duty of any honorable magistrate of any party was to announce the fact, and call upon all good citizens to expose the crime, and bring the criminals to justice. This was peculiarly the duty of MR. HOFFMAN, who was then Mayor of the city, and also a candidate for Governor. But that gentleman issued a proclamation declaring even the "charges" of fraud to be "gross and unfounded." Thus stating as a fact what hundreds of citizens knew to be untrue, and what it was his especial duty to know to be so, MR. HOFFMAN's action tended directly to the protection of the frauds, and no man familiar with the facts doubted then or doubts now that those frauds made him Governor.

Why is it that every Democratic paper imitated the Mayor in sneering at the charges of fraud? Why should a leading journal of that party make the absurd assertion that the vote of the city of New York is as honest as that of any city? Why should Democrats who are intelligent enough to comprehend such a crime by shrugging their shoulders and saying that the Republicans are as bad as Democrats, and that one party cheats just as much as the other? It is not a question of party. It is a question of the stability of the Government. If Republicans organize and execute these vast systems of fraud, it is for Democrats try to expose them? Simply because the Democratic managers know that if it be true that some Republicans cheat at the polls, the enormous frauds are perpetrated by Democrats are for the benefit of the Democratic party. Therefore their papers affect to sneer at what they call stale slander and personality. When a Democratic candidate, as was the case in certain districts in New York, receives more majority than there are legal voters in the ward, is it a stale slander to say so?

There should be a brief summary of the report of MR. LAWRENCE cheaply published and circulated through the country, that the people of the United States may understand how they are cheated of their rights, and how the essential principle of the Government is assailed by the immense frauds perpetrated yearly in New York. They would then see the wisdom of the substance of the provisions which the report recommends. The United States alone should naturalize citizens, and defend by its own officers and laws the national elections. Indeed the whole system of naturalization, and every safeguard of the ballot-box should be abolished rather than intrusted to the administration of courts and magistrates which, like so many of those in the city of New York, again and again and again corrupt the ballot by the grossest and unspeakable disgrace to the American name.

HITCHING UP.

PRESIDENT BARNARD of Columbia College has announced that the system of marks for recitations has been abolished. Class-rank is now to be determined by half-yearly examination in writing, each question to be valued in advance by the examiner. The system of discipline is also changed. There will be no no excuses for absence; but attendance upon three-quarters of the lectures in any department will be necessary for examination in it; and no student will be graduated unless he has passed all the examinations.

These changes are very reasonable, and they show that Columbia College is moving in the great changes that are taking place in public opinion in regard to collegiate education, and is disposed to adopt itself to them. The average age at which young men enter college is now much greater than formerly. The entering examinations are so advanced that many applicants of a score or more of years standing dubiously wonders if he could not proceed a freshman. The consequent presumption is that students come to study, not to paint the President's door black, or to make the night-bell shapper before morning prayers, and that they are to be treated accordingly.

The old system of college discipline and police was ludicrous and belittling. It was the result in great part of the fact that the Professors were generally shy students or recluse clergymen, totally unacquainted with the human nature, and utterly bewildered in a crowd of boys. As a rule, and with striking exceptions, they were so little fitted to teach boys from fifteen to twenty as they were to command a horse. The head of a college was selected, as it was slyly said the English Bishops were, for skill in construing Greek. If young men had been mere Greek particles, that was an admirable rule. But as they were not, the result was not satisfactory. The advantage of disregarding this tradition was shown in the appointment of JOSIAH QUINCY as President of Harvard College. The mundane affairs of that venerable institution had fallen into sad disorder during the administration of a dignified and worthy clergyman, and the cloth opposed MR. QUINCY's appointment. But he was confirmed, and his administration was the most prosperous and successful in the history of the College. MR. QUINCY's LATIN was copious and correct; but his wife-spoken and practical mind was trained in important civic trusts and in contact with society, was even more essential to the fit discharge of his duties.

The old tradition of the College has been recently further disturbed by the tendency to appoint young men to the presidency. It is found that many of the most efficient and best beloved of the teachers have been men in full sympathy with those around them, and the value of mere age has therefore signally dwindled. An anecdote is going through the papers of a farmer who, visiting his State, who met two not ancient persons who had been upset in a sleigh. He stopped to help, and suggested that while they were about it, another boy should hitch up. "Father boy" was the President of Cornell University. One thing, indeed, seems to be pretty clear: If the colleges in this country are to be flourishing, they must renounce the traditions that are incompatible with the time. They must cherish that enthusiasm for culture, that separation for "sweetness and light" from which all effective study springs, and which depends very little upon mere pedagogy, and very much upon mutual sympathy and confidence. There is many a college gradually tipping over, like the sleigh at Ithaca, and if it would run along again comfortably and swiftly, it must summon "Cuff or boy" to hitch up.

A LITTLE MORE.

FROM the latest reports we should suppose that affairs were almost bad enough in Mexico for somebody to propose the immediate annexation of that country. But the States of Puebla, Mazatlan, Yucatan, Tlascala, Nuevo Leon, Quiroga, and other provinces, are heavily out with revolution; all the conditions of disorder, ignorance, and wretchedness, which seemed to be so persuasive in the case of San Domingo, are amply supplied by Mexico, and if they were sufficient reasons for the annexation of the one, they must be conclusive for that of the other. There are piles, counterpiles, rivers, of misery, poverty, and anarchy in Mexico, and if these do not fit a country for immediate admission into the Union, according to the current reasoning, what can?

Cuba, also, is much disturbed. The revolution there is formidable. The ignorance and wretchedness of the people are also great. Is not Cuba equally fitted for annexation?

The House of Representatives has been busily discussing the reduction of certain of our missions to the South American states. General BUTLER's amendment willing that General KILPATRICK shall continue to be minister to Chili; and General BANKS thinks that the saving of four thousand dollars is not to be placed against the dissatisfaction of no Representative or an abridged influence in those countries. But why discuss? They are all more or less revolutionary, wretched, and ignorant; why not take them all in, and save all the salaries of all the ministers?

"Perhaps the United States," says the *New York Times*, "might manage to absorb and digest the five northerly and northwesterly states of Mexico. But why so small a bite? Why not the whole thing? We are so in want of territory; what we have is so thoroughly peopled and subdued; the sentiment of the population upon the frontiers and at the South is so patriotic and civilized, that we so far from every kind of perplexing domestic question arising from races and extent, that nothing could be easier than to add to the Union more foreign states and a few millions more of alien population. Possibly Spain, which is in some trouble, might like to make an arrangement; and MR. SEWARD has doubtless discovered that Russia has some possessions in Asia that she would sell at a bargain. That would be especially attractive, because it would relieve us from the questions to which we have alluded, we have also such an overflowing treasury. But the annexation of Mexico is plainly first in order—or any Mexico and San Domingo together.

THE DEAD SOLDIERS.

THE loyal citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, have resolved to erect a suitable monument in honor of the 2905 Union soldiers buried in the National Department of Cave Hill Cemetery in that city. The Committee state that in their military division, extending from Western Virginia to the Mississippi, and from Ohio to the Gulf, there are twenty national cemeteries, in which are buried 114,648, in numbers varying from the 555 at Danville, Kentucky, to the 16,486 in the Nashville Cemetery. Thirty-two States are represented in these cemeteries, and the Committee ask why each of those States should not have a monument in each of the cemeteries. They have carefully investigated, and have discovered how many of those buried belonged to each State, exclusive of the 13,705 buried at Andersonville, and of those registered as United States troops. Colonel E. B. WHITMAN, who is warmly interested, is charged with the duty of gathering the dead into the cemeteries.

While the Legislatures are spending money so recklessly they might well consider whether a little sum might wisely be expended for so pure and patriotic a purpose.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

February 22:

In the Senate, it was agreed to postpone the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office bill, and bills were passed abolishing the office of Superintendent of Exports and Drawbacks.

In the House, a bill was passed granting the right of way to the Texas, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad. —The Post-Office Appropriation bill was passed.

February 23:

In the Senate, the following bills were passed: one authorizing certain National Banks to change their location; one incorporating the Western Union Telegraph Company to import submarine wires free of duty; the Army Appropriation Bill; a bill to amend the Judicial system; the Civil Rights Act; and a bill to prevent the discrimination of fees in securing pensions in Kentucky.

In the House, the Copper Tariff bill was passed over the President's veto, 138 to 66.—The report of the New Orleans Riots Committee was agreed to.—The report of the Special Commissioner of Revenue—Mr. Wells—was also adopted.

February 24:

In the Senate, the Copper Tariff bill was passed over the President's veto, 38 to 12.

The Senate took up the bill to strengthen public credit and legalize gold contracts was passed, 119 to 61.

February 25:

In the Senate, the bill to exempt manufacturers of Sewing Machines for domestic use from taxation was passed.

In the House, the Senate bill authorizing certain National Banks to change their names was passed.—The report of the Joint Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was disagreed to.

—The Constitutional Amendment proposition relating to suffrage, reported by the Southern Committee, was passed, 150 to 45.

February 26:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment proposition was passed in the same form as in the House, 39 to 12. It does not include the right to hold office.

In the House, the Deficiency Appropriation bill was passed.

February 27:

In the House, the contested election cases of Messrs. Arnell and Bowen were the subject of a long discussion, and both gentlemen were refused seats. Mr. Arnell's claim appears to be based by the majority of San Francisco. The reason given is the immorality of the Democratic party. Rather hard on John Chinaman!

A report was received at Corpus Christi, Texas, on the 9d of February, to the effect that two hundred Indians had attacked the ranches of Los Angeles and Los Amios, on the road to Brownsville, and slaughtered the two Mexican families occupying the premises, women, and children. Troops were at once sent in pursuit.

A very serious difficulty has arisen between Bishop MCGOVERN and the Catholics of Altoona. It appears that the Bishop removed Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty, Rector and Superior of the Asylum of Providence, a few years since, and appointed Rev. M. Kavanagh in his place. On Sunday, February 20, Father O'Flaherty attempted to say mass, when the congregation refused to allow a public recognition of Kavanagh, and to allow him to proceed. A number of the prominent members took Kavanagh from the altar, and he was quietly led him out of the church, and the Bishop was notified of the affair. At a subsequent meeting the congregation resolved to stand by their old pastor, recognized the action of the Bishop and his clergy, they would no longer submit to the "one-man power" which they had exercised over them, but to appeal to the Pope if necessary. They also resolved that the new pastor should not occupy the parsonage.

The locomotive tender, the express cars, baggage cars, and a Pullman sleeping car of an express train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, struck near Gaines Station, on the 23d of February, by a locomotive and express and baggage cars, thrown into a ditch, and the sleeping car was thrown across the track. Several persons were seriously injured.

David T. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council for more than thirty years, and grandfather of "Valentine's Manual," died on the afternoon of February 26.

The trial of Fanning Bouton for perjury in the city sentenced ten burglars to State Prisons. The day after the sentence he was convicted on the same charge.

The Naval Monument Committee, of which Vice-Admiral Farragut is Chairman, has collected sufficient funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the officers, sailors, and marines who fell in the different battles during our late sanguinary war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the British House of Parliament February 22 Mr. Fortescue stated that the Government proposed to release forthwith the Fenian prisoners, some of whom are leaders in the late insurrectionary movements. Baron Lionel de Rothschild has been elected to the British Parliament. The Fenian prisoners, Costello and Warren, who were sentenced to death, have had their sentences commuted.

Another Polar expedition has sailed from Bremen.

The Danish Minister of War urges the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States.

The dedication of the American Methodist Theological Seminary at Frankfort-on-the-Maine took place on the 18th of January, and the clergy and presiding elders from all parts of Germany and other countries were present. Addresses were made in German by many of the clergy, and by some of the professors, and in English by G. F. Kettell, United States Consul, Frankfort; by Mr. Murphy, United States Consul, Frankfort, and by Professor M'Clintock, United States Consul, Frankfort. The seminary is a large four-story brick building in the eastern part of the city, commanding a fine view of Frankfort and vicinity. It cost will be about 400,000 francs, and the gift of T. Martin, Esq., against 65. General Prim has assured the Cortes that the late dynasty would never reascend the throne.

CUBA.

We have advices of a battle fought at the mouth of the Donuji, in which the Government troops were successful. An order has been issued to the troops in the field to take no prisoners in arms. The captured are to be executed by the stick. Accounts from Santiago de Cuba state that the cholera is still raging, and the insurgents are destroying the plantations in that vicinity.

"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets."

THE POLITICAL DEATH OF THE BOGUS CÆSAR.

"Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
LIBERTY, FREEDOM, AND ENFRANCHISEMENT!"

THE MYSTERY OF THE LOEW BRIDGE.

I.—FROM HIS DIARY.

I AM not a spiritualist—I dare not be. People strong of nerve may stand on the brink of the precipice, on the edge of the parapet, and, looking down, compute the dizzy depth. If I tremblingly approach a sickening horror seizes all my senses, a devil's voice hisses in my ear, *Cast thyself down from hence!* Men of logical mind may draw aside the curtain of the grave and throw the steady plumb-line of their philosophic gaze into the yawning abysses of eternity. But for me—too well I know that "that way madness lies." Those who will may laugh at ghosts, or seek to meet them. I dare not believe or disbelieve. The air around us may be thronged with spirits; we may live in their world, as insects live in ours, all unconscious of the higher existences about us; I shut my eyes. I never wish to see one, or for an instant to imagine that I do. I dread the possible phantasms of a fevered brain as much as the real phantoms whose apparition would craze it.

"From all crafts and assaults of the devil, *Good Lord deliver us!*"

I am not a timid man. No one dares call me a coward. I fought my way through the four years of the Rebellion, and won my major's straps in the charge at Gettysburg. I can lift with pride these heavy masses of hair and show the gleaming white scar that marks clear across my skull the lightning course of one of those bullets from which I never flinched. But my weapons are not spiritual, and I would rather meet my deadliest foe in open fight at noonday than encounter the "dear departed shade" of my best friend in "the dead waste and middle of the night."

Ghosts never walk in sunlight, do they?

It *is* inexplicable. I can not bear to think of it, and that is why I have filled this page of my diary with mornizing instead of a simple record of the day's adventures, as my habit is. I can not stop thinking of it, so perhaps I had better write it down and see if I can not get rid of the burden that oppresses me by giving up its keeping to this journal, which no eye but my own can ever see.

It is only a photograph—or rather a ferreotype—of the Fulton Street Bridge, and one of the crowds that daily assemble upon that elevated thoroughfare. Only a ferreotype, and I have another like it, though taken on a different day. Both are poorly taken, and to a casual eye the second seems a duplicate of the first, though of course the *crowds* are different. They are much alike; that is the trouble—too much alike.

In the first place, I am in each of them, and in nearly the same position. There, in about the middle of the bridge, near the railing, is my face—there, just under—

This is how I came to have it taken. New York is a great city. It can afford to throw twenty thousand dollars into the mud, as Sir Walter cast his velvet cloak, to save royal feet a wetting, and then stand by and laugh to see the sovereigns ignore and pass around it, and laugh at them if they don't. The papers say that only country people avail themselves of the new bridge. I am a countryman, I suppose, and I am not ashamed to own it, though I might say instead that I am in business in the city. But, in fact, my business only calls me into town two or three times a week, and I still live in my father's home on the farm in New Jersey where I was born. I had hoped by this time to be living in a home of my own, with wife and children about me; but now— Well, I have told my journal that secret too.

"IS THAT THE WAY IT LOOKS ON THE BRIDGE?"

As I was starting for the city last Friday my little sister Sue called after me,

"Do, Harry, bring me home a picture of the Fulton Street Bridge."

I remembered her as I passed it going to my lunch, and, as much to please her as to gratify my own curiosity, I mounted the long staircase, intending to surprise her with a picture of myself in that of the bridge.

With this intention I elbowed my way through the crowd, and obtained a position close to the railing on the lower side, which would be, as nearly as I could calculate, in the direct focus of the camera. The view of Broadway from this point was an interesting one, and I watched the counter currents of humanity flowing ceaselessly through it, with pleasure at first. But even such an elevation as I looked down from was enough to make my head a little dizzy, and I was glad when the eccentric photographer, who daily takes the bridge as Joshua took Jericho, with the blast of a trumpet, sounded his horn to give warning of his purpose, while the veiled eye of the camera was slowly turned upon the expectant crowd.

There was a sudden stir and rustle as each one endeavored to strike an attitude supposed to be becoming; again the horn sounded; a sudden quiet and silence fell upon us; the veil was drawn from the eye of the Cyclops, and we remained petrified for an eternity of five seconds, till one more blast broke the spell and set us free.

I took one glance up Broadway, and then hurried down on the other side of the bridge, glad enough to find my feet on a level with *terra firma* once more.

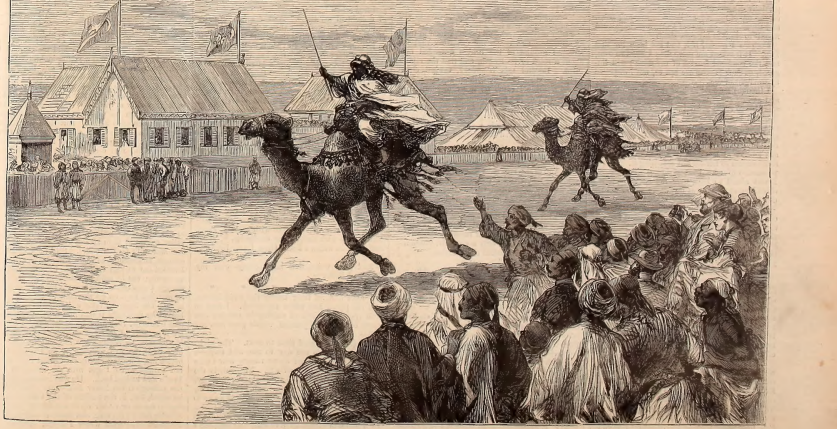
Then I ran up to the photographer's saloon, paid my twenty-five cents, just glanced at the picture to assure myself that it was the right one, and, recognizing my own face, put the precious article into my pocket-book and hurried away to my restaurant, where I had appointed a meeting on business with a gentleman. From that time until I had to take the boat to catch the last train which could get me home that night, I was so pressed that I could not even read the day's papers. So, when I got on the train, I borrowed a lantern of the conductor, whom I knew, and, sitting in a freight car, enjoyed them and my pipe all the way home.

As I unfolded the *Herald* my eye was caught by one of the "personals," because of its heading:

Fulton Street Bridge. First time. Meet again on Monday. Spirit.

Of course I forgot the foolish thing as soon as I read it, and occupied myself with the more important topics of the paper.

It was late when I reached the house, and, letting myself in with my night-key, I walked softly up the stairs to my room. But there was a light in the one next to it, which was Sue's. She is a romantic child, and I suspect her of sitting up late sometimes to read novels. She heard my step, and threw open her door to meet me, mak-



FÊTES OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT AT CAIRO—THE DROMEDARY RACE.

[SEE PAGE 167.]

ing a pretty picture as she stood on the threshold in her scarlet dressing-sack and white skirts, with her dark hair unbound and rippling over her shoulders.

"Oh, Harry! have you brought me the picture?"

"Yes, little gossip, come and get it," I said, throwing my arm around her waist, and kissing her rose lips in hearty, big-brother style as I drew her into my room.

"Why don't you wear your hair that way all the time, Sue? It's all the fashion in New York. Or, if you'd rather make some money, cut it off and send it to one of the city girls to sew on to her hat. That's the way they do. Whew—isn't it long?" and I drew it through my fingers admiringly, till she rolled me a heavy bag for tangling it, and commenced diving unceremoniously into the depths of my over-coat pockets.

"Not there, child; you are not acquainted with the topography of a gentleman's pockets. There, do you know my one in that crowd?" I threw the picture on the bureau before her.

"Oh, Harry, there you are yourself, you dear old thing! I knew you in a minute, though you have got new mustaches. What did you move your head for? Is that the way it looks on the bridge? How funny! But who is that looking over your shoulder?"

"Some rag-picker, I suppose, or maybe a pickpocket; there were plenty of them in it. But I laughed, and took up the picture to examine it for the first time.

It was crude. I saw nothing remarkable at first, but as I held the picture to the light under my student-lamp I did perceive, dimly visible in the through the mist, a face very different from all the rest, just above my left shoulder. It seemed to fill up an opening in the crowd of heads, but was only visible for the light which belonged to it. It was a woman's face, and different from the rest in that it was unadorned by any bonnet. It was going to my unclothed, but what face is not in these days?), in that the eyes were closed, or nearly so, in that the whole expression was out of death, not life.

Perhaps I am making my description more accurate than it could have been then, because a little matter had not noticed as much as this, I know, and the whole impression was so blurred that only a critical eye could have discovered the one face from another. Only, this one seemed a little more distinct than the rest. It was as if all the others moved, and this one remained a stained self-control, and remained entirely motionless.

"A Sister of Charity, I should think, Sue, practicing sanctification of the eyes in penance for having her picture taken."

"Is it such, do you think?" she innocently asked, and, giving me another kiss for good-night, ran off to her own room, carrying her treasure with her, and I went to bed.

I don't remember that I dreamed that night. Perhaps I did without knowing it, for about two o'clock I woke with a sudden start, and with what roused me was a rush of cold air on my face, and the loud spoken words: "Meet again on Monday." And, just as I opened my eyes on the white dead face of the picture floated before me, and then dissolved into the darkness.

I started up in bed and gazed around after it; then, recollecting myself, sank back again on my pillow. But I could not keep my eyes open. I was trembling all over in a nervous chill, and at last made up my mind that I should have to endure one of my wakeful nights, and might as well make the best of it. I lighted my lamp, partially dressed myself, and, raking the cinders off the top of my fire, sat down in dressing-gown and slippers, thinking that I might perhaps read myself to sleep in my arm-chair.

Perhaps I might, if it had not been for that face. It troubled me more than I liked to own, and the confused fancies of my dream still lingered, so that the phrases are apt to, until dispelled by the light of day.

I thought I would look at that picture again; and as Sue always left her door ajar at night, I was able to creep softly into her room and steal it out of her drawer without waking her. The face seemed a little more distinct to me than it had at first. So shadowy, yet so stern, and oh, so dead! I felt that Sue would surely notice it if she looked at it again, and resolved to find some excuse to her for not returning it. It took possession of me. I sat gazing, gazing at it, till I was startled to look over my shoulder lest I should meet those eyes unveiled; sat so till the day broke and the shadows fled.

Then I must confess that things wore a different aspect, and, after a bracing bath had cooled the fever of the night, I felt rather ashamed of myself. I did not give up the picture to Sue, however, but told her I did not want such a misrepresentation of myself to be circulated that I should destroy it and get her a better one.

Destroy it! Rather might it destroy me.

But I would not look at it again; and as the days went on the unpleasant impression wore off, and I had reasoned myself into the conviction that the strange effect had been produced by some peculiarity of the atmosphere or the instrument, and exaggerated by my heated and wearied brain. I had the need of keeping myself in tune quiet, so I tried to put the whole affair out of my thoughts.

I had not expected to go to the city under a week, but something turned up in business that called me there sooner. I was walking down Broadway with a friend, so busily engaged in conversation that I did not notice where we were. The people i s front of us stopped, as if to wait for some obstruction to pass, and we stopped, too, necessarily; and also naturally suspended conversation for a moment.

In the pause the words were loudly sounded in my ears—

"*Meet again on Monday.*"

I glanced up. We were at the foot of the Fulton Street Bridge.

"Did you speak?" I asked my friend.

"No. Is any thing the matter? You look faint."

"Oh no, indeed," I said; "but excuse me. I have just remembered an appointment at the office, and must just off our talk till to-morrow. I shall be in town again, or, perhaps, not go out tonight, but eat at the Astor House at eleven. Good-by," and I turned down Fulton Street, abruptly, walked around the block, and came back to the bridge. An irresistible impulse drew me up the stairs, and to my former position by the railing. But this time I carefully searched the crowd as I entered it, passed every face over me, and, when the horn sounded the first time, looked quickly back over each shoulder. I was satisfied that all was right, and that I had only the conventional attire, all the faces were decidedly material, and unquestionably alive. I felt quite at my ease.

The horn sounded the second time. A chill seized me, and I would have given worlds to look back over my shoulder, but I seemed paralyzed, and I know I kept still that time.

Once more I paid my quarter; once more I looked at my picture—and oh! once more I saw that face, just over my shoulder as before, only the crowd was thinner, and more of it could be seen. The hands of hair combed smoothly down on over the brow of death; the downcast eyes; the nose line faintly, and only faintly, with an expression that had not discovered in the first picture. The lips full, half parted in a smile, as if in the midst the scene it had smiled over a smile of life on a dead face, a smile seductive, bewildering, half sweet, half cruel. And below, in minute outline, as if intended for a background which gave the impression of a figure floating in the air, was the cloudy suggestion of the swelling, half-veiled bosom.

More than my first terror seized me as I gazed upon it. Whose was this face, and what had she to do with me? I went back to the Tombs. Of course I could not take that picture to Sue. I must try once more. When would the horn sound again? So I asked the man at the desk. I was faint with hunger and excitement, but I took no lunch. I spent the whole hour upon the bridge, watching every face that approached, usually passing and repassing over it, but watching in vain.

The next time the trumpet gave warning I chose a position as far from my original one as was consistent with the possibility of securing a glimpse, and taking the necessary precaution of looking over each shoulder at the last moment. To my great relief my scheme was successful, and no ghastly countenance appeared over mine. The picture was a very good one, too; and I felt almost happy as, saying to myself, "There, now, that will do for Sue," I turned to leave the bridge. But my breast-pocket, and stopped the other into my note-book with the original sketch.

I am ashamed to tell, even to this journal, how the rest of that day was spent. I neglected my business, and though I walked for hours on the uptown times, and to drink several cups of *café noir* (I never take any thing stronger), every returning hour found me near the blast of boom, quite careless of the remarks at last made upon my frequent reappearance by a few loafing boys who seemed to be spending the day on the bridge themselves.

"I say, Bill, here come the swell 's a-gettin' up a picter-show-bill of his own, I guess."

"Oh, he's goin' to run for Congress, and is goin' to sell them to pay expenses."

"Say, mister, please to put a quarter to buy one of your pictures for 'Liza?"

Yes, I actually spent all the afternoon in these experiments, and returned to my room at last, a haunted ground of the bridge extended over about a third of its length, and that the middle third. Beyond this limit I dared not go, I determined, I could stand alone without my strange attendant. But I came to receive a solution of the mystery of my haunting face, and hours, and, when the fading light and lessening crowd forced the inquisitive photographer to close his rooms, I left the bridge in a state of nervous excitement which I was ashamed of but could not control.

I did not return home that night, but staid at the house of an intimate friend, and went to the theatre with him. I fancy I was delirious, for I did return we found two of the young ladies who had remained at home with visitors, deeply engaged in the mysteries of "table-moving." I was soon examined into the merits of the oracular toy, avoiding it with my usual dread of the supernatural; but now something impelled me to say:

"Can Planchette answer mental questions?"

"Oh yes, indeed; only try it, Mr. Neilson—tell us what you have asked the question."

"I have asked it."

Planchette started without hesitation, and we wrote in a few moments hand that I could read without stooping: "*Spirit.*"

"Is that the right answer, Mr. Neilson?"

"I asked who is present."

"Oh, then that is a stupid answer, Planchette; can't you tell us whose spirit?" chided the fair protectress. But nothing more could be drawn from the oracle than a constant repetition of this response, and I preferred to be more than satisfied with it. So indeed I was.

Then I asked "where have I met you?" and, with some embarrassment, Planchette wrote, less legibly than before, "*Low—Low—*"

"What can that mean, Neilson?" said my friend, as we stopped to decipher it.

"Pshaw, girls, your Spirit don't know how to spell! It means the Lowe Bridge, I've no doubt. That's a good pun."

"So it does—that must be it!" they cried in chorus, and never noticed that their good joke had struck me to the heart.

I only asked one question more, and that also a silent one. It was,

"Have you any thing to say to me?" and the answer came promptly:

"*Meet me by moonlight alone.*"

A trifling answer it seemed, and I joined in the laugh it caused and went off to bed, thoroughly exhausted by the excitements of the day. To bed, but I can hardly say to sleep. My weary brain had passed into that consciousness when it waked again into that condition of semi-trance which is not perhaps peculiar to my own experience, but which has a conscious sense of being asleep, then the mind gradually wakens more and more, and tries to act as usual through its bodily machine, but in vain. The body lies in heavy slumber. The soul seems partly detached from it, and the connection broken between spirit and nerves. The paralyzing fear of that complete detachment, which is death, comes over the soul, and the will makes fierce struggles to regain its mastery of the body, until, with a shriek of torture, the bondslave wakes. How great the real danger of death in this state may be I do not know, but it is my conviction that many of those who have been found dead in their beds, after having retired in apparent health, have died in one of these struggles. I am sure that I came very near dying in mine.

The state is simply a dreamless one. The mind possesses more than its usual activity; and so I know that what I saw was real, and not a dream. I saw myself as I lay under the indefinite domination of the trance; and while I lay there powerless, helpless, unable to move or cry out, I saw that face grow out of the darkness. I saw that floating form, and pleading, wreathing arms extended. A bewildering rapturous vision of beauty! I was utterly impossible to utter, I know what the lips said, what the smile meant —not even here can I write it—all, all but the power of the deed. I struggled, but was forced to sit beheld? when shall I read their mystery?"

The voice said,

"*To-morrow night—at midnight—between earth and heaven.*"

Then another form appeared—one that I had loved, and long mourned as dead in my life. A glory round the bright brow, a shining cross upon the pure bosom, a look of ineffable love and compassion on the dear face. I struggled, but vainly, to stretch my arms toward it. The other vision faded, a hand whose gentle touch I knew on the dead upon my forehead, and I sank into a natural quiet slumber.

*

Months have passed since the last page in my journal was written. How insufficient it now seems to me as I look it over! I have not visited the Fulton Ferry bridge since then. Perhaps I do not need. I have not consulted mediums or oracles. The last one I saw told me that I am continually attended by a beautiful spirit. As if I did not know it. Am I not a spirit myself? and can not I leave this material form and hold high converse with the unseen world at will? I have traveled far since the above record was penned; and now in a distant city I hear that the Lowe Bridge is to be removed. If it prove to be the truth I must hurry home.

My journey has been one of business, and it has been attended very successful. All my plans have prospered; all my speculations have thriven beyond my wildest hopes, and without as great care of them as I have needed to give. So, to tell the truth, if the heads of the firm knew all the details of my life, they might charge me with inattention to business; but they will be satisfied when I go to them with half a million of dollars in my hand. And I know how the results were obtained, but they don't. At least my guide—my beautiful one—has not told me to fortune and glory. In visions of the night the scenes of the future are sometimes thrilling my throbbing brow, her presence is with me. In the watery wastes of the ocean a solemn eye calms the fever of my soul; as I walk these streets, a stranger among strangers, a gentle hand is laid upon my arm—sometimes from above, and from the hurrying crowd before me a face looks back.—*her* face. That smile beckons me on; but when I last turned to look, as I passed it, so as to gain upon it imperceptibly, it ever eludes me, and melts into air just as I think to overtake it. I am weary sometimes. Mine errand—when—but when shall I reach her? The day is coming! One thing grieves me. I never see that other face of the cross and the cross. It was once the beloved face of my good angel. Has she deserted me?

But, then, whose is *this* face? I can not be unhappy while that smile shines upon me. Unhappy! Every nerve throbs with ecstasy, every vein thrills with the fire of spirit and spirit and sense in which I live. Have I ever lived before?

Ah! as I write, that hand creeps over my face, and in the—

*

I have half an hour before the train leaves, and the porter has taken my trunk. I may as well spend the time of waiting in making one more entry in my journal, which goes into my valise.

Midnight is a good time to start. The night shines most, and I prefer it to the day and then—shall get there in just about twenty-four hours if all goes well—and all will. Yes, this is the very time to begin a journey. I have been thought the clerk asked me, when I paid my bill, if I would not prefer the morning train so as to have a good night's rest; and, as I left the room, I heard him say to some one, "That man looks as if he hadn't slept for a month." I suppose I do look somewhat haggard, and I have been after wakeful lately; but what does that matter? I slept last night at any rate, though not in bed. I believe I went to sleep while in the very act of writing. To sleep—but what of that? What is the sleep of the body, of mere matter which ever sleeps unless aroused by spirit forces? Was Lasleep when, at the touch of that hand, the eyes of my soul unclosed and the curtain rolled from the future?

How shall I paint that vision? Darkness all-enveloping around me, blue depths of more mysterious darkness above, and, glowing, floating on the ocean back-ground, midway between the two profounds, a swaying pathway of light, of rainbows, of celestial dyes. My winged spirit rain up with winged feet the steps that led, like Bethel's shining ladder, from earth to heaven. Above me were my hopes—the form of the face, that form, that floated above the aerial rendezvous in soft and changing auroral radiance; and glowing, as subtle, as ethereal, as the white arms lured me on, the smile grew brighter, more significant, the veiling eyelids seemed slowly rising. Then, even as the cold fires of the north stream suddenly from the horizon to the zenith, and as suddenly disappear, so the vision before me glowed and vanished. I woke to earthly life with the strange sensation, common to such startled wakings, of falling from an eminence. I woke to find it a dream, but a dream of prophecy. I know that when next I climb those shining steps to meet her the secret of those veiled eyes will be revealed.

My brain seems bursting with the awful joy. I shall fly on the wings of night to my splendid bride. Over the sea is the honor given. Those eyes with all their dread secrets in them will look straight into mine, and I shall meet their pure unbiddenness. The angle looks at the sun, as the dead look up at God!

II.—WHAT THE POLICEMAN TOLD THE REPORTER.

Yes, Sir, the bridge is nearly done, and to good riddance to it. Never should it ever did to my body, unless to the people from the country, who crossed it just to say they had, and the pickpockets who made their skiffs useful, or the picture-man who made his fortune, they say. It was all a mistake, Sir. It took too longer to climb, as the top of it than to take your chance among the carts, if you were used to it; and as for the ladies, bless their hearts, there's not one of them but would rather trust me to take her over than to drag her pretty Balmoral up those muddy stairs.

That's all the good it ever did; and as for the harm—why, not to speak of the cost to the city, which nobody seems to mind, and not to speak of the row Knox made about its darkening his windows—after all the harm it did can't be called away with the rubbish. The more's the pity!

It only happened not a fortnight ago, Sir, and though it's not much afraid of being run, you can't wonder that I don't enjoy being night-watchman on this beat yet. It was rather a cold and stormy night when I happened to be walking about pretty brisk to keep my blood moving, when about midnight I saw a cab drive up (countless cabs meet and drop passengers at the corner of Broadway, and then drive off quite rapid. Of course there was nothing particularly suspicious in such a circumstance, but the time is most forgotten when the very sight of a small black carpet-bag in a man's hand would scare every one to death with the fear of relief spies and incendiaries. Still it seemed rather strange for a traveler to stop at midnight and not at the door of any hotel or private house, and I knew it's our business to keep our eyes open, Sir. So I just kept mine on this man, and as he started up to the bridge I followed him at a little way. Sir, but at a respectful distance—not to intrude. It was a wild sort of night—cold and windy. The sky was full of driving clouds; but the moon was at the full, and I could see all he did for a long way off. He was a young-looking fellow, slight built, and I knew that if any thing else wrong, as I didn't believe there was, that I could easily overhaul him. But I noticed something a little queer about his walk. It was irregular, he would walk very slow a while as if he was going to stop, and then he would start off at a quick almost run and then stop again. But then he might have had a late supper somewhere, and that seemed like a reason. Any way I watched him till he got to this crossing, just where you're standing, Sir, this minute, and he put his hand on the rail and looked down as if he would go up. But the steps were barred. The work of tearing down the bridge had been commenced that very day, and the carpenters on the spot had not been taken away; so to prevent any chance of accident the stairs were blocked. He seemed surprised to find it so, and I was, too, eager to see him, after waiting a moment, throw his valise over and then spring over the bars like a serf and walk up the stairs. Still he was quiet enough, and seemed to know what he was about. I called out to him to tell him that the bridge was gone; but he paid no attention to my voice, though I was quite near enough for him to hear it, and just kept up the stairs. Of course I saw it was his fancy to take a last look from the bridge by midnight it was no business of mine, and I thought he'd come down again when he'd had try it myself. I had got quite up to the bridge by the time he reached the top, and, not to let him think he was watched I purposely stopped to notice me, I walked slowly on toward the Park; but turned when I got into the shade of St. Paul's, and looked back. He was leaning against the railing on the lower side—just about there he stood, Sir, in the middle of the bridge, looking up town, or rather up at the moon. It was shining full on his face, and made it look ghastly and wild even from where I stood. I looked at my watch—it was just twelve o'clock.

He raised his finger up this way as if counting the strokes, and—how would you have felt in my place, Sir?—just as the last one sounded he lifted both arms

above his head, so! and rushing across the bridge before I saw what he was about, cried out, "Coming," and sprang! not as if he had any idea of falling—sprang up as if he expected to grasp something in his arms.

I tell you what, Sir, my head reeled with that scream, and that rush through the air, and that awful thud as his body struck the pavement. I've seen men killed in rows, and in the war, when every body about was screaming and yelling and fighting like devils, but that didn't sicken me like this. It didn't seem as if I could move at first, and then I rushed down the street to him like mad, striking my club on the pavement as I ran. He was dead, Sir—quite dead: he hadn't struck on his head, but his neck was broken by the concussion, and his face had the awfulest look you ever saw: the mouth and eyes wide open—ah! it makes my flesh crawl now to think of it. Just will, staring madness, Sir. Assistance came up as I was working over him, and we carried him to the station-house, and then went back for the carpet-bag which he had left at the foot of the stairs. In that we found papers enough to identify him: his name and address in full—Harry Mortimer Neilson, Clinton, N. J."—on all his papers. A lot of confused accounts and long rows of large figures, with their totals set down and "$3,000,000 to my credit" verified by the Adder. "Then a queer sort of diary that we couldn't make much head or tail of, and half a dozen tintypes of the bridge, with himself in each one.

We telegraphed to his friends, and his brother came down the next morning and identified him. So his family wanted it kept quiet, and managed to somehow, though, of course, there had to be an inquest, and the verdict was "died by visitation of God"—Suicide, while laboring under insanity. His friends had not seemed to suspect him of it, though they had noticed some queer things about him for some time; especially some letters he had written about business that hinted at some wonderful speculation he had made. But it came out in the inquest that all the poor fellow's trouble was owing to that cursed bridge. He got a notion that every time he went out he was haunted by a spirit, whose picture was taken looking over his shoulder every time that his was. He dwelt on the notion till it drove him mad, and led him to his death.

But you may believe that the hardest work ever given me was when I was detailed on citizen's dress to accompany his body home to his family. He seemed to have been the favorite son and brother, and he had one sister that was just took on so as to break one's heart to see her. She insisted that it was all her fault—that she had killed him, because she had asked him first to bring her a picture of the bridge, and he had had his own taken on it to please her. It was heart-breaking!

Oh, as to the pictures, Sir. Yes, it was curious; there was such a piece in every one, just over his right shoulder. I kept one myself, and you can look at it; but that's any enough explained. He had had a clear conception in his brain, think of looking at the other fellow's eyes, taken without him, he would have found the same in plenty of them. And nobody but that crazy man could help seeing what it is, especially in the later ones (they were all dated), where it was plainer. He was nothing more nor less than the last of one of them white statues on the new Bank building, taken through the crowd. If you like to buy it you can get one of his sisters yet without much trouble, and stand in the same position that he did that night, Sir, and see for yourself.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

NEXT-DOOR neighbors have ever been fast friends or bitter enemies. They have either fought and bled for each other—on battle-fields, or bus times, of course—or they have cut each other's throats; and the one thing, it is sad to say, they have done much oftener than the other. Strong hate seems, as a matter of course, to spring from close vicinity in these old times. The Capulets and the Montagues must have been next-door neighbors, though Shakspeare does not say so. Superficial people may think that Romeo and Juliet more than make up by their feud; but deep thinkers will rather consider these gentle Veronese lovers as illustrious exceptions that as precedents at all affecting the two great laws of love and hate, which rule next-door neighborships. Besides, it is of very well to talk of the Romeo who takes poison and dies to his Juliet's feet.

With the progress of time and good-breeding, next-door neighbors have grown to be civilly affectionate or politely rancorous, and now, as a rule, the latter, or the bickering, is the case may be, is carried out on the most moderate scale. When next-door neighbors meet, they bow to, or not to, or cut each other as instantly as they well can do these things, and they generally walk through life as they mostly go to heaven, by roads that, having once met at right angles, are never by any means to meet again, but go on widening and widening away till they flow into their most reconciling and last sea.

But still we meet every now and then, chiefly in small or out-of-the-way places, with instances of cruel hate or tender love, of bitter spite, cruel or kind and brotherly offices, which bring back the old relation in its vivid aspect before being modified, indeed, by change of manners, but still the same at heart. Such instances must be known to many; two will illustrate our meaning.

Two workmen were next-door neighbors in one of the London suburbs. They lived at peace for a whole year; then, the dog of one having flown at the child of the other, war was declared. Still, though embittered on both sides by wives and children, the war carried on was a fair fight. But hate was there, passive and phlegmatic in one man, keen and active in the other, and, unluckily, strong in both. These men drank freely, and used to meet and quarrel at the same public house. It was inevitable that they should come to blows, and at length they did. The phlegmatic man, being much the stronger of the two, had no trouble in defeating his enemy. The worsted one was henceforth best upon revenge, and chance, or his own ingenuity, gave him what he wanted. He came one evening to the usual haunt, his face still tearing the mark of the blow that had felled him. He kept on his line of silence; he bore with his foe's boastful looks and with the jeering of the by-standers; but when he went to pay his reckoning, and was waiting for his change, he said to the landlady:

"I owe you something, Mrs. Smith. Please to make it all square, if you please," and he pointed a scornful forefinger at his enemy, "in a thief! I come here no more: that fellow has got for the past months for robbing his master ten years back. Let him deny it—let him deny it."

Pale, ghastly, and struck as by death, the wretched man heard, saw and denied nothing. They all stared, and he denied nothing. They heard assurance in him, and denied nothing. It was true. He had been a thief once—once only—for he was one of the very few men who, having thus fallen, could rise and triumph over their sin. He was honest now, and therefore the discovery and the shame were too much for him. He slunk away with never a word in his heart, and was seen in the public house no more. Nor was this all. His story spread. His wife, on learning it, left him, declaring that she was to be ashamed of him; the whole world he felt had in some sort turned against him. He could not bear this new fact. He left his employment, went out, and never came back. And the saddest part of this sad story is, that his triumphant enemy never regarded his victory as a triumph at all.

These two men, who could have lived at peace so easily if they had but been a little farther apart, could not resist the temptation for life-like and animosity which vicinity threw in their way. And what is true of hatred is happily also true of love. Instances of this are known to all languidly wrapped up in self-indulgence forever, are roused to generous exertion and self-forgetfulness by their next-door neighbors.

A few years ago there came to a little county town of England a lady whom we shall call Mrs. Jennings. This was the name, indeed; but her story is a true one, and that is the only matter of interest in this case. She came to take possession of a little house and of a hundred a year, both of which she had inherited through the death of an aunt whom she had never seen, and who had never done her a kindness. She tried to mourn for him, and she could not. She also tried in her conscientiousness to be grateful to him; but she soon found out that her gratitude to the deceased was all for his dying just so she was seen with him, and that the only way she was too honest to make-believe that she was grieving; she was too good to rejoice; so she put on black clothes, took a little servant, and went down to her and to keep her company, and settled down in her own house for the first time in her life.

There is an age when selfishness is a delicious feeling, whatever moralists may say. Miss Jennings had been a governess, and had made a home had lost its meaning for her. And now she had her own home, and she could live and die in it. For years she had been cut and dried for some in late, and now she could sit within the whole day long if it so pleased her. Instead of the three plants in flower-pots, which were the most always killed, Miss Jennings had her own garden. And to make her happiness complete, Miss Jennings could now indulge in the love of dogs that dream of her latter years—a painted glass window. It is all very well to deride such simple longings, but you may be sure that those who deride never had them. Miss Jennings had had brighter dreams once—dreams of husband, home, and children; and when these had passed away before the chill breath of old Father Time, she took refuge in harmless fancies. And the painted glass dog was one of the last, and Miss Jennings was a proud and happy woman when it was put up in the landing, and glowed there in the sun, and its hues fell on her staircase carpet. "I shall always think of my poor uncle when I look at that window," thought Miss Jennings, with a real warmth of her gratitude to the dead. And so she did think of the old gentleman, faithfully and not tenderly, and then the painted glass window got to be a sort of memorial window, and perhaps it was as true and as religious in its way as many of its more ambitious brethren displaying their dim gorgeousness in solemn old cathedrals.

This pleasant, selfish little life had lasted through the summer and autumn, and was beginning with a new series of delights, under the shape of cozy evenings by the fireside, a bright lamp on the table, and a bright coal-fire in the fat, white hands of plump Miss Jennings, who leaned back in the most comfortable of arm-chairs in the best-door neighbors stepped in and blotted out the fair picture. On a dreary snowy evening, when the wind howled, so gustily without, it made the comfort within doubly pleasant. Miss Jennings, who was gently nodding over a love story, was roused from her delicious reverie by her little maid—that Mrs. Brown, the poor gentleman next door, whose wife was ill, asked to speak to her. Mrs. Brown's errand was a sad one; his dying wife wanted to see Miss Jennings, whom she had only spoken to, and for whom she had conceived a sick woman's fancy. Such wishes are not to be resisted; Miss Jennings at once put by her novel, rose, and followed Mr. Brown to the next house. She never forgot the scene that awaited her there; a disordered household, and a red-eyed children, a man blanchely looking husband, and a dying woman, whose eyes burned like fire in her wasted face. At once she seized Miss Jennings's hand, and held it fast.

"I knew you would come," she whispered; "I knew you would; I am going to die; you know we are strangers here; my poor husband is a clerk at the bank, you know, and my poor children are all going to ruin. I know you will take care of them when I am gone; you are good—I know you will."

"My goodness!" cried Miss Jennings, looking scared her in dismay. But the wife, who had not seen her, had kept on saying, "I know you will," as if it were the burden of a song; and still uttering the words, she died a very few hours that night. The fire was not out when Miss Jennings came home, the lamp still burned brightly, the novel still lay on the table by the chair seemed to await its mistress, but Miss Jennings sighed drearily as she sank into it. Seven children to provide for would take away from Mrs. Brown, who was out all day, and did not know a sou in the place, how would he manage? Miss Jennings, who, on the best intention of accepting the dead lady's legacy, but still how would he manage, you know? He managed admirably with a little help from Miss Jennings. She was never more in her heart than she knew of, more tenderness than the painted glass window could express. At first she only went in to direct Mr. Brown's one servant, "until his should get some one," but that soon one never coming, for with excellent reasons, Miss Jennings gave up that illusion, and said to herself that she must "give a look to poor Mr. Brown's children every now and then." This, too, was but other illusion. Miss Jennings found that children will not be looked at now and then, but require constant attention. And so she looked at them so assiduously that the circulating library indignantly sent in the second volume before she would rather decline Miss Jennings's subscription than have books kept so long, if you please. Miss Jennings, in short, managed a second governess; they were welcome to the second volume, stupid fools! she remembered quite well she was not going to read it herself. Mr. Brown came in,"and she had something else to do now—thank Heaven. So she had, good Miss Jennings; she had seven children to look after, and a house to take care of. Mr. Brown, a poor nervous man, in a state of chronic depression, thanked her much, and was apt to express overpowered by his gratitude at times, but he did nothing to relieve her burden. "Poor fellow!" thought Miss Jennings as she now and then saw him in a vestful look "he is as helpless as a baby, you know. And so he was, so much so, that spite Miss Jennings's vigilance, many children would, and did, go wrong. The evils at length became so serious, and so crying, that Miss Jennings ventured on remonstrance. Mr. Brown was much shocked his head distractedly against the parlor mantelpiece, but said it could not be helped. There was no help for it, and all the children; it was very sad, but it must be so. "My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Jennings, "we can be so!" that! But Mr. Brown would say that Miss Jennings was very kind, but, of course, she could not do for ever; she must go to her own house and in his; his dear wife had told him to marry again, by all means, but the poor dear had said Jennings, and he must take a chick of fifty-two, with a moderate salary and seven children, all under fifteen! And Mr. Brown looked up in silent desperation at his case, and said no more.

Miss Jennings looked around her, much moved. Spite of all the trouble and vexation, the place looked very comfortless, and the house, Miss Jennings knew, was like the parlor. Winter had long been over, spring and the summer which had followed it had waned, another winter was beginning. She had given up every little enjoyment of her own to this one family, she had scolded the servant—she had mended the younger children's clothes—she taught the children, and she had even cried out Mr. Brown was very grateful; and still, either because his means were insufficient, or because his spirits were too low for exertion, there was some dreary gloom in his gloomy assertion that they were all going to ruin. She gently touched the arm of the man with his hairs in her eyes, and a little blush on her faded cheek, she said:

"Mr. Brown, I have a proposal. I have a hundred a year, and the house I live in is my own. I love your children, and they love me—will you marry me?"

At first he started and could not believe his ears—then a burst of tears expressed his joy; and need it be said that he accepted Miss Jennings's proposal? Need it be said, too, what a world of good occurred to him and to his children thereby? I think Miss Jennings, like the man in our first instance, but with far better reason, never regretted. For among the results of next-door neighborships may be numbered the matrimonial every now and then.

FETES OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

THE Viceroy of Egypt celebrated the anniversary of his accession on January 18 by a series of fêtes in his palace, which is said to have cost about one million sterling, has been built by the Viceroy at Gezireh, opposite the more ancient part of the city of Cairo, and on the other bank of the Nile. It is designed partly in the Saracenic style, by Mr. FRANC; and in all its architecture and decorations, external or internal, as well as in the furniture of its rooms, the most gorgeous taste is displayed. Here the Viceroy gave a grand ball to about 2500 persons, at the expense of $150,000. Their carriages were ranged in a road prepared for the purpose, and the illumination of the gardens, the palace stands in a fine park, full of large trees and exotic plants, and which abounds in shady nooks and grottoes, splendid kiosks, statues, fountains, shrubberies, parterres full of the rarest flowers, aquariums, aviaries, and deer-inclosures, scattered all over the grounds. These were brilliantly illuminated that night by thousands of gaslights. In the palace all the superbly-furnished state-rooms had been thrown open. They contained an array of female beauty of almost every nationality, bedecked in the height of the Paris fashions, while the dresses of the gentlemen presented diverse national, civil, and military garbs with the more sombre-looking evening dress.

A portion of the entertainments was during the fêtes consisted of races, in which horses and other animals contended. The horse-race for the English cup was an exciting event. The course was a very interesting one of five miles, which was won by a well-known Arab horse called "Duquesne." But the most characteristic race was one with dromedaries, of which we give an illustration on page 165. It was a very long race; and the effect of the long robes of the Arabs who rode and the trappings of the animals flowing behind gave a picturesque appearance to the scene. A regatta was also held on Lake Timsah, which borders the town of Ismailia, the central station of the Suez Canal.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are a larger number of Cubans in this city than in any other place, and many chances of avoiding the horrors of war, have recently deserted their native island. An association of Cubans here, called "Junta Patriotica de Cubanse," has been formed for the purpose of forwarding hospital supplies and other comforts to the insurgents in Cuba. It is said that a large number of volunteers, from this and other cities, have landed in Cuba, or will shortly land there, and are now fighting in the revolutionary ranks. The Junta has gone in small parts of, reports are true, no less than seven hundred have sailed from this port alone.

The Junta has been a decided success this season, if the attendance is any criterion. The artists are certainly worthy of it. Mrs. Scott Siddons, Lucia Grange and Miss Kellogg are well known; and the fresh, sweet voices of Miss M'Culloch, Miss Stone, and Miss Lanier are delightful to hear. Those who have listened to Brignoli, Beath, Grisnlini, Antonucci, and others, understand their excellence—at least they do if they are good judges of the quality of tone in the human voice.

A traveler in Greece, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, gives an interesting account of a visit to one of the largest cemeteries in that country, which has been established by American money. The proficiency of the Greeks in the fine arts, their natural orderly demeanor, were remarkable. About three hundred Cretan children were taught in this school but there were also other institutions, the use of which about a thousand pupils are daily gathered.

The Mont Cenis tunnel is to have a felt respecting hydrophobia, New York could import from Mississippi a wonderful "mad-stone" which abides to Colonel Milam, whose family resides in that State. It is said that a certain Colonel Milam, of Waterford, Miss., owns a "mad-stone" about the size of a hen's egg. The stone was brought from China in the early days by a sea-captain, and for many years in three or four places, but was carefully fastened together with a wire, which was taken from its side. It is to this Colonel Milam states that it has been applied with success in over one thousand cases, and has only failed in less than three parts of these could not be successfully reached. He has used it himself over his children and family. When applied it adheres as if by suction, and usually remains on ten or twelve hours. When the person is all satisfied the stone falls off. The stone is then soaked in warm water from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, when it is ready for another application. Besides the above, Colonel Milam asserts that he can carry case of dog, snake, or rattlesnake bite, where medicine is obtainable, and actually set in.

Grant and Colfax appear to be setting good example in the matter of economy. A dinner given to Governor Geary, in Philadelphia, fifty gentlemen were present. But the entertainment was to be refused from the guests and those two were General Grant and a well-known Philadelphia gentleman, Mr. Colfax is said to have declined a dinner at his numerous receptions without wine being considered necessary to add to the enjoyment of the occasion, certainly remarkable at Washington receptions.

A Peruvian mummy, which was thrown up by the convulsions of the earthquake near Arica last year, is now in possession of Dr. Squier, who intends to present it to the Peruvian Government. The mummy is of a female, and upon knowledge derived from letters only. In course of time the gentleman arrived at the head of the mummy a parcel of letters, the documentary to the ceremony. He was ushered by the servant into a spacious and elegant room, and on the sofa sat the mummy of Miss L——, for whom he inquired. Shortly a very neat and intelligent colored girl entered the room.

GENTLEMAN. "It is Miss L——I want to see."

COLORED LADY. "Miss L——, Sir?"

GENTLEMAN. "Under the circumstances you will not expect me to fulfill that engagement."

COLORED LADY. "Why, you will recollect I wrote *you that I had a dark complexion.*"

MOTHER GOOSE has been shocked by snow and ice. The fall of snow has been so heavy that on some branches of the Androscoggin Railroad the passenger trains have become temporarily impassable, and for several days no mail could be sent from Portland to Montreal.

An extraordinary story is related in the Newark *Courier* of a man employed by a large firm as laborer, named Seiling, seized by a severe attack of meningitis, became temporarily insane, and in his frenzy threw $40,000 into the fire. The money had been put in the bottom of a trunk for safe-keeping over night, and Seiling, not knowing it was in the bank on Monday morning, placed the result in the destruction of a fortune, occurred on Sunday evening.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.—SKETCHED BY TH

ETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE subject of a permanent seat of government was first debated in Congress after the issue offered to that body in Philadelphia, June, 1783, by a band of mutinous soldiers, who assailed the hall during session, demanding arrearages of pay; and a resolution was passed, October 7, 1783, to erect buildings for Congress on the Delaware or Potomac, provided a suitable district could be procured on either of those rivers for the Federal capital. In December, 1788, the Federal Legislature of Maryland passed an act authorizing her members of Congress "to cede any district, not exceeding ten miles square, which Congress may fix upon and accept for the seat of Government of the United States." In 1789 Virginia made a similar cession to Congress for the location of the seat of government, and promised to advance moneys, not exceeding $120,000, to be expended in the erection of public buildings, provided Maryland should advance not less than two-fifths of that sum, to which proposal Maryland assented. Other States made like offers of territory, being anxious to have the seat of government within their boundaries. The bickerings of the rival States in Congress were finally settled by an arrangement effected by JEFFERSON and HAMILTON, and, with the advice of President WASHINGTON, the present location of the District was selected, WASHINGTON himself defining the boundaries.

The selection of the precise location for a city had been noticed by WASHINGTON when a youthful surveyor of the country round. He encountered with HALLOWELL a forest in the hill now occupied by the Observatory, which was long known as Camp Hill in the Revolutionary time. The present desire that the seat of government should be located here is said also to have had great influence in the selection. President WASHINGTON directed MAJOR L'ENFANT in planning the city, and, finding him somewhat arbitrary and refractory, he appointed ANDREW ELLICOTT in his place.

In laying out the plan of the city MR. ELLICOTT drew a base line, by astronomical observation, through the area intended for the Capitol, and upon this basis laid off two sets of streets, intersecting each other at right angles, and distinguished by letters and numbers. The streets running north and south are numbered, and those running east and west are lettered, taking the Capitol as a starting-point. Avenues were then projected, cutting the streets at various angles, and forming the most prominent and favorable points of the city—the avenues interesting each other and forming open spaces at certain points previously determined upon. These avenues are named after and located to correspond with the position of the different States in the Union, and are from 130 to 160 feet wide; the streets vary from 90 to 110 feet in width.

Congress commenced its first session in Washington on the third Monday of November, 1800. The appropriations for the public use at that time are described by the HON. JOHN COTTON SMITH, of Connecticut:

Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One view of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's house, a wide avenue between, and a number of private southdoor, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the wood which was all around. Instead of verydoing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, one was wholly within the woods, except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey and the Pennsylvania avenues, leading to a fluid down on paper, from the Capitol to the President's mansion. In this road, at that time in a deep mire, and almost impassable, were a few small framed houses, covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the body of the intended avenue where the then existing winter. Between the President's house and the Capitol, on the left, a house had been erected, which then bore, and may still bear, the name of the Six Buildings. There were also two other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in either of which the whole now and then resided to abandon them, not only unfinished but in a rotten condition. They proved to be but two or three comfortable habitations in all respects within the bounds of the district which I professed to represent in Congress, and the other to Navy Yards, who were the former proprietors of the city proposition of the land proprietors of the city, but who reserved for their own emolument a certain number for private sale, and other speculative purposes. The lands in every direction were covered with the forest. A few acres had attempted in one instance by a coverlog formed of the chips of the stones which had been hewed for the Capitol. It extended but a little way, and was of little value; for the wood was but short-fingered—cut our shoes, and in wet weather covered them with wet mortar. In a word, it was a "new settlement."

Commenting upon the elevations of the location, and the frequent efforts made to effect its change, he says: "We must acknowledge that its selection by WASHINGTON as the permanent seat of the Federal Government affords a striking exhibition of the discernment, wisdom, and foresight which characterized that illustrious man. Under this impression, whenever, during the six years of my connection with Congress, the question of removing the seat of government to some other place was agitated—and the proposition was frequently made—I stood almost alone as a Northern man in giving my vote in the negative."

MR. DICKENS, in his "American Notes," thus describes the appearance of the National Capital in 1842:

Here is Washington, fresh in my mind, and under my eye.

Take the worst parts of the City Road and Pentonville, or the straggling outskirts of Paris, where the houses are stinted, poverty-stricken, and their oddities, but especially the small shops and dwellings, pitiful in Pentonville (but much the reflection) by furniture-brokers, keepers of poor eating-houses, and dispensers of little. Burn the whole down, build it up again in wood and plaster; widen it a little, throw in part of St. John's Wood; put green blinds outside all the private houses, with a red curtain and a white one in every window; plow up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it might not be to erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble any where, but the more entirely out of every body's way the better; call one the Post-Office, one the Patent-Office, and one the Treasury; make it something but in the actual, existing business of the afternoon, with an occasional tornado of wind and dust; leave a bald, unfinished space for the Capitol, and place where a street may naturally be expected; and that's Washington.

It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but I think it will prove extremely hard to reward the City of Magnificent Intentions: for it is only on looking a little way off that it looks like a city at all, and that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projectors. Spacious avenues, frowning upon streets, squares, and parks, are things which, not only want houses, trees, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be completed, and unfinished, but they are monuments of taste which only lack great thoroughfares to orna-ment—are in reality nothing else. And they will, in season over, and most of the houses gone out of town forever with their occupants. The Washington of 1842 is a Barmecide Feast: a pleasant field for the imagination to run a race in; a monument to a great design, a project, with not even a legible inscription to record the departed glories.

The view of Washington, which we present in this week's issue, shows in the immediate foreground many of the most interesting edifices of the city. The modest brick building at the right of the picture has been for some time the head-quarters of General GRANT, and stands on a street, at the left, is the Winder building, occupied by the numerous offices of clerks of the different departments, which, from the limited space in the departmental buildings, could not be located in their proper edifices. The Second house to the left of the building is the habitation of Lieutenant-General SCOTT. At the extreme left of the picture is seen the building erected by the worthy Samuel W. Z. Seaton, and for years dedicated to art. This building at it present made use of for the offices of the Quarter-Master-General and his clerks. Next to this building, and in the same block, is the "Blair House." Vice-President COLFAX has his present home also in this block, fronting upon the square. Across Pennsylvania Avenue, to the right, is the War Department and Navy Department with their Secretary's Department, and above and beyond to the White House with its conservatory and still higher, the Capitol. Next to the Treasury Department, from which looking down the Avenue is seen the Capitol with its extensive grounds, and the Patent Office, next the Washington in the census of 1860 is set down as 61,122.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER IV.

"ON THE ROAD" IN CROATIA.

I PASSED half the night after I was followed in writing to my mother. It was a very long epistle, but, in my fear lest, like so many others, it should not ever reach her, it was less expansive and candid than I could have wished. Sara's name did not occur throughout, and yet it was Sara's image was before me as I wrote, and to connect my mother in interest for Sara was my upperrmost thought. Without touching on details that might awaken her fears, I tried to fetch you, for I will no longer live without you."

I pictured the place I was living in, and its climate, as attractively as I was able, and what I verily believed, that I hoped never to leave it. Of my father I did not venture to speak, but I said, that if the success of our correspondence should prove assured, to tell me frankly all about her present condition, and where and how she was.

"You will see, dear mother," said I, in conclusion, "that I am not the only unfortunate one who is not sure who may read him. Of the accident by which the address I now give this letter reached me I will tell when I write again. Meanwhile, though I shall not be here to receive it at once, write to me, to the care of Hodnig and Oppovich, Fiume, in the Austrian Croatia."

I inclosed a little photograph of the town, as seen from the bay, and though ill done and out of drawing, it was the best I could afford of the pretty little spot with its mountain frame-work.

I had it in my head to write another letter, and, indeed, made about a dozen attempts to begin it. It was to Pauline. Nothing but very boyishness could have ever conceived such a project, but I thought—it was very simple of me!—I thought I owed it to her, and to my own loyalty, to declare that my affection had wandered from its first allegiance, and fixed its devotion on another. I believed—I was young enough to believe love that I had won her affections, and I felt it would be dishonorable in me to deceive her as to my own. I suppose I was essaying a task that would have puzzled a more consummate tactician than myself, for certainly nothing could be more palpable than my failure: and though I tried, with all the ingenuity I possessed, to show that, in my altered fortunes, I could no longer presume to retain any hold on her affections, somehow it would creep out that my heart had opened to a sentiment far deeper and more enthralling than that love which began in a police and ended at the railway.

I must own I was very grateful to my stupidity and ineptness, which saved me from committing this great blunder, though, at the time, I mourned over my ignorance, and bewailed that dullness that destroyed every attempt I made to express myself gracefully. I abandoned the task, at length, in despair, and set to work to pack up for my journey. I was to start at daybreak for Agram, where some business would detain me a couple of days. Hence I was to proceed to a small frontier town in Hungary, called OSSOVIZ, on the Drave, where we owned a forest of oak-trees, and which I was empowered to sell, if an advantageous offer could be had. If such should not be forthcoming, my instructions were to see that waterways were existed in the neighborhood to work saw-mills, and to report fully on the price of labor, and the means of conveyance to the coast. As I mention these details, even passingly, it is but to show the sort of work that was entrusted to me, and fortunately my mind was touched at feeling how great and important were the interests confided to my judgment. In my seven months, I had made somebody. This sentiment, felt in the freshness of youth, is never equaled by any thing one experiences of triumph in after years. Success and later successes come upon hearts joyous in the day-spring of existence, hopeful of all things, and, above all, hearts that have not been jaded by envy, and made discordant by ungenerous rivalry.

There was an especial charm, too, in the thought that I was to be no mere everyday commonplace existence, but a strange series of ups and downs, changes and vicissitudes calling for continual watchfulness and a small amount of energy; in a word, I was a hero to myself, and it is wonderful what a degree of interest can be imparted to a character by self delusion. My business at Agram was soon dispatched. No news of the precarious condition of our "house" had reached there, and I was treated with all the consideration due to the confidential agent of a great firm. I passed an evening in the society of the Intendant, who closely questioned whether Carl Bettmeyer had got over his passion for the Fräulein Sara; or was she showing any disposition to relent. I drew favorably on his addresses. What fortune Oppovich could give his daughter, and what sort of marriage he expected to for her, were all discussed. I here was one point, however, all were agreed upon, that nothing could be done without the consent of the "parents," as they distinctively called the great financier of Paris, whose sway, it appeared, extended not only to matters of trade and money, but to every relation of domestic life.

"They say," cried one, "that the Baron likes Bettmeyer, and has thrown some good things in his way of late."

"He gave him a share in that new dock contract at Fiume."

"And he means to give him the directorship of the Viscovan line, if it ever be made."

"He'll get nothing Oppovich for a wife," said a third; "and that's a better speculation than them all. Two millions of florins at least."

"She is the handsomest girl in Croatia."

"And doesn't she know it?" exclaimed another. "The last time I was up at Fiume, old Ignaz undertook to tell her something me to her by saying, 'Yesterday was her reception-day; if you are here next Wednesday, I'll introduce you.'"

I thought it was only the nobles had the custom of reception-days.

"Wealth is everything, nowadays, and if Ignaz Oppovich was not a Jew he might have the best blood of Austria for a son-in-law."

The discussion grew more and more warm as to whether Jews did or did not aspire to marriage with Christians of rank—the majority opining to believe that they pined for and entertained their own riches, and that no people had such an intense appreciation of the value of condition as the Hebrew.

That Frenchman who was here the other day, Maurice, or Marcel, or the man who could get the Stephen Cross for old Oppovich, and the title of Chevalier, would be sure of his daughter's hand in marriage."

"And does old Ignaz really care for such a thing?"

"No, but the girl does: she's the thoughtless and the vainest damsel in the province."

It may be believed that I found it very hard to listen to every word of those in silence: but it was of the last importance that I should not make what is called an eclat, or bring the name of Oppovich needlessly forward for town talk and discussion: I therefore repressed my indignation, and appeared to take little interest in the conversation.

"You've seen the Fräulein, of course?" asked one of me.

"To be sure he has, and has been permitted to kneel and kiss her hand on her birthday," broke in another.

And while some declared that this was mere exaggeration and gossip, others averred that they had been present and witnessed this act of homage themselves.

"What has this young gentleman seen of this hand kissing?" said a lady of the party, turning to me.

"That it was always an honor conferred even more than a homage rendered, Madam," said I, stepping forward and kissing her hand; and a pleasant laughter greeted this mode of concluding the controversy.

"I have got a wager about you," said a young man to me, "and you alone can decide it. Are you or are you not from Upper Austria?"

"And are you a Jew?" cried another.

"If you'll promise to ask me no more questions, I'll answer both of these—I am neither Jew nor Austrian."

It was not, however, so easy to escape my questioners: but as their curiosity seemed content to go no nearer, I was glad to be left to myself as best I might, and that I had not totally failed, I gathered from hearing an old fellow whisper to another:

"You'll get nothing out of him: he's not a Jew by birth, he has lived long enough with them to keep his own counsel to himself."

Having finished all I had to do at Agram, I started for Ossviza. I could find no purchaser for our wood, indeed many had chosen to sell, and forests were offered me on all sides. It was just at that period in Austria when the mania was first awakened for the employment of industrial enterprise, and schemes of money-getting were rife every where; but such was the ignorance of the people, so little versed were they in affairs, that they imagined wealth was to pour down upon them for the wishing—that Fortune asked of her votaries neither industry nor thrift.

Perhaps I should not have been led into these reflections here if it were not that I had undertaken them, or something very like them, in a dispatch I sent off to SARA—a dispatch on which I had expended all my care to make it a master-piece of fine writing and acute observation. I remember how I expatiated on the disabilities of trade, and how I dwelt upon the effect of those lethargic temperaments of Eastern origin which seemed so wanting in all that energy and persistence which form the life of commerce.

This laborious essay took me an entire day to write, but when I had posted it at night I felt I had done so great a thing, that only an intellectual effort, but as a proof to the Fräulein how well I knew how to restrict myself within the limits of my duties: for not a sentence, not a syllable, had escaped me throughout to recall thoughts of any thing but business. I had asked for certain explanations about Bettmeyer, and on the third day came the following, in Sara's hand:

"HERR DIGBY.—There is no mention in your esteemed letter of the 4th November of Kraus's exceptions, nor have you explained the part of Heydiger's contract Hansser now objects. Freights are still rising here, and it would be imprudent to engage in any operations that involve exportation. Gold is also rising, and the Bank discount goes daily higher. I am obliged to you for your interesting remarks on ethnology, though I am low-minded enough to own I could have been much more pleased where the floods in the Drave have interfered with the rafts, and also whether these late rains have damaged the new quay-works.

"If you choose to see Pesth and Buda you will have time, for Count Hunyadi will not be at his château in Slavonia before Christmas: but it is not an you should see him immediately on his arrival, for his intendant writes to say that the Graf has invited a large party of friends to pass the festival with him, and will not attend to any business matters while they remain. Prompting made will be otherwise needful. Thanking you to add to your instructions already given. Although I have not been able to consult my father, whose business is daily greater, I can say that you are empowered to make a compromise, if such should seem advisable; and your drafts shall be duly honored, if, from circumstances, are not in a position to acquaint us with details.

"The weather here is fine now, I passed yesterday at Count Hunyadi's, and found it thrilling well. I believe the archduke will purchase it, and though sorry on some accounts, I shall be glad on the whole.

"For Hodnig and Oppovich,

"SARA OPPOVICH.

"Of course if Count Hunyadi will not transact business at his château, you will be at a loss to know his convenience. Perhaps the interval could be profitably passed in Transylvania, where, it is said, the oak-bark is both cheap and good. See to this if opportunity serves. Bich's book and maps are worth consulting."

If I read this epistle once, I read it fifty times, but I will not pretend to say with what strange emotions. Even in my fury reference I could bear well enough, but the little passing sneer at what she called my ethnology piqued me painfully. I set to work at once to search out pains to tell me that nothing that did not lend itself to gain could have any interest for her? or was it to say that these topics alone were what should be discussed between us? Was it to recall me to the duties, to make me remember in what relation I stood to her, she wrote this? These were not the natures I had read of in Balsac! the creatures all passion, and nothing else tinent; women whose atmosphere was positive enchantment, and whose least glance, or word, or gesture, breathed perfume hours to very madness; and yet, was it not in Sara to become all this? Were those deep lustrous eyes that looked away from space longingly, dreamfully, dazedly—were they meant to pore over wearisome columns of dry arithmetic, or not rather to give back in recognition what they had got as rapture, and to look as they were looked into?

Was it, as a Jewess, that my speculations about race had offended her? had I expressed myself carelessly or ill? I had often been struck by a smile she would give, not scornful, nor slighting, but something that seemed to say, "These thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are these ways our ways;" for in no silent fashion she would make no remark, but be satisfied to shadow forth

some half dissent by a mere trembling of the lip.

She had passed a day at Abazio—of course, alone—wandering about that delicious spot, and, doubtless, recalling memories, for any one of which I had given my life's blood. And would she not bestow a word—one word—on these? Why not say, she as much as remembered me; that it was there we first met! Sure, so much might have been said, or at least hinted at, in all harmlessness? I had done nothing, written nothing, to bring rebuke upon me. I had taken no liberty: I had tried to make the dry detail of a business letter less wearisome by a little digression, not wholly out of apropos; that was all.

Was this the fickle heart beat solely on gain? And yet what grand things did the love of these women inspire in olden times, and what splendid instances there still! How true and devoted, how self-sacrificing! Sara's beautiful face, and its calm loveliness, rose before me as I thought these things, and I felt that I loved her more than ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN HUNGARY.

It still wanted several weeks of Christmas, and so I hastened off to Pesth, and tried to acquire some little knowledge of Hungarian, and some acquaintance with the habits and ways of Hungarian life. I am not sure that I made much progress in any thing but the "Csardas"—the national dance—in which I soon became a proficient. Its stately solemnity suddenly changing for a lively measure, its waiting postures and attitudes; its haughty tramp and defiant tone; and, last of all, its whirlwind impetuosity and passion—all spoke of the people and their nature—possessed a strange fascination for me; and I never missed a night of those public balls where it was danced.

Toward the middle of December, however, I bethought me of my mission, and set out for Gross Wardein, which lay a long distance off near the Transylvanian frontier. I had provided myself with one of the wicker carriages of the country, and, leaving Pesth one early morning, three horses harnessed abreast, or, where there was much up-hill, a team of five.

I mention this, for I own that the exhilaration of speeding along at the stretching gallop of these splendid "Jackers," tossing their wild manes madly, and, with their nostrils quivering, inhaling an ecstasy of delight almost maddening. Over and over, as the excited driver would urge his beast to greater speed by a wild, shrill cry, and I yelled out in concert with him, carried away by an intense excitement I could not master.

On the second day of the journey I left the region of roads, and usually directed our course by some church spire or tower in the distance, or followed the bed of a river when the ice in the region of roads, and usually directed our course by some church spire or tower in the distance, or followed the bed of a river when the ice was solid. This headlong swoop across fields and prairie, dashing madly on in what seemed mad recklessness, was glorious fun; and when we came to cross the small bridges which span the streams, myself on the off parapet at one moment and where the deviation of a few inches would have sent us headlong into the torrent beneath, I felt a degree of blended terror and delight such as one experiences in the mad excitement of a fox-hunt.

On the third morning I discovered on awaking that a heavy fall of snow had occurred during the night, and we were forced to take off our wheels and place the carriage on sledges. This alone was wanting to make the enjoyment perfect, and over pace from this hour became positively sublime. Leaving behind me the ample fur mantle, and my hands inclosed in a fur muff, I accepted the salutations of the villagers as we swept along, or blandly raised my hand to my cap as some wenried guard would hurriedly turn out to present arms to a supposed "magnate:" for we were long out of the best of usual travel, and rarely any but some high official of the state was seen to come "extra post," as it is called, through these wild regions.

Up to Larous the country had been a plain, slightly, but very slightly, undulating. Here, however, we got among the mountains, and the charm of scenery was now added to the delight of the pace. On the fifth day I learned, and not without sincere regret, that we were within seven German miles—something over thirty of ours —from Gross Wardein, from which the Hunyadi Schloss only lay about fifty miles.

Up to this I had been, to myself at least, a "Grand Seigneur," traveling for his pleasure, careless of cost, and denying himself nothing; splendid generosity, transmitted from each postilion to his successor, secured me the utmost speed his beasts could master, and the impetuous dash with which we spun into the arched doorways of the inn, roused the whole household, and not unfrequently summoned the guests themselves to witness the illustrious arrival. A few hours more and the grand illusion would dissolve! No more the wild stretching gallop, cutting the snow-drift; no more the clear bells, ringing through the frosty air; no more the eager landlord bustling to the carriage-side with his flagon of heated wine; no more that burning delight imparted by speed, a sense of power that actually intoxicates. Not one of these! A few hours more and I should be Herr Owen, traveling for the house of Rudnitz and Oppovich, banished to the company of humans, and reduced to a status where whatever life has of picturesque or graceful is made matter for vulgar sarcasm and ridicule. I know well, ye gentlemen who hold a station fixed and unassailable will scarcely sympathize with me in all this; but the castle-builders of this world, and happily they are a large class, will lend me all their pity —well aware that so long as fragments of castle the drafts upon her, the poor man is never bankrupt, and that it is only as illusions dissolve he sees his insolvency.

I reached Gross Wardein to dinner, and passed the night there, essaying, but with no remarkable success, to learn something of Count Hunyadi, his habits, age, temper, and general demeanor. As my informants were his countrymen, I could only gather that his qualities were such as Hungarians held in esteem. He was a very hundred florins for what he asked eight. He did not even vouchsafe me an answer, and almost drove over me the next day as I stood at the side of the gate there."

"That was like Tassilo," said a Hungarian, with flashing eyes.

"He served you right," cried another. "None but a German would have offered him such a rudeness."

"Not but he's too ready with his heavy whip," muttered an old soldier of Radetzki. "He might chance to strike where no words would efface the welt."

Stories of Hunyadi's extravagance and eccentricity now poured in on all sides. How he had sold an estate to pay the cost of an imperial visit that lasted a week; how he had given a team of four across the Danube on the second day of the frost, when a heavy man could have smashed the ice by a step of his foot; how he had killed a boar in single combat, though it cost him three fingers of his left hand, and as awful flesh-wound on the side; and numberless other feats of daring and recklessness were recorded by admiring narrators, who finished by a loud "Eljen" to his health.

I am not sure that I went away to my bed feeling much encouraged at the success of my mission, or very hopeful of what I should do with this magnate of Hungary.

By daybreak I was again on the road. The journey led through a wild mountain pass, and was eminently interesting and picturesque; but I had no longer an eye for enjoyments as before, and serious thoughts of my mission now oppressed me, and I grew more nervous and afraid of failure. If this haughty Graf could do what they represented him, it was just as likely he would refuse to listen to me at all; nor was the fact a cheering one that my visit would be even nowwhere is the race less held in honor than in Hungary.

As day began to decline, we issued forth into a vast plain into which a mountain spur projected like a bold promontory into the sea. At the very extremity of this a large army was brought to bivouac, seemed to stand out against the sky. "There, yonder," said the postilion, pointing toward it with his whip; "that is Count Hunyadi. There's three hours good gallop yet before us."

A cold snow-drift borne on a wind that at times brought to a stand-still, and which gave us to seek shelter by the wayside, now set in, and was fain to roll myself in my furs and lie snugly down on the hay in the "wagon," where I soon fell asleep; and though we had a change of horses, and I must have managed somehow to settle with the postilion and hand him his "trinkgeld"—I was conscious of nothing till awakened by the clanking sound of a great bell, when I started up and found myself driven into a spacious court-yard, in which, at an immense fire, a number of people were seated, while others busied about harnessing or unharnessing horses. Here we are, Herr Graf!" cried my postilion, who called out from the recognition of the loudness way I had treated his predecessor. "This is Schloss Hunyadi."

HOSPITALITY.

THE man of hospitable mind is known by his eyes and tongue. It is the great trait characteristic in its way than a stranger's reception of a stranger. The hospitable man at once assumes that you are a friend, and that you come with a friendly intent. He salutes you with a kindly smile and a ready grasp. He only incidentally asks you the reason of your call, or rather waits till you yourself disclose it. He offers you every hospitality what he thinks you can require, not obtrusively, but with manifest courtesy, and the desire that you should avail yourself of every thing within reach. If your personal happiness be the unwelcome, that only redoubles the solicitous kindness of your own personal welcome, and you find that there is kindly consideration in all his thoughts respecting you.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

THE announcement that DULCE is to be succeeded as Captain-General of Cuba by General DE RODA does not indicate very strong confidence on the part of the Spanish Government in the speedy suppression of the insurrection in that island. LEGENDRE and other luminaries was too intimately associated with the Bourbon régime. DULCE took his place, and began his administration by the introduction of liberal reforms, the establishment of the freedom of the press, and the offer of general amnesty. But indulgence proved no more effective against the rebels than severity had; and even DULCE began too late to see and correct his mistake. Probably it would have been wiser for Spain to have allowed him to pursue his new policy. The succession of DE RODA—the real author of the sanguinary conflicts in Cuba—will only tend to further inflame the passions of the Cuban rebels, and to widen the circle of their power.

As we intimated last week the great want of the rebels is arms. On page 172 we give an illustration of the manner in which this want is surreptitiously supplied. Apart from its fidelity as a pictorial representation of an actual fact, this engraving possesses rare artistic merits. The silence and secrecy of the night-attempt, and the grim determination with which it is carried out, give a wonderful effect to the picture.

GREENWOOD IN WINTER.

ALL dressed in snow; a giant shroud
Is folded on each grave,
And crystals bright of frozen rain
The narrow walks now pave.
The cold wind whistles from the bay
Through gate and leafless tree,
And far away from dust of rose
Flies the bright honey-bee.
And down below in the snowy shroud
The sleepers coldly lie,
And sentinels of marble forms
Stand with them silent by.
What care they for the leafless tree,
The whistling wind or snow?
The peaceful rest of roseless checks
Is not disturbed below.
And soon the giant shroud of snow
The warm young Spring will rend,
And where the dress of Winter trailed
Will spring some flowers of gold.
And down below the nursing snow
The violet hides its blooms,
And early through the springing grass
Will breathe its soft perfumes.
And down below the nursing snow
The roses hide their leaves,
As in the mantles of the frost
The wheat is keeping sheaves.
And thus beneath, in holy graves,
Where friend and lover sleep,
Are faces, snowy, cold, and pale,
Beneath the winter sheet.
Though frosty shrouds of death be there,
Yet Spring will come erewhile,
And bid from Winter's frozen lips
The warm and gladdening smile.
As roses burst in April snows,
As violets through the snow,
As silvery streams from ice-bound rills
In gushing radiance go—
So from the sleep in coldest graves
Will friend and lover come,
When in the morn of God's sweet Spring
He bids his children home.
The snow of Winter is the type
Of Death, where all is cold—
So blooming flowers and green of Spring
Are types of Life untold.
The Life that brings to chilly checks
That faded early here
The bloom and dimples they had lost
Upon the darkened bier;
And sweeps from the Winter's breath,
Or roses of the May,
Will be the kisses, long lost here
In that lost Greenwood day.
What though the snows on Greenwood fell,
Nor its red roses bloomed,
The loving heart we had kissed
At last the Spring untombed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE CANINE FANCY—Too often the calf of one's leg.

"YOUR future husband seems very exacting," he has been signalling for all sorts of things," said a mother to a daughter who was on the point of getting married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate young girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "those are his last wishes."

HOW HE WHIPPED HIM.

A lad, narrating a stretch-tale in which he had been engaged, said:

"I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone; and I said, Bill, you stole my knife; and he said I was another; and I said go there yourself; and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd come to step, mother; and I said he was a bigger one, and he said I never had the courage to; and I told him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tomdemon at Sacred Hill; and he said he guessed not as no gentleman; and I said he doesn't take it up; but he did, you bet, you never—well, you never did; then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to do it again; and he tried, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and throwed him down on the top of me like several bricks; and I told you it beat all—and he did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?"

"To skate, or not to skate," but if you do, is it best to fall to? Then skater thinks not:

"Thy heart is like a frozen lake
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh! buckle on my spirit's skate,
And take me to the land.
And lend, thou living saint, thy way
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet
And let a lover in!"

DITTIES.

What was Eve's first song?—A new-ditty. What are foolish songs?—Stupid-ditty and absurd-ditty. What should be the "lay" of the lazy?—Reund-ditty. What is a miser's love song?—Cupid-ditty. What is a sailor's song?—A guid-ditty. What is a sour song?—An acid-ditty. What is a strange song?—An oddditty.

TABLE OF CONTENTS—The dinner-table.

AN ARTLESS LOVER.

I know I'm "horrid ugly," Jane,
You scarcely need have stated.
That insensitive fact
Because it's antiquated.
And—getting flatty on the shelf—
I tell you, Jane, sincerely,
I think you're pretty plain yourself.
Although I love you dearly!

Your nose is not the kind of nose
To satisfy a painter;
Your locks are like the red, red rose,
Or just a little flutter.
Upon your cheek the glow of rouge
Shines best-root-colored nearly;
Oh, mind, you know, I tell the truth,
Although I love you dearly!

It's needless to possess two eyes
Without the least connection;
Where each inquiring optic tries
A contrary direction.
It's very much more useful, though,
Than ornamental, clearly;
I'm sorry that you squint, you know,
Although I love you dearly.

I think I've said enough to prove
You're not a perfect Venus
(And quite sufficient to worry
Unpleasant thoughts between us);
So when you're idolize again,
My visage too severely,
Just call to mind, I told you, Jane,
Although I love you dearly.

"Look here, Squire, where was you born?" said a fellow-lodger to a five-monthser. "Where was I born?" "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the 1st day of January, 1870, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin."

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

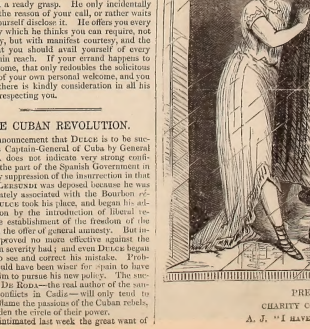
"Yees; well, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

"How much older did you make this year?" inquired one farmer of another, who had offered a specimen for trial.

"Fifteen barrels," was the answer.

Another case.

"Well, if you had another apple, you might have made another barrel."

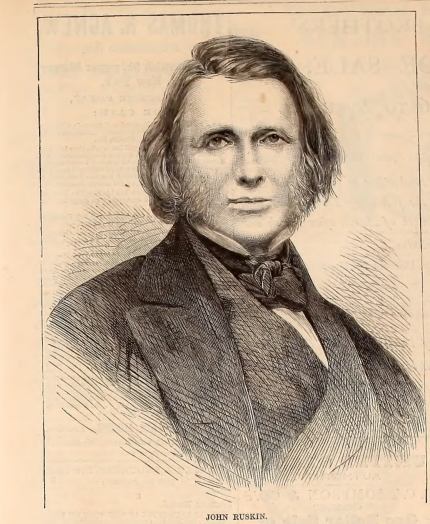


PREPARING TO GO CUT.

CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

A. J. "I HAVE SEEN A WORSE RELIGN THAN THIS."

LANDING ARMS FOR THE PATRIOT FORCES ON THE COAST OF CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 171.]



JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN, the well-known art-critic, is the son of a city merchant, and was born in London in February, 1819. Having been educated as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he gained the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1839, but subsequently devoted himself to the cultivation of the pictorial art, which he practiced with success under COPLEY FIELDING and J. D. HARDING. A pamphlet in defense of TURNER and the modern English school of landscape painting was his first effort in the cause of modern art, and this brochure eventually swelled to a standard work entitled "Modern Painters," the first volume of which appeared in 1843. The author's success as a writer on art was decided by the warm reception the public accorded to this volume, of which several editions have since been called for. MR. RUSKIN'S views, however, were combated with bitter asperity by some of the art-critics of the day, who resented with an affectation of contempt his free expression of dissent from the trammels of their school. In his second volume of "Modern Painters," written after a residence in Italy, and published in 1846, he took a much wider survey of the subject originally entered upon, including the works of the great Italian painters, and discussing at length the merits of their respective schools. This, his chief work, has been since completed by the publication of three more volumes, the last of which contains illustrations by himself. MR. RUSKIN temporarily diverted his attention from the study of painting to that of architecture, giving, in 1849, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" as a first result—a work followed, in 1851, by the first volume of "The Stones of Venice," the second and third volumes of which appeared in 1853. The illustrations in these last-named productions, which also excited some of the same professional hostility that his first publication met with, displayed to much advantage his artistic powers. MR. RUSKIN has also expounded his views both in lectures and the pages of newspapers and reviews. In 1851 he advocated pre-Raphaelism in letters to the London *Times*; he lectured in Edinburgh on Gothic architecture in 1853, having previously (in 1847) contributed articles to the *Quarterly* on Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art." Topics of the hour likewise occupied his pen from time to time: one on the "Construction of Sheepfolds" (the Discipline of the Church) appearing in 1851; another on the "Opening of the Crystal Palace," in 1854; and in 1855 "Notes on the Academy Exhibition" of that and the following year. A notice of "Giotto and his Works" is also from MR. RUSKIN'S pen, having been written for the Arundel Society, of which he is a member. In addition to the above-mentioned works, he wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine* four essays on the relations of employers and employed, under the title of "Unto this Last" (reprinted in 1862). He has also published "The King of the Golden River," illustrated by DOYLE; various separate lectures on art subjects; in 1864 a selection from his own writings; and in May, 1865, "Kings' Treasuries and Queens' Gardens." MR. RUSKIN has since contributed a series of essays to the pages of the *Art Journal*, entitled "The Cestus of Aglaia," and has also occasionally written on questions connected with political economy. His latest public appearance was at the Royal Institution in London, to the members of which he delivered a most interesting lecture on the "Flamboyant Architecture of the Valley of the Somme." This lecture was marked by all the elegance and fine judgment which ever characterize MR. RUSKIN'S deliverances on matters of art and taste.

THE MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON.

THE dedication of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington took place on the 28th of February, and awakened the profoundest interest in the religious community. The services were announced to commence at the usual hour for morning worship; but as early as 9 o'clock there was assembled about the doors a crowd large enough to fill the body of the church.

General GRANT and MRS. GRANT, accompanied by their family and MRS. GRANT'S father, arrived just as Bishop SIMPSON commenced his sermon. Speaker COLFAX and MRS. COLFAX had previously arrived, as had also Chief Justice CHASE, accompanied by Senator and MRS. SPRAGUE. Among other distinguished gentlemen present were Senators CRAGIN, THUMBULL, COLE, DOOLITTLE, PATTERSON of New Hampshire, HENDRICKS, WILSON, and others; Representatives DAWES, JUDD, CHURCHILL, HUMPHREY, WASHBURN of Massachusetts, CONNELL, FIELDS, COLE, and many others. All these gentlemen were accompanied by ladies of their households.

Bishop SIMPSON opened the dedicatory services by reading an appropriate selection from the discipline. Then the choir, composed of the best amateur performers selected from the various choirs of the city, sang the hymn, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," the whole audience joining in the hymn. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. HAMILTON, followed by readings from the Scriptures by the Rev. Dr. KENADT and Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN. An anthem was then chanted, after which the Rev. Bishop SIMPSON delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse.

As announced by the Rev. Dr. DE HAAS at the close of the reunion, there still remained a debt of $35,000. The sum of $10,000 was raised on the spot by subscription. MR. OLIVER HOYT, of Connecticut, and Hon. THOMAS CORNELL, of New York, each gave $1000. MR. ARCHER, of New York, gave $500; and, among a number of subscribers for $100, we notice the name of Vice-President COLFAX. The exercises were then closed, in the manner appointed by the book of discipline.

The audience on this occasion numbered at least 2000 persons, and hundreds were unable to secure an entrance. In the afternoon an eloquent extempore discourse was delivered by the distinguished English divine, Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON; and another collection added $2000 to the sum contributed in the morning. Of this Senator CATTELL contributed $500, and Senator HARLAN $100.

We give an illustration of the church on this page. Its design is pure Gothic. It is built of brown stone, rough hewed. The building fronts 75 feet on C Street and 115 feet on Four-and-a-Half Street. It is about fifty feet in height. At the northeast corner of the structure is to be constructed a tower and spire, the utmost point of which will be 240 feet from the pavement. The main front of the church is from C street, there being three large entrance ways, approached by brown stone steps. The main audience-room, 85 feet deep by 75 feet wide, is by far the handsomest and most elaborate of the many fine churches in Washington. The ceiling is about 20 feet high, the Gothic style of architecture being faithfully observed. Six heavy columns rise on either side, affording a support to galleries 12 feet 3 inches in width, extending around three sides of the room. These columns are heavily capped, and over these caps are arranged gas jets sixteen to each cap, which at night brilliantly illuminate the room. At the south end of the room the pulpit has been located in an alcove. The wall in the rear of the pulpit is beautifully frescoed, and on either side is a panel, on one of which is inscribed the Ten Commandments, and upon the other the Lord's Prayer. The keystone of the arch above the pulpit is made of the stone from which Solomon's temple was erected, and bears upon its face the inscription, in Hebrew characters, "Jehovah Jireh." The front of the pulpit is of black walnut, and the design is chaste and beautiful. The panels are of olive wood from the garden of Gethsemane. On the front is a magnificently carved cross with the letters "I. H. S.," crowned with a wreath of twining ivy, all in walnut. This handsome decoration was executed in Boston, and was presented to the church by friends in that city. The caps of the posts on either side of the pulpit are of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives. The whole appearance of the pulpit and altar is grand and imposing.

The organ of the church, presented by CARLOS PIERCE, Esq., of Boston, is a magnificent instrument, twenty feet wide, twenty high, and thirteen deep.

A feature in the construction of the edifice was the idea suggested of making the windows of the church memorial tablets, commemorative

METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., DEDICATED FEBRUARY 28, 1869.

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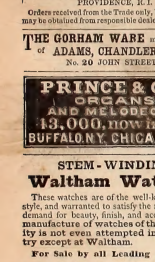

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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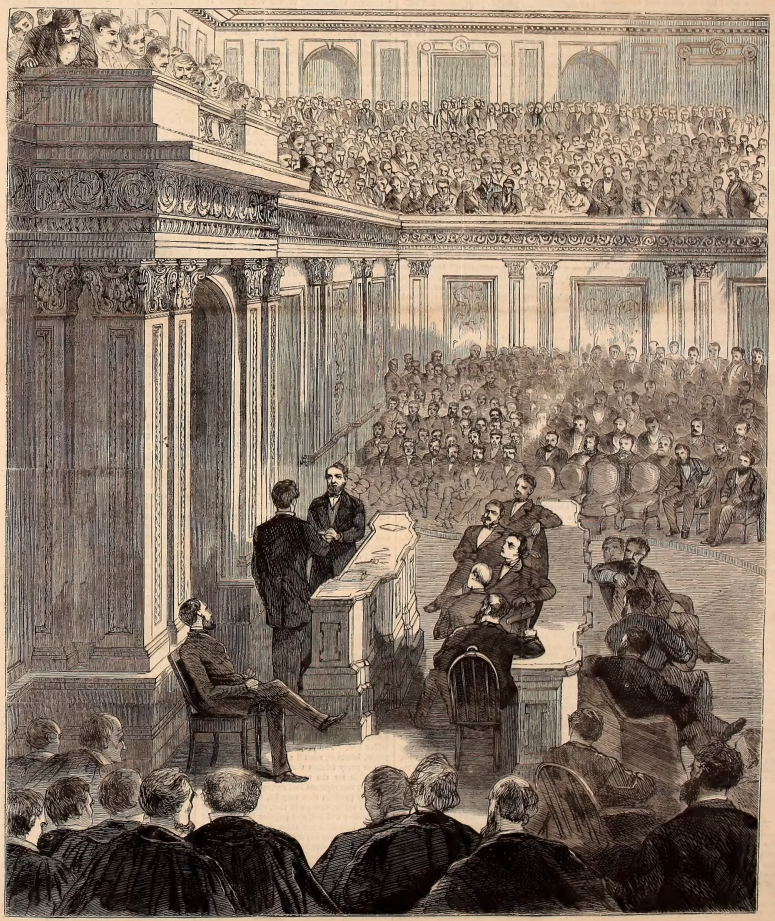


VICE-PRESIDENT WADE ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO SCHUYLER COLFAX.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 188.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

ELSEWHERE in this paper we describe and illustrate the happy event of the fourth of March—the inauguration of President GRANT. It is a day which will be, as we believe, gratefully remembered as that on which the administration began that closed the immediate questions opened by the war, and ushered the country into a career more rational than it has ever known. The wisdom of the people in electing General GRANT rather than his opponent has been already vindicated by the greater tranquillity and security in the Southern States, and by our constantly increasing financial credit abroad. It can not be doubted that if Mr. SEYMOUR and General BLAIR had been inaugurated instead of General GRANT and Mr. COLFAX, there would have been a profound distrust in the public mind both at home and elsewhere. There is now, however, a universal confidence both in the integrity, the ability, and the purpose of the new President. No one fears that the national character will suffer from him in any way, and it is felt that if palpable evils are not at once reformed, the reason must be sought elsewhere than in his perception or his will.

The President's inaugural address, with its simplicity, earnestness, and elevation of tone, was wholly worthy of the great occasion. It was not new in every where read and considered. It has been contrasted with the speeches of such feeble and base politicians as BUCHANAN and PIERCE, the last of the Democratic Presidents, and it suggests, by its infinite manliness, the golden words of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN. He says, with truth, that the office comes to him unsought, and the country gladly believes him when he adds that he shall conscientiously strive to serve it as well as he can. Such words from such a man are not phrases merely. They afford GRANT'S entire history, not obscured nor perverted his meaning. Always with a policy to recommend springing from conviction, he will have none to enforce against the constitutionally-expressed will of the people. "I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their vigorous execution." In the great questions of the time, says the President, can be wisely settled only by maintaining the utmost security of person and property, and the freedom of religious and political opinion in every part of the country. He appeals to the young men to help keep the national honor unfurnished, by insisting upon honesty in every part of the debt, and exhorts the country to repudiate repudiators. In foreign affairs the golden rule, that is, the highest law of individual intercourse, should direct our policy. The Indians must be humanely treated, with a view to ultimate citizenship. The suffrage question will agitate us until it is authoritatively settled, for which a way is now opened by the fifteenth amendment. And the President concludes by asking national patience and resolution toward a happy Union, and by invoking the favor of Almighty God to that end.

The address shows General GRANT'S admirable comprehension of the situation and its necessities, and his full sympathy with the party of wise progress. Indeed, as we see a man so true and tried, so sagacious and strong, called to the Presidency of a nation full of energy and industry and resources, and kindling with all the fire and hope of youth, it is impossible not to foresee a brilliant destiny for the country. But in this hour of just pride and exultation no one must not forget that the President is but an official of limited powers; that this country can not be governed by PUNY, but is constantly controlled by public opinion; and that the highest patriotism consists in keeping that opinion as true as the purpose of the Chief Magistrate. We consider elsewhere the duty of every citizen, and show how he can aid the President in his great task. For the power and duty of the individual citizen, despite all mere rhetoric, are not yet truly perceived nor conscientiously discharged.

General GRANT, as he enters upon his arduous administration, knows that the prayers of all good men attend him, and that the hearts of the poor and oppressed every where bless him. His character and career already instinctively rank him with our two greatest Presidents. The national confidence is unbounded, but it will not be betrayed.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE Vice-President, also, takes his seat amidst universal congratulation and confidence. The public career of Mr. COLFAX has been so conspicuous that he is as much known as any man in the country, and, with as few enemies as any public man, he has thousands of warm and eager friends in every part of the land. But better than the general friendship is the reason, and that is an unshaken confidence in the personal character of the Vice-President. Indeed, one of the most gratifying of all the pleasing facts of the occasion is, that both the President and Vice-President are men of the highest character. It is not a pair of politicians merely who now fill the highest offices in the Government.

It was the general feeling of the most sagacious men in the country, long before the nominations, that the candidate for Vice-President should be selected, not for local or lesser reasons of any kind, but from the profoundest conviction that his possible succession to the Presidency would not disturb the country. Three times in our history the Vice-President, by the death of the President, has been called to the chief executive position, and in each instance the change has been a national misfortune. It would have been more fatal for a party actually smarting under the worst betrayal to nominate a Vice-President who was not heartily in sympathy with it; and the selection of Mr. COLFAX was hailed with the most cordially sagacious action of the Convention in all its work.

As Speaker of the House the Vice-President has been as popular and efficient an officer as any of his predecessors. His ample knowledge of Parliamentary law, his promptness and self-possession, his facility of oratory, his urbanity and firmness, have been constantly displayed upon the most public scene. Through all he has passed with the sincere respect of his colleagues and with the unqualified love of his countrymen; and he ascends to his higher and more peaceful station with their heartiest good wishes and high anticipations.

It is delightful to see in such men as GRANT and COLFAX the representatives of a truly American principle in our politics; and in their inauguration the beginning of a better era for the country.

THE OPPOSITION.

A LEADING article in the *World* upon the morning of the Inauguration concludes with the statement that Democrats expect General GRANT "to be nothing but the President, present, and they will constantly confront him with the same resolute opposition which they have always offered to the Republican party."

This is a frank avowal. It shows any intelligent man can ask is, that the lines be plainly drawn and constantly remembered that divide the Republican and Democratic parties. The mischief threatened by Mr. CHASE'S nomination by the Tammany Convention was that it tended to obscure the issue. Mr. CHASE had nothing in common with the Democratic party, except, as his position at the time indicated, a restless fever for place. The Democratic party had "always offered" a "resolute opposition" to the Republican, and Mr. CHASE had always been a Republican. His nomination would have been a deception; and his election, had it taken place, could only have settled nothing.

But the difficulty was avoided. Those who had always led the Democratic party in its resolute hostility to the Republican had it still, and the country showed what it thought of those leaders and their followers by the election of General GRANT. Meanwhile the intended candidate of those who had always opposed what deserves no better name than a dodge, on the 4th of March administered the oath of office to the President in whose triumphant defiance of the Republican party is profound and inspiring. Yet among the reflections of the famous day there could have been none more instructive than that he who had been the most steadily associated with that party and those principles, and who had remained firm while so many failed, at the very instant when they were beginning to prevail over a peaceful and united land, had chosen to separate himself from association with them, and to pass into history as another victim of ruinous Presidential ambition.

And as the Democratic party proposes to offer the same resolute opposition to the Republican administration, it is useful to see what the Republican principles and policy are which the Republican party arose out of a resolute opposition to the extension of slavery, which was a Democratic policy. That opposition was based on moral basis, and when the relation between morality and interest was made plain the Republican party came into power. The revolt of the Democratic leaders was offered "a resolute opposition" at Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Andersonville, and Richmond compelled the Republican party to suppress that opposition by war. The war ended, and the party was forced into a struggle with the President, who, supported by the Democratic party, tried to reverse as much of the result of the war as possible.

The Republican principles were that the Union should be restored on terms honorable agreeable to the loyal victors, and not inconsistent with the principle of the Government and with the Constitution; that the freedmen should not be betrayed; and that the national honor should not be tarnished by any form of repudiation. These principles, and the policy that grew out of them, received "a resolute opposition" from the Democratic party. That party declared that when the war ended every thing in the united States resumed its old position; that, under the Constitution, Congress could prescribe no conditions whatever for the restoration of States that did not succeed in permanently seceding; and that the loyal people of the United States could do nothing whatever to secure the victory they had won but try individuals for treason. Upon this ground the Democrats resisted every measure proposed which was designed to establish civil and political equality, and to prevent the unquestioned supremacy of the recent rebel element in the Southern States. But every such measure was carried by the Republican party, and was heartily approved by the country.

The Democratic party offered "resolute opposition" to the fifteenth amendment when it proposed to check the extension of slavery. All the "resolute opposition" to the war proceeded from the same party. When the Republicans sought to found peace upon justice and equality, and the acknowledged principle of a popular government, it was resolutely opposed by the Democratic party. Declaring that the policy of Congress was wise and humane, and that the faith of the nation should be kept with public creditor and freedman, and nominating General GRANT, the Republican party met the same "resolute opposition" of the old friends of slavery, and of the apologists and abettors of the war. And now that Democratic party has entered upon his Presidency the same opposition is to be offered. Naturally—for the future policy of the Republican party will spring from those principles of equal rights which the Democratic party has always resolutely opposed. The President declares for complete protection of person and property and every opinion in the country. The Democratic party has always resolutely opposed such a policy, and will continue to do so. He declares for honest payment of the debt. The Democratic party will resolutely oppose. The President declares for economy and retrenchment. The Democratic party "will constantly confront him with the same resolute opposition."

Already the "resolute opposition" has begun by the most ludicrous and captious comments upon the circumstances of the Inauguration, and upon the inaugural address. Mr. JAMES BROOKS, also, a worthy representative leader of the Democracy, attempted a small riot in the House to prevent the organization. But no patriotic man can regret that the hostility which necessarily exists in human affairs between justice and intelligence and honesty on the one hand, and ignorance, prejudice, brutality, and privilege upon the other, should be frankly declared and plainly understood. We certainly do not object to the virtues or all the talents of the Republican party. But as certainly we see that the ignorant and the disorderly, with the skeptics of all intelligent classes and the aristocracy every where, instinctively ally themselves with the Democratic party and wish its success; while the great mass of the intelligent, industrious, and thrifty American people, and the liberals of every country in the world, range themselves with the Republican party of the United States. It has been the party of humanity and intelligence in the past, and there is no reason why the same faith and sagacity that have hitherto inspired its really great measures should desert it in the smiling future that lies before it.

THE OFFICES.

THE President has very plainly stated his views upon the subject of office-holding. Only honest and capable men should be appointed, and it should not be enough to entitle a man to recommendation for any place that he had been a hard worker for the party; nor that he is poor and wishes the office; nor that his uncle is a Senator and his cousin a Representative. The civil service of the United States is not—certainly it should not be—an infirmary for the feeble and impecunious.

But the President has also said, and, if he had not said it, it is naturally his view, that the heads of the executive departments must be responsible for the offices in them. This is simply good sense. But we remind our friends that there is still another responsibility for those offices, and that is the Republican party. Although the President has very wisely and firmly refused himself of the enormous pressure of office-seeking, the fact of office-seekers is far more formidable than ever. It has become a recognized industry, but its operations will be fortunately somewhat limited by the Tenure-of-Office law. The applications for a few days campaign, however, are all made; and we suggest to our party friends that they will be held accountable for the results. If the offices are filled by incompetent and corrupt men, however strongly partisan they may be, the public service will suffer, taxes will rise, the character of the country will fall, and popular impatience of a party that does not show itself fit to govern will emphatically express itself at the next election. On the other hand, if the offices are filled by worthy and capable men who are firm and tried in the Republican faith, the relief of taxation, the increasing prosperity, domestic content, and foreign respect will give the dominant party a long and secure term of power.

Truths so evident need no urging. But what is important is to know whose judgment we have sought to stand firm; to be able to say no; and to insist upon recommending no one whom they, if holding the appointing power, would not themselves appoint from a conviction of personal character and capacity, as well as from party considerations. Such considerations, of course, are not to be omitted. Under our present system it is most desirable that those who hold prominent positions in the service should be in sympathy with the Administration. With a proper civil service bill this necessity would be very much lessened, because such a bill would change the conditions of party organization. But the interests of party themselves demand—if the case should arise, which is hardly supposable—that when the necessity of choice lies between an incompetent party friend and a competent party foe the latter should be preferred. In the vast majority of such cases, but not in all, that might be found would strengthen, not weaken the party.

Let every honest friend of the President, then, take his share of the responsibility, and lighten the load all along the line by refusing to cheapen or prostitute his name. When a secretary sees a man whom he knows that it means something. Let it assure him that if the man personally present you would urge, upon the most legitimate grounds, the appointment you recommend. This is the best we can do in the absence of a civil service bill—but it is a great deal.

MR. SEWARD.

AMONG the memorable events of this political season is the retirement of Mr. SEWARD from the public scene upon which for so long a time he has been so conspicuous an actor. On the last day of his official life the clerks in the Department of State addressed him a letter, expressing their regard and admiration, and in his reply Mr. SEWARD said:

"Gentlemen, it would be as idle as it would be presumptuous for us to undertake to fix a standard for the popular appreciation of our own services. That will be the task of history, which, in the future, estimating studiously the vicissitudes of nations; and that task can only be performed when we shall have ceased to be. Let us, therefore, be content for the present with hoping for concord and harmony to each other the humble pretension that whatever may be the errors which history may at any time detect, these errors have been all in unconscious of judgment, and not of motive or purpose."

This is what every man would fain have said in his own case. But what indeed is the case of a truly said, of the most calamitous errors that have ever been committed.

Doubtless it is impossible in the present heats of party difference properly to estimate Mr. SEWARD'S character and career. And yet it is significant and suggestive that those whose faith in him twenty years ago was profound and intelligent have long been wholly alienated, and those who, in the full flush of young enthusiasm, regarded him as men only once regard a political chief, have long since looked upon him in amazement and sorrow. The history of these times must answer the question why it was that a statesman who in 1860, was the acknowledged leader of a great and victorious party which then came into power, in 1869, when that party was more firmly fixed in popular confidence than ever, while during the intervening years its policy, founded upon its original principles, had constantly prevailed, was wholly without the sympathy or respect of that party or of any other.

It is not the case of EDMUND BURKE, for when he parted with his old associates he became at once the acknowledged chief and supreme adversary of the great revolutionary party of Europe. Besides, as COLERIDGE wisely says, and as Mr. MORLEY has recently admirably shown, the political principles were always the same, however the practical application from them at various times may have differed. Will it, then, be urged by the future historian that Mr. SEWARD'S principles always remained the same, and that he separated from his party only upon the question of method or of policy? Is his political sagacity to be vindicated by placing him with Mr. DIXON and Mr. DICKINSON and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON? Is posterity to be taught that the man who said at Rochester that there was an irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery, and who should have known what his words politically implied, seriously believed, when slavery had been abolished by civil war leaving millions of freedmen needing subdued rebel masters, that justice and honor and peace demanded that every right and every chance of future defence should be left to the mercy of those masters? Will history represent this as the principle of Mr. SEWARD or only as his policy?

To a contemporary it seems as if the sad and severe Clio must depict Mr. SEWARD as a man who had become the representative of a cause in which he had no moral convictions. His sagacity and his humanity seem to have shown him that the conditions of this country were finally hostile to slavery, and that a political party founded, like the Democratic, upon the necessities of slavery, and directed by great slave lords, must presently fall before the combined conscience and industry of free laborers. But it was the view of a shrewd politician rather than of a statesman or a moralist. This view explains his familiar intimacy with Mr. WEED; and it is certainly doubtful whether

either of these gentlemen saw that the moral element was the real strength of their party. Mr. Seward was both an optimist and a doctrinaire, but he lacked the moral earnestness and conviction that could alone explain the actual situation. He honestly thought, doubtless, that the slave lords of the Democracy would fight the battle out under the forms of law, and tranquilly submit to inevitable destruction. Had Mr. Seward, as the representative of enlarging liberty, been as vitally in earnest as Davis and Mason and the rest were, as the representatives of increasing slavery, he would not have talked airily about the settlement in sixty days, or have written to our ministers abroad that they were not to suffer the question of slavery to be mentioned in discussions of the rebellion. The champion of liberty in America, when he was taken by the throat by Slavery, repelled the sympathy of every European friend it had.

The same want of moral conviction—one of that quality which is indispensable to a statesman, the perception of the strict relation between morality and the public welfare, drew Mr. Seward into the support of the most cruel, arbitrary, and unjust policy of Andrew Johnson. Other motives may have influenced his action, motives that no one who has ever been a friend of Mr. Seward's will suggest. But the absence in the complexity of motives of human conduct the honorable and the unworthy are strangely blended—is enough for us to find a satisfactory explanation of a career at once illustrious and lamentable without involving personal dishonor.

The future student of our history who follows this political life of forty years, will not forget amidst his grief and consternation at the close, that he will be moved by sympathy for shallanders of a furious President upon spotless and honorable citizens—who declared that the man who said he didn't care whether slavery was voted up or down, would live in grateful remembrance with Abraham Lincoln, and who exultingly prophesied in his own State the defeat by five thousand majority of every whom he had politically taught, and who had helped to save the country to liberty and mankind—was the same man who had bravely proclaimed the higher law—who had exposed in calm and terrible detail the ghastly despotism of slavery —and who, crossing the frontier, had planted before the whole world of slavery upon its own domain the standard of equal liberty. Had Mr. Seward been what the young men of fifteen and twenty years ago believed him to be, his fame would have been as sweet and sure as any in our history.

THE CABINET.

General Grant said, before his inauguration, and when Mrs. Grundy was sick with curiosity, that he should choose his Cabinet to please himself. But every body was sure that he would choose it to please somebody else. Every body composed a Cabinet entirely satisfactory to the composer, and General Grant did the same. He, however, had the advantage of every body, for he could inaugurate his to the Senate. If the Senate was surprised, it did not manifest the emotion, and immediately confirmed the President's choice.

The principle of that choice was obvious. The Cabinet as nominated is not a board of politicians, and it plainly means business. In other words, the President has first sought for his Secretaries honesty and ability, and then sympathy with the Republican party. He evidently conceives that his first duty is not to provide for the party, but to secure the efficiency and economy of the public service by agents selected from the party. It is impossible to deny the view of his duty it implies. It is delightful to think of the gnashing of teeth on the evening of the 5th of March among the political leaders.

Mr. Washburne, the personal friend of the President, is well known to the country from his long public service. Steward, wary, honest, economical, the conduct of our foreign affairs will be firm and direct, and it is fair to presume that his contributions to the literature of diplomacy will be more emphatic than diffuse.

As we write the position of Mr. Stewart is uncertain. Confirmed as promptly as he was nominated, he unexpectedly accepted—and then he was incapacitated by the law of '89, and it is not now known whether Congress will concur with the President's suggestion that Mr. Stewart be made eligible. The nomination was unexpected, but upon reflection it was warmly approved. Mr. Stewart has great practical experience and knowledge of financial subjects as every great merchant must have. How skilful an administrator of the public finances he would be can only be inferred from his singular success in private administration, and could only be proved in his case, as in the case of any one else in the country whom the President might have called to the place, by experiment.

Mr. Stewart would bring into the office a signal genius for organization, untiring energy, a powerful will, indexible firmness of purpose, a searching eye, and an unsparing hand for every irregularity. Those who had fondly hoped that the days of Grant might be even as those of Johnson would be suddenly and completely undeceived. In his Department Mr. Stewart would be as good as a Civil Service bill. He has not been a party politician, and has, consequently, no enormous train of dependents to gratify. He belongs to none of the cliques, or rings, or factions in his own party, but he is in full sympathy with the party; and his administration of the Treasury would be the beginning of such efficient work in that Department that the spectacle of official capacity and industry, and the consequent saving to the Government, would shed lustre upon the party, and most warmly commend it to the confidence of all good citizens. If Mr. Stewart is not to be the Secretary, let us hope that his successor will have qualities as admirable and essential.

General Schofield has the complete confidence of the President and the respect of the country. General Cox is of a representative of the volunteer soldier in civil war, a man of admirable ability and accomplishment, and of great executive faculty and experience. Mr. Borie, known to the country, is selected by the President from his own conviction of his fitness for the duty to which he is called. Mr. Creswell is a Southern radical of the best type. Mr. Hoar is one of the oldest men in New England; of signal sagacity, of ample and various accomplishment, and of a personal probity so pure that it is easy to understand the President's confidence and choice.

These gentlemen are the President's council. Ability, patriotism, experience, integrity, spotless honor—how such a combination fills the last Democratic Cabinet! Turn to it for a moment, reflective reader, and thank Heaven for what this republic has escaped and what it has gained! The central figure is James Buchanan. His name is spite epithet. His Secretary of State was Lewis Cass, an old man who trembled and disappeared. His Secretary of the Treasury was Howell Cobb, who did what he could to empty it, and fled. His Secretary of War was John B. Floyd, a Virginian politician, who gave the national arsenals away. His Secretary of the Navy was Isaac N. Toucey, who sent the ships away, that the fatal blow at the country might be struck. The Secretary of the Interior was Jacob Thompson, who aimed the blow. It seems not unnatural that the organ of a party which called these persons into the Cabinet should denounce the choice of the new President. But as Grant is to Buchanan, so is his Cabinet to that evil conclave. It represents the qualities of honesty, honor, unity, justice, and peace; Buchanan's for dishonor, disunion, inhumanity, and war.

SISERA'S PROSPECTS.

Father Hecker's cheerful confidence that America will be Roman Catholicized by the end of the century must be a little disturbed by such events as which lately occurred in Auburn. The Bishop had appointed a priest, and directed another to officiate in his place. But the congregation would not hear the newcomer, although he had been specially asked for him. Nor would they listen to the Bishop, but drove Bishop and priest out of the church, and then, holding a meeting, resolved that they would not submit to the appointment, and, if necessary—which was rather a comical conclusion—would appeal to the Pope.

This action, which in Buffalo several months since, shows that the Roman Church, even should it justify Father Hecker's prediction, will hardly be the Church of Gregory VII. or of Innocent III. It will undergone extreme if not essential modifications. This spirit of independence, of inquiry, of self-reliance, of open defiance of sacerdotal arrogance, is very good Americanism; but it is very poor Roman Catholicism. It is one thing to appeal to the Pope against a Bishop—it is a very different thing to silence the Bishop without appeal, and put him out of doors. This is indeed very much akin to the spirit of a certain gentleman who smiled certain theses to a certain church-door.

So also the quiet defiance and disregard of the priestly orders against Fenianism in this city, and four years ago in Boston, and the dependence which reveals the ecclesiastically disorganizing influences of religious liberty. Nor is there any doubt that the more intelligent Catholics in this country regarded the Pope's recent diatribes against modern times, common schools, and human progress, with the same amusement which the rest of us gave to a Protestant mind. Mr. Parton's articles some time ago spoke the old church fair, and he stated impressively, and in round numbers, the statistics of the Catholic increase. In the year 1800 there were about 90,000 members of the Roman Church in the United States; now there are nearly 5,000,000. The Catholics were then one-seventieth, they are now one-sixth of the whole population. The increase of the wealth of the Church is amazing; and naturally enough when the most costly property is given to them by municipal bodies that expect by such means to buy the votes of the faithful. Many of the chief officers in this city are said to be Romanists; and an Italian paper recently stated that the Roman Court already ruled New York. The purpose of the Church as a party is seen in its policy of a sectarian separation of the school money.

But the increase of the Church is by immigration, not by conversion. It always had a hard tussle with the Anglo-Saxon and was worsted. Every year there are a third of a million of immigrants from Europe who come among us, and the great mass of them are Roman Catholics. But in the second and third generation their love are very palpably relaxed, and even Bishops may be ordered out of church by them. The conversions are chiefly among the poor and sentimental classes possible in the land of rum. Rose bushes which infest rose-bushes and low vines, may easily be destroyed by hand, or shaken into a vessel of water. The best agent for destroying bugs in gardens is the duck; but the duck is reliable, although workmen consider it beneath their dignity to use it in this effective manner.

The tendency to omit the performance of duties of this description is due to a want of that forethought and activity which are evidenced in what is called public spirit. When the mind is embodied by what is higher than a blind selfishness, attention is paid to all those causes or injury which affect the public good. But the narrowest selfishness should prompt to the destruction at every opportunity of those bugs and worms which infest gardens and orchards; for it not done, it is only a question of time when they shall have a complete mastery over production; whereas, by the use of proper efforts, the producer will have the mastery over them.

INSECTS DAMAGING TO VEGETATION.

Dr. Loring of Salem, recently delivered the annual address to the Agricultural Society of New England at Boston, after which he was unanimously elected by hearty acclamation vote. It is certainly a good sign that gentlemen of learning apply themselves to the resuscitation of the soil of New England. Agriculture is the primary interest; and inasmuch as most cultivators of the soil pursue the plan of rapid exhaustion, it is essential to success, if not to safety, that the dangerous tendency be arrested. Indeed there can be no greater enemy to the country among agriculturists than those who wear out the soil. It constitutes a crime which should be punished by penal laws.

In the upland districts of the Southern States, where the pine prevails, lands are cleared and abandoned after a few years. It is deemed cheaper to repeat this system than to fertilize. But new forests must be the ultimate effect of such a policy. In New England the soil has been exhausted by cropping with the aid of too little fertilization. It can be renovated on an extensive scale only by applying the land to pasturage with cattle and sheep, inasmuch as any other plan would exceed the expense which many farmers would apply.

The enrichment of the soil by these means will be greatly promoted by the use of ground plaster spread over the soil in advance of spring rains. Turning in clover, or in some soils buckwheat, if the rotary system, where the ordinary mode of enrichment is too expensive; but where this is not the case, there is no better outlay of capital than to improve the soil to that capacity which will yield large growth without the extravagance which exposes crops to lodging before the reaper can perform his work. Money thus invested is supremely interest without risk, and without the necessity of calling upon an elective judiciary to aid in its collection.

Dr. Loring, in his address, shows, with remarkable clearness, the fallacy to theories with which we are inclined to differ.

"At my own suggestion," he says, "the question whether insects injurious to vegetation may not be easily, however, practically exterminated by letting loose upon them some other insect tribes which will war and feed upon them, was referred to the attention of entomologists; and I trust man may one day be relieved from the enormous ravages of parasitical flies which will relieve him in his strife with cankerworms and canker-worms, with the curculio and the borrowing maggot, and slugs, which now infest our orchards in spite of all the various nice and ingenious stilles, and la ngite of tar, and tree-protectors, and gunpowder and lime."

The neglect to exterminate insects belongs to that indifference to the future of the community which exhibits itself in wearing out the soil. Insects are not free in numbers, but when there is neglect to destroy them they increase with alarming rapidity. The worm which infests apple trees in June and simultaneously with the first life of the leaf. The same agency brings them both into existence—the beneficent warmth of spring. If the tree were full-leaved in the sun should not be able to heat to the eggs, which are glued to the finest extremity of the limbs on the side of the tree on which the sun first bestows its morning ray; nor could the young worm obtain its nourishment, which it first derives from the tenderest sprouts. The conditions for its destruction are all then favorable, as it is then that it is engaged in the construct its white tent in portions of the tree easily reached—generally where two limbs, strong enough to support the structure, commence to fork. The wild cherry is also inhabited in the same manner by the same family. But the apple-tree, with its drooping branches, affords a better means of destroying the eggs as in advance of the start of vegetation than the wild cherry, as those on the former may generally be reached from the ground.

The theory advanced by Dr. Loring for the destruction of these worms is to set in motion some winged enemy to pounce upon them as they move over the tree in their rapid work of stripping it of its leaves. A more certain one exists, if the search for the mass of eggs glued securely to the limb is omitted. It is to climb the tree and with the hand remove and destroy the tent at the time when fully inhabited, which is the case when the webs are not yet evaporated by the morning sun, or when the worms drives them from their daily meal. They are at first tiny, and the shining tent corresponds in size; but they grow rapidly, and they enlarge their habitation accordingly. It is not then so pleasant to handle them, but so tough is the exterior of their dwelling that with little skill it may be unfastened without touching its inmates, and thrown to the ground to be trampled presently with the feet.

An orchard of two or three hundred trees may be overhauled in this way in a few mornings, and relieved of the great damage of these insects. Even though it be, thousands of farmers allow them to increase in their orchards for want of some effective means for their sure destruction, when nature has provided the best possible in the hand of man. Rose bushes which infest rose-bushes and low vines, may easily be destroyed by hand, or shaken into a vessel of water. The best agent for destroying bugs in gardens is the duck; but the duck is reliable, although workmen consider it beneath their dignity to use it in this effective manner.

The tendency to omit the performance of duties of this description is due to a want of that forethought and activity which are evidenced in what is called public spirit. When the mind is embodied by what is higher than a blind selfishness, attention is paid to all those causes or injury which affect the public good. But the narrowest selfishness should prompt to the destruction at every opportunity of those bugs and worms which infest gardens and orchards; for it not done, it is only a question of time when they shall have a complete mastery over production; whereas, by the use of proper efforts, the producer will have the mastery over them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 1:

In the House, appropriations were made for the Bangor Custom House, and public buildings in Knoxville, as well as for certain territorial surveys.

March 2:

In the Senate, the measure providing for an increase of the Judges of female clerks and of the treasurer was defeated.—An appropriation of $5000 was made for Lincoln Memorial Room.—The bill relative to telegraphic communication between the United States and the foreign countries was passed.—The restriction of the Constitutional Amendment by the Tenure-of-Office bill came up and received considerable discussion. The bill proposed by Senator Sumner's amendment being rejected by a two-third vote. The Tenure-of-Office amendment was passed. After debate the bill was defeated.

In the House, the Land Grant Railroad bill was passed.

March 3:

In the Senate, the Public Credit bill as reported by the Conference Committee was passed 43 to 26. Also the Army Appropriation bill.

In the House, Speaker Colfax tendered his resignation and received an unanimous vote of thanks. Mr. Pomeroy, of New York, was declared Speaker pro tem.—The Con^ gress report on the Public Credit bill was agreed

March 4:

The Fortieth Congress expired at noon by limitation. Vice President Colfax was sworn in and took his place as President of the new Senate. The new House was organized by the election of James G. Blaine as Speaker.

March 6:

In the Senate, a message was received from President Grant, asking that Mr. A. T. Stewart might, by the Act of Congress, be relieved from the operation of the statute of 1789 prohibiting him from holding office in the Cabinet, and urging the confirmation by Senate of his interest in trade. Objection was made by Mr. Sherman, who introduced the Civil Service Reform bill, and the bill went over under the rules.

March 8:

The Senate, in executive session, received and immediately confirmed the following nominations by President Grant to the offices of the Cabinet:

For Secretary of State, Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander T. Stewart, of New York.

For Secretary of the Navy, Adolphe E. Borie, of Pennsylvania.

For Secretary of the Interior, Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio.

For Postmaster-General, John A. J. Creswell, of Maryland.

For Attorney-General, E. Rockwood Hoar, of Massachusetts.

Governor Delano, of Ohio, was nominated for Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Registered-General Newcomb for General; General Sheridan for Lieutenant-General; General Schofield to fill the vacancy made by Philip H. Sheridan's promotion. Also, for the Brigadier-Generalship six Colonels. These nominations were also confirmed.

The Secretary of War has ordered an election to be held on the 30th of March, at which every male citizen of the State of Virginia, twenty-one years of age, and a resident of the State for a year or more, will be entitled to vote. The object of the election is to ascertain the sentiment of the people of Virginia in regard to the Constitution framed by a recent Convention, and to vote for or against the ratification of the same. The election will be held under the supervision of the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau.

General Sheridan has issued an order relative to the Ku-Klux of Virginia, instructing Colonel Ruger to notify the civil officers of his district that if they do not arrest the authors of the outrages committed, and not prevent the occurrence of such outrages in future, the civil and judicial establishment of the entire district, region, to be subsisted and forged at the expense of the citizens, and a sufficient force of troops will be sent thereto to perform and property is again afforded by the civil authorities.

Several important military assignments have been made. General Sheridan has been assigned to the command of Louisiana, General Reynolds to Texas, General Canby to Virginia, and General Gillem, commanding in Mississippi, has been returned to his regiment.

General Sheridan and his staff have arrived at Fort Leavenworth. The very report that the Indian war is ended, and that not a hostile Indian can be found inside the limits of the military district.

James Grant, who has been on trial for some time in Richmond for the murder of B. Rives Pollard, was found "not guilty" on the 6th and discharged.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lamartine, the French poet and historian, died on the 1st of March at Paris.

In the Spanish Cortes on the 4th of March a committee of fifteen members was nominated to prepare the Constitution, define the rights and liberties of citizens, and establish a form of government.

The North German Parliament was opened on the 24th by a speech from the King of Prussia.

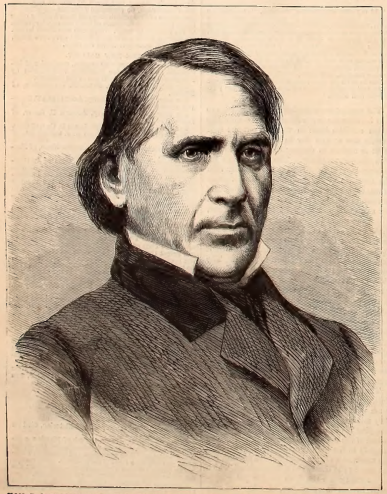
The ports of Jeddo and Nagasia, Japan, have been thrown open to foreigners. The former has been made the permanent capital.

JESSE R. AND HANNAH GRANT, FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT.—[PHOT. BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.]

THE NEW SPEAKER.

THE Forty-first Congress on March 4th organized by the election of JAMES G. BLAINE of Maine as Speaker. The vote stood for Mr. BLAINE, 136; for Mr. KERR of Indiana, 57.

Mr. BLAINE was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1830. He graduated with honors at Washington College in his native State, and afterward removed to Maine and engaged in the profession of journalism. For several years he edited the Kennebec *Journal*, and subsequently the Portland *Advertiser*. He served four years in the Maine Legislature, during two of which he was Speaker of the House. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, serving as a member of the Committee on the Post-office and Post-roads. He has been re-elected for three successive terms in the House, where his political influence has always been important and on the side of progress. His election as Speaker in the place of COLFAX is a high but well-deserved honor. May his new career be as honorable, as successful, and as satisfactory as that of his predecessor!



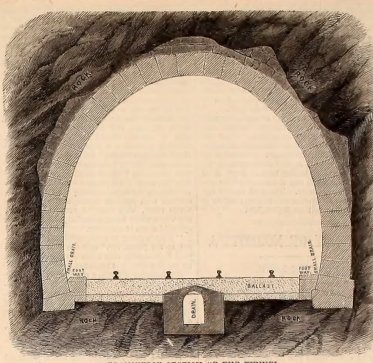
HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, SECRETARY OF STATE.—PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 168.]

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

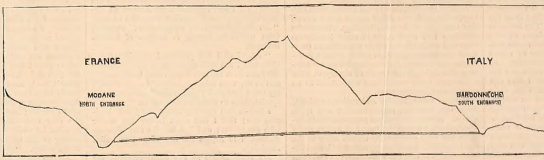
THE traveler is tempted to linger in that marvelous region of the Graian Alps, about Mont Cenis and its group, within sight of the streets and piazzas of Turin, which displays some of the greatest wonders of mechanical science amidst the sublime mountain scenery of aerial peaks and precipitous chasms, of roaring torrents and silent upper fields of snow. The works of the Grand Tunnel are now constructed along three-fourths of its whole length, between the valley of the Arc in Savoy and the valley of Bochemolles, opening into that of the Dora Riparia in Piedmont. We present a few illustrations relating to the tunnel and the means by which its excavation is carried on. The whole undertaking was kept in abeyance for some years, during the political and military disasters of that period which followed CHARLES ALBERT'S defeated attempt, in 1848, to liberate the North of Italy from the Austrian dominion. It was revived in the reign of his successor, King VICTOR EMANUEL, by the masterly statesmanship of Count CAVOUR, under whose patronage the lines of railway on each side of the Alps, both in Savoy and in Piedmont, were consolidated in the hands of one company, bearing the name of the LYONS. The Piedmontese line was at the same time constructed as far as Suza, which lies at the very foot of Mont Cenis, twenty miles from Bardonnèche.

At length the time came for piercing the Alps—the men and the tools for this great work. An English Engineer, Mr. BARTLETT, had patented, in 1855, a machine for perforating rock by a pointed iron bar, which was to be darted forth out of a tube charged, like an air-gun, with condensed air. It will, of course, be understood that the use of such an instrument is merely to bore a series of small holes, about two inches in diameter, which are to be filled with gunpowder for blasting, as is done in an ordinary mine. But Mr. BARTLETT'S apparatus was not suitable for a long tunnel, as it required a steam-engine to compress the air. No such engine, with its furnace or fire, could be kept at work in the far interior of the tunnel, miles away from the outer atmosphere. Steam-power must be superseded altogether. SOMMEILLER, a native of the Vallée de Sixt in Savoy, GRATTONI and GRANDIS, natives of Piedmont—all students of the University of Turin, and intimate friends of each other—in 1854, becoming acquainted with Mr. BARTLETT'S use of the air-force to pierce holes in rocks, perceived that the combination of water-power with that striking and boring power would be just the agent wanted for the tunnel work of the Alpine railway. The design of these young engineers was promptly recognized and assisted by a truly liberal government. A bill was immediately passed by the Chamber of Deputies at Turin authorizing the Ministry to make experiments under the direction of Messrs. SOMMEILLER, GRANDIS, and GRATTONI, at the public cost; and M. SOMMEILLER was provided with a seat in Parliament that he might explain his plans for himself. Machinery was ordered from Belgium, manufactured by Messrs. COCKERILL, near Liége, and set up at a place in the vicinity of San Pier d'Arena, near Genoa, where the double process of converting water-power into reserved air-power, and of applying the air-power, conveyed in long tubes, to the perforation of hard rock, was thoroughly tried with every possible variation. The result will be the conquest of the Alps, in the first instance, and subsequently, we doubt not, a future revolution in the system of underground mining, which will be conducted hereafter with a much higher degree of rapidity, economy, and safety than it has yet attained.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE TUNNEL.

The arch of the tunnel is nearly semicircular; it is 25 feet 3½ inches wide at the base, 26 feet 2½ inches at the broadest part, and 24 feet 7 inches high at the Modane end, but 11½ inches higher at the Bardonnèche end. Its roof and walls are cased with masonry, as shown in the transverse section; at the Bardonnèche end the vault is of brick, and the sides are of stone, but at the Savoy end the whole is built of stone. Two lines of rail are laid down upon the floor of the tunnel, along which trains of wagons, drawn by horses, bring in the implements or materials for the work, and carry out the fragments of stone and rubbish from the excavation, to be thrown into a heap outside.



SECTION OF THE ALPS SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE RAILWAY TUNNEL.

Before we look at the boring apparatus in the working galleries of excavation let us notice, more particularly, the mode in which the pneumatic power, or condensed-air force, employed there to drill holes in the rock, is generated and conveyed where

BORING-MACHINE IN THE SECOND WORKING GALLERY.

it is wanted. If a quantity of air be compressed into one-sixth of its ordinary space, it acquires an elastic force equal to six times the common pressure of the atmosphere—namely, 84 pounds to the square inch. As the neighboring stream here does not flow equally well in all seasons, the water of the Arc is pumped up by hydraulic engines, and allowed to rise to a certain height in two vertical columns, at the top of each of which is a valve, opening cavard, communicating with the chamber for the condensation of air. The action of a piston makes the water in each column alternately rise and fall; by which, in its rising, the air above it is driven up through the valve, and can not again escape; but in the falling of the water a vacuum is created, which is filled by the pressure of common air from outside. The condensed air, with the density and elastic force of seven atmospheres, is kept in huge receivers, or steam-boilers, always ready for use; they have been left full-charged during twenty-five days, without losing more than a five-thousandth part of the stored-up power. An iron conduit-tube, or series of tubes, rather less than a foot in diameter, jointed together by strong rivets, is laid upon tiles along the tops of a row of square pillars of masonry going into the tunnel. The continuous tube of inflexible length conveys the pneumatic force from Fournaux or Bardonèche, where the air is condensed, to the most advanced part of the works, in the very bowels of the mountain, where the face of the rock is stabbed, torn, and blasted by the daring ingenuity of man.

The width and height of the intended excavation, including the space to be filled with masonry at the roof and sides, are so considerable that it has to be carried forward in three drifts or galleries, at different elevations. These do not keep pace with each other, but the lower or main gallery is the farthest in advance—at least in the Fournaux direction; while at the present end, we believe, the advanced gallery is at the top, near the roof of the tunnel. The entrances to each gallery are made by large doors, turning on pivots, behind which the workmen take refuge from the explosion and shower of stones when they fire the rock with gunpowder. As the work progresses the three galleries are enlarged by manual labor, and thrown into one broad and lofty excavation, in which the walls and vault are then built to complete the tunnel. It is at the finally-cut extremity of each working gallery, or, as we should say, at the head of each drift, that the boring apparatus is used. That which is employed in the upper galleries is smaller and lighter than in the lower, and may be armed with only two or three piercing tools, instead of nine or ten; but they are applied in the same manner.

It will be sufficient for our readers to observe that an iron frame or carriage, traveling along the rails which are laid up close to the under face of the rock, holds some rather complex machinery, which has a threefold action—namely, that of a piston in a cylinder for propelling, something like a poggun, the boring tool against the rock; and, secondly, a rotatory motion, which at intervals turns works the valve of the propelling cylinder—an ingenious combination—and gives a twist to the boring tool when it enters the rock at each successive stroke. The boring tool, drill, or needle, or whatever it be called, is simply an iron bar, with a point 2 inches wide, almost like that of a chisel or adze, and very frequently sharpened, hundreds and thousands of these tools being soon worn out. They are connected with their respective propelling cylinders by flexible tubes of India rubber, so that the men in attendance can shift the point of a tool not only straight forward, but to the right hand or to the left, or upward or downward, making the holes touch each other, or enlarging the size of the excavation. A second pipe accompanies each borer and spouts in a little water to moisten the rock. The whole apparatus, likewise commodious by a larger flexible tube, or hose, from the iron tube from which the air draws its supply of condensed air. The strokes of the tools hunting the rock make a noise which resembles the rattling of a set of muskets. We need that to bore eight holes of the requisite depth, which is 3 or 4 feet, in a hard piece of rock, the boring tools must give 37,500 strokes, and the rotary cylinder makes an equal number of revolutions. The machinery therefore often gets out of repair, and on this account, as well as for the sharpening of the drills, the work-shops at each end of the tunnel are busily employed.

When the requisite number of holes, for which varies with the situation of the working and with the nature of the rock, have been bored for one blasting, the engine travels back out of the gallery; the men charge the holes with mining-powder, fix a fuse or light a match, and retire behind the closed doors till the rock is blown up. A strong jet of compressed air is then thrown in, to disperse the smoke and to enable them to breathe as they go forward. The trucks or wagons are brought up to remove the broken stone; the road is cleared, and the machine again comes on to make a new attack, which is usually aimed rather to one side of the breach already made, so that the whole width of the gallery is soon cleared. Sometimes, we believe, the alternate operations of boring and blasting can thus be performed in one gallery since or four times a day. But the substance of the mountain is one part is schist or limestone, in another part very hard quartz; and the rate of working is not always the same. Last year, in the Italian section, they were able to excavate a length of 9 feet daily, whereas this year 6 feet is all they can do; and the average progress of the Savoy portion is not more rapid. There is not an insignificant loss of power, about one-sixteenth part, from the prolongation of the conduit through which the condensed air passes to the workings. The heat in the tunnel is felt to be oppressive, which may be due to the discharge of excessive caloric from the condensed air. Visitors, before entering, change their clothes for a blouse and pair of linen trousers; the workmen are often naked to the waist. But the atmosphere is not foul, or closer than in an ordinary mine, there being a special apparatus, before noticed, for the ventilation of the tunnel. It is lighted all the way by gas in pipes laid along the ground, with oil-lamps in the recesses of the arches. Always burning, and the water is carried off by a covered drain in the middle of the floor.

The work never ceases, day or night, the men being divided into three gangs or "shifts," who labor each eight hours at a time. They are strong, sturdy, thick-set Piedmontese, indefatigable in their sober good-humor. Three-fourths of this gigantic task is now accomplished, the air-driven machinery having been at work since 1861. It is expected that the tunnel will be finished three years hence. The total cost of the tunnel and of the approaches of approaches is estimated at no less than £5,400,000.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCHLOSS HUNYADI.

WHEN I had made known my rank and quality I was assigned a room—a very comfortable one—in one wing of the castle, and no more notice taken of me than if I had been a guest at an inn. The house was filled with visitors; but the master, with some six or seven others, was away in Transylvania, boar-shooting. As it was supposed he would not return for eight or ten days, I had abundant time to look about me and learn something of the place and the people.

Schloss Hunyadi dated from the fifteenth century, although now a single square tower was all that remained of the early building. Successive additions had been made in every imaginable taste and style, till the whole presented an enormous incongruous mass, in which fortress, farmhouse, country-seat and pleasure-palace had their share, size alone giving an air of dignity to what numberless faults would have condemned as an outrage on all architecture.

If there was deformity and ugliness without, there was, however, ample comfort and space within. Above two hundred persons could be accommodated beneath the roof, and half as many more had been occasionally stowed away in the out-buildings. I made many visits, but all unsuccessfully, to find out what number of servants the household consisted of. Several were livery, and many—especially such as waited on the guests' bauble as myself—were dressed in blouse, with the crest of the house embroidered on the breast; while a little army of peasants, in their costume, or in the picturesque dress of the peasantry, lounged about the court-yard, lending a hand to embarrass or harass a groom, fill a bucket of water, or strap down a beast, as some weary traveler arrived or left with his post-wayworn. If there seemed no order or discipline anywhere, there was little confusion, and no ill-humor whatever. All were happy and idle, after the fashion of life, so far as I could see from my window, went on cheerfully and joyfully, if not very regularly or well.

If there was none of the trim propriety, or that neatness that rises to elegance, which I had seen in my father's household, there was also no profusion here, a boundless abundance, that, contrasted with our mode of life, made us seem almost mean and penurious. Meat came and went unceasingly, and, to all seeming, not known to any one. An unbounded hospitality awaited all comers, and all comers were tapped and caroused to night none remained on the morrow, nor, perhaps, even a name was remembered.

It took me some days to find out, and to know that there was nothing singular or strange in the position I occupied, living where none knew who I was, cared, or to care so much as cared to inquire my name or country.

In the great hall, where we dined all together, the distinguished guests at one end of the table, the lesser notabilities lower down, and the menials last of all, there was room for the greatest of sudden arrivals; and it was rare that the meat went over without some such. A hearty welcome and a comfortable place were ever, and the work of festivity went on as before.

I was soon given to understand that not only I might shoot and fish when I pleased, but that every appliance to do so agreeably was at my disposal, and that I might ride, or drive, or shoot, or sledge just as I liked. Only, however, I was cautious to show that my personal pretensions were of the very humblest, this fact seemed to give additional zest to my enjoyment of all these courteous civilities.

"We're always glad when any one will ride the jackass," said, in anger to me, a new arrival for want of exercise, and if you like three mounts a day you shall have them."

It was a rare piece of good luck for me that I could both ride and shoot. No two accomplishments could have come in such request as these, and I rose immensely in the estimation of those among whom I sat at table when they saw that I could ride a mask-jumper and shoot a wood-pigeon on the wing.

While I thus won such humble sufferings there was a higher populous than I, whose praise and longed for. As the company—some five-and-twenty or thirty persons—who dined at the upper table withdrew after dinner they passed into the drawing-rooms, and we saw them no more. (In the music and dancing, in which they passed the evening, we knew nothing, and took no own way, had our revels, which certainly amply contented those who had no pretensions to higher company; but this was precisely what I could not, do what I might, divest myself of. Like one of the characters of my old favorite Balzac, I yearned to be once more in the "salon," and among "ces espaules blanches," where the whole game of life is finer, where the parties are nearer, and the thrusts more deadly.

An accident gave me what all my ingenuity could not have effected. A groom of the chamber came suddenly one evening into the hall where we all sat to ask if any one there could play the new Csardas called the "Stephan." It was all the rage at Pesth; but no copy of it had yet reached the out-of-the-way district in which we were, and had the music with me; and, of course, offered my services at once. I had studied for a moment to make some slight change of dress, I found myself in a handsome salon with a numerous company. In my hand I had almost as little beyond the fact that most of the persons were in the national costume, the ladies wearing the laced bodice, covered with precious stones, and the men in velvet coats, with massive turquoise buttons, the whole effect being something like that of a splendid suit in a harlequin.

"We are going to avail ourselves of your talent at the piano, Sir," said the Countess Hunyadi, approaching me with a courteous smile. "Let me first offer you some tea."

Not knowing if fortune might ever repeat her present favor, I thought it profit by the opportunity to the utmost; and while cautiously repressing all desire to contrived to show that I was master of some three or four languages, and a person of education generally.

"You are probably of your nationality, Sir," said the Countess to me. "If not too great a liberty, may I ask your country?"

When I said "England," the effect produced was almost magical. A little murmur of something I might even call applause ran through the room: for I had unconsciously touched the hard, baroque dearest to the Hungarian heart, and I heard, "An Englishman! an Englishman!" repeated from mouth to mouth, in accents of kindest meaning.

"Why had I not presented myself before? Why had I not come to sit next to the Countess? Why not have made it known that I was here?" and so on, were asked eagerly of me, as though my mere nationality had erected me with some special claim to attention and regard.

I had to own that my visit was a purely business one, and that I came to see and to confer with the Count; and had not the very slightest pretension to expect the courtesies I was then receiving.

My performance at the piano crowned my success. I played the "Csardas" with such spirit as an Englishman I know the English are to the measure he delights in, and his enthusiastic oncres rewarded my triumph. "Adolf, you must learn that!" I know the Englishman is dying to have a dance," said the gay young Countess Palli; "and I am quite ready to be his partner." In a few minutes we were all whirling along in all the mad mazes of the "Csardas."

There is that amount of display in the dancing of the "Csardas" that not merely invites criticism, but positively spends on outspoken admiration whenever any thing like excellence accompanies the performance. My partner was celebrated for her beauty and beauty of her dancing, and for those innumerable interpolations which, fancy or caprice suggesting, she could throw into the measure. The sweet and response to these by appropriate gesture, to catch the spirit of each mood, and be ready for each change, are the very supposed use of which I need not say with what passionate ardor I threw myself into it. At one moment she would advance in voluptuous abandon, as if full of the timid homage, she would turn and fly off in the wild transport of a waltz movement. Then it was that I found myself overtake her; and, clasping her, whirl away, till suddenly, with a bound, she would free herself, again to dream into some languishing, some mood of deep dejection, or of mad and exuberant delight. It was clear that she was bent on trying the resources of my skill, and the very last flourish and the loud plaudits that greeted my successes had evidently put her pride on the mettle. I saw this, and was, as I thought, that the contest had begun to pique: so, taking the next opportunity as she passed me, I declared that I had not but the Hungarian costume—where the clink of the spur and the jingle of the lussar equipment blend with the tune—my "Csardas" was perfection.

Over any over-again were regrets uttered that the Empress, who loved the dance at Pesth, was done by timid and unimpassioned dancers, and who had, in consequence, carried away but a faint idea of its real fascination, could have witnessed our performance; and some even began to plan how such a representation could be prepared for her Majesty's next visit to Hungary. While they thus talked supper was announced; and as the company were marshaling themselves into the order to move forward, I took the opportunity to slip away unnoticed to my room, and, with my heart beating tumultuously, to note the result of accident, and that nothing but a generous courtesy could regard me as a guest.

I had not been many minutes in my room when I heard a footstep in the corridor. I turned the key in my lock, and put out my light.

"Herr Englander! Herr Englander!" cried a servant's voice, as a sharp knock shook the door. I made no reply, and he retreated.

It was clear to me that an invitation had been sent after me: and this thought filled the measure of my self-gratulation, and I drew nigh my fire, to sit and weave the pleasantest fancies that had crossed my mind for many a long day.

I waited for some time, sitting by the fire-light, and then with my lamp, I had a longer letter to write to Mlle. Sara; for up to then I had said nothing of my arrival, nor given any account of how behind-hand I stood.

Had my task been simply to record my life and my impressions of those around me at Hunyadi, nothing could well have been more easier. My few days there had been actually crammed with those small and pleasant incidents which tell well in goodly correspondence. It was all, too, so strange, so novel, so picturesque, that, to make an effective tableau of such a life, was merely to draw on memory.

There was a barbaric grandeur, on the whole, in the vast building; its crowds of exiles, its crowds of retainers who came and went, appeared at no bidding but their own; in the ceaseless tide of travelers, who hospited for the night, went their way on the morrow, no more questioned by the hospitality, to all seeming, than by a thing they had their own right to do. Details there were of neglect and savagery that even an humble household might have been ashamed of; but the whole was—how shall I say?—large, even in that ocean of boundless extravagance and cost, and speedily lost sight of.

It was now my task to tell Sara all this, cultured by the light, a warm light, too, of my own enjoyment of it. I pictured the place as I saw it on the night, and told her how I should not imagine for a while in what wild region I found myself: I narrated the way in which I was assigned my place in this strange world of archdiggers and unter-lagers for my friends, who mounted me and often accompanied me in my rides; how I had won the very highest encomiums from hill-tops and eminences which pertained to the great Count, boundless plains that in summer would have been waving with yellow corn, and far-stretching woods of oak or pine lost in the long distance; and, last of all, coming down to the very moment when I was writing, and the incident by which I had been promoted to the society of the castle, and how I had passed my last evening.

My pen ran rapidly along as I told of the splendors and magnificence of the scene, and of a company whose brilliancy seemed called up by the presence of the enchantment. "They pass and repass before me in all their gorgeous bravery as I write; and as the violins and the music, accompaniment to my foot keeps time with the measure of that Csardas that spun and which before me till my hand would have a mad intoxication."

It was only when I read over what I had written that I became conscious of the questionable taste of recording these things to one who might have to read them after a day of heavy toil, or a sleepless night of watching. What will she think of me, thought I, if it be thus I seem to discharge the weighty trust confided to me? Was it to mingle in such gaieties I came here, or will she deem that these follies are the fitting prelude to a grave and difficult negotiation? For a moment I had half determined to tear the letter in the fire, and limit myself simply to saying that I had arrived, and was awaiting the Count's return, but my pride, or rather my self-love, carried the day; and I could not repress the delight I felt to be in a society I cring to by so many interesting ties, and to show that I was not in my true element—here breathing the air that was native to me.

"Pray not to be supposed to forget," I wrote, "that it was not for these pleasures you sent me here, for I bear well in mind why I have come, and what I have to do. Counsel Haydon is, however, absent, and will not return before the end of the week, by which time I fully hope that I shall have assured such a position here as will easily contribute to my ability to serve you. I pray you, therefore, to read this letter by the light of the moment I now pen it, and, though I may seem to lend myself too easily to pleasure, to believe that no seductions of amusement, no flatteries of the world, shall ever from the fixed devotion I owe you, and from the fidelity to which I pledge my life." With this I closed my letter and addressed it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SALON.

THE morning after my Csardas success a valet in discreet black brought me a message from the Countess that she expected to see me at her table d'hôte, and that I learned the names and rank of the persons I had met the night before. They were all of that high noblesse which in Hungary assumes a sort of feudal grandeur, and by frequent intermarriage really possesses many of the close familiar interests of the family. Austria, we indeed Germany, from her rule, are rarely received in these intimate gatherings, and I learned with some surprise that the only strangers were Count Palli and myself—the former as the man styled them—who were then among the guests. "The lord" was with the Count on the shooting excursion; my lady having confined to her room by a heavy cold she had caught out sledging.

Shall I be misunderstood if I own that I was very sorry to hear that an Englishman and a man of rank was among the company. Whatever is our foreigners might extend to my small accomplishments I could lay claim to, I well knew would not compensate in my countryman's eyes

for my want of station. In my father's house I had often had occasion to remark that while Englishmen freely admired the advances of a foreigner, and accepted his acquaintance with a courteous readiness, with each other they maintained a cold and studied reserve; as though no difference of place or circumstance was to obliterate that insular code which defines class, and limits each man to the exact rank he belongs to.

When they shall see, therefore, that I, whose my titled countryman will treat me—the distance at which he will hold me—and the measured firmness with which he will reject—not my familiarities, for I should not dare them, but simply the ease of my manner—these foreigners will be driven to regard me as some ignoble upstart who has no pretension whatever to be among them. I was very unwilling to encounter this humiliation. At which time I was not sailing under false colors. I had assumed no pretensions from which I was now to retreat. I had nothing to disown or disavow; but still I was about to be the willing guest of a society, to a place in which, in my own country, I could not have the faintest pretension; and it was just possible that my countryman might bring this fact before me.

He might do worse—he might question me as to who and what I was; nor was I very sure how my tact or my temper might carry me through such an ordeal.

Would it not be wiser and better for me to avoid this peril? Should I not spare myself much mortification and much needless anxiety? Thus thinking, I resolved to wait on the Countess at once, and explain frankly why I felt obliged to decline the gracious courtesy she had extended to me, and refuse an honor so full of pleasure and of pride.

She was not down as her—and I scarcely knew how to approach my theme in presence of a third person. With an effort, however, I spoke what I had come for; not very collectedly, indeed, nor perhaps very intelligibly, but in such a way as to convey that I could not engage to what she might look at least like a false position, and was almost sure to entail all the unpleasant relations of such. "I, Madam," said I, "am but a nobody; and in my country men of rank never associate with nobodies, even by an accident. My lord would not forgive you for thrusting him into such acquaintanceship, and I should never forgive myself for having caused you the unpleasantness. I don't imagine I have made my meaning very clear."

"You have certainly made me very uncomfortable," broke in Countess Hunyadi, thoughtfully. "I thought that we Hungarians had rather stiff notions on these subjects, but these of your country leave them miles behind."

"And are less reasonable besides," said the Pasi. "Across the Moldau society is being continually recruited from so rich a bourgeoisie."

"At all events," cried the Countess, suddenly, "we are here in the Moldau Hunyadi, and I am mistress. I invite you to dine with me; it remains for you to decide how you treat my invitation."

"Put in that way, Madam, I accept with deference." And I bowed deeply and moved toward the door. The ladies acknowledged my salute in silence, and, I fancied, with coldness, and I retired.

I was evidently mistaken in attributing coldness to their manner; the ladies received me when I appeared at dinner with a marked cordiality. I sat next Madame Pasli, who talked to me like an old friend; told me who the various people at table were; and gave me great pleasure by saying that I was sure to become a favorite with Count Hunyadi, who delighted in gayety, and cherished all those that promoted it. Seeing what interest I took in the ways of Hungarian life, she explained many of the customs I saw around me, which, deriving from a great antiquity, were nevertheless soon destined to pass away before the advance of a higher civilization. I asked who she knew of the English guests. It was nothing, or next to nothing—Count Hunyadi had made their acquaintance at Baden that summer, and invited them to pass the winter at Jassa with him. Countess Pasli had herself arrived since they came, and not seen them, for "my lord," as she generally called her husband, set out once to join the shooting-party; and my lady had not appeared since the day after her arrival.

"I only know that she is a great beauty, and of most charming manners. The men all rave of her, so that we are half jealous already. We were expecting to see her at dinner to-day, but we hear that she is less well than yesterday."

"Do you know their name?"

"No; I believe—I heard it—but I am not familiar with English names, and it has escaped me: but I will present you by-and-by to Count George Sandwich, who was at Baden with the Hunyadi met them—he'll tell you more of them."

I assured her that my curiosity was most amply satisfied already. It was a chasm which I did not expect to find an acquaintance, far less a friend.

"There is something almost forced in this humility of yours," cried she. "Are we to find out some fine morning that you are a prince in disguise?" I begged to marry at her pretty conceit that Madame Hunyadi asked the cause of her mirth.

"I will tell you later," said she. We soon afterward rose to go into the drawing-room, and I saw as they laughed together that she had told her what she said.

"Do you know," said the Countess Hunyadi, approaching me, "I am told by Madame Pali's mind, and I shall never rest till you reveal your secret to us."

I said something laughingly about my incognito being the best coat in my wardrobe, and the matter dropped. That night I sung several times, alone, and in duet, with the Pasli, and was overwhelmed with flatteries of my "fresh tenor voice" and my "admirable style." It was something so new and strange to me to find myself the centre of polite attentions, and of those warm praises which consummate good-breeding knows how to bestow without outraging taste, that I found it hard to repress the wild delight that possessed me.

If I had piqued their curiosity to find out who or what I was, I had also stimulated my own ambition to astonish them.

"He says he will ride out with me to-morrow, and doesn't mean to pass him a lively mount," said one, speaking of me.

"And you mean to gratify him, George?" asked another.

"He shall have the roan that hoisted you out of the saddle with his hind-quarters."

"Come, gentlemen, above all not have my protégé injured to gratify your jealousies," said Madame Hunyadi; "he shall be my escort."

"If he tries me he plays himself—no need not be much alarmed about him. The fellow can do what he likes at the cannon game."

"I'd give fifty Napoleons to know his history," cried another.

I was playing chess as he said this, and turning my head quietly around I said, "The secret is not worth half the money, Sir; and if it really interests you, you shall have it for the asking."

He muttered out a mass of apologies for his fussed excuses, to all the embarrassment of which I let him struggle alone, as work in which in the absence of ambition there is envy; in the absence of avarice, parsimony; in the absence of war, bitter animosities. The mind is reduced with that which troubles it, till in the estimate of results no gain whatever can be found.

It seems strange that while Spain has abolished religious houses, their worst features should be perpetuated in a country like England. Here the nunneries are under the against public inspection, and there is no check upon the superiors. In any one of these establishments a girl may be enduring, without being able to communicate with their friends, indignities and persecutions like those described in Diderot's Nun. It so happens that the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin has been occupied with a convent case while this book is going to press, inquiring into the wrongs of Miss Saurin. A young lady of sixteen, in the Loretto Convent School, Rathfarn, Bray, wished to leave it to reside with her mother. The mother had frequently written letters to her daughter, but they had all been returned unopened. On application the Superior had not been allowed to deliver a letter to the young lady. An other case is to be brought before the Belgian courts. A girl of fifteen, belonging to one of the best families of the neighborhood, was placed by the Lady Superior in a damp underground cell. She died attracting the attention of a woman, when, from the narrow opening by which her prison received a little light from the garden, she succeeded in attracting the attention of a man working there, who consented to procure for her writing materials, and to convey a letter to her brother-in-law. The letter, on receiving the communication, went to the convent and asked to see his sister-in-law. It was informed that she was in religious retirement, and could not be seen. He succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, but had to call in a strong force of police, when it was found on visiting the cellars underground that five other nuns were confined in the same manner. In a free country can these cruelties be perpetrated beyond the control of the law?

CONVENT LIFE.

"WILT thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun?
Is it not a better thing
With life and love to laugh and sing?
To be loved and sought, Sophie,
To be wooed and won?
Dost thou love the shadow, Sophie,
Better than the sun?'

'Tis an ancient song, ladies:
In days of yore it well?
Tired of balls that last till day,
Tired of throwing time away,
Far from every-where, with the ladies,
You are fain to dwell.
May you not discover, ladies,
Life's burden, after all?

You would think of heaven, ladies,
'Neath a crucifix—
Linger in delusive dream
Till the bell should ring for mass—
Call wild visions down, ladies,
With your lire to mix—
Play with lambs and babies,
Foolish Papist tricks.

Ball-room and boudoir, ladies,
Local, amid your flowers—
Shrink from the Superior's whip,
Kneel, and kiss the floor, and strip—
With those vile hands, ladies,
Wield the house-maid's broom:
That's the sort of life, ladies,
Mid the Convent's gloom.

Dreariness and dirt, ladies,
Sullenness and strife,
Better far in youth to die,
Than for fifty years to try
This sad, sordid prison, ladies,
This mere death in life.
Who would be a nun, ladies,
That could be a wife?

Must you be a nun, Sophie,
'Neath a luckless star?
Have you made your little mind
Up to be for life confined—
Bullied by a mistress, Sophie,
Foolish as you are?
Better take a master, Sophie,
He'd be kinder far.

THE POPE AND EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

THE Pope appears to deplore the movement for the education of girls heartily. He evidently holds that if the girls of Europe are to be educated, the women of Europe will cease to be Roman Catholics, and if the women of Europe cease to be Roman Catholics, it is all over with the Pope. The particular occasion of his anxiety is the foundation of a college for women at Montpelier, which has been supported and patronized by a "highly pious princess;" but which the Pope says will "infuse" women's minds with "the pride of a vain and impotent science," instead of fitting them to be good mothers and useful members of society. It is curious to see even the Pope compelled to encounter the modern spirit on its own ground, and not on his own. If he said what he thought plainly in bare stanzas, it would be that schools and colleges for men and women alike should be abolished, as tending to inflate the mind with "the pride of a vain and impotent science," but he is compelled to take the weaker ground of denouncing education for women only. For the ignorance of men it is no longer possible to contend. The ignorance of women is still the strength and hold of the Papacy; but would it not be better policy to resist it by *secret* organization, than thus openly blurt out the facts?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FRIEND.—"I will consent to all your desire," said a fractious lady to her lover, "if you will only give me what you have not, what you never can have, and what I know you can give me." What did she ask for? —A husband.

Why is the President like an American gift?—Because he is a U. S. Grant.

At an auction of miscellaneous articles out of doors it began to sprinkle, when a by-stander advised the auctioneer that the next article he had better put up should be an umbrella.

Why should womankind be considered insane?—Because they are all mad-dened.

Judge R., whose house has been burglarized no less than three times within the last six months, had the top story of the aforesaid house burned off last week. In a friend's house, commenting on the fact, he facetiously adds: "The *dearest* place on earth to me is Home, sweet home!"

What fairs should young men shun most?—False deceivers.

"That is colder hard on Grant, that remark by Colfax," "what?" was a reasonable reply. "Why, Colfax says Grant will turn out the worst President we ever had." Colfax was on Belknap's side.

CHANGE OF NAME.—By the use of an Auricomus: Something—or other, Miss Hannah Brown has resolved to change her lovely locks to dusky gray still. Jones says that she ought to be re-christened Dyer-Brown. Jones is a wag.

Lord Lovell he stood by the garden-gate,
With his shining velocipede,
And whispered low till to his Lady Bell,
Who wished for his Lordship good-speed, speed, speed.

Who wished for his Lordship good-speed.

"When will you be back, my Lord Lovell?" she said,
But he gave her question no heed—
Toward his feet in he stirrups and galloped away
On his famous velocipede, pede, pede,
On his famous, etc.

Then Lady Bell cried, in needle alarm,
"What a monster my Lord is, indeed,
To ride away from his bride on the wing,
On that horrid velocipede, pede, pede!"
For he rode on a pest, pede, pede.

Lord Lovell returned, broken-hearted and sore,
Broken-armed and, alas! broken-kneed,
For he struck on a post, nearly knocking the ghost,
And smashed his velocipede, pede, pede.
And smashed, etc.

MORAL.

Remember the fate Lord Lovell has met,
Stay at home with your wife for the rest of your life,
And beware of the velocipede, pede, pede.
And beware, etc.

"This is capital ale!" said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head!" "Yes, sir," said a by-stander "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

A STABLE SECRET.—A Mare's Nest.

"My lord!" said the foreman of a Welsh jury when giving in their verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty!"

A good Northampton lady who had never cooked oysters but in one way, recently determined to gratify the family on their return from a visit with a dish of the delicious. She explained to the caterer that: "I found it very difficult to dress them," said she, "so I shall tell on to their wives and cut the stomachs off. I guess they'll be good."

An old lady in New Jersey, having read an account of the burning of a gingerbread nut manufacturing establishment, became terribly alarmed less a gingerbread nut house standing in her cellar should burst and blow the house up.

If a bird can sing and won't sing, what's to be done? Why, take it to a chirpodist to cure it.

A New Orleans lady, wishing to surprise her husband with the present of a dozen shirts, went to a furnishing store, asked if they could "make her a dozen shirts," and ordered them sent home without his knowledge. The clerk took the order, but requested her to "step this way a moment." She did so, when the furnisher whipped out a tape-measure, and proceeded to take the breadth of her shoulders. "Why, what are you doing, Sir?" demanded the astonished lady. "Why, taking your measure, to be sure!" was the confident reply. "Well, Sir, I want a dozen your shirts!" "My shirts! Why, didn't I tell you shirts were my business?" "No, Madam: *I thought they were for you*," was the reply.

A LOSE MAN.—The pawnbroker.

"Very good, but" laser too polated," as the catfish said when he swallowed the bait.

BURNING WORDS.—A dictionary in flames.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow branch, Sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree."

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GRANT, MARCH 4, 1869.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARDNER AND BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

GRANT'S INAUGURATION.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to the illustration of the memorable events of the Fourth of March. It was a day of unusual excitement in Washington, even as compared with previous occasions of a similar character. President GRANT, owing his elevation to a popular purpose which nothing could withstand rather than to a distinctively party choice, awakens, therefore, an enthusiasm among the people that is not inspired by the element of political conflict. His stands forth a living symbol of the dawning era of peace and good-will.

Washington, of course, was crowded with visitors from every section of the country. From New York alone it is estimated that there came twenty thousand persons to participate in the ceremonies of inauguration. The rain disappointed many of the spectators by dimming the outward display of the occasion, and prevented everyone — that had been prepared, but their interest in the main event of the day was not diminished.

The vast procession started from General GRANT'S head-quarters a little before 11 o'clock A.M. General GRANT was accompanied by Mr. COLFAX. Both gentlemen were dressed in full suits of black. Upon arriving at the White House it was ascertained that Mr. JOHNSON was not to take part in the ceremonies; he was even then about to enter his carriage, and the cannon which saluted the outgoing President was also the signal for the moving on of the procession to the Capitol. As if to greet the new President with auspicious omens, the bright sunshine had displaced the rain of the morning. The cortege arrived at the east front of the Capitol at five minutes before noon.

General GRANT then entered the Senate-room, where, in the presence of the Senate, the Judges, Justice CHASE, the Supreme Court, and a brilliant audience of ladies, the oath was administered to Vice-President COLFAX by Mr. WADE, as shown in the illustration on the first page.

A procession was then formed, which passed to the east front, where General GRANT took the oath of office, administered by Chief-Justice CHASE. The cannon in the adjacent square boomed forth the inaugural salute by way of salute, and in the midst of applauding cheers the new President arose and delivered his Inaugural Address.

In connection with our illustration of the inauguration we give on page 180 portraits of JESSE R. and HANNAH HALL, the father and mother of our new President. As our readers already know, GRANT'S ancestors were Scotch. MATTHEW GRANT, the first American emigrant, came to this country in 1630. The father of the President was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1794. His mother was a Miss HANNAH SIMPSON, of Montgomery County, in the same State. They were married in 1821 in Ohio, to which State both had moved; she in 1819, and he some years before. JESSE R. GRANT was present at his son's inauguration, and was quite severely injured after the ceremony, by falling down a flight of stone steps on the east side of the Capitol.

Our illustration of the inauguration is engraved from photographs by BRADY, of Washington, which, as specimens of photographic art, excel any thing hitherto produced in such a connection.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

REDDED'S REASONS FOR MARRYING ANY BODY WHO WOULD HAVE HER.

IN one of the narrowest and dullest lanes in the neighborhood of Walham Green lived George Turner, Esq., solicitor, of Lincoln's Inn. The house was the largest in the lane, had certainly pretensions to be, or to have been, a "gentleman's" house, for there was a coach-house and stable beside it; and the garden before and behind was full three-quarters of an acre.

The other houses in the lane were eight-room-ed, semi-detached, brown brick boxes of houses; with long gardens in front, and little back-yards, with a wash-house and a cucumber frame each. They were miserable little places; yet Rebecca Turner, the youngest daughter, while lolling and yawning, could envy their inhabitants in possession of the key many times a day.

For there was life among them. Those among them who were thrifty, or well to do, or childless, or whose children were good, had pretty plots of flowers even; but this was rare, for there were too many children; and so, on a washing-day, the clothes-lines and poles were always up in the front gardens, stamped hard and black by a hundred little feet. Nay, there was another reason against flowers. The landlord of that lane did not see his way to more palings; and so, if you wanted flowers, you must keep them in repair yourself. Yet there was life enough there. The neighbors—the women—dawdled into one another's houses, and gossiped—nay, now and then, best friends, quarreled. Once there was a fire; and Miss Turner, the present eldest daughter, seeing them running, hoped it was not *their* house. Ah, well, luck, said Miss Rebecca, with such singular emphasis that her elder sister let her be.

Turner's house, or The Cedars, stood back from the road, in a block of mangy grass, and a blotch of mangy, soot-stained gravel, and accounted for its apparent usurped title by one miserable stump and one miserable bough of the tree of Lebanon, which solitary bough pointed meekly and sorrowfully to where its brother had once stood. Behind the house was a bit of kitchen-garden, and a bit of grass unmown for years; which would have been something had it been secluded, but even that was denied you. It ended in a wide, wild waste of market-garden, stretching away acre after acre. The timber on the estate consisted of a broken-down mulberry-tree and a large quantity of sooty lilac.

The house, though in habitable repair, was in that half state of dilapidation which is sometimes a good deal more melancholy than a really good downright ruin. The ruin says to you, "Here, come here, I belong to you as much as to any one now — come and help me to decay." And tells them to you accordingly: whereas the half-dilapidated house says only, "We have seen better days." Turner's house was dark red brick, with a high tile roof, perpendicular to the top of the garret-windows, and then sloping like the roof of the neighboring row of roofs. Its door was approached by high steps, and the windows of the living-rooms were large, and contained thin wooden frames and baby glass panes: some were with a knob in the middle, which made looking out of them a ridiculous process to indulge in: internally, the furniture was principally of horse-hair and dark mahogany. And Rebecca Turner was the only lady.

In this house she lived. Mr. Turner was in religion of the strictest form of Calvinism and Sabbatarianism, attending only two services of theological ones on a Sunday, and never allowing a novel or a book of poetry into the house. There had been a time once when Rebecca had objected to all this; before she had grown up; but that was all over. She had, unlike her sister, grown up good-looking. Her father, indeed, had consulted religious women of the congregation: they had been unanimous; the girl Rebecca was much too good to go out by herself. Even that time she was a prisoner, for her father was no man to be trifled with. Certainly, under that a girl of spirit was capable of any kind of pleasure, should one very wet Sunday evening, after chapel and a servant's walk, as she was going to bed, emphatically wish she was dead, wish she had never been born, and most particularly wish she had been a boy.

"If I had been as ugly as you, I could have gone any where I chose, and done as I liked. It was old Mother Russel and Mrs. Akin's fault that *him* up to my being pretty. I wish *they* were dead with all my heart."

"Why, Miss Rebecca! After chapel, too!" said her sister Carry, solemnly.

She didn't say she wished *that* was dead: she only clenched her hands and looked savage. That was the last of it all—all the dull misery of her life came before her stronger than ever at the mention of chapel, and she cast herself sobbing on the bed.

"I wish somebody would come and marry me," she said, at last. "I don't care who, any young man ever come near us. I'd marry Jim Akers, I'd marry any body—except that beast," she added, suddenly, with a shrill distinctness, and pointed to a small chance in favor of the beast's prospects, and then by degrees she sobbed herself quiet.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. RUSSEL TELLS MISS SOPER SO MUCH AS SHE THINKS PROPER, AND NO MORE.

THE lady so disrespectfully mentioned by Miss Rebecca as old Mother Russel, was taking tea with Miss Soper. Mrs. Russel had been, some said, love in a cottage, and that was certainly, with few exceptions, the oldest inhabitant there; Miss Soper, on the other hand, was a comparatively new comer. These, it will be remembered, were the two ladies who had given poor Rebecca such very dire offense by persuading her father that she was too young to go to the play or concert; and, having just talked through some of their other neighbors in whom we are not interested, and having come to the Turners, Mrs. Russel saw no will just make bold to listen a little to them.

Miss Soper was a very different woman—pale, gaunt, black, rigid, with a face like a Roman-nosed horse. She had been for some years lecturer in a small school-room, and had saved them moderately. It is possible that she may have been a good-natured woman once, but the constant pressure of the world had not left about her ill-natured. Religion with her meant a slight excitement and society, but little more.

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"That's a bright, clever-looking girl, that Rebecca Turner," she said. "Quick to learn."

"A deal too quick," said Miss Soper.

"She seems quicker than her sister."

"Caroline is a real good pious girl, and takes after her father."

"Rebecca don't, then?" said Miss Soper.

"No, Rebecca is another sort of girl. She looks so like her mother sometimes that I shall like a mould of jelly" (which was an apt illustration). "She takes after her mother; and Turner is a man who washes his dirty linen at home, but I misdoubt he has trouble with her now. If he hasn't, he will."

"Did he have trouble with her mother, then?"

"*Do you mean to say you have never heard it*" said Mrs. Russel, in astonishment.

"How could I? I had not come to the Green. Did you, Miss Soper, eagerly.

Mrs. Russel took her cup in her hand, and having stirred her tea, used the spoon for rhetorical purposes, and solemnly and immediately began.

"There's never been murder *done* in that house, my dear, for there's many a slip between cup and lip, but it's been *hollered* often enough. Awful nights have been in that house, my dear, between Turner and his wife," she continued, drawing closer and speaking low; "she yelling for a knife to kill him, and he, calling him every bad name she could lay her tongue to; he praying at the top of his voice, to pray the evil spirit out of her, until he'd have his temper and fist hold of her, and you'd hear her trying to bite him; and the little children a-screaming, and the servant-girl a-crying, and all the lane out to listen! Ah, quiet as Turner looks now, he has had something to go through in his time. You may well say he had trouble with his wife."

"Was she mad?"

"He never dared say it of her all events," said Mrs. Russel. "I'll tell you all I know. She was a lady. Says you, so are we. I mean a real lady. Says you again, so are we. But I mean a real, high-born carriage lady, you know."

So did Miss Soper, who nodded. "And how did she come to marry him, then?"

"Well, Turner is a good figure of a man, though it was not that. He had got the management of her affairs when she was left a widow, and he managed them well enough to excite her gratitude; and she had been ill-used, and her friends had dropped her, and I fancy she thought she might do worse, and so she had him; and a bad job it was. But if a good sound Protestant woman as Papist and a worshiping with her eyes open he must take the consequences."

"A Papist!" almost screeched Miss Soper. "Mr. Turner married a Papist!"

"Well, she had a fine penny of money, mind you, and she was a thorough worldling, and careless of religion; and Mr. Turner thought he could convert her. We used to have her name down for conversion in the general prayer ever so long after they were married, and had words with him. But it all came to nothing; she laughed him to scorn when he spoke to her about it, all of which he has told us in the confidence-meetings; and she found *that* out, and got furious, and things went on from bad to worse until Caroline being born put things to a crisis. It was the first that Rebecca was born, Mrs. Turner fell ill, and asked for a priest to come to her, she having, of course, gone to church on her own accord; and he made answer that no priest should cross his doors, not if she was on her death-bed. That was the worst scene she had had, for she started up in a shawl and petticoat to run all the way to Cadogan Terrace by Sloane Street, and had to be brought back by force. Well, then nothing went right any way, and she seemed to lose head. She accused him of taking her money, and insisted that one of the children should be brought up a Papist, and used to smuggle off Rebecca continually to mass and confession, and such things, and some say got the child baptized into the Romish faith."

"It is extremely probable," said Miss Soper; "and how did it end?"

"It was after a worse row than usual," said Mrs. Russel, lowering her voice again. "It was the worst and the last, and there had been violence—it all came out at the inquest—and she went out screaming and said to her husband, house, but I never saw nothing of that, and others will confirm me; and when she came back she had gone away with little Rebecca, having word that she would never see the child no more, for that he had taken it away to save its soul."

"He was a fool," said Miss Soper.

Mrs. Russel eyed her curiously. "You're a sensible woman, ma'am," she said; "though I doubt if we are very generally, seeing that he saved it from Popery. But," added the vulgar old gossip, flushing up scarlet, "if my man had come home to me and children in the state he's times I'd have— But as I was saying, when she hears that, she outs into the lane and carries on to two neighbors, Mrs. Akin (the widow) woman, you know, my dear soul, Jim Akin's, the costermonger's, mother, whom she had been down with Rebecca for years herself) says she never heard any thing like it. There was nothing but it was—no vulgar language nor swearing—but just downright awful cursing, like that in the Bible; and it frightened all that heard it. Then she went off into hysterics and up stairs and the maid had run away. And when he came home the neighbors told him what they'd seen, and how the child's Caroline now) had been a-crying all the afternoon. And when they burst in there she was a-lying stone-dead at the bottom of the stairs."

"What did the inquest say?"

"Nothing. Whether she fell down, or flung herself down, there was nothing to show. The child only said that it had found its mamma asleep on her face, and that it wanted its tea, and couldn't make her wake. Well, ma'am, and that's the history of that little mystery."

"I'll go and see 'em," said Miss Soper emphatically. "What time do they have their tea?"

CHAPTER III.

REBECCA'S LOVE, AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF HIM.

MR. TURNER, a man of about sixty, must have been at one time handsome, but now, although his features were good, his complexion was gone; and the continual habit, persisted in for so many years, of self-contemplation, had left an expression which was not very pleasant on his face: a look which an ill-natured person might say was something like conceit, or, at any rate, as though he was continually saying, "I am George Turner, that is who I am, and who the deuce are you?" His conversation was, like that of the other men of the neighborhood, entirely about himself; arguing, one would fancy, from a certain feeling of being wanting in the more ornamental business of life, and from a determination that the hearer should know what an exceeding fine fellow he was.

Partly from religion, and partly from temper, he had been very careful to banish every thing graceful from his house, so that there should not be a trace in it to say to the last comer-in that Rebecca's, who craved for such things, petitions for cocks and hens, for rabbits—nay, even for one poor little dog bird. However, in an old house, where there are rats and mice, you must have a cat; and you'll not hinder a cat having kittens. And when it came about that Rebecca had two kittens to play with; and her father, letting himself into the house at half past four on a winter's afternoon, found Rebecca, utterly happy, lying in the dark before the fire, playing with her two kittens, one of which had a blue ribbon round its neck, and the other a red.

"Get up," he said, "and don't lie there like a heathen. Get up, and make yourself tidy. There are people coming to tea."

Rebecca never answered; that would only make her father colorably and openly angry, and she would have had the worst of it. But by long practice in this happy household she had got the habit of annoying him, and yet of keeping within the law.

"Pretty little darlings!" she said, with effusion, as she played with a cat on each arm. "I wonder if you have immortal souls, dears; if so, they don't seem to be much trouble to you."

"Don't talk such nonsense to me. People would say that you were mad, if they heard you. For a grown girl to be kissing cats, too, and a grimalkin like that!"

"Whose coming to tea, pa?"

"Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper."

"Daniel Lambert and the Old Dragoon. Ps, I wonder if Miss Soper was regularly discharged from the army, or whether she deserted. If I was her I should quite run off that muscle, and let my whiskers grow. Who else is coming?"

"Mr. Morley," said Turner, without any open manifestation of anger. "For certain reasons; and also, I believe, Mr. Hagbut."

"Oh, pa!"

"I am at a loss to conceive why you should make an exclamation at Mr. Hagbut's name," said Turner.

"Are you?" said Rebecca. "I am not. If you were as young and pretty as I am, how would you like such a—minister of the gospel, setting down beside you the whole evening, reading bits of Scripture to you which bore on the subject of love and marriage. If he wants to marry me, he'd don't he say so like a man—*and get his answer*"

"I should feel highly flattered by Mr. Hagbut's attentions," said Mr. Turner; "and, moreover, I should reflect that his suit was backed by your father. Only, mind one thing, Rebecca—you refuse that gentleman at your peril. I insist on the match, mind that. You *dare* refuse him, that is all."

Not one word did Rebecca say to this, but left her father secretly fuming with anger. She went up stairs to her room, and began her toilet very slowly and very thoughtfully, and as she brought the face grew darker and darker, until the muscles in it began to quiver, and there grew upon it a look of deep horror and deep loathing terrible to see. She arose stealthily, and went with her candle to look in the mirror of her room, and secretly taking out a book began reading with shaking hands; the book came open easily at the place she wanted, and she was deep in the passage when she was utterly scared fury her sister's voice in the room, crying petulantly, "Why, Rebecca, you'll never be ready in time. Mr. Hagbut's come already."

"I'll be ready directly, dear Carry; don't tell on me. It is only one of Walter Scott's novels, and it is so interesting at the end."

"So it seems," said matter-of-fact Carry. "Why, you are as pale as a ghost, and it of a tremble? Now I can see why the ministers forbid us to read such godless rant."

One of Walter Scott's novels, she said. Could it have been the "Bride of Lammermoor?" Heaven forbid!

Although she was going into company which she disliked, and although there was at least one man there whom she hated, and whom she wished to hate the more, yet in the retirement of beauty she dressed herself prettily, and coming calmly and proudly into the room with a bow, sat down by Miss Soper.

Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper were there, and two minutes, one of which she had seen before, but one of them was only known too well.

He was a very large, stout man, with a head on the other side of an additional chin, and a small end uppermost. He had a furze of gray hair, and whiskers shaved close in the middle of his cheeks; he had large blue, almost opaque eyes, very large ears, and a continual smile on a mouth made for talking. Probably black dress clothes and white tie were to be becoming a dress as exists—on certain people; on him they were hideous; his collarless cravat was in the way, and the coat of his waistcoat displayed ears, and the coat itself was perfectly straight down the back, so as to set off his great stomach better in profile. His calfs were disproportionately great fat hands, and his short, ill-made trousers scarce met his clumsy shoes. The whole man was a protest against beauty or grace of life in any way; to Rebecca he was loathsome, hideous beyond measure; and she was to marry him—unless she herself, alone and unaided, could fight a battle against all her little world. Poor thing! it was hard for her, it was, indeed. Forgive her desperation.

This horrible great moon-calf rose from his

chair when she entered, and with a leering conscious smile on his face stood there, following her with his pale eyes, until she sat down. Mr. Russel looked "arch"—a horrible thing for any body to do off the stage of a third-rate theatre, still more horrible in the case of a fat old woman. Miss Soper, *au fait* at things of this kind, moved from her seat and gave it up to the Rev. Mr. Hagbut, so that he now sat next poor shuddering Rebecca.

"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Hagbut?" Mr. Sensum came the easy words from the fat mouth, in the well-practiced, whining falsetto; dextrously quoted were the well-known texts of Scripture, so obviously that he brought in the Marriage in Cana, and made through that an allusion to earthly marriages. "He has not asked me yet," she thought; "and if I am firm they can't kill me."

His style of talking was what one may be allowed to call execrable; that is, he inquired, every syllable, and even when he came across one which was unavoidably short he lengthened it as much as possible. Then again he put the emphasis of his sentence just where no one else would have put it, and on the whole was one of the most painfully labored masses of artificiality and affectation ever seen. That the man may have been a good man I do not deny; I have only to do with his effect on Rebecca.

He gave himself, if not the airs of an accepted lover, at least of a man who was sure of his game.

"You heard my discourse the last Sabbath evening, Miss Hagbut," he said, bringing his head as near hers as he could.

"I heard it," said Rebecca; "but I did not attend to it."

"The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," said he, smiling.

"I don't think that the spirits was willing," she answered. "I hate sermons."

This was very confusing, but under these circumstances one may say something.

"The prayer, or the hymn, pleases you better, doubtless?"

"I hate the prayer worse than the sermon, but I like some of the hymns—nay, most of them. I should like the service to be all music, light, and a sermon-less, as it was in the Catholic church where I used to go with my poor mother."

"Vanity, my dear daughter, vanity."

"I don't think that the spiritual vanity about it. Why, when you are praying extempore before a large congregation, and take pains, you are thinking all the time how it will accord with the congregation. I have watched you."

Really it was very uphill work with this young lady; but as she was beautiful she was, and that she would have a little property. Mr. Hagbut drew nearer still to the shrinking hot form that held the love-sick soul.

"Are you cold, dear Miss Turner?" he drawled.

"No, I am uncomfortably hot," she snapped out. "I think that I am not well. I think that I shall go nearer the door, if you will let me pass."

He was forced to do so, and with a great gasp she went and sat beside Mr. Morley and her father: her father seeing the Rev. Hagbut in earnest-sin-loving, looking exceedingly foolish, went to his assistance, and bound up the cracks in that savory vessel, leaving Rebecca sitting with Mr. Morley.

Now Rebecca knew Mr. Morley to be a Dissenting minister, as her father described him, in a "great amount of reasoning unnecessary to be given in the light of her natural enemy, and was prepared to do battle with him on the very slightest provocations. She could not, however, avoid confessing that he was a considerable improvement on that other horrible fat man with a head like an egg.

Indeed, she might have said, a very great improvement on that. Mr. Morley was a man with a well-shaped head, good and singularly amiable features, hair but slightly grizzled, curling all over his head in a deep brown crimpy confusion, and a beautiful set of regular white teeth, which contrasted well with the complexion, and which were pretty often shown by a much used but rare smile. He looked a man every inch of him, although his face was gentle even to softness.

He had also terrible sorrows and great troubles. He had been brought here as the friend of Mr. Hagbut, he having to-day preached a sermon for him, of course, which was commended heartily by Mr. Turner, who in the openness of his heart toward a minister and a friend of Mr. Hagbut, had in the course of the day given him which was in store for Rebecca. So Mr. Morley had watched while talking to Mr. Turner; and he had seen beautiful, low, exhilarating sunshine on the one side, and on the other a depth of loathing aversion which was terrible to him. He said to Mr. Turner,

"They will be happy, you think?"

"Any woman could be happy with such a man as that as Mr. Hagbut." And when he had said it he scorned himself. Yet for mere deceney's sake, seeing that Morley knew, he put in the rider, "If she does not love him in the way of the world now, she will get to do so. Hundreds of girls would give ten years of their life to be in her place."

"That is doubtless true," said Morley, quietly, and the conversation went on to other matters, until it so chanced that the beautiful girl, with rage and fury in her heart, came and sat beside him.

He had a pleasantly-modulated voice, a voice of cultivation too, and he spoke to her.

"The wind has quite gone down. But it blew hard down at our place last night: I expected some of my chimney-pots down several times. The *Ethiss*, in the outside tier, broke from her moorings, and has stove the bows of one of the screw colliers; yes, it blew very hard from east, hitting to southeast, and you a sailor at all?"

"I know nothing of the sea."

"Pity; you should. I am half a sailor myself. I should know something about it, for half my work lies among sailors. Have you never been to sea at all, then?"

"I have never left this most utterly abominable spot in all my life."

"Well, I don't want to flatter you," said Morley, "and as I will say what is prudently dull. My place is considered almost the very worst and most wretched in London. I am surrounded with sin, crime, and occasionally, I am sorry to say, murder; but I would sooner be there than here."

"Where do you live, then, Mr. Morley?" said Rebecca, becoming interested.

"At Limehouse."

"Is it uglier there than here?"

"Very far uglier. This place is, in all that the eye desires, a paradise to it. If an educated man, like myself, were doomed to live in Limehouse in idleness, he would break his heart."

"You have not broken yours."

"Plenty. I am sorry to say."

"Where you can do exactly as you please, and not be called to account for it afterward?"

"Certainly not. Any novel will assure you, there is no country such as you describe. Not in all the countless millions of stars which you see on a frosty night is there a country like that. Such ships would have plenty of passengers, though."

"It is a weary world, then," said Rebecca. "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly I do."

"Some do not. Is it not so?" asked Rebecca.

"Scarcely any," said Mr. Morley.

"Yet it is such a comfortable doctrine, I should have thought, to any one ill-used on this think, to believe, that death *did* end it all, and that there was to be no more trouble, no more headache, no more anger. It is really not so, then?"

"Assure yourself of that. Ask yourself, Is it conceivable that the whole of this causes you, as mysteriously, by acting on your muscles, to raise your hand to your head—the will which may prompt you to that action, and the use you from a shameful fate—can *die?* I could speak at length of these things to you, but there is your father beckoning."

She rose without another word, and went toward her father, who was sitting beside Mr. Hagbut. He stood up, and pointed to his seat.

She, however, stood, and Mr. Hagbut, rising, took her right hand between his two fat ones, and looked her in the face with his sweetest smile.

She was deadly pale. There was too much fat covering the nerves of Mr. Hagbut's hand, or he would have felt, surely, the creeping horror in hers. It shrunk as it touched his, and knew that it slid out and fell dead and pale by her side before he had time to speak.

"She has gone to ask," said the unconscious nobody, "a little favor of my sweet Christian sister. I was going to ask if I might see her tomorrow morning for half an hour, just to ask a little question, to which I think I shall have a favorable answer. May I come?"

"O Lord, yes!" gasped Rebecca. "Come to-morrow and let us get it over," and so left the monumbundity.

"She has gone with him," said Miss Soper to Mrs. Russel, as they blundered home together in the fog.

"Lucky gal! of course she has," replied Mrs. Russel.

"He will have trouble with her," said Miss Soper. "I have seen her." And the pair of themselves out of window before now; and he will have trouble with her."

"Well, I guess so that, Henrietta," said Mrs. Russel, growing confidential in the dark, and in anticipation of the little hot supper which Miss Soper knew that she would partake of, together, and blundering up against the next lamp-post in her fat walk. "I've seen modern Hin, for although he is a Saint, he keeps his saint's temper pretty much in the cupboard; she'll have to manage him, I guess, or he'll be one to do."

I know men, and the management of them. I've *had* to manage them."

Mrs. Russel's knowledge of men was confined to two, her husband whom she had managed into death by worry and *delirium tremens*; and her present lodger, who was continually drunk during the 40th regiment, now in New Zealand, from which island he had dutifully written, saying, that now the water was better for him, he could express his mind more free." Which he proceeded to do.

Morley and Hagbut walked eastward together through the fog, and Morley was the first to speak.

"Hagbut," he said, "are you going to marry that girl?"

"Assuredly, my brother," said Hagbut.

"Have you thought of what you are doing?" asked Morley.

"Indeed, yes, with prayer," said Hagbut.

"But, see here, Hagbut. You are as shrewd as another. Let us speak as though we were of the world, worldly. Are you not making a great fool of yourself?"

"I think not, brother Morley," answered Hagbut, for you forward to give up such advantages as religious phraseology give him. "I think, looking at the matter even as one unredeemed and still of this world, that it promises well. The girl is fair to look upon, and she will have a little property."

"But do you think she cares for you?"

"Undoubtedly. No constraint has been put upon her, and she has as good as taken me. Good-night, I dare say, dear brother. Good-night."

Omnibus after omnibus passed Mr. Morley, yet somehow he preferred to walk, and he left them steadily for Ratcliffe Street, dark as the night was. And he walked on, and thought, and thought of one thing only—this approaching marriage. It seemed to him so monstrous a proceeding altogether. If the girl consented it would have been bad enough, but against her will—

Why the girl's beauty alone ought to insure her a good match, and a decent husband, with any one of a dozen young men of her own age; and she had fortune too, he heard; and for the whole of it to be given up to the shrine of such ugly, windy donkey, with the education of a charity-school boy, and the manners of a bear. How pitiful a case for one so beautiful! And then he went on thinking of her beauty, and pitying her all the way home. Which was not good for the peace of mind of the Rev. Alfred Morley.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE velocipede mania is spreading. It must have its run like any other fever. It may become chronic, though some of the more violent symptoms gradually cease and collapse; or perhaps the collapse is to come before the crisis, or they may be simultaneous! Just at present, however, we are in the very coolness of this country, at least, seems to be concentrated upon the construction of velocipedes. Every novel will tell you that numerous means may be credited, there is—or is going to be, when a velocipede is in question. Thing in this first age—monocycle, which can be driven sixty miles an hour; a bicycle warranted to carry a man of average weight on a single rail of a railroad track; and probably tricycles and quatercycles of indefinite speed. The machines are generally being furnished with all conveniences, even to lanterns and lunch-boxes! Nobody can tell where this will end. Some such accident as did recently in Cincinnati; when a young man taking a velocipede ride down a long story of a building, lost the control of his machine, and was precipitated through a guarded hatchway to the cellar beneath. Instances are not rare, however, where steamers to circulate reports that in certain cities the velocipede was prohibited, and that every conductor suits in the total disappearance of both rider and machine! Yet nothing seems to check it.

An advertiser of Providence announces that in the month of June next he will propel a velocipede of his own manufacture from that city to three thousand miles in thirty days, averaging one hundred miles per day. The object of the performance is to take place in April, under the direction of the Managers of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Driving Parks. It is expected that the races will create a great excitement.

Some wit, dedicated in the genius necessary to invent a new thing, has declared that he will be could in a Massachusetts town, by exhibiting an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. Now the boys are so careful with those who were unfamiliar with that ancient machine, and a party of them have prepared to print—it is "Velocamilipedestrianism," and is defined to mean "a novelty moving by a power skillfully applied with both feet."

A group of fine figures is now being modeled in clay by the sculptor Palmieri. These figures are to be cast in bronze, and to be placed over the entrance to the "grand entrance" of the new reservoir in the Central Park. Most of our art-works of this kind are cast in Munich, but this is to be cast in America.

Professor Silliman having transferred himself and his kitchen from Boston to New York, it is announced that he will soon be favored with some practical scientific articles. There is no doubt but that whatever he writes will be well worth reading.

It has been proposed to establish the Siamese twins in England, but the suggestion does not meet with universal approval. The *Leeds Mercury* earnestly protests against such an exhibition. It is of opinion that in no case such a show should such creatures be allowed to exhibit because he made a vulgar spectacle of noble physical structure. But to do such a thing in this country is ridiculous. We have emerged from their hiding-place, and are on their way from surgeon to surgeon, praying that they have enough to save them, at the risk of death, from the "death in life" which they endure. Here—this appears to the bloodied contempt of all that is reverent, all that is pitiful, all that is ordinarily human.

Chicago's Board of Education refuses to a supposed witch. The owners of cows in the vicinity of that somewhat fast locality have come to think their cows bewitched.

A certain woman, however, had very liberal supplies of milk from her cows. Her neighbors called her a witch—declared she said the woman had bewitched their cows. The unfortunate "witch" found herself assailed by abuse, by threats, shrieks, stinks, and finally other impediments. So serious did the matter become that some of the neighbors met in the house of certain parties. She claims that the only witchcraft of which she is guilty consists in feeding her cows well and keeping them clean, which few of her rivals in the milk business do.

La Onia still holds out against over 20,000 inhabitants are empowered by law to levy a one-tenth of a mill tax for the benefit and support of public libraries.

A free public library has recently been opened in Cleveland containing 2000 volumes.

The Hudson River has upon week before last sufficiently for a steamboat to force her way to Poughkeepsie. At that point there were inches of solid ice for a distance of nine miles. At one part of the way the ice was four inches thick. On the return trip, a few days afterward, however, navigation was closed by the severe weather.

A young man applied for a situation as private tutor. He was subjected to a series of questions which somewhat puzzled him. "Can you," said the examiner, "parse Cain you draw, young man?" "Certainly," replied the candidate. "Can you square the circle?" "Certainly," replied the youth, "if you'll square it." "Can you," said the examiner, "solve a problem: if fifteen, a hundred loaded with cabbages; at sixteen, no inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house; but, being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, and the bigger the better." "You'll do," was the reply.

Hydrophobia still continues to be somewhat prevalent and fatal in New York and vicinity. We notice a very simple antidote communicated to the *Herald* by a physician of Long Island. It is said to have been best successfully for hydrophobia and the bites of snakes, centipedes, scorpions, and other venomous animals, and to have been so efficacious that it has been adopted by the Governments of India, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, and South Australia.

Recently.—Liquor ammonia fortis.

Dear.—For an adult, thirty-five drops in a wineglassful of water; twelves to fifteen years old, twenty to twenty-five drops in a table-spoonful of water; eight to twelve years old, fifteen to twenty drops in a dessert-spoonful of water; four to eight years old, five to ten drops in a dessert-spoonful of water.

The King of Burmah professes the greatest liberality in regard to the Christian religion. He proposes to build for at his own expense an immense institution, large enough to accommodate one thousand boys, and has himself donated five hundred dollars for books.

A correspondent of one of our daily newspapers, in communicating "London Gossip," gives the following incident, which, whether true or not, contains a moral:

"Seven hundred years ago some good old soul left some land which lay in London as a perpetual maintenance for three poor women and a cat. The property is worth now £40,000 a year. The three poor women still hold cat—friends of the trustees—are maintained; and the other £39,000 a year, £20,000 per annum, is expended in salaries on the uncles, aunts, cousins, applicants as secretaries, treasurers, chaplains, visitors, etc., who see to the proper distribution of alms, catechise the old women, and strike the cat."

There is every prospect that during the coming year the building business will be unusually brisk in the upper portions of the city. In the past year 1,731 residences were completed in this city. Many others were commenced. The statement has been made that a single ward in Brooklyn—the Ninth—upward of two thousand houses were erected in 1868, all of which will await tenants on the first of May. The indications are that there will be plenty of houses in the market, to be sold or to let, all who shall desire them in the metropolis. Landlords will scarcely dare run the risk of keeping their tenements empty, as they were desirous to do; and tenants need not feel compelled to submit to the increase this year, as they sometimes have in past years.

From South America comes the report of more earthquakes. The shocks quite heavy shocks have been experienced as Callao and Arica, and slight ones at Valparaiso. Quite a time ruging at Lima, Arequipa, and other places. Nevertheless matters go on about as usual, though there must be something frightful in being, as it were, on a volcano which may open the destructive mouth at any moment. The ladies of Lima are said to be considerably excited over "Flagellate," which writes for them in excellent Spanish, and whose articles have been eagerly read. Examples of some of the churches and convents have pronounced it a veritable Sodom and Gomorrah, and fled.

The *Germania Journal*, a new periodical, contains some valuable hints in regard to what should be done in case of fire. We give one or two items which seem to be of special practical utility:

"If the fire has not yet caught it is better for the inmates of the dwelling not to stop to dress themselves, but to endeavor to make by blankets, etc., hastily as well themselves of the best means of escape that is open to them, and thereby shutting off the draft. Doors may frequently be closed by means of chairs, the backs of which are turned against the door, and which will be rendered so much the more effective in shutting off the draft. Blankets, bed-quilts, or thick woolen shawls should be thrown over the head and body liberally, and the window being the last and only alternative, get out of window all and as quickly as possible."

From a long list of Danish Proverbs we select a few choice ones:

All wish to live long, but none to be called old.

Take help of many, advice of few.

He who thinks everything is only man's advice will have a crooked horse.

Good every body and its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

He who says what he likes must hear what he does not like.

Empty wagons make most noise.

If God bids thee draw, He will find thee a rope; if He bids thee fly, He will find thee wings.

Better suffer for truth than prosper by falsehood.

The Boston *Transcript* calls attention to the excessive amount of writing required of children in the public schools. It says: "Although we have, theoretically, the best system of education known to our progressive schools, instances of children who have been sick, and in some cases seemingly to be saved from death by efforts to stand well in their classes or secure promotion, are of everyday occurrence. Nervousness is the disease so naturally which can only be learned by devoting a part of the Sabbath to study."

We are inclined to believe that the same criticism may be made upon the public schools of New York city.

The Chicago *Sorosis* (the newspaper, not the Club) has the following logic:

"Two things in the world exist and not the same.

Woman's sphere is equal to man's but not the same. Woman and man are certain many things alike, because she does not want it, and secondly because such a claim would be unwomanly.

Adaptation and disuse are the conditions precedent to the exercise of any right or function.

The heart and brain can not change places, or perform each other's work, but what the head and body are not equally important?

Can the nerves say to the blood "you are out of your sphere when you perform the following in the every minute part of the body?"

Has the body politic should the two elements enter, man as head, woman as heart, both equally important and indispensable?

In China barbers shave as if they meant something by the operation. A victim gives up his head entirely to the process, which was performed without "lathering" the face. "After the beard was taken off," he says, "the barber took a sharp, long, needle-shaped spoon and began to pierce my ears. He explored every crevice and corner, and dislodged wax, concretions, bits of wax and dirt that had been accumulating there since my childhood. Having been satisfied with picking about my ears, the barber suddenly twisted my neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebræ had been dislocated. "Hold on!" I shouted, alarmed for the safety of my neck. 'All right,' replied the fiend, 'me no hurt you;' and he continued to jerk and twist my neck until it was limber as an old woman's dish-rag. He then felt to beating my back, breast, arms, and sides with his fist, and pommeling the muscles until they fairly ached from the beating they had received. He then pushed a bucket of cold water over me, and having dried my skin with towels, declared that his work was done."

THE REALITY (AS SHOWN IN THE HULL CONVENT SCANDAL).—[See Page 183.]

CONVENT LIFE—THE ROMANCE.

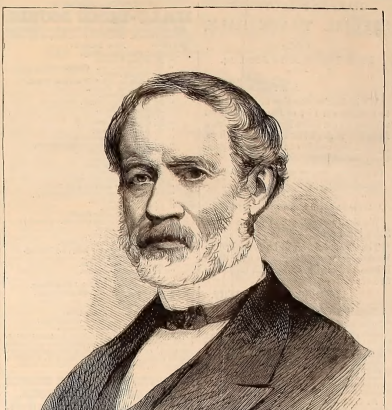
HON. E. B. WASHBURNE,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE appointment of Mr. WASHBURNE as Secretary of State is significant, not so much of the President's friendship toward a fellow-townsman, to whom he is bound by very strong ties, as of his determination to secure officers as heads of departments who will carry out the purposes which he has so plainly indicated as the controlling ones of his administration. Mr. WASHBURNE, known as "the watch-dog of the Treasury," as well as "the father of the House" (though he is only 53 years of age), is given the highest position in the new Cabinet. As Mr. GREELEY says of all the appointments, this "means business."

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE was born in Livermore, Oxford County, Maine, September 23, 1816. He has had two brothers in Congress, one from Wisconsin and the other from Maine. He studied law at Harvard University, and removed to Galena, Illinois, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. He was elected as a Whig to the Thirty-third Congress, and has been a member of the House for nine successive terms. At the death of THADDEUS STEVENS he became Chairman of the Committee of Appropriations; he had for many terms served as Chairman of the Committee on Commerce. It was not until the beginning of the war that WASHBURNE became acquainted with GRANT, whom he then recommended to Governor YATES for a Colonel's commission. Even before the remarkable victory at Donelson, Mr. WASHBURNE felt that GRANT was to be the "coming man" of the war, and his friends said that he had "GRANT on the brain." He urged and obtained his promotion to a Brigadier-Generalship. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, when GRANT was under a cloud, WASHBURNE'S fidelity to the General was only equaled by the steadfast friendship of SHERMAN in the field. WASHBURNE, at a later period, introduced the bills which made GRANT Lieutenant-General and afterward General.

Mr. WASHBURNE is well fitted for the position to which he has been called, not, indeed, by diplomatic experience, but by his strength of character, his sound judgment, and his unflinching integrity.



ADOLPH E. BORIE, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—(Phot. by Wendercth, Taylor, & Brown, Phila.)

ADOLPH E. BORIE,

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Of the officers nominated for the new Cabinet there are three of foreign descent—A. T. STEWART, J. D. COX, and ADOLPH E. BORIE. The latter, nominated for Secretary of the NAVY, is a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, though not a politician. His father came from Bordeaux, France, and became a distinguished merchant in Philadelphia, where the subject of our sketch was born in 1809. ADOLPH was graduated at the Pennsylvania University at the early age of sixteen; eight years afterward he went to Paris and there completed his education. On his mother's side he is descended from one of the San Domingo families who left that island during the troubles with the blacks, and who, settling in Philadelphia, formed a small colony, which is now represented by some of the most cultivated and distinguished families in the city.

MR. BORIE, after his European travels, returned to Philadelphia, and became one of the well-known firm of M'KEAN, BORIE, & Co., 150 Dock Street. He has, by his industry and tact, amassed a large fortune. He was an old line Whig. In 1862, when the Union League was organized in Philadelphia, Mr. BORIE was one of its founders, and is now its Vice-President. Except in this way he has never taken part in politics. During the war he contributed largely, both by his means and his influence, to the enlistment of soldiers for the Union armies. He was introduced to General GRANT after the close of the war by General MEADE, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship. Every consideration that ought to influence the President in his choice of a Secretary of the NAVY renders the appointment of Mr. BORIE to that position fit and satisfactory.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

THE history of Howard University, of which we give an illustration on this page, enforces an important moral in connection with the construction of public buildings. The numerous accidents which have happened in this country from the recklessness of speculative builders—among which, as being the most disastrous, the falling of the Lawrence Mills, over ten years ago, stands out most prominently—ought ere this to have taught their terrible lesson. In connection with the Howard University we do not purpose to denounce any thing or any body, but only to state a few facts.

For some years past an attempt has been made to bring into use for building purposes a patent composite block which should displace common brick. A company was organized in New York city; the manufacture of the new blocks was commenced on a large scale; a large number of edifices were constructed from it in various parts of the country; and patent rights were sold for different geographical sections. Indestructibility, beauty of color and texture, and cheapness were claimed for the new invention. General HOWARD and other gentlemen organized a company in Washington, purchasing the patent right for $10,000. Thus it happened that when the Howard University for the education of colored youth was set on foot a hundred and fifty acres were bought north of the Capitol, and it was determined to build the edifice, as also the private structures upon the grounds, of the new material. It is asserted that $300,000 of public money has been used in forwarding the enterprise. The blocks were constructed from sand taken from the grounds, mixed with lime.

The result has been a failure. The material does not answer its purpose. Portions of the buildings constructed have crumbled, and none of them are considered safe. It may be that the blocks were not properly manufactured, or that they were too hastily used; but certainly, as manufactured and used in this case, they have proved unsatisfactory and useless. Our illustration shows a pile of these blocks in the foreground.

THE VELOCIPEDE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WE gave recently a picture representing a velocipede of fifty years ago. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for February gives the following interesting information concerning the velocipede:

"France revived the obsolete machine, and gave interest and excitement to its use by altering its form from the four-wheel species, safe as a three-legged stool, to the graceful two-wheeler that demands skill and dexterity from the rounder. From our neighbors across the Channel the furor migrated to our brethren across the Atlantic, passing over us. The go-ahead vehicle is exactly suited to American ideas; walking, say the New York wags, is on its last legs. Schools, with the imposing name of *Velocinasiums*, for teaching the young idea how to gyrate, are being established; races are being rolled; men and boys are whizzing here, there, and every where, at the speed of twelve miles an hour. Inventors are improving the machines, and manufacturers are making them wholesale, the supply at present falling short of the demand. Our turn may come yet. Or have we had it? There was a considerable rage for velocipedes in England some thirty years ago. There may be those liv-

THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

ing who can recollect seeing no less a man than Michael Faraday spinning one up Hampstead Hill; he was very fond of the exercise, and, we may infer, saw good in it. Did he originate his own machine? The velocipede appears to have had several inventors. Nicéphore Niépce, one of the fathers of photography, has been set down as the first. But he was not. An old Paris newspaper, bearing date of July 27, 1779, tells of some wayfarers of locomotion performed by MM. Blanchard and Masurier, with a machine whereof the description exactly represents the old form of velocipede, only it was unsteered with a figure-head in the shape of an eagle, whose outspread wings served as rollers to the steering-wheel. But this may not be here the earliest of pedal locomotors. It is natural to suppose that the idea would suggest itself to the first man who travelled abreast into circular motion—to the inventor of the crank, in fact."

P. K. Dyer, Esq., who before the war enjoyed the confidence of the commercial community as an Advertising Agent, has now an additional claim upon their support and patronage. Having faithfully served his country during the war, and sacrificed both property and health, he again offers services and experience to those wishing to advertise, and is entitled to confidence and success. Address him, care of the *New York Sun*.

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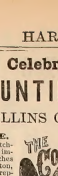

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one of the following articles: *30 yards Cotton,* Lady's Fancy Square Wool Shawl, Lancaster Quilt, Accordeon, Set of Stone Jewelry, Gold Watch, Gent's Gold Scarf Box, Fancy Dress-Pattern, Pair Lady's extra quality Gloves, Gold Pencil, Gent's Linen Bosom Shirt, Albumbers Quill, Honeycomb Quilt, Cottage Clock, White Wool Blanket, 16 yards best quality Cotton, 12 yards Delaine, one dozen *Linen Dinner Napkins,* &c.
For a Club of Forty, and $6 00,
one of the following articles: *40 yards Shirting,* Pair Housecloth Quilts, Cylinder Watch, 4 yards double-width Waterproof Cloaking, Lady's Double Wool Shawl, Lancaster Quilt, Accordeon, Silver-Plated Engraved Silver-Plated, Six-Bottled Revolving Castor, Lady's Fancy Striped Shawl, Silk Dress, Pair Fluted Forks, Pair of All-Wool Blankets, Pair of Alhambra Quilts, 40 yards Print, Gent's Linen Bosom Shirt, Gent's Right-Keyed Accordeon, Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary, or other articles, 90 yards Cotton, Delaine, one dozen *Linen Dinner Napkins,* &c.
For a Club of One Hundred, and $10 00,
6 *yards Broadcloth,* Fancy Cassimere Coat, Pants, and Vest Pattern (extra quality), Pair splendid Rose Blankets, Lady's All-Wool Long Shawl, 2 sets Silver-Plated Carpeting, splendid Victoria and Bow, splendid Alpaca Dress Pattern, Lady's Gold Watch, Gent's Gold Watch, Barrel Shot-Gun, Sharp's Revolver, one Pair fine Damascus Shot-Guns, Pair Silver-Plated Ice Pitchers, Match, Worcester's Illustrated Unabridged Dictionary (1500 pages), &c., &c.
☞ For additional list of commissions see circular.
Commissions paid in cash, or goods, as preferred.

Agents will please take notice of this. Do not send names, but number your clubs from one upward. Make your letters short and plain as possible.

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☞ Be SURE and send Money in ALL CASES to REGISTERED LETTER, which can be sent from any Post-Office.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

See Back Page

VOL. XIII.—No. 639.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE RECONSTRUCTED CABINET.

SINCE the issue of our last Number there have been some changes in the Cabinet. Mr. WASHBURNE has resigned the position assigned him, and the Hon. HAMILTON FISH, of New York, has been appointed and confirmed Secretary of State in his place. VAN BUREN was the first New Yorker appointed to this office, the next was WILLIAM L. MARCY, and the third was WILLIAM H. SEWARD, who is followed by HAMILTON FISH.

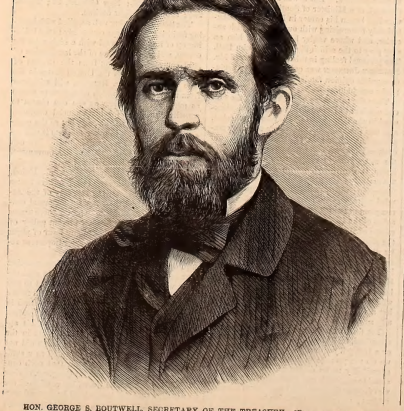
MR. FISH is a native of this city, where he was born in 1809. On his mother's side he is descended from PETER STUYVESANT, the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam. His father was the late Colonel NICHOLAS FISH. He was graduated at Columbia College, and subsequently entered upon the study of law, in which he would have acquired a position of eminence had not the management of a very large family estate monopolized so much of his time and attention. He entered political life in 1837 as a Whig member of our State Legislature. In 1842 he was elected to Congress from the Sixth District in this city. In 1846 he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, but was defeated. A similar nomination, two years later, led to his election by a majority of 30,000. In 1848 he was elected Governor. He served in the United States Senate from 1851 to 1857. He is a good Republican; and his personal character, his social position, and his ripe culture render him peculiarly well fitted for the position with which he has been honored.

THE case of MR. STEWART terminated in his resignation, and in the subsequent appointment of HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL as Secretary of the Treasury.

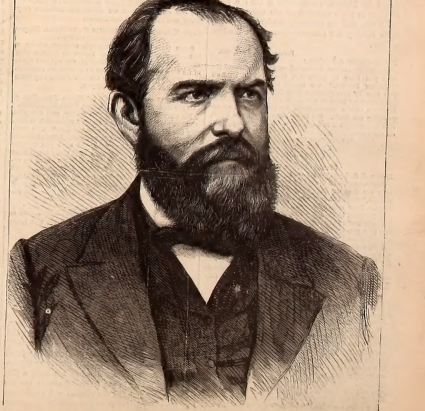
MR. BOUTWELL was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, January 28, 1818. His circumstances debarred him from a collegiate education. He was originally devoted to agricultural pursuits, but afterward abandoned these, and became a trader in Groton, first as an apprentice, then as a trader, and finally as a proprietor. His leisure time, meanwhile, was devoted to the perfection of his education. Thus his attention was attracted toward the legal profession, which he adopted, and in which he achieved a remarkable success. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1842, where he served for seven successive years. In 1851 he was elected Governor of his native State, a position which he held for two terms. In 1860 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. He was a Bank Commissioner for two years, Secretary of the Board of Education eleven years, and a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College for six years. In 1861 he was a member of the celebrated Peace Congress, which failed to arrest the Southern movement. In June, 1862, he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue. This position he resigned the following year to take a seat in the House, to which he has been three times re-elected. He has ably supported every prominent measure of the Republican party, and in the matter of impeaching President JOHNSON he was in advance of his compatriots. He is said to be a very strong advocate of a "protectionist" tariff. Pleasant and affable in his manners, he is an impressive speaker, and he has had a very large influence in controlling the counsels of his party.

HON. HAMILTON FISH, SECRETARY OF STATE.—[PHOT. BY W. KURZ, 805 & 807 BROADWAY.]

WE give also on our first page a portrait of HON. JOHN A. J. CRESSWELL, the new Postmaster-General. He was born at Port Deposit, Maryland, November 18, 1828. He graduated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, in 1850, and immediately after commenced the practice of law in his native State. In 1861 he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature. During the following year he served as Adjutant-General of the State, and while so serving was elected a Representative from Maryland to the Thirty-eighth Congress. In 1864 he was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention. In 1865 he was elected to the United States Senate for the unexpired term of HON. T. H. HICKS, who died during that session. He took a prominent part in the important debates of this session, contributing materially to strengthen the hands of the Republicans. Next to General RAWLINS he is the youngest member in the new Cabinet.



HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—[PHOT. BY BRADY.]



HON. JOHN A. J. CRESSWELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—[PHOT. BY BRADY.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. ON the 16th of January, 1869, the following letter was published in the London *Athenæum*:

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 1, 1869.

We beg leave to call the attention of English authors and publishers to the following simple statement of facts which concern them no less than ourselves:

In accordance with our custom when publishing English books to make, if possible, a special arrangement with the author, or otherwise to lay aside a portion of the profits arising from our publication for his use, we entered into an agreement with MR. DICKENS' publishers to reprint an American edition of his "Great Britain." This was as far back as May, 1868, and immediately thereafter we made public announcement of the fact that it was forthcoming. It was published in December. A few weeks previous to the appearance, however, and some five or six months after we ourselves had announced the book, the MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, who made public advertisement of their were about to issue it. They had been already sufficiently notified of our intention to republish "Great Britain" "as soon as we became aware of their purpose we informed them by letter of our arrangement with the author. The MESSRS. HARPER, however, persisted in their determination; and, as a consequence, MR. DICKENS'S work, bearing their imprint and offered at a merely nominal price, is now before the trade. Of course the author's anticipated profits, no less than our own, will be precluded by a proceeding so directly in contravention of the courtesies of literature, and we have calculated, if persisted in, to destroy the remuneration to which foreign authors are equitably entitled.

A similar course to that above-mentioned was, we regret to say, pursued by the house in question on the appearance of MR. TROLLOPE'S "North America;" and the unremunerative price at which that work was published by the MESSRS. HARPER destroyed our profits listed by the American publisher. The author himself, and, of course, prevented the sale of our own edition, which otherwise would have accrued to him from the edition published by us.

As our object in making this communication is simply to place ourselves right before the public, we refrain from entering on the facts now presented. Whatever injury may result to English authors and publishers, should such practices become the rule instead of the exception, the responsibility will not rest upon us.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

The avowed object of this letter is to "place ourselves right before the public;" in other words, to present themselves to public attention as scrupulously honorable publishers in contrast with the MESSRS. HARPER, whom this letter accuses of violating the courtesies of the trade; and that the public judgment may be fully informed, we subjoin the whole correspondence.

From this we think it appears:

1st. That when the MESSRS. HARPER began the printing of the book they were entirely ignorant of the intention of MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. to publish it.

2d. That MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. did not make use of the ordinary and recognized channel of the trade to announce their intention.

3d. That the MESSRS. HARPER did not persist in their determination to publish, but offered to withdraw upon condition that the letter of MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. was printed in this country, and upon payment of the small expense already incurred.

The allusion to BULWER'S novels in the letter of the MESSRS. HARPER is due to the fact that, notwithstanding the mutually satisfactory arrangement between LADY LYTTON and the MESSRS. HARPER, his works have been republished by MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO.; a proceeding in plain violation of the courtesies of the trade, and the necessary tendency of which is to destroy the remuneration of the foreign author.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec. 4, 1868.*

MESSRS. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—The *Nation* of yesterday announces that you have in press MR. WENTWORTH DILKE'S "Greater Britain." We would respectfully apprise you that by arrangement with MR. DICKENS' English publishers we have received the early sheets and electrotypes of the illustrations, for the purpose of republishing the book. We have stereotyped the book, and will publish it in a few days. We pay a copyright on our sales.

We are, dear Sirs,
Yours truly,
(Sgd.) J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

MESSRS. J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to yours of yesterday we can only say that we duly announced DILKE'S "Greater Britain," and have commenced the stereotyping of the work. We now maintain the distinction which we intended to publish it.

Under these circumstances we think it no more than fair that you should pay us the expenses we have incurred, should we withdraw.

But, before we can consent to a withdrawal, we beg to inquire whether your edition is printed in this country from stereotype plates made in this country.

And, while we think of it, allow us to ask whether your edition of BULWER'S novels is printed in this country?

Yours, very truly,
(Sgd.) HARPER & BROTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec. 7, 1868.*

MESSRS. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 5th is received, and in reply we have to say that we announced "Greater Britain" as soon as MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & SON'S *Publishers' Circular*, and have since kept the announcement public to as great an extent as we thought could be at all necessary for the information of the trade. We stereotyped the work at our own office, and have it printing. The only announcement we have seen now of your proposed edition is that in the "London *Scotsman*" of the 1st instant of December 1.

We print our edition of BULWER from plates which we purchased of a stereotype firm which has made them on his own account with the view of farming them out.

We believe we have answered all the inquiries of your letter, and have only to add that we receive the early sheets of "Greater Britain" from the author, and have agreed to pay a copyright therefor. It seems to us that we have done every thing in the matter that can reasonably be expected of us; have we not?

Truly yours,
(Sgd.) J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *Dec. 9, 1868.*

MESSRS. J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—We have yours of yesterday. We daily announced "Greater Britain" from the 5th of January, in the *Philadelphia Advertiser* of the city, which we conduct in the *Associated Advertiser* of the city, which has been for many years considered by the trade the official paper for announcements of this class, so as to prevent the occurrence of difficulties of this character.

We presume that your announcement "as long ago as May 1" was made before the work was received by you, and not in the order we have referred to.

Under the circumstances we think that our suggestion of the 5th is the fair solution of our present mutual misapprehension.

We frankly say that your explanation in regard to the position of BULWER'S novels is entirely satisfactory to the act of discourtesy toward us on your part.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) HARPER & BROTHERS.

The correspondence here ended.

That MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. may be enabled still further "to place themselves right before the public," we subjoin some extracts from a correspondence, which will show:

1st. That in September of last year MR. DILKE was arranged with MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO., of London, to publish from early sheets and electrotypes SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S "Cast up by the Sea."

2d. That in October MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. were informed of this arrangement by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

3d. That, in error of shipment, the electrotypes were sent to MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO., instead of the MESSRS. HARPER.

4th. That in November MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. received them, and, knowing that they were intended for the MESSRS. HARPER'S edition of the work, withheld them; and in January published the book themselves, at a low price.

5th. That not until a month after the issue of their edition did MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO. inform the MESSRS. HARPER that they had in their possession electrotypes which they knew, when they received them, were intended for the MESSRS. HARPER, to enable them to publish their edition in accordance with SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S English publishers.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, dated September 25, 1868.

In reply to your letter of 1st inst., proposing two alternatives for SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S book, "Cast up by the Sea," we choose the first, viz., to deliver the early sheets and electros free of expense and sufficiently in advance of English publication to secure a simultaneous issue in America; and a royalty of 10 per cent. on your retail price for all copies of the work sold for five years after publication.

In conformity with this arrangement you shall very shortly have copies of the sheets, and the electros, which are for full-page illustrations, will follow.

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., dated October 2, 1868.

* * * Though "Cast up by the Sea" has been republished in London, we have not yet received from you proof of the shipment of the electros. Your last letter on the subject (Nov. 26, 1868) says that you have sent them on the other early next week." Blanc then we have heard nothing of them.

The time of this delay and inattention has been the prior publication of the book by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., of Philadelphia, whose advertisement, from this morning's paper, we inclose herewith.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, dated October 16, 1868.

We have heard with much annoyance that the parcel of electros of illustrations for SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S book has been sent to Messrs. Lippincott instead of to you. * * * We can only say that we regret the accident very much, and shall delay it has caused.

From Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, dated October 19, 1868.

Some time since we received, without advice, a box containing electrotypes. Believing it came from Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we advised them of the receipt of its arrival, and asked them to give us an explanation, (first being due to them,) before we advised them that the box was intended for you.

From Mr. George Lillie Craik (of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, dated Nov. 21, 1868.

My partner is writing to you to-day, and will give you the particulars you desire in regard to the sending the electros of "Cast up by the Sea." The business has vexed and annoyed us much. Lippincott was well aware that we had arranged with you months before; and we can not believe that there could have been any doubt in the matter from the being on accident, the electros going to them. I blame Lippincott —having had such a transaction in hand of Octo-ber, that we had arranged with you—that he did not act fairly and transfer to you at once a package obviously intended for you.

In the words of MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., "We refrain from comment on the facts now presented."

THE CABINET.

THE changes in the Cabinet necessitated by the resignation of MR. STEWART and of MR. WASHBURNE and the nomination of General RAWLINS have been favorably received by the country and by the party.

MR. HAMILTON FISH, the Secretary of State, is a well-known citizen of spotless character and of long political experience, with a certain solid good sense and just instinct which have ranged him always upon the side of liberty and progress in our politics. He has not been a Republican leader in the technical sense; but has always commanded the respect and confidence of the party. He is of the same temperament as MR. SEWARD, and will be a wise, safe, sound and firm foreign policy undoubtedly coincide.

MR. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, the Secretary of the Treasury, carries to his Department the highest personal character, great ability, and long and varied experience in public affairs. As we said in the case of MR. STEWART, and as must be said in that of any man in the country who should be summoned to the Treasury, his especial qualifications for a sagacious and successful administration can be proved only by experience.

MR. BOUTWELL believes firmly in the necessity of the ascendency of the Republican party to the welfare of the country; but he is unfailingly and profoundly persuaded that nothing will commend that party to continued support more than capacity, industry, fidelity, and economy in the public service. While, therefore, he will undoubtedly prefer Republicans in his appointments, he will not accept mere "radicalism" as a receipt in full of the fitness of a candidate.

General RAWLINS has been the Chief-of-Staff to the armies of the United States, and his military career has been conspicuous and illustrious. The President knows perfectly the man and the duties of the office to which he has called him—and no appointment could command more satisfaction.

If the Cabinet as now arranged does not prove to be what the President hopes we may be very sure that it will be changed. But we believe that it will not think it necessary to lose the services of a man so thoroughly able and so acceptable to the best judgment of the country as Attorney-General HOAR merely because he is from the same State with the Secretary of the Treasury.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

THE Diplomatic Corps in Washington were recently introduced to the President "in their elegant costumes of diplomacy." BARON VON GEROLT, the Prussian Minister, made the speech of congratulation, to which the President replied, heartily thanking their Excellencies, and adding that it would be his endeavor to maintain the relations of peace and friendship with all nations that this country now enjoys. He will receive suggestions at any time on foreign relations; and it is evident, in the first place, that their harmony is not likely to be marred by any eccentric or precipitate conduct upon the part of the Secretary of State. That, also, is equally true of the President. But it is no less evident that the President's foreign policy is not that which the people of the country is. The treaty has never been considered upon its merits. It was a great deal better treaty than has been supposed in this country; and, as we think, was in many of its leading English journals conceded, virtually involved a surrender of the English position. But it was regarded here as the work of MR. REVERDY JOHNSON, a Democrat, by whom had begun his career in England by ostentatiously fraternizing with our chief English enemies, and whose vanity had betrayed him an easy prey to the subtle diplomacy of John Bull. The personal feeling in this country toward MR. REVERDY JOHNSON was quite enough to prejudice public opinion fatally against any treaty he might conclude.

Then the sore sense of injury which the official conduct of England during the war has excited in the American people is wholly unhealed, and this the English seem never to have comprehended. The evident eagerness to see our destruction which the English people showed in the crisis—the more deeply than the pecuniary losses it occasioned. The refusal to await the arrival of MR. ADAMS in London; the protestations of open building and equipping of rebel privateers in England; their hospitable reception in British ports; the evasive stomachaches of the Government; the open cheers at the escape of the *Alabama*; the belt of fire around the globe from burning American ships kindled by British torches; the base and malignant sneers of the British press, and the unfriendly words of leading British statesmen, all combined with the hereditary hostility to England, have produced a feeling in the United States which will apparently be satisfied by nothing but a virtual apology and offer of such indemnity as we may demand.

In fact this feeling, as we have more than once remarked, really leads to no settlement but war, or a tranquil waiting for revenge in kind. If we do not propose to allow the question of responsibility to be discussed, and require England to concede it as a preliminary to any treaty, the subject of indemnity remains but to verify the claims. But the treaty begins by referring the question to arbitration, which our feeling interprets as leaving to arbitration the injury to our honor. Plainly this is an end of the whole matter, and the merits of the treaty itself have not been considered. That the feeling of this country of which we speak is correct in supposing that the treaty leaves the responsibility to arbitration is proved by MR. SEWARD'S and MR. JOHNSON'S speech at Manchester on the 28th of February, in which he expressly says so. But when he says that "we are willing" to take this course, he exactly misrepresents the fact; for it is precisely our unwillingness that has defeated his treaty.

Now the President's view of the subject is probably very clear and decided. The report in his expression of opinion some weeks since may have been incorrect as to terms, but very possibly represents his feeling. If it does, the definition of proper negotiation will apparently be a preliminary acknowledgment of responsibility by the British Government. Rather than concede it, that Government would probably take the risk of leaving the question open. But the risk is tremendous. Englishmen must see that, in case of any war, their commerce would be destroyed by a swarm of American *Alabamas*, and that it is for the incalculable advantage of England that arbitration should hold her responsible. They believe that. It is the sole better sense of England. The people of that country will surely not insist upon the preposterous principle that a neutral can suffer privateers to be built in her yards to ravage the commerce of an ally; or that belligerent maritime rights can be granted to a belligerent without a port. Is the British Government ready to do directly what this letter sense would approve if done indirectly? That is the point which the new Administration will probably propose.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

THE statement made by the Clearing-House on Saturday, March 6, as compared with the preceding weekly statement, shows the following exchanges: Decrease, $71,477; increase; specie, $1,345,969 decrease; legal-tenders, $1,689,685 decrease; net deposits, $2,611,738 decrease; circulation, $37,004 increase. This is partly but appears to be unfavorable. This is partly due to the efforts of speculators in this market to prevent a rise in the securities of the Government, partly to the transfer of funds to the South to pay for cotton. The return for the week ending March 13 shows the following variations, as compared with the week of the 6th: exchanges, decrease; specie, $2,127,693 decrease; legal-tenders, $494,256 increase; net deposits, $211,979 decrease; circulation, $84,614 increase, which indicates some, but not much, improvement.

The market for cotton (middling) on the 6th was as follows: Upland Florida, 29½; Mobile, 29½; New Orleans, 29½; Texas, 28½. Although it was somewhat more active the effort to "gulvanize the market" did not succeed. It appears that owing to the low comparative price in Manchester on the cotton goods as compared with raw cotton some manufacturers had failed, others had partially stopped work, and there appeared to be a general feeling of anxiety for a short time. The anomaly, therefore, of a better market here for middlings than in Manchester exists. The market on the 13th was as follows: Upland Florida, 29¾; New Orleans, 29½; Mobile, 28¾; Texas, 29¼; showing a slight decline.

The South will be being well supplied with banking facilities, has an eye constantly to the building up of its finances, and with a high price for cotton, and the advantage of the legislation of gold contracts resulting from the dictum of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of BRONSON *vs.* RHODES, will withdraw from those contracts which will insure coin as much gold and silver as she can obtain to constitute a basis for her financial dealings. This at the outset will be easy, but as the South sees cause to do so, and in other words it will assume the shape of a sweet contest. We can not be indifferent spectators of this movement, as it gives a solidity to that great staple which is the ultimate stability of the whole Union. With the Pacific States and the Southern States sound in this respect, the recovery of the Atlantic States from their present abnormal condition must be facilitated. Our Southern States have only to be firm in their present policy of preferring gold and silver to paper, and they will soon accomplish the most important results for them and for all.

The resolutions offered by MR. SCHENCK that our bonds shall be deemed payable in gold except where the stipulation is expressed to pay them in currency, and declaring that all future contracts payable in gold shall be enforced in accordance with the decision of the action of President JOHNSON, who omitted to give them his approval; but what fell from the Court in the case referred to, although the question did not arise in the case, has been accepted as a sufficient adjudication of the point that such contracts are legal. The present Congress, in view of this decision of the Court, has reaffirmed the resolution that our bonds shall be deemed payable in gold, and omitted, we think erroneously, the portion relating to gold contracts.

The expediency of legalizing them results from the fact that the case of BRONSON against RHODES was a case which arose upon a bond and mortgage executed *prior* to the Legal-Tender Act of February, 1862; and although the bond by its terms was made payable in "gold and silver coin, lawful money of the United States," the decision of that case does not necessarily involve the decision of any case upon a contract made since. A majority of the court, however, in the opinion given, went to the extent of declaring that a contract made since payable in gold would be binding. This action of the court was due in great part to the omission of Congress to take any steps toward a return to specie payments, and was accepted by the country as correct, owing to the strong interest felt in various quarters in the legalization of gold contracts. Californians, the Southern States, and all merchants who kept gold accounts had a strong desire to have their transactions, which stood, as they supposed, on no other basis than the honor of the parties, placed upon the firm basis of law. They justly reasoned that, if their contracts in gold were made to stand on this footing, that gold would be obtained to perform them, and that it would consequently be held in this country.

In advance of the promulgation of the opinion delivered by Mr. CHASE, the only interest which existed for retaining gold and silver in the United States was that which arose from the act requiring duties to be paid in gold, and the act declaring that interest on the Five-twenties and Ten-forties shall be paid in that medium. The friends of the country to hold the precious metals within our own limits comply with the exception of the Pacific coast, limited to these wants. The residue was expelled; but now, as there is a deep interest for retaining the amount required for performing contracts made in that medium, the opinion in question, although strictly what is called by lawyers *obiter dictum*, may be regarded as the first step in the direction of the necessary reform in our currency. It will be expedient to regard this new feature in this light, and we regret to see the decrease for two days announced in the Clearing-House of $8,957,707 in the specie account. Every soundly-managed bank will take notice of the gold required by the new policy; but as we are not likely to have a sound policy inaugurated in such institutions, men of wealth who feel an obligation to aid a return to specie payments should be willing to do what the generality of banks seem disposed to omit, and obtain and specially guard gold. It will be a mistake to suppose that our legal tenders can be made equal to gold, except by such aid. This advantage would result from the condition, not of the Treasury merely, but of the country at large, and must be the work of time and improved strength. Banks like the Chemical and Bank of America are favorably situated for taking the initiative in a movement which will by degrees place all sound institutions on the specie basis. There is always danger of a relapse into the condition of a currency less lessly irredeemable, if the policy in the opposite direction is allowed to slacken. The opportunity for permanent improvement in the legalizing of gold contracts should not be lost, and should secure the constant attention of Mr. SECRETARY. An office in New York for redeeming the notes of interior banks, as recommended by Mr. CLARK when Controller of the Treasury, would exercise a powerful influence in the right direction.

There is much in the situation now to inspire confidence, not only as to the present position of trade, but also as to the future. When GRANT and COLFAX were nominated, the cry by the Republican, the other by the Democratic party, we had reached the point where the roads fork. Instead of taking that which led to the payment of the bonds in currency and to consequent repudiation, it is an inexpressible relief to know that the road toward specie payments, to honor and ultimate success, was taken. The tone of the inaugural of President GRANT will be approved by the outside world; but what is of more importance, instead of sinking down into the condition of acknowledged inferiority, which would have resulted from the acceptance and ascendency of the repudiating platform, we encounter to-day many signs of proud of the unequivocal honesty of the Administration.

THE REVOKED PARDONS.

ONE of President GRANT's first acts was to revoke the pardons of notorious offenders issued by his predecessor just as he was leaving office. And, indeed, why President JOHNSON did not confer a general jail-delivery is not clear. If there was a thing that his late lamentable Excellency enjoyed, it was pardoning counterfeiters and whisky thieves. His sympathy for the latter has been declared to be explicable, but that for the counterfeiters was a deliberate blow at the poorest people in the country. It is the old apple-women and poor widows and the hard day-laborers who suffer from spurious money—not the capitalists, who can detect it, or who can endure the loss. But there was probably an inward necessity in the case. Mr. JOHNSON was such an intolerable sham himself that he had a resistless sympathy for counterfeiters. There was indeed no reason, if he had the right to issue his Christmas proclamation, why Mr. JOHNSON should not have celebrated his closing of the White House doors by opening those of every State Prison in the country, and by a general immunity to those who were as yet unaccused of their crimes. There was, in fact, no reason why his character or career why he did not commit any folly whatever.

The authority of President GRANT to revoke the undelivered pardons of his predecessor is denied in some quarters. But it was not Andrew JOHNSON, it was the President of the United States who signed the pardons. If, then, for any reason he changes his mind before the pardon takes effect, he may properly withhold it. Signing and sealing a pardoning a man believed to be unjustly imprisoned and before the pardon the President has evidence that he has been deceived, and that the delinquent deserves tenfold severer punishment than he is receiving, may he not order the pardon not to be delivered?

It is stated that when Mr. JOHNSON signed the pardons he did all that he could do, namely, he expressed his will to relieve the prisoners. But if it were not Mr. JOHNSON but the President who did this, and the successor of the President's will changes, the President may properly revoke that order as he may any other. The CONSTITUTION, of course, completes a permanency of the executive power, whatever becomes of the person exercising it; and any act of executive authority not yet accomplished may by the same authority be revoked. If the Executive, on the 3d of March, had prepared a message to Congress recommending war with England, but the Secretary had not yet delivered it, would the Executive, on the 4th of March, whether the same or a different person, be obliged to send it? If not, certainly President GRANT is not bound to complete the unaccomplished acts of President JOHNSON.

SENATOR HALE'S BRIBERY BILL.

THE Report of Senator HALE upon the alleged corruption in regard to Railway legislation in this State should be very carefully read for illustrations of the hopelessness of reaching and punishing bribery under the present laws. The Report establishes conclusively that large sums of money were corruptly spent in the sessions of 1868 by those who were interested in Railway legislation; that lobbyists were thus enriched; that there is no proof of the actual bribery of any member, the Assemblymen not being mentioned, and that the charges in the *Tribune* and other newspapers were made upon rumor only and without evidence. The *Tribune* retorts that the Committee of Inquiry could not be concealed, and that only fools will believe that the Lobby pocketed more than the Legislature.

Whatever may be the faith of fools or the relative guilt of the Lobby and the members of the Legislature, the public opinion of the State is firmly persuaded that there is immense corruption at Albany. Every person familiar with what is called practical politics undoubtedly knows of the offer of bribes to affect votes, and of the payment of very large sums of money to prevent or to promote legislation; and every body knows that such a system can have but one result, and that the most disastrous possible. But under the existing law nothing is done to remedy the difficulty, and nothing is practicable. As Senator HALE most truly says, both parties, and the whole community, are involved in guilt, are now liable to the same punishment. He has, therefore, introduced a bill, of which the Committee recommend the passage, by which the giver of a bribe which is accepted shall be exempt from prosecution. This provision offers the means of obtaining proof, and it tends directly to the destruction of the policy of making a briber wholly in the power of the bribed. Whoever wishes to bribe must be very sure indeed of his man.

The same general provision was introduced by Senator THOMAS into Mr. ODDYKE, who submitted an admirable Report upon the subject, and who has since been tried for the crime charged with the crime it is provided that accused persons may testify in their own behalf. Such a change is at least one step toward an imperative reform. It will, we are very sure, be hastened by the Report of Senator HALE.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

AMONG the other horrible spectres that have risen in the Democratic imagination with the inauguration of the General who unconditionally subdued the rebellion is Mr. CALEB CUSHING'S "Man on Horseback." In one of that gentleman's speeches before the war he admonished us that if we did not submit immediately to the will of Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS, Mr. BENJAMIN, Mr. MASON, Mr. SLIDELL, Mr. DAVIS, Mr. WIGFALL, and their obedient, humble servants, "the Democracy of the North"—if we continued to prate of liberty and equal rights and civilization when those eminent gentlemen, our natural rulers, had intimated their wish to flog and multiply their slaves in peace—why, one willful disobedience could end in one thing only—"a mounted Emperor on horseback to relieve the dissonant din of the raving ideologies of the hour."

Mr. G. P. R. JAMES was never content with less than two horsemen, but Mr. CALEB CUSHING is too thought that one would serve our turn.

This was the way in which the Democratic orators tried to fill with the consciousness of a common sense of the American people. To compel us to yield to the despotism of a man-selling oligarchy they threatened us with a military despot. To persuade us that the residuary legatees of that oligarchy ought to be intrusted with the Government they now announce that General GRANT is the man on horseback of Mr. CALEB CUSHING'S vision.

Mr. CALEB CUSHING was what the Democracy called "a statesman." Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR was another. The country is respectfully invited to deplore the absence of such "statesmen" and "statesmanship" from the present Administration.

MR. STEWART.

THE delay in consequence of the ineligibility of Mr. STEWART to the office of Secretary was an opportunity of making one of those noble propositions which may be distinctively described as American. Undoubtedly the honor offered him was great. The position itself is honorable. The confidence of General GRANT is an honor. But the universal feeling that the public service would immediately suffer by his appointment was in the highest degree honorable. But if all these things were honorable, certainly not less honorable was the intention.

To Mr. STEWART personally the affair has been wholly creditable. When his name was put into the Senate, amidst the outcry of surprise and contempt among cliques and sets, there was no question of his fitness, no doubt of the signal efficiency and economy with which he would conduct the business of his Department. If Mr. STEWART is grateful to the President for the honor that he wished to confer upon him, he can hardly be less so for the expression of public confidence in his ability which the President's intention evoked.

NOTES.

OUR friend the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, whose views are singularly harmonious with our own, lately spoke of a masterly copy of TURNER'S famous picture of the *old Temeraire*, by T. C. FARRAR of this city. Mr. FARRAR'S fidelity and skill in such work are remarkable. His sympathetic study in the school of MILLAIS and HOLMAN HUNT has admirably trained his power of patient elaboration, and his copies that we have seen deserve all the praises they have received. MISS FARRAR goes abroad early in April, and will execute commissions for copies of TURNER or of other masters whose works seldom cross the sea. His studio is at 1267 Broadway, and we have no doubt will promise the greatest satisfaction to those who may intrust orders to him.

MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, the English publisher, was in this country a few months since, and upon his return read at Cambridge, in England, where he resides, a lecture upon the Yankees, in which he gives his impressions of that people. His observations are friendly and lively. But MACMILLAN had the sincerest wish to produce a good international feeling between his own country and ours, and if the spirit of his judgments should universally prevail it would be a dead cover for an *Alabama* treaty serious to impair our mutual peaceful relations. The lecture of Mr. MACMILLAN is privately printed; but we are very sure his beaucoup left the hall with a more intelligent sympathy for their Yankee brethren.

THE Senate has made an admirable choice of President *pro tem.* in Senator HENRY B. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island. He is a man of great political sagacity and experience, entirely familiar with parliamentary rule, and of urbane manners. He has been always in public life, and early reached the highest political honors of his native State. Efficient, diligent, and courteous in the discharge of all duties, the honor conferred upon him by his fellow-Senators is the highest tribute of their respect and esteem.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 8:

In the Senate, Rev. Dr. Newman, a Methodist clergyman, was chosen chaplain.

March 9:

In the House, Rev. J. G. Butler was chosen chaplain.—The Tenure-of-Office bill was again repealed, with only 16 dissentient votes.

March 10:

In the Senate, the bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

March 11:

In the House, Mr. Butler's resolution for a joint committee on Indian affairs was considered and finally passed by a vote of 91 to 47.—A concurrent resolution for an adjournment on Friday, the 26th inst., was agreed to.—A resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill to prevent frauds in naturalization, and to secure the surrender of fraudulent naturalization papers already issued was adopted.—Mr. Schenck introduced his public credit bill, and the second section being stricken out the bill was passed by a vote of 97 to 48.

SENATE COMMITTEES.

Mr. Sumner remains at the head of the Foreign Relations; Mr. Sherman, of the Finances; Mr. Chandler, of the Commerce; Mr. Cameron, of Agriculture; Mr. Wilson, of Military Affairs; Mr. Conkling, of Naval Affairs; Mr. Trumbull, of the Judiciary; Mr. Ramsay, of Post-Offices; Mr. Howard, of Public Lands; Mr. Pomeroy, of Indian Affairs; Mr. Edmunds, of Claims; Mr. Howe, of Mines; Mr. Willey, of Patents; Mr. Bowden, of Pacific Railroads; Mr. Morrill, of Education; Mr. Conkling, of Revision of the Laws; Mr. Corbett, of Engrossed Bills; Mr. Anthony, on Printing; Mr. Fenton succeeds Mr. Morrill, of Manufactures; Mr. Cragin, of Revolutionary Claims; Mr. Morton succeeds Mr. Sprague, of Mississippi and Florida affairs; Mr. Sprague takes the place of Mr. Henderson at the head of Indian Affairs; Mr. Edmunds succeeds Mr. Cragin, of Pensions; Mr. Chandler, chairman of Pensions.

Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, was on the 5th elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate.

Hon. E. R. Wanton Smith has been nominated and confirmed Minister to France.

The New Hampshire election on the 9th resulted in a Republican victory, Onslow Stearns having been elected Governor by a majority of 1600, larger than was given the party last year. All the Republican nominees for Congress were elected.

The Georgia Republican State Convention met in Atlanta on the 9th. It organized on the 10th, and the State Legislature was asked that Congress would provide for the right enfranchisement of the colored people, reasserting the persons elected to the General Assembly last April. It is understood that Legrand W. Perkins will be offered, who declared Rogers, because the latter had been the principal witness against him, was a liar and perjurer, and that he was tried and convicted in Paterson, New Jersey.

The Massachusetts Senate ratified the Fifteenth Amendment on the 11th.

John M. Binckley, Solicitor of Internal Revenue, has resigned, and will go to Europe.

A singular statement has been made by a man, named Charles Cunningham, who was arrested last summer on a charge of burglary, and committed to the jail at Morristown, in default of bail. He was married. He declared that Lemuel Ely, who was also in jail, had offered, when he recovered Rogers, because the latter had been the principal witness against him, to get rid of Rogers, if Cunningham would swear that he was tried and convicted in Paterson, New Jersey.

The Massachusetts Senate ratified the Fifteenth Amendment on the 11th.

The Georgia Republican State Convention met on the 9th at Reformatory, and organized on the 10th, and the State Legislature on the following day. The Democratic hall had to be cleared by the police, so violent that the hall had to be cleared by the police, so violent that the Democratic members assembled and nominated H. H. Wells for Governor.

All the Republican Board of Council Commissioners, except Mr. Williams, were removed by the Democratic Mayor of Brooklyn on the 9th. Mr. Factor has subscribed $10,000 for the endowment of a Professorship of Physiology in Cincinnati College, and Mr. Lenox, New York, on condition that the citizens of Utica raise a similar amount, will endow a Chair of Geology in Hamilton College.

On the 8th, as some men were cutting a road through the snow-clad hills near Panton Corners, Vermont, they came upon the frozen bodies of Mrs. Hannah Bingham and her two children, and her grandson. The old lady had fallen, overcome by the cold and snow, only a mile from a house. She found, through the windows of which a light was shining, the bodies of her little daughter had attempted to help her mother, and her grandson within two rods of the window. The bodies of the deceased bore evidence of distance on his hands and knees. The old lady had been a widow for many years. Her husband was a soldier of 1812.

The night of March 5 was a terrible one for Chicago. Figures were given in attempting to put one of them, on Canal Street, at $100,000 damage.

A boiler explosion occurred at Rochester on the 9th, and three men were killed.

President Grant on Sunday, the 14th, occupied the front pew of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland's Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington. He is a Methodist.

The Pittsburgh Annual Conference passed the Arkansas Senate on the 13th by a vote of 19 to 17.

Mr. Beatty, formerly a State Senator, and United States Senator from Kentucky, died in Louisville on the 11th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On the 1st of March Mr. Gladstone, in a brilliant speech, lasting fully four hours, laid before the Parliament his bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

SPAIN.

Judging from the debate in the Cortes on the 8th, the Republicans favor the elevation of Montpensier to the throne. They declare that the Duke should be appointed Generalissimo of Marshal. To the General Prim is attributed the success of the elections, and he is regarded as the Republican monarchy, with Montpensier as a regency of the Queen. Prim, however, will have the power over the whole matter, and deprecated the pressure brought to bear upon the Cortes by the Revolutionary party. The Spanish Government has telegraphed to General Prim to suppress the recent insurrection in Cuba, condemned to death in Cuba. The Minister of Finance has announced that the Government has power to raise 28,000 men. Minister Sagasta stated that the Government would not grant the pardon. Fifty-four articles were passed by the Cortes to discontinue military conscription.

Religious liberty has been created among the Roman Catholic clergy by the formation of Protestant worship in Madrid.

PRUSSIA.

On the 26th of February Count Bismarck accepted an invitation to dine with George Bancroft at the American Embassy in Berlin on the 4th of March—the day of Grant's inauguration.

CUBA.

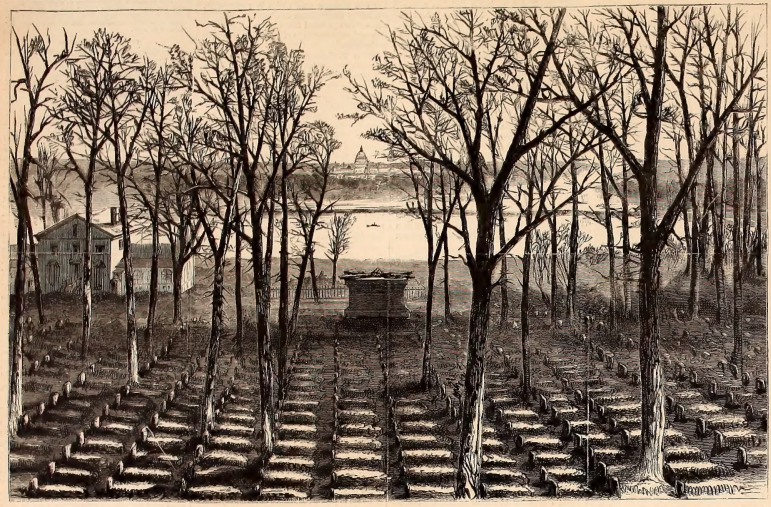
General Lesca, in his march from La Gnasaja to Puerto Prince, found the rebels, 4000 strong, intrenched on the Cubitas. A battle was fought, which, according to the Government reports, resulted in a victory for Lesca, the rebels losing 300 killed and wounded. In the Eastern Department many skirmishes are reported by those who carry the rebel flag, but whom the insurgents denounce as bandits. On the 9th the insurgent General Cubeo was shot by his captors.

The town of Mayari, the headquarters of the rebels in the Eastern Department, occupied by 3000 insurgents, is reported to be captured by the Government troops. The insurgents had intended to make after it and their entire force concentrate.

The Cuban Revolutionary Assembly, convened in Bayamo, has declared in favor of annexation to the United States, abolition of slavery, with indemnification to slaveholders sympathizing with the Cuban cause. The freedmen are to have the same rights and privileges as white men; they are also to bear arms.

MEXICO.

The rebels under Negrete have been defeated by Alatorre at Cuscala. Negrete himself had a narrow escape. The Mexican Government is confident of the speedy suppression of the revolt. Executions are frequent among them in Zacatecas. Ex-Governor Zarco, of Durango, charged with an attempt to assassinate President Juarez.



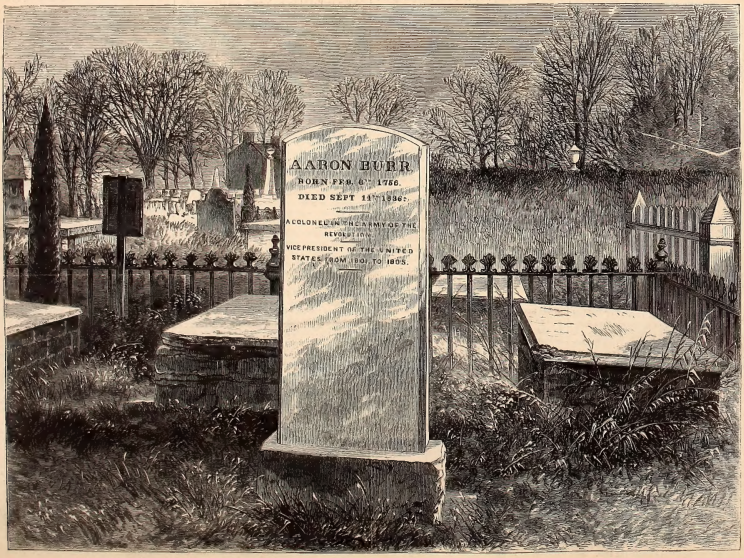
SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS CEMETERY.

IT is estimated that the number of graves filled by Union soldiers, dying in hospital or killed in battle, is over 300,000. The occupants of one-third of these are unknown. About 50,000 soldiers were drowned, or killed in battle and never buried, or occupy graves that have never been recognized.

A large number of our soldier dead rest in national cemeteries at Gettysburg, City Point, Chattanooga, Murfreesborough, and other places, where the burial-grounds have been carefully inclosed, and laid out with taste. In addition to these national cemeteries there are others which have sprung up at Washington and elsewhere by the accumulation of interments, chiefly from hospitals, and which have since been inclosed and partially cared for. Among these are the soldier cemeteries about Washington, including Arlington and Alexandria.

Our illustration shows the cemetery at Arlington Heights. The place is one crowded with sad and glorious memories. Here, in 1802, G. W. P. CUSTIS, the adopted son of WASHINGTON, built his mansion upon an estate of one thousand acres left him by his father. Across the Potomac not only the Capitol but also the other



THE TOMB OF AARON BURR, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. R. HOWELL, 867 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

prominent buildings of Washington are distinctly visible from this eminence. ROBERT E. LEE, the noted Rebel General, came into the possession of this estate by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Mr. CUSTIS. Soon after the war broke out the National forces took possession of the property for military purposes, and this appropriation of the estate still continues.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S

CHAPTER XXIX

AN UNLOOKED-FOR MEETING.

I COULD more easily record my sensations in the paroxysm of a fever than recall how I passed that night. I am aware that I wrote a long letter to my mother, and a longer to Sara, both to be dispatched in case ill befell me in my encounter. What I said to either, or how I said it, I know not.

No more can I explain why I put all my papers together in such fashion that they could be thrown into the fire at once, without leaving any the slightest, clew to trace me by. That secret, which I had affected to hold so cheaply, did in reality possess some strange fascination for me, and I desired to be a puzzle and an enigma even after I was dead.

It wanted one short hour of dawn when I had finished; but I was still too much excited to sleep. I knew how unfavorably I should come to the encounter before me with jarred nerves and the weariness of a night's watching; but it was too late now to help that; too late, besides, to speculate on what men would say of such a senseless deed, brought on, as I could not conceal from myself, by my hot temper. By the time I had taken my cold bath my nerves became more braced, and I scarcely felt a trace of fatigue or exhaustion. The gray morning was just breaking as I stole quietly down stairs and issued forth into the court-yard. A heavy fall of snow had occurred in the night, and an unbroken expanse of billowy whiteness spread out before me, save where, from a corner of the stable, some foot-tracks led toward the riding-school. I saw, therefore, that I was not the first at the tryst, and I hastened on in all speed.

Six or eight young men, closely muffled in furs, stood at the door as I came up, and gravely uncovered to me. They made way for me to pass in without speaking, and while stamping the snow from my boots, I said something about the cold of the morning; they muttered what might mean assent or the reverse, in a low, half-sullen tone, thankfor little invited to further remark.

For a few seconds they talked together in whispers, and then a tall, ill-favored fellow, with a deep scar from the cheek-bone to the upper lip, came abruptly up to me.

"Look here, young fellow," said he. "I am to act as your second, and though, of course, I'd like to know that the man I handled was a gentleman, I do not ask you to say anything about yourself that you prefer to keep back. I would only say that, if ugly consequences grow out of this stupid business, the blame must fall upon you. Your temper provoked it, is that not true?"

I nodded assent, and he went on:

"So far, all right. The next point is this. We are all to honor that, whatever happens, not a word or a syllable shall ever escape us. Do you agree to this?"

"I agree," said I, calmly.

"Give me your hand on it."

I gave him my hand, and as he held it in his own he said, with the faith of a gentleman, I will never reveal to my last day what shall pass here this morning."

I repeated the words after him, and we moved on into the school.

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I had drawn my sofa in front of the fire, and stretching myself on it fell into a deep dreamless sleep. A sudden consciousness, and the excitement I had gone through, had so far worked upon me that I did not hear the opening of my door, nor the tread of a heavy man as he came forward and seated himself by the fire. It was only the cold touch of his fingers on the wrist as he felt my pulse that aroused me.

"Don't start—don't flurry yourself," said he, calmly, to me. "I am the doctor. I have been to see the others, and I promised to look in on you."

"How is he? Is it serious?"

"It will be a slow affair. It was an ugly thrust—all the small muscles pierced; but no internal mischief done."

"He will certainly recover then?"

"There is no reason why he should not. But where is this scratch of yours? Let me see it."

"It is a nothing, doctor—a mere nothing. Pray take no trouble about it."

"But I must. I have pledged myself to examine your wound; and I must keep my word."

"Surely these gentlemen are scarcely so very anxious about me, said I, in some pique. "Not one of them vouchsafed to see me safe home, though I had lost some blood and felt very faint."

"I did not say it was these gentlemen sent me here," said he, dryly.

"Then who else knew any thing about this business?"

"If you must know, then," said he, "it is the English Countess who is staying here, and whom I have been attending for the last week. How she came to hear of this affair I can not tell you, for I know it is a secret to the rest of the house; but she made me promise to come and see you, and, if there was nothing in your wound to forbid it, to bring you over to her dressing-room and present you to her. And now let me look at the injury."

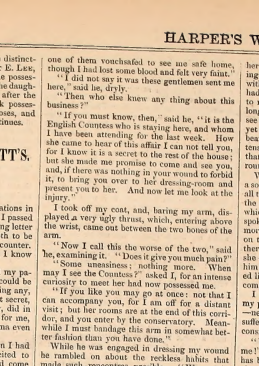
I took off my coat, and, baring my arm, displayed a very ugly thrust, which, entering above the wrist, came out between the two bones of the arm.

"Now I call this the worse of the two," said he, examining it. "Does it give you much pain?"

"Scarcely uneasiness; nothing more. When may I see the Countess?" asked I, for an intense curiosity to meet her had now possessed me.

"If you like you may go at once: not that I can accompany you, for I am off for a distant visit; but her rooms are at the end of this corridor, and you enter by the conservatory. Meanwhile I must bandage this arm in somewhat better fashion than you have done."

While he was engaged in dressing my wound he rambled on about the reckless habits that made such rencontres possible. "We are in the middle of the seventeenth century here, with all its barbarisms," said he. "These young fellows were vexed at seeing the notice you attracted; and that was to their thinking cause enough to send you off with a damaged lung or a manslaughter. It's all well, however, as long as Graf Hunyadi does not have to fight it. But if he should, he'll turn them out, every man of them, for this treatment of an Englishman.



"THIS BOY IS MY SON, HUNYADI."

"Then we must take care, Sir, that he does not hear of it," said I, half fiercely, and as though addressing my speech especially to himself.

"Not from me, certainly," said he. "My doctor's instincts always save me from such indiscretions."

"Is our Countess young, doctor?" asked I, half jocularly.

"Young and pretty, though one might say, too, she has been younger and prettier. If you dine below stairs to-day drink no wine, and get back to your sofa as soon as you can after dinner." With this caution he left me.

A heavy packet of letters had arrived from Fiume, containing, I surmised, some instructions for which I had written; but seeing that the address was in the cashier's handwriting I felt no impatience to break the seal.

I dressed myself with unusual care, though the pain of my arm made the process a very slow one; and at last set out to pay my visit. I passed along the corridor, through the conservatory, and found myself at a door at which I knocked twice. At last I turned the handle and entered a small but handsomely furnished drawing-room, about which books and newspapers lay scattered; and a small embroidery-frame near the fire showed where she who was engaged with that task had lately been seated. As I bent down to receive my cousin's curtsy I heard a lively clever copy of an altar-piece of Albert Durer a door gently opened, and I heard the rustle of a dress. I had not got time to look round, when, with a cry, she rushed forward and clasped me in her arms. It was Madame Clerenzay!

"My own dear, dear Digby!" she cried, as she kissed me over face and forehead, smoothing back my hair to look at me, and then falling again on my neck. "I knew it could be no other when I heard of you, darling; and when they told me of your singing I could have sworn it was yourself."

I tried to disengage myself from her embrace, and summoned what I could of sternness to repel her caresses. She dropped at my feet, and, clasping my hand, implored me, in accents broken with passion, to forgive her. To see her who had once been all that a mother could have been to me in tenderness and care, who watched the long hours of the night beside my sick-bed—to see her there before me, abject, self-accused, and yet entreating forgiveness, was more than I could bear. My nerves, besides, had been already too tensely strung: and I burst into a passion of tears that totally overcame me. She sat with her arm round me, and wept.

With a wild hysterical rapidity she poured forth a sort of excuse of her own conduct. She pleaded all that I had seen her suffer of insult and shame; she spoke of her friendlessness, her misery; but, more than all, her consuming desire to be avenged on the man who had degraded her. "Your father, I know, was the man to do me this justice," she cried; "he did not love me, nor did I love him; but we both hated this wretch, and it seemed little to me what became of me if I could but compass his ruin."

I scarcely followed her. I bethought me of my poor mother, for whom none had a thought—neither of the wrongs done her, nor of the sufferings to which she was so remorselessly consigned.

"You do not listen to me. You do not hear me?" cried she, passionately; "and yet who has been your friend as I have? Who has implored your father to be just toward you as I have done? Who has hazarded her whole future in maintaining your rights—who but I?" In a wild rhapsody of mingled passion and appeal she went on to show how Sir Roger insisted on presenting her every where as his wife. Even at courts she had been so presented, though all the terrible consequences of exposure were sure to ring out on that the whole of Europe. The personal danger of the step was a temptation too strong to

I am better able to fight the battle of life now than I was then. I ask nothing of him—nor even his name. I, of you speak of other consequences—of what may ensue when his hosts shall learn the fraud he has practiced on them—" It was only as the fatal word fell from me that I felt how cruelly I had spoken, and I stopped and took her hand in mine, saying, "Do not be angry with me, dear friend, that I have spoken a bitter word; bear with me for *her* sake, who has none to befriend her but myself."

She made me no answer, but looked out cold and stern into vacancy, her pale features motionless, not a line or a lineament betraying what was passing within her.

"Why remain here then to provoke a catastrophe?" I resumed, gently. "Leave me. I have come for pleasure, you see enough to be aware there is little more awaiting you."

"I have come for pleasure. I am here to confer with Count Hunyadi on a matter of business."

"And will some paltry success in a little pedaling contract for the Count's wine, or his olives, or his Indian rice, compensate you for the ruin you may bring on your own fame? Will it recompense you if his blood be shed?"

There was a tone of defiant sarcasm in the way she spoke these words that stung me, if I would not yield to her persuasions, she would not hesitate to appeal to members of coercion. Perhaps she mistook the astonishment my face expressed for terror; for she went on: "It would be well that we brought these matters at once to make your breach with your father irreparable. Remember it is not a question of a passing sentimentality, or sympathy—it is the whole future of your life is at issue. If you be any thing, or any body, or a nameless creature without belongings or kindred?"

I sat for some minutes in deep thought. I was not sure whether I understood her words, and that she meant to say to me that I owed to my father to own or disown me, as he pleased. She seemed delighted at my embarrassment, and her voice rung out with its own clear triumphant cadence, as she said, "You begin at last to see how near the precipice you have been straying."

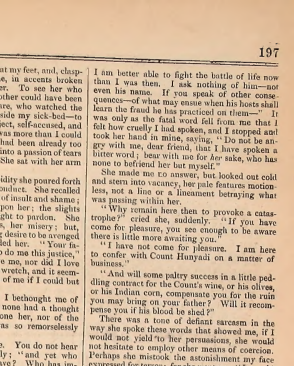
"One moment, Madam!" cried I. "If my mother be Lady Norcott, Sir Roger can not disown me; not to say, that already in an open court he maintained his right over me and declared me his son."

"You are opening a question I will not touch, Digby," said she, gravely—"your mother's marriage. I will only say that the ablest lawyers your father has consulted pronounce it more than questionable."

"And my father has then entertained the project of an attempt to break it?"

"This is not fair!" cried she, eagerly; "you lead me on from one admission to another till I find myself revealing confidences to one who at any moment may know himself my enemy."

I raised my eyes to her face, and she met my glance with a look cold, stern, and impassive, as though she would say, "Choose your path now, and accept me as friend or foe." All the winning softness of her manner, all those engaging coquetries of look and gesture, of which none were more mistress, were gone, and another



and a very different nature had replaced them.

This, then, was one of those women of tenderness, and softness, and fascination, but who behind this mask have the fierce nature of the tigress. Could she be the same I had seen so submissive under all the insolence of her brutal husband, bearing his scoffs and his sarcasms without a word of reply? Was it that these cruelties had at last evoked this stern spirit, and that another temperament had been generated out of a nature broken down and overwhelmed by illtreatment?

"Shall I tell you what I think you ought to do?" asked she, calmly. I nodded assent. "Sit down there, then," continued she, "and write me a few lines to your father, and let him have them before he returns here."

"First of all, I can not write just now—I have had a slight accident to my right arm."

"I know," said she, smiling dubiously. "You hurt it in the riding-school; but it's a mere nothing, is it not?"

I made a gesture of assent, not altogether pleased the while at the little sympathy she vouchsafed me, and the insignificance she ascribed to my wound.

"Shall I write for you, then; you can sign it afterward?"

"Let me first know what you would have me say."

"Dear father.—You always addressed him that way?"

"Yes."

"Dear father, I have been here some days, awaiting Count Hunyadi's return, to transact some matters of business with him, and have by a mere accident learned that you are among his guests. As I do not know how, to what extent, or in what capacity, it may be your pleasure to recognize me, or whether it might not chime better with your convenience to ignore me altogether, I write now to submit myself entirely to your will and guidance, being in this, as in all things, your dutiful and obedient son."

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"Sign it 'Digby,' and address it to Sir Roger Norcott, Bart., Norcott Park, Yorkshire, England. Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll take it with me, and you can copy it at your leisure. Meanwhile I must bandage this arm in somewhat better fashion than you have done."

While he was engaged in dressing my wound he rambled on about the reckless habits that made such rencontres possible. "We are in the middle of the seventeenth century here, with all its barbarisms," said he. "These young fellows were vexed at seeing the notice you attracted; and that was to their thinking cause enough to send you off with a damaged lung or a manslaughter. It's all well, however, as long as Graf Hunyadi does not have to fight it. But if he should, he'll turn them out, every man of them, for this treatment of an Englishman.

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I scarcely followed her. I bethought me of my poor mother, for whom none had a thought—neither of the wrongs done her, nor of the sufferings to which she was so remorselessly consigned.

"You do not listen to me. You do not hear me?" cried she, passionately; "and yet who has been your friend as I have? Who has implored your father to be just toward you as I have done? Who has hazarded her whole future in maintaining your rights—who but I?" In a wild rhapsody of mingled passion and appeal she went on to show how Sir Roger insisted on presenting her every where as his wife. Even at courts she had been so presented, though all the terrible consequences of exposure were sure to ring out on that the whole of Europe. The personal danger of the step was a temptation too strong to

The words came from her pen as rapidly as her fingers could move across the paper; and as she finished she pushed it toward me, saying:

"There—put Digby Norcott there, and it is all done!"

"This is a matter to think over," said I, gravely; "I must be compromising your interests than my own by signing this."

"Those Jews of yours have imbued you well with their cautious spirit, I see," said she, scoffingly.

"They have taught me no lessons I am ashamed of, Madam," said I, reddening with anger.

"I declare, I don't know you as the Digby of long ago! I fancied I did when I heard those ladies coming up stairs each night, so charmed with all your graceful gifts, and so eloquent over all your failings; and now, as you stand there, word-splitting and phrase-weighing, canvassing what it might cost you to do this, where it might lead you to say that, I ask myself, is this the boy his father said, 'above all things he shall be a gentleman'?"

"To one element of that character, Madam, I will try and preserve my claim—no provocation shall drive me to utter a rudeness to a lady."

"This is less breaking than calculation, young gentleman, and not only humanity as yours so easily as a printed book."

"I ask nothing better, Madam; my only fear would be that you should mistake me, and imagine that any deference to my father's views would make me forget my mother's rights."

"So then," she said, with a mocking laugh, "you have got your courage up so far—you dare me! Be advised, boy, and do not court such an unequal contest. I have but to choose in which of a score of ways I could crush you—do you mark me?—crush you! You will not always be so lucky as you were this morning in the riding-school."

"Great Heaven!" cried I, "was this then of your devising?"

"You begin to have a glimpse of whom you have to deal with! Go back to your room and reflect on that knowledge, and if it end in persuading you to quit this place at once, and never return to it, it will be a wise resolve."

I was too much occupied with the terrible fact that she had already conspired against my life to heed her counsels of counsel, and I stood there stunned and confused.

In the look of scorn and hate she threw on me, she seemed to exult over my forlorn and bewildered condition.

"I scarcely think there is any need to prolong this interview," said she, at last, with an easy smile; "each of us is by this time aware of the kindly sentiments of the other; is it not so?"

"I am quite, Madam," I stammered out, "quite."

She made a slight movement, as I thought toward me; but it was in reality the prelude to a deep courtesy, while in her sweetest of accents she whispered, "Adieu, my preserver, Monsieur Digby, au revoir." I bowed deeply and withdrew.

CHAPTER XXX.

NASTY TIDINGS.

Or all the revulsions of feeling that can befall the heart, I know of none to compare in poignant agony with the sudden consciousness that you are hated where once you were loved; that where once you had turned for consolation or sympathy you have now nothing to expect but coldness and distrust; that the treasure of affection on which you had counted against the day of adversity had proved valueless, and nothing remained of all its bright hopes and promise but bitter regrets and sorrowful reproachings.

It was in the very last depth of this spirit I now locked myself in my room to determine what I should do, what course I should take for my future. I saw the stake for which Madame Clermont was playing. She had resolved that my mother's property should be broken, and herself declared Lady Norcott. That my father might be brought to accede to such a plan was by no means impossible. His extravagance and his enormity would have been great inducements, had he no other interest in the matter.

I began to reason with myself how persons poor and friendless could possibly meet the legal battle which this question should originate, and how my mother, in her destitution and penury, could contend against the force of the wealth that would be opposed to her. It had only been by the merest chance of her relatives and friends, all eager to support her in such a cause, that she had been enabled to face the expenses of the suit my father had brought on the question of my guardianship. How could she again sustain a like charge? What likely hood that her pecuniary condition would enable her to fee leaders on circuit and bar magnates, to pay the costs of witnesses, and all the endless outgoings of the law?

So long as I lived, I well knew my poor mother would compromise none of my rights that pertained to me; but if I could be got out of the way, and the event of the morning shot through my mind—some arrangement with her might not be impossible—at least, it was open to think of it now; and I could well imagine that they would build on such a foundation. It was not easy to imagine a woman like Madame Clermont, a person of the most attractive manners, beautiful, gifted, and graceful, capable of a great crime; but she herself had shown me more than once in fiction the portraiture of an individual, who, while shrinking with horror from the coarse contact of guilt, would willingly set the springs in motion which ultimately conduce to the most appalling deeds. I remember even then, reasoning to me one day, "It is in watching the terrible explosions their schemes have ignited that cowards learn to taste what they fancy to be the ecstasy of courage."

While I thought what a sorry adversary I should prove against such a woman, with all the wiles of her nature, and all the seductions by which she could display them, my eyes fell upon the packet from Fisme, which still lay with its seal unbroken. I broke it open half-carelessly. It contained an envelope marked "letters," and the following note:

"HER OWEN,—With this you are informed that the house of Hodnip and Oppovich has failed, dockets of bankruptcy having been already declared against that firm, the usual assignees will be duly appointed by the court to liquidate, on such terms as the circumstances dictate, the sum total of the estate and effects.

"Further negotiations regarding the Hunyadi contract on your part are consequently unnecessary, seeing that the same information you could obtain would in nowise avert or even lessen the blow that has fallen on the house.

"I am directed to inform you that the sum of two hundred and eighteen florins, twenty-seven kreutzers, which, at the current exchange, will pay your salary to the end of the present quarter, and also to state that, having duly acknowledged the receipt of this sum to me by letter, you are considered free from all engagement to the house. I am also instructed to say that your zeal and probity will be duly attested when any question arises touching the managers of this estate.

"I am, with accustomed esteem and respect,

"Your devoted servant,

"JACOB ULRICH.

"P.S.—Herr Ignaz is, happily for him, in a condition to bear tenderly the intelligence of his calamity. The family has retired for the present to the small cottage near the gate of the Abazia Villa, called 'The Nest,' where visitors complete privacy, and declines all condolences.—J. U.

"2d P.S.—The inclosed letters have arrived here during the night."

So intensely infused was my mind with suspicion and distrust, that it was not till after long and careful examination I satisfied myself that this letter was genuine, and that its contents might be taken as true. The packet it inclosed would, however, have resolved all doubt: they were those letters from my mother which my parent reference was made to other letters which had never reached me, and in which it was clear she made in which she had given my address was explained. She also spoke of Sara as of one she knew by correspondence, and gave me to understand she was then actually writing the humble incident of my daily life with loving interest and affection. She enjoined me by all means to keep myself from being marked by a visionary surrender of my position might be made terrible use of against me, should—and I can say nothing more terrible—I be made to question the legality of my marriage with your father.

"I have told you so much," said she, "of myself in former letters" (these I never saw) "that I shall not weary you with more. You know why I gave up the school, and through what meanness I consented to be separated from Norcott, though in such poverty as mine the assumption of a title only provoked ridicule. Mr. McBride, however, considered that a volunt

than President BURR died, and was succeeded by his father-in-law, Dr. EDWARDS.

AARON BURR entered Princeton College at the early age of thirteen, and at his graduation received the highest academic honors. It is not necessary that we should trace his subsequent career, which is already so familiar to all readers of American history. His duel, in 1804, with Colonel HAMILTON, which terminated fatally for the latter, is the most memorable, as also the saddest event in his life. Colonel BURR took an active part in the Revolutionary war. He belonged to the LEE and GATES faction, and always affected to despise the military talents of WASHINGTON. In 1800 he was chosen Vice-President, but his success in defeating the candidate of his own party destroyed his own political influence. He died at the age of 81, on Staten Island, whither he had been removed for the benefit of pure air during the warm season.

In accordance with his own request Colonel BURR was buried at Princeton. He was interred with the honors of war. The professors and students of the college united in the funeral procession. He was buried near the tomb of his ancestors.

THE SKELETON HAND.

YIELDING to a miserable habit had ruined me. It had blasted my prospects, destroyed my business, alienated my friends, and brought me down to the lowest point of existence. The habit had altogether overcome me. In vain I struggled against it. The imploring looks and tears of my wife: the sight of my wan-faced and emaciated children turning their eyes to me, the author at once of their being and of their misery: the spectacle of the proud home and broad lands, once mine, but now in the hands of strangers—all these, which would well have stung to madness or driven to despair a less degraded being, reached me not, nor affected me in the depth of my degradation. I had reached the point at which no motive that might be urged could any longer affect me.

One evening I was sitting in my miserable home. The children were asleep. Exhausted by the day's labor, they had betaken themselves to sleep in hunger. My wife sat opposite to me on the other side of the wretched fire-place stitching some rags of clothing. I was sullen and silent.

At last I felt a craving for the stimulus that now was necessary to my life. Rising, I walked to the cupboard where it was kept. My wife knew well my intention. She followed me to the door.

I went there desperate and careless—only eager for the gratification of my appetite.

I reached forth my hands, tremblingly seized the bottle, and without hesitation put it to my lips.

But at that very instant, just as the bottle touched my lips, I felt a terrible sensation. It was as though some one had grasped my hand.

"Wife!" I cried in a deep, fierce voice. "Hag! do you dare?' and turning, with clenched fist, I struck at what I supposed was my wife. For I thought that she was trying in this violent way in desperation to keep me from drink.

But to my surprise I saw my wife sitting by the fire-place with her work in her hand, looking at me in wonder.

It could not have been her evidently.

A terrible feeling passed through me. Shudderingly I raised my hand to feel what it was that was on my arm, or if there was any thing there at all, which seemed to be grasping me so tightly.

Horror of horrors!

As I raised my hand I felt the unmistakable outlines of a bony thumb and bony fingers pressed against my flesh. It was a *skeleton hand* that clutched me by the throat.

My hand fell down powerless by my side; the bottle rolled upon the floor. My children, awoke at the noise, and wife and children all stared at me with white faces.

There I trembling in every limb, stood transfixed with terror, the awful shape of the supernatural now fully possessing me. Unable to speak I gazed with fear. A dreer came on my body, but my head was still held by the same dread and invisible power. I could not move that.

Unspeakable horror filled me. None but those who have experienced something like this know what it is to have such feelings. The body seems paralyzed, while the mind seems to be endowed with exclusive activity, and thus possessed new capacities for suffering.

But at last I felt the grasp relax. I staggered back, the grisly shape altogether, and I broke off to another corner of the room, endeavoring to go as far as possible from the place where this mysterious thing had seized me.

Soon my wife and children turned away, the former to work, the latter to sleep. They knew not what it was that had affected me, but concluded that it was some pain arising from sickness or sudden faintness. I did not speak a word, but resumed my former seat.

And now, gradually, my craving returned. Yet how could I satisfy it? My bottle was broken. It lay in fragments on the floor. But, ah! liquor was gone. What was I to do? The craving became irresistible. I had to yield.

So I took my hat, fumbled in my pockets and found a few cents, and taking an old bottle that lay in a corner, I went forth into the darkness. It was not without some feeling of trepidation that I entered the dark passage-way. Fear lest the same Thing of Horror might return agitated me. But I passed on unharmed, and reached my old resort, where I laid my bottle on the counter. The clerk soon filled it. With an irresistible impulse I clutched the bottle and rushed forth to drink the liquor.

I hurried off for a little distance and came to

the head of a wharf. Here, unable any longer to resist my craving, I pulled out the cork so as to drink.

It was very dark. No one was near me. In the distance arose the low hum of the city; out in the harbor might be heard the noise of sailors and boatmen. I had a general idea of this as I stood there, though all my thoughts were concentrated on the bottle. At last I raised it to my mouth.

Scarce had the bottle touched my lips when again I experienced that terrible feeling.

My throat was seized; the grasp was more violent-ly, more fiercely, as if by some power which had already warned me, and was enraged at having to repeat the warning. My throat was compressed painfully in that fierce gripe; there was anger in it. A thrill of horror again shot through me. Again the bottle fell. Again my trembling hands and was crushed to fragments upon the stone pavement.

Again I raised my hands to my throat, though in doubly fear: but the motion was mechanical —a natural and involuntary effort to tear away *the thing* that had seized my throat—to free myself from the pain and the horror of that mysterious grasp. Again that grasp relaxed my hands, and again I felt there under my touch, plainly and unmistakably, the long, hard, bony hand which I had felt before. It was a skeleton hand. My hands fell down. I tried to shriek, but in vain. I gasped for breath, and thought that I would be suffocated.

But at length the grasp slowly and unwillingly relaxed. I breathed more freely. The agony of death was not over.

I paced the streets for a long time. At first every vestige of my appetite had been driven away by the terror of that supernatural grasp that passed it begun to return. Once more I felt the craving. True, the fear of another attack was strong, and I felt that I could not rest; but at last the craving grew too strong for the fear.

Nerving myself up to a desperate pitch of resolution, I turned again to the shop where I had last purchased the liquor.

"See here!" I cried, "I'm crazy for a drink; I broke that bottle. Give me a glass, for God's sake—only one glass!"

Something in my face seemed to excite the man's commiseration. He poured out a glass for me in silence.

With trembling eagerness I reached out my hand to take it. With renewed hand I raised it toward my lips. The grateful fumes already entered my nostrils. My lips already touched the edge of the glass.

Suddenly my throat was seized with a tremendous grasp.

It was as though the Power which was tormenting me had become enraged by my repeated acts of disobedience, and now by this final act to reduce me to subjection forever.

It was as if this Power was using with me the means of coercion which it was using on a dog, viz.: beat him for each offense, and each time harder till he is cured.

This time the grasping was terrible, it was fiercer than ever, quick, impetuous.

In that grand grasp my breath ceased.

I struggled. My senses reeled. I raised my hands in my despair. I felt again the bony fingers. I moved my hands along bony arms.

In my madness I struggled. I fought, and my fists wildly. They struck against what seemed like bony ribs.

The time during which I thus struggled seemed endless. The horror that was upon me can not be told.

At last all sense left me.

When I revived I found myself lying on a rude bench in the bar. It was early dawn. No one was near. In my bosom was a paper. I drew it out-fossilly, not knowing at first where I was, but soon the terrific event which had overpowered me came to my memory.

I rose to my feet, and tried to get out. The noise that I made awaked some one inside. He called out to me,

"Hallo there! Are you off?"

"Yes," I said.

"Wait, I'll let you out."

He appeared in a short time.

"You had a bad turn," said he, not unkindly. "You'd better look out for yourself, and not be out at nights."

I thanked him and left.

When I reached the house my wife waked up and looked half fearfully at me. Awakened at once over the whole of my past life I was sober. I kissed her and sat down in silence.

She looked at me in wonder. Tears fell from her eyes. She said nothing, but I saw that she was praying.

As soon as the shops were opened I went out and bought some grocery necessaries, which I brought to the room. I then left to go to my employment. Through the day I felt an incessant craving, but the fear was so great that I would far rather have cut my throat than risked having that *hand* there again.

As the day went on the terror remained undiminished. It was simply impossible for me to seek for intoxicating drink. I dared not.

My wife and children saw the difference; by her soft eyes, the gentle joy of her face, and the sweet, loving smile with which she welcomed me home, how deeply this change in me had affected her.

Weeks passed and gradually the craving subsided. Yet so vivid was the remembrance of that dread experience of mine that my horror remained fresh and unabated. To relapse was impossible. I dared not.

Thus forced to be sober, my circumstances improved rapidly. There was no longer any danger of want. Comfort came, and peace, and hope, and pure domestic joy.

Remorse for the sufferings which I had caused to my sweet wife made no more eager to make amends for the past, so I sought effete bitter memories from her mind. The revulsion of feeling was so great for her that she forgot that I had ever been other than kind. I made no parade of reform. I made no promises, and no vows. For me there was a close allude to the change. She showed her joy in her face and manner. She accepted the change when it came and rejoiced in it.

I still felt an anxious desire to get to the bottom of this mystery, and once I told the whole story to my wife.

He was not at all surprised.

Doctors never are. Nor are doctors ever at a loss to account for any thing.

"Pooh," said he, indifferently. "That's common enough. It was *mania a potu*. The brain, you know, becomes congested, and you see and feel devils and skeletons. Cases like yours are common enough."

To me, however, my case seemed very uncommon, but, whether it be so or not, my case has resulted in my salvation. And never will I cease, even should my power, to be grateful to that Power which came down clothed in terror to snatch me from ruin with that *Skeleton Hand*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FROM Texas comes a brilliant report of newly-discovered petroleum springs. In fact, a misunderstander is raging in the vicinity of the city of Austin. The origin of the whole matter is that a little girl, some three or four months old, found on a hill a transparent stone about the size of a pea. The pebble is brought down into the bustle of an amateur city, straight, who pronounced it of the opaline class, and of value. The discovery of that source of the hills have been covered by earnest searchers for valuables. They have found an abundance of rattlesnakes quartz, fine specimens of the California pebble, some transparent carseline, a number of amethystine crystals, a number of pretty sparkling beryls, an occasional topaz, chrysopraze, or emerald, and a few unpolished agates. The hills are also covered with many beauty and hardness, approaching closely the domain of the diamond. One of these crystals is now exposed, two inches in length, and nearly an inch in its largest diameter. The surface is covered with a rough incrustation, having occasional openings of pellucid smoothness and polish, through which the resplendent interior is discernible. It is almost white, iridescent, shining with a yellow, adamantine lustre.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way." A book has been recently published in St. Louis, entitled, "A GRAMAR OF NATIONAL EMTHS; or, Argumental Basis of the Government of the National Capital from Washington City to the Mississippi Valley." The volume is illustrated with a map, a fine profile of the countries, the author appears to have considered his subject very deeply.

A Parisian actress had for many successive evenings seen a modest two-son bouquet of violets fall at her feet. She had also failed to receive it promptly, on inquiry found it came from a poor boy of fourteen, a frequenter of the upper gallery. The girl, touched by his modest offerings, sent to receive it personally at her door. The youth was standing behind the scenes when the lady of the theatre came off the stage. With a sigh he threw himself upon her, much to the astonishment of the by-standers. "You're mad!" No, he is not a toupe of dame creeping round the scene robes of the actress, and was trying with all his might to put out the fire. He succeeded so well that the girl was rescued, but the courageous youth was conveyed to the nearest hospital, fearfully burned.

WHAT MR. PROUT terms a "half chromo" is a lithograph free of charge, with a cash proof, upon which the colors are afterward printed. Such colored lithographs, though very pretty, have no "depth" about them. "Full chromos," on the other hand, are produced by carefully printing that over that, shading, and brightening, and blending and there a little, following the general method of the artist. The first color is commonly a neutral tint which serves for the outline, the print, excepting, perhaps, some spots which are to be rendered in gold. The very successful lithographic stone—and sometimes there are as many as fifty—has a separate color, which is applied to all, or to a portion of the print, as may be desired. This process is continued until at a short distance the chromo can scarcely be told from an oil imitation.

One of the latest novelties is a "Hard Times" party, which is announced at Mauiorille, Wisconsin. The invitations are issued requesting for the dance are issued upon the commonest kind of brown paper. "Ladies are expected to bake and boil their provisions, and gentlemen in their everyday clothing. Each one must bring a dozen of his best pickles. Fun to commence at 8 P.M. At 11 P.M. bean soup, crackers, and dried herring will be served, after which enough to go round."

A meeting was recently held at the Working House in Boston, the object of which was to investigate the causes which have prevented tramps taught to communicate *without* signs to others. A teacher of the Clarke Institution for Deaf-mutes answered questions of several of her pupils, who by no possibility could have known what the inquiries were, except from the movements of the lips, and almost every case they were answered promptly. Except that she spoke with great distinctness, and her lips exhibited what has not yet learned to pronounce words aright, and also with the peculiar intonation of deaf persons, one would have supposed that a conversation was going on under ordinary circumstances. Great interest was produced when she moved her lips without emitting any sound. Two young girls, who had never been in any deaf and dumb institution, but had been taught at home to speak and to understand others, on being introduced to each other, immediately began to talk together, like other people, without the use of signs. The oldest of the two was taught to be first educated in a large school where she was the only one who could not hear a sound.

The amount of fuel oil upon the animal system is that of a positive poison, its vapor producing nausea, headache, and vertigo. It also causes serious injuries to the lungs, injurious, and indicates bad distillation, or the use of damaged grain. It may be detected by agitating the liquor with water, when it is found for the oil to rise to the surface.

A California paper gives at some length an account illustrating the powerful influence exerted upon a boy of thirteen who had been sent to be educated at the Santa Clara College, which is conducted by a professional corps of Jesuits. The boy had been sent to this college by his mother, who was desirous that he should receive the best possible education. He was prepared to join the Church of Rome, against the wishes of his mother, and took the first fearful set of vows. The mother, alarmed at the changed style of her son's letters, and not being able to induce him to visit her, went to see him, and found him so under the influence of his solemn superiors that he refused to go home with her or to recognize her authority in any way. With the help of friends she brought the matter into court, where the rudest restraint exerted by the Jesuits was fully exposed, and the boy delivered to his natural guardian, with whom he gladly went when freed from the power of the Jesuits.

One of the latest reported amusements in Paris is the album of confessions. A handsome volume contains various questions engraved on gilt-edged pages, beneath which answers are to be written by those to whom the book is handed, signed with their initials. For example:

Question. Do you put faith in human nature?

Answer. I've lost faith in myself—how can I hold it in another?—V. P. F. 1868.

Colin depend! on whom the human nature may be?—C. de A., August, 1868.

Question. What is your age?

Answer. The candle, the moon, departs. Don't ask me. How should I know? Thought I was thirty-three; but my cousin, who was born the same year I was, declares she is only twenty-two.—Tom. X.

When such questions as, "Did you ever tell a falsehood?" "What do you most detest?" stare one in the face, the impertinence of the album provokes repartees absolutely worthy of Talleyrand or Ingoldsby.

For the purpose of arriving at the difference in time thus between San Francisco and Boston, the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were slightly connected for nearly a month from one side of the continent to the other; and the ticking of a chronometer in Cambridge University was observed and recorded in San Francisco, with a very remarkable degree of accuracy. This was done by connecting the pendulum with a magnet, consequently the vibration of the wire in such a manner that the main circuit was broken, and instantly closed again at every beat or tick of the large clock. By an ingenious contrivance the flight of electricity was actually measured, so to speak, or rather the time it occupied in its flight.

In many other large cities. A dinner company at the home of a prominent citizen of Boston. After remaining an hour or so at one table, were ushered into another room, where a second table, with elegant appointments, was laid. This opportunity for a double display of plate was not lost upon the host, who, in a unique club in Boston, consisting of twelve gentlemen, who do their own cooking when they dine together, which is once a fortnight. This club was formed forty years ago. No one can become a member who can not cook some delicious dish. They dine in a hot boathouse not far from the city, and have superb feasts. The wives of members are sometimes invited to take a lesson in cookery from their better halves, but are not allowed a finger in the pie.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HUMBUG dress-maker in Detroit was giving some ladies a recipe for making mock cream, which she professed to have discovered herself in the real article. In order to prove her assertion she took a good wedding white tie, boiled it, then served, and said, "Many took it in preference to the real cream, not knowing the difference."

A MONEY BUSINESS IN A SMALL COMPASS.—A Cheese-monger.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PUBLICAN AND A SINNER.—One rags that the Spirits may appear, the other tops that they may disappear.

THE "TEWDER" PASSION.—An engine-driver's.

A correspondent who has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge wants to know if the wheel of Time is ever tired.

"WHITE HAIR A DISEASE."—"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family.

"Rather more than a dozen, Sir."

"Only make out eleven," said the gentleman.

"Why, I think I have a dozen, Sir," said Patrick, "for when one has to feed 'em!" exclaimed the happy father.

QUEER QUERIES.

At what time should a man be called?—Upon his wedding Eve.

How can gray whiskers be made to lose their odium?—Echo: O dye'em.

What do they now visit Egypt for?—To peer amid the pyramids.

What causes Irish rows?—Pat-riot-ism.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady?—When it begins to pat her mutton on the cheek.

Why are cats like Mimic balls?—They mutilate (new tell).

When does a lawyer act falsely?—When he "makes acts to suit."

What is the greatest age into a rose?—When a bet, B-et, D-ed-d, N-ag-n, Q-uit, and K pounded.

"SEE-LOATH"—THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS!

SURROUNDED WITH A GIRL.—Of all the joys vouchsafed to a man by the Supreme Ruler, there is one he usually approaches heaven so near as sleighing with a girl—a SWEET girl; a loving girl; a kind, generous, confidential, honest girl; a darling, darling, darling, amiable girl, who never asks foolish questions of sleighing, dear little duck of a girl. Pile up your furs, darlings, and, with yea seeming, sudden start, I'll launch as I go dashing by with my jingling bells and my big, bellowing, bearded, scented gift; the trimmest, gayest, neatest girl; the funniest, freshest, merriest, fairest, handsomest, prettiest, and rarest, sparkliest, quickest, quirtiest, equarest, best of girls, and, with a wild, half-insane, unconscious yell—just the girl for a chap like me to love, and, with my arm around her waist, dashing and clattering, darling, the sweetest and the best of girls.

A pleasant story is told of a rather aged lady who has recently married a young lad. She was describing him at the station when he was going on some far journey, and was asked his age. After an instant of the most loving character she put her head into the window and said, "Dear Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Dear Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

A TENDER POINT—A bayonet.

A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the lash of the nurse, was told by her that he must arise up and take a powder she had prepared for him.

"I'll take it, Nurse," said he, raising himself on his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass" was her brother's reply.

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Lascelles, who had a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack. "No, I haven't. Whom did you black-faced antelope mean?"

the week before and the week following.

Access is so damaged during these ceremonies that the visitor must secure his accommodations and his tickets some weeks in advance.

ST. PETER'S.

On Friday before Palm-Sunday, St. Joseph's day, the Pope, according to his custom on the Fridays in Lent, enters St. Peter's to pay his devotions there. Preparations for his coming are made by covering his pric-dieu with red velvet, and placing long rows of seats for the cardinals near the chapel-crypt beneath the dome. This ceremony does not strictly pertain to Holy-Week, and it is often thinly attended; but it affords the traveler a favorable opportunity for one of those numerous visits to the great basilica which he must make to acquire an appreciation of its grandeur.

We ascend the steps, cross the great vestibule, itself a hall longer and loftier than many a great church, lift a heavy, well-worn, quilted leather mat which hangs like a curtain to close the doorway, slide through, and stand within. A vast prairie of marble floor, of a mellow tinge, stretches before us as far as the eye can reach. In place of the sky, stupendous arches close us in overhead, fretted with massive carved panels. There is abundant light, but no consciousness of windows. They are of plain glass, half concealed above the cornice. Lofty arches open on either hand; but the enormous piers which support them, each as large around as a comfortable house, do not seem like pillars. The magnificent decorations of mosaics, statues, and marbles are dissolved and tempered to chaste simplicity by space.

CHURCH OF SAINT PETER AND THE VATICAN.

St. Peter's, capable of holding 54,000 persons, is well filled with a concourse of people from all nations and of every class. The gorgeous court attire of princes and nobles, the simple white bonnets of Sisters of Charity, the brown robes of Franciscan monks, the black robes of Dominicans, the gay liveries of servants, the purple and scarlet garments of high ecclesiastics, pages in black velvet, soldiers in bright uniform, peasants in homespun, goat-skin, and rags—the whole is a living picture of European life in all phases. Great tribunes have been constructed, to which only gentlemen in uniform or evening dress, and ladies in black, with a black veil on the head, can be admitted, by means of tickets previously procured through an embassador.

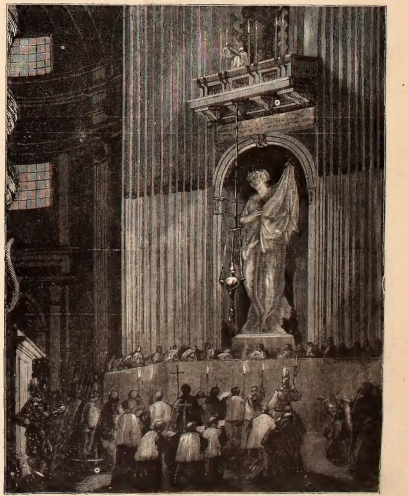
Such dress is rigorously required as a condition of admission to the seats in St. Peter's or to the Sistine Chapel. Now and then an ingenious American without a dress-coat pins up the skirts of his frock and tries to pass in, but is caught and exposed by the vigilant guards.

At the head of the nave is the throne of the Pope, on either hand the seats of the cardinals, beyond, the tribunes of the diplomatic corps and the Roman princes. On each side of the throne are bundles of the palms destined to be blessed by the Pope after the mass, and to be distributed to the cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastic and civil dignitaries, who approach one by one and kiss the pontifical ring and the palm extended to them by his hand.

These palms are long, lance-like shafts of a clear yellow color, like dried rushes. They are seen throughout the churches of Italy on this day. The

"OPEN THE GATES AND LET THE KING OF GLORY IN!"

THE SACRED STAIRS.



EXHIBITING THE SACRED RELICS.

PIUS THE NINTH

The proportions of every detail are such that none but the most practiced eyes can at first sight realize the immensity. One must see it repeatedly in the contrasts afforded by varying throngs of human beings, the insignificance of vast crowds, the nothingness of individuals, the interminable distances traversed by processions, before his thought grows to the measure of its expanse. The grandeur of architecture here reverses the impression which great buildings ordinarily make. To the first view the surprise is not the greatness of the building, but the littleness of the men and women in it; and the spectator comes gradually to a conception of its majestic extent through an overwhelming consciousness of his own insignificance.

Of course every one tries his hand at criticising St. Peter's. But no one should form a fixed opinion on its builders' success until he has seen it fulfilling the function for which it was designed, that of the theatre for the great dramatic spectacles with which the Church endeavors to awaken and stimulate the religious feelings of mankind. It is easy to say that a Greek cross would have been preferable, although at the loss of a vast area, and that a Grecian portico would have been more imposing than a gigantic house-front. But when upon the great balcony the Pope appears before the world as the central figure in a vast and harmonious architectural frame; when the long nave of the church is lined with a perspective of soldiers, and the papal procession unfolds its full length, the observer feels that the same spirit that created the pageant planned for it the theatre in which it takes place.

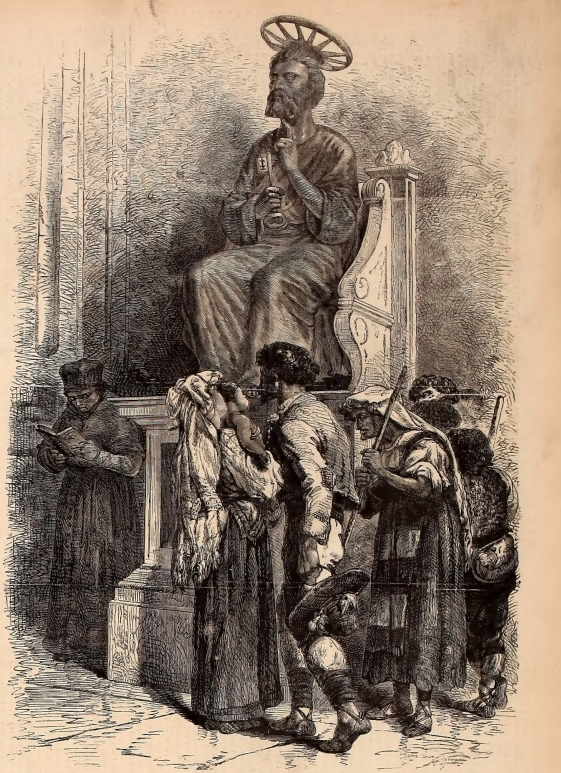
PIO NONO

The admirable full-length portrait of the Pope, who for nearly a quarter of a century has been the central figure of these scenes renders any description of his person unnecessary. He was born in May, 1792—or, as some Romans assert, in 1790—and chosen Pope in June, 1846.

His age and feeble health, in connection with the intense political and ecclesiastical interests that depend upon his continuance, have long turned public attention to the question of who, or *what*, should be his successor.

THE BRONZE SAINT PETER.

As the visitor passes up the nave toward the altar and the pride-dieu of the Pope, he sees before him, upon the right, seated upon a marble chair on a high pedestal, the bronze statue of St. Peter, with a metallic halo around his head, and holding the key in his hand, in the attitude of surveying the scene before him as the presiding genius of the place. In all the great pageants which take place within these walls, this statue, conspicuous above the heads of the crowd, although, like other human forms, diminished and dimmed by the vast building which overshadows it, is present in the consciousness of the observer, and enters into the idea of the scene. There is some dispute among antiquarians whether this is an authentic statue of the apostle, or one adapted to the purpose from among the heathen relics of Rome. But the faithful, ignorant of such controversies, pay their devotions at the foot of the statue, signifying their reverence by devoutly kissing the projecting toe of the left foot. Before applying his lips the votary wipes the toe with his cuff, by way of preparation, and the effect of this contact, incessantly repeated through many ages, is visible in the very sensible diminution and the polished color of its extremity.



THE BRONZE SAINT PETER.

HOLY-WEEK IN ROME.

With many travelers in Europe Holy-Week in Rome is the culmination and turning-point of the tour. Italy is the apex of European travel, Rome the pinnacle of Italy, and Holy-Week the climax of Rome. The week begins with Palm-Sunday, the

heads of many are braided in various forms and sometimes gilded. The congregation of children often seen in a parish church, each holding a palm aloft, all agitated in a constant motion by the restlessness of the children, is a very pretty spectacle.

When the Pope has distributed the palms the scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem is actually represented by a procession in which they are borne. A donkey, as in the Greek church, opens the scene to which the spectator is transported. The procession is formed, and the Pope, borne on the shoulders of men, and surrounded by all that is brilliant or gorgeous, passes down the centre of the church, between hedges of soldiers drawn up to keep off the intrusive thrust of the crowd. The Pope, and every cardinal, prince, and priest in the procession, like the little children in the Greek church, carry palms in their hands. The imposing cortege passes out of the church, and the voices of its singers are heard again in the distance, announcing its entrance into the vestibule; but the doors are closed, and a band of priests forming a semi-circle stand guarding them within. The voices without chant the verses, Open the gates and let the King of Glory in! The semi-chorus within reply, Who is this King of Glory? And thus, with responsive action, at last the door is struck open, and the representative of the King of Glory advances, while the chorus recounts his triumph.

RELICS.

Monday and Tuesday are occupied with less important ceremonies; but here is also a great "religious" mass, amidst the relics to be visited and the special local ceremonies of particular churches. It is difficult to choose what is possible to see all. There is the Bambino, or "baby boy" of S. Maria in Aricoli, a doll-like figure of wood, said by one of its custodians to have been carved from a stick of olive, from the Mount of Olives, four hundred years ago, but said by another to have been made by St. Luke as an image of the infant Jesus. This figure is wrapped in elegant swaddling clothes, which are perfectly incrusted with jewels of every kind that have been presented to it by worshipers. It is sent for in cases of sickness all over Rome. Placed by the bed of the sick, the bed of death or confinement, it promotes, if not secures, relief and recovery. It is shown to visitors who ask for it at the church, unless, indeed, it should happen to be out on a professional tour.

The visitor in Rome wishes to obtain some souvenir, if not for himself at least for some Catholic friend or servant. There is none better than a fac-simile of the nail with which one of our Saviour's hands was pierced upon the cross. This can be bought at the church of S. Croce in Gerusalemme, where the original is shown, and where the reed on which the sponge was put to his mouth, the inscription set over the cross' head, and many other interesting relics are contained. Other churches contain others equally precious.

GRAND PENITENCIER.

The forgiveness of certain grave sins is reserved to the higher ecclesiastics on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy-Week. A cardinal assends a tribune, and is seated upon a throne in St. Peter's, and also in St. John in Lateran, and, while a brilliant throng gather about him, noble penitents accuse their guilt and receive from his absolution and spiritual counsel. Minor ecclesiastics occupy the confessional-boxes, which are ranged against the walls of the great transepts, and each, holding a long, light wand, strikes gentle blows upon the group of humble peasants kneeling before him, thus symbolizing the forgiveness of their sins.

THE SACRED STAIRS.

Holy-Week in Rome would not be complete without a visit to the Sacred Staircase. Over against the church of St. John in Lateran, quite at the other end of the city from St. Peter's, stands the building known as the *Scala Santa*. The visitor enters a long and lofty vestibule, from the opposite side of which there rise several broad and massive staircases separated from each other by parallel walls. Each staircase consists of twenty-eight steps. They appear as if, together, they constituted the great ceremonial of some vast edifice above. The central staircase is covered with planks of oak, beneath the edges of which a cut has been made to preserve the steps much worn. This central staircase is, by tradition, the staircase of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, from which our Saviour passed when going to crucifixion. In the oak planks which now protect it, at intervals of several and again at the twelfth step, a plate of glass let into a hole cut for the purpose in the plank, permits the devout worshiper (by no lay of faith) what remains of the spots of blood which fell from the suffering Redeemer. It is permitted to any one to go up and down the staircase at the sides, but no one is allowed to pass over the Sacred Staircase except upon the knees. A monk seated at a little desk by the side ready to call back any heedless stranger who may attempt to ascend them except in this way. The following statement, printed in a neat slip distributed by the monk to visitors, indicates the object of this ceremony:

THE VISIT TO THE HOLY STAIRS.

One of the most sacred remembrances of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ is certainly the Holy Stairs, worthy of the veneration of all Christians, since they were mounted so many times by our Divine Redeemer, and sanctified by his precious Blood during the last hours of his life.

These stairs, brought from Jerusalem to Rome, under the protection of the Empress Helena, about the year 326, are kept in the chapel called Sancta Sanctorum, universally celebrated, fave at all times been much frequented by both sexes, of every class, who mount the steps on their knees.

To engage more particularly Christians to accomplish this act of devotion, so precious and useful to the soul of the devout, S. Leo the IV. towards the year 850, and Pascal the II. by his Bull of the 5th August 1100, first year of his election (the Original Bull is conserved in the Archive of the Basilic of S. John of Lateran) granted 9 years of indulgence for each of the 28 steps of the forestaid Holy Stairs, once of the Prætor's house of Pontius Pilate, which shall be severally on the knee, with a contrite heart, praying or meditating on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Pius VII, by a Decree of the Holy Congregation of Indulgences September the 5, 1817, renewed the indulgences, and perpetually, for ever, that Holy Stairs be shrined in a de nuis in Purgatory.

ROMA 1860.—*with approbation.*

There are now women loitering about the door ready to do this penance for any one; so that for the trifling consideration of two copper sous, one can have the benefit of nineteen thousand two hundred and fifty years is taken off his future punishment.

Arrived at the head of the Sacred Staircase, the visitor, kneeling, finds himself before a grated window into a sombre little chapel, which is called the Holy of Holies, and where a very ardent and highly valued image of Christ is kept, among many other precious relics, and is uncovered to view once in the year.

MASS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

On the days succeeding the triumphal procession of Palm-Sunday the services are more sorrowful and penitential, until the church is in mourning, and the Lamentations are chanted on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the most important services of the week take place in the presence of a very select audience in the Sistine Chapel. This chapel is a large hall in the Palace of the Vatican, connected by a great staircase with the church of St. Peter's. Its lofty walls and long ceiling afforded scope for the greatest paintings of Michael Angelo. The human countenance and figure in these latter walls are the most impressive, if not the most imposing of the work. The mournful service is called the *Tenebræ*, because performed in the night. On Friday the deepest gloom prevails. The altars are stripped, the canopies removed. Purple robes are held aside, and all is mourning. As the Lamentations are sung one candle after another is extinguished, until the climax of the service is reached in the *Miserere*—a music such as is not elsewhere heard in the world.

THE WASHING OF FEET AND THE LAST SUPPER.

Every part of the services of the week has a character of life and reality to it which gives the whole the effect of a dramatic representation of "The Passion of Our Lord." On Thursday the mournful service is suddenly broken by the notes of joy. The priests appear in white garments, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* is sung. On this day is enacted the scene of the Last Supper and the washing of feet.

Thirteen priests are selected for the occasion, the selection being a matter of honor. They thus represent the Apostles while the Pope and cardinals attend and serve them in the washing and at the Supper. These ceremonies take place in different parts of the building, and on account of the crowd it is difficult if not impossible for a spectator to obtain both time and room.

EXPOSITION OF RELICS IN ST. PETER'S.

Toward evening after the execution of the *Miserere* an imposing ceremony takes place in St. Peter's. A throne is erected upon a tribune in the Basilica contains, among other relics, the lance, a piece of the true cross, and the napkin of St. Veronica, upon which the impression of Jesus's face was made when the pitying woman wiped his brow. The ecclesiastics, who alone can enter this chapel, appear in solemn procession by the arch, and illumined by lights placed for the purpose, which scarcely penetrate the surrounding darkness, they lower the relicts before the low moments into the view of the worshipers and spectators.

BLESSING THE WORLD.

On Thursday, after service in the Sistine Chapel, in the forenoon, the great Benediction of the City and of the World is pronounced from the balcony of St. Peter's. This ceremony is repeated under still more imposing circumstances on Easter Sunday about noon. The front of St. Peter's two lofty colonnades run forward, encircling, like outstretched arms, an immense area, which is paved and ornamented in front of the Vatican palaces, and which, on such occasions as these, is filled with a crowd of spectators, in carriages and on foot, and with troops under arms. The balcony over the upper central window of the facade is the point to which all eyes are directed to see the Pope, who usually appears there in solemn benediction. The vastness of the area is not apparent to the eye, so grand are its proportions. Some idea may be formed of it when it is said that it is five minutes' walk from the end of the colonnade in the fore-ground of the picture to the door of the church. The Egyptian obelisk is seen rising over the colonnades on the right is the Vatican, the palace of the Pope.

THE PROCESSION.

Easter Sunday is the culmination of these ceremonies. By five o'clock in the morning a crowd of visitors in grand toilet are awaiting patiently the opening of the doors, for the seats have been reserved have arrived and taken their places. A double rank of military is formed to open a route for the procession through the nave of the church; and to the sound of military music the procession enters, forming a bewildering *cortège* of whose brilliance and richness no verbal description suffices to convey an idea. The Pope is seen borne on the shoulders of men, wearing his crown, and shielded by the great plumes of peacock's feathers which are borne behind him. On this day, one of three times in the year, he officiates in person in the celebration of the mass. The elevation of the host, ordinarily indicated by the sound of a bell, is, on this occasion, signalized by military music, with the blasts of trumpets from a band concealed on high in the dome.

In the evening the vast area in front of the church is again crowded by spectators to witness the illumination of St. Peter's. Every line and angle in its architecture, including the vast ribs of the dome and the cross which crowns all, is drawn against the night sky in the blazing light of lamps and torches.

THE END OF LENT.

The season of sorrow which the Church commemorates is at an end, and pleasure and business resume their sway. Horse-races and military reviews draw Rome out of itself on a Sunday afternoon in the month beyond the walls. The throng of visitors is diminished by the attractions of Florence and Naples. The picnic excursions to neighboring mountains or ruins, and the fox-hunts in the Campagna, revive. And Rome grows more quiet, preparing for the hot magnificence that before the season shall come round again, bringing the world to witness Holy-Week in Rome.

POETRY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH REBECCA LETS HER SENTIMENTS BE KNOWN, NOT ONLY TO HER LOVER, BUT TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

AND, alas! for poor Rebecca. She was in very evil case indeed. She would have wandered for help from man, but there was none to help her; as for prayer, religion had been for a long time hated by her, so that way out of her trouble was denied her.

The phase of anger and scorn in which she had had shelter from love was gone now as well as alone. The reaction from it was a feeling of plaintive, pathetic loneliness, infinitely mournful. This is the most pronounced silent mood they in their turn produced calm, and calm thought.

Thought sadly lame, incoherent, unconscusive, but thought still. Here was an evil, to her mean real and horrible, to be escaped from. How was she to move alone against the world?

Sheer angry persistent defiance and wrath? How would that do? Well enough as long as it lasted; but could she depend on it to last for ever? Would they not beat her by sheer perseverance? Again, her father was wrong—impossible men of strong physical capacity: could they not wear her out? merely *tire* her out? Her look at such a question out in body by her long effort, as weak as a child, sitting on the floor crying and calling on her dead mother, without even knowing it, to go to bed. A forthnight's fight with her father would reduce her to this state permanently, and they would be able to do as they liked with her. *That* would not do.

Craft, procrastination? No, that would not do with her father. She knew him too well for that. It would only weaken her hand, and the end would be just the same. No, try again, poor Rebecca!

The Roman Catholics! Her face brightened, and her breath came fast as she thought of that. If she ran away to the Roman Catholics they would take her in for her mother's sake, and shelter her behind their altars. She believed that she had been christened into their Church: if so, they would know it in Cadogan Street, and that would give them a right over her. It seemed for a moment a perfect plan, but it was soon dulled. The case of Miss T——— was fresh then, and she knew that as a minor (she was but nineteen), a magistrate had to trace her, her father to demand her, and she would be brought back a culprit, in a worse case than before.

Evils lately had been heaped by one-half of them into this air. She had found no solution as yet, yet she felt in her instinct as to thinking, that one would come. It made her almost gasp in her desperation, when she first got the faith, that the certain end of her trouble was in her reach if she only thought long enough. So that, when some wandering fiend said to her, "If the worst come to the worst, Putney bridge is close by; and when the tide is ebbing strong there is an undrawn there which gives back nothing alive," she laughed, and shaking out her black, sharply-curled hair before the glass, looked at her beauty, and said: "Not for him, will but for myself. I am not such as he."

Suicide—no!" she said, proudly; and all in a moment, as she said the words, a crude, shapeless idea crossed her into her brain, dazing her and making her gasp.

Whence came it, this frightful amorphous idea? Was it only the last result of some mental sorites, tangled beyond the possibility of reduction; or was it a direct suggestion from the unseen powers? Be it as it may, it came in one way or another? It was so shapeless at first that it made her afraid; but so she, in her desperation, steadily faced it, it crystallized itself, and took form. The form it took was ugly enough, yet it looked beautiful to her beside the hideous fate to which she was to be condemned to-morrow.

Suicide! Why did lost women commit physical suicide? Why did weak, cowardly women gather courage to leap off diary places into dark water—off places which they shuddered to look at with their protecting lovers' arms round their waist? What gave them this preternatural courage? Why, they had committed suicide before. They had done that which left them no place in this English world. Done that which made them a loathing and a scorn to father, brother, sister—to every one, save mother—and she had none. What if she were to pretend to do that which would make it at all events utterly impossible for this horrible old man to marry her? Who, then? Was there no escape there? There was.

For her father she had no pity whatever. He had brought it on himself, and it would do him good. Her mother had been her only friend, and he had ill-treated her mother. She knew the whole of the old story, partly from memory and partly from cross-examining her cousin sister Caroline. She had no pity for him. He knew well her hatred for this match, and had disbelief enough in it. Let him look to himself.

But here came a difficulty. How was she, after she had gained her own object, to exhilarate herself? What means should she use to prove herself utterly stainless and innocent before the world, whenever it should suit her to do so? She had given him a week to bear thinking over this. Without holding in her hand irrefragable proofs of her own innocence, she would feel, and indeed her part to-day, and would have made it impossible for her, at the proper time, to hurl back the scorn of their miserable little world upon itself. The way out of this difficulty came on her suddenly, like a clear flash of light; and she laughed at her own stupidity in not thinking of it before.

The night wore on, and she packed away her clothes in her drawers, putting a few necessaries in a carpet-bag. She counted out her money—£18 odd—more than sufficient for her purpose. Then she sat down and wrote a short letter to her father:

"SIR,—It has pleased you, in spite of my frequently-expressed repugnance, to urge on my marriage with Mr. Ralph Darrell.

"As I desire to remain single, I have chosen, between two evils, to integrate myself from my family sooner than contract such a monstrous alliance.

"Your daughter,

"REBECCA."

It was now broad daylight until half past six. At which time Jim Akin, the coster-monger, and Mr. Spicer, the sweep, saw her come out of the door with her carpet-bag, clear it before her, and walk straight away, apparently in the direction of Putney bridge.

"Off at last," said Jim Akin.

"Wonder she hadn't gone afore," said Mr. Spicer. "She's a' stood it a dratted sight longer nor I thought she would. Who's the young man, then?"

"Doubt there ain't nerry one," said Jim Akin, "I ain't seen nobody round."

"She is off to the Catholics, then," said Mr. Spicer. "Her mother was one, and so is my wife. They'll be good care on her."

"I am glad of that," said Jim Akin, the costermonger; "for she is a gallus kindly, good wench. She's worth what I call a deal, that gal has. She nigh kep my old girl when I was in—in the orspital."

Mr. Spicer, worthy from a habit of regarding the world from his early youth out of the tops of chimneys very early in the morning, when there was little about, was a philosopher. That also, was one of his clean days; he had had his bath overnight, having sent one of his assistants to the "dabs" for it, and was a respectable tradesman instead of a grimy ruffian. He philosophized thus:

"Gals is much the same as boys is. I've hammered and leathered a boy into a cross flue and he has choked himself for spite. I've coaxed and another boy into it. I've coaxed and he has gone through it like a ferret. That girl has been leathered too much morally. I hope she'll do no more harm than going to the Catholics. Meanwhile it ain't, neither for you nor for me, to give the office on her."

Mr. Hagbut, coming for his answer at ten o'clock, found a scared household. Turner had not gone to business. He received Mr. Hagbut in the parlor.

Turner's state of mind was fury, nothing short of it. His daughter had utterly disgraced him, and perhaps it was a blessing

There were worse wenches than she. You and I are two fools, I doubt, Haghat."

Mr. Haghat began, "Perndventure—"

"Say perhaps," said Turner, testily.

"Perhaps, then," said Mr. Haghat, solemnly, "your other daughter is at home, likewise the handmaiden?"

"What do you want with them?"

"Only, in the presence of Christian witnesses, to say that you may not be with me and your daughter as it was before. The few sheep in the wilderness—"

"What do you mean, man?" said Turner, sternly. "Do you mean that it is all over between you and my daughter?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Haghat. "The flock—"

"Hang the flock!" snapped Turner. "Can't you see that my poor girl would not touch you with a pair of tongs; that she would sooner ruin her reputation (and she is a high-spirited girl) than have any thing to do with you? Of course it is all over. We were fools to think of it."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Haghat.

"Look here, man," said Turner, speaking as the men and the lover: "there will be one to be thing understood about my girl. She has left her father's roof, and I don't know where she is gone. But if you, or any of your good women, dare to say one word against her character, without legal proof, by the living Lord I'll make you sweat for it, or I'm no lawyer! Perhaps I've been wrong with the wench, perhaps I was wrong with her mother; but you mind what I tell you."

So Rebecca had won her first round. She would have laughed had she known it, but she did not. She had taken down a dress of gray hair, and had twisted it in one of her own black curls, and had said: "How long will it be, Elizabeth, before you make my hair as gray as mine with their nonsense?" And old Elizabeth had said: "Well, we shall see the set at the next station, and I have not seen it for forty years."

This was not a lucky day for Mr. Haghat. He could not by any one who would sympathized with, which was very terrible. Some lamented with him, some piously congratulated him on his escape; while the more unbelieving of his congregation, those who could not be well refused, made him tell them all about it. A jilted man always looks more or less of a fool. The world has always put in force its penalty of contempt against those who are unsuccessful in love or war; and Mr. Haghat knew that he was undergoing it, and, using his vast powers of looking for light, he actually succeeded in doing so. A most unsuccessful day!

Meanwhile, one thing was certain. Whatever had become of Rebecca, she would be persecuted by no more offers of marriage.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE FRIENDS.

LEADEN STREET, Chelsea, is one of those streets which utterly and entirely belong to the poor. It is a street where you may see the very poor at home in person, and looking at the stalls and shops where they traffic for their daily bread; may guess how hard it is for them to live.

The largest and most frequented shop on one street was the coal and green-grocery shop, dealing also in potatoes, bundles of fire-wood, and ginger-beer. The grocer's was a Saturday-night shop, as was also the butcher's. The green-grocer's, however, supplied some little regular wants which might arrive at any moment. Half a hundred of coals, a bundle of wood, a couple of pounds of potatoes, were things in demand all the week round. Tidbury were seldom still.

Tibbey himself was a very little man, like an innocent little bird, with a little face, and a retreating way of serving in his shop that reminded you of a robin or some other soft-billed bird. Mrs. Tibbey was hearty, large, blonde, stout, and gray, and she looked as though she might have been something of a beauty in her youth; and, indeed, she was beautiful now, as far as an expression of gentle goodness could make her so.

This couple were perfectly devoted to one another, and were always at the shutter of either. In religion they were Primitive Methodists; and they were childless.

Except indeed by adoption, as it were. One child, whom Mrs. Tibbey had nursed, was very near to both the parents, and always remembered in their prayers night and morning. She had risen from their knees, and almost had her name in their mouths when the door opened and she stood before them.

Rebecca, ready dressed for traveling. Before they had time to ask her ingenuities she said, "Dear, I have run away to you." Whereupon Mrs. Tibbey, as a preliminary measure, folded her in her arms.

"And I want my breakfast, please; I am so hungry. Please put some more tea in, Mr. Tibbey, for I shall want a deal, and I hate it weak. And could you let me have the cat? Then I will tell you all about it."

She was as full of truth these good souls as she was at home; but, ah! with what a different willfulness.

"Yes," she said, as they began bustling about, "I have run right away, Mr. Tibbey. They were going to marry me to Mr. Haghat."

"My pretty lamb!" said Mrs. Tibbey, pausing in her preparations to swell in pigeon-like indignation, and coo out her wrath, "my pretty love, how dared they?"

"Like their impudence, was it not?" replied Rebecca, very anxious not to make the matter look too serious. "Well, you know I was not going to stand *that*—far from it—and so I have run away to you, Libber, to make my terms from a distance. And you will lend her to me for three days, won't you, Mr. Tibbey, just to take care of me?"

"Miss Rebecca," said the little man, "you may, I think, depend on Elizabeth, as heretofore, always doing what is right. And what is right in this case, my dear young lady, is that she should go with you where you will, so that hereafter the finger—do I use too strong an expression, and give offense?"

"Just what I want," cried Rebecca.

"Then I will use that strong expression—that the finger of scorn may never be pointed. And indeed," continued the little man, with the ferocious air of that most pugnacious bird the robin, "I should like to see the man who would dare."

What could Rebecca do but kiss him? She did it, however; and Mr. Tibbey toasted a muffin with many ominous shakes of the head, though he would say, "I shall have to look some of them up some day, if they don't mind their manners."

It was a dingy little parlor enough (though scrupulously neat), and smelt of the stock in trade, in addition to the usual which is the smell elsewhere, but have always, from early association, accompanied the Leaden Street, underlying the whiff of red herring, cat's meat, coal, with perhaps a whiff of turpentine from the bundles of fire-wood; there was the tree, low-London odor of soot and confined humanity, yet what a free little paradise it was to Rebecca! The inevitable parting from one face of the dim distance as yet. She was free, and with those who loved her; her heart was so light that she could have sung aloud.

These simple, gentle Methodists, primitive in more than their methodism, saw nothing very extraordinary in the step which Rebecca had taken. It seemed to them that she had acted with singular discretion in coming straight to them. Living there as they did in perfect purity and innocence, with sin and vice and poverty all around them, they were well used to far more terrible things than the mere fact of a young lady, sore-bested by an uncongenial marriage, taking refuge with them. Only one remark did Mrs. Tibbey make on the subject during breakfast.

"Why, my dear soul, your good pa must be mad to think of such a thing! Why, he is sixty!"

"He is very rich," said Mr. Tibbey, blowing a saucer of tea. "He is the richest customer in that commission. "He got no less than twenty—two-thousand—pounds with his last wife. She was the widder Ackerman of Church Walk, and he convinced her of sin, and married her."

"Law!" said Mrs. Tibbey, evidently not disinclined to hear more. "I have no doubt he was a great sinner before. Got all her money, did he?"

"Every shilling," said Mr. Tibbey, holding out his cup for some more tea. "It was thought there was more than that her cousin, Mrs. Morley, would have had some of it, for she brought him into the house. But she didn't."

"What Mrs. Morley was that?" asked Rebecca, interested.

"Mrs. Morley's wife of Lime'us 'ole, my dear. She is dead some years now. Overworked herself, tupposing round after him among the sick people in consumption, in the fever 'ole, and up Ratcliff 'ighway, and all along shore there to Wapping. And she died, poor dear, Ah! the only thing I can honestly say about her was never truly awakened, and fell away from grace to the extent of refusing the ordinances altogether. But he took her as I love Elizabeth. And she died."

"I know Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, eagerly. "Then, my dear, you know a man who is by a sweet saver in God's nostrils. He is not of my communion on this earth; but we shall know him in heaven, and her too, maybe."

"What *was* Mr. Morley?" asked Rebecca.

"A gentleman, my dear."

"I *thought* so," said Rebecca.

"Yes, a gentleman and a scholar," said Mr. Tibbey, "a man who knew the knowledge of this world, and of science—falsely so called—but is good for a true Christian; for the knowledge of this world is vanity."

"I should like to judge for myself about that," thought Rebecca.

"He was a doctor, but he got converted, and joined their communion. He was from Cumbridge College—one of the Simonites, I think. They call you 'Sar-but' when I tell up when he got converted. There is the shop. Now you and Elizabeth see what you are going to do." And so the great man went off to serve a client.

"Elizabeth," said Rebecca, "we must go from here this morning. Are you afraid to go to Broadstairs?"

"Not in the least. Would, indeed, very much like it."

"Then get ready," was all that Rebecca said; and the good woman departed to do so. The simple woman was entirely at the girl's disposal. She dreaded nothing but being left to go on that was concerned would have trusted her darling to any where. But she knew also, that so long as she kept by the girl her fair fame could not be touched; and she went with cheerful recklessness.

It was not long before they had found an omnibus in the King's Road. An hour and a half afterward they were rattling along through the chalk-pits of Kent toward the sea. In the evening they were having tea together at an open window in a little cottage, with the sea gossiping to them at their feet; the Foreland a dim black wall, close on their right, and the white-winged ships creeping away to happy lands, where there was no chapel and no Sundays.

So said Rebecca. "It is good for me to be here," she said. "I could almost fancy being so, except that man, if they would let me come here three days in the year. I could live six months in the recollection, and the next six on the anticipation. Libber, dear, let us run away again next year."

It was pleasant enough by daylight, it was pleasant enough by moonlight; but in the dark, dark morning, when the sea was down, and the awoke in the dark in a strange place, where was it then? Ghostly, horrible! What frightful machinery was this she had put in motion for the temporary destruction of her own good name and her father's? And how was it at that hour, about seven, at Wallins Street, Chelsea? What were they saying of her? And she must go back on it in three days—a ruined girl. Would she dare do so? or would she die of fright, of sheer terror, as she approached it? There was the horrible old house, and there waited her angry father at the door. She had only taken the sole means to save herself from a fate worse than death: and now, in the darkness, she felt like a murderess and an outcast. What had she done that God should plague her so?

She could lie no longer in her room. She rose and went to the window. The very blessed sea talked no longer under her windows, but had gone far out to the horizon, and was whispering there. There was no light in the sky, and there was darkness and terror in bed.

Darkness and terror! The crowning horror in Frankenstein is the closed room where the monster must be. Her crowning horror was the old house at Wallins Street, to which she must return and meet her father. The men who study a certain kind of wickedness say that what is wanted with a criminal is opportunity. I believe that if the Rev. Mr. Haghat had been able to take advantage of his opportunity, and had pressed his suit just then, poor Rebecca would have accepted him and thanked him. As she was in the dark, in the strange room, that man, coarse brute as he was, would have been a release from the closed, dull, disgraced house at home, with all its traditions and respectabilities violated in her wildly audacious person.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN.

THESE were night-thoughts, how different were those of the day! The sea had come back and was rippling on the shingle crisply at her feet. The bright sun was overhead, and a brisk east wind was driving the ships past the down and down the channel, a pleasant sight. The outward-bound ones, full-breasted, crowded with canvas, gay: the home-going ones, sailless, melancholy, tossed by the contrary gales of wind; however, one need only look at the outward-bound ones just now, in three days' time one may think of the homeward.

Many ships went to and fro before Rebecca was tired of looking at them. She got more and more interested in them as time went on, asking all manner of questions about them from the fishermen and others on the beach; simple questions enough, considering those she asked in her very simplicity: even when her weary head was turned homeward they were still in her mind's eye.

Her despair at going back was so dull that it was more endurable. What signifies a little angony more or less?" Here, however, had been three days from which they could not deprive her; they would last her a long time these three days.

She came home about nine o'clock on the Saturday night. Elizabeth opened the door, and she passed in quite silently, and taking off her bonnet, sat down, whereupon her sister Caroline and Mrs. Tibbey both assisted Mr. Turner in opening the conversation.

"You may well cry, my poor child," he began; "you have done well out with this three days' anxiety, my dear; your sister seems none the worse for her disgraceful escapade."

"I am sorry you want my anger," was all she said. "You can scold while I eat it. Only make a finish and end of it as soon as you can."

"Rebecca, where have you been, and what have you been doing?" said her father.

"I am not going to tell you," she replied. "I am not going to say one word."

"Are you aware that Mr. Haghat's visits have permanently ceased in consequence of your extraordinary conduct, and that your character is not worth *that*?"

"It was you who drove me to this course by your cruel aborting of that most unnatural marriage. If my mother had been alive she would not have dared to do it. Have you any thing more to say?"

"I have," said Turner, getting thoroughly angry; "your sister's character and position are affected."

"What, old Carry; why what has she been doing?"

"I mean that her position is affected through you. You are answerable to her own, and he will come fast enough, I'll warrant you. My poor old Carry," she went on, kissing her sister. "I hope I have not lost you your sweet-heart. They drove me to it, you know."

Carry only introduced an imbecile whimper into the crying, as though she had been playing the organ and pulled out another stop. The stop would not go in again, and so she arose swiftly and went hysterically up stairs.

"Poor Carry," said Rebecca, dolefully. "I am very sorry. I could almost have liked the persistent self-inflicted misery of that Vergril family, and would have enjoyed herself thoroughly." So saying, she rose and rang the bell, and when the maid came, ordered supper.

When the maid was gone Mr. Turner had a few more words to say. "You are carrying matters coolly, Rebecca. But there is one thing I wish you distinctly to understand. The next time you leave my house without my permission you leave it for good."

"I quite understand that. You drove me out of it for the sake of my own purposes. I shall not go again. Have you any thing more to say?"

"Nothing at present."

"This may seem an unpropitious time to say what I am going to say, but I will say it, nevertheless," resumed Rebecca, very quietly and calmly. "Father, I remember something, and I know more. I know that this has always been a miserable and most unhappy house. I know that you and my mother were bitter enemies, instead of being as husband and wife should be. I know that all your recollections of my poor mother are painful, revolting, shocking; and I know that I being like her in person and temper have kept them alive. You and I have never been friends. Say that it has been my fault. I say that I am tired of it, and wish to be friends. I am sick of this everlasting antagonism of will between us; it has done no good. I have resisted you, but you are as obstinate as ever; you have tried to coerce me, with what success I have the last three days to tell. Why should this battle of this unnatural battle go on? Let us not let me love you? Such a little yielding on your part would make a heaven out of this most miserable world. Will you answer me?"

Not one word would he answer, except to say, "Have you any thing more to advance?"

"Yes, I have. I have thrown off a desperate, hardened woman, casting my good name to the winds to save myself from a fate worse than death, which you had prepared for me. Having those three days I have been lapped in love—a love abandoned and never failing, and surrounded by a religion purer and gentler than I knew, father; a religion which hoped all things, and believed all things. And in spite of my cold hearing and my hard words, I have come back softened and purified. Father, life is not so very long, and we are growing, never part again. If I have said hard and bitter things they came into the house, will you forgive them me as I forgive what you have said, and let us learn to love one another?"

No. His heart was dumb to it. He had never yielded to his mother, now it likely he would yield to the daughter? He told her in a surly voice to show her repentance and amendment by a return of obedience, and began his supper.

She spoke next, hard as iron. "My health will suffer if I am entirely confined to this house, and you know it scarcely will that. My will is up and down the lease if I promise not to go out of it. If you will not, I will go, if you think it worth having, I will give you my word of honor."

"You may go from one end of the lane to the other, but no further. I'll have no scandals my house. I shall be rich enough some think, but I'm well trusted—very few dream how much. And my good name is more precious to me than any thing else. I've tried to keep it, and I have not yet, in a loud excited manner. "And any other would have made thousands where I've made hundreds; and no one has ever breathed a word against me in the dirt except your mother and you. And I served God faithful," he went on, now beginning to weep, "and I did. And I tried to keep my name clean: the greatest in the land have said to me, 'Turner, you are not a lawyer, you are a saint.' I am a friend, we can trust you here, your name is unspotted;' and God has afforded me like this. First your mother, and then you."

Rebecca's bolder and more generous nature, which loathed ill-disguised, the main cause of her petulance, was thoroughly overcome. She went to him and took both his hands, saying, quickly:

"Father! father! your good name shall not suffer from me. I am as innocent as the day. I can prove my innocence at a moment's. Do you think that *I* have done any thing unworthy of you? Do you think that I did not have my proofs before me as clear as noon?"

"Proofs! silly girl, yes; but who will believe them? You little know this wretched world and its tongues. If you will have it, I believe that will ever quiet old Russel and old Soper's tongues? You are a fool if you do."

"And who are they?" asked Rebecca, loftily.

"The tongues of the world we live in. The tongues which would turn against me first of all, and ruin me in our religious community, if any thing went wrong. You don't know the world, and are a fool."

"I wish you had been away with me these three days, father; you might have got to despise this little, simple child of ours."

But he remained sulky and silent. Yet in a surly strange manner he took her into his confidence before she went to bed.

"You are a bold, courageous girl," he growled. "I needn't ask that, this week's experience shows that."

"I believe that I have good courage, father."

"That's lucky, because your sister Carry is a nervous fool. And you are a light sleeper, too, I know."

"Yes, the slightest thing awakes me."

"Then see if you can make yourself useful. If you hear the very slightest noise in the night, come to me in my bedroom just as you are, shake me, and pull me out of bed. You will find a light burning. I am apt to be mazed and stupid

HORRORS OF THE EMIGRANT SHIP—SCENE IN THE HOLD OF THE "JAMES FOSTER, JUN."—[SEE PAGE 206.]

when first awakened. Are you afraid of firearms?"

"I never saw any. I will do what you tell me. I will trust you thoroughly."

He went to a drawer in the side-board, and came back with a Deane and Adams revolver in his hand.

"See here," he said. "If I am not fairly awake, you will find this on the stand by my bed's head. If any man comes into my room before I am ready, take it—so—hold the barrel toward him—so—and keep pulling the trigger back—so. And screech murder the while. Can you do that?"

"I will try. But why is this? Have you much money in the house?"

"Money and worse."

"Could you not pay it into the banker's?"

"No, I daren't. I know too much. You would not be fool enough to talk of this?"

"Is it likely?" she said, smiling. "Will you say good-night?"

"Yes, I will say good-night. But mind, your treatment depends on your behavior. If you think you are forgiven, you will find yourself mistaken. I'll have obedience."

And so he went. And she began putting away the consumable portions of the banquet, that portion of the family supplies which, by a fiction current in such houses, the little servant is supposed habitually to pick and steal (their little servant would as lief have eaten molten lead). She had put away the cheese, the sugar, the whisky, and had locked the cupboard. She had got the ham, the loaf, and the lettuce on a tray, and was starting down stairs to lock them up in the larder away from the cat, who was all the time playing a game combined of cat's-cradle and puss-in-the-corner between her feet, mewing in a bland whisper, when she drove the tray into her father's chest, and brought him up short. "Ho!" he said. "Putting the things away. That's right."

The cat at once intertwined herself between his legs and amiably tripped him up.

"Bother the cat!" he exclaimed; "but she reminds me, though. I don't want to make it any duller than I can for you, Rebecca; only I will have order kept. You asked me last year if you might have a dog. And I said no."

"You did."

"I say yes now. You can have a dog, if it is a pleasure to you—"

"May I have a large one, or a little one?"

DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS TO THE INDIANS AT MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

"Any size; but let him be a barker, a tearer, a dog that never sleeps. Silcox has got dogs that would tear the heart's life out of a man, if he bent his black brows at them, and the other day I saw his grandchildren playing at horses with them. Get a dog like that, if you can; but get a barker."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW LIFE.

In the whole history of insurrection: I honestly believe that comparatively few are entirely successful. The position of the insurgent party is, in most instances, after a short time bettered. The fact is, one would fancy that no government is strong enough to stand many serious insurrections, and therefore, as soon as its stomach or its safety will allow, gives magnanimously what it would be dangerous to refuse to a high-spirited and well-organized minority—like Rebecca.

Her insurrection was not entirely without its fruits. If you come to consider, a daughter who has shown herself able and willing, under provocation, to absent herself promptly and secretly from home—making you look like a fool, and harassing you with inexorable terrors—is by no means a young lady to be trifled with. I once, in the range of my own personal experience, knew a young lady of tender years, in a certain school, who had the singular physical power of being very ill under the slightest contradiction; I mean ill as people are ill off the North Foreland. That child ruled the school, and learned just what she chose—which was nothing.

Turner was going to have no more escapades in his house. If Rebecca had only known her power she might have done pretty much as she liked, but she did not know it. Her feeling was, that she had utterly overstepped natural bounds, and had been on the whole, for her father, kinder than anyone. Her feeling about her escapade was one of sheer terror, now that the old manner of life was all around her. It would take a still more dreadful provocation to make her take such a step again.

Women, trained for so many centuries to entire dependence, are not good at a long, steady defiance to association and habit. That they are capable of it, the whole world knows; but if it is for them the most sustained effort which it costs them makes them coarse, fierce, and unwomanly. This continual effort of defiance will soon make, from habit, a woman's voice hoarse and manlike.

Rebecca happily escaped this. Her father had yielded, grudgingly, indeed, yet still readily; more than she had hoped for. Her condition was improved. The heretofore forbidden fruit, with all its wonders, was at all events hers now. With fresh healthy vitality, with the curiosity toward the world and its ways of a child in the wood, this boy, with its swarming, dirty population, was as a deeply interesting book to her, which she was eager to read.

She was the first moving in the household on Monday morning: the intervening Sunday she had passed in bed. She roused the maid, and left the others sleeping. When they came down there was breakfast ready, the Bible set by his plate, her father's cakes in their place, the newspaper warmed and ready for him, and his rasher of bacon hot in the fender. These facts, being taken by the allied powers as denoting contrition on her part, were received by her father in dumb silence, and by good Carry, who always trumped her father's trick, by a wondering sniff or two.

She did not care. She was to go into the house, and have a dog of her own. Hagbut was a thing of the past: that would soon win these two over.

The portion of Scripture which Mr. Turner had to read that morning was rather unpropitious to his purpose of twisting a moral out of it to hurt at Rebecca's head. It was the journey of Jonah to Nineveh. He thought that he should have to leave the moral exercitation to the prayer, when, stumbling on, he came to the fact that Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, exactly the time which Rebecca had been away. He emphasized this point so strongly, and paused so long, that Carry groaned, and the little maid—aroused suddenly from the orthodox religious coma, into which she always fell on the celebration of any form of worship, public or private—exclaimed, "Laws a mercy me!"

It was a great, though unforeseen, point or hit. His argument travelled between Jonah and Rebecca: but Mr. Turner was too old a hand not to see that it would not hold water too long. Rebecca thought that he would have twisted it into the prayer; but he knew better. He started from an entirely new basis of operations. "It don't matter," said Rebecca. "I shall catch it somehow. And so, when her father said, "Let us pray," she knelt down, wondering how he was going to do it.

He led up to his theme in the most masterly manner. It was feebly like some Scotch sermon which only remembers. You know the preacher's theme from his text, and you hear him go away into subjects apparently irrelevant, possibly three vague themes, which seem to have no relation to his text. You sit puzzled, and yet pleased, while he spins his first coarse mesh of yarn off into a single thread and leaves it. Then he spins you another heap of yarn into a thread, and leaving that, another; and then, taking his three threads, he spins them into a cord, which brings you back to his original proposition and his text. Then you take out your watch, and find that you have been sitting, with your intellect at its highest power, for one hour or so, and have thought it twenty minutes. A good Scotch sermon is not a thing to be despised. The Scotch are not considered to be devoid of brains, and they like them.

Turner's prayer had no similarity to a good Scotch sermon more than this. Rebecca knew that she would be his theme, and wondered how he would handle it. He handled it well enough for an Englishman. A Scotchman or a French preaching priest would have done it better; but it was creditable in a mere amateur.

Turner began by airing the old question of the permission of evil. The higher power doubtless did best, he wished that there might be no mistake about *that*; but, at the same time, he, Turner, did beg and pray the First Cause to reconsider his opinions, and take to governing the universe more in accordance with his, Turner's, ideas than heretofore. He proceeded to offer a singular number of practical suggestions to the First Cause, which he hoped might be practically attended to on the first opportunity. And then he began to draw up to Rebecca, who knelt with her head on one side, wondering what he was going to say.

It was in the thanksgiving part of the prayer that he overthrew and demolished Rebecca, to her great admiration and wonder. She had begun to think that he was going to leave her alone altogether, for she was at a loss to understand how he could have any great thanksgiving to make on her account; but when he began to thank the First Cause for such afflictions as had been sent him, and also for the strength which had been given to him in bearing them, she saw how he was going to do it—and admired.

She wondered much at his ingenuity in attacking her under a form of thanksgiving to the Deity. She wondered still more at the ingenuity of the details; but what she admired most of all was the singular, self-complacent egotism which underlay his whole prayer, and which cropped up at every point. She knew of old her father's habit, common enough to men who live in a little world, of talking of himself to other men; but to hear him, while attacking her, point out his manifest excellences to the Deity, and then compare himself to a miserable worm, filled her with pure astonishment. She had never before seen how entirely her father was given to self-worship. Abraham's pleading was reasonable; her father's was utterly unreasonable. When he came to the ultimate point of summing up his utterly blameless life, and thanking Providence for afflicting him with an undutiful and rebellious daughter to keep him from the sin of self-glorification, she was pained and dazed. She wanted to love him; how could she when he was so far from all else that she loved? Her father's religious exercise this morning had by no means a good effect on her. She was angry and bitter when she rose from her knees.

And she had meant to be so good. She left Carry to administer the little cares of domestic life which she, in the warmth of her heart, had prepared. She was silent and angry, and her father congratulated himself on having brought her to a sense of sin. He had brought her to a deep hatred of his form of religion.

She ate her breakfast in silence, but, keeping in mind the admissions of last night, saw that they must be kept before him. Toward the end of breakfast she said,

"I do love a dog; and I am to walk up and down the lane; that is allowed. I wish that some arrangement might be come to under which some arrangement might be come to under which I was not to be prayed at by pa before the maid, but that, I suppose, is hopeless. I can only say that, if it happens again, I shall rise from my knees and walk in the lane. I hate it."

"My dearest Rebecca!" said poor Carry.

"You may well say your dearest Rebecca, you two," said Rebecca, sullenly. "I meant to be as good as gold this morning, and submit, and be cheerful, and all that sort of thing. But I wish it understood that I will not be prayed at by pa, and thanksgivinged for by pa, or any one else. I may well state my existence at once. It is more than probable that very shortly I shall join the communion of the Primitive Methodists."

This was not quite such a dreadful threat to Mr. Turner as it was to Carry. Certainly, Mr. Turner suspected, the poor little Primitives were a low and poor sect, and the secession of one of the members of his household from a sect so rich as his, would thought it was, which nearly rivaled the National Church, would be as sad a thing as the secession of an ultra-evangelical in the National Church to Unitarianism or the Baptists. Yet, after all, if she did go, it would be one way of accounting for her eccentricity. He went on his boots and went to business in tolerable humor. If she did not do worse than go to the Primitive Methodists, and if that abandoned Primitive Christian would keep his eye on the house for a few months, matters would right themselves.

ISSUING BEEF TO THE INDIANS AT MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK.

Our correspondent writes from Medicine Bluff Creek where the different bands of Comanche, Kiowa, Apache, and Arrapahoe Indians are assembled, prior to their location on the reserves assigned them, and thus describes the scene which we present on page 205:

"The Indians are daily supplied with rations of beef, which is killed and piled up in a convenient location for distribution. Sometimes seven hundred head of beef on the hoof, and the Indians kill it for themselves; but they seem to prefer to have the labor of killing and quartering done by our butchers, as they can then come for and receive the quantity that may be apportioned to them. Nearly a hundred head of cattle are daily slaughtered to feed these, for the time, friendly Indians, who besides this draw rations of flour and bread. The Cheyennes have not yet come in. General Custer has gone after them to bring them in, quietly if possible; if not, he will attempt to force them."

Our late Secretary of War is to take the field against the Indians in place of General SHERIDAN.

FALSE AND TRUE.

Two walked under the olive-trees shading the walls of an ancient town,
Long ago, as with gold and purple canopied bravely the sun went down.

Strangely mated for lovers, they—he an eagle, and she a dove—
He with eyes of prophecy, under such a forehead as laurels love;

She with bashful and tender face, softly radiant with love's surprise—
Flushed with pink, like a peach-tree blossom under the fair Italian skies.

"Farewell, darling," he smiling said; "though this parting be bitter pain,
To the labor whose crowning wain me I must go—but I come again.

"Then, sweet love, how your heart will beat! From your swallow's nest looking down
You shall see how the eager people greet me back to the dear old town.

"Years may pass ere that golden day, fate and fortune may be unkind,
Yet no woman shall call me husband save the dear one I leave behind.

"Will you love me with patient love?—hold me precious the long years through?
Let us see, when the test is over, which of our two hearts proves most true!"

So he followed his guiding star to the region of song and art,
Wrought his dreams in the deathless marble, wooing Fame with a lover's heart.

Every shape of immortal youth which the soul of the artist thrills,
Charmed to sleep by some weird enchanter under the fair Carrara hills—

Gods and heroes of days gone by; saints and cherubs, a shining band—
Woke and rose, in their snowy beauty perfect under his master-hand.

Friendship sought him, and praise, and power; many a heart he wronged and rent;
Many a worship he won and wasted—smiling, spoiling, where'er he went;

Went the way that an artist loves, skimming the selfish sweets of life—
Giving to no one noble woman, loved and reverenced, the name of wife;

Yet he frittered his heart away, little by little, on many shrines,
Keeping nothing for her who waiting looked for him through her window vines.

So his beautiful years went by, smoothed by honors and ease and gold,
Till at last, after fourscore summers, all the days of his life were told.

Then they took him in splendid state back once more to the dear old town,
Where with his early love he wandered long ago as the sun went down.

Down the street as his funeral passed, leaning out from her casement high,
Pale and trembling, a white-haired woman gazed and wept as the crowd went by.

All are conquered by Fate or Time—there are changes in fifty years—
Fifty years! And alas, a widow gave the dead man these burning tears.

She whose youth he had sorely wronged, she whose heart he had starved and slain.
Now at his tardy coming uttered all her passionate grief and pain.

Eating the bread of lonely toil she had waited through tedious years,
Hoping all things, in tears and silence, fond and faithful despite her fears;

Then with a languid, cold conceit, after patience and hope were dead,
Welded another, whose constant passion sought her still, though her youth had fled.

Mean of people and chaut of priest rose and wailed like a soul in woe;
Flumes like midnight and trailing sables slowly swept through the street below.

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed aloud, shaken sore by her utter woe;
"Oh, my dearest, is this the coming which you promised so long ago?

"You who honor the empty husk of your vow when your lips are dumb,
No proud woman has called you husband, and you come—as you pledged to come.

"Loyal to him whose name I bore, yet I loved you, and only you;
Judge between us, oh tender mother, which is the false and which the true!"

HORRORS OF THE FEVER SHIP.

YEAR after year these stories come to us of the terrible calamities which fall upon overcrowded emigrant ships. But how many of these horrors pass unrecorded! Indeed it is only when some instance of monstrous suffering forces itself upon our attention that the veil is lifted, and the history of cruelty and pestilence is laid before us.

In the case of the ship *James Foster, Jun.*, which arrived in the Lower Bay on the 8th instant, having left Liverpool on the 19th of last December, the suffering of the passengers were threefold. The terrors of the sea (rendering their passage an unusually long one), the cruelty of ship officers, and the brutality of the officers under whose protection they were placed, all combined to aggravate their misery.

The vessel at the date of clearance was considered to be thoroughly sea-worthy, and the accommodations for passengers and baggage guaranteed to be, if not perfect, at least sufficient to satisfy the Emigration officers at Liverpool. What was originally designed for the hold has been converted into a large square room, capable of accommodating about 150 persons. From the building of the emigrants together in this hole through ten long weeks, the most unsavory aromas pervades the place. There is, besides, an almost total absence of light, and when it is considered that there was no system for ventilation in case rough weather required the hatches down, the suffering of the poor wretches between decks can be easily imagined. At each side of the hold are erected tiers of bunks resembling a row of cupboards. These were appropriated by the passengers, the males on one side and the females on the other.

The fever broke out on the 8th of January, and during the passage about twenty-two of the passengers succumbed to this victims of disease and ill-treatment. One of the men, driven wild by the terrors which surrounded him, terminated his life by leaping overboard. The investigation, conducted by the Commissioners of Emigration after the arrival of the vessel, seems clearly to prove that the deaths as well as the effects of the vessel were possessed by a sort of demon of inhumanity. A number of the seamen were beaten and kicked and otherwise maltreated until their debilitated frames gave way under their tortures. One of the bands, a Dutchman, so one witness testifies, was killed outright by one of the officers.

The very fact that at sea the officers of a ship are under no jurisdiction through which an immediate remedy can be offered to their victims, naturally suggests the propriety and necessity of visiting their crimes with the severest legal penalties.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

My wife has used her WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine ten years without repairs, and has used one needle for the last three years.
Newburgh, N.Y. CHARLES J. GRAY.

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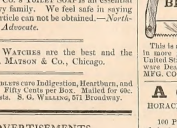

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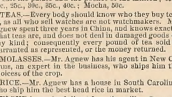

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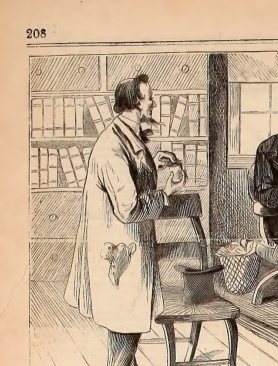

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 640.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

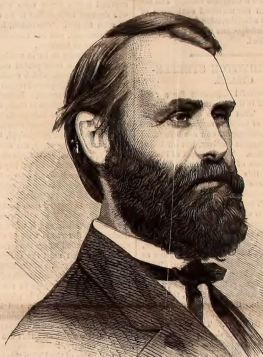
JACOB D. COX,

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

JACOB DOLSON COX, the new Secretary of the Interior, was born in Montreal, Canada, October 27, 1828. His parents were citizens of the United States. Soon after his birth they returned to New York city.

Mr. Cox graduated at Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1851, and then entered upon the practice of law in that State. He was in 1859 elected to the Ohio Senate by the Republican party. He began immediately after the opening of the civil war to organize volunteers, receiving a commission as Brigadier-General. Soon after he was ordered with his brigade to West Virginia, and placed in command of the District of Kanawha. Here, under command of General ROSECRANS, his command did effective, but not particularly brilliant, service. He was subsequently assigned to the Ninth Corps, and participated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, commanding the corps after the fall of General RENO. For his services in this campaign he was made a Major-General. Subsequently he commanded, with credit to himself and the army, a division of the Twenty-third Corps during the Atlanta campaign, the numerous engagements which occurred serving to make that campaign almost a continuous battle. During the pursuit of HOOD'S army, following the fall of Atlanta, General COX commanded the Twenty-third Corps with uniform success. He also rendered gallant service with that corps during Hood's pursuit of General THOMAS'S army, which ended in the triumphant success of the Union forces at the battle of Nashville.

Scarcely had the war closed when he was nominated and elected Governor of Ohio. He was generally understood to be a Conservative Republican, owing to his preference of a system for the forcible colonization of negroes to the extension of suffrage to that race. Mr. Cox is a well-read lawyer, an elegant and forcible writer, and a studious scholar of history and politics.



JACOB D. COX, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

EBENEZER R. HOAR,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR, the new Attorney-General, was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1816. He was graduated at Harvard in 1836, and immediately entered upon the practice of law. In 1848 he was a prominent and effective speaker at the Worcester Convention, over which his father presided, and at which the Free-Soil party in his State was organized. After a short experience in the State Senate he was placed on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas.

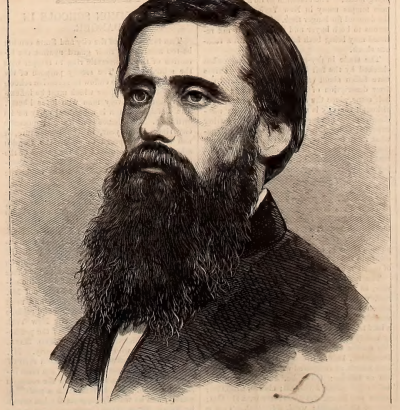
In 1854 he delivered a very notable charge to the Suffolk Grand Jury, expressing the indignation of New England sentiment at the return of ANTHONY BURNS. He took part as a delegate in the Philadelphia Convention of 1856, where the Republican party was born. Governor BANKS, in 1859, appointed him Judge of the Massachusetts Superior Court, to succeed Judge THOMAS. The New Attorney-General is a cousin of the retiring incumbent of the office, Mr. EVARTS.

JOHN A. RAWLINS,

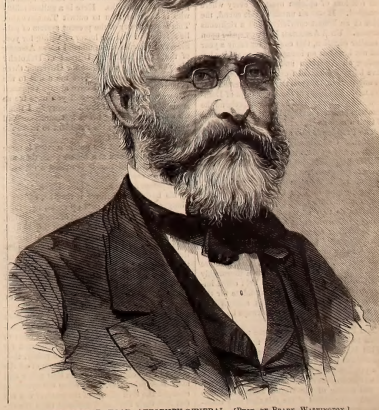
SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE President has made his late Chief-of-Staff his Secretary of War. It was fitting that one who had been so long associated with him, and who had proved himself a faithful servant through the eventful campaigns of a long war, should become his principal military adviser. With SHERMAN at the head of the ARMY, and RAWLINS at the head of the War Department, the people may well feel satisfied as to the future conduct of military operations.

General RAWLINS is a native of Illinois, having been born in Jo Daviess County, February 13, 1831. He is the youngest officer in GRANT'S Cabinet. He received a common school education, and until he was 23 years of age he was engaged in agricultural pursuits. He then entered a law office in Galena, Illinois, where he first be-



JOHN A. RAWLINS, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]



EBENEZER R. HOAR, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

came acquainted with GRANT. Next year he was admitted to the bar, and in the practice of law he was tolerably successful. His partner was MISS EMILY SMITH, of Goshen, New York, in 1856, and lived happily with her for five years, when she died, after having born of him three children.

General RAWLINS held no public office prior to the war, but he was known in Galena as an active and able Democratic politician. Soon after the Confederate forces fired upon Fort Sumter a large public meeting was held at Galena by the Republicans and War Democrats, at which President, then Mr. GRANT, presided, and General RAWLINS spoke. The speech of GRANT caused no surprise, as he was then unknown, and his views one way or the other made but little difference. The case was different with RAWLINS, however. He was widely known as a Democrat, and in his speeches last utterly denounced the Republicans. His declaration in favor of coercive measures was all the more surprising from the fact that at the time the great leader of his wing of the Democratic party, Senator DOUGLAS, had not yet made known his intended action.

In August, 1861, RAWLINS was, at GRANT'S request, appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General. He was chosen Chief-of-Staff in November, 1862, a position which he retained until his present appointment. In the line of promotion Captain RAWLINS was made Major February 16, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel November 1, 1862, and Brigadier-General of Volunteers August 11, 1863. On March 3, 1865, he was confirmed as Brevet Major-General of Volunteers. He is said to be the most thorough and practical Adjutant-General in the Army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE President probably did not expect that he was not to have trouble by getting into the White House, and he is not disappointed. The range of duties and the official methods are different from those to which he has been most accustomed, but he has the sagacity which swiftly adapts itself to changed circumstances, and a certain coolness which enables him justly to weigh reasons. Amidst the tempest of rumors and speculations from Washington, the wise man will fix his eye steadily upon what has been actually said and done by the President, if he would properly estimate the probability of his administration. It is well for every body to remember that for every office in the country there will probably be a dozen or more applicants. Consequently the number of the dissatisfied will be enormous, and when a Republican shall be found doubtfully over the new administration, it will be always a most searching inquiry whether he wished for any thing or had recommended any body, and whether his wishes and recommendation were successful. If, on the other hand, Mr. TOOTS, who thought nothing so democratic and delightful as a slave-holding despotism, suspects General GRANT of monarchical tendencies—why, Mr. TOOTS will be Mr. TOOTS.

The President's first word was his inaugural. It was brief, manly, decisive, and satisfactory. He said that the national honor must be maintained by fulfilling the spirit of the law, and that freedom of opinion must be every where protected. It was an unmistakable sound, the voice of an honest conviction, and a righteous purpose. Until ABRAHAM LINCOLN spoke upon a similar occasion, this country for many years had not heard at an inauguration any thing becoming an American and a man. Since we have happily emancipated from that baleful epoch let any man reflect upon the kind of person who was made President in the latter days of Democratic ascendency, and he will comprehend the immense progress marked by the mere presence of such a man as GRANT in the White House.

The President's first act was his choice of a Cabinet. Such sagacity it was a disappointment, as any Cabinet must have been, and the greater disappointment because the previous silence of the President had excited expectations that no result could satisfy. Mr. LINCOLN'S plan of calling into his Cabinet all his rivals in the nominating Convention was as severely criticised as that of General GRANT in summoning those whom he believed fitted for the duties of their offices. Mr. BUCHANAN'S Cabinet was a political, signally destitute of ability, and a mere conspiracy. Its single suspicious member was General CASS, whose recommendation was that he was a thoroughly disciplined Democrat, who had held office incrementally, and had been a candidate for the Presidency. There are obvious reasons why the selection of a Cabinet will always be a disappointment.

The President's first signature to a bill was given to that which embodies the declaration of his inaugural that the public faith must be maintained both in spirit and to the letter. It is a proclamation to the world that no kind of mean subterfuge or evasion will be countenanced by the people of the United States, and is a formal confirmation of the fact that they utterly condemn the dishonest public policy presented in the last Democratic platform.

There has been a long delay upon the part of the President to await the action of the Senate upon the Tenure-of-Office bill. Whatever the action of the Senate may be, we presume that the President will see his course to be plain. The initiative in executive administration belongs to him. If he is of opinion that the public welfare requires the removal of an officer he should nominate a successor, and leave to the Senate the responsibility of retaining him. But there is no disposition in the President or for the country to fear that the Senate wishes to thwart the President's desire of a vigorous and honest administration. If it does, if it should plainly connive at corruption or inefficiency, by refusing to confirm those whom the President might name for the purpose of pure administration, the Senate would certainly be held to the strictest accountability. The President is responsible for his "judgment" in suggesting the removal of an officer. But, as Senator CONKLING truly said, it is useless to suppose that he can not remove except for reasons that could be maintained in a court of justice.

The President is not a man to be dismayed by difficulties, and with an able and harmonious Cabinet; with a Congress friendly and not unruly; and with the intelligent confidence of the country, his administration is not likely to disappoint the anticipations which the hope of his election excited.

THE WASHINGTON STEEPLE CHASE.

THE most powerful argument for a good Civil Service bill is the spectacle now offered in Washington. That city is occupied by an enormous crowd of persons, many of whom are of the highest intelligence, and are influenced by the most honorable motives, but all intent upon securing office. The business of the nation, the legislation of Congress, are virtually subordinated to this pursuit. Senators and Representatives are dogged, and hunted, and besieged, and entreated, and their rooms more office-brokers. They can not help it. It is the ugly condition of their situation. A Secretary, or a Postmaster-General, or a Revenue Commissioner, or a notorious Democratic wire-pulling office-broker is not appointed without a faction for his "claims" and his "services," every body looks out for himself, and Auld Lang Syne Ben for another.

It is amusing and preposterous and exasperating to hear the arguments urged to persuade the influences upon the appointing power. The theory of the "spoils system" is that every man every American citizen is fully competent to any possible position. Here is an excellent opportunity to put the theory into actual test. Here is a capital plumber who insists upon appraising Canton silks. Here is a gallant middy who is just the man to outwit Talleyrand. Here is the theory of the practical system of public service. I had the honor of voting for you, Sir—will you please recommend me as Assessor of the Five Points? Please appoint me Consul, Sir, you were my candidate for Governor three years ago—will you just give me a line to the Foreign-Secretaryship? I have always supposed you were my friend, Sir—that I was fitted for Assistant Secretary of the Treasury? I think we staid in adjoining towns last summer—will you write privately to the President to make me Consul at Shanghai?

The result is that the public service is more wretchedly inefficient and at a higher price than any private work, and that it is not the object of office to a man's capacity to be concerned in it. An incompetent fellow finding himself going behind in his business, whose credit is suddenly plunges into politics; gets up clubs, meetings, processions; is the active man of the campaign, obtains requisite support, not a great deal of ability, and the election over, presents himself and his requests payment in an office. Is such a gentleman likely to be proof against the temptations of office? That he will be a thief, is evident; but may he not also prove to be a knave? Of course this is no reason for intrusting the public service to precisely similar gentlemen of the other party. If, indeed, the private system must continue, by all means let the offices be filled by those who sympathize with the Administration. This the people have a right to demand; for when they have pronounced for certain principles and a particular policy, they do not wish the vast, moral influence of all the offices in the country to thwart that policy and flout those principles. But when the system is changed the civil officers of the country will not feel that their livelihood depends upon the defeat or the success of a party, and much of the peculiar acrimony of our politics will disappear.

Certainly every good citizen must see that it is not desirable—that it is very perilous—that a Presidential election should be regarded merely as a grand battle for the spoils of the civil service. It is a corrupting tendency which this country can not possibly endure. The only practicable present remedy lies in putting honorest and capable men of the Administration party, not merely ile loud partisans, in office; but the relief must come from a reasonable Civil Service bill, which will make the competency for appointment to be determined by a party club or committee. We do not think that this Administration should disregard party in its appointments. But we do think that partisan considerations alone ought not to secure office.

THE PRESENT STATE OF TRADE.

SOUTHERN merchants arrived in New York earlier this year than last, and they are present in larger numbers than at any period except before the war. The anomaly of their arrival in advance of the usual preparation to meet them—at least, as to some description of goods—is due to the fact that last season goods were exposed before there were customers, and it was deemed inexpedient to be ready this year till as soon as the South, however, is now in much stronger, and has contributed considerable activity to business.

The tendency to be in market for purchases for spring at a much earlier period each season is a feature of the trade which conforms with great precision to the improved means of communication with interior points. Eastern and Western merchants are not here in force, as they may buy later and yet receive their goods in time. In former years goods purchased here were sent to their destination up the Mississippi, by way of New Orleans, to points which are now reached from New York and other Atlantic cities by railroad. Those that formerly went but by steamer; but there are large populations up the Red River, the Arkansas, and other tributaries of the Mississippi which have no means except water communication to receive packages sent from New York. Many months were consumed in the transportation, and if there were no spring freshets on the upper waters of the Mississippi, those who traded where the streams were shallow had to wait until the early summer heats had melted the snows of the Rocky Mountains, and furnished a sufficient depth of water. Now, however, there is a gain in the transportation to New Orleans, which is wholly by steamers, instead of sailing vessels, and large steamers run thence to the head of ordinary navigation, such, for instance, as Shreveport, on the Red River, and smaller steamers are then used for the "up country."

In all parts of the Union this tendency to defer purchases as late as possible is operating. And it is believed that with the substitution of short for long credits, as most traders rely on prompt sales in their respective localities to meet their obligations in New York. In the present condition of affairs long credits would be exceedingly impolitic, as it is impossible to know what changes may occur between the creation and maturity of paper having much time to run. All who look to safety and certainty should sternly discountenance the effort to extend the credits of trade which are now being made. The position to do a large business tempts many in New York to accede to the demand for longer time. The policy is dangerous to both buyer and seller, and if not resisted may bring both face to face with a ruinous shock.

The trade in dry-goods has been somewhat checked by the fall in cotton fabrics. These have fallen about two cents per yard, and the finer description of shirtings about one and a half cents, since the spring trade opened, and, although the city is well full of country merchants, many are tempted to wait for a further expected fall. Raw cotton was offered somewhat more freely at the close of the week closing on the 20th March, owing to some extent to failures among small cotton-spinners reported in Manchester, and to the inability of manufacturers there to elevate the price of their cotton fabrics to a level with the price of the raw material. A renewed disposition to resort to short time is announced. The Board of Trade returns for 1868 show a diminution in the British export of cotton and linen goods and woolen manufactures of nearly five millions pounds sterling, mitigated somewhat by an increase in the export of worsted stuffs and yarns of nearly a million and a half.

The total of exports had fallen off for the year, as compared with 1867, a million and a half, while the imports had increased nearly seven millions, leaving an account less favorable, as compared with 1867, of sixteen and a half millions of pounds sterling, or in currency nearly one hundred millions of dollars. Of this excess of imports £6,000,000 occurred in December, 1868. Some of the items of it for that month, as compared with December, 1867, are as follows: Oil-cake, £285,000; tallow, £658,000; butter, £559,000; cheese, £135,000; bacon and hams, £196,000; seeds, £412,000; cotton, £3,541,000; wool, £460,000. This is called by the London *Economist* of March 6 an extraordinary augmentation. These figures show unmistakably some of the effects of the drought of 1867, as much of the excess of importation was due to that calamity.

The question whence the large supplies required until after the new harvest will be obtained is a deeply interesting one to this country, as we have all descriptions of grain and food on hand to sell if the limits now affixed by English purchasers are advanced so as to tempt our farmers to send to market. Messrs. A. & C. STEWART, of Birmingham, in their grain trade circular of March 4, say: "In February we usually have some improvement in the value of wheat. This year, however, the price has declined 2*s.* per quarter, and flour, 3*s.* 4*d.* per sack. This we attribute to the quick passage of ships recently sailed from ports east of Gibraltar, that were filled with those ports as sea, springing on the market at one time great quantities of grain from the Danube, Black, and Azof Seas. There are now, however, only 180 left afloat from these places, against 490 at this time last year."

The dependent condition of the kingdom for food to maintain her population of over 30,000,000, and for the raw material which is used in manufactures, is met by efforts of unparalleled activity to obtain the needed supplies. No matter how abundant and bounteous the exuberance, real or supposed, of crops in one portion of the world is paraded in those countries in which there is a society which exists safe at moderate rates. This incessant activity, aided by exaggerated reports of the home production, enables English dealers to obtain the immense supplies required from foreign countries for subsistence at the lowest rates. The interest which leads to this policy is easily understood when it is known that for two hundred millions of dollars, measured by our currency, must be annually sent away to purchase food, and that this enormous sum must be earned from all parts of the world by the profits of manufacturing industry.

That a people thus situated should be able to dictate to every country—amply supplied not only with both the raw material and food, but also with coal, with water-power, and all the appliances for success—what we shall pay for her manufactures, and what we shall take for our food, would be impossible if we were not provided with financiers, the managers of banks, who contribute incessantly to this tributary alliance.

There is but one class in the Union which can save the country from this disadvantage. It is the great agricultural interest. That interest, if it continue sound in its finances, as we trust it may, this powerful interest, by holding its supplies until remunerating prices are offered at their farms, may avoid the slaughter which will be easy if they press their produce prematurely upon the sea-board.

Our harvest this year are much too large—due in part to the sale of our bonds in Europe at advanced prices; but notwithstanding this error in policy and the certainty of ultimate suffering, there is ample ground for expecting a satisfactory season. The quantity of paper-money will continue unaffected by any Congressional action, and we may go on safely for the present, looking with such apprehension as the future as to require all possible caution in our dealings.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS IN DANGER.

THE tax-payers of the city and State can not be too much upon their guard against the intention of the Democratic ring to tamper with the school fund. The steady purpose of the Romish Church is to endow its sectarian schools by the State—a purpose which must be inflexibly resisted by every man who loves liberty. The Romish Church is a political society for its own ends. Its alliance is with the Democratic city ring. Last year, in the Legislature, it was virtually proposed to endow the Romish schools; but the protest from the people of the State was so startling that the plan was abandoned, and what was granted was under the name of charity.

The intention of many of the Democratic managers in this city, who are also Catholics, is well understood. They propose to obtain complete control of the school system, that they may use the three millions of dollars of school-money for their party purposes; and then secretly, and in large, the ascendency in the Legislature, the schools of the Romish Church will receive a proportionate share of the State fund. The attempt was begun during the autumn, when it was proposed to turn out Mr. BOESE, the accomplished, efficient, and most satisfactory Secretary of the Board, and replace him by Mr. HITCHMAN, a young New York Democratic politician, who is one of the political friends of Messrs. SWEENY, TWEED, HALL, and COMPANY, who manage the party. Mr. BOESE is a Democrat, but he is also a man of long and active experience, and of the most intelligent and profound interest in the common school system. Mr. HITCHMAN is a politician merely, and he warmly supports the bill drawn by Messrs. SWEENY and Company, which is now before the Legislature.

Should this bill pass Messrs. SWEENY and

Company become the Board of Education of this city. The Mayor, one of the firm, is authorized to appoint twelve Commissioners instead of three now elected in the school districts, who are to hold office until the end of this year; and at the next annual election twelve Commissioners are to be elected upon general ticket. The whole fund being meanwhile in the hands of the Mayor's appointees, and the 2000 teachers being within their appointment, an immense sum can be raised for the party, the election of the "right man" can be secured, and the change of the State policy of non-sectarian schools to a distribution of the school-fund will follow.

Of course, if the schools of one church may be removed by force, those of all churches may be. Sectarian lines will be drawn more and more sharply. The principle of impartiality once broken down any consequence may ensue. When the State recognizes any church it may choose to recognize but one. It will naturally prefer that which is most fully represented in the dominant party; and our good friend, Father HECKER, will undoubtedly smile as he supposes he sees this evidence of the good time coming when the Yankees will acknowledge the Pope as their spiritual sovereign.

The duty of the people of New York is plain. They are heavily taxed for the support of common schools. The new Constitution provides for the free instruction of all persons between seven and twenty years of age. Let the people insist that those schools shall be utterly free from the least taint of sectarianism. The action of the Romish priests that children ought to be religiously taught has nothing to do with the question. Nobody denies that children ought to be religiously taught, but every one vehemently denies that the State ought to teach them religion. To teach religion, it must have a religion; but while the State or the body of its citizens may be as religious as they will, they can not, as a State, profess or encourage any particular form or all forms of religion without imperiling religious and political liberty. The Democratic ring wishes to destroy the present common school system of the city, and the Romish party surprised the scheme. The immediate result will be to make the whole school system tributary to MESSRS. SWEENY, TWEED, HALL, and Company. The real objects are: first, the political advantage of those gentlemen; and second, the sectarian distribution of the State school fund in favor of the Romish Church as a bid for votes.

LATEST FROM THE DEMOCRACY.

THE late address of the Democratic members of the Indiana Legislature, who arrogate their places rather than vote upon the Fifteenth Amendment, is ludicrous and humiliating; but it contains the substance of the Democratic opposition every where. Kentucky has rejected the Amendment; so has Delaware; so will New Jersey; the Democratic members of the New York Legislature opposed it—and all virtually for the reason laid down in the Indiana address. This, therefore, may be considered the latest political manifesto of the party that calls itself the "white man's friend."

"We believe," say the Indiana gentlemen, "the government was formed *for* white men, in the *interest* of white men, as well as we *know* it was created *by* white men." The words are theirs; and grammar, truth, reason, and common-sense sink in one general ruin in this comical profession of faith. The real object of the founders of the government are so familiar to intelligent persons that it is needless to repeat them. Their general view was that slavery was incompatible with the principles of the government; but that it was rapidly disappearing, and would soon end, while color was not a bar to the welfare. If WASHINGTON, and MADISON, and HAMILTON, and JEFFERSON, and GEORGE MASON, and JAMES OTIS, and JOHN ADAMS, the men who signed the Declaration and the Constitution, were living to-day, every body knows how earnest would be their support of the Amendment.

And if it were not so—if the fathers had held a different opinion in their time and under their circumstances, is it impossible for Indiana Democrats to see that we live in other times and circumstances? Is it true that there are not always now that the suffrage is equal in the old slave States; now that we must have a vast population of paupers, created and the suffrage to all; now that agitation of the question is as wise and timely as the discussion of the Louisiana purchase; now that the country has finally and authoritatively pronounced upon the question why do not the Indiana Democrats take up a new line, which there might be some hope of holding? Precisely as much as when these bewildered statesmen opposing the prohibition of the African slave-trade. They will be sending petitions to the White House, praying General JACKSON not to relax his terrible hold of Mr. NICHOLAS BIDDLE. They will go to the people of Indiana upon the question of adopting the Monongahela Constitution. These worthy gentlemen call themselves "hard-headed representatives"—of legume vits or iron-wood?

The Indiana Democratic representatives declare that "every thing is made to bow to this insane folly of negro worship," but they propose to protest to the end. If "all constitutional and legal barriers, and middle walls of partition (*sic*) between the races, are to be broken down," what ghastly consequences will not follow? These people are to be educated! They are to labor! They are to be equal in the making of the laws that govern them! And if you break down middle walls of partition what is to prevent the ingenuous Democratic youth of Indiana from intermingling with those who are not white people? What is to become of the instinct of inferiority that we Democrats are forever praising of, if constitutional and legal barriers give way? If "the degraded colored race" are not to be treated as cattle, "then will our whole State be flooded with this population."

And more of the same, said the sententious but fatigued usher announcing the Smith family at the levee. The feeblest clap-trap of a desperate Democratic campaign speech of twenty years ago is paraded by these weighty Indiana gentlemen as an inevitable step of progress. And the party which will not learn, which in the midst of the war cried out for surrender, and when the war was over demanded repudiation and restoration of the rump of the slave power, can only falsify history and insult human nature in its frantic and futile effort to save some relic of antiquated injustice.

THE REPORT ON LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

A QUIET observer of public affairs in this State for many years will probably arrive at the conclusion that with all their outcry against legislative corruption the leading journals are not very anxious for reform. Some time ago the *Tribune* directly charged Senators in a body with receiving money for votes. It emphasized its charge in the strongest manner by appeals to the conscience of the people in matter of universal notoriety. And, indeed, the corruption of some members of the Legislature is as generally believed as the fact of a Legislature. The Senate, however, investigated the chief paper of its majority as corrupt, ordered an investigation. Mr. MATTHEW HALE, Mr. TRAVER, and Mr. NICHOLS were the committee appointed, and three honest men never sat on any Legislature. Mr. HALE, the chairman, is an able and sagacious lawyer, cool and independent, and perfectly familiar with politics and politicians.

Now what did every body know when the investigation began? That under the present law it is impossible, even if there is also a fool, to obtain actual evidence of bribery. All that a committee of investigation can do is to collect circumstances and from them infer what has been proved. Is it the duty of the committee to report that a certain Senator is charged with crime; that they have taken pains to find the proof; that they have not found it, and that they believe him guilty? "No," says the impatient reader, convinced that a Senator did take bribes —no, but they can not prove it, and so does every body can draw the necessary inference. If they believe, with the rest of us, that one of their number took money and yet can not prove it, they can make the statement and infer the guilt; they say there is no proof, yet morally convict him, and then they can show how to convict in future." Certainly they may; and this is precisely what the committee did.

SENATOR MATTOON was charged with accepting bribes. The actual proof of that fact is necessarily wanting. It is notorious that to establish that large sums of money were spent for corrupt purposes; that lobby agents, who are named, received money for that purpose; that they had access to influence Senatorial votes; and the committee present chronologically MR. MATTOON's connection with the whole subject in such a way as to make it clear that he was any candid mind both of his guilt and of the committee's opinion. They certainly had no right to say that they believed the charge unproved, still less to declare Mr. MATTOON probably guilty, and move his expulsion upon their surmise. But having most carefully, conscientiously, and thoroughly investigated the charge—having ascertained that the *Tribune* asserted upon rumor merely, the committee proceeded to say, what other perpetrators would be chary of their investigation had confirmed, that until the law is changed such allegations must always be rumor, that hawks in or out of the Senate can always defy them, and that a change of the law is essential to proof of guilt.

If ever there were an honest and able committee making a faithful report and recommending a wise reform, it was here. They distinctly state that the proof carries them to a certain point which falls short of the vital fact. They show also that under the present law it is impossible to go further, and propose a method of reaching the important point; and thereupon they are denounced by the papers as "shirks" and "whitewashers." Of course, the *Tribune*, which had made the specific charge of which the committee gave all the proof that there is, was disposed to insinuate that there was more if the committee had wanted it; but why should the *Times*, which has so well urged the very difficulty which the committee encountered, and so strongly advocated the remedy that they suggest, turn upon them as if they were probably as deep in the mire as somebody in the mud? And the *Evening Post*, also, with which we always gladly co-operate in any honest reform, seems to be unwilling to prevent this cause.

Certainly the course which our friends have pursued in denouncing the efforts of the Senators to secure the exposure and punishment of bribery is not very encouraging to honest legislators. If the press denounces committees who try to prove that the press wishes to have proved, why should we talk about corruption? What bribery of public men is worse than the declaration of the whole journalism that they will be denounced in the papers if they do not say what they are expected to say?

LITERARY.

MR. BOWLES is one of the raciest and most stimulating of travelers who tell their adventures. His book of two or three years ago describing the overland journey to California was not only like Mr. OLMSTED's books of Southern travel, as full of valuable information as an egg of meat, but it was as breezy and picturesque as the trip itself. It was one of the heartiest American books ever written. And this delightful little volume describing the first record of an editor's vacation ramble to Colorado, and it may truly be said that what this book does not tell of Colorado is not worth knowing. But it is attractive not only for the hard facts of mines and ores, and other statistics, but for its vivid descriptions both of nature and of human nature. We have no room to quote, but if we had we could offer the reader "bits" and "landscapes" that would tempt him to write for Mr. BOWLES's new county will presently become, the Switzerland of America. Whatever the changes in that region, and however rapid, this volume and its graphic censor will have a perennial interest and value. (SMITH, ENGLISH, & Co., Publisher, S. BOWLES & Co., Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI's long-expected book, "My Recollections of Lord Byron," has just been issued by the HARPERS, and will be eagerly read by thousands of those upon whom the fame of Byron has a power and still active. They are indeed a striking and entertaining contribution to a period of literary history which is profoundly interesting to this generation. The book contains a summary of the many judgments passed upon the famous poet in detail, and represents him in some lights that are both novel and surprising.

THE Maid of Saragossa and MOLL PITCHER stand in a pleasant light of historical romance; but their sex never produced a truer heroine than HARRIET TUBMAN, who was born a slave in Maryland, and who, after her own escape, devoted herself to the rescue of others. A little volume has been published in Auburn, made up of the story of her life as she tells it, and as it is known to many of those who were most interested in the underground railroad. It is a pitiful but profoundly interesting tale. It makes the nerves of an honorable man tingle, indeed, to think that it is not a romance of some delicate and decrepit old country, but the true story of our American times and of a living woman. The work, which is very small, can be obtained by those who would help a really noble woman at A. D. F. RANDOLPH's, or by sending to WM. G. WEIR, Esq., AUBURN, N. Y.

MR. JOHN JAMES PIATT's "WESTERN WINdows," published by Robert Clarke & Co., is a volume of poetry from the West, remarkable for purity and simplicity of feeling, and for a true child passion. There is a delicate beauty in many of the verses, a genuine tenderness, which are delightful. Some of the ballads of the war in this volume have been surpassed, and will certainly remain as most true and striking contemporary pictures. The little volume comes from unbeaten ground, but it will worthy attention of all who follow with interest and curiosity the development of our literature.

SEVER & FRANCIS, in a cheap issue of their comely "Golden Treasury" series, give us PALGRAVE'S delightful selection of the best English lyrical poetry by authors not living, with the "Book of Golden Deeds," by MISS YONGE—a charming collection of romantic tales. They also publish, in a cheap but neat form, "Arne: a Story of Norwegian Life," by BOERNSTERNE BJORNson, who has made himself most pleasantly known to English story-readers, and who is said to translate his own works into English, French, German, and Italian. The same firm have issued MRS. SHELLEY'S "Frankenstein"—a story of which many of this generation of readers have heard, but which is now first made accessible to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 15:

In the Senate, the bill for the Reorganization of the Navy passed with amendments.—The Tenure-of-Office bill was debated, Messrs. Trumbull, Sherman, Morton, Conkling, Howard, and Saunders speaking in favor of unconditional repeal.

March 16:

In the Senate, the debate on the Tenure-of-Office bill was continued. Senator Sherman made an effective speech in favor of repeal. Senators Carpenter and Edmunds ably argued on the other side.

March 18:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Printing to inquire into the expediency of procuring the reports of proceedings in secret session taken down in his journal by the late Senator M'Clay of Pennsylvania.—The debate on the Tenure-of-Office Bill was continued. Senator Brownlow argued in favor of repeal.

March 19:

In the Senate, a bill to continue the Educational and Collection Departments of the Freedmen's Bureau was passed.

In the House, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

In compliance with the recent Act of Congress the Infantry of the army is being consolidated into twenty-five regiments. Each company will have a reserve for duty (captain, 1 first-lieutenant, 1 second-lieutenant, and not more than 6 sergeants, 6 corporals, 2 musicians, 2 artificers, 1 wagoner, and 100 privates. In the selection of field-officers General Sherman has regarded the proven merit of officers who distinguished themselves during the war. These among the colonels are: Brevet Major-General of S. W. Crawford, G. W. Getty, N. A. Miles, W. B. Hazen, John Gibbon, A. G. Gibbon, O. B. Willcox, L. C. Grittenden, T. H. Ruger, George Sykes, George Stoneman, E. R. S. Canby, and J. J. Reynolds, Inspector-General in the Lieutenant-Colonels we find J. H. Potter, A. G. Brackett, C. S. Lovett, R. Hunt, A. J. D. M'Cook, G. D. Bush, H. A. Morrow, August V. Kautz, H. Lazelle, Wager Swayne, A. B. Ayres, L. H. Pelouze, George Crosby, and Wm. Grower.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan is assigned to command the Military Division of the Missouri; Major-General H. W. Halleck to that of the Pacific; Major-General Meade to that of Major-General George H. Thomas to that of the Cumberland; Major-General Hancock to that of the Atlantic; Major-General Schofield to the Department of the Missouri; and Brigadier-General Brevet Major-General Sheridan to the Department of Louisiana.

Among the field-officers appointed by the recent order of the President are Colonels S. F. Heintzelman, Daniel Butterfield, Gouverneur K. Warren, J. C. Reynolds, Innis N. Palmer, Wagner Swayne, all lately acting as Brigadier or Major-Generals; Lieutenant-Colonels Joseph A. Haskin, Robert Pickens Hamil, Alfred Sully, James B. Wilcox (the author of "Rifle and Light Infantry"), Frederick T. Dent (a brother-in-law of the President), and Thomas M. Vincent, Assistant Adjutant-General. These latter have also ranked as Brigadier or Major-Generals of Volunteers. Several captains and sixty-four officers of all grades will be retained.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Corporation of Harvard College have completed the twenty-fifth year of their institution. Acton upon this momentous event was taken on April 7th. The college is only thirty-five years of age.

A number of rich paintings by Gustave Doré are now in the custom-house at this port awaiting the order of the owner. They are valued at about \$100,000.

The Boston Peace Jubilee, among them The Wedding Scene at Bethany, The Last Supper, The Crucifixion, The Ascension, a monk-scene—were sent to the country some time ago, and have been on exhibition in Worcester and Springfield. The principal cities of the Union without paying duty.

The Fifteenth Amendment has been ratified, a few days after the arrival of the ill-fated vessel in that port.

Senor Morales Lemus has succeeded in the country fully empowered by President Grant.

The Provisional Government of Cuba is still in force.

The Fifteenth Amendment has been defeated in the Legislature of Delaware by a decisive majority.

The French cable company, through its agent, has purchased a tract of land at Duxbury, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, one mile south of Cut River, for the purpose of erecting a cable-house. Two cable-houses and buildings will be erected for the accommodation of the operators on the ocean-side and planting the patterns and other necessary apparatus.

General Samuel Fessenden, the father of Senator W. P. Fessenden, died at Portland on the night of March 21, at the age of eighty years.

Senator Sprague stated in a speech on the day after the death of his father-in-law that he intended to resume lawyers, and of the twenty-one remaining five were lawyers by legal education, and more than five remaining members are governed by lawyers and their teachings."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE draught of the New Spanish Constitution is soon to be submitted to the Cortes. It is said to establish complete civil and religious liberty, while it retains the Bourbons on the Spanish throne. Political disturbances have occurred in Andalusia owing to the opposition to conscription. Several small insurrections were waged and a large number of lives were lost.

The Prince of Hohenlohe has declined the direction of the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Captain Jochmus, of the Turkish contingent, Commander of reward for his skill and indomitable courage in conducting the retreat in disaster which he contributed to that vessel. The French citizens of New York have given a banquet in his honor.

Dr. Petermann is preparing to send out a new Polar expedition. It will sail in June.

The waters of the Mediterranean have been successfully introduced into the Great Salt Lake basin by the Suez Canal.

Celestino Olozaga, a nephew of Don Salustiano Olozaga, late Minister to Paris, was killed in a duel, March 17, by Don Cristino Martos, leader of the Spanish Liberal Cortes and one of its Secretaries.

The Irish Disestablishment Parliament has passed a bill securing freedom of speech in all the Diets of Germany.

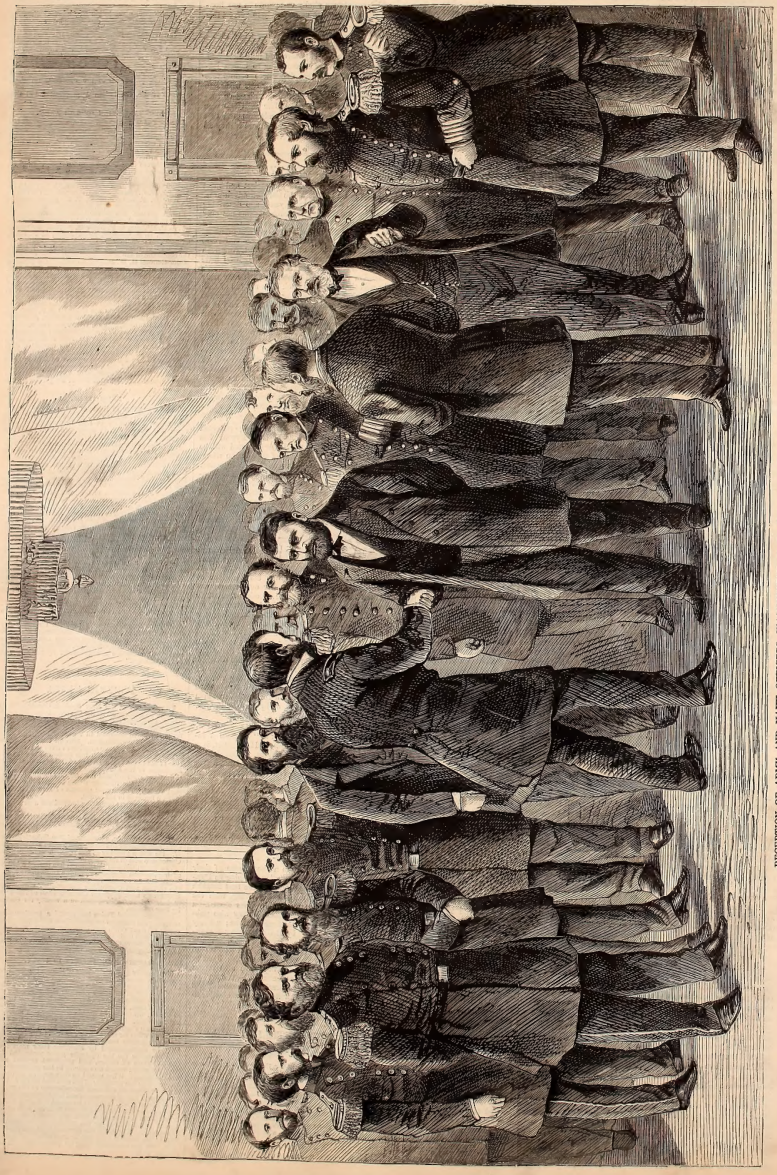
A prize contest for the Chancellorship between the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' eight-oared crews came off on the Thames on the afternoon of March 18, at four o'clock, and resulted in a victory for Oxford by three lengths.

Captain-General Dulce has issued a proclamation declaring the taxation on provisions and manufactured estate fifty per cent., and imposing additional duties on articles of consumption.

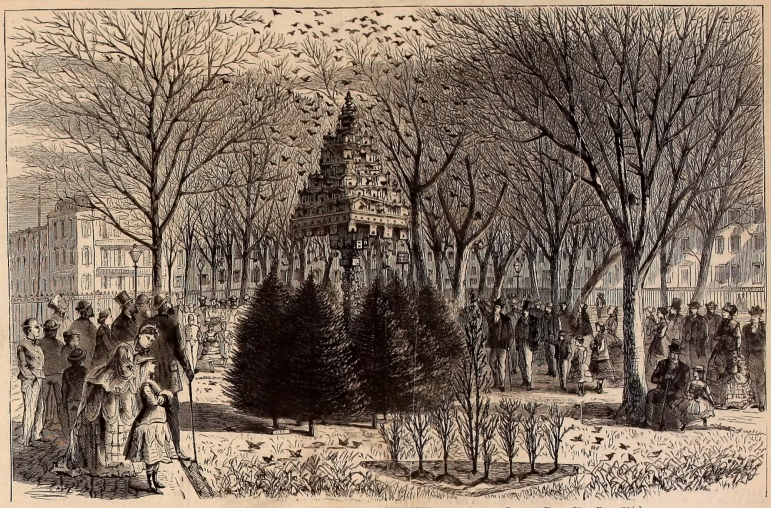
A slight earthquake shock was experienced in Lancashire, England, on March 16.

MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS IN ITALY.

The legality of the marriage of priests has been affirmed in the ecclesiastic court established by the Court of Appeal at Naples. The advocate of the priest who was desirous of entering into the married state argued that celibacy was in perfect contradiction to the spirit of the Holy Scriptures, and to the example of Christ, who selected for his disciples and apostles married men. Before the time of Hildebrand it was received with absurd of applause and vivas, which were renewed when the court on its exit from the court society the priests must be moralized, and this could not be accomplished by the celibacy of the clergy. The advocate for the opposite party contended for the celibacy of the clergy, and corrected many of the charges which would do violence to the prejudices of the multitude. What would be the result if a man who said mass in the presence of his wife and family? The Attorney-General followed the advocate of the priest in a speech full of eloquence, and distinguished by the most liberal views. He said that he would indeed be bold out his hand to a priest who took his wife to his bosom, but that one who took his concubine. The speech was followed by the widest demonstrations of applause. The court decided that the application for the priest's marriage is inadmissible, and directed that in the necessary shall be proceeded with according to law.



RECEPTION OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 214.]



THE SPARROWS' HOME, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

FULTON FISH-MARKET.

OTHER cities may boast of finer edifices, under the shelter of which the scaly inhabitants of our coasts and our rivers tempt the appetite of the epicure; but no city in the world can show so great a variety of fish as is daily displayed on the stands in Fulton Market, New York. Especially is this the case during the Lenten season, when a stroll through the avenues of the Market early on a bright spring morning is positively refreshing; the eye is gratified by the elegant outline and color of many of our fishes, and the sense of smell is not offended.

A visitor to the Market at this season will find, offered for sale, halibut, cod, haddock, striped bass, smelt, and shad, just taken from their briny element. Of fresh-water fishes he will be offered white-fish, pickerel, brook-trout, and salmon—this latter, kept by the new process of cold-air

FISH STANDS IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

reservoirs, as fresh, sweet, and delicate as when taken from Canadian streams last summer.

Formerly there appears to have existed some understanding between the shad and St. Patrick, for, on the 17th of March, shad were wont to allow themselves to be caught in the seines of our fishermen; but, for some reason or other, they have latterly declined visiting us until later in the season—those now offered in the Market being brought, for the most part, from North Carolina and the Chesapeake, and a few from Delaware.

The wholesale fish department in Fulton Market is quite an important interest, consisting of fourteen firms whose combined sales are over $2,000,000 a year, giving employment to a large number of men and sailors connected with 111 fishing-smacks which they own.

THE SPARROWS' HOME.

During the past few years our city and those immediately adjacent have been interested in the introduction of the English sparrow. In the parks of New York, and in the tree-lined streets of Jersey City and Brooklyn, the superabundance of insects, and particularly the annoyance of worms hanging from the branches and continually dropping upon passengers, became such burdensome nuisances that any means of relief was welcome. This relief was found in the sparrow. A few were imported, but they increased so rapidly that it is now becoming a question in some localities whether relief is not likely to become a nuisance themselves. They certainly are preferable to the worms; and our city government has done well, we think, in encouraging the sparrows to take up their permanent abode with us by affording them such pleasant homes as that on Union Square, which we illustrate on page 213.

It may be well to suggest to our readers in this connection that while it is wise to feed these birds in the winter time, it is better in all other seasons to turn them adrift to shift for themselves. In the very object of their introduction into this country would be thwarted by any other treatment.

RECEPTION OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of March 12 the officers of the army stationed in and around Washington assembled at the Navy Department to the number of about 60. They were attired in full uniform, and proceeded in a body to the office of Secretary Borie, where they were presented to him by Rear-Admiral D. Ammen, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. The Secretary received them in a most cordial manner, and impressed all very favorably by his affable demeanor. The presentation ceremonies lasted but a few moments, and when Secretary Borie had shaken hands with and exchanged a few pleasant remarks with most of them, the entire party, headed by Secretary Borie, went in a body to the Executive Mansion, where they entered the blue room and waited a few moments to be presented to the President. President Grant presently appeared, accompanied by General Sherman, and the officers were introduced to the President by Vice-Admiral Porter. The President shook hands with each of the officers, recognizing among those present were Vice-Admiral Porter, Rear-Admirals Smedburgh, Smith, Goldsborough, Dahlgren, and others.

While the naval officers were exchanging salutations, the officers of the army, headed by ex-Secretary Rawlins and General Sherman, entered and were announced. General Sherman approached the President, and the two shook hands warmly and vigorously. He then introduced the officers in turn. Among the distinguished officers present were Generals Harney, Ewing, Ingalls, Terry, Hardie, Heintzelman, Adjutant-General Townsend, and others. During the interview, the Secretary of War, General Rawlins, entered, and was instantly surrounded by the officers, who earnestly congratulated him upon his appointment to the War Office. It was a day of about an hour the interview terminated.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SORROW.

Or what followed that night of mourning I remember but snatches and brief glimpses. There is nothing more distinctly terrible than the mind in sorrow than the way in which the mere excitement of grief robs the intellect of all power of perception, and gives to the smallest, meanest incidents the prominence and force of great events. It is as though the jar given to the marvelous system had untuned us for the entire world, and all things came amiss. I am sure, indeed, I know it would have been impossible to have met more gentle and considerate kindness than I now experienced on every hand, and yet I found in a sort of feverish irritability as though expecting each moment to have my position questioned, and my right to be there disputed.

In obedience to the custom of the country, I was necessary that the funeral should take place within forty-eight hours after the death, though all the details had been carefully looked to by the Count's orders, certain questions still should be asked of me, and my assent obtained for certain acts.

The small Church of Hunyadi-Nagios was fixed on for the last resting-place. It contained the graves of eight generations of Hunyadis, and to accept a place among them to a stranger and a Protestant was deemed a high honor. Affliction seemed to have developed in me all the pride of my race, for I can recall with what sullen hauteur I heard of this concession, and rather took it as a favor accorded than accepted. A condescending sense of all that my father himself would have thought due to his memory was on me, and I turned my head to think that no mark of honor he would have desired should be forgotten. As a soldier, he had right to a soldier's funeral, and a "Honved" battalion, with their band, received orders to be present. Two miles around the landed gentry and nobles poured in, with bands of followers. Such a death in battle there was no such noble death as in the hunting-field, and the splendid prowess of my father's achievements had won him unperishable honor.

All was conducted as if for the funeral of a magnate of Hungary. At the moment when the deceased were proclaimed aloud as we entered the grave-yard, and each whose station entitled him to be thought a friend came forward and kissed the pall as the body was borne in.

One part of the ceremony overcame me altogether. When the final moment of mukkery had rung out over the grave a solemn pause of half a minute or so was to ensue, then the band was to burst out with the hymn "God preserve the Emperor!" and while a wild cheer arose, I was to spring into the saddle of my father's horse, which had been led up for the purpose, and to join the cheer. This soldier declaration that death was but a passing terror revolted me to the heart, and I declared that myself I could not do this. They would not yield, however; they regarded my reasons as childish remorse, and all half respected my courage besides. I do not know why I gave in, nor am I sure I ever did yield, but when the last solemn note had rung out slowly rose over the bier, I felt myself jerked up into the saddle of a horse that plunged wildly and struggled with its rider. With a rider's instinct I held my seat, and even managed the bounding animal with the hand of a practised horseman. The shouting and cheering shaken, while the air rang with the hoarse cheer of some thousand voices, and then a sickness like death itself gathered round me in spasms of horror, of where I was and why, came over me. My arms fell powerless to my sides, and I rolled from the saddle and fell senseless and stunned to the ground.

Without having received serious injury, I was for ill to be removed from the village of Nagios, where I was confined to bed for ten days. The doctor remained with me for some days, and came again and again to see his patient. The chief care of me, however, devolved on my father's valet, a smart young Swiss, whom I had difficulty in keeping at a distance, for which I fecily did he speak our language.

I soon saw this fellow was thoroughly conversant with all my father's history, and, whether in his confidence or not, knew every thing that concerned him, and understood his character to a nicety, almost to perfection. There was much adroitness in the way in which he showed me his, without the slightest approach to presuming my taste by any display of a supposed influence. Of his consummate tact I need give but one—very trivial instance. He had already contrived to denote the man. He, in addressing me as Sir Digby, remarked how the sound of my newly acquired title must be most pleasant to my mind at once, and ever after limited himself to saying simply, "Sir," which attracted no attention from me.

Another instance of his address I must record also. I had got my writing-desk on the bed, and was writing to my mother, when I had already dispatched two telegraphic messages, but as yet received no reply. "I beg pardon, Sir," said La Grange, entering in his usual noiseless fashion; "but I thought you would like to know that my lady has left Schloss Hunyadi. She took her departure half-an-hour ago, Sir."

"You mean—?" I faltered, not really knowing what I would say.

"Yes, Sir," said he, thoroughly aware of what was passing in my mind. "She admitted no one, not even the doctor, and started at last with only a few words of adieu to the servants." [ness.

"What impression has this left? How are they speaking of her?" asked I, blurting out against my will what was working within me.

"I believe, Sir," said he, with a very faint smile, "they say it all is Providence, and orders its. At least I have heard no other comments than such as would apply to these."

"Be sure that you give rise to no others," said I, sternly.

"Of course not, Sir. It would be highly unbecoming to do so."

"And greatly to your disservice besides," added I, severely.

He bowed in acquiescence, and said no more.

"How long have you served my father, La Grange?" asked I.

"About two years, Sir. I succeeded Mr. Nixon, Sir, who often spoke of you."

"Ah, I remember Nixon. What became of him?"

"He set up the Hotel Victoria at Spa, Sir. Yes, indeed, Sir, that he married, and married very well too?"

"No, I never heard of it," said I, carelessly.

"Yes, Sir; he married Mademoiselle Josephine Isabelle Pauline they used to call her at Brussels."

"What! Pauline Delorme?" said I, growing crimson with I know not what feeling.

"Yes, Sir, the same; and she's the size of old Pierre her father already; not but she's handsome still—but such a monster!"

I can not say with what delight I heard of her disfigurement. It was a malice that warmed my heart like some good wine.

"It was Sir Roger, Sir, that made the match."

"How could that be? What could he care about it?"

"Well, Sir, he certainly gave Nixon five hundred pounds to go and propose for her, and promised old Pierre his patronage if he agreed to it."

"Are you sure of this?" asked I, eagerly.

"Nixon himself told me, Sir. I remember he said, 'I haven't much time to lose about it, for the hotels are for sales, is quite ready to take her, on the same terms, and Sir Roger doesn't care which of us it is.'"

"Nor the lady either, apparently," said I, half crediby.

"Of course not. Pauline was too well brought up for that."

I was not going to discuss this point of ethics with Mr. La Grange, and soon fell off into a vein of reflection over each of these, and what they led to, which took me at last miles away from Pauline Delorme and her fascinations.

I would hardly have much to learn what sort of a life my father had led of late: whether he had plunged into habits of dissipation and excess; or whether my feeling of remorse had weighed with him, and that he sorrowed over the misery and the sorrow he had so recklessly shed around him; but I shrunk from questioning a servant on such matters, and merely asked as to his habitual spirits and temper.

"Sir Roger was unlike every other gentleman I ever lived with, Sir," said he. "He was never in high spirits except when he was hard up for money. Put him down in a little country inn to wait for his remittances, and live on a few francs a day till they arrived, and he never saw his equal for good-humor. He'd play with the children; he'd work in the garden. I've seen him harness the donkey-cart to go for a load of fire-wood. There's nothing he would not do to oblige, and with a kind word and a smile for every one all the while; but when remitting he'd get up with a dark frown on his face, and say, 'La Grange, get in your bills here and pay them; we must get back to Paris.' And off we'd go. I never will the banker's letter had come, and that whatever he might want it would not be money."

"And like it?"—Madame, I mean—no influence over him?"

"None, Sir, or next to none; he was all extremely with his wife, but, in dinner every day with great state, showed her every attention at table, left her at liberty to spend what money she liked. As for me, Sir, I never had a line to regret. I'm sure I had a bracelet, it was sent home. As to valet, I believe there are persons here who will testify to the change. I had two fourgons of her luggage alone when we came to the Schloss, and she was always saying there was something in the fourgon for me."

"Did not this irritate my father?"

"No, Sir; he was simply say, 'Don't whit, but write for it.' And I verily believe this indifference piqued her—she saw that no sacrifice of honor or duty was my thing, and this thought wounded her pride."

"So that there was not much happiness between them?"

"There was none, Sir! Something there was that Sir Roger would never consent to, but which she never ceased to urge on him; and I often wondered how she could go on to press a man of his dangerous temper as she did, and at times she would do so in the very verge of a provocation. Do you know, Sir," said he, after a short silence, "if I was to be on my oath to-morrow, I'd not say that he was not pushing his death when he met it. I never saw a man so sick of life—he was only puzzled how to lay it down without dishonor."

I motioned him to leave me as he said this, and of my father I never spoke to him more.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE END.

Two telegrams came from my mother. They were little more than messages. She had been ill, and was impatient to see me. In the last she added that she would shorten the distance between us to meet me, and begin to rejoice. It was to inquire for her at "Eldrige's Hotel."

I was no less eager to be with her; but there was a worry and confusion in which still delayed me. First of all, all my father's papers and effects were at Schloss Hunyadi, and some of these he all-essential to me. On arriving at the Castle, a sealed package addressed Sir Digby Norcott, Bart., in Madame Clermont's hand, was given me. On opening it I found it contained a bunch of keys, without one word of any kind. It was an unspeakable relief to me to discover that she had not even left her correspondence or her threats, and I could scarcely reassure my self that we had escaped so easily.

My father's personal luggage might have sufficed for half a dozen people. Not only did he possess every variety of clothes that an ordinary life could have required, but that he journeyed with every imaginable kind of weapon, together with saddlery and harness—gear of all fashion and shapes. Fishing-tackle and hunting-spears abounded; and lassos of Mexican make seemed to show that he had intended to have availed his experiences to the great savannas of the West.

From what I had seen of him, I was in no way prepared for the methodical regularity in which I found his papers. All that regarded his money matters was contained in one small oak desk, in which I found a will, a copy of which it was stated was deposited with Norton and Temple, solicitors, Farnival's Inn. The document ran thus:

"I leave whatever I may die possessed of in personal or real property to the wife I have long neglected, in trust for the boy I have done much to corrupt. With time, and in the enjoyment of better fortune, they may learn to forgive me; but, even if they should not, it will little trouble the rest of ROGER NORCOTT.

"I desire that each of my servants in my service at the time of my death should receive a quarter's wages; but no present or gratuity of any kind. It is a class that always served me with fear and dislike, and whose services I ever accepted with distrust and repugnance.

"I also desire that my retriever, 'Spy,' be shot as soon after my death as may be, and that my other dogs be given away to persons who have never known me, and that my heirs will be particular on this head, so that none shall pretend that they inherit this or that of mine in token of friendship or affectionate remembrance.

"There are also other objects of furniture in the care of Salter, the house-agent at Brussels, of which I beg my wife's acceptance—they are intrinsically of little value, but she will know how dearly we have both paid for them. This is all.

(Signed) ROGER NORCOTT.

"Witnesses, Joseph Grantes, head groom.

"Paul Lanton, house steward."

This will, which bore for date only four months prior to his death, did not contain any, the slightest allusion to Madame Clermont. Was it that by some ancient arrangement with her, I had taken care to provide for her, omitting, through a sense of delicacy to my mother, all mention of her name? This I could not guess at the time, nor did I ever discover afterward.

In a larger desk I found a mass of letters; they were tied in packets, each with a ribbon of different color; they were all in women's handwriting. There were several miniatures on ivory, one of which was of my mother as a girl of about eighteen. It was exceedingly beautiful, and wore an expression of girlish innocence and gladness perfectly charming. On the back, in my father's hand, there was—"Why won't they keep this look? I never believed it could exist."

Of the contents of the box I committed all to the flames except that picture. A third desk, the key of which was appended to his will, contained a manuscript in his writing, headed "My Clermont Episode, how it began, and how it was not long to be." I own it was with no small sorely to throw this into the fire without reading it; but I felt it would have been a disloyalty, which, had he lived, he never would have exacted, and so I restrained myself, and burned it.

One box, strongly strapped with bands of brass, and opening by a lock of most complicated mechanism, was filled with articles of jewelry, not only such trinkets as men affect to wear in shirt-studs and sleeve-buttons, but also many objects of women's wear; there were rings and charms, bracelets of massive make, and necklaces of great value. There were also several cross locks, to each of which was a locket, with a braid of very beautiful fair hair. This looked as though it had been worn, and if so, how had it come back to him again? by what story of sorrow, perhaps of death?

If a sentiment of honor and loyalty had made me burn all the letters, I had found there was no restraining the exercise of my imagination as to these relics, every one of which was linked with some story. In a secret drawer of this box was a considerable sum in gold, and a letter of credit for a large amount on Eschelles, of Vienna, by which it appeared that he had won the chief prize of the Frankfort lottery, in the spring preceding; a piece of fortune which, by a turn in his handwriting, I saw he believed was to cost him dearly: "What is the counterpoise to this bliss, in An infidelity, or a sudden death? I can't say that either affright me, but I think the last would be less of an infliction."

In every relic of him the same tone of mockery prevailed—an insolent contempt for the world —a disdain from which he did not exempt himself—went through all he said or did; and it was plain to see that, no matter how events went with him, he always sufficed for his own unhappiness.

What a relief it was to me to turn from this perpetual reference to some new affliction or to my dear mother's, written after their separation indeed, but in a spirit of such thorough forgiveness, and with such an honest desire for her welfare, that I only wondered how any heart could have resisted such loving generosity. I really believe would have spared even him at his humility. Every reference to their inequality of condition seemed to affect him like an insult; and so deep was the dread of her letters there, written, in pencil, "Does she imagine I ever forget from what I took her; or that the memory is a pleasant one?"

Mr. La Grange's curiosity to learn what amount of money my father had left behind him, and what was the disposition of his will touched my patience very hard indeed. I could not, however, exactly see how I could rid of him. He had long been intrusted with the payment of tradesmen's bills, and he was in a position to involve me in great difficulty if so disposed.

At last we set out for England; and never shall I forget the strange effect produced upon me by the first sight of my new station returned toward me. It seemed to me but yesterday that I was the companion of poor Hansel, of the "Lion's Head," at Canterbury, and his protégé, one of the favored of the earth. The fame of being rich spreads rapidly, and my reputation on that head nothing but modest reserve or forbearance of my valet. I was of another opinion—too, as the son of that daring Englishman who had lost his life so heroically. Heaven knows how La Grange had related the tragic incident, nor with what embellishment he had been pleased to adorn it. I can only say that half my days were passed in assuring eager inquirers that I was neither present at the adventure nor wounded in the affray; and all my efforts were directed to proving that I was a most insignificant person, and without the smallest claim to interest on any side.

Arrived in London, I was once more a "personage;" at least, to my family solicitors. My

father's will had been already proved, and I was recognized in all form as the heir to his title and fortune. They were eager to know would I restore the family seat at Hexham. The Abbey was an architectural gem that all England was proud of, and I was eagerly entreated not to suffer it to drop into decay and ruin. The representation of the borough—long neglected by my family—only needed an effort to secure; and would I not accept the ambition of a parliamentary life? What glimpses of future greatness were shown me! what possibilities of charm that attained that I took him now with me! Never! And all this time I was pining to clasp my mother to my arms; to pour out my whole heart before her, and tell her that I loved a poor Jewish girl, silent and half-sad looking, but whose low soft voice still echoed within my heart, whose cold hand had left a thrill after its touch that had never ceased to move me.

"Oh, Digby, my own, own darling!" cried she, as she hugged me in her arms, "what a great tall fellow you have grown, and how like—how like him!" and she burst into a torrent of tears, renewed every time that she raised her eyes to my face, and saw how I resembled my father. There remained an ecstasy in this grief which she never wearied, and day after day she would sit holding my hand, gazing wistfully at me, and only turning away as her tearful eyes grew dim with weeping. I will not dwell on the days we passed together, full of sorrow they were, but a sorrow so hallowed by affection that we felt an unspeakable calm shed over us.

My first kindness to my father, as the first saw him, during her mind went to that period, and she never ceased to talk of that time of hope and happiness. Ever ready to ascribe any thing unfavorable in his character to the evil influences of others, she maintained that though occasionally carried away by hot temper and passion, he was not one bit the less of honor but had a heart of tenderness and gentleness. Curious to find out what sudden change of mind had led to the history of the incident, we received for answer, that though bound strictly to secrecy at the time, events had since occurred which in a measure removed that obligation. The advance, he declared, came from the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, Frankfort, having failed at that time, but there was no longer the same necessity for reserve. "It is only this morning," he added, "that we received news of the death of the Herr Ignas Oppovich, the last of this once opulent firm now reduced to utter ruin."

My mother's head, I guessed on each other in silence as we read these words, when at length she threw her arms around me and said, "Let us go to her, Digby; let us rest out this very day."

Two days after we were on the Rhine. I was seated with her together on the deck of a river steamer, when I was startled to hear a voice enter my name. The speaker was a party acquaintance of mine, who walked the deck with a companion to whom he talked in a loud tone.

"I tell you, Sir," said he, "that Lord Scott's, who has seen those new cool-fields and the Hexham property, can't have less than ten thousand a year."

"And he's going to marry a rich Austrian Jewess they say," replied the other, "as if his own fortune was not enough for him."

"He'll marry her, and desert her just as his father did."

I have but to say that I accomplished one part of this prediction, and hope never to fulfill the other.

REVOLT OF CONVICTS AT SING SING.

THE quiet little village of Sing Sing, on the Hudson, was, on the 18th of March, thrown into a fever of excitement by the startling announcement of desperate and murderous revolts among the convicts of the State Prison. The first of these occurred between three and four o'clock in the morning. At about that time Mr. FORREST, one of the night-keepers, went to the cells in one of the corridors, and released five convicts, whose duty it was to descend to the cook-room and prepare breakfast for the inmates of the prison. As the convicts stepped from their cells Mr. FORREST passed to the office, where he left the keys, and took another key which opened the cloor of the cook-room and the door of the latter place, O'NEIL, one of the convicts, drew Mr. FORREST'S attention to a corpse in the corridor, as they were moving away the keeper was seized, gagged, and bound.

After FORREST had been secured they stood him opposite the guard-post at a window, and then went to the cook-room, where they found another keeper, named EDWARD CLARK, at work at the stove, and, leaving him lying on his face. He was found dead where they left him, having probably died from strangulation. Having freed themselves, the convicts, five in number, made good their escape.

A little after noon three other convicts overcame the guard, got possession of some carbines, and sallied forth toward the depot *Exchange*, of Newburg, a vessel then lying at the wharf, and laden with lumber. In the mean time they had been joined by four others, and all being armed, they compelled the captain and all hands on the lumber sloop ashore. This order having been obeyed, the convicts rushed on board and attempted to get the vessel under way. She was, however, severely anchored, a fact which was unknown to them. But they cut the ropes. When the news of the second revolt reached head-quarters, a reinforcement of guards arrived.

The convicts, seeing the guards coming, began firing upon them from the muskets and carbines with which they had armed themselves. The guards returned the fire rapidly, and altogether about twenty-five shots were fired, when the convicts of the *Exchange*, seeing that one of the convict's was out of ammunition, walked up and seized the villain's musket, and clubbed him down.

At this juncture hundreds of men from Sing Sing village, armed with muskets and every weapon, arrived on the spot, and the rebellious convicts, seeing there was no chance for escape, quietly surrendered.

The two ringleaders—M'CAULEY and ALLEN —were wounded in this encounter, the former, it was supposed, mortally, and the latter dangerously. Before night two of the convicts who had escaped in the morning were recaptured.

It is a fact worth noting that there are but thirty keepers in the prison to guard 1338 men and 139 women. The number is limited to that amount by a law which was passed when the prison contained but 600 convicts. But one other keeper besides CRAFT has been killed since the occupation of the prison.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP RACE.

SOME interest has been felt in the fact of the Cunard Royal mail-steamer *Russia*, Captain T. Cook, and the Inman Royal mail-steamer *City of Paris*, Captain Murphy, both iron screw steamers, and the finest commercial vessels afloat, having left New York on the same day, and within one hour of each other, and arriving at Liverpool, the one but 35 minutes after the other, early on the morning of February 15, having made the passage from the Atlantic, with the 20 minutes stoppage at Queenstown, in eight days and about eighteen hours. The peculiar illustration in the matter in which the two ships kept pace together during the first four days. The logs show that at Queenstown the *City of Paris* had gained 42 minutes on the *Russia*, but that coming up the Channel the *Russia* recovered her lost ground, and the *City of Paris*, which had started first, got in at 8.45 A.M. on the 20th, and the *Russia* at 4.20. It is claimed on behalf of the *City of Paris* that she is not to be put down as her brief in consequence of her having to take the place of her disabled consort, the *City of Boston*, which was to have left on the four before and to trim her properly. On the other hand, it is claimed for the *Russia* that she was deeply laden, and that her speed has been reduced for several voyages. On the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th the vessels were in company. On the 13th, by the *Russia's* log, she passed the *City of Paris*; and, though the fact is not logged, it is stated by passengers that the *Russia* had afterward to stop her engines for more than a half hour in order to remove the cover of the air-pump, and to renew the Indian rubber of a valve.

It is the ambition of the Inman Company to run any risks in racing; and, though every art of seamanship was no doubt exercised, no blame both steamers, the pressure of steam was not increased beyond the ordinary limit. The *Russia* was built in 1867 by Messrs. J. and G. Thomson of Glasgow. Her dimensions are: length, 370 feet over all; beam, 43 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet; tonnage, 3,000, builder's measurement. Her engines cylinders are 86 inches diameter, and the piston-stroke is 3 feet 10 inches. The *City of Paris* was built by Messrs. Tod & Mac-Gregor, of Glasgow, in 1866. Her length over all is 365 feet; beam, 40 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 26 feet 2 inches; tonnage, 3,000 by builder's measurement; diameter of cylinder, 89 inches; length of piston-stroke, 3 feet 6 inches.

A MARINE CANDLE.

THERE is found on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, and Vancouver's Island, a little fish not larger than a small, clad in a glistening armor, which is fat almost beyond conception. It is popularly known as the candle-fish, but its scientific name is the eulachon. Mr. Lord has carefully studied the habits and manners of this fish, and the uses to which it is put by the Indians. The Indians, he says, have joined their excursions against the candle-fish, which, sporting in the moonlight on the surface of the sea, form the appearance of a vast sheet of pearly waves. To catch them, the Indians use a monster comb or rake six or eight feet long, composed of a piece of plank pierced, with teeth made of bone, if sharp-pointed nails are not to be procured. The canoe being paddled to the proper place next to the shoal, the other sweeps the rake through the mass, and brings it to the surface, teeth upward, with fishes, and often a dozen or more, fast impaled on each tooth. By the repetition of this process many canoes are soon filled. The canoes being loaded, the further voyage devolves upon the squaws, who have to do the curing, drying, and oil-making. They do not yet impregnate the fish with salt, but in glasses long smooth sticks through their eyes, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold, and then lashing another piece transversely at the ends to prevent them from slipping off the skewer. The fish are then dried and smoked by being suspended in the thick atmosphere at the top of the sheds, and this smoke is sufficient to preserve them fresh without salting—a process which the Indians never apply to fish. When dry they are carefully packed in cases of bark, or rushes, and are stowed away out of the reach of damp. Or they tell winter. "I have never," says Mr. Lord, "seen any fish half as fat and as good for Arctic winter food as these little candle-fish. It is next to impossible to broil or fry them, for they melt completely into oil." They are so marvelously fat that the natives use them as lamps for lighting their lodges. For this purpose the dried fish is perforated from head to tail by a piece of rush-pith by means of a long needle made of hard wood. The wick is then lighted, and the fish burns steadily, with a sufficiently good light to read by. The candlestick is a bit of wood split at one end, with the fish inserted in the cleft.

When by heat and pressure these little fishes are transformed into a liquid oil, and the Indians obtain instead of burning them, he supplies his own body with a highly carbonaceous fuel, which is burned slowly in his lungs and gives out heat to the air. Without a fair supply of some such food he would perish in the cold of a long Northern winter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ASSOCIATIONS have recently been formed in certain neighborhoods in this city to protect society against the incursions of beggars. The residents of many avenue and others in the vicinity of London have been overwhelmed by the alarming increase of "tramps" and beggars from the great metropolis. The custom of giving "only a penny," generally for the sole purpose of getting rid of importuning, has so encouraged impostors that the most vigorous measures have been found needful. At Blackheath, for example, the Mendicity Society has tickets to every family in the neighborhood; one of these is given to the beggar, by which he is sent to the office of the police officer of the society, at his rooms. If the ticket is presented, the officer makes inquiries, and, on the arrangements for the relief of the applicant, if deserving. Nothing but tickets is given to any individual asking help. If the case is unmerited, the beggar is on the point of starvation, he will be expelled with a dose of brown bread and the eye of the officer. This method is rapidly reducing the number of professional vagrants.

The Denver City *Herald*, despairing of furnishing news items of such a nature as to satisfy the various tastes of its readers, has announced a novel feature into its columns. This consists in leaving a blank space in the paper, headed with the request that the hypocritical ill it up themselves, on any special subject they think has been neglected. This method, worthy of the odd device of a certain merchant, who, beneath a blank square in a popular newspaper, inserted the following: "Whatever the above space was meant to fill, went by Messrs. Smith & Co. for advertising their goods;" but that editorial experiment so rapidly evince that they have as much as they can do, and therefore it is the object of the new plan to relieve.

The French people propose to honor the genius and character of Lamartine by erecting a statue in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where he bade the populace discard the red flag and take the tri-color for their standard. The proposed site is both historic and picturesque.

A very attractive window to the Fifth Avenue presents itself to the eyes of crowds of Twenty-second Street. One can not spend a leisure hour more pleasantly than in examining some of the works of art within the building. The walls of the sales-room are covered with fine engravings, choice chromos, and oleographs, while on the floor choicer pictures are in the elegant gallery up stairs. This room, which is handsomely frescoed and lighted, contains paintings by some of our best artists, and every one will feel amply repaid for visiting it.

An association has been formed by a number of benevolent ladies in this city for the purpose of giving aid to destitute young strangers, without regard to nationality or creed. The "Sisters of the Strangers," as they are called, will endeavor to find work for them, with food and medicine when necessary, and to obtain for any, employment in their own sex, needful medical, legal, or spiritual advice. Ladies may become members of the society by the payment of one dollar a month; but, of course, donations solicited from all who are interested in the object.

The number of accident cases of suicide on record lately occurred in Cincinnati. The gentleman who contemplated suicide by jumping from newspaper height under some errors in their notices, sent in advance to each of the prominent ones a sketch of his life and death.

They have a novel way of classifying novels in France. A lady entering a circulating library asks for a novel. "I don't know how to tell you exactly the kind I want," she says. "Oh, I think we shall be able to suit you," is the reply. "I mean something lively," explains the intending reader "the sort of book that would not be proscribed for the library of a young girl." "Marie," cries the keeper of the book-shop to her assistant, "novel for a woman of thirty-six."

A high authority announces that the fashionable expression of the month among the nice young men is "a bad cigar or a cheroot and ecorn!" Of course this is for ladies—fashions for gentlemen not out yet! Lips will be worn pale—not coloring a quite pure. Dresses worn square, and brought forward as much as possible to make the bosom look full. Cheeks to be tinged with a hectic flush. Blue eyes and fair hair still considered the fashion.

The gold-deserved honor has been conferred upon Miss Ellen Van Lew, in her appointment as Postmistress of Richmond. She was a resident there of Richmond when the rebellion broke out, and became thoroughly identified with many acts of courage of tendering aid and hospitality to the Union soldiers, especially to the prisoners. Many are indebted to her for substantial assistance and kindly sympathy during tedious periods of illness and confinement.

Are there any here to be the patience of a long-suffering public? The community are in some cases imposed on to such an extent that it is a wonder somebody does not rise in rebellion. Theoretically, the sidewalks are for pedestrians to walk upon; practically, they are not. Private individuals pull up the flagging with impunity, and render the walk unsafe for passengers. The city personal conveniences by building operations. In some of the cross-streets, up town, the sidewalks are in a most dangerous state, and they are obliged to take the street instead.

Garibaldi is said to have written a report, the object of which is to exhibit the corruption of the Roman priesthood.

The Cuban revolution will undoubtedly cause exportation of Herculaneum, suspended forty years ago, shall be vigorously resumed at his own personal expense.

The Cuban revolution will undoubtedly cause exports to be prohibited for some time to come: and the U. S. is probably the only exhibits of fine cigars in the United States, and the manufacture of sugar from it, will now be fairly tested. Tennessee is believed to be well adapted to this work; and the establishment of a large manufactory near Knoxville is already projected. France and Germany have for years engaged somewhat extensively in the manufacture of sugar from the beet. All the refuse of a sugar-beet factory can be utilized as food for cattle and fertilizers for the ground.

The mother of M. Alexandre Dumas, Jun., is dead. She expired at Neuilly, in the cottage, Avenue d'Orleans, with which her son provided her when he became independent. She is represented to have been a woman of great originality and of considerable vivacity; and her conversation was attractive from its piquancy and originality. She was the mother of two and a seamstress when the acquaintance between herself and Alexandre Dumas, Sen., began.

Two Colorado men were married lately when, after a couple of "high social gatherings" had been married in one of the city churches, the bridegroom left his blushing bride and his wife that they must part at the altar, and that she would never see him again. Without a word the bride's bridegroom walked unconcernedly away.

In Ohio a singular breach of promise case has been attracting attention. A plaintiff, aged fifty-seven years, was the defendant, a Miss Ferguson, aged twenty-four, and devoted to her his heart and hand. Matters were all settled, when suddenly the gentleman learned that the lady was of African descent, and he at once forbade his premises. A suit followed; doctors disagreed as to the symptoms of African blood exhibited in the young woman; and finally the unfortunate defendant was made to pay ten thousand dollars damages.

A Chicago journal gives the following unique advice: Young lady, don't gush. A gushing woman don't weigh. Be hard work, you know, and try to be always ready with a mouthful of compliments for all you meet, or with a thoughtful, superb, divine, delicious, adorable" for all you see, is apt to tire both the speaker and the partner. Be quiet and charming. Be any thing you please—only don't gush.

A music-seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady, who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's song of a gentleman's under-garment."

A gentleman who had been married when in Lansing he went to a barber's shop to be shaved, where he found a young, intelligent-looking miss, who announced herself as the barber! "Indeed?" was the response; "well, if you are the barber, I certainly wish to be shaved." The traveler placed himself in position, and the fair operator went gracefully through all the preliminary duties, and commenced to flourish the shave in prompt time and in a dextrous manner. Sold the traveler declares he liked it, and congratulates the country on the discovery of a new avenue for the industry of women.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

JAMES OURAMAN, minister of Dumburton, had a curious habit of closing running communion, in a low tone of voice, as he read the Scriptures. Hence, no one was aware himself of the solemn close until he heard the gallery rise the next Sabbath prized. Here are two such cases, in point, it might be:

Reading of the swine rushing into the sea, he muttered, "Oh, that the devil had been choked, too!" Reading Peter's remark, "We have left all and followed thee," he said, "Ay, Peter, there are fools yet, go!" what had ye to leave but an old crazy boat, and may be you a mother-in-law?"

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Lord Lovel he called for his milk-white steed,
And he rode away to the sea;
And a wicked fairy found who was sore in need,
A maiden with golden hair.

As soon as Lord Lovel had gone afield,
She went for him then and there;
"Now give of thy gold, fair child," she cried,
"Thy reward be the orphan's prayer."

"I will give thee the gold—not for orphan's prayer,
But for love of the child so fair!
But for a curl of thy golden hair,
For a curl of thy golden locked."

"It surely is mine," the damsel said,
"Lord Lovel, I truly swear."
So it was—and it didn't grow on her head;
The hair-dresser placed it there.

Lord Lovel gave gold for that lovely curl,
And more than he gave for the child;
And the maiden's smile showed her teeth of pearl,
As she said, "I will be reconciled."

Two physicians in consultation at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them exclaimed, impatiently, "Sorry, very well! have it your own way, but the *post-mortem* will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

A French doctor has discovered that a wasp-sting will cure rheumatism. Now what is a wasp-sting?

"Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher, "Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without God's love and life?" "I guess," said the little woman, "said Caroline, "I suppose as I should ha'been a orphan."

The navy of the Sandwich Islands, it is said, consists of two fishing smacks and a raft—the former manned with twelve marines, and the latter with a one-gun.

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, was asked on her return if she had been to church. She replied: She passed a while and answered, "I guess not—I didn't see it, and if it did, it must have gone through in the night, when I was asleep."

A gentleman, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining the meaning of the word *navigate*. He then asked, "Do you have all heard of a man drowning—how does that happen?" The ready answer was, "Come he can't swim."

A YANKEE LOVE "POME."

I liv tew court in whitter
The same time as Sue,
When all around is dreary,
And cold and wet with rain;
Because the old ones dred
The cold and stormy weather,
And hurry ugh tew bed,
Sue stayed with me.

Josh Billings says: "I am violently opposed tew ardent specrits as a beverage, but for manufacturin' purposes I think it a likely article."

Besides, like the beads of ladies, need a good deal of dressing.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Because his head prevents him going too far.

REVENUE FIDELITY.—"You ought always to take me out with you when you go fishing," said Tom; "they say that happiness was born a twin." "Yes, love," put in Susanna Swin, "and the twin's a

Jacob D. Cox. Hamilton Fish. John A. Rawlins. John A. J. Cresswell. President Grant.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S CABINET IN SES

nt Grant. George S. Boutwell. Adolph E. Borie. Ebenezer R. Hoar.

IN SESSION.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD DUCETOY.

THE moment that Turner had shaken the dust of his own house off his feet, the little anxieties of that house were cast in the back-ground, and he was in another world. For, to tell the truth, at this very time Turner's religion, and Turner's domestic troubles, were actually swamped in another great matter—had become for a time, as it were, relaxations. The man was living two disconnected lives (unless Rebecca could connect them), and the least disagreeable was to him almost a relaxation. This great matter shall develop itself.

On Waltham Green he caught the white Putney omnibus as usual; but not as usual did it drop him at the bottom of Chancery Lane. He got out at Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and made his way quickly to a private house in Duke Street, St. James.

"Is Lord Ducetoy up?" he asked of the quiet-looking servant in black who came to the door.

Lord Ducetoy was up, had finished breakfast, and was ready for Mr. Turner. He was shown up stairs into Lord Ducetoy's presence, and he looked on him with very great curiosity.

A handsome, well-made young man enough, light in hair, blonde in mustache, with the deep brown of the Western prairies still on his face; standing with his back against the chimney-piece, and lovingly wiping a gun with his handkerchief.

"How d'ye do, my dear Mr. Turner?" said Lord Ducetoy. "Thanks for coming so promptly. I, for I am in trouble."

"In trouble, my lord?" said Turner, very seriously. "Please tell me how."

"Well, it seems that I have not got my money."

"Your lordship has plenty of money. I can let your lordship have a thousand pounds at this moment."

"Then I wish you would. I wrote a check for a hundred pounds on my uncle, Sir Gorham Philpott, yesterday, and they have cashed it certainly. But they have written to me to say, as there is only £37 10s. in their hands, they request, either that more money may be paid in, or that our account may be closed."

"Oh, that is their move, is it?" said Mr. Turner.

"That is their move, my dear Mr. Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Rather a disagreeable one for me. You must know, as my uncle's old man of business, that I never expected to come into this entail on and this property. My uncle's death was utterly unexpected; my cousin's death at Madeira equally so. I was humming about in Canada, trying to invest a certain thousand pounds I had so as to bring me in a living, when I suddenly found myself an earl, with a considerable income. Coming home, I find my check nearly dishonored, at my own uncle's, for one hundred pounds. I am a quiet fellow, but must live. I should be glad of some money."

"There is plenty of money," said Turner.

"I should like to see some of it," said Lord Ducetoy.

Turner sat musing and looking at Lord Ducetoy for some little time. At last he said—

"I suppose you know that your estates are rather heavily mortgaged?"

"I have heard so much."

"And that the mortgages are held by Sir Gorham Philpott & Co.?"

Lord Ducetoy also heard that.

"Do you know that Sir Gorham Philpott & Co. are now Sir Gorham Philpott & Co., Limited?"

Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said "that he was not aware of the fact, but that their ideas of credit were certainly limited."

"They are, my lord," said Turner. "For limited liability is only another name for unlimited irresponsibility. Do you know nothing of the family jewels, of the family papers?"

"I know of the men about town, and cash, and papers. I suppose they are at the banker's."

"My lord, they are nothing of the kind. They are at my house. My lord, the limited is also long really bankrupt, which has been trading under the name, once respectable, of Sir Gorham Philpott, holds the mortgage on your estates, about the only asset they have. It has not seemed to me expedient to break with them, and bank with another house, lest they should not conveniently foreclose. But I have kept all out of their hands that I could. I, as executor under your uncle's will, have received the plate, the jewels, the deeds, under my own roof; and the responsibility of them is turning me gray."

"Could we not send them to Child's, or to Drummond's?"

"My lord, we owe Philpott's money—a great deal, I doubt."

"Can we pay it?"

"Yes, we can pay it. But their name is—and when the smash comes, we must take our chance with the others. I don't want our jewels and plate to be put into their bankruptcy."

"Then keep them where they are," said Lord Ducetoy. "I can trust you." And he whistled as he rubbed his gun, and said, laughing: "Well, I suppose now I have got money, I shall never be happy again. There is one thing I wish to say, in our prairie way, Mr. Turner. My mother says, that I can trust you through thick and thin; and so I mean to, for she never was wrong in her life. So if you find it possible, I should like to make our relations as friendly as possible. There is, by-the-way, a touch of New England in that, because I can't do without you. I don't mean that we are to rush into one another's arms, but if we try we may get friendly in time, I don't think it will take long." Here he got very red. "I only just remember my cousin. I hope to know her husband better. Will you dine with my mother and me to-day?"

Turner went up to him, and taking his hand, looked him frankly in the face, said, "Did she ask me?"

Lord Ducetoy nodded.

"Then tell her I will. It is best all over and done with. Tell her also, that the trouble we thought past has begun again in my daughter. Good-by. You may trust me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SKYE TERRIER.

REBECCA'S good-humor came back the instant she was outside the garden and into Cue lane. She had nothing to carry to come, but Cary wouldn't. "You had better come," said Rebecca, "we shall have some amusement. I am going to Jim Akin just a dog, and he will be very pleasant." Cary would have liked to have gone very much, but she had said that she wouldn't in the first instance; and consistency, or, as some low people call it, obstinacy, is the brightest jewel in the British female's crown; so she declined to enjoy herself with her sister-in-law, and bore her self-imposed querulousness on the little maid.

Neither Jim Akin nor Mr. Spicer the sweep was out. Jim Akin it was well known, was only on Mondays, having worked Chelsea, principally Jews Row and Turks Row, with periwinkles, whelks, and pickled salmon, during the week, and resting before going out to buy stock from the market gardeners. With Mr. Spicer also it was a "close" day, few orders, and sufficient respectability to require their chimneys swept by the hand of a master caring to make preparations for the sweep on Sunday night.

Very respectable Mr. Spicer looked in his office duty clothes, comically unlike the hideous fiend like figure he was at his work. Rebecca had the advantage of the respectful counsel of these two excellent people on this occasion.

"If you please, Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer," she said, after the usual salutation, "I want to get a dog. I am going to have no more a dog."

They were both deeply interested at once. Mr. Akin, being professionally more accustomed to conversation, dashed into the subject at once.

"Warmint or general, Miss?"

"I don't quite understand," said Rebecca; and so Mr. Spicer, a lumpish, heavy man, much looked up to in the Row, leaned against the fence and defined, after the Aristotelian method:—

"A warmint dog, Miss, are a dog as regards as a dog as is kept for the killing of warmint. Now there's a many kinds of 'em: bull-dog, bull terrier, fox terrier, Skye terrier, Dandy, Jack Dandy, and Skye. Similarly there's varieties in the nature of warmint, as badger, pole-cat, weasel, and rat. Of badger there is country badgers and old hands. Of pole-cats there is wild and tame. Of rats, why there's as much difference in rats, for bleu rats and white rats is in Christians. I've seen big rats as a new-born kitten could kill; and conrariwise, one of my young men he had a white rat which would eat up with an old rat, and I am blessed if the dog didn't eat and eat, and be his life, howling round the lanes, and the rat after him."

"I seen it," said Jim Akin.

"But I don't want a dog to kill any thing," said Rebecca.

"Miss wants a general dog, I expect, miller," said Jim Akin to the master chimney-sweep.

"Tip her some of your warmints," said he.

"General dogs, Miss," said the miller, complacently, "is generally mongrels, various; and I never seen none that was much account, but into consideration what dogs was made for. Still Providence made dogs for different purposes and for 'em, similarly as they do for fantails and pouters, and other rubbish that were only created for blowing and dancing. If I was you, Miss, there should be no prizes for any pigeons except carriers, and none for any dogs except real warmints."

"Greyhounds," murmured Jim Akin.

"And you may add pointers and setters," said Mr. Spicer; "but greyhounds is warmints. What you are a gentleman with a moor in the 'lands, talk about 'em; not now."

"Miss wants a fighting dog?" suggested Jim Akin, accepting the rebuke.

"Do she look like it, neighbor?" said Mr. Spicer, almost severely.

"A fighting dog isn't half a bad thing to mind a young lady, if she wanted to go a walking far by herself," said Jim Akin, not to be entirely driven from this point.

Mr. Spicer was very fond of his neighbor, but he had to ignore him, he was so ignorant.

"With regard to general dogs, Miss, which were your views?"

"Well," said Rebecca, "I should like a dog which would bark if it heard a noise, and a dog which would bite if I think I should like a little dog the best. I think I should like a little hairy dog, like the Queen's in the picture, you know, which is begging for Maclaw for its biscuit; if it did not cost too much."

I know nothing of the private life of Mr. Spicer or Mr. Akin's wife; but I am from my against gentlemen in that particular circle of society, I ask few questions. Many of ourselves had no education, and associated with, bought and sold with, and intermarried with the criminal classes, should we look on the lighter crimes with the same detestation we do now? A man whose wife's brother has been transported, and yet who gets treated as a respectable and trust-worthy person by the district inspector, seems to me to be a man to be meritorious. If a little stray dog follows him home, or if a stranger pigeon come into his trap, why, he is possibly not so chivalrously particular as you or I should be; when you get to the very verge of the criminal class you must make allowances.

Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer interchanged a glance, and then Jim Akin spoke. "I have got a little dog in my back-yard, Miss, which you might care to look at."

"Undeniable character," said Mr. Spicer. "Never 'ized, but character un-de-niable, against all the powers of creation."

Rebecca assented at once, and they went in through Jim Akin's close-smelling house, which had a wedged scent of washing, dirt, children, cabbage-stalks, baby, and cheese; and out into the little back-yard, separated from the neighbors' backs by a low, broken paling. There was no vegetation in it, except, at the farther corner, an elder-tree. And at the foot of the elder-tree there was what American flour-barrel, and at the entrance of the flour-barrel sat a little, tiny, innocent dog, chained up, and looking very unhappy.

It was a very beautiful little Skye terrier, a dog worth money, but grimed with ashes and soot, unkempt, unwashed, utterly and entirely miserable and wobegone. It was a dog which had been cared for, and loved, and tended in its time, so carefully raised, that it had lost its instinct of self-care, and had lost its mistress, or let itself be stolen, and had come to this. It cowered when it saw Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer; but when it saw a lady with them it looked up at her with its long hazel eyes, and held up its poor innocent little paw.

Her father might well call her a fool. I suppose that was the reason why to his light. Her heart seemed to swell suddenly within her, and her eyes not all unready for tears, for the little dog, and for Cary, who had appealed to her as Friday did to Crusoe. She went straight to the barrel, undid the dog, and took it to her bosom.

"I will buy this dog of you, Mr. Akin," she said, without turning round. "My father will pay for it. Send in a moderate price to him, or he will not let me have it. I will pay the difference. I will have this dog."

"Will you let me give you the little dog?" said a voice, close to her ear, behind.

She turned quickly round. It was Mr. Morley, the dissenting minister, who stood close beside her.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MORLEY.

NONCONFORMITY is to be caught suddenly in a sentimental mood among the tree-born Briton hasn't almost as much as he hates being caught in (respectable) sin. Rebecca had just been caught in a sentimental mood over a grimy Skye terrier, in company with a chimney-sweep and a costermonger, by a dissenting minister. In the revulsion caught on her face, the strange face, the situation, instead of being really beautiful, as it was one minute ago, was in the highest degree ridiculous—supremely so.

"How did you come here, Mr. Morley?" she asked. "I am surprised."

"I came to see you, and I saw you come in here, and I followed you."

"I am much obliged. My father's house is over the way. I think you asked me if you might pay for this dog? My answer is, No."

"There is nothing to pay," said Jim Akin. "Miss has took a fancy to the dog, and she is welcome to her."

"Do you mean to say that you will give me the dog as a present?"

"Certainly, Miss; and will swear to her aged in Christian's name."

"I'll take it, Jim Akin," she said. "And I'll never pay one farthing for it, except in good-will. If I don't pay you for it, I will pay you a kind. Let me give you one more chance—I will give you a five-pound note for this dog; I will go across the street and get it."

"Won't take it, Miss. I'll take it out in good-will. The mistake as you gentry makes, I continued Mr. Spicer, looking sententiously, and looking at Mr. Morley, who certainly looked like a gentleman, "is this: You thinks we're for cash, and all cash. We ain't so. I've got as much money as I want. You gentlemen as studies has got good words. Why can't you give us some of your good words once and again, in a friendly way, the same as I give she the little dog?"

"Well," said Rebecca, turning homeward with her new treasure in her arms, "all I can say is, that you shall always have good words from me; and so good-by, Mr. Morley, I have just been to cross with you. I am afraid you must think me very silly."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds of being very nearly crying for pity over a poor lonely little dog. If you like more as that, you may do so."

"What then?" said Mr. Morley, as they crossed the street.

"Why then, a fancy, I may be wrong, but I do fancy that you are the sort of person who would be just as likely to make a goose of yourself over such a matter as me."

"That is not grammar, you know, as it stands," said Mr. Morley.

"Then let it pass grammar as it sits," said Rebecca. "You know what I mean."

"I am afraid I do; and what is more and worse, I am afraid it is true."

"Then you do sometimes make a goose of yourself?"

"Have I not come to see you?"

"That is true enough. Talking of geese, what is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning water-fowl?"

"That a minister of the gospel had better mind his own business, and not come to visit houses where common stage-plays are read admirably."

"Only one single number of *Knight's Illustrated*, I give you my honor," said Rebecca, "You have read it, you know; at least, you seem pretty familiar with it. And did you *really* come to see me?"

"I did, indeed."

"I have leave to walk up and down the lane. Will you walk with me?"

Mr. Morley consented gladly.

"I want to talk to you very much, but about very many things. You seem to have had an education different to—to the kind I have seen here. For instance, you know Shakspeare?"

"I know Shakspeare very well."

"I know nothing of him but this one play. And that is so wonderful—so utterly unlike, both in thought and diction, to any thing I have ever seen before, that I can nearly say it by heart. Are the other plays to be compared in goodness to this one?"

"Certainly. In perfect dexterity and elegance, I rank *Twelfth Night* as high as any; but for no other qualities. *Hamlet* is the finest of them all."

"And what is that about?"

"The old Calvinist business—the business without beginning and without end—which keeps so many preachers on their legs, for the simple reason that, let them turn it inside out as often as they will, there is no answer to it. *Hamlet*, with its beautiful language and deep poetry, is, principally on examination, the permission of evil, and the responsibility in this world and in the next of bad or careless actions, communicated, as it would seem, almost unavoidably."

"And how does Shakspeare get us out of the old difficulty, familiar enough to me, I am sure?" asked Rebecca.

"The characters all stab and poison one another," said Mr. Morley.

"Mark my words, Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, stopping short, and stroking the head of her little dog, who, under the impression that it had only been stolen once more in a different sort of way, was licking a little paw, "I rank my words, Mr. Morley, that Shakspeare was a man not entirely deprived of understanding. I am aware that you prefer Milton, but you must turn from your pulpits, and so on. But there is something in the man."

"I never cursed him," said Morley. "I love him."

"You!" said Rebecca. "I never sat under you. Did you mean what you call your brethren—the man whose opinions you are bound to indorse does, though. I mean the man Hagbut, for I have heard him."

CHAPTER XI.

HETTY'S LOVER.

"IT is not so pleasant in here as in the lane," said Rebecca, looking round on the little dull, narrow-windowed sitting-room. "This is the place where I am scolded and admonished. I sit in there, do I not, when you sit there. Now, will you please begin and get it over."

"Can you suppose that I mean to scold you?" he said.

"I suppose that you have come commissioned by my father to see after my spiritual state," she replied. "Are you not Mr. Hagbut's successor? If so, I am afraid that you will have a thankless task."

"I assure you, on my honor," he said, eagerly, "that my visit is solely and entirely to you; that I dislike Mr. Hagbut; that I have no commission from that gentleman whatever. May I go on? I am much older than you, and, God knows, I wish you well."

"If you will confine yourself to those friendly grounds, I am sure that you may say what you like. If you intend to be truly my friend in a worldly sense of the word, you meet your half-way, for I am sure I want one badly."

"I am sure you do," he answered; "but you don't want my friendship as a middle-aged widower of forty-two, and have a daughter nearly as old as myself."

"A daughter!" said Rebecca. "I never heard of that before."

She looked puzzled as she said it, for she betrayed the fact that he was interesting to her, and that she had inquired about him.

"Yes, I have a daughter," said Morley, stroking his chin. "Yes; quite so. Hetty (that is short for Hephsibah, not for Esther, you will understand) is nearly as old as you are, I should say."

"I suppose she is very fond of you?" said Rebecca, still in conversation.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Morley, still stroking his chin. "Hetty is very fond of me indeed. But I will give you how much she loves me, and put confidence in you, Miss Turner, by telling you that my dear daughter is not a popular person."

"Is she cross?" asked Rebecca.

"No, she's not cross. When I say that she is unpopular, I mean that she is unpopular among our religious connection, and—well—is a great stumbling-block to them."

"She seems to be very much in my condition, then," said Rebecca.

"Very much indeed," said Mr. Morley, the truth being far too great to be kept back. "Very much so."

"Did she ever run away and hide for three days, as I did?" said Rebecca.

Mr. Morley did not answer in speech at all, neither did he look at Rebecca at all. He only looked at space, with a compound expression in which there was, simply in a very slight movement of the mouth, a touch of humor, but no anger or sorrow. Rebecca began to have an intense desire to know the young lady, and said on.

"She would be highly flattered, I am sure," said Mr. Morley, "if I told her so; but I shall

not do it, however. By-the-by, may I presume to be sufficiently in your confidence to ask a favor?"

"Provided it is not a guilty secret, of course," said Rebecca.

"But it is," said Mr. Morley. "Don't say any thing about my daughter up here. This part of our connection does not know any thing about her. Even Hagbut keeps the dreadful secret, knowing that if any thing of her ways was known in the town, Russel and Miss Sage would at once find out or invent quite enough about her to make me perfectly useless as a minister to this congregation, when he wants my services, as he pretty often does. Besides, the girl is a connection of his. You will not mention her?"

"I will not, indeed," said Rebecca, pleased very much at being taken into any one's confidence and treated like a woman. "I am sure she is good."

"There is good in her somewhere," replied Morley, slightly shaving his white teeth; "you will keep my secret, then, from your Russel and Soper; now let us talk of other matters. You father looks very ill and worn."

"I have been behaving very ill, and have given him trouble. I ran away for three days to avoid doing something he had set his heart on my doing. I am very truly penitent for having given him trouble, but I would do it again to-morrow; and so would your daughter."

"People don't run away from me," said Mr. Morley; "they come again to come under me, I think. While I have been sitting here, and looking out of the window, I have noticed one, he has been to the house at last; he rings the bell: he asks for me; yes, and here your little maid shows him in."

And into the room came a magnificent young sailor, with the fresh, wild vitality of the sea shining in his bold brown eyes, showing in his noble free figure and his free smile. A splendid apparition just risen from the ocean, in his ocean's garb: such a youth as Rebecca had never seen before. As one looked at him who traveled eyes, there came on one dim memories of peaceful seas among soft blue islands far away: of ships, and icebergs: of wild, horrible, staggering nights when ruin was abroad, and death looked with pale face over the steersman's shoulder, or the dim-lit reeling bunnacle. A youth who had looked steadily on death often, and would look again and yet again without terror, and at the last fighting fiercely. Still young, handsome, and gentle.

The old narrow-windowed parlor seemed the darker and the dingier for his presence. With the exception of Rebecca herself, there had been nothing there so splendid for many years. Rebecca had never seen any thing like him: she had seen youth and vitality before, in Jim Akin and the like; but never any thing like this young man. She looked at him with keen curiosity and admiration; and Mr. Morley watched her.

"I have brought you earth, Sir," said the young sailor, who, by his dress, seemed of the superfine class. "Hetty told me that you would be here."

"Chapter of accidents," said Mr. Morley. "What business was it of Hetty's, or of yours?"

"Hetty said that you were to come home to dinner; and, indeed, we want you."

"You want me a great deal, I have no doubt," said Mr. Morley.

"Indeed, we do want you very much," said the young sailor; "in fact, Hetty would not let me into the house until you come. She only—"

"Never mind that, Sir."

"Well, I won't," he said, laughing; "but you know that you will not take her pleasure without your sharing it. And if Miss Turner," he added, with a bright smile, "will spare you to us this evening, we will try to make amends in future. May I be introduced to Miss Turner?"

"This, Miss Turner," said Mr. Morley, "is young Leonard Hartop. He is of the salt-water persuasion. The remarkable fact about him is, that he never in any way kind of ship but what that ship meets with a very serious accident. Likewise, on the occasion of such accidents, some one else is very much drowned. I introduce him."

"I am delighted, I am sure," said Leonard Hartop, "to make Miss Turner's acquaintance. In what you may be allowed to call, on an occasion of this kind, the flowering rule of trees, there is little doubt that our acquaintance will be improved to mutual satisfaction. For you must not believe all you hear, Miss Turner. His bark is worse than his bite. Nobody cares twence-hail-penny for him. Now, Mr. Morley, are you coming home to dinner?"

"Wait for me at the lane's end, boy, and I will come," said Mr. Morley; and the young sailor bowed and departed.

"What do you think of him?" he said to Rebecca, when he had gone.

"He is very splendid," said Rebecca, dreamily. "I have never seen any one like him."

"He is a splendid sailor," said Morley. "May I tell you a secret which would ruin us all if it was known?"

"There would be a little excitement about it," said Rebecca. "I think you had better tell me."

"Well, then, I will trust you. He is Hetty's lover."

"She must have good taste, then. I should not entirely break my heart if he was mine."

"No?" said Mr. Morley.

"Well, I don't know," said Rebecca. "That young man and I should never hit it off, you know. He seems as if he liked his own way."

"The most biddable lad going," said Mr. Morley.

"Then he wouldn't suit me. Hetty may have him. I want ordering about; I can't take care of myself. But, speaking to you as a minister, or, as the Papists call it, a father confessor, Mr. Morley, I confess to you that I could, with very small effort, have fallen in love with that young man. If Hetty has got him, let her keep him. I shall know Hetty one day, I see. For the present I have made my arrangements for marriage."

"I dare not ask what arrangements."

"I will save your conscience, then: I have, for my own purposes, made it impossible for any one to marry me; and I am going to marry old Tibbey."

"Tibbey, the Primitive Methodist, in Leader Street? He is married already."

"Not him, but his wife. I am going to marry her. At all events, I am going to get out of this house in some way. I would rather Heaven that I could turn Roman Catholic. *They* find a life and a business for women like me. If I could swallow their miserable superstitions I could join them to-morrow. Why do not you extreme Protestants make provision for women who are tired of themselves? Why not have a home for the poor, as do the Papists? You cry out at the Papists getting so many converts among women; what is the real reason? These Papists, with a false, low, and I hope moribund, form of Christianity, are the only sect which offers a career to an ordinary and intelligent woman. Whose fault is it that we are ill-educated? You have refused us education, and we are as clever as you. Whose fault is it that we pine? The Papists show us a suffering Christ through suffering humanity. They find a sphere for e very woman—"

"Which you would occupy for possibly a week."

CHAPTER XII.

HAGBUT'S NEW INTENTIONS.

SHE saw no more of her two new acquaintances for a fortnight, and the old life came back again with almost the old misery and dullness. Yet Rebecca was never exactly as she had been any more. She was more desperately unhappy—that I do not dispute—but her unhappiness now was of a different kind. It was active. The old conflict between her and her was imprisoned in a living tomb from her birth, hopeless, and without any room for fancy, which is one of the greatest consolations of misery. There was very miserable again now, but only because dreams, now become possible to her, seemed unattainable. She was in the world, and dreaming of all: her life was merely a painful sleep. And now, also, she had a companion and a confidant, in her little dog.

The man who has never known a woman who will confide to a baby or a dog matters which she would not confide to a man, knows nothing, must be unfortunate in his experiences. Poor Rebecca told her little Skye terrier a great many things about herself which she had previously believed as to herself, and which she would have denied with the extremest scorn to any person in the world, unless possibly in deep distress to old Mrs. Tibbey.

She had broken all bounds for the first time in her life. In her despondency and misery and disregard to Mr. Hagbut, she had been forced into arms; into a thoroughly successful revolution. True, that had left her worse than when she was, it were, to Cæsarism; but it rests with the politicians to tell us whether the individual or the nation ever looked back after the flame of mind again after one good taste of liberty. What has been done once may be done twice. The ruler of a once thoroughly revolutionized kingdom is uneasy on his throne; and what is more to the purpose, the subject knows it. At least Rebecca knew it, and so may, when she comes to consult, and her father most disagreeable, instead of "wishing she was dead," or declaring that she would much rather commit suicide, would only take her out of this, used milder formulas; only told her that if she had been married to her or to again, he would: and that Mab and she and Mrs. Tibbey would go to Ramsgate, and stay three nights instead of two, and ride on donkeys, and keep a nice little oyster shop, and never go to chapel any more. And if that nasty tiresome Hetty was next, Mab should be sold.

This babyish nonsense was very good for her. She had had too little of it in her childhood. Books like Hans Andersen's had never been seen in that house. It was well for her that she had still child enough left in her after her embittered life only to be let to play nonsense, and in a petulant childish way about Hetty; for she might have talked in a very different one a little time before. It was the thing she was in the way now, but which she never confessed to herself, was that she hated Hetty.

Hetty the unknown, Hetty the innocent. It was surely unreasonable.

It would be merely confusion of counsel to try and account for all she did. That Hetty was free; that she could come and go; that she had a father who loved her, and who was not watched by two pernicious old trots (meaning Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper); she did not believe in all that herself. Hetty was now, when she left the house, had been inclined to admire Hetty, until Mr. Morley, for reasons of his own, had told her that the young sailor was her lover.

She had not cared at the time; if he and Hetty had come arm in arm, the next day, and made love before her, she would not have cared much, more particularly if Mr. Morley had come too. But this grand young sailor had left his image on a late awakened and fully developed mind, and it would not go. He was the first really splendid man she had ever seen.

And he had appeared, only to draw her only friend, Mr. Morley, away from her. They had left her at once, to go after this Hetty, and all their schemes, and goings on down at Lime-house, the gate of freedom: for you might get on board a ship in Limehouse, and you might sail away any where—to the happy islands in the Western Sea, where there was no chapel-going, or tea-meeting, or Sunday-school, all of which Mr. Morley wished to establish there; or even further, to those islands where you could do as you pleased, and escape the consequences of your own actions: in which islands Mr. Morley did not believe. Mab, of course, only said (to the little dog.) But even to her sister, Carry, she grumbled, after a few days. She told her that she thought Mr. Morley had whisked him-self off with his young friend rather unceremoniously.

"I am glad to hear he has been here," said Carry.

"Yes: he came to see me. And I should like him to come again. But the young sailor, to whom his daughter is engaged, came and carried him off."

"Mr. Morley has no daughter," said Carry.

"Indeed, but he has though," said Rebecca. "And I wish he hadn't."

"Dearest Rebecca," said Caroline, with just such tact as she had gathered from her station, and her school, "believe a tender sister, when she tells you that Mr. Morley has no family."

"But I tell you he has. Hetty was alive a week ago; I bother her."

"You are in a perverted dream, my dear sister," said Carry. "Mr. Morley is perfectly unencumbered. And, in my prospects are, in a pecuniary point of view, very good indeed. I give you my honor he has no daughter. I tell you, you have been dreaming."

"*That* is true enough," said Rebecca. "I have been dreaming a deal too much. But who told you he had no daughter?"

"Mr. Hagbut, to-night, as Miss Soper's."

"How did he come to say it there? " said Rebecca, beginning to get a little uneasy about this mysterious Hetty's legal relation to Mr. Morley.

Carry was a certain kind of British woman, who when she saw occasion would walk clean through half a dozen quickset hedges, without, perhaps pausing to look for the gate. She did so on this occasion, as on many others.

"The fact of the matter is, my dear Rebecca, that Mr. Hagbut announced his intention to several mutual friends, of paying his addresses to me. He has not committed himself to me in any way as yet; but we are sufficiently studied my character. But he has said, with a view of my hearing it at second-hand, that if I should have been born in a higher station, and if he sees hopes of forming my character to his standard, he will overlook the disgrace which one member of our family has brought on it; and—"

"He is rapid in his determinations," said Rebecca, quietly.

"He is very determined. He is a man to be obeyed. But this is a little past the matter. Mr. Hagbut and Mr. Morley's very much inclined to marry you, in spite of all that has happened."

"Yes," said Rebecca, very quietly.

"Indeed he thinks so," said Carry; "and we all rejoiced with a great joy. I consider, that if Mr. Hagbut proposes to-morrow night he. And in the course of conversation I asked if he had any family; and he said that there was a daughter, but that she was dead."

"He meant dead in trespasses and sins, you know," said Rebecca.

"Do not talk so," said Carry. "Now you know the whole truth, my dear."

Burning lava over boiling water makes a good explosion, as Rebecca well knew. There were all the elements of it in Rebecca's heart. She could have killed them all with burning words. For them to order her, by resolution, to love and sell her like this. The way in which the crust of respectability forms quickly over the lava of revolution and hides it, once more, who will not look to the great cyclical advance of matters. mad. And really, Charles the Second and Dryden, at unconsciously the apparently results of Cromwell and Milton, is a bitter pill for a Whig. Men, maddened with this view of things, try to assassinate immediately after the event. Can we wonder that Rebecca felt a strong inclination to box her sister's ears?

Only for one moment. She was a clear-hearted woman, with all her faults. She saw her own sister before her, and saw her little petty woes and wrongs were forgotten. Easily forgotten, for she had friend herself. Instead of giving way to illtemper, she was sorry to good; and, kneeling before her sister, said:

"Carry, sister! we have always been good friends. Is there any reason we should not go on with that man. Are you forced? *I* was forced; but I beat them, the mean tattlers and timeservers. I am free, and I am hate it. Come away as I did, sister; and see what the world is out of this miserable lane. I will never leave you, dear; no more will Elizabeth Tibbey: no more will Mab. Fly from it, dear, with me. We could keep a little shop, or any thing: Mr. Tibbey would tell us. Or we would go to Mr. Morley, and he would tell us what to do. But oh, my dear, fly! There is time to save yourself: in Heaven's name think what you are doing."

Rebecca's wild appeal failed absolutely. Carry mind was not constructed. Rebecca's appeal to her, beautiful in its affectionate unselfishness, if in nothing else, was to her hideous and amorphous—ridiculous to her: her sister was a woman with a wild, ill-regulated mind: an object of pity. Yet, in her reply, she unconsciously allowed that there was reason in Rebecca's wild plea to her; for, instead of showing pity, she showed resentment. And Rebecca had so nearly won, that this resentment took the form of anger: anger expressed as she had heard it expressed in her family, a little coarsely.

"You fool, get up, and don't kneel to me; kneel to your Maker. You are the plague of our lives. When I am married to him you will always be held over my head like a whip. The old business was just hushed up, when you must break out. Get up."

She got up at once, but she smiled kindly, too. "You will be sorry for these words, Carry, dear, long after I have forgotten them."

"I know I shall, you wicked thing!" said Carry, sobbing bitterly. "Why did you tempt me to say them?"

"Because I did not like to see one I love marry a man utterly beneath her, and utterly unworthy of her."

Whereupon, poor old Carry gathered up her skirts, and walked through another quickset hedge, consisting of Mr. Hagbut's virtues, through which we will not follow her.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRANK EXPLANATION.

WHEN the sisters had parted Rebecca was very angry again. For them to have spoken to you of name like this once more. "Still the question arises," she said, "is it not all their own incontrovertible folly? Mr. Morley is far too much of a gentleman to have spoken to any of *them*, at all events, before he spoke to me. He is inclined to like me, and he is kind enough of him; but he does not admire me."

Not admire her, except those of an interior friend. He has been very kind to me."

"Then how has this report come about?" asked her father. And Rebecca simply told him what Carry had told her.

"So you see," she added, "that my name is the subject of Miss Soper's tea-table in connection with his."

"What an abominable shame! *Who* said it?"

"Mr. Hagbut."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Turner. "Yes, yes! quite so. My dear daughter, I have reason to believe now that Mr. Morley does not admire or less admire you, and that Mr. Hagbut has remarked it."

"And I never to be let alone?" cried Rebecca.

"Do not interrupt; listen—open your eyes. I have reason now to believe that Hagbut at least suspects the real course of time. He will, you may come to admire you, and that he has, knowing your proud and uncontrollable temper, put this report about in a way as to make you hate your attorney against Mr. Morley."

"What on earth is it to him?" she asked.

"Between five and six thousand pounds, my dear. If you marry so well as Morley—marry, in fact, a gentleman of respectability and strength of character, like him—you will have the same fortune as your sister. If you remain single at my death, you will have one hundred a year; if you make a foolish match, you will have eighteen shillings a week, tied up to you, and payable weekly. Did Hagbut tell you all this? I can in any way get rid of this match, he will not certainly five, and possibly seven thousand pounds."

"I will not," said Rebecca, with singular emphasis; "and I always told you so."

"This is rather sharp practice, certainly," said Mr. Turner, musing. "Now I may have made such sharp practice, or I may not. I can't say. I meet and am friendly with men who would do much things. But I am never angry with them. But I am angry now. For him to put his pudding brains against mine! Oh, Master Hagbut, this time you shall find that the rich old money sooner than you. For him to come lawyer. And over my head!"

"Why is my sister to be sacrificed to such a wretch?"

"He is not a wretch. She will lick him, and he will let her, and be kind to her. It is the same between priests and women in all churches. The world thinks the dust of the shoes of any man who could assume me of fearless —still more will a frightened and ignorant woman. He will be very kind to her, and she will adore him. Have you been saying any thing to her against him?"

"I fear a great deal," said Rebecca, in downright honesty, expecting an outburst.

"Do not do so again, my dear Rebecca. Nothing can more injure your best friend and wise, and so sow no seeds of discord. Remember that, child. This has not been a happy house; do not let your temper to make another such."

What between her father's kindness, and her ideal future of poor Carry, it was through tears that she promised to act that she would not.

"Do you like Mr. Morley?" he asked.

"Yes, very much indeed. But I could never think of marrying him."

"Don't let us deceive one another, Rebecca. Is there any one else?"

"No," she said at once. Who could there be? She was not allowed to go out of the lane, and never saw any one. But she said it with a blush, as an air that her father looked suspiciously at her, and said:

"Well, my girl, we had a great fight, and you won. Perhaps I am older and wiser than when I knew your mother. At all events, if I made errors with her I do not wish to repeat them with you. I have told you how you will be situated as regards money-matters. Further than that, no man commercial shall be put upon you here. Do you understand?"

"I am thankful."

"Keep your ears open and your attention awake, and never repeat what I am going to tell you. When you brought disgrace on this house as you did, that fellow Hagbut came to me to break off his engagement with you, as he was almost bound to do. But the way he did it showed me he was a rascal and a sneak, every inch of him. By Heaven! he little knew how near he was being pitched into the lane."

"And yet poor Carry—" began Rebecca.

"Hold your tongue! you have enough to do without minding Carry. Mind yourself, and listen to me. You say there is no one has your heart; I ask no further. But mind, if there were, and Hagbut knew it, he will, if he is likely to be entirely displeasing to me, throw him against you."

Rebecca sat perfectly silent, and her father saw that there was more than he cared to know. At last she said, "Please, father, has Mr. Morley a daughter?"

"He may have a dozen for aught I know. I only know his eminent character; I know nothing of his domestic life, except that he is a widower."

"Because he told me he had, and told me much about her. And Hagbut denies that there is any such daughter."

"Hagbut is probably overreaching himself in some way," said Mr. Turner, coolly. "Suppose, for an instance, that Morley had a daughter who had done him discredit, such as yourself, you know, he might possibly be scheming to keep her as long as possible in the back-ground, and make anger between you and Morley. In which, you see, he has already failed, for Morley has told you all about her. Mind, once more, in conclusion: if there is any man of whom I should disapprove in this case, Hagbut *thinks* he wins £8000 by your marrying him, and he will contrive that you should meet him. And so, good-night."

STATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

THE invitations to the balls at the Tuileries are drawn up by the High Chamberlain, the guests being selected from a carefully-prepared list of some 10,000 persons, and are distributed by mounted soldiers, or by servants in the Imperial livery of gold and green; the color of the card of invitation indicating the comparative rank of its recipient. Official and diplomatic personages and their families enter by a little staircase leading to the private apartments; but the main body of the guests alight at the door of a vast marble vestibule and pour in one unbroken stream up the grand staircase, being received on the landing by a splendidly-attired official, who takes their cards of invitation from them. The ball itself takes place in the Salle des Maréchaux, a vast saloon, receiving its title from its walls being decorated with the portraits of the first twelve Marshals of the Empire. This hall is the largest in the Tuileries; but, despite its size, the crowd is frequently so great that dancing becomes an impossibility, though numerous chamberlains in scarlet uniforms, and ushers with their necks encircled by chains of massy silver, are continually doing their utmost to maintain a clear space. At about ten o'clock the Emperor and Empress, preceded by the Duc de Cambacérès, Master of the Ceremonies, proceed to the ball-room through the Galerie de la Paix, where the presentations to them take place, as represented in our engraving. His Imperial Majesty invariably wears a blue dress-coat with gold buttons, knee-breeches, stockings, and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. The Empress, on a recent occasion, wore a dress of rose-colored gauze, spangled with gold and trimmed with festoons of flowers, a wreath of flowers intermingled with diamonds being twined in her hair. The quadrille of honor, the persons taking part in which are always designated by the Emperor, is usually danced in the throne-room, a reserved space being kept by the exertions of a body of honorary chamberlains. The etiquette of the days of the Bourbons, against which MARIE ANTOINETTE so energetically protested, still surrounds the present occupants of the Tuileries. We learn from the recently published "Book of Ceremonial" that, "if his Majesty wishes to dance, the first Chamberlain, or in his absence the Chamberlain on duty, must approach and receive from him his sword and hat," and that, "when the Emperor stops dancing, the first Chamberlain presents his sword and hat to him." Consequently, if by some unforseen catastrophe the first Chamberlain and the Chamberlain on duty both happened to be absent, the Emperor would either have to dance with hat and sword or not dance at all. At midnight the supper, which is laid upon a long horseshoe buffet in the Galerie de Diane, is announced. It is partaken of standing, and the retirement of the Emperor and Empress, who sup first with a few selected guests, is the signal for a terrible rush on the part of the rest of the company, a rush which, despite all the efforts of the various officials, frequently becomes a most undignified scramble. The ball invariably concludes with the cotillon, a species of figure-dance in which all kinds of accessories, such as wreaths of flowers, flags, paper hoops like those leaped through by circus-riders, gigantic pasteboard heads, etc., are made use of. The Marquis de Caux, the husband of ADELINA PATTI, was the leader of the cotillon at the Tuileries, and was celebrated for his ingenuity in devising new figures.

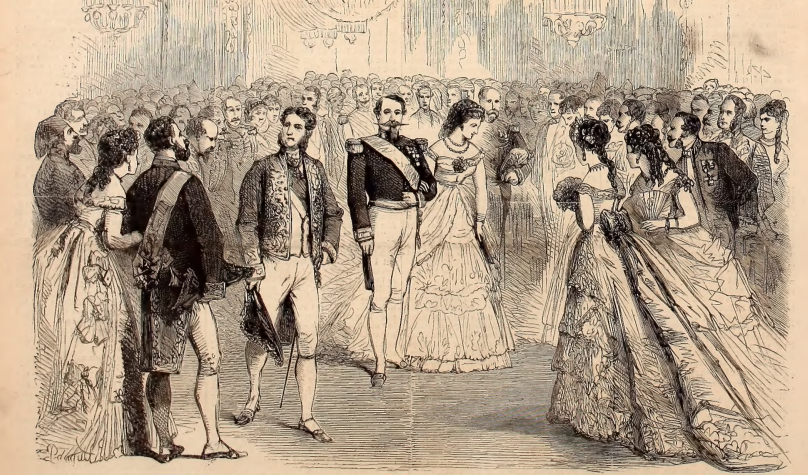
HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY, PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY,

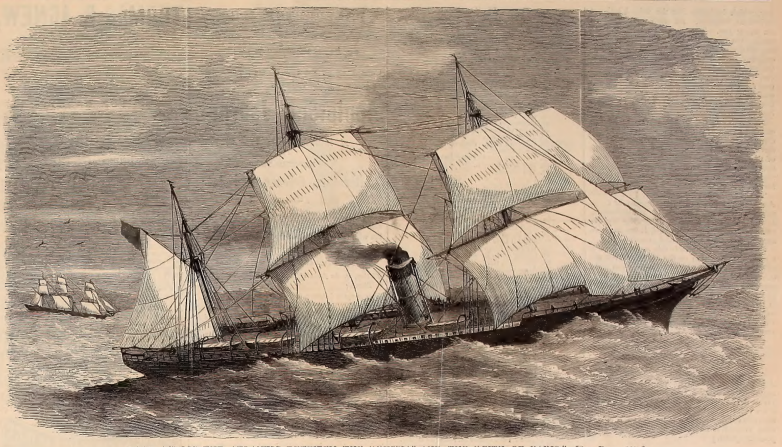
PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE SENATE.

THE President *pro tem.* of the Senate is, as regards succession, the third officer in our Government. His selection, therefore, in view of our past experience, is an affair of great importance. The choice of Senator H. B. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, for this position is the greatest compliment which could be paid him by the body with which he has been connected for the past ten years. The tribute is one which Senator ANTHONY well deserves.

Senator ANTHONY was born in Coventry, Rhode Island, April 1, 1815, of Quaker ancestry. He was graduated at Brown University in 1833, and in 1838 he assumed the editorial charge of the Providence *Journal*. He was elected Governor of Rhode Island in 1849; re-elected in 1850. He declined a second re-election, and became Senator in 1859. In 1865 his term expired, and he was again elected, his present term expiring in 1871. He was a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President LINCOLN to Illinois. He is as popular in the Senate as he is honest and patriotic in the service of his State and the nation. Senator ANTHONY does not belong to the legal profession, and therefore is not touched by Senator SUMNER'S recent philippic. He is largely endowed with common-sense. No wiser selection of a temporary President could have been made.



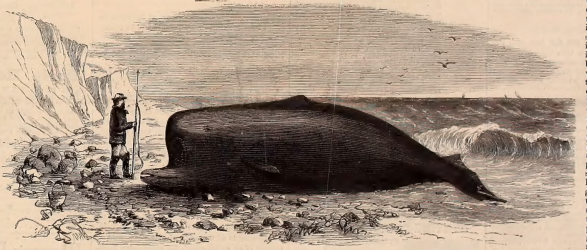
A STATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES—PRESENTATIONS TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS BEFORE THE BALL.



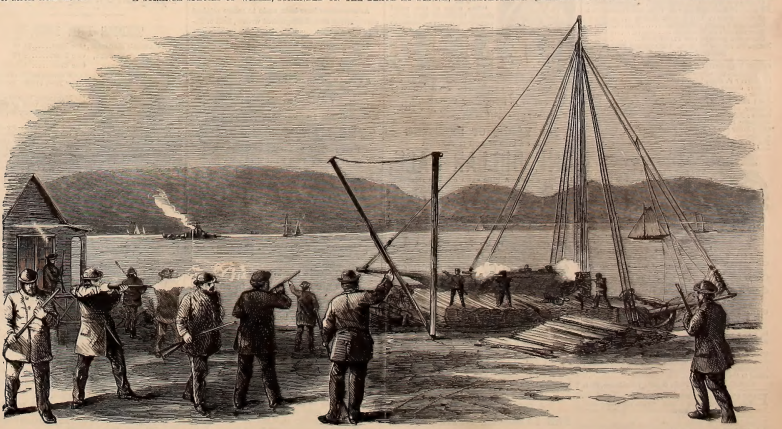
RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN THE "RUSSIA" AND THE "CITY OF PARIS."—[See Page 215.]

"CAST UP BY THE SEA."

This animal, classed scientifically under the head of Cetacea, was found on the beach at Dennis, Massachusetts, January 29, 1869. When found the blood was still warm, and it is supposed to have accidentally come too near the shore in the night, and by the force of the waves, which were high at the time, to have been driven entirely to the land, where, by its constant exertions to free itself, it soon became exhausted; at the same time the tide ebbing left it at some distance from the water, where it soon died. It measured 20 feet in length and 6 feet in height. It had a very large tail, measuring six feet across from the extremity of one lobe to that of the other; two pectoral fins two feet five inches long, also one dorsal fin nearly midway on its back, three or four inches high, thick at the base and narrowing toward the top. The head, the most peculiar and conspicuous portion of the animal, is globular on the upper part, tapering toward the lower side; the anterior part nearly perpendicular, the upper part a little in advance; and at the bottom is a projection very much resembling a bill, 20 inches long, slightly curved, giving the fore part of the animal a singular and striking appearance. No teeth were to be seen protruding through the gums, but on dissection several were found on the forward end of the lower



A STRANGE SPECIES OF WHALE, STRANDED ON THE BEACH AT DENNIS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Sketched by J. H. Blake.]



REVOLT OF CONVICTS AT SING SING, NEW YORK—THE CONFLICT ON THE SLOOP "EXCHANGE."—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 215.]

jaw, which indicates that the animal had not arrived at maturity. No teeth were found on the upper jaw. The eyes were comparatively small. On top of the head, a little forward of the eyes, was situated the "spout-hole." The external surface of the body was jet black, smooth, and shone like oiled-silk. Its "blubber," a fatty substance covering the muscles, was from 2½ to 4 inches in thickness, and was sold for $175; the purchasers probably obtained from it seven or eight barrels of oil of a superior quality.

Massachusetts waters are known to be frequented at different times of the year by eleven distinct species of Cetacea; but as far as observations and investigations have gone none of those bear a close resemblance to this specimen; therefore, it is considered a species with these waters, and probably a new and undescribed species.

The skeleton has been obtained by Professor AGASSIZ, and is now at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Massachusetts. It did not arrive, however, until after his departure for Havana, consequently it has not been examined by the distinguished savant.

Of this order of animals this is the sixteenth now in the possession of the Museum; but the crowded state of the rooms prevents any of them being exhibited. During the present year, however, the show-room is to be more than tripled in size by the extension of the building; and it is to be hoped ere long room will be found for exhibiting these skeletons all mounted naturally, when an excellent opportunity will be offered for studying and comparing them.

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CUBAN EXILES MARCHING FROM THE CABANA FORTRESS TO THE BOATS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.]

been sent to the penal station at Fernando Po for no other crime than their devotion to the cause of their country.

The Island of Fernando Po is situated on the western coast of Africa in the Bight of Biafra, at the extreme end of the Gulf of Guinea. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1471, and by them ceded to Spain in 1778. The island is 3° 25' north of the equator, and is from 40 to 50 miles long, and from 20 to 30 miles wide. It is one of the most picturesque islands that adorn the sea; it is covered with rank vegetation and with immense forests that reach down to the shore. No large animals are to be found; but birds abound, snakes and lizards are to be found in great numbers, and scorpions and centipedes are not uncommon. The island is inhabited by a very peculiar people called Bubees, about as primitive in their habits as any savages on the globe. A penal station was established here about ten years since. The convicts are employed to make roads, cut trees, work hard in the hot sun, and of course the climate makes short work of them. Malaria causes fever, and fever does the rest. The rains are heavy and continuous, the heat is very great, dysentery and liver-complaints are also common, and the men will be the only people who will be able to live on the island for a long time to come. The great number of graves testify to the great mortality among the whites, and the transportation of these political prisoners to Fernando Po is an outrage against humanity and a disgrace to civilization.

The revolution has already accomplished important results, though it has by no means achieved its main purpose. The emancipation of the slaves by the revolutionists has given their cause more sympathy for itself and more sympathy abroad. The Western Department was the only portion of the island involved in the original revolt, but gradually the whole island has been inflamed. Many outrages, doubtless, have been committed in the name of liberty, but the perpetrators are not recognized or supported by the mass of the revolutionists.

It is impossible to ascertain the true history of the conflicts which have been fought. The lies have not been such in their results as to increase the confidence of the Spaniards is clear from the continual stream of reinforcements sent to them from the mother country. About the 18th of February an army of 4,000 Asturias for the interior, consisting of four steamers and thirteen sail. It was under the command of the Spanish General Lesca, and its object was to raise the siege of Puerto Principe. Its purpose has been accomplished, but, apparently, at great cost of life. Lesca's march through the mountains was continually harassed by the insurgents. A severe battle took place in the Sierra Cubitas, in which Lesca met with a force. It is probable that Lesca suffered the greater loss, but he succeeded in continuing his march. We give an illustration of this conflict on page 253. The defeat of the Bardones was the scene of the battle. The insurgents claim that with 1000 men they repulsed the Spaniards.

Señor Aguilera, whose portrait we give on page 253, is the principal civil leader of the revolutionists, under General Cespedes. For a picture of the Cuban patriots rallying round their flag, it is the son of General Cespedes who is kneeling.

It seems probable that our Government will soon recognize the Cubans. The meeting held at Steinway Hall in this city on the evening of March 25 indicates the strong hold which the Cuban cause has already gained upon the sympathies of our people. Henry Ward Beecher made a very effective speech, and Mr. Paul Du Chaillu, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts presented in this connection, gave a graphic description of Fernando Po, and made an eloquent plea for Cuban independence.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

JAMES HARPER.

James Harper, the senior partner of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, died on Saturday evening, March 27, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. On the previous Thursday he was driving with his daughter, when the horses were startled by the sudden breaking of the pole of the carriage, and during the vain endeavor to control them, he was thrown, with his daughter, to the pavement. She, fortunately, was little injured; but her father was taken up unconscious and carried to St. Luke's Hospital, where he lay for two days, most tenderly cared for by his family and the hospital surgeons—and, although apparently suffering, he did not recover his consciousness before his death.

On the Monday before, the writer of these lines said to him, as Mr. Harper, in his active fluent manner, left the work-rooms, paused to comment with humorous shrewdness upon public affairs: "Why, Mr. Mayor, you are the youngest man in the buildings." For his bodily vigor and alertness were remarkable. Erect in figure and elastic in movement, with a muscular force which was proverbial, his kind face was familiar to every man and woman and child in the employ of the house; and his kind heart made them all his friends. For fifty years he had been one of the most industrious and prosperous business men, and one of the most conspicuous and honored citizens, of New York. "Time could not wither him, nor custom stale." Courteous, forbearing, urbane in manner; of a remarkable sagacity; of a lofty integrity; of a wide acquaintance with men and affairs; and of a diligence which nothing relaxed, he lived his honorable and unostentatious life; and with every faculty undimmed, with the cheering impression of the whole body unabated, he passed suddenly and forever from human sight.

Only two hours before he drove out on Thursday Mr. Harper had sat to Mr. Rockwood for his photograph, and the result was a striking likeness, which will appear in our issue of next week. For we like to believe that the friends, known and unknown, all over the land, to whom for many years *Harper's Weekly* has been so constant a visitor, will feel a little kindly interest in one whose name has necessarily become familiar to them, and whose career is so full of encouragement to every honest and diligent young American.

CUBA.

There are two Cuban parties in this country. One wishes that Cuba may get its liberty; the other that we may get Cuban sugar. One is the party of Cuban independence; the other of Cuban annexation. Now an expression of sympathy with a people manfully struggling to throw off a foreign and oppressive yoke is instinctive with every generous man. This country is not hostile to Spain. Indeed, we ought to like that country more than ever, for it has just peacefully disembarrassed itself of a most corrupt and repulsive royal government. But undoubtedly Cuba has been horribly misgoverned. The people were not only taxed without representation, but they were not admitted into the public service. The Spaniard treated Cuba as the old barons used to treat rich Hebrews. It has tortured the island and forced it to foot the bills of the torturer. The result has come in Cuba, which comes in all such histories, when the people will endure oppression no longer, appeals, pleading to their stout hands and hearts, to the sympathy of humanity and, to the favor of God, proceed to try to deliver themselves.

The Cuban revolution is a natural protest against Spanish misrule. The discontent had long been awaiting an opportunity to strike a blow, and the opportunity would have begun at the time of the late revolution in Spain, but that disconcerted it. Yet while the unanimity of the uprising was prevented, it was not altogether repressed, and has since apparently grown in its extent and importance. Now it was natural for Cubans alone to determine whether they would like the new Spanish Government which promised reform, or whether they would not. Likewise, we can not blame the Cubans for insisting upon the same right to establish a government satisfactory to themselves.

But, of course, the Cubans, like the Spaniards, like our fathers, like all men who are justified in revolting, must maintain themselves by their own power. The success of the world demands that no forcible overthrow of a government shall be attempted without a fair prospect of success; for if the mere raising of a standard of revolt by a few malcontents should be enough to secure the official recognition of other and powerful nations there would be endless war, to the great injury of the progress of Liberty. When, however, the power, motive and duration of the contest show that the movement is not a riot but a revolution, and especially where it is the struggle of a population to escape a foreign domination, recognition at the proper moment is a measure of peace and civilization. Every nation, in view of all risks, of the general welfare, and of its own interests, must decide for itself when and how the recognition of belligerency shall be made, and when independence shall be established.

This is what Spain and Holland and France did in our own revolution. This is what England did during our late rebellion and during the revolt of Spanish America in 1823. We complained, and justly, that the circumstances of the recognition showed the conduct of England to be unfriendly during our late war. But that country took the risk, and the consequences still remain to be seen. It is, however, idle to attempt to establish any similarity between the attempt of the Spanish rebels to overthrow the government of their country—against which they did not even prefer one charge of oppression, and exist only for the purpose of perpetuating their oppression of others—and the Cuban revolt against the most acknowledged and flagrant tyranny. The attempt to establish independence and self-government is one that claims the sympathy of lovers of liberty every where; and when the attempt has been so long continued and so successful that the ability of the revolutionists has been fairly demonstrated the United States may fairly recognize Cuban belligerency, and at last Cuban independence.

But the misfortune of Cuba, as we have suggested, is that there is a very loud and active party in this country that wishes Cuban independence not for the sake of Cuba, but of the United States. This party does not very sincerely believe in the capacity of the Cubans to maintain a government, but rather hopes that recognition by the United States will persuade Spain to desist from the effort to recover the island, and that the line of necessity Cuba will fall into our hands. Is that a desirable result? Unquestionably not. Natioñs do not live by sugar alone. In the present situation of this country in regard to debt, harmony, population, immensity of debt, and public morality, to add a million and a half of Spanish creoles and African negroes, with all manner of ignorance and alien sympathy, to our population is to run not to be desired. Cuba would be but the beginning. The rest of the West Indies and the shores of the Gulf would follow. That would not strengthen—it would infinitely weaken this nation. It would not hasten—it would retard Liberty.

In 1823, when England recognized the independence of Spanish America, it was not from sympathy with those colonies nor from regard to any principle. It was merely a stroke in European politics. It was a blow at France and the Holy Alliance. It was to revenge a supposed wrong of England. It was, in Canning's words, "to redress the balance of power disturbed in the East by calling into existence a new world in the West." The conduct of Louis Philippe in the rebellion sprang from no sympathy with any people or principle, but from the instinctive wish of an aristocratic system to see a great, popular government overthrown. If ever there is a Cuban treason, merely that we may seize the revenues that Spain loses, our pretense of regard for the rights of self-government will self-government is become unspeakably ludicrous. Moreover, the question of territorial expansion in this country is not one of money only, but of liberty and of national existence. While, therefore, we do not grudge the expression of our sympathy for a people struggling bravely, as in Crete and Cuba, for self-government, let us not deceive them nor ourselves with falsehood, nor betray them into an expectation of that "material aid" which we do not intend to furnish.

THE ATTACK UPON THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

Last week we spoke of the assault of the New York Tribune upon the public schools. The object of the attack we stated to be not merely the control of the school moneys for the benefit of the Democratic party, but for the benefit of sectarian bodies. The Tribune this week we have to record another and a plainer movement for the same purpose, which should awaken every citizen to the necessity of constant vigilance to save the public school system from its most resolute and most skillful enemy. The hostility of the Romish priesthood to the common schools is proverbial, and their attempt to divert the public money to their sectarian schools is not confined to this State, but is shown in Ohio as well as in New York, and will be always felt wherever the Church and power.

The system of the Romish Church is a strictly "paternal" system. The priests are shepherds; the people are sheep. But sheep are silly and require much care. Sheep unwatched will smell at walls; they will even put their noses over; they will even squeeze through gaps and into pamper and more flowery pastures—silly sheep! Sheep must therefore be strictly guarded by pastors or shepherds, who declare that the pastures beyond the wall are poisonous. Keeps and prisons, and all the horrible things which the Church has done and may grow in them deadly poison, and what keep dogs to persuade sheep who do not believe it.

Upon this sheep theory, therefore, it is essential that the hands of the Church be prevented from nosing and looking and longing beyond the prescribed limits. The Church seeks to make itself, or every moment and in every occupation of the members. Father Hecker, with excellent humor, says that it is slander to say that his Church does not allow liberty. Undoubtedly it does allow liberty—within the Church. It allows the liberty that sheep have under the eye of the shepherd and his dog. It allows liberty just as the Propaganda allows freedom of the press—that is, the freedom of publishing whatever the Propaganda approves. And the Propaganda approves nothing that does not tend to the supreme control of the Romish Mother Church over the mind and conscience of mankind.

Of course such a church is hostile to free common schools in a country that rigorously separates church from state, and which in every way illustrates and stimulates intellectual and moral liberty. But it is untiring for its own purposes and never dismayed, and so we have the extraordinary spectacle of the government in Austria, lately the strong-hold of the Romish priesthood, which controlled the whole system of public education, taking the schools out of priestly control, and of a proposition in the Legislature of New York to support a vast number of schools absolutely controlled by the same priesthood. The Austrian Emperor releases the schools from the priests, a committee of the New York Legislature reports a bill to subject them to the priests. Do New Yorkers propose to submit?

This extraordinary bill is reported, we have been drawn by the priests, and was introduced in the Legislature by Mr. Tweed, a member of the Committee upon Charitable and Religious Societies. It provides that

"Whenever there shall be or has been established and maintained in any city of this State, any free school or schools in which not less than 500 children have been or are taught with substantial gratuitousness, it shall be the duty of such city, or of the town of which such city is a part, or of which such city is a whole or a part, to make provisions from year to year for the expenses of such school or schools."

With the passage of such a bill the priesthood would instantly issue peremptory orders to take no child of the Roman Catholic persuasion under any circumstances, be sent to the common schools, but should be forced to attend the priests' schools. Every other sect in the State might do the same, and the contest that would follow could very easily end in the abolition of the whole school system.

It is one of the most subtle and deadly blows ever aimed at the independence of the child and state in this country. Mr. Palmer, the chairman of the Committee, who was absent when the bill was reported favorably, dissented from the report. Mr. Folger objected to its being considered in another committee, and the other Republican members, true to the fundamental party principle of civil and religious liberty, resolved unanimously to oppose the bill. The subject is of the most vital importance. But the danger will be averted by the now threatened predominance of the Republican party. The proposition is a Democratic measure, and should the Democratic party gain the control of the Legislature it would become a law.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

There are complaints among our leading jobbing houses of inactivity, which many suppose comes from a want of confidence on the part of country buyers, and a sense of weakness is thus contributed somewhat inconsistent with the actual situation. The large houses of the South have finished making their early purchases, and entered at large upon the work of distribution, with a firmer hope than usual of earning larger profits and making more certain collections than for several years. The longest time which credit gives to the jobbers by the most conservative houses is ninety days, 3 per cent. off, with the privilege of 5 off at thirty days, 6 off ten days. A few, however, have sold at four months, in consequence of the admonition which is contained in a refusal by the purchaser to avail of the 12 per cent. per annum which might be gained by prompt payment. Although it is a confession of weakness, which strong and sagacious merchants never make, to neglect an early payment when 12 per cent. can be gained, and consequently an imprudence to sell to such customers, the trade will always be affected with both purchasers and sellers on account of credit longer than the safest houses allow. It is an imprudence on both sides even in cases in which there is an honest intention to meet the obligation, as lengthened credits involve higher prices, and it is exceedingly difficult to foretell the changes of the money market under the peculiar circumstances which exist. Gold was rendered tight during the week ending the 27th by the sudden withdrawal from the Bank of New York by a leading bank of a million of specie, which was immediately followed by tightness also in currency.

It is not at all probable that Congress will authorize contraction at this session, and consequently the quantity of money will remain fixed, and prices so far as they are affected by that fact first, but not exclusively, nevertheless exposed to a *partial* shock in financial affairs from other causes. We say *partial*, because one of a general character is wholly improbable as long as the debt pyramid for medium remains undiminished. The difficulty to which the country is exposed and which must sooner or later come with considerable force, will be due to our excess of imports over exports, now easily explained by owing to the large sale of our bonds in Europe, and to the more fatal facility with which we borrow upon them in this country than in Europe. Foreign capital, payable on loans at sixty days and constantly renewed. Their renewal will take place until such capital is wanted abroad, but although there are indications of an increase in the rate of interest in London, due to the excess of English imports in December, 1868, to the amount of £6,000,000 over those of December, 1867, and to £12,000,000 over those of November, 1868, the circumstances do not yet exist which call for the displacement of these temporary loans by the withdrawal of funds from this country.

The slow recovery of English activity in trade is, therefore, favorable to present financial ease in this country, and to the aggravation of the severity of the shock which those must feel ultimately who now suspend their prosperity upon credits which must in time be withdrawn. When this withdrawal will take place can not

be known, as it may come from some scare easily imparted as well as from the necessity which a renewal of active trade abroad will occasion. All who wish to be sure will not only take care how they embark in new adventures, but will make themselves snug in their financial condition.

The reason why our market is not supplied with Western and Northern merchants is easily explained. The interior is covered with snow to such an unusual extent as to have blocked up the travel on railroads. The storm on Tuesday, March 23, gave in New Hampshire fourteen inches of snow on many tracks, in addition to what was piled breast-high from previous storms on each side of the tracks. Ice still impedes navigation on the Lakes and in Northern canals, and no indications are deemed conclusive that the spring will be late. This, together with the system of credits, keeps at home those who find that the face of nature is not suggestive of summer stocks. Merchants from the central portion of the Union are, however, at hand. Others give their orders in writing, on a system of living from hand to mouth.

The circumstances favorable to considerable activity during a more lengthened season than usual are that raw cotton manifests a full price, giving a large reward to Southern industry for last year's crop, larger indeed than the price of the manufactures from it justifies either there or in Manchester. The planting interest enjoys this advantage, and must be consumers to a corresponding extent. The price of cotton, for middling, was, say, Upland Florida, 28; Mobile, 29; New Orleans, 29¼; Texas, 29¼. The price of cotton goods is adjusted at a lower basis by our cotton, presumably as unsteady in the trade which must be corrected by a fall in cotton or an advance in cloths. But, in any event likely to occur, our Southern staple must be paid for abroad at rates which will continue to impart strength to the Southern country. Cotton goods were marked down from 4 to 4½ cents per yard on the 27th March, a concession due to the condition of the market. It would appear that their manufacture exceeds their consumption.

So far as concerns our Northern crops the situation is but little changed. Mr. H. KAINS JACKSON is again out in the London *Times*, assuring the English public that as to wheat we may rely "on plenty and cheapness." His estimates are based on the returns made to the *Mark Lane Express*, in which only thirteen show crops of wheat under an average, and only two hundred returns. The producers of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, writing from London on the 10th March, say:

> "The Government find it impossible to secure complete statistics of agricultural crops and live-stock in England, the owners and occupiers of which refuse to give the information required. The duty of collecting these statistics is harassing to the officers, and exposes them to much insult. The British farmer always under the impression that he shall lose something by letting the world know what he is about with his land."

As these returns are voluntarily made on the request of the Board of Trade, it is probable that those retained are withheld because they could not be used to advance the powerful interest which the late drought occasioned. Every interest in England was affected by the dry season, and in no district are any admissions made which give a view of its extent. On the contrary, the press has been uniform in attempts to lower the price of grain, as it has resulted in unusual quantities from foreign people. Even English farmers assisted in this policy, as they had produced only a six months' supply, and are themselves purchasers of all descriptions of food.

Mr. JACKSON attributes the "checkmate" to enterprise to the corn trade very much to "a winter that in its mildness and the extent of its January and February supplies has disarranged the most moderate calculations."

All this can fairly be claimed for the unusually mild January and February is that animals have had superior means for feeding, making to that extent imported supplies unnecessary. But feeding in the winter must subject the pastures, which are to be mowed in July, to nearly a corresponding loss. The system now is in a spring conforming to the mildness of the winter, and an earlier facility than usual for obtaining all that remains of supplies of grain in the northern markets of Europe now shut down on May. But the fewer arrivals of grain lately, as compared with 1867, begin to create anxiety, and prices have somewhat stiffened for No. 2 American red wheat, which is what they chiefly import from this country.

Our views as to the true policy of our farmers remain unchanged. English dealers in grain are carefully watching events which they aim to profit by breaking down our markets for grain till they shall find results—a policy which will be made secure if our productions are pressed to the sea-board. Inconvenience is suffered here from inadequate payments by Western merchants. So far as sales are necessary to meet obligations on the part of the farming interest to them, they should be made; but immediate slaughter in price can be avoided only by holding on to what grain may not be required to meet their accruing debts.

HANNAH TYLER'S LETTER.

We have no other knowledge of HANNAH TYLER than a letter from the Treasury Department which she has recently published. If the statements of the letter are not true, it is one of the cruelest letters that could be written, and should cause her ignominious dismissal. If they are true, there should be a very searching reform in the management of the clerical work in the Treasury Department, and a very sincere vote of thanks to HANNAH TYLER from all honest people.

She says in substance that very many of the women employed in the Department—of course before Mr. BOUTWELL came in—are ignorant, idle, and dissolute. She complains that "leaving the paramours and mistresses of members of Co-egress forced upon us;" and she calls upon Mr. BOUTWELL to put a stop to such and "impotent women." She states that the Departments are "filled with females—crowded, I may say"—who are utterly worthless, but of whom the Secretary can say nil himself because of "influence." She says that Postmaster-General RANDALL, during the last two weeks of his term of office, appointed thirty female clerks; "and for what reason Heaven only knows, since nearly one-fifth of those already employed have been turned away, and even a tax in the office." There were desks for fifty female clerks—the law provides for that number—but Mr. RANDALL was not content with that, but ran the number up to sixty.

HANNAH TYLER'S letter, if it tells the truth, is one of the most forcible practical arguments for a proper system of civil service. No office in the Departments might be defended against the presence of clerks who "have scarcely education enough to tell the day of the week by a counting-house calendar," and who "know-nay, care even not in the office." There were desks for fifty female clerks—the law provides for that number—but Mr. RANDALL was not content with that one hundred and sixty-one

FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY AT THE EMPIRE CITY SKATING RINK, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 231.]

A BOY'S LOVE.

I.

"WHO IS THAT MAN?" ASKED HARLEY, ABRUPTLY.

"AND so you like West Point?"

"Oh, so much—it is lovely!" and Miss Levering clasped her pretty little diamond-covered hands with an affectation of rapture. "And I like the—what do you call them—dear me, how odd I can not remember! the—the—"

"The parade," suggested Harley Goddard, whose thoughts were generally centred on military matters.

"The parade, of course," she replied, "but I mean the—the—cadets."

"Oh!"

And Harley felt conscious that he had taken the compliment to himself, and was coloring in a very boyish way.

"Yes," continued Miss Levering, "they are splendid; they are so lovely in their uniform, and have such a firm, independent look—"

"Louise, my dear," said her mother, "what are you raving about?"

"Nothing, mamma," replied her daughter, paying no further attention. "Oh, Mr. Harley—I beg pardon—I mean Mr. Harley Goddard"—and she became delightfully confused—"is not the view of the river charming from here?"

They were on the piazza of Rowe's Hotel. It was afternoon, the place was crowded with promenaders, the air was balmy, and the sun was going down behind the hills, leaving the sky radiant with golden light.

Harley made some boyish reply, and the flirtation continued.

"Who is that girl?" asked a lady of a gentleman as they passed the handsome cadet and his companion.

"She is the wealthy Miss Levering, of New York, the *protégé* of Colonel Houghton, who, on dying, left her a fortune. "She is considered beautiful, but there is something about her I can not admire. Besides—"

The conversation became more confidential.

"Come," said Harley, "will you walk over to the library building? I want to show you the pictures—"

He was in earnest, but Miss Levering thought it was an excuse for a continuation of the flirtation, which, inasmuch as she had only known him three or four days, was advancing in a wild and wonderful manner; so she said, "Yes," and went off without noticing her mother's warning:

"Louise, you had better take your shawl. The evening dew will soon fall."

"Mamma is so stupid," she said, as they descended the steps together and crossed the green sward.

Harley looked surprised, but said nothing, and she rattled on.

"Is not the sunset sublime? Oh, I could gaze at it forever!"

"I think it would hardly consent to that neat arrangement," replied Harley, practically.

She tapped him on the arm with her fan.

"Monster!" she said, giving him a look out of the corners of her eyes, which was intended to mean, "Oh, you dear, delightful fellow!" and which made Harley's heart palpitate strangely.

"Here we are," he said, as they reached the picturesque library building. "Come in; it is not too late to see the pictures." She looked a little surprised at his persisting in what she considered a mere *ruse* to get her away from under her mother's eyes, but entered.

"I know you will like these grand full-length portraits of Monroe and Jefferson," he continued; "they are by Sully, one of the greatest painters our country has ever produced. He used to come here every summer until lately, but now remains at his home in Philadelphia. Are they not superb specimens of color?"

She murmured "Yes," evidently not understanding or taking interest in the subject.

"These kit-cats are by Sully also," he continued; "this full-length is by Weir—"

"Very nice," she said, "but I like colored photographs better."

Harley was somewhat shocked at her want of taste, and they turned away without any further inspection of the library, and went down the path, past the chapel. Twilight was approaching, and already the full moon made luminous the shady walk.

"Do you know," said Miss Levering, suddenly, "I like you?"

"Do you?" replied Harley, his breath almost taken away.

"Yes—you are not angry, are you?"

"Angry?" he stammered.

"Please don't be angry with me," she pr ad ed, in her childlike way; "I do, say you will?"

"If you will permit?"

"If I will permit? Why, of course I will! And now I want you to do me a fa r."

"Any thing you desire, I—"

"Any thing I desire! Oh, I w splendid! How kind—how good you are! Well—give me one of your military buttons for my *clothesbrier*."

Out came Harley's knife, and he recklessly chopped a button off and presented it to her.

"Is one enough?" he asked, preparing to sacrifice another.

"Yes, thank you, plenty," she answered, "How pretty it is! It will look well on my

"I want you to be my friend; will you? Oh, say you will?"

"If you will permit?

"If I will permit? Why, of course I will! And now I want you to do me a fa r."

"Any thing you desire, I—"

"Any thing I desire! Oh, I w splendid! How kind—how good you are! Well—give me one of your military buttons for my *clothesbrier*."

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DOGS AT THE POULTRY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 231.]

chêtelaine, I think—don't you? Please tell me frankly; do you think it will look well?"

She regarded him in an appealing manner, and Harley told her that he thought it would look very well.

"You say that because you know it will please me," she said, plaintively.

He assured her he did not. Whereupon she laughed gayly, and called him a wretch.

"Now," she said, confidentially, "I want you to give me a piece of advice. Will you?"

"With pleasure."

"Really?"

Harley smiled.

"Yes."

"Then—then—don't laugh—please don't laugh at me." This was said with great earnestness.

"I am not laughing," replied Harley, sober as a judge.

"Oh, yes you are," she persisted; "I see it in your eyes—there—there."

And she made a little *moue* at him, which caused him to burst into a laugh, in which she joined, and it was at least a moment before they could stop.

"You fiend in human form," Miss Levering finally managed to say, "listen. Tell me what color ribbon I shall wear to-morrow night at the hop at Cozzens's."

Harley said, without hesitation, "Pink; you were in the other day, and you looked—"

He paused, he had not the courage to pay her the desired compliment, but she helped him on.

"Did I look well?"

Harley drew a long breath.

"Perfectly well," he exclaimed, with the strongest emphasis.

Miss Levering uttered an hysterical little cry.

"Oh, you naughty creature!" she said; "and do you really like me?"

She took his arm and looked up into his face with a glance that sent the blood dancing through his veins. The sky had deepened into the tender blue of evening, the moon illuminated the pathway with mysterious effulgence, and in the bright light his eyes met hers and remained fixed upon her with fascination.

"Do I like you?" he repeated, with boyish impetuosity. "Yes—I do!"

"Be my friend," she said, her voice trembling while her hand pressed his arm. "I am so lonely, so sad sometimes. No one cares for me—they smile upon me, and then go away and forget me. You will not do that, will you, Harley—I mean Mr. Goddard—you will not do that?"

"No," he replied, unconsciously pressing her hand. "I will be your friend always—for ever!"

"How good you are" she whispered.

He felt that a strong and good hand, he was murmured, "and I—"

"Louise!" said a calm voice.

Mrs. Levering on the arm of a gentleman barred their pathway.

"Mamma!" cried Louise.

"And some one else," said the gentleman.

"Louise—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Levering, "when did you arrive? What a surprise! You wrote you would not be here."

"But I am, you see," said the gentleman, with an air that a lover might glance at Harley. Miss Levering nervously introduced him. They shook hands coldly.

"I suppose you now, Mr. Goddard," said Louise. "Good-night, and many thanks for your kindness."

She extended her hand warmly, took the gentleman's arm, and the party turned toward Hotel, leaving Harley alone in the moonlight filled with conflicting emotions.

II.

HARLEY did not sleep that night. He tossed restlessly hour after hour, thinking over his interview with Miss Levering. "She must like me," he argued—"I am sure she does; while I—I love her!" And the poor boy did not exaggerate. He was fascinated—captivated him. "How beautiful she is!" thought the cadet, "and what a sweet voice!" Then he passed while a third thought him. "She is very wealthy, and I—well, I am not poor—my father is prosperous and—I could support a—a wife!" And Harley, thinking of marriage, was ready—before you have graduated! How fast boys rush on—American boys especially! How bright the future seems to youthful eyes! A storm may come—but at the first glimpse of sunshine the gloomy past is forgotten and Hope smiles once more. Harley felt sure Miss Levering liked him very much—for had she not asked him to be her friend—and had he not accepted the trust—and would he not fulfill it nobly?

He fell asleep at last and dreamed of her—dreamed that she called him "Dear Harley," and told him that she loved him, and awoke with a start just as the *reveille* sounded.

He thought of nothing but Miss Levering all day, and when on parade she waved her handkerchief to him and smiled, he felt that every one was looking at him and envying him, and that he was the happiest fellow in the world.

As soon as his duties permitted, flushed and impatient, he hurried over to Rowe's. Miss Levering and the gentleman she had the evening before introduced as Mr. Wilton were lounging and talking on the piazza. Harley was somewhat taken aback, but his angel held out her hand graciously, and said, "How well you looked on parade, Mr. Goddard!" To which Mr. Wilton, who had nodded to Harley in a condescending manner not very agreeable to him, added, "Yes, the cadets drill well, and are a fine set of boys."

The sneer was so evident that Harley smiled, and Miss Levering, tapping Mr. Wilton on the arm, called him a monster, and asked him to get her a glass of water. He arose lazily, and departed to obey.

"Who is that man?" asked Harley, abruptly. Miss Levering laughed.

"That man, as you are pleased to call him, is my affianced husband."

Harley drew back slowly, his hands fall to his side, and for a moment he did not move. Miss Levering, in order to give him time to recover, gazed thoughtfully at the river, until at last Harley spoke.

"You are to marry him?" he whispered, in a choked voice.

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"Hush! He is here."

She took the glass of water from Mr. Wilton and sipped it leisurely. Harley regarded her stupefied. Every thing seemed in a whirl before him. He rose mechanically.

"Are you going?" asked Miss Levering, lightly.

"Yes," he answered, and with a slight bow turned away and hurried to the barracks. He threw himself on his bed, and lay there for an hour without moving. She was to marry another! No, no, it could not be—it should not be. He would prevent it. He must see her, and have an explanation. When? Now! Already he had left—perhaps she would be there. He would go also.

Night came, clear and beautiful. As Harley entered the ball-room the first object his eyes rested upon was Miss Levering, with pink ribbons in her hair, waltzing with Harley the most beautiful girl in the world, though other people were naughty enough to say she used the slightest possible touch of rouge, and pencilled her eyebrows; but the world will talk. Miss Levering motioned him to come over. She knew she had not been neglected, her vanity was gratified, and she felt magnanimous. Besides, cadets are always in demand among the young ladies at West Point, and Harley was one of the handsomest. Miss Levering liked to be seen dancing with him because it attracted attention, and made the other girls envious. Besides, he was of more than ordinary warmth:

"Mr. Goddard, I haven't forgotten my promise to dance with you, so you may put your name down for the fourth."

Harley took the book. Mr. Wilton was down for the fifth quadrille. With a bitter smile he added his name for the fourth, and sauntered off. He lounged about the room, and then stopped under the awning, watching Miss Levering dancing.

"Why don't you dance, Harley?" asked one of his companions, "there are lots of pretty girls anxious to know you."

"Shall I dance and flirt with some one else and set the others jealous?" he thought. But Harley's nature was too honest to attempt such a thing; so he said, "No, thank you; I have a partner for the fourth dance."

And he waited patiently until the fourth arrived. It proved to be a gallop.

"I thought you danced" said Miss Levering, leaning on his shoulder affectionately as he pioneered her through the whirling crowd.

He did not reply, but as they were near one of the windows, drew her out on the piazza.

"I want to talk with you," he said. "Let us take a short walk."

"We mustn't be gone long," he replied, "or mamma will make a dreadful row. And me my handkerchief to wrap around my neck."

He did so, and for a moment they walked silently along the esplanade.

"Louise!" he said at last.

"Well?"

She was not angry at the familiarity. She rather liked it. She knew that Harley loved her, and thought it would be good fun to keep up the flirtation.

"I love you!" he continued.

"Don't say that," she whispered, at the same time hoping he would go on.

"I must," he replied, firmly. "I can not live without you! Oh Louise, do not break my heart and destroy my peace of mind. Love me!"

"Oh, no, Harley," she murmured, "you are young; for you the world is bright and beautiful. You have had but one love, and though it is a pretty sentiment. "Remember I am always your friend—"

"Your friend!" he cried, fiercely. "I love you too well to see you the wife of another. I am not wealthy, but I have a fair income—do not refuse me! Louise, you shall not be—no! Why must you marry this man?"

"Because I have promised," she answered, hurriedly.

"Promised!" he echoed, bitterly.

"Yes," she said; "I can not go to retract."

They had reached a little summer-house, and she sank gracefully on a seat.

He took her hand and covered it with kisses.

"Must I lose you?" he groaned.

She regarded him with a kind of pity.

"Poor Harley!" she said, softly.

"If you knew how I loved you—!" he almost sobbed in his anguish. "Oh, Louise! Love me! Why did you lead me to suppose that you cared for me?"

She arose and pressed a kiss on his brow.

"Because—I love you," she whispered.

He clasped her passionately in his arms.

"You love me! you love me!" he repeated, delirously.

She let him kiss and embrace her for a moment, because she rather liked being kissed by a handsome young man, and then drew herself from his arms.

"I love you," she said—then came a long pause—"but I can never be your wife."

The words were theatrically delivered; but Miss Levering had practiced the sentence on several victims before, and knew how to produce an effect.

"Never be my wife?" Harley repeated.

She moved so that the moonlight could fall upon her face and make her look seraphic.

"No!" she answered. "No!"

"Why not?"

"Because you are unable to give me the position in the world I seek. Do not be angry, Harley. Let us be friends—warm friends always—but let us forget to-night."

He arose sternly.

"Let us return," was all he said.

She took his arm.

"Harley," she murmured.

"Well?"

"You forgive me?"

He did not answer.

She detached a bow of pink ribbon from her hair, and, it being true to the instincts of a coquette, offered it to him.

"Take this," she said, "and remember that, though I shall marry another, I shall never cease to love you."

It was wicked, heartless, to say this; but it was the truth for all that. In her light, selfish way she cared more for him at that moment than any man she knew.

Still Harley did not speak.

Miss Levering endeavored to weep, but paused, remembering that it would not do to re-enter the ball-room with red eyes.

"Harley," she said, "we must not part in anger."

"No," he exclaimed at last, his better feelings touching his heart; "not in anger, Louise I forgive you."

"Of course you do," she replied, with an effort to recover her gayety. "Now take me back to mamma, or I shall be dreadfully scolded."

She looked at him stealthily as they entered the ball-room. He was so handsome, so noble, that no pain touched her.

"How he loves me!" she thought, and she felt a little sorry for him: but this was by no means her first flirtation, and his anguish did not affect her deeply.

"You will not forget me?" she whispered, as he led her to where her mother was seated. "Think kindly of me, Harley."

She remained making the same speech to several men with whom she had trifled in a like manner,

"I will try," he said, and turned away.

She watched him leave the ball-room, and then with a little shrug of her shoulders turned to Mr. Wilton—he had been looking on with any thing but a pleased expression, and began talking gayly until she had pacified and amused him, and then let him put down his name for the next dance.

III.

THE week passed slowly enough for poor Harley. He bore up bravely like a true soldier, but he went near Miss Levering no more. She was present at parade for the fourth day, and cast on his eye and smile, but he looked resolutely away, with a choking sensation in his throat; and instead of longing to recall Rowe's with the other cadets, remained in the barracks. Poor fellow! He did his best to overcome his love for Louise, but it was useless—he had not too earnestly to recover in a day. His passion for the girl—his first love, honest and pure as that he bore his dead mother—was founded in force. Her image was constantly before him. The bow of pink ribbon she had given him—his handkerchief which she had worn around her neck—he still tortured him beyond measure.

"False-hearted creature!" he muttered, savagely: "she loves me, and yet she sacrifices all for position. Curse her!" Then, with a revulsion of feeling he added, "No—I can not hate her—I love her too deeply for that—too wildly." Poor Harley, poor noble-hearted boy!

A few days after he received a little note, which ran as follows:

"Have you forgotten me, Harley? Why will you not come to me? Have you ceased to care for me? Ah, the heart of man is so prone to transfer its affections easily—but the heart of Woman *always* remains faithful.

L."

This dramatic epistle had been concocted with the aid of another young lady whom Louise had accomplished had cut her out. "My dear," she had said, at the same time munching a *bonbon*, "if this don't bring him to my feet, he is—well, I won't say what."

Harley read and re-read this note, kissed it, and believed it yet-passed. "Is she acting heartlessly?" he thought, as he shook his head sadly. Yet love was too strong within him to resist the appeal. He must go to her," he said; and he went. Miss Levering was not in her usual place on the piazza, but as he was about to turn he overtook her heard laughing voices and his name mentioned.

"—hasn't come yet, my love," said a young lady's voice.

"No," replied another voice—that of Louise.

"He is a handsome fellow, but young—very young. I feel as though I could have been making love to me; he adores me. Watch him to-morrow, and see how he looks at me."

"Louise, Louise, should not trifle with the boy," said Mr. Wilton's languid voice.

"I trifle with him?" she echoed. "How absurd. I do not think I will bring me, but I certainly shall not allow him to confiscate any more of my pink ribbons. But then he is only a boy."

"You are able to make the *boy*, as you call him, very miserable," drawled Mr. Wilton.

Louise laughed.

"Nonsense," she replied; "besides, I adore him, you know."

"As much as you have adored a great many others," suggested Mr. Wilton, at which there was a general laugh.

Harley listened stupefied. His first impulse was to face Miss Levering, and denounce her. But second thoughts convinced him of the folly of such a proceeding, and he turned slowly, like one in a dream, and walked away, scarcely knowing whither. "My God!" he thought, "why do I love her?"

He looked up and found himself near the boundary line beyond which the cadets are not permitted to go, but having a permit in his pocket, he passed the sentry, and went out into the road. He walked on, hardly caring whether until he finally sank wearily on a rock. On one side of the road was a stony and precipitous descent leading down to the river, which glided rapidly along in the sunshine, murmuring against the sloping banks. On the other side of the road were the pleasant woods. Harley surveyed the scene apathetically.

"Would that I were dead!" he groaned. "Would that I were dead. I can not live without her. Oh, Louise—cruel—cruel!"

He buried his face in his hands.

The birds twittered in the trees, and darted through the gentle air. The river went murmuring along. It seemed to say to Harley, "Hush, hush, hush!" but he would not be comforted.

"She lied to me!" he muttered. "She does *not* love me! Heaven be merciful, or I shall go mad!"

He had not slept or eaten for several days, and was worked up to such a state of excitement that he scarcely knew what he was doing.

"If it had not been for the man she might have cared for me," he cried; "but now—now—she can never be mine—never—never!"

"Hush, hush, hush!" murmured the river—but he did not heed it. He was utterly wretched.

Suddenly he was aroused by the noise of a vehicle rapidly approaching. He looked up. A couple of horses attached to a light carriage were coming down the road, galloping madly. A lady and gentleman, overcome by the peril of their situation, clung to each other. Harley rose, regarded them, and then uttered a wild laugh. The occupants of the carriage were Louise Levering and Mr. Wilton. A horrible, revengeful expression passed over Harley's face. The carriage came nearer—nearer—nearer.

"Stop the horses, for God's sake," called Louise—"I—I—shall faint!"

Harley paused for an instant—the blood rushed to his face.

"I will save you, Louise!" he cried, in a voice of love and agony; "I will save you!"

And he sprang at the horses in a frantic endeavor to stop them. But the maddened animals shook him off and trampled him under foot, killing him instantly.

Louise uttered a shriek of horror. The horses shied and dashed down the rocky descent to the river—an instant after two bodies lay motionless beneath the trampling hoofs—Brown crushed and limp—the girl with her beautiful face dabbled in blood, while above on the road was stretched the poor boy who had loved her only too well.

And the river, sobbing against the mossy banks and over the smooth stones in the shallow places, murmured "Hush, hush, hush!"

THE USE OF A MAGIC-LANTERN

DR. GAYLEN was a widower, whereas Molly Bawn was seventeen; and Larry Darrow, Jun., too rich to care for any thing but the honor of "M. D.," should it ever come), was girlhood's ideal of manhood. He was the reverse of the Doctor. "He was tall; he was dark; he was haughty of mien, and handsome." The Doctor must have been short, florid, and genial. Playing the fiddle might have seemed inconsistent with Larry's haughty mien; but then Apollo could have played the fiddle (if he had had one), and Larry not only had one, but could play it much better than the Doctor. For Dr. Gaylen could only play tunes, while Larry could, upon those magic strings, speak, laugh, wail, sob; and came out wonderfully as ex., a mocking-bird, and a handsaw. The Doctor's bass was fine; but Larry's tenor was operatic. They were both visiting in the neighborhood of Bawn's Court, at the country seat of Morris Bawn, Esq., opposite the mills, in one of the finest suburban features of Philadelphia; but Larry Gaylen was not a Quaker family; whereas Larry was the guest of Bennett Gaddy, Esq., father of the Misses Gaddy, who were the dearest friends that Molly Bawn had in the world. Of an evening Larry Darrows would ride over to call upon Miss Bawn; and, of a morning, Miss Bawn would ride over to see the Misses Gaddy.

There was another guest at the Gaddy villa who was very attentive to Miss Bawn; but from him Larry Darrows derived no uneasiness, as he had been observed to attend to her brother eighteen years before. This gentleman's name was Slipkin. At the Fair Mr. Slipkin was eminently useful. At the very first day he became known among the ladies as "that dear Mr. Slipkin;" he was so obliging! Then he was a person of indefatigable resource; and at every thing in the way of an address insisted upon being made, he, Mr. Slipkin, was the man among men to make it.

On the second evening of the Fair they improvised a concert, the most delightful thing you can imagine! In the course of the entertainment Dr. Gaylen had the opportunity of assuring Miss Bawn, from the very depths of his chest, that "he'd offer her that hand of his, if he could love her less"—which was not likely; but he was much applauded at the close of his self-denying observations.

The little glow of satisfaction, however, which had been imparted to him by the hearty appreciation of his voice and approbation of his sentiments speedily cooled down when, in answer to a highly-pitched request from Larry Darrows

for an interview, under more favorable circumstances than those afforded by an uncomfortably crowded concert-room, Miss Molly Bawn responded, unhesitatingly, "Yes, I'll meet thee by moonlight alone;" and the entire audience evinced complete satisfaction with the arrangement.

Hence the Doctor was very reluctant to give his promise to partake in another entertainment of the same nature, as announced by the Rev. Mr. Strode "Strode" (the eloquent rector of St. Faneras), for the ensuing evening; and was only brought to terms by a "Do!" from Miss Molly Bawn.

"But I warn you," said he, "that I shall ask a favor in return.

"Oh, I'll say thing you ask me to, Dr. Gaylen," answered the young lady, glancing at him over her shoulder as she took Larry Darrons's arm.

The Doctor did not feel complimented. That childlike confidence had rather the air of regarding him as a father.

"A lively girl, Sir," said Mr. Slipkin, offering Dr. Gaylen a cigar as they walked homeward together.

"Have you known her long?" asked the Doctor, accepting the donation, but half inclined to be jealous of Mr. Slipkin.

"Ever since she was a baby," replied that gentleman, "I call her almost my mother."

"Did you, indeed!" exclaimed the Doctor. "So did I."

"I admired her mother immensely," said Mr. Slipkin.

"So did I," repeated the Doctor.

"Yes; I don't object mentioning it to you, after all these years. At one time I was quite a beau of hers."

"So was I," said Dr. Gaylen, laughing.

"Well, upon my word!" cried Mr. Slipkin, joyously. "And did she never speak to you of me?"

"Never," answered the Doctor, emphatically.

"She was a great flame of mine, nevertheless. Why, Sir, I positively loved that girl."

"What a coincidence! My dear Sir; so did I."

"Ha, ha! Yes, Sir; I actually asked her to be my wife."

"So did I," the Doctor confessed.

"And she actually refused me."

"So she did me," said the Doctor.

"But she was a charming woman, nevertheless. Still—all's for the best, you know. I was four years her junior."

"All's for the best, no doubt," assented the Doctor. "I was much the same. I had rather a fancy for old girls in my extreme youth; but I've gotten bravely over it."

"So have I," said Mr. Slipkin. "This is Gaddy's gate. There they all are, on the porch. Quite a merry party. *Fuyons nous labourier.* Eh, Doctor? The girls don't care for old fellows like you and me."

Dr. Gaylen bade him good-night with some precipitation.

The second concert was even a greater success than the first. The Doctor was cheerful up to the very close of the evening, when his spirits evaporated on hearing Larry Darrons again inform Miss Bawn, as an incentive to punctuality, that he had distinctly promised to "share the night-flowers their Queen." As nothing, however, was further from Molly's thoughts than allowing herself to be exhibited in that capacity, the Doctor need not have fallen into such a brown study, nor have jumped out of it with such a burning when the Queen of the night-flowers touched his arm—so might she have touched her uncle's—and reminded him that she was in her debt.

"What was the favor, Dr. Gaylen?"

"I was only going to ask," the Doctor's voice trembled a little, perhaps from fatigue in singing, "whether I might drive over for you and bring you down to the Dissolving Views."

The Fair was to close next night with that exhibition.

The Queen hesitated a moment, and then said, "Certainly;" and then added, "Thank you."

"At seven?"

"Yes; at seven."

And she again took Larry Darrons's arm. For all that, the Doctor went home—avoiding Mr. Slipkin—very thoroughly happy, to dream of a fair landscape flushed with sunset, with a road in the fore-ground, along which a splendid bay was drawing a chaise and span new buggy. He was to drive Miss Bawn to the Dissolving Views. Blissfulness!

But he didn't. That office was performed by Larry Darrons.

It happened thus: Young Mr. Darrons, with whom—for the distance was not great—Miss Molly Bawn had usually preferred walking, went ever to give her the opportunity of declining that preference, and found her all ready and waiting in the parlor.

"Dressed!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said she, faintly; for she had not told him of her covenant with the Doctor, and knew that there was gall with bitterness in store for him.

"Unusual promptitude! Would you mind explaining?

But explanations were spared to Molly by the entrance of an excited bandmaiden with a summons for the Doctor. The poor people of the neighborhood, among whom he had practiced a little, had conferred that title upon Larry.

"Who is it?"

"Sare, I'll bring him in till ye see him."

And, returning in a few moments, the green daughter of Erin ushered in a ragged, red-faced, panting, sobbing, little urchin, who announced that "the daddy was took very sudden like, an' broken leg."

"Took with a broken leg, is he?" repeated Larry, looking as though he himself were "took very bad" indeed with something that went rapidly against the grain. "Go for Dr. Burton."

"Dr. Burton's away to town."

"Dr. Worster, then."

"Dr. Worster says he's sick and can't come; and, besides, daddy didn't pay him last time; and he had to go somewhere else, and so—that's the reason."

"Well, *I* can't go," said Larry, looking at the heiress of Bawn's Mills.

"Please, Sir, he was to come right away. Daddy's been since noon, and we couldn't get no help."

"I tell you, my little man, that you must go for some one else. There's Dr. Ashton—he's always ready. Tell your 'daddy' that I had a prior engagement."

"*I would* go if I were you," said Molly, softly.

"Would you give your own little boy, that little boy has called *mi* his little companions around him, and has given one thing to one and another to another, and has made a bas for *himself* in one single, solitary PEACH!!"

Grand climax on the part of Mr. Slipkin, which brings down the house, Dr. Gaylen applauding with the loudest.

"I asked you, children," Mr. Slipkin continues, "to look very hard at that little boy. And why, children? why did I ask you to look very hard at that picture and at that little boy? Because that little boy and picture is a true picture, and that little boy was a real little boy."

Profound sensation.

"And now he's a real man!"

Increased sensation.

"And his name was—"

Breathless suspense.

"You all know him—

Feverish impatience.

"DR. GAYLEN!!"

Thunders of applause, during which the Doctor rushed wild from the building.

Mr. Slipkin, after the exhibition, being sent to look for him, finds him in the deepest shadow on the other side of the way.

"Gaylen!"

"Slipkin! Dear boy, how could you do that? I had forgotten all about it!"

"Never mind. You and I and Jack Stencil were at the 'Inderect Retreat' together; and you remembered it, and painted it. There's a young lady waiting for you—Miss Bawn."

"For me? Is Mr. Darrons"—

"I rather think it's all up there. And, look! *She's* up there at the window looking for you."

"I'll get my horse," says the Doctor.

The net profits from the Fair were $1000. Unfortunately, the Doctor's neck was the stuff for the steeple blow down; and it cost exactly that sum to put it up again.

Those cases of fracture are sometimes very tedious! Not steeples—but legs and arms. But it was "real good" of Dr. Gaylen—so the Misses Gaddy say—to call all the way from the village to see his poor patient; at first once a week; then, as he got better, twice; as he continued to improve, every other day; and, ultimately, every day.

At last the Doctor's patient is well enough to hobble to his cottage-door and bid the Doctor good-by. In the distance is the Rev. Mr. Strode Westcott, with a new fifty-dollar bill in his pocket, which he is about to put in his buggy. He is in a close carriage. He is not alone. A lady is with him; a very fair lady, who looks all the better for being there, and all the prettier for blushing.

As the carriage rolls down the hill this lady, looking into a little basket, says:

"There's just one peach left, Charley; will you have it?"

But the Doctor—there being nobody in that shady road to catch him doing it—kisses her cheek and does not earn much about peaches.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK POULTRY SOCIETY.

THE object of this Society is "the improvement and more thorough dissemination of the breeding of poultry and other small animals;" which is to be effected by the gathering of reliable and practical information and experience, and the holding of fairs, and the distribution of awards." The first annual exhibition of the Society began on the 22d and was continued until the 27th of March, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Long Island, a distance between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, New York city. This building is admirably adapted for the purposes of such a fair, being 170 feet wide and 350 feet in length. It was filled on all sides, in the centre, and in the several commodious basement-rooms, and the air was resonant with the crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, and the barking and whining of dogs. The Rink appeared to have been suddenly transformed into a gigantic barn-yard. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus describes the scene:

Immediately on entering one perceived a circular array of coops containing numerous specimens of the different varieties of French chickens, all imported—the Houdan, the Crevecœur, the Mallein—all reported—the Houdan, the representatives of their species, of which a number were on exhibition, of a very large and some of which, at the Paris exhibition in 1867, with the Houdan, carried off the first prize—unwieldy. They are themselves an excellent table bird. And in this locality, especially, for all other species of nondescript fowl are but poor dishes for the table. Distributed throughout the hall are numerous other species. There are the silver-gray Dorkings; a trio of brown Leghorns, with immense combs, quite a curiosity even to look at; buff and dark Brahmas; Nankin bantams; Cochins of immense size, good layers and setters; the large Cochins; a trio of buff Cochins that took the premium at the late fair at Birmingham, England, only last fall; white Dorkings; black Java, an extremely good table and layer variety; Japanese frizzled chickens, making a very "outlandish" appearance with their wide-spread plumage, and said to be very good layers; gold and silver penciled Hamburgs. There are also fowls for ornament, such as peacocks and bean, completely white pea-fowls from England, gold and silver pheasants, and many other varieties. Of game fowls there is a very great number of various breeds exhibited, as the Duckwing game; the Earl Derby game bantams, from the Earl's own breeding yard; gold and Sebright game bantams. One set of these, all imported, is the smallest size, one to particular weighing under fifteen and a half ounces. Of ducks, geese, pigeons, even carrier pigeons, every variety can here be seen. Especially in the "duck line" there are some very fine imported birds, among them the Aylesbury, the Rouen, the white Muscovy and greater Muscovy duck, the common Pekin duck, the great Cayuga duck, the common duck, and the wild duck. Saturday from 1 o'clock, during which a band of well-trained musicians discourse, and another trio of Sultans, the immediate descendants of a pair presented by the Sultan of Turkey, to the Society, will be probably to be appreciated bird, to Queen Victoria, and probably to the Emperor Napoleon, from one of his castles, outside the Sultan's own poultry-yard. And then there are dogs and cats and big-and-little and a varied display of the animals of household use.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the collection of dogs of various breeds, of which we give a representation on page 229.

LEGEND IN ALSACE.

KNOW'ST thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in His garden
While the sun shines high:
In that garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And He gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight:
If He marks one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and look upon it,
Full of tender care:
And the heavenly rose He gathers
In His bosom lies—
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one dies!

RUMORS OF THE DAY.

MAJOR H——, State Agent of the ——— Insurance Company, visited Rockford for the purpose of apprehending a defaulter, and, being inquired of an old Irish friend, whose name of course was "Mac," as to the character and habits of the applicant. The reply was: "It is good, and I hope you will appoint him, for he is not only a worthy man himself, but he has three sisters, and every *mother's son* of them is an *orphan*."

LITTLE Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied, "You, and me, and papa, are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of mud, I s'pose."

An old miser, who was exceedingly parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a physician.

"What shall I do with my head?" asked the man. "I am so afraid it seems to see double."

The doctor wrote a prescription, and retired saying:

"When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

HERE'S a little specimen of keen repartee which came off in a public school the other day:

YOUNG GENT. "I'm going to give the teacher a piece of my mind."

YOUNG LADY. "I wouldn't, if I were you; your mind he has got all the wants, and you haven't any to spare."

Young gent subsides into ordinary proportions.

A good old lady sat down in the store of a friend, one day, close to a large and very clear mirror which reflected her face. She saw herself in the looking-glass but thought it was somebody else, and in a few moments went to the mirror, lady cried and to her "Who is that old lady who was sitting alongside of me?"

An Englishman and his family were gazing into the window of a picture store. The following was overheard:

LITTLE GIRL. "Ma, mamma! is that a bear?"

MOTHER. "No, my child, that is a bowl."

FATHER. "No, my child, my daughter, that is neither a bear nor a bowl, but it is a *beagle, the bewildern of this liberated country!*"

NOTES ON ALASKA.

The annexation of Alaska to the United States will not probably increase the *pole* tax.

When the gold fever was over into a *fur* country he probably stopped in Alaska.

The Yankee has a new *route* for the return of spring. When the *routes* begin to run they say it's *route* matter.

The territory is well designated *variety*. There is a *winter-de-frozze* all around it.

Alaska is a place for orators. Even the whales *spout*.

Education is very general. The whales go in *schools*.

The hunters do not always stop to read their letters when they find a *whale* mail.

The north pole has never been seen; it is not certainly known that it exists.

Those who go there are protected from the cold, although they go in a *fur* skins.

A lady dressed in the latest style was recently observed in our streets endeavoring to walk *perfectly upright*. She succeeded in a good deal, we suppose.

CUT YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO THE CLOTH

Goodness knows! I'm very willing
To regard this caution—well!
Vain 'tis this to be instilling
When I've got no cloth to cut!

Some are lucky: birth provides them
With their coats already made:
Such their tailors' bills are paid.

Others, true, have cloth to cut;
Of the making of their coats;
But they get the cloth from mother—
No harm ere their lot denotes.

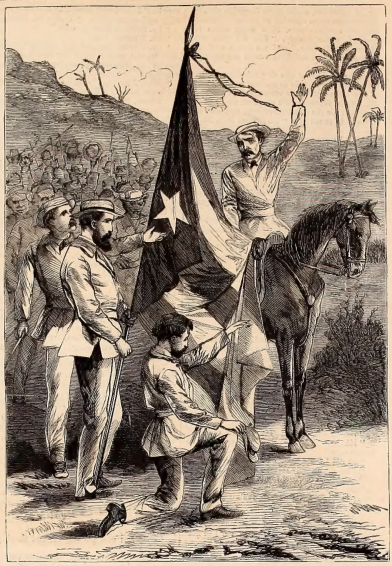
Others have much toil and racket,
For both cloth and making buy;
Scarce enough for e'en a jacket—
Yet that serves them in no way.

But, alas, for me, though clever
In the "cutter's" complex art,
For myself I labor never—
Is it strange I've lost all heart?

In a strange these words impel me
To give way to bitter wrath!
How to cut my coat pray tell me—
But when I have got the cloth!

At a recent lecture Professor X. stated that Saturn had a ring six thousand miles broad. "Why," said Hans Zimmerman overheard to exclaim, "what for a dinger he must have!"

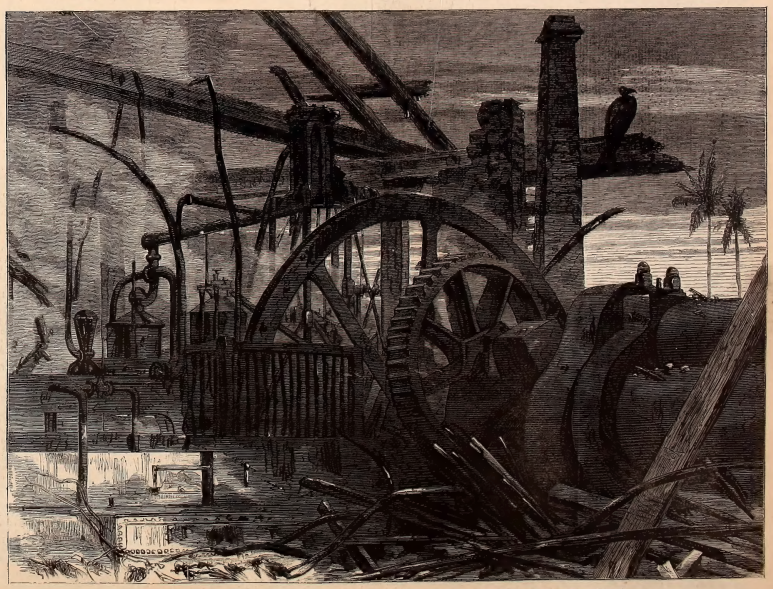
SEÑOR AGUILERA, CIVIL LEADER OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONISTS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



CUBAN PATRIOTS RALLYING ROUND THEIR FLAG

SCENE ON THE HOUSE-TOPS OF HAVANA DURING THE EMBARKATION OF THE EXILES.—SKETCHED BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—BATTLE IN THE DEFILE OF THE PARDONES.—SKETCHED BY A CUBAN STAFF-OFFICER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



CUBAN REVOLUTION—RUINS OF A SUGAR-MILL.—SKETCHED BY A STAFF-OFFICER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARTOP.

MAD, the little dog, used to bark furiously at strangers in general, and regarded both Carry and Mr. Turner in that light. So, when, two days after the last conversation, Rebecca was told that there was a gentleman to see her, Mab barked all the way down stairs, but on getting to the sitting-room door began to whine and scratch joyously, so that Rebecca thought it was Mr. Morley.

But it was not, it was only the magnificent young sailor, Hartop. She was sorry that he had come; and, without perceiving her cold reserved air, he came frankly and joyously up to her, and took her hand.

"I could not get to you a moment before; I have been unloading all the day long, ever since we were in port till to-day. My uncle, Mr. Hagbut, suggested to me that it would be only kind if I were to come and tell you about those two."

Her father's words came on her with a shock. This, then, was the man selected by Mr. Hagbut as the one most likely to make mischief between her and her father. The man of all others the most dangerous.

"Yet how could he have known *that*?" It was indeed a puzzle, if it were not an accident. All this went through her mind so quickly that she did not keep him waiting for his answer. She said, promptly, "What two?"

"Why Mr. Morley and Hetty, to be sure," he replied, wondering.

"Then there *is* a Hetty?" said Rebecca, with animation.

"There was three days ago," he said, laughing; "and I think you will find a young person of her appearance, and claiming her name, walking modestly with her father in the Bootjes of Rotterdam this afternoon."

"She is a good sailor, I dare say," said Rebecca.

"It would be a queer thing for her if she wasn't," said Hartop, with another look of wonder. "But I didn't come here to talk about *her*; I should talk all the afternoon if I begun about *her*. Do allow me to assure you that of all the young gentlemen, little birds that sing in the tropic sea, she is the prettiest and most innocent: and of all the brave hearts which beat truest and most steady in the worst gale that ever blew, hers is the truest and steadiest. They will set you laughing now, but don't believe them."

"Why should they set me against her?" asked Rebecca.

"She broke through rules, you know," said he, seriously. "If she and I had been what we are now, I should most likely have been against it. But that is afterward. We won't talk of her; you shall judge her for yourself. Now I want to ask you to walk with me. Do come. It is the only time I can show you."

"I will go and ask my father," she said, and so left him.

Mr. Turner was sitting alone in his bedroom, brooding in his chair, and hearing some one coming, caught up his Bible and bent his head over it: it was made potent to Rebecca by seeing that he held it upside down.

"Father," she said, quietly, as soon as she had shut the door, "the young man you warned me of has come from Mr. Hagbut; and I have come to ask your leave to go out to walk with him for an hour or two."

"No" cried Mr. Turner, shutting up his Bible. "Why, this is as good as a play. Tell me all about it. Who is he?"

"He is young Hartop, a sailor; Mr. Hagbut's nephew."

"Hagbut knows something against him, then, or—nay, let us condemn no man—he has calculated on us by sending a nephew to your room carrying a sailor; that is it. Now, my girl, let us have it all out: there is more to come. I have not watched you for nothing all my life."

"You remember that Mr. Hagbut denied that Mr. Morley had a daughter."

"Certainly."

"Well, he has such a daughter, and her name is Hetty; and this young man is engaged to be married to her. And he describes her as the most perfect being ever seen. I don't know how I know it, but I do know this—if any thing were to come between this splendid Hetty and himself he would be a lost man."

"Then you have a theory of her being disreputable, and of Hagbut's keeping her in the background to make a quarrel on the score of want of confidence between him and Morley fall to the ground. I was under the impression that if there were such a girl, Hagbut would advise Morley to keep her in the back-ground until you were well committed to him, and then reveal her disreputable existence by means of one of those savory old-world letters—vessels, I mean. But this theory falls to the ground now, if she is what the young man says she is. She can not have done any thing."

"She has done *something*, though, and something rather strong. Her own father hinted it to me, and he ever denied lover-conferring. I don't want to know what it is, but the young man who is to marry her hoped just now that the good ladies, whom you so well describe as savory catamarans, would not prejudice me against her. He says she has broken through rules."

"I wish *I* could," said poor Mr. Turner; "but I am too old. Go on, Rebecca, we have had less than half at present. You have never got together evidence yet, my good girl, and so you can't tell by a witness's eyes whether the story is all told."

Rebecca laughed, and, for the first time in her life, sat down by her father's knee, and leaned her head against it.

"You are right," she went on. "Do you remember that you said—well, if there was any young man, with whom I was in danger, who was disagreeable to you, that Hagbut would bring him against me. He has done so."

"Is there danger with this young man, then? Where could you have seen him?"

"In my room. Here, here, in the presence of Mr. Morley. And there was danger about him. And I want to go out a-walking with him. And you are going to let me."

"Then there is no danger now?"

"Not a bit," said Rebecca. "He has blown all my fancies to the winds in ten minutes by his clear manly frankness, just as I created them in ten minutes for myself. No danger at all."

"That is well," said Mr. Turner, noticing that, now his hand was very near his daughter's beautiful hair, there was a strong pleasure in passing his hand through it. "But have you ever been indiscreet about this young man; to Carry, for instance?"

"I could not tell Carry what I had never confessed to myself," said Rebecca. "Yet it would seem as if the man had second-sight."

"Carry possibly gave him some hint."

"But she could not have done so, father. She never heard of him in her life."

"Then I will tell you what it is, my child. It is only a question of preserrarff, which is now called Jesuitism; as if a real Jesuit would have made such a risk. He sent him here on a chance of overcoming your prejudices himself possible to make the most likely hash of matters, and pick his own interest out—that is all, but he has done it. Have you any thing else, anything more than that."

"No," said Rebecca, "and, indeed, there was nothing more, for Hagbut was quite as much in the dark as I was."

"Well, he has failed, said Mr. Turner. "Where is the young man? Let us see him."

Rebecca, without another word, went and the young man had been waiting down stairs above half an hour; and they went to see him.

The young man, subdued by the gravity in hearty and stature, accustomed to bully all sailors and natives in every part of the globe, was terribly frightened at this "old Bailey" business. He and Jack Hord (of Wilmington, U. S., the New York merchant's family, lately enriched, call themselves Howard) had been, in fact, detected alone kept the boat free from the swarm of monkey-like Portuguese, nearly two hundred strong, gesticulating and shouting below, while the rest of their comrades were half-persuading, half-carrying the unwilling young man, Cornelius Kelly, back to the boat. Cornelius not being in the least drunk, but having been induced to go by being called a coward, to which he could only answer by howling, "Mono! Mono!" That had been a very dangerous disturbance, as dangerous a one as Rebecca had ever seen in these peaceful times. Also this young man had been in other rows of a different kind. His strong limbs and his commanding presence had brought him into trouble before now. While he was in the service of a small house, in a seven steamer of the West coast of South America, he, noticing the barometer and the weather generally, had given orders to get up steam and put to sea; which he managed to do, still on board, and his dreading a gale. There was no gale, only an earthquake, which he proved clearly that the ship would have been thrown on the beach if he had not given these orders; but the captain got him dismissed. Also this young man Hartop had been in all kinds of trouble at Rotterdam, and had never yet shown himself afraid of any one. When his carefulness and devotion he was as bold and as free before the court as any other man. His only old lawyer frightened him to death. For a guilty man is frightened of nothing, and a sailor hates and dreads one. I think a real sailor fears nothing but a lawyer. What must a guilty sailor feel?

And Hartop was a deeply guilty man. To the people he loved and trusted more than any in the world, as Mr. Morley and Mr. Hagbut had confided the fact that he was going to ask Rebecca to be his wife, if things looked in any way promising; and he had at first begun by telling them never to confide the fact to any human being. The poor girl must not be put in a false position again. A young girl's position, in all its loneliness and happiness, did not know how much her future father-in-law had said to Rebecca, and was tender of the poor young man's confidence and that old Turner was a Turk—with a large dose of vanity mixed with the distinction was committed—who knew nothing about the arrangement. And also this Turk was a lawyer, a creature worse than any Turk. So the young man, treading on molten iron, bowed down, terrified, before Mr. Turner.

Mr. Turner could not have known this, but he might have guessed it possible. He was happy, as far as he could be, but the chance of bullying a young sailor was too good to lose. He did not reassure that young man at all.

"How do you do, Sir?" My daughter informs me that you wish to take her out for a walk."

"If it met your views, Sir," said young Hartop.

"The question is, whether it meets my daughter's views?" said Mr. Turner grimly. "Our neighbors are censorious. But if she wants to go, she can."

"I do want to go, Pa," she said.

"Then get your bonnet on," he added, and followed her.

"Rebecca," he said to her, following her into her room, "there is no harm in that lad, my child. That lad is in love, and not with you."

"I know that," said Rebecca, cheerfully.

"Then look here," said her father; "don't cross-question him about this daughter of Morley's, this Hetty. It is not fair on him. If she has been a fool, he won't care much to tell you about it. Are you *quite* safe, old girl?"

"Quite safe, pa," said Rebecca. And somehow they kissed one another. And Rebecca said, "Pa, dear, why are we not always like this?"

And he said, "Let us try to be."

And so ended the incipient romance of the young sailor Hartop. At least as regards Rebecca.

CHAPTER XV.

REBECCA'S VOYAGE WITH HIM, AND WHAT THEY SAW, AND WHAT SHE SAW WHEN THEY CAME HOME.

THIS was the occasion of Rebecca's first voyage. And she took her voyage in the sole company of the young man whom she had considered to be dangerous to the peace of mind. And it is singular that he was not now—more than the brooding engendered by the house and by the rain were to make it—longer dangerous at all; but that she wanted to talk about Hetty, but did not do so because he did not; and that he did not talk about Hetty because he thought her a dangerous subject. For Hetty had broken rules. He talked about the sea, and about the wild free lands that lay on the Australian coast. He asked her if she were a good sailor, and she answered that she supposed she was no worse than another, and repeated her question. "Was Hetty a good sailor?" and he repeated his previous mysterious answer, "It would be a queer thing, surely if she were not."

The wind was free and fresh from the south, and the little steamer went fast and busy from wharf to wharf down the river. Under the bright sun, and the nimble pure air, and the changing of the scene, Rebecca grew happy, and showed her happiness by thoughtful silence.

"Are you comfortable, Miss Turner?" said Hartop.

"I am more than comfortable. I am perfectly happy. I can not tell why, but it is so. I was wondering what I owe to bring me here. I have never seen any thing like this before in my life. This is most wonderful and most beautiful."

"It is as good as carrying the northeast trade over the line to bear you up," said Hartop, "only more lively. Now, if you could go to some place where we could see which way the wind was going."

Then to Hartop carried her to the front of the little vessel, and set her there. And she said, "Would you be so good as not to talk to me. I am so happy that I want to think. Would you kindly smoke yours now, and let me sit in silence?"

Hartop sat on the deck at her feet to leeward and smoked. The little throbbing boat carried them both past the wharves and the city toward the sea; and the sun in a fashmere shawl threw a figure-head. From time to time she said to him, "Are you tired?" and he said, "No. We are very happy. Why should he be tired?"

"Because you are not talking to any body, so pray," said Hartop, "don't wish to talk; and I am afraid that I am bad company."

"You are very good and comfortable company," said Rebecca. "The worst mate of all is a sulky mate, and the best worst is a lively mate. I took you out for pleasure, not for jawing. Are you comfortable when you spoke?"

"I was at the island of St. Benedict, in the Atlantic. The island where all things go right for evermore," said Rebecca. "Where were you?"

"I don't know that island," said Hartop. "For my part I like the thing in a thing in a thing under Tenerife, and thinking how Hetty got on in that short-chopping North Sea. Break your sides, you know, and the fragment up in the window above the level of your eye, and you get Teneriffe. But for, you can't dream what Teneriffe is like. I was Pantan d'Anvers. And still less the approach to the Australian shore. No man knows what that is till he has seen it. Have you ever see the west front of Wells cathedral?"

"No," said she.

"Because it is like Madeira, on the Atlantic side," said Hartop. "But what can you know about islands? You have never seen any."

Rebecca had not.

"Islands are like cathedrals. Have you ever seen a cathedral?"

Only St. Paul's, it seemed, with a distant view of Westminster.

"Mr. Morley told us you had seen nothing," said this young man. "Now, islands and cathedrals are one and the same thing. They are the cathedrals of the great sea, and Almighty Almighty built them with his own kind hands. The cathedrals above were built by the saints; the cathedrals below were built by God Almighty's own hands. Think of that, Miss Rebecca. And what is the object of a cathedral? Peace. I have been with all creeds, and I should ask for peace, and I tell them all that after the long wandering sea you get peace on an island. I wish you could go to an island—as long together."

Rebecca was too far in dream-land to ask him what he meant by "us four." The river grew yet and yet more busy, and at last the tall masts in the pool came in sight, the nimble little steamer stopped, and Hartop aroused her by saying, "Will you go back now, or where will you go?"

"Take me on toward the sea, and let me be still," she said. And in a few minutes the dockfrons Hartop had her on board a boat bound for Gravesend, and she throbbed along on their strange voyage once more.

As the ships grew larger and larger her eyes seemed to expand. Hartop looked on her with that strange reverential superstition which the highest class of sailor has toward a beautiful woman. The old sailors' fancy is that a ship in full sail, a field of corn, and a beautiful woman are the three finest things in nature; and the reason they will give you for this is, that all of these three things shadow out the hope of increase. For my own part, I know many less beautiful representations; but that sense of it which relates to the beautiful woman was very much in bold Hartop's soul that day, as he sat looking stealthily at her, in the light of his future mother-in-law, thinking that she was really after all worthy of even Mr. Morley; and, moreover, turning over the wonderful fact that she had never seen Hetty in her life. *She* spoke at last.

"Are those the real ships that go down into the great deep sea?"

"Yes," he said, eagerly. "There they are. Miss Turner, ready for any thing, from Canaroons to Sydney. See that long-bodied, lowlying screw there. Very sister"—he succeeded in saying—"ship that Hetty was wrecked in two years ago."

"Has Hetty been shipwrecked, then?" said Rebecca.

Hartop looked at her wonderingly for an instant, but thought, "She knows nothing. It is for Hetty to tell her."

"Yes, she has been wrecked three times now. That last time was the time when the Queen wrote to her and sent her the Bible. I have often laughed when I told her that I would never sail in the same ship with her."

"Wrecked three times!" said Rebecca, half-awakened. "Was Mr. Morley ever wrecked with his daughter?"

"Not likely," said Hartop. "The Lord don't cast his best tools aside like that. It is easy enough, Miss Turner, for a game and plucky girl like Hetty to stand on a pitching and hurrying deck, with the crest sea hurling around her, in hope of the boat's keep a score of women from going quite mad, by singing of hymns to them, and by telling them of Christ who walked on the waters, as Hetty did; why, this is a thing any woman could do. You could do it if you gave your mind to it. Het did that, and Het is a brick. But she didn't do this. No, no, no man to do this. Mr. Morley went alone into the rowdiest drinking-house in the Nevada track in the old times of the gold-finding. Hetty's father had warned him that he was a dead man if he went, for to refuse drink in that house meant death. Mr. Morley went in. Taylor himself was then the grog-shop, was challenged to drink, and then cast the liquor on the ground, and before he could get at it the grog-shop had given them a piece of his mind. Taylor said that he would have done it. What do you think of that, for instance?"

"I am all abroad," said Rebecca. "It would seem that Hetty is brave, but that Mr. Morley is braver."

"There is no man alive like Mr. Morley," said Hartop, "I don't know what fear is."

"Let us talk about them, then," said Rebecca, "and leave Mr. Morley to take care of himself."

So he talked about them—about where they sailed to, how strangely they escaped and plunged in their agony at sea, for all they were so still and so peaceful now. This time had come from sliding on slowly and silently among towering steamers, the one beside her was fresh from the palmfringed jaws of the Pacific. So he sat in the gentle loyalty and talked to her, she speaking seldom, but sitting wrapped in herself: he never living of her father and sitting near her. Little did she dream of the tie which bound him so closely to her; little did she know what sacred and deeply-felt love being she was to him: how he and the two others had talked about her hour by hour: how deeply important she was to three men, and to whom she had never been seen, one whom she had seen but twice, and a third she had scarcely seen half a dozen times. These kind souls had been preparing a home for her in their hearts, and she knew not of it.

It was about how he left her, very late, they having come from Woolwich by railway, at her father's door, that she appreciated how utterly she had lost herself. "I fear he will scold me," she thought, "and our new-made confidence will suffer"; but the maid only heard that he was busy, and Mr. Morley locked up in his own room. Somehow the company of this most excellent and most admirable Carry did not seem in any way to suit her mood, and she left her to herself, gathering in the moon all day; she took off her hat, and catching up her little dog walked slowly along the road.

When she was nearly opposite her father's room-door she put down her little dog and took off her hat, fearing her hair had been in accident. Mab immediately began to run round and round, barking, after her tail.

The room-door suddenly aroused Mr. Turner, for coming out quickly and closing the door behind him, he found himself face to face, under the light in the passage, with a beautiful and noble-looking woman, draped nearly from head to foot in a Cashmere shawl, with part of her hair fallen down—a woman who looked very quiet, still, and calm, and whom he recognized, to his own astonishment, as his own daughter Rebecca.

He had never realized her before. He had never truly trusted her before. There was something now in the calm, strong, gentle face which made him see an ally, an ally worth all the world. Mr. Turner had been something else before he had been converted, it seemed; for the first real word of confidence he ever uttered to his daughter smelled very strongly of the evil odor of the Orient.

"Where the devil have you been all this time?"

"I have been down among the ships with Hetty's lover, Tom Hartop," she said. "I am very sorry, father; but I was so happy—"

"Hang Tom Hartop," said Mr. Turner, in a whisper. "Come in here, and hold your tongue. I want your help, child; take up your dog and nurse it—it will be an excuse for not talking."

"Hetty is brave, but Morley is braver," was what she thought. "Let me see what I can do." So she took up Mab, settled her and passed in, to find two men in her father's room, whom she had never seen before.

The first to be up rested on was a gallant-looking young gentleman, Lord Ducetoy. She had seen a specimen of his class before, had been with one all day, indeed; so her eyes turned to the other who was a man the like of which she had never seen before, and which, I hope, we shall never see again.

A noble-looking old gentleman. In his dress, his hands, in his complexion, there was Gentleman written in a very strong hand. Yet sunk in a heap on a chair, with limp limbs, bowed head, and an amazing, whipped-hound look in his handsome face. She had never seen such a fine gentleman before: and she had never seen such a hopeless look of humiliation pleading woe. Mr. Spicer she swept on Sunday, or Jim Akin the coster-monger, looked grander than he.

"My dear child," said Mr. Turner, as he brought in Rebecca. "Lord Ducetoy, Sir Gorhambury Townsend."

"You have brought in the young lady to put a stop to this conversation, I suppose?" said Sir Gorhambury.

"That is the case exactly," said Mr. Turner. But Lord Ducetoy and Sir Gorhambury, both heated, continued it.

"I never harmed you, Ducetoy. That protest from the bank only came from one of the morally directors. Why should you serve me this?"

"Because, uncle, as I have told you before, I do not choose to have my plate, jewels, and bonds should go in the bankruptcy."

"And as I have told you before, the mere deposits of family plate are unable as yet to stop through. If the chattels and papers so long left in our hands were now deposited again, it would give rise to a run upon others where we want confidence, and pull us through."

"Uncle, the utmost I will do will be to pay in £500, and not another penny piece more."

"I have never, I swear solemnly," said Sir Gorhambury, "done any thing to injure any human being. I worked hard at that bank, and we sold it for £200,000. Since then I have been living as a country squire. By my connection with it, I have retrieved deposits from Christian widows and orphans. It is not I only that am ruined, for my estates will not one half stand the claims that will be made against me alone—house myself (God knows, I wish I were alone with God in one now), but all those widows and orphans are to sink into poverty through their trust in me. I profess, and I ruin widows and orphans, all because your father refuses to put certain papers and jewels which would pull us through. And my poor son. Oh, my poor son! And so you will stand out against me, you might? The mere fact of your moving them to another banker's is ruin to us."

"I tell you, uncle, that I will not remove my account."

"Your account. Our only assets are your mortgages. Those papers you have moved them to another banker's. Where are they then?" said the old man, with his first flush of fire. Turner answered:

"Sir Gorhambury, the papers to which you allude are in a place which renders it unlikely that they will ever be used in a criminal court against any one. I am sorry to close the conversation in this way, but consider it closed."

Sir Gorhambury made no one word, but rose firmly and calmly, and walked toward the door. Lord Ducetoy said, "Good-night, uncle," but the old man went on unheeding. Mr. Turner was going to escort him to the door, when he suddenly found himself confronted by his daughter, with a candle in her hand, who boldly and firmly put her hand upon his chest and pushed him back. Saying, in a whisper,

"That is a broken man; he wants a woman with him." Turner bowed his head reverentially, and went with him. Lord Ducetoy went down stairs with Rebecca, holding the light.

"You have lost your money, Sir, have you not?" she said.

He answered, "Yes."

"A good many people who come here have lost their money," she said, bluntly. "I wish I had lost mine; all the trouble I ever had in my life has been through the money my father is going to leave me when he dies, which will be the bitterest day of my life. Keep up your spirits, and laugh about it."

"Yes, and laugh after seventy, Madam," said the poor man; yet she fancied that he walked out into the dim dark night more cheerfully for what she had said.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONFIDENCE OF THREE.

When she came back Lord Ducetoy was walking up and down, and saying:

"It would have been perfectly monstrous for me to do what he proposed. I might have ruined myself, and gone to Canada again to help him; but to help an unlimited company?—no. You will continue your trust, for friendship's sake. Ah, here is my cousin. Cousin, if you were engaged to the finest girl in the whole world—who, I am happy to say, has not ten pounds—you would scarcely put a considerable part of your property into hands of a lunatic, my uncle."

"As I never was engaged to the finest girl in the world," said Rebecca; "and as I have no uncle, I can not answer the question, Lord Ducetoy. But it is tempus—time, and I am very hungry; for I have spent most of the day among the ships down the river, in company with a very handsome young sailor; a man I am getting more and more fond of every time I see him—a young man who will be fairly in a position to marry after his next voyage."

If Lord Ducetoy had lived only in England he might have mistaken her. But he had been in the Western World, and knew what pure and true gallantry may exist between man and woman, with the most entire freedom of innocent speech. Mr. Turner's brow grew dark when she said this. Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said, "Why you are bridemaid, then; and who is the bride?"

"Hetty Morley is the bride," said Rebecca, "and supper, with her eyes wide open; but what she is I leave you to conceive. I was done something extraordinary; has pulled down the plate of the Bridgewater Canal, or some such thing. But I want to speak about the old man whom I was out. Be tender with him, you two. I mean by Lord, and Lady Ducetoy."

"I believe me we will, Miss Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Believe me that we mean nothing else. He will never want for any thing he has been accustomed to till the day of his death. Tell my cousin that."

"Why don't you tell me cousin?" said Rebecca.

"Your mother was my first cousin," said he.

And soon after that she went away; but her father told her she was right. Lord Ducetoy said, when she had gone away,

"What a splendid creature! How have I escaped her!"

But mentioning your cousinship, my lord. In our case our family connection with yours has not been such as to make a girl understanding of it, or her instincts have to d her. And instead of hurking back to th traditions of your order, of which she has a supreme contempt, she has cast herself into utter Radicalism, which has given me great trouble in the Conservative section. The girl don't know a duchess from a dustman's wife.

"Well, I ge t the same way of thinking in the prairies, and the honest young fellow."

"Yes, there is no Radical like a young Whig," said Turner, with a smile.

"I shall got it all knocked out of me as I grow up, then," said Lord Ducetoy

"Darling!" he said Turner suddenly and keenly, some old gleam of Puritan democracy flashing out irrepressibly. "In your case the natural process will be very rapid. Every word you say is said with a view to excuse your order, to excuse its mere existence."

"We are in the way of attacking our property, you see," said the youth, "you democrats are always holding that over us; that is what makes Tory. It is odd that I, who have also been made so much money by the mere rising and sinking of our family property, should be a Radical. But I am a Radical in Canada, and land in the United States; and, if you don't know it, I will tell you that society in New England is much pleasanter than it was find in this cockneyfied England."

Mr. Turner opposed with arguments. This young lord was mad. *At that time.* He would not be considered quite so mad now. The idea of a man of high position and intelligence, craving for the rest and peace of pure democracy was horrifying to him. His religion was tolerably demonstrative certainly; but he had never reduced it to practice.

There was one thing he knew, however, and practiced too, which he had got from his religion —mercy.

Rebecca was waiting for him in his bedroom, and she began:

"What is the matter about that old gentleman?"

"I kept you up to tell you," he answered. "He and his brother sold their bank to a company, and retired on their property, leaving their accumulated profits in the bank as capital for the limited company; and his brother has died without any difficulty, and the old man has left his eldest son in the bank, and both brothers agree to keep things square, have forged names. They have forged papers to each other's names. They got the forged papers in the house, and they know it. And I want to spare the old one if I can; but the juncture one having died, the juncture here, and he has set men on—for burglary, no less. If those papers were to go out of my hands and get into the possession of the old man, those two men, father and son, would go to Portland. If I were to remove the jewelry to another banker's it would be known that a change was made, and the old man would be forbid to use the smash sooner. And so it is all here, and you know it. Thirty thousand pounds are under that bed. So keep your eye on that poor dog awake. Give me a kiss and go to bed now."

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE sketches of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, given in a recent number of this journal, were intended to illustrate the great engineering triumph of the New Overland Route between England and India—the Italian line, which shortens the seavoyage to Bombay so greatly, compared with the Marseilles route, as to effect a valuable saving of time. We now present some illustrations of the Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Suez, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, which bids fair to supersede the port of Alexandria for the Indian mail traffic, and to open a new way for the speediest direct navigation between Europe and all parts of Asia.

The Suez Canal project is not entirely a modern one. According to HERODOTUS, the Egyptian KING NECHO, about 650 B.C., built a canal from the Nile to Suez, 100 miles long, and wide enough for two galleys. When NAPOLEON was in Egypt, in 1798, he requested his chief civil engineer, M. LEPÈRE, to survey and report upon the practicability of a canal between the two seas. The only result of this was to give rise to a blunder which prevailed for a considerable time—the notion that there was a difference of 32½ feet between the level of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. But in 1846–47 a tripartite international commission was set at work, studying the relative levels and tidal amplitudes of the two seas and the Nile. In this commission Mr. ROBERT STEPHENSON represented England, FRANCESCO NEGRELLI, Austria, and the CHEVALIER NEGRELLI acted for Austria. The result showed that the difference in the levels of the two seas was very trifling.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, son of the French Vice-Consul in the time of MOHAMMED ALI, was intimately acquainted with SAID PACHA, the late Viceroy of Egypt. M. DE LESSEPS is one of those men whose practical perception of the conditions of a great enterprise, with indomitable energy and perseverance to accomplish it, sooner or later conquer every obstacle. He suggested to SAID PACHA, in 1854, the scheme of the Maritime Canal from sea to sea. The Pacha (who had not then assumed the title of Viceroy) took it up with alacrity; M. LESSEPS came to Paris and London for the means. He formed a company, named the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez, which was to undertake the works.

The canal, with its ports at each end, when finished, was to be the property of the company for ninety-nine years, after which it would belong to the Egyptian Government. Meantime that Government was to receive annually 15 per cent. of the traffic earnings. The tolls charged for passage were also to be equal for ships of all nations. The company was to take all the land wanted for the construction of the canal, and to have the power for building free of cost. These conditions of the original agreement are still in force: but some other conditions, relating to the supply of labor, to the forced service of 20,000 fellahs, or Egyptian peasants, ordinarily bound to the service of feudal tribute, on the Viceroy's estates, have since been altered; the company has also been deprived of the right of selling at a profit the lands ceded to it and the Fresh-Water Canal, from Suez to Ismailia, and thence to Zagazig, which runs parallel with the intended Maritime Canal for half its length, has been sold by the company to the Viceroy. The share capital of the company is eight millions sterling, divided into four millions sterling have been raised on debentures, and nearly four millions paid by the Viceroy as indemnity for the non-fulfillment of certain above-mentioned, and for the resumption of the lands and Fresh-Water Canal.

The Maritime Canal is to extend from the newly constructed artificial harbor of Port Said, on the Pelusian coast of the Mediterranean, to the port of Suez, at the head of the Red Sea. The length of the canal is not quite a hundred miles. Its depth throughout is to be 26 feet; its general width is to be 246 feet at the base and 328 feet at the top of the banks, except in some portions of the line where it has to be cut through high ground. Its width is here reduced to 190 feet at the upper part. There will be no locks on the canal, which is, in fact, to be able to steam through, or be towed through, from sea to sea in about sixteen hours. On leaving Port Said the canal enters Lake Menzaleh, through which the channel runs for twenty-nine miles. The waters of this lake are shallow, and the bottom is composed of mud. Leaving Lake Menzaleh at Kantara, a station on the desert route between Egypt and Syria, the course of the canal for a short distance through low sandhills. It then enters Lake Ballah, traverses it for a distance of eight miles, and then enters a deep cutting extending from El Ferdane to Lake Timsah. Near El Guir, four miles south of El Ferdane, the deepest cutting throughout the line had to be excavated to a depth of from 60 feet to 70 feet. The characteristics of the first half of the Maritime Canal are that about thirty-four miles of its course lie through lakes; the remainder through elevated plateaux. The second half of the channel, from Ismailia to the Red Sea, divides into two portions: in the first the canal skirts the eastern shore of Lake Timsah, and enters the country of Goshen and Serapeum; in the second it passes through the Bitter Lakes for twenty-four miles, goes through the last cutting at Chalouf, and enters the Red Sea a mile to the southeast of Suez.

On emerging from the Serapeum cutting the canal takes a northerly course through the Bitter Lakes. A large number of workmen are here employed; but when the water is admitted into these basins, the services of labor will be needed to carry the canal through these twenty-four miles. These lakes will eventually be filled mostly from the Mediterranean. A channel with temporary locks will be constructed through these lakes. The canal then, passing out of the southern extremity of the lesser Bitter Lake, enters the last cutting at Chalouf.

On October 15, 1866, about 92,938,606 cubic yards to be excavated and dredged, there remained 29,775,850 cubic yards to complete the undertaking. 30 powerful steam-engines of the dredging-machines insures the completion of the canal by the time promised—that is, by October 15, 1869. The largest labor is employed where the working level is above the reach of the dredges. The Lake Timsah is now transformed into a Mediterranean lake, nine miles in circumference. The water required to fill it was about 90,000,000 cubic yards. The Maritime Canal is actually said to be opened from Port Said to Ismailia. The Fresh-Water Canal is open from Ismailia to Suez. A small vessel can thus already pass from sea to sea.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL ON A VELOCIPEDE.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON is in the daily habit of walking half an hour every morning in the reserved portion of the gardens attached to the palace of the Tuileries. He is usually attended by General FLEURY, his aid-de-camp. The PRINCE IMPERIAL, with one of his play-fellows, a son of Dr. CONNEAU, a boy rather older, is frequently permitted to accompany his father. These young gentlemen have lately found a new amusement in the use of the fashionable bicycle, or two-wheeled velocipede, which the Prince has already learned to manage with tolerable ease and precision. Our sketch on page 236 represents a scene which is commonly witnessed in the precincts of the imperial abode. The young prince takes the lead, of course, and delights his father with the display of his precocious skill. Dr. CONNEAU's son is rather behindhand in the favorite accomplishment of the hour, unless it be that he is more cautious than his elder pupil. The bicycle looks rather dangerous; but an attendant follows, who will catch either of the boys in case of a tumble.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LAST week the city possessed some grand attractions—for ladies, the "Spring Opening," in which the fickle goddess Fashion displayed to eager eyes the novelties she has been able to devise for gentlemen (who of course never waste their thoughts on such frivolities), and for the rest of a cast of the bill, at the "Fowl Fair," or, more exactly, the first annual Fall Exhibition of the New York State Society. Which exhibition was the finest may be a matter of opinion; but that the latter was the more popular than they were in comparatively restricted quarters, the Empire Skating Rink having been fitted up for their accommodation—while the Academy crowded themselves along Broadway and many other streets as well.

In number and variety, however, the birds could by no means compete with the bonnets. These last things —the bonnets, not the birds, though plenty of birds were sacrificed to the bonnets—are, if possible, smaller than ever. Of course they must continue so while the present style of *coiffure* remains in vogue. Ladies wear their hair low, and we should have said—in such an expanded fashion that there is really no room on its head for any thing larger than a bit of ribbon or lace, or a few flowers. In fact some of the prettiest bonnets are composed wholly of buds and blossoms, those who cultivate flowers might have a fresh bonnet every day, if they choose—a tasteful bouquet placed over the head, and tied at the back with a bow of ribbon, fastened with a white rose or a bunch of moss is modest while it lasts, is a great deal prettier. The "Bird's-Nest" has had an entire bird's-nest in the crown, covered with a humming-bird, or a flock of grass, fone, feathers, or almost any thing will make a bonnet which is called by that name. The fault is in excess in proportion as it diminishes in size!

The contribution in aid of the great Musical Peace Festival now amounts to about $94,000. The opening rehearsal occurred last week, and more sought admission to the gallery than could be accommodated. All applicants were expected to register their names and to pay for seats on the enrollment evening. Nearly eight hundred were enrolled the first evening, and it is said that the effect of the chorus was both capable and enthusiastic.

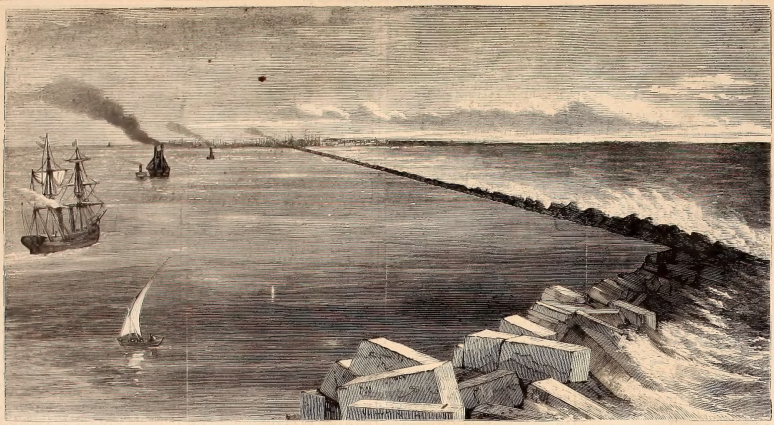
"Sorosis"—the origin i New York Society—has celebrated its first anniversary. During the year there have been nineteen regular club meetings, most of these having been held at Delmonico's. At intervals between the regular meetings there have been informal gatherings for social intercourse at the houses of members. According to the report of the Society it now has eighty-three members in "good and regular standing." The anniversary, which having contrived to thrive for a twelvemonth, those who were doubtful of its success will now "revise their opinion of women."

Successful robberies have been going on at the Mercantile Library for several weeks past. A thousand thousand dollars' worth of valuable books have been stolen. The thieves have been discovered, and have made a full confession of his *modus operandi*. Being a subscriber he obtained permission to take books in his reading-room, and after their perusal would coolly put them under his arm and walk away. The volumes were of the most valuable ones, and readily disposed of them to different dealers. The responsible officers of the Library will be likely to be more on their guard hereafter.

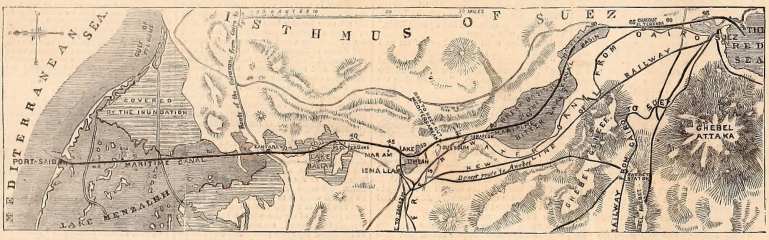
An earthquake is apprehended in Oregon, as the latest report is that three volcanic mountains—Hood, Jefferson, and Three Brothers—are sending forth volumes of smoke.

It appears to be highly dangerous for ladies while shopping to take up an article in their hands for the purpose of examining it with another in the shop. A respectable lady was recently arrested, and committed to the Tombs for shoplifting, under the above. A case on a show-case attracted her attention, and seeing another case at the end of the show-case, she started forward it with the first one in h r hand, for the purpose of comparing the two together. Before reaching the spot a clerk appeared around the counter, and in a rude manner said, "I know you; you are one of these shoplifters." Such an accusation astonished the lady, and she was dragged off like a common felon. It was not until the next day that her friends discovered her distressing situation, and she was released. It is well for ladies to be cautious how they expose themselves to such a quick-handed justice.

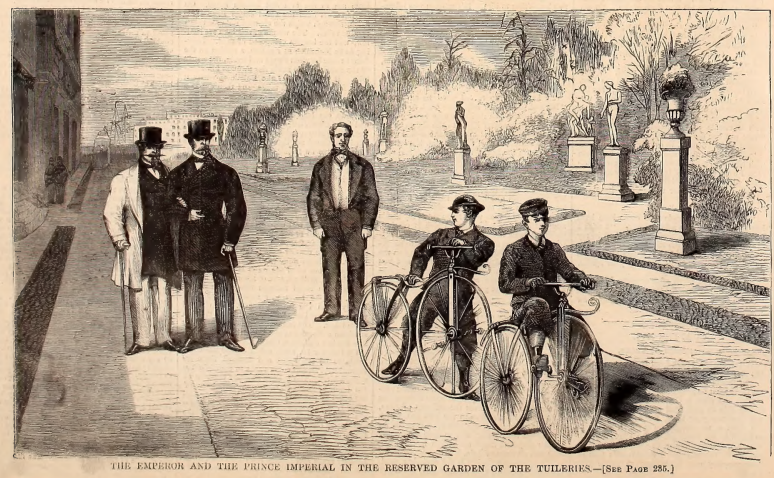
A large and enthusiastic meeting in favor of Cuban Independence was held last week at Steinway Hall. In the course of some interesting remarks Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said that if Cuba ought to be governed by any other power than herself, she had better learned—what God did not mean that any body should learn—how to govern a foreign people that should be governed themselves. M. Paul du Chaillu are able to govern themselves. M. Paul du Chaillu gave some account of the Spanish penal settlement of Fernando Po, where political prisoners have been sent to languish and to die. Fernando Po is an island situated on the western coast of Africa, in the Gulf of Guinea. Though picturesque and beautiful, the climate of the place is terrible. The deaths by malaria cases fever from which few unacustomed to the climate recover. The heat is intense, and the rains are heavy and continuous.



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL.—BREAKWATER AT PORT SAID, AND MEDITERRANEAN ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL.—[SEE PAGE 235.]



PLAN OF THE MARITIME CANAL, WITH THE SMALL FRESH-WATER CANAL.



THE EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE RESERVED GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

THE OUTCAST FROM THE CONVENT.—[See Page 238.]

AN OUTCAST.

See Illustration on page 237.

I.

Workers in veins of the eternal granite,
Far in deep quarries, void of light and air—
Rocks that appear coeval with the planet—
Have found, they tell us, living reptiles there.

II.

When the rude axe a sudden fissure splinters,
When the keen sunshine cuts him like a knife,
How must a sleeper of a thousand winters
Shudder to feel again the pulse of life!

III.

Reptiles are dull: but woman's heart is tender;
Tribes are torture to her warm white breast.
Ay, and her nature pitifully rend her,
Having for torture far too keen a zest.

IV.

Let the poor sun, a foolish feeble dweller
In sordid convert, from the world afar!
Cruel her fate when harshly they expel her—
Driving her forth beneath an evil star.

V.

What is she fit for, in a world so busy,
Where men the strongest often slip and fall?
Well may her brain become perplexed and dizzy,
Leaving behind the convent's guardian wall.

VI.

No part has she with merry-hearted maidens
Gayly advancing through the gates of life,
Fresh from the hand of the prodigalitous Eadence,
Each soon to know what 'tis to be a wife.

VII.

No part has she in all that love and duty
Which are the crown of happy matrimony:
Hers may not be the faithful mother's beauty:
Hapless her fate—unwedded and unwon'd.

VIII.

Where can she any safe retreat discover?
Where can she hide her sorrow and despair?
Earth will not cradle the gross grave above her
In the dark coffin? She may find it there.

GOOD TEETH.

CIVILIZATION makes sad work with our teeth. Savages are rarely troubled with a defect or an ache in their dental apparatus. It is not hot drinks which destroy them principally, but warm food so much as acids, too concentrated in vinegar, pickles, etc., which acts directly upon the bone in their composition, and thus crumbles down.

The foundation for sound, firm, white teeth, must be laid in early life, by introducing food that contains the elements which the teeth must have or they will be imperfectly formed, feeble in structure, and fall early into decay. A tender flour were never bolted, but eaten with the bran, as we find it partially in the Graham bread, then the system would be abundantly provided with the phosphate of lime, the essential ingredient in the formation of the teeth.

Butter contains a good proportion of the phosphate of lime, and hence those who consume much of it from their earliest years will supply by keeping their teeth in sound condition. Children are usually lovers of bread and butter, especially if they are habitually fed on white flour bread. In that way they obtain something for their teeth, but by no means enough. The coarser the food, especially bread, the better for young people. The soundest teeth belong to persons who have not been reared on delicacies. Poor teeth become frequent, simply because the ancestral stock was deprived, either by a perverted taste or the habit of feasting on rich concentrated diet, of the phosphate of lime which should be stored in the coverings of grain used for food, and in some kinds of fruits which carnivorous animals live. We can not have sound teeth unless the stomach has the right materials for their manufacture.

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10. Skating Rink Polka.
9. Champagne Galop.
8. Praise of Tears.
7. I really don't Think I shall Marry.
6. Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.
5. Not for Money.
4. Blue Eyes.
3. We'll Never Bide a Wee.
2. Won't you Tell me why, Robin?
1. Cupid's Letter.

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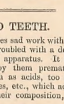

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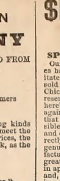

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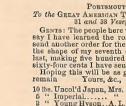

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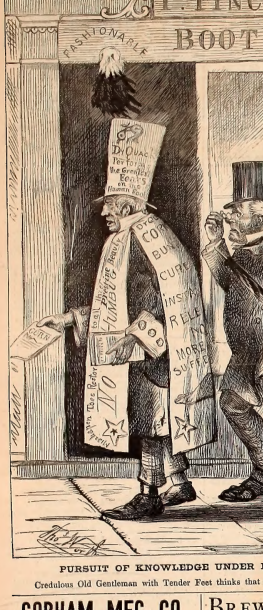

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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VOL. XIII.—No. 642.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

JAMES HARPER.

THE grandfather of JAMES HARPER was an Englishman, and one of the earliest American Methodists. He came to this country about 1740, and his son JOHN, born in 1766, settled as a farmer at Newtown, upon Long Island. He married ELIZABETH ROLLYER, a woman of vigorous and superior character, of a cheerful piety and kindly humor, and their oldest child, JAMES, was born in Newtown on the 12th of April, 1795. The town is now one of the populous suburbs of the city, but at that time it was still a secluded country village; and JAMES, with his younger brothers, remained quietly at home, going to the district school and working upon his father's farm.

The influence of his home confirmed his naturally sturdy and honest character; and at the age of sixteen he and his brother JOHN were apprenticed to different printers in New York—two boys beginning active life with no capital but sound principle and honest purpose. JAMES was a lad of great personal strength, which was confirmed by his regular and correct habits. THURLOW WEED was a fellow-workman. The friendship then begun lasted through life, and a full-length photograph of his old companion in trade hung over the mantel in the dining-room of Mr. HARPER'S house when he left it for the last time. JAMES was soon the most noted pressman in the city, and it is a tradition that if he disliked a fellow-pressman, and wished to be rid of him, he outworked him, and so compelled him to retire.

The habits of his rural home followed him to the city. In an age when every body drank ardent spirits freely he was strictly temperate, and the cold-water disciple justified his faith by his works. With the cheerful constancy of the fathers of his Church he quietly resisted the temptations of the city, and opened a prayer-meeting in the house of an old colored woman in Ann Street, and joined the John Street Methodist Church. Meanwhile to their simple and thrifty method of life JAMES and his brother added work out of hours, so that when their apprenticeship was ended they had a little money saved. Their capital now was sound principle, honest purpose, a trade of which they were masters, and some hundreds of dollars increased from their father's means; and with this capital, in a small printing-office in Dover Street, they began the business which has expanded through half a century into that of HARPER & BROTHERS.

At first the young men printed books to order, doing a part of the composing and press-work with their own hands. In August, 1817, they delivered two thousand copies of SENECA'S "Morals"—the first book they printed—to EVERT DUYCKINCK, a noted bookseller of that day; in December twenty-five hundred copies of MAIR'S "Introduction to Latin," and in April, 1818, five hundred copies of LOCKE'S "Essay upon the Human Understanding," upon which the imprint of J. & J. HARPER as publishers first appeared. They proceeded with characteristic care. When contemplating the publication of a book, especially if a reprint, they sent to the leading houses in the trade to ascertain the number of copies each would take; and so, slowly and steadily feeling their way, intent only upon good work well done, improving every opportunity with prompt sagacity, their business rapidly extended, and the firm of J. & J. HARPER was soon the most eminent publishing house in the country. Perhaps the most famous work that bears the imprint of J. & J. HARPER is the series known as "Harper's Family Library"—a collection familiar to every American reader during the last thirty years. The volumes were of convenient form, and the Library included standard and attractive works of every kind—such as MILMAN'S "History of the Jews," SOUTHEY'S "Life of Nelson," GALT'S "Life of Byron," SCOTT'S "Demonology and Witchcraft," CUNNINGHAM'S "Lives of the Poniters," BREWSTER'S "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," MRS. JAMESON'S "Female Sovereigns," LANDER'S "African Travels," and many more.

Two younger brothers, JOSEPH WESLEY and FLETCHER, were apprenticed to the firm, and when admitted as partners, the style was changed to HARPER & BROTHERS, and in 1825 the house was established at numbers 81 and 82 Cliff Street, upon a part of the site which their buildings now occupy. It was then the largest printing house in the city, employing fifty persons and ten hand-presses. Cliff Street was a narrow street just back of Pearl, in what is called the Swamp, the seat of the leather trade. But it was familiar to almost all American authors. When they went there and stopped at the HARPERS' they found a small and very plain office, in which there was little room for idlers, and a brisk and incessant industry was every where apparent. They met a frank, courteous, cheerful statement, and decision. It was strictly a place of business, and of business which had so increased that on the 10th of December, 1853, it occupied 9 large contiguous buildings full of steam machinery of every kind, with stores of plates and books—buildings alive with workmen, humming with industry, the monument of the skill and integrity and constant devotion to their business and to each other of the four brothers—when a workman threw a piece of lighted paper into what appeared to be a trough of water, but which was really camphene, and in a few hours the buildings were a mass of smoking rubbish, and almost without insurance.

The loss was about a million of dollars; but JAMES and his brothers were immediately sheltered at SHEFFIELD'S paper warehouse, at the corner of Beekman and Gold streets, and were actively engaged in renewing their business. Presses were employed in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Nothing was forgotten. The next monthly issue of the *Magazine* had been made ready, and it was reproduced at the earliest moment. One regular contributor then in Chicago received the first news of the fire by a brief telegram: "Copy destroyed. Send fresh copy immediately." Before the ruins were cleared away the plans of the new buildings were ready, and the buildings themselves were rapidly finished, covering half an acre of ground. They are all of iron and brick and cement, seven stories high, towering into the air upon Franklin Square, not far from the East River, as if hoping to look across to the quiet old country homestead at Newtown.

Of course the development and organization of such a business were due not to one brother alone, but to the co-operation of all. But this is not the place to enlarge upon a fraternal friendship as extraordinary as its outward results are remarkable. The business was to JAMES, as to the others, the great and central interest; but prosperity could not relax his steady character. He did not forget his early faith, nor the counsels and the habits of his Long Island

JAMES HARPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

home. He remained strictly a "Temperance man," and his marvelous physical vigor is ascribed by the Temperance advocates as that of a cold-water man. He was long an official member of John Street Church, and when he left his house in Rose Street, and went to live in the upper part of the city, he joined the congregation of St. Paul's Church, in the Fourth Avenue. But with all his fidelity to his ancestral faith he cherished the largest charity, and by much experience of the world had learned to agree with the favorite apostle James, that pure religion and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widows, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Thus with all his conviction and devotion, there was nothing hard or fanatical in his feeling or conduct, and he held the pleasantest personal relations with men of every faith. Few men indulged in so little harsh criticism of others, and he condemned censure or disapprobation by humorous indirection rather than by open accusation. "We must not be too hard," he was fond of saying, "it is so difficult to know all the circumstances. If you should insult, for instance, that the use of tobacco is a sin, and not a duty, I'll tell you what was a Whig during the days of that party, and a natural conservative. But in politics he showed the same moderation and toleration. "Don't try to drive men too roughly; my dear Sir, it is so much easier to draw than to push!" He took no conspicuous active part in politics, however. In 1844, when he was elected Mayor of the city. He was constantly asked to serve in Congress and in other public stations; but he steadily declined, saying, with a sly smile, that he preferred to stick to the business that he understood.

To that business his heart and life were given. Of late years its active care had naturally fallen into the hands of his younger associates; but he never relaxed his interest and devotion. "While I was dressing," said a much younger neighbor, "I used to hear Mayor Harper running from his house to go down town, and felt ashamed of myself." Early at the office, he opened and looked over the letters, and during the hours of the morning he passed from one room to another, his shrewd eye seeing every thing and measuring men and work, correcting and jesting as he went. But out of those shrewd eyes looked a kind and gentle heart. He knew by name the men and women and children employed in the various parts of the great buildings, interested himself in their family stories, and often won a confidence that never betrayed. His daily walking, which were ample, were thus intelligent and effective, and poor men as well as women bent to kiss his calm unchanged face as he lay in his coffin.

To the last day of his conscious life James Harper was as erect of figure and as buoyant of spirit as a boy. His interest in public affairs, which was that of a sagacious spectator, was undiminished. But one of the best known and highly honored citizens of the city, whose marvelous growth had coincided with that of his own fortunes, but his life never lost its early simplicity and regularity. For some time his family had observed, with the daily indigestion of every home, he no longer prayed to be delivered from sudden death, and upon being asked why, answered, plaintively, "The Lord knows best." On Thursday, the 25th of March, he came to the office in his usual health. For the last time his cheerful face and stalwart form were seen in all the rooms as he moved rapidly about. Then going up town he sat for the photograph from which this engraving is printed; and, when he drove out as usual with his daughter. A brother publisher in the city, upon horseback, passed him near the Central Park, and remembers that his daughter who was riding with him, "How well Mr. Harper looks!" Soon afterward, the pole of the carriage suddenly broke, and the horses, although docile and well-trained, were frightened and ran. At once they were beyond the control even of Mr. James's strong hand, and he and his daughter were presently thrown violently to the pavement. She happily escaped serious injury, and was carried home. Her father was taken insensible to St. Luke's Hospital, where, without regaining consciousness, he died on the next Saturday evening, at a quarter past seven, surrounded by his family, excepting his wife, who had been long an invalid.

The expression of the public sorrow and respect was general and sincere, and the funeral in the church of the Ascension was a touching demonstration of the regard in which he was held by the city in which he had lived his modest and useful and honorable life. But among all the public and private tributes to his memory the one that he would most have valued was that of those engaged in every department of his business, who knew him most familiarly in his daily duty, and who, at a meeting at which Mr. Henry J. Raymond, for forty-seven years associated with the business of Harper & Brothers, presided, after appropriate remarks, passed these resolutions:

Whereas, In the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. James Harper, we, the employes of the firm of which the deceased was for more than half a century the senior partner, have cause, through our long association with him and our knowledge of his generous character, his forbearing and kindly nature, for more than usual regret; we deem it proper that we should put on record the high respect in which we held him; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. James Harper society has lost an ornament, the community an upright and honored citizen, his immediate family a devoted husband and father, and his employes a considerate, kindly, and honorable employer. While we, in common with our fellow-citizens at large, have extreme regret for his loss to the community, we have beyond that a deeper sorrow growing out of our personal acquaintance with him, and the remembrance of his genial presence and the kindly sympathy and encouragement with which he always lightened our labors. On account of that evident sympathy and good-will toward us which was so characteristic of him, our recollections of him are especially endeared.

Resolved, That to his immediate family, and to the surviving brothers of the firm, we tender our thorough, heart-felt sympathy for their irreparable loss, hoping that their sorrow will be assuaged by the remembrance that his was a fully completed and honored life.

The funeral was on Tuesday, the 30th of March, and only the next morning James Harper was laid tenderly by those who loved him best in his grave at Greenwood Cemetery.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 17, 1869.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

There were those who hoped that the President, who had been elected by the people, as they said, would discard the politicians and rely upon the country. What do such words mean? Who is the country, and what are the people? They are the Republican and Democratic parties. There is not a vast reserved multitude of "people" independent of parties. The people are divided into the great party organizations; and to suppose that the President would endeavor to find some one who was in sympathy with neither, was to expect that he would be guilty of unutterable folly.

There were those, for instance, who hoped that Mr. Charles Francis Adams would be made Secretary of State. The columns of this paper are the witness of the appreciation of Mr. Adams's ability and service. But Mr. Adams has chosen to withdraw from the Republican party. Upon the eve of an election which involved the essential question whether the late rebels should control the Government Mr. Adams preferred to express no opinion. Now at such a time for a man like Mr. Adams not to speak was to express himself a thousandfold more loudly than if he had shouted. The people of the country, who felt in every fibre that the war was a conflict of ideas, and therefore was so threatening as the presence of Wade Hampton and his party in the Government, elected General Grant. Mr. Adams showed no sign of feeling that opinion. He was, unreferentially, under the circumstances, with his father's assent, had been coquetting with Wade Hampton, and was now coquetting with Wade Hampton's party for Governor of Massachusetts. If General Grant's first act had been the nomination of Mr. Adams as Secretary of State, he would have disgusted the party that elected him, and opened a struggle like that from which that party has just victoriously emerged.

The government of this country is a party government. When a President is elected, he as the representative of principles and a policy which are approved by a considerable majority of the people, who are the source of power. Those people, therefore, have a right to demand that those principles and that policy, and, as in the absence of a proper civil service system the control of the Executive Administration is essential to the effective organization of his party, they will expect that the head of the Administration will be intrusted to honest and capable men, who are also of the party. It is a man believed that the maintenance of that party is essential to the highest public welfare, knowing the necessity of thorough party organization to that result, he will properly take every honorable means to strengthen and complete that organization.

Now politician is a very elastic term. Burke and Wilkes, Hancock and Frederal, were all politicians. They were all prominent interest in politics and in party organizations. The reproach of many of the best American citizens has always been that they are not politicians. If the word has come to have an offensive significance, it is because those who should have kept it pure have avoided their duty. They have allowed it to become synonymous with rascal. But it has still a higher meaning, which every honest man will remember, and every patriotic man will remember always. An American who plumes himself upon not being a politician, in the sense of not being interested in politics, is as wise as the captain of a ship who should take pride in knowing nothing of navigation.

It is plain enough that the independence which General Grant showed in himself was not of party, but an independence of choice within the party. Undoubtedly his cabinet as first named was a disappointment; but it was strictly a Republican cabinet, and none might have been named the disappointment was inevitable. The disappointment will continue, and for the same reason; namely, that the friends of every applicant who fails will complain. If any man, however, will reflect how impossible it is, under our present system, that the Chief Executive can personally know the character of those whom he must nominate, and upon the reckless manner in which candidates are recommended, he will be very charitable in his judgment of the nominating power. The President may hold his subordinates responsible, but the subordinates also must act not upon knowledge but upon representation. It is, indeed, the people themselves who are primarily responsible for the character and capacity of men in office, for the Senators must also rely upon representations. Let no Republican, therefore, who has recommended any applicant from good-nature, or from any reason but persuasion of fitness, presume to cavil at the Executive action.

AN UNSETTLING SETTLEMENT.

It is desirable that all laws should be as intelligible as words will permit, and it is therefore a serious defect in the bill reported by the Conference Committee upon the Tenure-of-office law that each side claimed the victory, and Mr. Trumbull made one statement to the Senate, and General Butler precisely the reverse statement to the House. General Butler then appealed to that intolerable nuisance—the previous question, and the consequence is another confused and unsatisfactory law. As we write, the President has neither signed nor vetoed it. But, although it is in the nature of an ostensible concession to his views, we can not help hoping that in the interest of clear and precise legislation he may veto it.

The point has been plain from the beginning of the long debate. The substantial question is, shall the President remove at pleasure? The discussion has been inevitably, but illogically, mingled with the question of personal confidence in General Grant, which is simply a question of purity of administration. The Constitution does not decide it, and when the point was presented in the early Congress, it was decided against the Senate by a tie vote. Mr. Webster was of opinion that practice had interpreted the Constitution upon the subject; but this is a matter of interpretation which may be always challenged.

Mr. Grimes, who is a repealer, said that he wanted to give President Grant the same chance which every other President had enjoyed. But he did not stay to suggest why the law was passed. The reason of the passage of the law was, that experience proved that it might be dangerous to the country that the President should enjoy that chance. It is no answer to say that President Grant could be trusted and therefore the law ought to be repealed. So Mr. Stewart could be trusted as Secretary of the Treasury; but was Mr. Grimes ready to repeal the law that forbade appointment into the Treasury Department? Laws are not made upon personal but upon general considerations. The weakness or the crimes of individuals, indeed, may furnish the occasion for a law, but that is all. The justification of the Tenure bill was not the conduct of Andrew Johnson, but the peculiar and perilous relation of Congress with the Executive. If, as General Butler says, the Tenure bill was levied at Andrew Johnson alone, and was passed upon no general considerations what-ever, then it ought to be repealed. But if Johnson's conduct was merely the revelation of a danger to which public attention had not been previously called, then the repeal should not be carried until the public danger is demonstrated not to exist. Now the debate which led to the passage of the law did not proceed upon Andrew Johnson's delinquencies, but upon general and constitutional considerations.

Mr. Davis of New York, of whose remarks we have seen but a brief report, said that the Senate could not be a party to any responsibility for the retention of improper persons. Without demanding whether it is practicable to hold the President to any power responsibility, it may be asked whether the Senate can be held to any responsibility for improper appointments? An unfit officer is the fault of the Senate quite as much as of the Executive; and to suppose that the Senate would insist upon retaining a dishonest or incompetent officer is to assert that it would consent to the overthrow of the constitution to be questioned? If we recur to the Constitution we must agree that it does not mean to authorize the Executive arbitrarily to make a clean sweep of the officers to whose appointment the Senate has just consented. Still there was no defense against such unconstitutional action. Senators engaged in precisely that performance. The attention of Congress and the country was called to it—and the Tenure bill was framed.

The Senate has by no means the unchecked Executive that he is sometimes alleged to be. He is *not* solely responsible for the execution of the laws, but only for that an unintermediated authority of appointment. He must be satisfied with such officers as the Senate approves. The Senate can not, indeed, fill the offices without his participation, but neither can he fill them without the approval of the Senate. Presumptively, therefore, the responsibility is divided. Then the extent of the division must be determined by experience and grave reflection. But the obscure bill which has been passed by Congress, so far as it can be interpreted, authorizes the President to suspend merely, and then subjects even his nominating power to the will of the Senate. The President, it says, may suspend until the end of the next session of Congress; but if during that session the Senate refuses to confirm a nomination to the place he may make another. But how if the Senate does not refuse, and does not confirm? The suspension lasts to the end of the session, and the Senate has not acted. Is the office then vacant, or is the suspended officer restored? We defy any body to determine from the bill. General Butler says loudly, that of course the office is vacant. But General Butler is not the bill.

It is simply unpardonable that a law so important should be so obscure. It was not a question of skillful overreaching between the Senate and the House, but of the highest public welfare. If the House had had the patience to insist upon understanding what it was doing, and the resolution to teach General Butler that the interest of the country and not his wish was to determine the matter, this absurd result would have been avoided. It is a settlement that settles nothing, and that will return to plague those who contrived at it.

COTTON CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

The Cotton Supply Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Cotton Spinners' Association of Manchester, which together represent the combined cotton-producing and manufacturing interests of England, appeared before the Duke of Argyle, at the India Office in London, on the 12th of March, to urge upon the British East India Company the adoption of more active measures for increasing the supply of cotton from India. They conceded that they were now "*in fact off the raw material*"—a condition which, coming from such sources, will be deemed by this country conclusive as to the true state of that much mooted and hitherto doubtful question. "For eight years," said Mr. Cheetham, "the cotton manufacture had not been supplied with six days' work per week."

The deputation complained that, while in India there were sixteen millions of acres under cotton cultivation, no more cotton was produced than from two hundred acres in the United States. What the deputation wanted in India was better canal and railway communication, improved means of irrigation, and model farms for the use in India of American cotton and the use of more manure, which it seems was used for burning instead of being applied to the land.

The question what policy should be pursued opens a matter of vast interest to us and to England. The East India Company is older than our government. It was a commercial-interest monopoly in 1698, in the reign of William III. It became entitled to territorial possessions in 1767, and subsequently to territorial revenues. Its military powers were constantly enlarged by successive conquests and additional legislation, until they embraced the complete government of a vast empire. The company, which consists of about 1800 proprietors, is controlled as to its laws and regulations by a council of fifteen, seven elected by the Court of Directors and eight by the Crown. Its authority to be persons who had either resided in India or served under its government. The Crown may remove any officer of the Company at any time.

The Company abandoned its property, territorial and commercial, to Great Britain, on a satisfactory accounting and to its profit, and the payment of certain dividends, and now exists as a great engine of State, invested with the control and government of a country annexed to the British Crown.

The means are ample for acceding to the requests of the Lancashire associations; but whether it is prudent to do so, as to rely upon the cultivation of cotton in the United States, is the question which must in time be solved.

Although the cotton-plant is indigenous to Hindostan and other of the East India possessions, its cultivation is attended with serious difficulties. Instead of the long staple fibre and the refreshing rains which fall as they are required in our cotton district, Hindostan has a regular rainy season, is visited with severe monsoons, and is troubled with a pest of insects that the most oppressing to those engaged in agricultural industry. It is so severe as to render the cultivation almost impossible. From these causes, in great part, arise the complaint of the Manchester associations that the cultivation of 16,000,000 acres in cotton gives only the product which in the United States is raised on 2,000,000.

The cultivation of the cotton-plant resembles more nearly that of the tree than any vegetation than any other. The process of preparation, planting, plowing, hoeing, picking, cleaning, and baling, requires increased labor distributed over the surface of the soil, to the advantage which can be derived from the most favorable natural causes. The heat, assisted with frequent rains, necessary to bring the plant to perfection, and the degree of frost necessary to destroy the plant—which otherwise would need to be grubbed out, or would be perpetual and incurable—exist in the United States in due proportions. In *tropical* India the plant is not after maturity destroyed by frost; on the contrary, heavy labor is necessary to accomplish its destruction along with the weeds which are protected by the same mildness of climate. Great cracks and fissures in the earth are produced in India by the extraordinary heat, which renders irrigation difficult—an aid to cultivation which, even in more favored climates, is expensive and troublesome. If irrigation were

necessary in any part of our cotton region the portion condemned to this necessity could not well compete with those portions which are naturally and abundantly supplied. It is undoubtedly good policy to provide by artificial means to supply crops with water during portions of the season—a feature which is too much neglected—but that is a very different matter from what is required in India.

The effort to play off India against the United States, which, with respect to cotton, has been the policy of England for many years, will, after no heavy expense, piled up into a permanent debt, the fruit also of many wars, and of the unnatural attempt to coerce an enormous population to pursue a policy adapted wholly to foreign interests.

The report of ordinary revenue and expenditure of the Government of India for the year 1868 shows a net surplus of £240,000; but it appears, however, that, including the charges for what is called remunerative public works in the expenditure, a deficiency of £2,801,244 is found, which is £1,800,000 greater than the estimate in March, 1868, made by the Government of India, which difference is supposed to have been caused by advances to SHERE ALI, by disbursements on account of the drought, and payments to the East India Irrigation Company, some of which will be repaid.

The DUKE OF ARGYLE, it seems, is quite willing to go on with further and large expenditure to gratify the Manchester manufacturers. He would give what he calls the great cotton district of Charwar by a line of railway. Charwar lies in or near the province of Candeish, south of the Nerbudda Mountains. The Duke says that finding there was sufficient "information in the office to warrant him in concluding that there was a *strong prima facie* case for the extension of the work," a survey was determined upon, and the gentleman appointed to carry out the survey was then on his way to India. Another road, between Bombay and Western China, was proposed, but, added the Duke, Sir JOHN LAWRENCE opposed it because "the dangerous character of the native tribes, and the rough nature of the country itself, would involve our explorers in very serious difficulties, that would bring about another Abyssinian expedition."

The "lack of the raw material" of which the several Manchester associations complain is due in great part to the fact that America is afraid of over-production in India, and the natives of India are afraid of over-production in the United States. It is very certain that with all the disadvantages of climate and population which prevail in India, and the great distance from the English market, the India cultivator, oppressed with a distant and hostile government, can not compete successfully with the cotton-producing region in the United States, which, if undisturbed by this competition, would produce all that England requires.

The time referred to by MR. CREEHAM, the President of the Cotton Supply Association, as being that in which "the cotton manufacture had not been supplied with six days' work per week," is that which has intervened since the commencement of the war in this country. Anterior to the war no such contingency was made, and although the United States was the great source of supply to England for raw cotton, it was constantly furnished as a low price. Competition between producers in this country made combinations impossible. Upon this law England may still rely, but as long as she creates the impression here that she can, and will, seriously affect the world's production, the price of cotton will be adjusted to the apparent risk. At Preston, in England, the trade is in great confusion. Wages have been cut down from five to ten per cent.; workmen had struck, and mills had stopped. The anomaly of a complaint of the want of the raw material, and inability to manufacture profitably what is on hand exists.

From the beginning of our existence as a nation the policy of England toward us has been short-sighted, and in many respects unfriendly. She is now reaping the fruits of her errors. Her statesmen ought to have perceived that our country so forced as ours by Providence would offer large inducements for immigration from over-peopled lands. But instead of turning a friendly eye toward us she has aided in the development of less favored regions. Her surplus population and wealth have been buried in India, in Australia, in Canada, and scattered in smaller settlements. They remain in no part of the world a force capable of aiding the home government; on the contrary, she will find that these settlements as they get ripe will drop off from the parent stem, remaining attached only so long as may be necessary to develop maturity. India will be no exception to this rule. The largest portion of the earth has been neglected until now, when it would appear that her paupers are being thrown upon us as a relief from the dreadful drought with which she has lately been visited. Ireland and Germany have sent their populations to the United States, and to-day, instead of the conservative influence which English emigration might have produced over our institutions, capable of being reflected upon hers, our country is afflicted with elements of a disturbing character which would be wielded against England if they were not steadily controlled.

The jealousy and want of friendly spirit with here hitherto weakened England are still operating in the efforts of the cotton and mercantile associations in Manchester to prop up an unnatural policy in India. The eminent orator who in the last change which has come over the fortunes of England by extending the franchise—for the first time—occupies a seat in the Cabinet, can in no better way serve his country and ours than by proving to the English that nothing better can now be done, late though it be, than to abandon India to her fate, and, advancing by the above course, rely mainly for raw material and food on the productions of the United States.

The judgment of imprisonment for life passed upon FENIAN HARRISON the crime of murder inflicted under the forms of law and the most terrible maladministration of his office of Governor-General of India, by the Lord Chief Justice, secret torture, violence to women, extermination by fire and sword, desolation and famine inflicted upon thousands—these were his instrumentalities. "*I was resolved*," said he of one of the best Rajahs, "*to draw from his guilt the means of relieving the Company's necessities.*"

EDMUND BURKE declared that the system constituted by Providence specially to present to the English nation the great enormity of HASTINGS's wickedness and crimes, but that nation has acquitted him. Impartial history also adjudges that the tribunal which protected HASTINGS from punishment was corrupted by the desire to share in the wealth of India.

In tracing the decline of England many will agree that its commencement was due to the assertion of the principle by the House of Commons that the control of the Executive in this decision, that power shall be enjoyed in defiance of what is right and just—a path which must be retraced before England can stand upon her ancient ground.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

WE are very sorry to be compelled by the letter of MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. of March 27, 1869, to recur to the subject of their withholding a box of electrotypes for Sir LAURENCE KELLY'S "Cast up by the Sea," which they knew to be intended for MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. state that for reasons satisfactory to them they determined upon some "reprisal" against MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, and resolved to publish "Cast up by the Sea," which MR. HARPER had announced; "*we being under the impression*," say MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., "that they had purchased the work from MR. MACMILLAN & Co. the 1st of January (not in December as we stated) a box was delivered to them from London, in which they found "ten electrotypes with MACMILLAN & Co.'s name on the box, and by the Sea.' Thinking it probable that some break had occurred in the arrangement between MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS and MACMILLAN & Co., we waited a reasonable time expecting to hear from London about these electrotypes." On the 13th of January MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. wrote to MR. MACMILLAN & Co. for an explanation. Their letter was answered on the 30th of January, and on the 13th of February MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. advised MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

To end the whole matter, we publish the following extract and letters:

Extract from a letter from Alexander Macmillan to Mr. Lippincott, October 28, 1868.

"About the BAKER, which is nearly ready, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have had the sheets for some advantageous, and we accepted, and the sheets are now printing off, the casts of the blocks."

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

LONDON, *March 8, 1869.*

DEAR SIRS,—The readiest explanation of the unfortunate delay with regard to the electrotypes of Sir S. BAKER'S book will be found in the letter of our printer, of which we inclose a copy.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT were aware that we had arranged with you about the book, having been so informed by us in a letter dated October 28.

We are, Dear Sirs, &c.,
(Sgd.) MACMILLAN & CO.

(Inclosed in the above.)
PHILLIPS, SON, & NEALE, PRINTERS, STREET HILL, E. C.,
LONDON, *March 5, 1868.*

GENTLEMEN,—In answer to your letter respecting the electros of "Cast up by the Sea," the following is the particulars:

The casts were ordered by you to be forwarded to MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, and they were made, packed, and dispatched on the 3d December; but, by the carelessness of our packer, the case was directed to MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & CO., instead of to MESSRS. HARPER.

We can offer no excuse for his error, your directions being most clear.

We are, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servants,
(Sgd.) E. CLAY, SONS, & TAYLOR.

Having been distinctly informed, as the preceding extract shows, that a satisfactory arrangement had been concluded with MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS for sheets and cuts, MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. now say that they were "under the impression" that there was such an arrangement; notwithstanding which they waited for six weeks, during which they issued their work from the press, before informing MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS that they had received electrotypes which they had been informed two months before were intended for them.

Our object in alluding to the subject is merely to help MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT "to place ourselves [themselves] right before the public," which they declare to have been their purpose in their first letter to the London *Athenæum*. As that purpose seems now to be fully accomplished we shall not again refer to the subject.

MR. MOTLEY.

OUR friend and neighbor, the *Sun*, in warmly urging the claims of MR. GREELEY to the English mission, is employed by its eager friendship for that gentleman into a singular injustice toward MR. MOTLEY, when it says: "MR. J. CARROLL HARRISON, nominally of Indiana, but American by birth, but a European by residence and association."

Now the truth is, that as there is no more conspicuous an there is no more genuine American than MR. MOTLEY. He has devoted his life to historical study and composition, and every page of his works glows with his ardent and profound sympathy with the American principle, and with American institutions. At the beginning of the rebellion MR. MOTLEY was an honored guest in England; but he devoted himself with all his eloquence and ability, and with even a passionate patriotism, to correct the British misapprehension, and to withstand the British prejudice in regard to this country. And, not content with a private protest, he published an admirable and well-remembered pamphlet upon "The Causes of the American Civil War," in which he stated, with unanswerable force, the historical and natural argument for the Union; and when, on our excellent friend will remember, WAS at the time when MR. GREELEY was saying, "If the cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union, we think they should and would be allowed to do so."

When MCCRACKEN went down—dropping from the clouds—upon the foreign reporters, reporting of them what he chose, and MR. SEWARD wrote his unworthy letter, MR. MOTLEY immediately replied in a tone that should have shamed MR. SEWARD, as it commended the historian more closely to every American heart. During the last Presidential campaign MR. MOTLEY'S speech in Boston was not merely a masterly argument, but an argument conceived in the best national spirit, while his address, a few weeks afterward, before the New York Historical Society, upon "Historic Progress and American Democracy," was a swift and searching survey of the development of the great principle in defiance to which, in the last words, the America stands upon the firm and toward which other nations are slowly making their way through revolutions or without them.

MR. MOTLEY is a positive, almost aggressive American in every fibre; and should he be sent to England as Minister of this country, the public may be assured that he would bring to his duties not only an ample acquaintance with public law, and a sensitive regard to the national honor, but he would be the most representative of what is best and most characteristic in American faith and character.

BEAUTIFUL.

THAT pleasant paper, the New York *World*, says, in one of its recent numbers, that it would be glad to get rid of all journals which aim to discuss public questions upon their merits." In a parallel column of the same Number it discloses its idea of such a discussion in the following paragraph:

"The pretended Governor of Louisiana has signed the mixed-school bill. This is a measure of 'peace.' The little wool-heads are to be pigged in along with taxes cure, and the white man foots the bill."

This forcibly illustrates another truth expressed in the same Number. "It is not our practice to discuss public questions in a narrow spirit which sees nothing in them beyond their bearing upon the success of the politics of the hour." Oh no! said MR. Weller. Oh, certainly not!

A CASE OF JUGGLERY.

In a curious old book, written by Abrahama Sancta Clara, born 1642, died 1709, and entitled, "Something for Every One," is mentioned a juggling trick which, incomprehensible as it seems to us, was, it seems, perfectly practised in those days. One person in particular, Hiesio Mario Fredo, a Maltese, who practised it in perfection, is thus described:

"He would have a vessel brought full of tepid water, and fifteen or twenty glasses, which were large at top, and he would then rinse his mouth out to show that he had nothing between his teeth. When he had swallowed some glasses full he would spurt out a liquid like red wine; then would follow brandy, rose-water, orange-water, white wine, and the like, which things were all to be known by their taste. It was observed, however, that he always began with the red wine. Sometimes he swallowed twenty glasses of water, and spurted it out again like a *jet d'eau*." Colonel Richardson Cassell Strafreye, whose scholars were all the like sort of jugglers, to be put in prison, and threatened to hang him unless he proved his art to be natural, and not connected with magic. This the Maltese did in great accuracy, and was then liberated, to earn his living as before."

With the description a wood-cut is given, in which the performer is represented standing upright, with his head thrown back, while from his mouth a jet of water is seen to play. There could have been nothing displeasing in the exhibition.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 29:

In the Senate, joint resolutions of the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and South Carolina ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment were submitted.—A message was received announcing the unanimous action of the House in the Senate's action on the Tenure-of-Office bill. Senator THURMAN moved that the Senate insist, and made a long argument on the constitutionality of the original act. Senator MORTON argued in favor of repeal. The motion to insist was agreed to.

In the House, MR. BINGHAM offered a resolution, which was adopted, reciting that on March 3, 1869, a law against the Executive, called the Administration, bonds to the amount of $2,000,000 were, by order of President Johnson, prepared for issue, and $1,000,000 of them were issued to the Central Pacific Railroad of California, in contempt of the already existing restriction of certain sections of that railroad, and that alleged bonds were also being wrongfully and illegally approved by the Secretary of the Interior. The resolution authorized a clause to immediately investigate the charges.

March 30:

In the House, a message was received from the Senate announcing that a Committee of Conference had been appointed on the Tenure-of-Office bill. The House refused to recede from its action, and voted 106 to 40. A Committee of Conference was appointed.

March 31:

In the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Tenure-of-Office bill was submitted and agreed to 42 to 5. The bill reported repeals the third and second sections of the act of the Tenure-of-Office Act of March 2, 1867. The first section of the Senate amendment to be left untouched; the second section amended so as to read as follows:

"That during any recess of the Senate the President is hereby empowered, in his discretion, to suspend any officer appointed as aforesaid by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, except Judges of the United States Courts, until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some suitable person, subject to be removed at the pleasure and discretion of the President or another to perform the duties of such suspended officer in the interim, and such person shall perform and shall take the oaths and give the bonds required by law to be taken and given by the officer suspended, and shall, during the time he performs his duties, be entitled to the salary or compensation of such officer, no part of which shall belong to the officer suspended; and if at the time the duty of the President shall be to act after the commencement of every session of the Senate and before the same shall have advised and consented to or before the same shall have advised and consented to fill all vacancies that exist by reason of the recess, he shall forthwith make a nomination to such vacancy, not to be filled, to nominate persons to fill all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, or whether temporarily filled or not, and so in the case of all vacancies occurring if the office is one requiring such session, shall refuse to advise and consent to the appointment of any person in place of another, then, and not otherwise, the President shall nominate some suitable person to fill such vacancy until the end of the Senate for said office."

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Tenure-of-Office bill was adopted, 103 to 69.

April 1:

In the House, the bill to organize a provisional government in Mississippi was postponed, 101 to 69.

April 2:

In the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed with an amendment providing for the appointment of a board of ten commissioners, to be selected for their intelligence and philanthropy, to examine and audit the accounts of the appropriations for Indian purposes; the commissioners to have joint control with the Interior Department in the direction of the President.

In the House, a bill was passed authorizing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to extend its Northern Pacific Railroad from Portland, Oregon, to Puget Sound, and to connect the same by branch, and to be entitled to any subsidies, moneys, or lands that may be granted to such lands as may be included in the right of way.

April 3:

In the House, the Miscellaneous Deficiency Bill was passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Congress had determined to adjourn on the 10th.

General Joseph Hooker has been confirmed by the Senate as Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans.

General A. S. Webb succeeds Sheridan in Richmond on the 3d, succeeding General Stoneman. Among his last orders were one reinstating Governor Pierpont. General Canby is soon to relieve General Webb.

The Secretary of the Treasury on the 29th shows the total amount, less cash in the Treasury to be $2,398,196,611. Leaving the public debt at that time about $2,592,039.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN.

MARSHAL PRIM asks for 50,000 men for the army. The government has a majority in the Constituent Cortes. Constitution in regard to royalty establishes a hereditary monarchy, the King to be crowned during life.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Twenty-eight persons were killed outright by an explosion at the Abercarn Colliery, in Lancashire, on the 16th.

The Royal Commission of the British Parliament, appointed to inquire into the laws of naturalization, recommend that naturalization papers be revoked as alienating British subjects from their allegiance to England. They also recommend the repeal and total abolition of the disabilities of aliens to hold landed property.

Ireland drinks less whisky than Scotland, though her population is twice as large. The Irish Board shows that while the latter country drank in 1868, 18,196,421 gallons, the Irish drank but 8,718,316 gallons. England at the same time consuming more than both together—over 30,000,000 of gallons.

Late advices from Cape Town, Africa, four hundred miles east of country in South-eastern Africa, four hundred miles long, and from fifteen to one hundred miles in the interior broad. Several times over, occasioning great destruction of property. Several earthquakes perished in the flames.

At a recent trial in Montauban, France, it was proved that eight wretched women with the most perverted through a long series of years with the most inhuman crimes. They were tried and convicted of the crimes of infanticide and of pouring abortion; in the latter case, some as agents, some as principals. One woman, the central figure of the group, Delpech, was proved to have murdered no less than nine infants, one her own daughter's illegitimate child, and finally, one her own daughter's illegitimate child, and under the circumstances of the most inconceivable and fiendish brutality.

THE REV. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

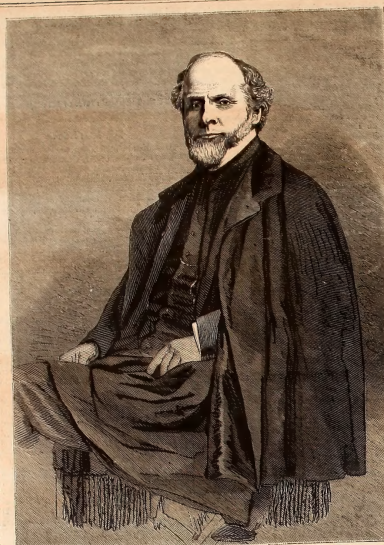
THE consecration of the Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON as Bishop of the diocese of Central New York in the Protestant Episcopal Church takes place on the 8th instant, at Emmanuel Church, Boston. The presiding Bishop, Dr. SMITH, of Kentucky, acts on that occasion as the consecrator.

There is no divine connected with the American Episcopal Church who is better known or more widely appreciated than Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON. He was born in Hadley, Massachusetts, May 28, 1819, and is, therefore, now nearly fifty years of age. He was graduated at Amherst in 1839, and studied three years in the divinity school of Cambridge. In 1842 he was ordained pastor of the South Congregational Church, in Boston, which he left in September, 1855, when he was inaugurated as Plummer professor of Christian morals at Harvard College, Cambridge, becoming at the same time preacher to the University. Dr. HUNTINGTON found, as many other sincere and profound thinkers have found, that narrowness of views was not confined to those professing evangelical beliefs; he also discovered that pretensions to a superior liberality frequently covered a deep-seated uncharitableness and a supercilious conceit. There is a stage in the career of every man whose intellect has been aroused and brought to bear with its full force upon religious doctrine when none of the channels of ordinary life seems to him to be free and untrammeled; he becomes, therefore, for a season an innovator. If he does not completely isolate himself from his fellows he revolts against the usages which they have established.

Thus those who knew best the stuff of which Dr. HUNTINGTON was made were not surprised to learn that he was an "innovator" even at Cambridge. He established a religious service of his own, which may be termed an "eclectic" service, since it was formed from those in use in the principal branches of the Christian Church.

This era in Dr. HUNTINGTON'S life soon closed. Those who have been so fortunate as to read his writings from 1856 to 1860 will easily mark the transition from the period of unsettled and baffled search after some impracticable system which should correct all errors and harmonize all truths, to that in which the search was abandoned, when the intellect partially yielded its higher grounds, and descended to the common levels of life, where its efforts, though less grand and more circumscribed, were yet more practical and more subservient to the ends of Christianity.

It is now several years since Dr. HUNTINGTON united himself to the American Episcopal Church. His efforts in the new career which he then commenced have been fully appreciated, and have been abundantly rewarded by their successful results.



REV. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARSHALL, BOSTON.]

CUBAN LADIES IN COUNCIL.

THE Cuban residents of New York city are numerous, and they have, especially the ladies, exhibited the greatest enthusism in furnishing moral encouragement and material aid to the efforts being made by Cuban patriots for the independence of their native isle.

It was in the room represented in our illustration on this page that the late meeting in Steinway Hall was provided for; and there also have originated the concerts and other enterprises undertaken in this city in behalf of the Cuban cause.

THE "NIAGARA OF THE WEST."

THE Great West is still to a considerable extent unexplored; and its beauties and sublime scenery, now comparatively unknown, will in a few years attract the attention of thousands of sight-seers, tourists, and earth-wanderers, who, tired at the oft-looked-at scenery of Italy and Switzland, will seek the wonderful and sublime in nature now hidden in the Rocky Mountains, or yet to be developed in Central Africa.

In our illustration on page 248 we have a view of the "Niagara of the West," the great Snake River or Shoshone Falls, the savage grandeur and wild sublimity of which are almost indescribable. Snake River, or the Lewis Fork of the Columbia, winding its way in a northwesterly direction, suddenly reaches and dashes over a fall of thirty feet, its volume being broken into half a dozen streams by dark rocks rising out of its flood. A little farther on, divided into three streams, it bounds down a wall of rock some sixty feet in depth; while still a little farther on, its waters suddenly narrowed to about four hundred feet, the whole river leaps in one unbroken body down a precipice of two hundred and ten feet. The ever-rising mist, with its changing prismatic hues; the wild leap of the mad river down into the abyss beneath; the frowning and jutting rocks of black and gray, which cast their shadows over the sluggish, leaden-looking water, that seems exhausted after its desperate leap; the dark look of the towering banks which rise a thousand feet above the river; and the deafening roar which ever meets the ear, combine to form a picture of Nature's power, sublimity, and grandeur, before which man can only stand awe-struck, filled with reverence and admiration. These Falls are four miles from the crossing of Rock Creek, on the coach-road between Salt Lake City and Boise, the capital of Idaho.

THE PRESIDENT'S STABLE.

FORTUNATELY our President is a man of equable temperament. His practical good sense easily overcomes many of the difficulties of his posi-

CUBAN LADIES IN COUNCIL AT THE HOUSE OF SENORA R. HOURRITINER, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE STABLE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. E. WALKER.]

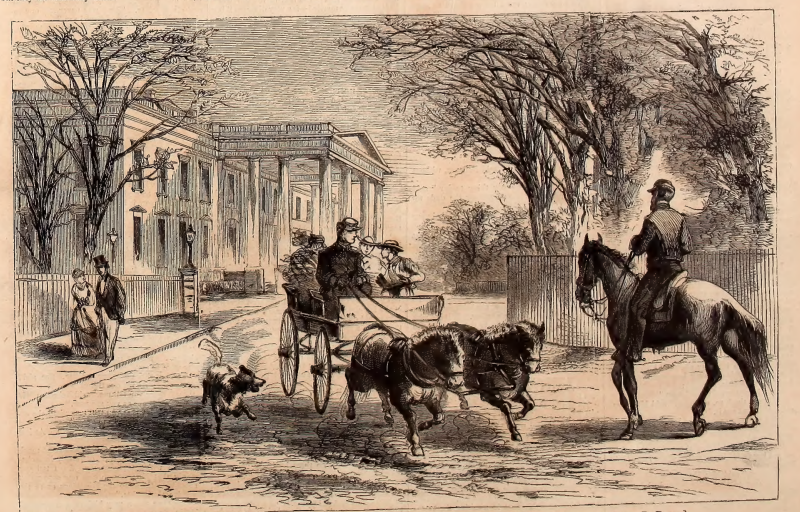
tion. He wisely distinguishes between what he ought to do, and what he is asked or advised to do. Thus he escapes many of the harassing circumstances which hastened the death of TAYLOR and of HARRISON. While the organs of the Opposition daily represent him as enmeshed in the entanglements of his office, his friends see him free, untrammeled, and refusing to be trammeled by self-seeking politicians. Even thus the labors devolving upon him are many and severe; but they are cheerfully borne.

It is an inexpressible relief to our President that he is domestic in his habits and tastes, that he takes unusual pleasure in the midst of his children, in the care of the grounds about the White House, and in his horses.

Our illustration on this page of the stable of the White House shows the principal horses in President GRANT'S possession. "Egypt" and "Cincinnati," shown in the centre, are the pride of the stable. Below this cut we give another, showing "Red" and "Billy Botton" carrying the children to school. "Reb" was captured in the Vicksburg campaign and presented to FREDERICK GRANT, the President's eldest son. "Billy Button" belongs to the era of peace.

BOOK-MOTHS.

THERE are some houses so circumstanced in regard to dampness that they seem to conduce to the multiplication of insects to an extraordinary degree. Thus, some places are infested with cockroaches, especially if there are water-pipes leading extensively through the premises. Others are beset with armies of small red ants, so minute that they creep through the narrowest chink into drawers, trunks, and closets, in search of whatever answers their purpose for food, but especially are they always on the *qui vive* for sweets. Literary people are occasionally annoyed by the depredations of minute insects which feed luxuriously on their fine books, manuscripts,



"REB" AND "BILLY BUTTON" CARRYING THE PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

and pamphlets. They are popularly known as book-moths. They appear to be in search of the paste, glue, and sizing which are used by the binders. However old and dry the books may be, if the room in which they are kept, or the cases in which they are arranged, are slightly damp, it softens the old glue or size by imbibition, just the condition required by the invaders. In gnawing it from the paper surface into which it originally penetrated, they also destroy the texture of the leaves, so that costly works are quite ruined. There is no better remedy than placing the books at once in a dry room where the moisture evaporates; and if the sunlight acts upon the windows daily, so much the better. The moths disappear when the paste becomes too hard for them. Or rather their activity is suspended, to be revived on again removing the books into a damp apartment. Russian binding is so offensive to them that they can not attack books in Russia leather book-binding.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WEDDING.

As the little story runs on, we must come again to Mr. Hagbut's office.

Was this actually Carry? Yes, it was actually Carry. Rebecca had helped to dress her, but Rebecca could throw her, when she was ready, into the room in her modest bride's dress. She was so pretty and so bright that Rebecca scarcely knew her sister.

Rebecca was by no means acting as bridesmaid: far from it. In the first place, her father had warned against bridesmaids altogether; and in the course of a somewhat peppery conversation with Rebecca had said that she herself considered that her relations with the bridegroom had been, had much better stay away herself. But Rebecca, getting more and more sure of her position with her father every day, had declined to stay away.

"Not see old Carry married!" she said; "I am sure I would not miss it for all the world. She has been a dear, good, loving sister to me, and has borne more petulance from me than I ever have from any."

"Then you don't feel any spite against her or him?" said Mr. Turner.

"Law, pa, what nonsense!" said Rebecca.

Although there were no real bridesmaids, at the solemn moment young ladies were, as Harriet Morley (or, for that matter, Hetty) would have said, "sold off" to act in that capacity. They were Rebecca Soper's school, and they were as copiously as any bridemaids at St. George's, Hanover Square. Carry did not feel at all as if she wanted to cry; but she thought it was the proper thing to do, and cried hard.

The neighbors came in and chattered and giggled—Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper among them. After they had come in and saluted the bride Miss Soper drove her sharp elbow into Mrs. Russel's side, and said:

"Is he coming?

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Morley."

"*I* don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "Don't shove like that; you've broke two of my ribs, I do believe."

"Where's she?" said Miss Soper.

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Rebecca."

"*I* don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "She will hardly have the face to show, I should think. I wish you would get out of that trick of running your elbow into another person's ribs when you ask a question. I'm black and blue—No. Why, that's her, with his gain the wall?"

It was he, Mrs. Russel. That grand beauty, with her cheek on her hand and her elbow on her knee, who sat alone, with her great speculative eyes, seeing beyond you and the crowd behind you, was Rebecca. And as she sat there that morning, all alone, dressed in dove-colored silk and pearls, there was scarcely a handsomer woman in all the room. Training, from nature to costume. Your eye was not trained for beauty; you could not see it.

Miss Soper could, to a certain extent. In her business of schoolmistress she had had so much beauty put under her eye that she knew it when she saw it. Russel's definition of beauty would have limited itself to "a fresh complexion." Miss Soper had a dim idea of generalizing from fact. Jewelers' clerks get a knowledge of what is the prevailing taste in jewelry. An old picture-dealer's clerk will tell you what will sell, and what will not. So Soper, in her way, knew a pretty girl when she saw one, though in her office of drudge she disliked receiving them. But she knew more. She was well-connected in the trade, and she knew houses who would take an article which was seldom offered to her, and which often, in her way of doing things, gave her great trouble—a very handsome girl. So looking at Rebecca, she said:

"She is wonderfully handsome."

"Do you think so, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel. "I don't see it."

"No one ever supposed so," said Miss Soper.

"Don't shove again, dear; pray don't," said Mrs. Russel.

"I forget," said Mrs. Russel.

As it seemed that Miss Soper had forgotten also, she resumed the discussion at another point.

"Shall we go and speak to her?" said Miss Soper.

"My dear soul," said the really good Russel, "I think we ought. The poor child is pining over Mr. Hagbut; it would be only kind."

Was she, Mrs. Russel? No, she was away from you all, with the sounds of the great sea. While she had been sitting there in her dove-colored silk all alone she had watched your figures till she had tired of them, and had gone to sea once or twice. You were quite out of her thought. She did not want to be naughty, but she could. Why did not you leave her alone?

She could be handsome enough; and she had the most intense dislike for these two ladies. If you had told her that Mrs. Russel was only a fair-pretender, gossiping with the world, and given the bed from under her to release the son she had scolded out of doors, she would have laughed at you. If you had told her that intolerable woman, Miss Soper, was in her way a heroine, and had shaved all her life to keep a ruined family together, and was always training virtuous women, had done more good than was ever likely to fall to the share of our poor Rebecca, she would have laughed at you again. Their formulas had been rendered hateful to her, and she hated them through their formulas, which had plagued her. She was a very naughty girl, and they made her naughtier.

She was sounding some dim wild cape in a gale of wind, and there were two with her whom she knew and one who always stood perversely behind her. And the one who stood behind her kept saying like a cuckoo, "Not yet. Not yet." And again like a blackbird, "Not till you're fit. Not till you're fit." And she suddenly approach to her her deadly enemies, the Russel and the Soper. What reader would trust her temper under such circumstances?

She rose and gave them a sweeping courtesy, and, may I say it, the devil entered into her. It was only a very little one.

"Are you quite well, Miss Turner?" said the fat Russel.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Rebecca. "I had a holiday lately. It has done me much good."

"Indeed! another?" said the Soper, alluding to the terrible escapade to Ramsgate.

"Yes," said Rebecca, looking at her with a look which the Soper had never seen in any of her school-girl's faces, "Another. A young gentleman took me sea, came and took me out for a holiday, and he took me on the river all the way to Gravesend. And we were together all day."

"Who went with you, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel.

"He did," said Rebecca.

"No one else?"

"What did we want with any one else? He was very handsome and clever, and in a third would have been one too many. I should like you to be introduced to that young gentleman, Miss Soper. His hair is beautiful. Little curls all over his head. He sat at my feet the most of the time, and if I had had a pair of scissors I believe I should have popped off a few."

The allied powers retreated. Says Russel, "That girl will go to the bad."

"No she won't," said Soper in her ear. "She is just the very one of all others who won't. She is not in my line—I don't have that article in my establishment; but I have enough to know that."

Rebecca said to herself, "I am the only way to treat you people. If kings and princes would not make outrageous pretensions, democracy could die: at least so says so. Ha! you two! Carry shall not leave you."

She sat perfectly still after this, in her old attitude, quite unseen, knowing that they would come to her. The chairs being all arranged compactly, for the Philistines did not know exactly whether they ought to sit or stand, Mr. Hagbut father made no sign. "Those two" were quickly sitting beside her. She was determined to amuse herself, and in utter recklessness she replied, without raising her chin from her hand,

"Where is Hetty?"

"She is at home," said Mr. Morley.

"What is she doing?" said Rebecca, without moving.

"She is not doing any thing to-day," said young Hartrop. "She is getting the duds together. Change of ship, you know."

"Now, Jack," said Mr. Morley. "Mind your promise."

Rebecca, from young Hartrop's silence, thought that Morley must have been speaking to her. Putting her hand and looking up in his face she saw that his eyebrows were raised, and that the corners of his mouth were drawn down. She remembered he looked more handsome than any man she had ever seen. But she had noticed that before.

The next day's wedding and wedding you go to, when you have looked at the bridegroom long enough, look at the bride's father. If it is a well arranged marriage you will see a look of triumph in the eyes of both. This was not a well arranged wedding, for our poor Rebecca, whom I hope you have forgiven, had thrown away by her wild conduct. Mr. Hagbut had changed rather than alter his mind; there was a cloud over it by his mere presence. Mr. Turner, man of the world, knew this, and did not show to advantage; he was haggard and worn, and had his head.

He had been into the room and out again. She had scarcely noticed him at first, but when he came in a second time, she watched his bowed head and rose to her feet.

I know a young lady of such strange and radiant beauty, that I and my companion always know, when we go to a country gathering, in one instant, whether she is there or not. Rebecca's beauty was not so great as that lady's I will allow; yet when she rose from her bench Harriet and Mr. Morley her presence was felt. The babble which was going on in the room while the bridegroom died into whispers—into silence—as she came softly forward and kissed her father.

"Give me your blessing, father."

Turner raised his head as she bent here.

"The Lord of Miriam and of Joel bless them, my daughter. " Smite as Joel, then sing as Miriam. Thou art blessed, oh my daughter!"

And so he kissed her, and she went back and sat between Hartrop and Mr. Morley again.

"He has forgiven her," whispered Mrs. Russel.

"Hold your tongue," said Miss Soper. "There is something that I can understand about this, and so I don't suppose you can."

"Keep close to me you two," said Rebecca, in a whisper, "I am frightened. Don't leave me you two."

"Are you ill?" said Hartop, also in a whisper.

"No, I am never ill. But these people frighten me. This house is frightful, and the lane is frightful. I can not know what this house is. There is poison in it. My father can not give me his blessing without frightening me. And Carry says she saw Hetty's blood at the foot of the stairs," she added, wildly and hurriedly. "Why should he talk of Joel?"

"I wish Hetty was here," said Hartop, in a low voice.

"Quiet, my child, quiet!" said Mr. Morley, laying his hand on her arm; "talk of something else. What shall we talk of?"

"The sea," said Rebecca, herself in an instant; "I want to know about the sea, or about Hetty Morley."

"There is no such person," said Hartop, turning and looking into Rebecca's face.

"No such person!" said Rebecca, aghast. "Is she drowned?"

"Not a bit of it," said Hartop, bringing his face close to hers; "Hetty is alive, but she is not Hetty Morley. She and I were married by Mr. Morley yesterday morning."

Her dull horror of the old house and the quaint company was overcome by this pretty piece of news. It was something so bright, so human, so—well, so romantic, that a great smile spread over her face, as she said,

"No."

"Fact, I assure you. Yesterday morning. You were not in the way, but I saw you were getting low." And, indeed, the tact of this young sailor was very great, for Rebecca was quite roused again by the news.

"You provoking people. I want to see Hetty, and you will tell me nothing of her."

"It wouldn't do to," said Hartop; "they wouldn't stand it."

"But what is she like?" asked Rebecca.

"What is she like?" said the bridegroom. "Why, she is like her father: that's about what she is like. And we're soon *blue*," he growled.

Rebecca turned on Mr. Morley. "She is like you?"

"Put younger, and I know, and more good looking," said Mr. Morley, with a bow.

And Rebecca had just settled emphatically in her mind that Hetty was very handsome, when enter the bridegroom.

"Why, that is never him," said Rebecca, suddenly.

It was, though. A man at his best—and a man generally makes the best of himself when he is going to be married—is a very different thing from a man at his worst. Rebecca and Hartop had only known him at his worst, and even Morley, knowing him better than they did, was surprised. "That fat, pale-faced man," he thought, "has actually more vitality than I have. Carry will just suit him." And it had been what he has been, I could not have shown such a presence."

A man, we must remember, with sufficient physique for the first or second life-guards, who has spent his life in talking religionism to foolish and sentimental women, is very likely to become fat, ill-dressed, and untidy. But put that man on his mettle. Get him rejected by a beautiful girl, and then bridegroom to another girl, and I fancy you will find some of the old Adam in him. There was a considerable load of the Adam in Hagbut that day; so much that he looked a rather noble person.

Rebecca leaned back in wonder, and said aloud that she knew that no one could hear but Mr. Morley and Hartop, and she did not "mind them," "I could not have believed it. Why the man is handsome, and good looking."

"Is there any reason why he should *not* look noble?" said Mr. Morley, quietly. "My dear child, that rose has been made good in this day than ever you will have the chance of doing, even if you had the power or the will. His formulas displeased you, they were purely scripture, and move the dead bones of the middle class into life. His formulas displease you; that very vulgarity is the key-note of his power among the vulgar, who would dislike and possibly resent the minimizations of a less pronounced Christianity. I do not understand their ways of thought, and you would continually keep their inferiority before their eyes, by living in a dialect more refined than their own. I pray God that when I die I may claim to have done as much good as Hagbut has."

"Yes!" said Rebecca, thinking.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "There are those who say that God sent men as Hagbut, vulgarize religion. It is not true, or at best only half true. They find a vulgarized religion among vulgar people, and they preach it as honestly and as nobly as this man has; and he raises his people by doing so."

"How can he raise them by being vulgar?" asked Rebecca.

"He raises them, in spite of all his vulgarity, to the level of Christianity: and at that point both he and they cease to be vulgar. I dare say that the Covenanters ate with their knives, but they could die like the finest gentleman of the lot. While there are vulgar people you must have vulgar priests. I, being a gentleman myself, know that well. That man Hagbut, whose ways of speech and of action are an offense to me, has brought more souls to Christ than ever I shall bring with my twopenny refinements. He comes of their own class, and their language is his. Their language is foreign to me, and I can not imitate it. And that lower middle class is the very one which wants rousing and exciting. The great use of the dissenting clergymen is to rouse that class, and to arouse them. Hagbut can do it. I can not. I am a useless man compared to him."

"Yet you can bring sailors to chapel, Sir," said Hartop, quietly.

"Ah, yes, I can do that," said Mr. Morley, with a sudden illumination. "Yes, boy, I can do that. That was a good thing for you to say. Yes! yes! they come again and again. It is not utterly nothing to keep us in the faith their mothers taught them through all temptations. You must come down and hear me preach some day," Miss Turner. See, the bride is moving. We must go."

So they went. And Hagbut married Carry; and the Hagbut episode in her little life came to an end.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONFIDENCES.

And Carry was gone, and Rebecca had to undertake her duties.

"I shall make a fine mess of it at first, pa," she said to her father on the first day. "For I have been most diligently idle all my life. But I will do the best I can. I can't scold and worry, but I will keep the meals in order for all that. You sha'n't want any thing, my dear."

"You will do well enough if you care to do it," said Mr. Turner. "*I* don't want scolding or worrying; I have lost my faith in it. That is what made the mischief between your mother and me."

"Well, dear pa, that is all over and gone. We shall be happy together, you know."

"I don't know. You may be happy, for you have hope before you—the hope of my death. I am a broken man. I wish I was dead."

"Don't say so, don't wish why, father," said Rebecca, with a heavy heart and a light tongue; "that sometime you will. There any man in our employment more honored than you are? As for the money I am to have at your death, I wish you would leave it to Carry, and then you would not suspect my love."

"You are a foolish girl."

"I think you are a very foolish man," said Rebecca, stoutly; "that prospective money has been the greatest plague of my life; I wish it was in the deep Atlantic. That—that—Hagbut would have left me alone if it had not been for that money."

"You are too good for him," said Turner.

"Child, have you ever thought of any one else?"

"As a husband?"

"Yes; as a husband."

"Certainly," said Rebecca; "for a whole week I thought I should have liked very much to marry young Hartrop. He is all very well for you to laugh, pa, but you wouldn't like it yourself."

"Come here," said Mr. Turner. And Rebecca came and sat at his feet.

"I have been a hard father to you, my child, and I do not wonder at it. I have not been true. But I seem to have it. God is very good. He is not what I want to make him out, is He?"

Rebecca answered her father by raising his hand and putting it to her lips.

"My poor, loving child. I am a broken man; but I will do my duty to the very last. I am not to be trusted. This responsibility about Hetty's property is killing me. Had I known that I should have found my trust, kindest friend in you; but it is so. You will stay by me to the end?"

"To the death, father;" she did not want him to get excited, and so she said no more.

"You are a better man than I am, child, and I wander to-night. But, believe me, that Morley's God is the true God—is the true God—and you and Hetty will find it so. Where is the letter?"

"She is here, father," said Rebecca, putting Mab on his lap.

"Poor little beast; bonny little beast. Bark for us, little one. Defend us. My dear Rebecca, the God who made this little thing was not Hagbut's God, but Morley's God."

"There is one—but one God, father," said Rebecca. And she said it because she did not know what to say.

"Yes, but they make two or three. See, girl? Will you promise me one thing?"

"I will do as you tell me," said Rebecca; "if you will be always as you are now."

"Promise me that you will never join the established church after I am dead."

Rebecca sat silent for a long time. At last she said:

"I don't think that I could promise as much as that, father. I think it extremely improbable, but I will not pledge myself. I tell you honestly that if I were to quit our connection I should go either to the Moravians or to the Primitive Methodists."

"They are not a very high sect, my child," said Mr. Turner.

"I don't care a very high sect," said Rebecca; "that is just where it is."

CHAPTER XIX.

DARKER HOURS STILL.

DELL was the old house, dullar, alas! than ever it was, for there was not even old Carry now; and Mr. Turner, left alone in the house with the favorite daughter of his dead wife, began to mope and brood over that miserable old business. It was evident also to Rebecca that his mind was not by any means what it had been.

She was free to go where she would now, but she never went far out of the lane, except a few times as far as Putney Bridge. She used to slip across sometimes to see Mrs. Spicer or Mrs. Atkin, in quiet neighborly way, and hear their gossip, give them books, and other little things, doing them high honor. It would have been an evil time for any man who insulted her while Mr. Spicer or Atkin were near.

Those two worthies were the very picture of comfort and contentment every Sunday morning, each in his shirt-sleeves and a long pipe in his mouth, as Rebecca took her father to chapel; but one morning she missed them, and thought they had gone for an expedition somewhere. "It is very little pleasure they get," she thought. "We ought not to begrudge it to them." But when they got inside the chapel who should be sitting near the door but Spicer and Atkin in their best clothes! Rebecca flushed up with real pleasure, and when service was over, she made her father stop while she spoke to them.

"I am glad to see you here."

"Yes, Miss," replied Atkin. "It looked so nice seeing you and the gent your going every Sunday that we thought we'd go. That's about the size of it, Miss."

"I hope you like it."

"Yes, Miss, we likes it well enough," said Jim Atkin, "but we don't make much fist on it at first."

"Ah! you won't find it strange long," said Rebecca. And so they parted.

Her father walked home with her, and they went home under the dull gray sky, if she had asked these men to come to chapel; and she had said, "No, that she had never entertained the idea of," she said, "I am very glad of that. Whatever you do, don't undertake the responsibility of forcing religion on other people. Let them find it out for themselves—" He was going on to say a great deal more, as it seemed to Rebecca from the tone of his voice; but she checked him suddenly.

It was dull, miserable, dripping, motionless weather, and she sat day after day utterly alone while her father was away on business—more than save for her little dog. She tried hard to be very good, and, as is usually the case when a person tries, she succeeded. She had often said, in a vague way, that she would like to be married in Limehouse.

Many things in the housekeeping were great puzzles to her, and she used to take them patiently, and lay them as the feet of her beloved old nurse, Jeffreys, in Leader Street, Soho. But it was rather a long way there, so she saw but little of those excellent souls at present.

One day there came a letter which made her cry; it was from Mr. Morley. Jack Hartop and Hetty were off to sea, and Hetty was so hard at work, shifting into her new ship, that it would be quite impossible for her, or Jack either, to get to Waltham Green. He added, as soon as they were gone, he would very likely come and see her himself. She cried a good deal over this letter, but it was not in a meagre sort of fashion. That nightmare, Mr. Hagbut, being removed from his position of possible husband, she rather liked him otherwise, and was at peace now with all the world; and the Limehouse people had done her much good; and she was in one way and another very far from the blues a lot of times. She cried because she had wanted to see Hetty; and she told her father so, frankly, that night, which asked her why they were not read.

"Why do you want to see her?" he asked.

"I don't know. I am sure she is nice."

"Why?"

"Because those two are so fond of her, and those two are the nicest people I know."

"Miss Hetty Morley," said Mr. Turner, "chose to disgrace herself and ruin her father's connection by a stupid and rebellious course of action. As Mrs. Hartop she is coming on. If you walked the earth round you would not find, in the dissenting connection, that such sentimental idiots as Hartop, his daughter, and Jack Hartop."

"What has Hetty done, pa?"

"Degraded herself; dropped into a low sphere of life, and dragged her fool of a father down with her. Morley may choose to tell you in his own good time—for he is as obstinate as a pig—what she has done; but he chooses to keep the secret, and I won't pump him."

"But you like Mr. Morley, pa?"

"Yes. He is a good and a noble man, a pure Christian, and a real gentleman; but he will have to answer to God for his indulgence to that girl."

"But you would listen to him on spiritual matters?"

"Yes, to no man sooner. But he has been a fool in a worldly point of view, by allowing that girl to do as she has done."

And this was all she could get out of her father. And the great mystery about Hetty was no nearer solution than ever.

This was probably the most weary time she had ever had; for even if Carry had been there she had lost the heart to scold her, and so her sole amusement was gone. She had her cats, and was still kind to them, though her little dog Mab had supplanted them in her affections. She told Mab every thing now; and Mab seemed to understand. She could have told her father every thing, but there was a reason.

At one time, not long ago, she had believed that there would have been perfect accord between herself and her father. It was not to be. The overwhelming sense of responsibility with regard to Lord Avebury's papers were too much for his mind, and it became clouded; and in its clouding there came on a phase of religious doubt, which may be laughed at by dogmatizers, but which in practice, in reality, was, to Rebecca at least, horrible.

If he would have broken out into unbelief and sheer blasphemy at once, she could have stood it better. But he got dreadful silent fits, ending in sharp-pointed declarations, after many days of solitary, silent argument with himself. He would sit perfectly silent, with his hands occasionally wandering over over the desk, and Rebecca would be nearly drove the silently sewing Rebecca opposite him out of her mind; and, at last, when the poor, anguished girl could bear it and say nobly at her duty, was nearly out of her mind through sheer nervousness, he would say, suddenly and sharply—

"If one actually regains consciousness after the dissolution of the body, and if one finds that the whole scheme has been a mistake from beginning to end. How then? One will regret that one had not been a profligate; a man who takes such pleasure as he can find, and descends his bills on the future state."

And so on. Which has nothing to do with the further than this. Also horrible and intolerable to Rebecca. It frightened her. She had rebelled against a certain close form of nonconformist Christianity, which is narrow, cold, and in her eyes worthless, because it wanted the one element of sentiment there. There had been in her the stout nonconformist Morley, who had shown her a form of dissent as beautiful and as spiritual as the highest of the Church formulas of Romanism, though wanting in the ceremonials, seems which, as the daughter of a Papist mother, she loved in her heart. Then, in a moment, her father cutting the ground from under her feet, just as she was feeling for it. Do profoundly humanity, that he had arrived on her father unutterable things. Which did not mend matters much for poor Rebecca—which in fact made them rather worse than they were before, for now she was thinking of now.

In the foolish old days, before one thought, many of us used to read the accounts of the prize-fights in *Bell's Life*; and one used to read that Bob So-and-so "was waited on by a powerful friend." Now I claim for Rebecca that she was a better "g'ution for punishment" than any knuckle-headed, prize-fighting second who ever made a brute of himself in the prize ring.

Punishment enough she got in these days. Her father failing and failing, and before her eyes. No society; and as it seemed to her no hope. The responsibility of the enormous amount of valuable but-boring papers which had been thrown on her own shoulders, for her father was at no one, save in his determination to hold by them. So that Rebecca, after reading for hours a dull, mulish obstinacy; a determination to act honestly as circumstances should direct. And all the time her father was full of his "g'ulgar moods; excusing her of idleness, and making his case good to her about her dead mother. Punishment enough, poor child! But she took it bravely and nobly.

"Pa," she said, one night, "I don't gird at me!"

His face had been fixed before, but it relaxed now.

"Have I been girding at you, Rebecca?"

"Yes, pa. Don't, please."

"I won't, dear. I didn't mean to. Tell me when I gird at you, and I will leave off."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is estimated that New York City annually pays the enormous sum of $6,500,000 for the luxury of lice. We say *luxury*, though its use come to be regarded as a necessity in the world. Whether it is easy to prove to apprehend a strictly of this commodity, for no statement has been made. The number of tobacco in the various ice-houses—not less than 800,000 tons. During the last year seven new houses have been consolidated in the Washington Ice Company, which now has twelve houses with a capacity of 200,000 tons. Consolidated are eighteen houses; and though there are some smaller companies the ice business will chiefly be in the hands of these two companies.

The Sanitary Superintendent reports that small-pox and typhus fever, which have been prevalent in the city of Brooklyn, have now nearly ceased. The Board of Health and the public are greatly indebted to the physicians of New York for their hearty and prompt reporting of such diseases as require the attention of sanitary officers. A diligent inspection of the sick duty by a medical attendant in the Thirteenth Ward last December resulted in the spread of small-pox to three houses and eight persons in opposite blocks, and to a neighboring city. The records of the Board of Health show that more than one medical physician has proved a public benefactor by his prompt efforts to secure the arrest of contagious diseases. Such attentions is especially needful in regard to typhus and typhoid fever and, more than all, much remains to be done to prevent the spread of scarlatina than is generally supposed.

A London clergyman advertises that he will "lend" his weekly sermons for half a crown apiece, or four for ten shillings, warranted "original, earnest, and evangelical."

Wonderful new stories have been a feature of many of the country newspapers for the last two months. And it is a very serious fact that now, in April, the inhabitants of many settlers are still cut off by the snow-bound. Very likely, also, it may be true—as is reported—that on the 6th day of last December a couple of monkeys went to roost on the lower rail of a fence in a certain town in New York State. During the night they were covered with about six feet of snow, and presumed, of course, to be lost. Singular to relate, however, a thaw unmoved them, and they came out on the 9th of January, alive and hungry, having been buried just one month.

On the 1st of April a man passing through Chatham Street picked up a wallet out of his pocket with his handkerchief. He did not discover his loss until after he had walked more than a couple of blocks. He then retraced his steps, and, strange to say, found it quietly reposing on the sidewalk. Every body passed and stepped it a hook, and had been afraid to pick up a pocket book which really contained two hundred and fifty dollars. Surely an April-Fool Day.

Philadelphia has been the scene of another horrible tragedy. A Mr. Beaumont, who has hitherto been a respected citizen, leading an exemplary life, recently murdered in a most horrible manner his wife and children, and then committed suicide. The details of the crime are fearful; and it is relief to learn that insanity was hereditary in the family of the murderer, and to believe the deed was done in some raving paroxysm.

Mad dogs are still reported in various quarters, and the newspapers give many cases of hydrophobia. As the warmer weather comes on every body will feel very shy of meeting stray dogs in the streets; and it is to be hoped that they will be "few and far between."

Some inquiries have been made respecting a "remedy" for hydrophobia, given in these columns a few weeks ago. We mentioned the name of the paper from which it was taken, and can give no further information about it. In general, in any serious disease, remedies should be administered under the immediate advice of a physician, who will have the knowledge and skill to give such special directions as each case requires.

An amusing scene recently occurred in one of the Police Courts in this city. Making all due allowance for exaggerated statements, the story is about as follows: The officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals arrested the owner of a bear, charging him with cruelty because he led the animal by a ring in the nose. Both man and bear were brought before the Justice. During the hearing of the case the bear formed an idea of what was going on, received to defend himself. He sat down on his hind-legs, took up the desk, and placing the legal papers upon the rail, looked straight at the Justice, and listened attentively as if curious to see counsel. The Justice said he must hold the man for the session. The bear bowed. The attorney who appeared for the owner said the animal loved its master. The bear licked his hand. The Justice said gruff bail. Your Brute paid it, and to soften his heart by going through an impromptu performance. Another report of the case is, that the bear came into the courtroom smiling, recognized the District-Attorney immediately as the champion of injured people, shook hands with him, sat down on a chair, listened to the affidavit, signed it, kissed the book, thanked the attorney for the courtesy, addressing him as "my learned friend," and meeting a newly-looking reporter on his way out, shook him a warm hand.

The following is related of Dr. Scudder: On his return from India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck in the manner with his young son, when he heard a man using loud and profane language. "Stop," said the Doctor, solemnly and sweaver, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and has never heard an oath; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, hurried out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

In writing of the recent monthly meeting of the "Boston Radical Club," a "special correspondent" of one of our evening papers takes the liberty of remarking, that while "Quakers are not without brains, it never occurs to them to take such things to parties; while in Boston the people actually go about with their brains done up in brown paper parcels, and are ready to give them away to any passer-by who may be in need of them!"

A movement has been initiated to have the Reading-Room of the Astor Library opened on the Sabbath and on Sundays. This arrangement, it is believed by many thoughtful persons, will prove a blessing to a large class of young men, who, when released from their usual engagements, have no wholesome place of resort, but are crowded together in lodging-houses, and to whom the attractive of pleasant, comfortable rooms would be a blessing from many temptations.

We learn from a newspaper published in the region of Lakes Mempremagog and Winnipiseogee, in the State of New Hampshire, that Moosehead, Maine, are superior to those of either Lake Wreleybooback or Moosehead, in the State of Maine. Chumbiagungamunga were very fine, but they all got choked to death in trying to bite each other's tails. How sad!

According to an exchange a lady one hundred years old was lately *supremacy* dead in Pennsylvania. When she gets to be a hundred years old, I hope she will get amusement to coin new words as well as to ease her self to new fortunes.

A report comes from Sing Sing prison of the severe punishment of a convict who had only been a few days in the institution. He was ordered to work; but not moving as fast as his keeper wished, he was taken to the dungeon. There, for seven days, he was only released from punishment until he was well or until his doctor ceased. He refused nothing to labor, showered him until he could hardly stand, and then beating him with a rope, ordered him in a cell, where he was left to sink and removed to the hospital, dying at the latter place. He was 22 years of age, and a native of Germany. He had every friend in prison being a convict, who wept like a child when the facts came to his knowledge. The keeper has been removed.

Several Freshmen at Yale were lately suspended for neglecting their recitations, and committing certain outrages which have long been a disgrace to the college. The Freshmen have in an understood way continenced them. Now, to their credit, the Freshmen have resolved to use all their influence as a class to suppress all such disturbances during the Freshmen and Sophomore year, and have signed a pledge to that effect. It is certainly high time that manly students in all colleges should demean themselves like gentlemen and scholars.

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Perhaps the largest of building in the world—at least the *largest*—is that which is erected over a certain portion of the Pacific Railroad, to protect the track from the heavy falls of snow which are to be expected during the winter months. It is 22 miles in length, 16 feet in width, and 16 feet in height. It is put up in the most substantial manner, all the timber used being of the best quality to be obtained. The sides are inclined, and calculated for the fact that heavy pressures through the interstices between the boards, the whole affair would be like a huge trap-door. More than 40,000,000 feet of lumber have been used in its construction. It covers an area of more than 18,000,000 square feet, or nearly forty-four acres. With the exception of a few miles this structure has proved a very complete protection during the severe snow-storms of the past season.

A man in Texas has married his mother! that is to say his father's wife; or more exactly, his father married the lady about twenty-five years ago, but from some extraordinary circumstances the couple separated immediately after the ceremony, and never lived together. The lady resumed her maiden name; the gentleman married again. A son by this second marriage joined the Confederate Army during the war. Afterward, while in Texas, the young man met his father's former wife, and, notwithstanding considerable difference of age, an acquaintance began which resulted in marriage. Of course, neither of them knew at the time of the nominal relation they sustained to each other.

Wm. Yonge, the popular barrister, devoted a large portion of the proceeds of her most successful novel—"The Heir of Redclyffe"—to fitting out a Missionary vessel for the use of Dr. Selwyn, who was then the Bishop of New Zealand; she also gave $10,000, the profits of her "Daisy Chain," to the building of a Missionary college in Auckland, New Zealand.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A "FOG" SIGNAL—The Last Glass.

"PARTY PROCESSIONS"—Going down to supper.

PRIDE.

Pride went forth one snowy day,
Burst upon a drift of hay.
Of lady's head with nothing on it,
Save three wisps to make a bonnet.

With the wind a little lace
Blew about her neck and face.

Pride returned to her abode,
A parcel's only child fell ill.
Cough and croup and sore throat and rain
Rendered every effort vain.

Wearing leaves in wintry weather
Killed both Pride and child together.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—There is this difference between a horse-race and a boat-race: The best horse very often is ahead at the first turn, and will pull out; whereas the best boat wins through the same means.

THOUGHTFUL HOSPITALITY.—Entertaining an idea.

A RING WITH AN END.—A herring.

HOW TO KISS.

First, grasp with hand of maid,
And hug her tight to thee;
Then roll her eye, "I'll go away—
Do—don't you—let me be!"

Then, oh, what bliss! but more miss
So good a chance as that!
Then make a dash, as quick as flash,
And—Harriet, hold my hat!!!

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them fell down and broke his leg. The other hastened to him, and inquired, whether he was hurt very much. "Oh, Mickey," replied Mickey, "not dead, but spackless!"

VARIOUS FANCIES ON WEDDINGS.

A Wooden Wedding—Marrying a blockhead.
A Golden Wedding—Marrying for money.
A Crystal Wedding—Marrying a glass of wine.
A Tin Wedding—Marrying a milkmaid.
A Paper Wedding—Marrying a writer.
A Silver Wedding—Marrying an old maid of sixty.
A Brass Wedding—Marrying a blacksmith.
A Linen Wedding—Marrying a laundress.

A QUESTION.

They say the King of Burmah's liked
With fifty wives to soothe his rest:
If fairness ever the King should pain,
Would the King ever again?

AN EVIL DEED—A forged will.

A negro had a severe attack of rheumatism which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, he rubbed it and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandage, he stuck it out, and, with a stake of the fence, he exclaimed: "Look here, devil Seller, sake away. I shan't do suffin more for you, for chile can stan' it so long as you kin, so dar!"

"JANE," said a wag, "it's all over town?" "What's all over town?" "Why, that I've dropped.

"BOARDING ROUND."

A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Went to board with Mr. B——'s; had a baked pudder for dinner—stewed cranberries and cheese. Pudder appearances to have been one of the first settlers of Vermont, made a settlin' in pudder and the pilgrim's breast. Supper—cold pudder and pumpkin; went to bed and dreamed of having another piece of pudder and cheese.

Tuesday.—Cold pudder for breakfast, swamp tea and sculp nut cake—the latter some consolation. Dinner—some kind of a stew, with pudder in it. Supper—pudder—the other leg, etc., cold; dreamed I was a snowbird, and got on my back and could not get over again.

Wednesday.—Cold pudder for breakfast; could eat nothing. Dinner—wings, etc., of the pudder warmed up; did not relish. Supper—pudder for four hours should be left for supper. Supper—not Johnny-cakes, felt like a cannibal.

Thursday.—Cold pudder again; much discouraged at the sight of pudder. Went to B——'s to visiting for dinner and supper.

Friday.—Pudder first shroud. Dinner at Mr. B——'s; cold pudder and hot potatoes—the latter good; ate potatoes and pudder. Supper—stewed cranberries, pudder and no potatoes, bread heavy and dry.

Saturday.—Cold pudder and hot Johnny-cake; did very well. Dinner—cold pudder again; Johnny-cake; did very well. Had a long visit with the old week, grew alarmed; had a talk with Mr. B., and concluded I had boarded 'round enough.

ANTIQUE RHYMES.

"There was a crow sat on a stone;
He flew away—and there was none."

"There was a man that ran a race:
When he run fast—he run apace."

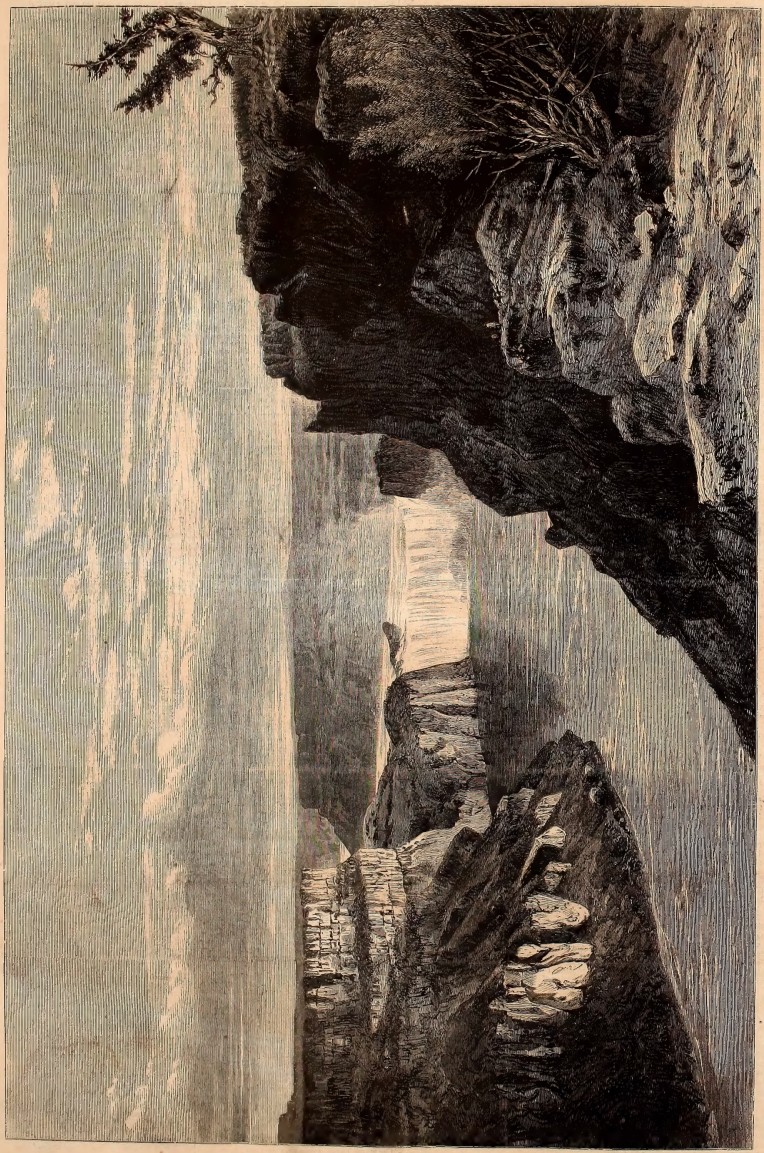
"There was a maid that ate an apple;
When she ate two—she ate a couple."

"There was an ape sat on a tree;
When he fell down—then he sat on it."

"There was a fleet that went to Spain:
When it returned—it came again."

MODERN.

There was a man who sowed a plat
With Norway oats—well, what of that?



"THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST."—GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.—Photographed by Savage & Ottinger, Salt Lake City.—[See Page 244.]

MARRIED.
TWO VIEWS OF AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.
SINGLE.

THE BROWN LADY.

A BRIGHT day in May; the sun shining, as it is wont to shine, upon Paris more constantly than we growling islanders are willing to believe. Nowhere every where; in the streets and on the boulevards; pouring into gay gardens full of people scessed of a highly-cultivated facility for amusing themselves; gently insinuating itself between cartains of silk and lace; showing off to quisite inimitable advantages the treasures of architecture and sculpture with which the wealth and the genius of ages have endowed the chosen city of the modern arts—the grand metropolis of Pleasure. Nowhere is the sunshine more splendid than in the noble Rue de Rivoli, and it lights no prettier scene than the interior of a handsome room in a fine hotel, whose tenants are two persons, a man and woman—beautiful birds and noble bipeds. The windows open on the street, a wide balcony filled with flowers intervening, and the thousand sounds which tell of the life of the grand world of the gayest city of the pair, who seem to like the stir and the sunshine; for the young lady is standing just within the half-drawn curtain, which hides her from view, and the young man is standing beside her, with an arm, against which she leans comfortably, round her slender waist.

"*Tout le monde s'amuse.* Yes, it does indeed; and if it didn't now, and didn't here, it must be a very stupid people, and not at all worth belonging to. Just look, Burnham; there goes a carriage full of your *compatriotes*; and, though they look glorious, there's a slight expression of being rather surprised and just a little ashamed of themselves about them. Ah!—and the man, or modified her *piquante* head with quaint gravity "it is never thoroughly learned after one is grown up, you are educated in it."

"In what, Adeline?"

"In the art of amusing ourselves, of course. We find it in our very prayers. Tell me, Burnham: when you were taught to read, what were the first sentences you learned?"

"I really can not remember, but I fancy the usual thing—'This is a cat; a dog has a tail; Tom is a bad boy'; there or thereabouts, I should say."

"Yes, yes, I know the same horrible well-ing-books—your *décolant* examples of *instruction primaire*. Now the first reading-lesson I ever learned in my life, and the first rhyme, was:

'J'ai un gâteau!
Qu'il est bon!
Mes amis tous,
Bonjour-son-nous!'

Simple you will admit, and easy, and expressive. Not burdensome to the memory, and inculcating moral sentiments, such as sharing a cake when you have one, and calling on your friends to be polite. Now that's just the difference between us, you see; you are taught that 'Tom is a bad boy,' and you think it means all the 'Toms' of your acquaintance, and you had better have nothing to say to them; while we—oh, how well I remember how we used to sing the praises of the imaginary cake in chorus, and dance round like this!" And the young lady, Lord Burnham found himself skillfully twirled out of his passive attitude and spun round on the floor, after which achievement her laughing three-horned face sat in a chair, and laughed one of the most melodious laughs ever uttered by a Frenchwoman.

"Adeline, I believe your own you to so absurd!" said the bridegroom, who was sufficiently British of demeanor to think it necessary to protest, but for whom the wild spirits and child-profits of the pretty French girl he had married a month before had a fascination which not the sternest monitor would have counseled him to resist.

"It *isn't* absurd!" she replied; "to be serious, to be dull, to be gloomy, to *parler raison* on such a day as this, is to be absurd—and *Anglais*! These now, I declare you are vexed! Your *mine de zéphon*—and you promised you wouldn't, Burnham!"

"Indeed I am not vexed; indeed I have not *the spleen*, I assure you. Only, child, with some what needless earnestness, as the bride's sparkling brown eyes might have told him; "but you amuse me and you interest me, and I really want to talk to you seriously, you know, before we start for home."

"Indeed!" said Lady Burnham, rising from her seat and approaching her husband with an expression in which a little apprehension mingled with girlish glee. "Then let us go to the library; the day is too beautiful; I can't talk or listen seriously here."

She rang the bell as she spoke. It was promptly answered by her footman.

"Send my maid here, and let the carriage come round as quickly as possible."

In a few minutes Lady Burnham, attired in a marvelous combination of silk, lace, embroidered muslin, and prismatic ribbons, was seated in an open carriage of the newest and most elegant construction, on her bridegroom by her side, was being whirled by her English-built thoroughbreds, the admiration and the envy of the Parisian *beau monde*, and the Bois de Boulogne.

The drive was prolonged until the dusk, and they returned to their hotel only in time to dress for dinner. And, as they sat down to their dining-rooms, Lord Burnham said, with a smile:

"*Concess!*"

"Could be," she replied, "provided you don't make me stay there a day longer than you actually must."

When Lord Burnham was out of his wife's sight, and beyond the influence of her sweet voice and her sunny smile, he began to look rather serious, and after a while his expression became gravely meditative. He paced his room from end to end, his face still retaining its troubled expression, until he suddenly exclaimed, half aloud, "I will write to Madeleine; she will befriend her;" and with this resolution tranquillity came back to him.

Lady Burnham, on the contrary, laughed outright when she was alone, and said to herself,

"If he loved me less, and had more of the odious English *morgue*, I might feel afraid; but, as it is, *je ne nogue d'elles*."

A tall, elegant, supple figure, perfect in symmetry, full of vigorous health and activity, but losing itself to her present attitude of luxurious repose so though it were the most suited to it of all; shoulders worthy of Venus de Milo, sloping under the influence of his own dream of Cleopatra; hands and feet such as marble never imaged, for their soft pure warmth and lightness are the privileges only of flesh and blood. The head was perfectly shaped, but not small; and in its expression there was intellect as well as the face, which wore the expression of extreme youth, rare in the case of brunettes, of which order of beauty this young lady was a perfect specimen, was refined and delicate, and chiefly remarkable for the velvet softness of the large dark brown eyes, the long lashes, which exactly matched the chestnut hair in color, and the beauty of the mouth. Rarely has a French woman been a mouth. As she sat with her head forward and her face downcast, the beautiful scarlet under-lip drooped a little and showed the whole row of small, white, pearly teeth covered, except when a magical smile caused the fruit-like lips and the milk-like teeth to be at once displayed and concealed, in a fashion which blended exquisite beauty of feature and expression. Her face was perfectly oval in shape, and the most determined and devoted advocate of blonde loveliness would not have denied that Lady Burnham was beautiful.

There was this peculiarity about her, that though her beauty was not "English," her manners were "English." A young lady, *ensuite*, carefully trained after the approved method, would not have been emancipated, in the early days of her married life, from a certain over-propriety, hitherto enforced by a whole code of petty prescriptions and restrictions, or she would be over-conscious of them, and consequently much at variance with good taste. She might have been awkward, she might have been impressible, but she could not have exhibited the hurry graceful self-possession, the perfect individuality and feminine dignity, combined with sweetness and unstrained joy in the enjoyment of simple gayety, which made this young Frenchwoman so attractive, and so unlike her fair compatriots on their emergence from the joyous, unrestrained phase of existence into that of the *jeune femme*.

The father of Adeline de Beaucour was a man of rank, who possessed little but that rank and shan of his good blood, and held his political aspirations and successes in higher estimation than his purse. He had lived much at foreign embassies, influential life before the world, was a man of much mark, and of intimate knowledge of the machinations and criminals of the second Empire, and loved only two human beings in the world—himself and his daughter Adeline. His wife died in the third year of their marriage, and he had never thought of replacing her. He did not trouble himself to do so, because he felt it was too much *esprire* in his ways of thinking for that; and the wealth with which his daughter would be endowed would enable her to choose for herself by carrying out an idea which was a novelty indeed, for it was no other than that, when the proper time should arrive for her to marry, having taken care that she should have no ineligible associates—would permit Adeline to marry the man of her choice, without any of those interventions, and relegating her fate altogether from the region of wise and advantageous bargains, which proceed by the help of friends and educated under his own surveillance; and, intending her to choose her own lot, in so far as a young girl's choice, he had taken care to let her just views of life and human nature, content to guide her by skill, quiet and controlling her will by approximation, not by force.

Walter Vaux Burnham was the only son of a rich English merchant, who had left him, at his decease, a considerable fortune, which, with a great inheritance in the future; a handsome face and quality and reputation, held in estimation by M. d'Auvigny, had made him a welcome receiver in certain exclusive French cliques. Walter Burnham was a young man who retained upon his inclinations, which had happily never been opposed, and very much beloved; and now, found himself in love to a degree which he had never felt the phrase with Adeline de Beaucour, he did not allow the idea that his father and mother would approve of his marriage for him to dismiss him in the least. They did not like it, even when they had had it satisfactorily explained to them, that she was well-born and wealthy—for being a foreigner was "such a very dreadful thing;" and there was dear little Lady Lucy Granville, who was one of Walter Burnham's lady mother had always intended to have as a daughter-in-law, if something better did not turn up. But Walter Burnham was "in love," and when he was not actively displeased, which indeed was his general condition of mind; happily indifferent to any thing which did not affect his chief interests in life—his stud and his field sports, his yacht, his club, quiet, and it was easier and more politic for him to let his father and his wife who was present, and could make him acutely uncomfortable, assign for him, who was absent, and could only grumble from a distance. Burnham knew that in the time to come Adeline must find out the truth. When that time should come they would be so completely united that any thing which did not vex him would scarcely vex her; and besides, who could doubt that his beautiful amiable young wife would soon win the admiration and affection of his family.

The chief residence of the Earl of Marlesdale, Burnham Castle—situate in the heart of a beautiful midland county, in a park famous for its timber, was a stately seignorial dwelling, of irregular but imposing architecture, built of deep-red brick, which showed warmly amidst the profuse green of the noble trees, faced with white cut stone, and abounding in turrets, chimneys, and windows of quaint devices, the latter glowing with color, and superb in blazonry—was the princes-ideal of a country residence. Terraces, vases, "wildernesses," ornamental water, strutting peacocks, statuesque, fountains of Italian workmanship, and every thing Italian style—charmingly contrasting and combining with the good old-fashioned garden and rosery in the near neighborhood of the house, which the Earl's good taste had preserved intact amidst all the improvements of a scientific age—were to be seen at Burnham. Those who wanting to render the place a charming subject for a delicate engraving, illustrative of the "stately homes of England," could not go home to which to introduce a young, handsome, well-born, well-bred, well-dowered bride. As a feature of local interest, as a show-place, though there were some quite first-class lions of historical magnitude in the vicinity, Burnham was perfect; it had even the highly-desirable, if not indispensable, given to recommend it. The last item in its treasures was more prized by the neighbors and the sight-seers than by the noble occupants of the castle. It was indeed generally understood that the domestic peculiarities reported to the ghost, in which, though not a romantic or imaginative person in general, she was said firmly to believe.

Lord and Lady Burnham were coming home. The Earl of Marlesdale, although really very glad to see his son at home again, and by no means disinclined to the marriage he had made, was not particularly excited about the event, and put in pursuance of his usual predilection for a quiet life, remained in his own apartments, and left the women to do all the watching and waiting and guessing, all the gushing and welcoming and criticism that might be in order. The women, in the Earl irreverently termed in his thoughts the Countess of Marlesdale and the Ladies Blanche and Madeleine Vaux, were in the Countess's morning-room, which opened on the terrace, and back of the three was, in her respective fashion, occupied with the coming event.

"I think I hear the carriage, mamma," said Lady Madeleine, without turning her head, or ceasing the light touches with which she was regarding the long averture of elms.

"Very likely," said Lady Marlesdale: "they were much after the time already. Not that I expected punctuality."

"Oh, mamma," rejoined Madeleine, "it wasn't an English thing who said punctuality was the pos-lilence of princes! I'm right, I'm sentioned, eagerly; I hear it come! I shall turn round in the hall.—Won't you come, Blanche?"

"Thank you," replied that young lady, with perfect indifference; "I shall wait until they are announced."

Madeleine ran with a light step along the terrace—from the windows of which every one was now distinctly visible—to the grand entrance. In a few minutes the travelers had arrived, had alighted, the bridegroom was at its height, and Lady Marlesdale and her elder daughter had fully recognized the mistake they had made in concluding that Walter Burnham had said very little about the appearance and manners of his son's bride there was nothing favorable to be said. Lady Marlesdale was dazzled and delighted; Lady Blanche was surprised, and in spite of herself pleased. The effect on the Countess of her daughter-in-law's charming grace, fascination, and perfect ease of manner—in which there was not a touch of insolence or want of deference, not a single thing which she

at the end of that time, a temporary residence in London having been obtained for Lord and Lady Burnham, they left the Castle for town. Lady Marlesdale followed them in a few days, accompanied by Lady Madeleine Raby, who was to remain with her brother and his wife, while her mother and sister sojourned at Burnham, too glad of the opportunity to avoid "the festivities of a London season," as Lady Blanche called them—when explaining her intentions, which he cordially approved—to the Rev. Josiah Streeter. Lady Marlesdale went through the ceremony of "presenting" her son's wife with all proper solemnity; and in the afternoon of that day, when Lady Burnham's beauty had been a general theme of conversation, and Burnham's luck had been pretty commented upon, Lord Dale Madeleine Raby solved a question which had occurred to her several times.

The dinner-party had just returned from St. James's Palace, and were sipping tea in the rather dingy dining-room of the temporary residence, when Lord Burnham joined them. He was delighted with his wife's beauty, and pleased with her dress. She was standing with her train thrown over her arm, and had just put down her cup and taken up her bouquet; Madeleine was looking at her earnestly.

"Let your bouquet alone, Adeline," said Lord Burnham, "and let me see you just as you were when you passed her Majesty."

She looked at him willing, with her graceful head held up, shook out the rich folds of her white-satin train, and threw them back with a movement of her head which slightly raised the skirt of her dress, and showed her foot in its high-heeled satin shoe.

"That's it, Madeleine! Madeleine; "now I know what it is that has always puzzled me; now I know why Adeline is so like—" "Now let me, Burnham?—(take care, mamma; your tea will be all over your petticoat in a minute). —She is the very image of the Brown Lady!"

II.

The London season was over, and the seaside season in England, and the gambling and flirtation season in continental Europe, had also closed. The stately old country-houses were assembling their inmates for Christmas; the weather was seasonable—i. e., very delightful for rich people with every sort of appliance for warmth and indoor luxury at command, and productive of intense suffering to the poor who heeded all these things—and you'll not find them in poetry or romance—but the heir and his wife were passing the Christmas holidays.

It was the beginning of Christmas week: the snow, which had been falling lightly for some days, was frozen, and the weather had reached a point of "seasonableness" which promised summer amusements, except to such hardy individuals as professed a taste for the noble art of skating. Burnham Castle had its full complement of Christmas guests, and they were sometimes a little heavy in hand, and gave the Countess some trouble in their management—except which she sustained nevertheless with indefatigable courage, for the sake of her pride and her son.

A portentously long morning had been beguiled by a visit to the picture-gallery, of which Lady Burnham had become the honorary, if not the knowledge of art, but she had an unlearned taste for pictures, and she had taken some pains to make herself acquainted with the value though not extensive collection at Burnham Castle. Lady Madeleine's remark upon her likeness to the portrait known as that of "the French countess" but unmentioned in the catalogue pretentiously inscribed on vellum and kept in the library had not escaped her at the time; and she had afterward asked her sister-in-law who the "French countess" was, and whether there was any family remarkable in her story, purposing to inspect the portrait on her return to Burnham, and see what the thought of the supposed likeness. Madeleine's reply she took an early opportunity of inspecting the portrait in question. She recognized the likeness at once; it was no fancy of Lady Madeleine's or Burnham's; and Burnham recognized it also. But while Adeline was pleased and flattered, for the beauty of the French countess was very striking, her husband's indifference piqued and provoked Lady Burnham.

"I do think," she said, "you have a touch of your mother's notions on this point, and would be delighted if I could be proved like any of those pretty dolls of Anglish-women, with their flaxen blue eyes and their silly simpers."

"Indeed you mistake me," said Lord Burnham, earnestly. "The only woman as beautiful as you—if indeed she was that, and I doubt it—who ever belonged to our family was the handsome Countess, who are strikingly like, and brought disgrace and shame with her. Adeline, and there has been little of them in the history of the Burnhams. You can understand now, my darling, why we do not much like the mention of the French countess, and why my mother, in particular, dislikes it.

"Tell me the story," said Adeline, imperiously; "it sit down here, and tell it to me at once. I want to hear it; I must hear it."

She looked so beautiful, so engaging, so delightful, in her playful, imperious mood, as she lighted, in her pique sparkling, partly with curiosity and partly with scorn, that he could not resist. All his own reluctance, and the reluctance of his mother, were forgotten in the impulse he felt to give pleasure to his young wife, and he said:

"I will not tell you the story myself, Adeline, because I should only spoil it; but I promise you shall hear it, well told, on Christmas-eve, with all the effect due to a ghost-story."

"A ghost-story! Is there a ghost, then, attached to the picture, as well as the coincidence of my likeness to it?"

"There is," said Burnham, rather seriously, "and Crawford is the only person here who can tell the story. So you shall hear it on Christmas-eve, just at the witching hour. My mother has a horror of its being told, but it will never know."

Lady Burnham thanked her husband with a sparkling smile. There was the slightest touch of mischief in it, but he did not perceive that, and she protested he had given her a fresh interest in the old house.

At a little after eleven o'clock on Christmas-eve, when the guests were all merry-hearted, the ghost-story was to be told. Burnham Castle was haunted. Lady Marlesdale was dead, intelligence of her death had reached England, and her husband had sent word that he was dying slowly of four, they said, and the French countess "walked in the picture-gallery every night. Being questioned by the guests, Lord Marlesdale, with much hesitation and evident suffering, acknowledged that he had seen the phantom of his wife three times, on each occasion at the same place and under similar circumstances. The stir caused by these stories was the greater because Charles Raby had gone to London some time before, and his wife was much alarmed and distressed at her solitude, being then expecting the birth of her first child.

"Upon Charles Raby's return to Burnham he found his brother, Lord Marlesdale, at the point of death, and Adeline installed in the ghost. But he, too, was destined to view the apparition of the "Brown Lady." One night as he grew restless, he fancied he heard a faint sound rustling, like the trailing of a dress upon a matted floor. His momentary doze was dispelled by the sound. His consciousness that it was some one near; he opened his eyes, and saw the Brown Lady—as her distinctive appellation was—a couple of feet removed from him, her head held up, her brown hair falling on her shoulders, two red roses in the right hand, and the left hand train held back by the left. He looked at her, and she looked at him with the beautiful brown eyes he had so loved and known, and his heart beat as if it would choke him, and his limbs grew heavy and cold. As he looked she glided away, and was lost in the dim distance behind the heavy velvet curtains of the bed. Terror held him motionless for a little, and then, when it released him, he started up and rang the bell violently. There was nothing there. Then apprehension and pity for his wife kept him quiet, hence thirst seized him, and he drank a cup of the large cup of spiced wine which, according to the fashion of the time, had been set ready for him. The draught soothed him strangely; he began to feel a curious numbness, and then came nothingness; but he solemnly declared afterward that, during the yet remaining hours of his senses, he heard a low, short laugh.

"With the morning horror and anguish came to Burnham that his brother Charles Raby was found in frightful agony, succeeded by paroxysms of delirium, and the physicians—not easily to be had in Devonshire, with the slow haste of those days—were puzzled by the case, as our wise men might be now. It ended very like Lord Marlesdale's; they said it all events it was hopeless, and in that they were right. Charles Raby died on the following night, and was laid by the side of his brother in the vault where his wife, the story I have now told you. His son was born upon the day of the funeral, and succeeded Lord Dale Madeleine Raby in three months. He was a splendid fellow in his time, and the first earl.

"When Charles Raby's death gave the bewildered household leisure to attend to any thing, some strange discoveries were made. The valise which had accompanied him to and fro, and brought to Burnham by Lord Marlesdale's brother was empty. Gems and other valuables had been abstracted from the jewel-case in Lord Marlesdale's apartments, and the long-disused rooms of the French countess had evidently been ransacked: boxes, drawers, and cabinets had been opened. When full search had been made indoors, they proceeded to inquiries without, and ascertained that a tall, handsome man of distinctly-foreign appearance had appeared in the neighborhood of Burnham, accompanied by a servant in livery, and had put up at his pensioner three fine horses, of which one carried the baggage. Their arrival had been simultaneous with the journey of Charles Raby to Burnham, and they had taken their departure at daybreak on the morning after his return, long before any intelligence of the trouble at the castle had penetrated to the village. No suspicion attached to them, no effort was made to trace their route; the murders of Charles Raby's widow declares that these two men took a twelve-oared boat from Southampton, and that in the night they were sailed in the ship was wrecked in the Channel, and many of the dead bodies washed ashore. One of these was disinterred to be identified as a woman unknown in male attire; and though it never was identified, and the woman and child on whom the valuables and the mysterious letter had been bestowed had devolved were too weak and too timid to investigate the matter which concerned them so nearly, at the cost of exposing their personages in France, the widow never had any doubt but that the drowned woman was Lady Marlesdale."

Adeline looked serious and perplexed.

"So it was not a ghost after all: only a living woman, who robbed and murdered?" she said. "Then, do people still believe in the ghost? Why do they say she walks in the picture-gallery every year at Christmas-time? And why, may I ask, Captain Crawford, is this story supposed to be your special property?"

"I will answer your ladyship categorically," said Captain Crawford. "People believe in the ghost because, in the first place, they have heard the story, and not its explanation; and in the second, because they prefer to believe in it. They say the ghost walks in the picture-gallery at Christmas-time because it is pleasant and exciting to say so, and quite the correct thing for a country house. But they believe it too. I venture to say you would find it difficult to persuade any of the party assembled in this house to-night to go into the picture-gallery alone after dark, especially on Twelfth-night. Finally, the story is mine because the first earl's mother was also my mother's ancestress, and some of her papers are still in the possession of my family."

"Thank you, Captain Crawford; you have thoroughly satisfied my curiosity."

"And tired her out," said Lord Burnham, screwing up from the hearth-rug. "Come and have a cigar."

Left by herself, Lady Burnham sat in the same attitude by the boudoir fire. But her face was thoughtful, and her eyes were bent on the red-hot cavern formed by the glowing coals.

"How strange!" she was thinking; "I might have known all this if papa had ever thought our old family history worth looking into. I wonder what our version of it is; brutal ill-usage on the part of the *sans gêne*ric, no doubt, and spiritual devotion to the fallen fortunes of the daughter of Henri Quatre. Marcelline de Beaucour, Comtesse de Senaart—how very, very old! It would never do to tell Lady Marlesdale know that I have a good right to resemble the portrait of the French countess. Shall I tell Burnham? No: he will not; he would spoil the fun. How much amused he will be! And Captain Crawford—how delightful if *he* is persuaded into believing in the ghost!"

* * *

The party assembled at Burnham for the celebration of the great old festival of Christmas might was unusually numerous and lively. It included many young people—for whom the attractions of dancing to the yule-log, snap-dragon, and blindman's-buff were provided—the staying company in the house, and some officers friends of Sir Cecil Beaton and Captain Crawford, who had brought it well worth their while to run up from Portsmouth for a few days.

In the smoking-room on the night before Twelfth-day, Lord Burnham being absent, Captain Crawford told the story of the French lady over a mono, and with great success. The officers from Portsmouth were quite pleased, and almost excited, by the story, which, to the young gentlemen, who imagined himself an authority on beauty and style, and who believed, in his honest and unsophisticated way, in nothing, not even the "match" of the Brown Lady herself, could possibly resist him, proposed an adjournment en masse to the picture-gallery forthwith. But Captain Crawford opposed this proceeding, on the grounds that the house was all quiet for the night, and that the ghost had a right to turn out in the picture-gallery. With the majority of the little party this argument succeeded, and the session was adjourned; but Tommy Toxteth was not to be persuaded.

"Bother the gas!" said the youth; "come along, Crawford, let the others stay here—they've seen the picture, and I haven't; I have been through the gallery at all hours. Let's never been through the gallery at all hours. Let's take a candle apiece and go—the Brown Lady will look all the more ghastly, of ghostly, in the dim light."

"By Jove! you're developing, Tommy," said Sir Cecil Morse; "you're actually displaying imagination! What next?"

"Don't bother, returned the lieutenant; "come along."

Captain Crawford enjoyed, and deserved, the reputation of a very good-natured sort of fellow, and he rose, though rather lazily, to comply with Tommy Toxteth's request. They took their way to the staircase, at the foot of which one door of the picture-gallery was situated. The gallery was a handsome room but a dim light in the large, empty space, and Tommy Toxteth declared he already felt "creepy," when Captain Crawford opened the door, and they entered the gallery—just in time to see a woman's figure vanish at the opposite end. The lieutenant started violently, and tumbled up against Captain Crawford, who, not so much disconcerted, but still not completely unmoved, caught him by the arm, and said:

"Take care; you'll drop the candle."

"Bother the candle!" returned Tommy; "did you see that?"

"I saw a woman, certainly—one of the servants, I suppose."

"Do you?" Why do you speak in a whisper, then? And *why does any servant be in the house wear a brown dress and red roses?*"

"Are you certain of that? The gallery is long, and the light is dim."

"I am perfectly certain, and I have remarkably good sight."

Tommy Toxteth leaned most unceremoniously against one of the pictures as he spoke, and rubbed his evening-dressed shoulders against the white-satin knee of a Raby of the time of George II. Captain Crawford looked at him blankly.

"I say," said Tommy, "we shall get precious by chuffed if we let out that, having come to look at the portrait, we have seen the ghost. Come and let's have a peep at the picture, at all events."

Without speaking, Crawford advanced to the portrait, and the two men held the lights they carried so as to show it to the best advantage.

The picture looked even more lifelike in the feeble light than in the brightness of the gas jets. The proud, beautiful face; the dark curls; the bright and speaking eyes; the graceful figure, which seemed coming forward to meet the gazers—all had a striking, an overpowering effect, which told on the young lieutenant, though he did his best to throw it off. They looked at the picture for some time, but in silence, and then they turned away from it and left the gallery, they still did not speak, until they had reached the first landing on the main.

"All a fancy of ours, of course," said Craw-

ford; "either a mere imagination, or a clever house-maid, who chooses the unfrequented gallery for a rendezvous with her footman lover."

"Why did we not see the footman lover, then?" asked the lieutenant, with more presence of mind than was habitual to him; "and how do you explain the dress?"

"You must have imagined the dress," said Captain Crawford.

"And you the footman," returned the lieutenant.

More time than they had supposed had elapsed while the two had been absent, and they found the smoking-room forsaken by all but Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville, a middle-aged individual of no particular persuasion or profession, who was an inveterate smoker, and liked his cigar in company.

"What ails you both?" asked Sir Cecil. "Any one would think you had seen a ghost!"

"I am not sure that we have not," said Tommy Toxteth, "and *the* ghost too."

"What!" said Sir Cecil, with an incredulous grin, "the Brown Lady herself?"

"Yes, the Brown Lady herself."

"Nonsense," said Sir Cecil; "why, if thought you did not believe in it, Craw?"

"So I thought myself until to-night," said Crawford; "and I am not quite sure that I *do* believe in it now; but, on the other hand, *I'm* not quite sure that I don't."

Mr. Netterville and Sir Cecil insisted on an explanation, which the others gave; and the surprise caused by the story was all they could have wished, had they been telling it for effect. Mr. Netterville suggested that the truth might be tested by watching for the ghost on another night.

"Unless the Brown Lady is very much altered for the better," he said, laughing, "she is not likely to miss a chance of being seen."

"And let me tell you," said Tommy Toxteth, with a dismal attempt at a joke, "to see even the ghost of such a woman as the Brown Lady is not to be sneezed at."

"Suppose we all watch for the Brown Lady to-morrow night," said Sir Cecil; "it's Twelfth-night, the time she is said to appear quite regularly. If she does, we'll agree not to be in the least frightened; and if she does not, we set down Craw and Tommy for a pair of poltroons."

"Agreed," said Mr. Netterville; and he then added, reflectively, "what a shrewd assistant thing for a family it must be to have an hereditary ghost! If I had one, which I have not—the Nettervilles are not important enough for that—I should have had a shot at it long ago."

"A shot at it!" exclaimed Crawford—"a shot at a ghost!"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Netterville; "if such things exist, why not learn all there is to be learned about them? It is a popular belief, quite as profound as belief in the existence of ghosts, that if you see one, and fire at it with a bullet—I am not sure whether the bullet must be silver, but I think not—it will never appear again; a cheap and simple remedy for intrusive spirits."

The conversation among the gentlemen was not much more prolonged; but before they finally parted for the night they determined on a plan of action which should solve their own half-admitted doubts, and be a curious experiment in ghost-lore.

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There was only one drawback to the success of the party at Burnham Castle on the following day—the absence of Lord Burnham. He was unavoidably detained at the country town on business. He was the most assiduously attentive of husbands, as all agreed; and each of the young ladies secretly hoped, when the time came for the fulfilment of her destiny, she might find a *parti* so eligible in all respects. Lady Burnham announced at breakfast that she had had a letter from her husband, full of apologies and regret. At luncheon she mentioned that she had received a telegram confirming the impossibility of Lord Burnham's reaching the castle in time for dinner; and while the latter gorgeous solemnity was in progress, a second telegram was handed to her, which she read aloud.

The message was: "It is barely possible I may catch the last train. Do not expect me before to-morrow. Do not send to the station."

"It's the only time, I can say with a clear conscience, I ever wished Lord Burnham no remove away," said Lady Burnham to Zelie, when; the dinner being over, and the party assembled, for the entertainment was proper to the evening, in the saloon, she contrived to escape to her own rooms for a short interval, hoped for by no notion of joining the servants, and there's no fear of her ladyship sitting up?"

"Not the least fear, my lady. Mrs. Parker despises all the servants except Samuel; and if she could have kept him from watching for the ghost with the rest she would have told of the servants to her ladyship; but she couldn't persuade him."

"And the gentlemen are quite determined? There is no danger of their giving it up?"

"Not the least, my lady. It's all settled with Mr. Mills."

"I must go back, lest I might be missed. Everything is ready?"

"Every thing."

Zelie threw open the door of Lady Burnham's dressing-room, which was brilliantly lighted.

She looked in, laughed, gave a satisfied nod of her sunny brown head, and ran lightly down stairs.

The evening were gayly away. The mimic sovereignty awarded when the Twelfth-night cake was cut and apportioned was fully enjoyed; the carpet-dance was lively, if not very long; for Twelfth-day fell on Saturday, and the rules were strict at Burnham Castle. At half past eleven "good-nights" were exchanged; the ladies retired, and the majority of the gentlemen sought the smoking-room.

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The numerous clocks in the house and offices had struck twelve, and an apparent but deceitful quiet reigned in the castle, when Captain Crawford, Mr. Netterville, Sir Cecil Morse, and Tommy Toxteth, attended by Mr. Mills, and followed on tip-toe by a few of the other male guests at Burnham, took their way to the central hall. A number of servants, silent and motionless, were assembled there. The order of proceeding had been so carefully settled beforehand that there was nothing to be talked about, and the strictest silence prevailed—silence which permitted the hurried breathing of the women to be audible. The three doors which communicated with the picture-gallery had been left ajar, and the gallery was dimly lighted by a few gas jets, turned down to not much above the point of extinction.

Captain Crawford and Tommy Toxteth passed into the library by a door opening into the middle of the hall, and took up a position behind that which communicated with the picture-gallery. Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville passed into the great dining-room by a similar door on the other side of the hall, and took up a position behind that which communicated with the picture-gallery. The other gentlemen, with all the servants standing close behind them, placed themselves at the central door, which led from the hall into the picture-gallery, and was opened to its full extent, its two *battants* laid back against the wall.

These operations had been performed without the aid of any other light than that which the dimly-burning gas in the gallery afforded, and the scene was an impressive one.

"The moment I don't hear," said one of the servants in the lowest possible tone to the "serious" footman.

"Be still," whispered Samuel, "she will be here directly. She can't get away until her ladyship is undressed."

He had barely spoken when a light figure crossed the dim hall with a noiseless step, and a touch on the sleeve of the "serious" footman's coat made him aware of Zelie's presence.

"Is your pistol ready?" whispered Crawford to Tommy Toxteth, as he took him gently by the shoulders and placed him in the narrow opening of the door on the left. "Face that way, and never run away."

"Which way is she said to come?" asked the lieutenant, in a less heroic tone than he could have wished.

"No one knows, as we already told you; so there's an equal chance for both."

An almost frantically-similar dialogue had taken place in the great dining-room, where Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville were posted. Mr. Netterville faced the door on the right, at the end of the gallery, the staircase immediately outside which communicated with the right wing of the building, containing the Countess's apartments.

"It is settled that we give the ghost till one; isn't it?" said Mr. Netterville. "Quite long enough, I think; the servants might be persuaded they had seen a dozen by that time."

"Hush!" said Sir Cecil; "don't whisper. If any of the ladies are up they might think it was thieves."

Dead silence. Waiting. Something like genuine awe among the servants. Something not altogether like incredulity among the gentlemen. Perfect stillness among all. The women's cold hands grasp the men's, and they stand very close together, and have strange lumps in their throats, and shivers through their limbs; and there is not one of them but knows if she tried to speak she could not do it. A quarter past twelve. Dead silence. Waiting. Then the sudden, horrible howling of a dog, which makes the women start and catch their breath, and some of them feel that if they were not afraid of the gentlemen, who are watching intently, and whom, such is the power of their caste, they dare not, even for terror's potent sake, disturb, they would run away, if indeed their limbs would carry them; but, if they should not, then it would be a relief to drop down where they stand.

Dead silence. Waiting.

But there was a slight noise which, if every ear were not painfully strained in one direction, might have been heard. From Lady Burnham's boudoir a glass-door opened on a light iron stair leading to the flower-garden, which in the summer had formed a pretty colosseum at Burnham. The slight noise above-mentioned was caused by the unlocking of this hardly-curtained door, and the entrance into the warmed and lighted room of no unauthorized intruder, but of Lord Burnham. He had caught the last train at the last minute, and had walked over from the station, guided by the cold, wintry moonlight, and taking a well-known short cut which brought him to the flower-garden. He looked across it, saw the lights in his wife's rooms, and decided on letting himself in by the side-door, and enjoying her delight and surprise. She was still up, he knew, for he saw a shadow passing back and forward once or twice as he crossed the garden. He opened the door, pushed the curtain aside, and looked eagerly into the room. Adeline was not there. He locked the glass-door, and went into the dressing-room, which was in great confusion but empty; then into her bedroom, with the same result.

"She hasn't come up," he thought; "they are in the saloon. I wish she had been here; I don't want to go down stairs"; and he went irresolutely into the corridor. No lights, no servants about. He took a wax-light from Adeline's dressing-table, and went quickly toward the saloon, which was empty. "They must be at supper in the dining-room," he thought. Then he crossed the saloon with a hasty step, and went out. And the door which opened on a corridor communicating with the staircase of the right wing. The wax-light in his hand burned dimly, and flickered as the draught from the closing door caught it, but the light sufficed to show Lord Burnham that he was not alone. From the far end of the corridor into the centre of which he had emerged, something came toward him, something which chilled his blood and made his heart stand still—something in human shape which yet was not human, which was the form of a beautiful woman and yet was no woman. An awful phantom, with a shadowy face, as of a woman with brown bright eyes and rich brown hair, heaped up from the high brow, and falling on bare polished shoulders, majestic yet terrible, for the luminous form had the semblance of substance, and yet had it not, and sight of it had the dread and agony of death without peace, or sanctity, or any thing but fear. The phantom came toward him, moving, but not as living beings walk; the movement was not a movement of the limbs, but was an onward sweep as of the wind. The awful presence was clothed in phantom garments of rich, trailing brown satin, the train was held up by one hand, and a foot shone beneath the skirt, a motionless foot which yet was borne along, and on which diamonds gleamed. In the other hand were two rich red roses; and when the awful thing had passed by the cowering human wretch who shrunk against the wall, it turned and, with the hand which held the two red roses uplifted again as by a sweeping wind, waved to him to follow it. The light had dropped from his hand and was quenched, but he needed no light to do that terrible bidding. From the awful presence came something that was not light, but yet which banished darkness, which forbade the blessedness of seeing it no more. On went the phantom, down the wide flat stairs, the satin train sweeping noiselessly over the crimson carpet, on, on, to the right-hand door of the picture-gallery, on which the eyes of Sir Cecil Morse and Mr. Netterville were intently fixed.

Dead silence. Waiting. Half past twelve.

There is the slightest possible movement of the left-hand door of the picture-gallery, there is the lowest whisper breathed into Crawford's ear—

"My God! There it is!"

And the Brown Lady glides through the doorway—her hand up, her brown hair falling on her neck, her satin train held back with that queenly gesture of the hand, the two rich red roses nestling against the lustrous folds of her dress, the raised skirt showing the beautiful foot with the glittering diamond buckle. In another second Captain Crawford has wrenched the pistol from Tommy Toxteth's hand, and with a loud cry of "Lady Burnham, stop! for God's sake, stop!" has caught the Brown Lady in his arms; but within the same instant a shot rings sharply through the gallery, and a heavy fall is heard outside the opposite door.

* * * * * * *

They laid the young man's lifeless body on the floor, where his wretched wife had hung herself; and, at her earnest prayer, permitted her to search for the wound, which Mr. Netterville frantically accused himself of having inflicted. But there was no wound, and the bullet which had been fired at the ghost was found on the carpet, six feet within the door whose threshold the dead man had not crossed. He was quite dead. She knew it; she needed no one to tell her, or to tell her why. For as she—daring, impious fool, as she should for evermore know herself to be—came in through the door to play her ghastly part, she had seen the phantom—seen the horrible presence which she had dared to mock—trifling with fearful mysteries into which none may look without deadly sin—and knew in another instant that it had slain her husband.

Every one has seen the ghost. The Brown Lady was a ten-thousandfold terrible truth to the house of Raby now.

Assisted in the wild confusion, the utter bewilderment of horror and despair, the helpless movement, the clamor just hushing itself irrelevantly within the immediate neighborhood of the dead, the frantic misery of the parents, the grief of the friends, the sheer fright of the servants—Adeline was quiet, and calm. She sat still upon the floor, her burden on her knees, her arms clasped round it, and her head bent over the still, white face. The medical aid, which they knew too well could not avail, was sent for, and to all entreaties she was deaf.

"When the doctor comes, he shall touch him; no one till then; leave me alone till then."

They almost forgave her appalled, as she gathered up the shining satin train, and flung it like a sheet over her head. It fell around her figure, and her over the dead man; and as she sat there, though her senses remained to her, Adeline Burnham's heart died.

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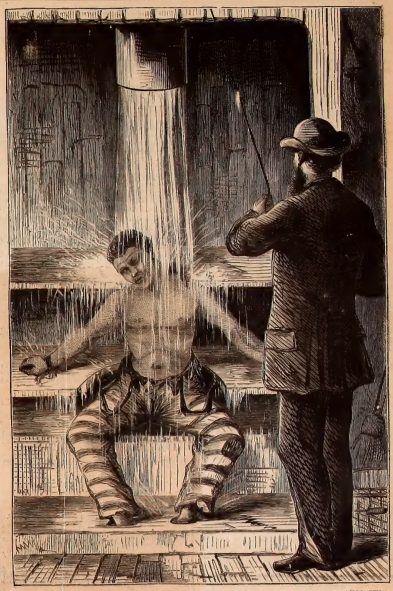
In the picture-gallery at Burnham Castle there is an empty space where the portrait of the French countess hung; but a deeper and more tragical interest is attached to the Brown Lady, and the neighborhood has stronger faith than ever in the Burnham ghost.

THE APPARITION.

DON N. M. RIVERO, PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH CORTES.



PUNISHMENT OF CONVICTS—TORTURE AND DEATH BY THE SHOWER-BATH AT SING SING.

DON N. M. RIVERO,

PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH CORTES.

NICOLAS MARIA RIVERO, the President of the Spanish Cortes, is a little over fifty years of age. At the beginning of his educational career he determined to adopt the profession of medicine. But his views changed and he devoted himself to law, and became one of the most distinguished advocates in Madrid. He entered upon political life in 1847, when he was nominated a deputy, and in this position he leaned toward the ranks of the liberal opposition. The events of 1848 confirmed this predilection, and with the assistance of his democratic compatriots he established the journal *La Discussion*. The persecutions which he underwent under the ministry of Marshal NARVAEZ caused him to abandon this enterprise. He was one of the most ardent promoters of the revolution of 1854, and was a vice-president of the Revolutionary Committee. He rendered important services to his country by his eloquence and his energy, and especially by the zeal with which he sought to harmonize contending factions and to promote tranquility and general security. As Alcalde of Madrid he acquired the affections of all his fellow-citizens.

The choice of M. RIVERO as President of the Spanish Cortes at this important crisis is a remarkable and well-deserved token of the esteem in which he is held by the best citizens of his country.

PUNISHMENT OF CONVICTS.

IT has been made a question whether our States' prisons ought not to be made reforma-

HEROIC ACTION OF MISS IDA LEWIS—RESCUE OF TWO DROWNING SOLDIERS IN NEWPORT HARBOR.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

tory in their discipline as well as penal. Certainly the recent developments at Sing Sing show that our prison discipline itself sadly needs reform. Scarcely has the excitement which attended the late attempted revolt of the convicts died away before we hear of a succession of horrors. One prisoner is murdered by another, and the punishment of one of the convicts by a shower-bath results in his death. In regard to the latter case, to which our illustration on page 253 especially refers, it is stated that the victim was a young man suffering under disease of the heart. He was in the habit of the physician of the institution exempted him from labor. Certainly those who inflicted upon him the penalty of a showering under these circumstances were guilty of brutal conduct. It is charged that convicts at this prison are condemned to work when they are on the verge of death.

It is hardly possible that those whose duty it is to visit our prisons as inspectors can reach these grievous errors in discipline. They do not see them. They are feasted by the Warden, take a hasty glance at the convicts, and depart no wiser than when they came.

Is there no remedy for this evil? Two things, certainly, it seems to us may be secured. A Keeper may be appointed on account of their fitness for the position. They ought to be missionaries in the largest sense of the term. At least, they need not be brutes who delight in witnessing tortures needlessly inflicted. Then, again, the whole system ought to be altered. The question of prison reform is one which has been agitated for a long time. "The nearest approach to a solution of the great problem," says the New York *Times*, "has been reached in Ireland, where a system of graduated punishments, rewards and privileges has been devised and years practiced with the most encouraging effects. This method, we are informed, is now sought to be introduced into the prisons of this country. Its adoption is urged upon the Legislature of this State by the Prison Association of New York, a society which has been twenty-four years in existence, and through the agency of which many marked improvements in the conduct of the police and treatment of criminals have been effected."

If some such system be adopted, and the keeper be judiciously selected, two important steps will have been taken in the way of a much needed reform.

THE MODERN GRACE DARLING.

THE illustration given on page 253 represents one of the most daring and heroic actions of this or any other age. The same item in the newspapers tells the story, but gives no details beyond the brief statement that Miss IDA LEWIS, rowing in a scull from the light-house kept by her father in Newport Harbor, rescued two soldiers from drowning. Unlike GRACE DARLING, she was alone; not even the father was present to support and assist her in her humane mission. The bravery which she manifested is an ornament to womanhood as well as to Christianity.

We learn that, since the event which we have illustrated, Miss LEWIS has rescued two other persons from drowning. It is said that she has saved in this way quite a number of lives. She is only 23 years old. Her father is keeper of the Lime Rock Light-house, near Fort Adams, but, being an invalid, the duties of his office have devolved principally upon his wife and this brave daughter. The latter takes daily trips, whatever the weather, to Newport—one and a half miles from the light-house—and we may readily believe her when she claims that she can row a boat faster than any man in Newport.

THE CITY ASLEEP.

STILL as the sea serene and deep,
When all the winds are laid,
The city sleeps so still, its sleep
Maketh the soul afraid.

Over the living waters see,
The heavenly mysteries go,
The dim moon glides hushfully
Through stars like flakes of snow.

In dusky silver here and there
The fallen moon-rays gleam;
Hark! a dull stir is in the air,
Like the stir of one in dream.

Through all the hushed waters crep
Deep thrills of strange unrest,
Like washings of the windless deep
When it is peaceful.

A little while and breath will go
And hush the flood no more;
The dawn will break—the wind will blow,
The waves will roar.

Each day with sounds of strife and death
The waters rise, and call
Each midnight, conquered by God's breath,
To their dead sea they fall.

Out of his heart the fountains flow,
The brook, the running river;
He marks them strangely come and go,
Forever and forever.

And darker, deeper, one by one,
After a weary quest
They from the light and moon and sun
Flow back into his breast.

Love hold my hand! Be of good cheer!
For His would be the guilt,
If out of all the waters here
One little drop were spilt.

Think while the city sleeps so dumb
Neath staring eyes that yearn,
Out of His veins each drop hath come,
And thither *must* return.

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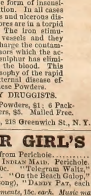

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 643.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE BIBLE WOMAN.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

THE BIBLE WOMAN.

ABOUT eight years ago the "Female Auxiliary Bible Society of New York," feeling that they were called upon to do something more than to merely act as collectors for the American Bible Society, resolved to employ "Bible Women" whose mission it should be to go from house to house carrying with them the Bible, reading it where they could gain permission, and, by interesting themselves in the temporal wants of the poor, show that they were thus putting in practice the precepts of the Book.

The success of this mission were successful from the outset, and in 1865 twenty-six women were engaged in this labor in different parts of the city. At the annual meeting of the Society, held on the 8th of April, it was reported that $10,069 had been during the past year appropriated to the support of Bible Women. The work is well organized, each district having its lady superintendent to whom the ladies under her charge make monthly reports.

The Episcopal City Missions, the Methodist City Missions, the Children's Aid Society, the Missions at the Five Points and in the Fourth Ward, and the various missions and industrial schools all employ women as visitors among the poor, who are doing a work similar to that of the missionaries and Bible Women. Then there are many kinds of work which no such agency can of these good women to search out and relieve special cases in their behalf. Probable in all, there are not less than two hundred women engaged in these works of love and mercy. Their support is secured through voluntary contributions, chiefly among the ladies in the churches. The salary generally ranges from $20 to $30 per month. The temporal aid furnished is likewise raised by voluntary contributions.

The illustration on our first page shows one of these Bible Women engaged in her Christian work. It has been drawn by Mother Cabrini that Protestant Churches have nothing to show corresponding to the work of their "Sister of Charity." In reply we can point to our Bible Women. They go about their work unostentatiously; they are distinguished by no peculiar dress or singular habit of life; but they effectually relieve the wants of the poor and of the sick, and place within the reach of all the necessities the gift of the Gospel. It is a mission which, on account of its practical success, commends itself to all our Christian citizens.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

THE DANISH TREATY.

THE letters of "Dixon" to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* and the pamphlet of Mr. J. Parker show plainly that the history of the St. Thomas treaty has not been in the least understood. Indeed it has been generally treated with the same kind of contemptuous disregard as the treaty of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON. The popular theory in regard to Mr. JOHNSON was that he had fraternized with Mr. LAIRD, and therefore nothing that he should do in the *Alabama* matter was worth attention. In like manner territorial extension was considered Mr. SEWARD'S monomania, and the smile that greeted the announcement of his proposal for St. Thomas widened into a laugh when the unlucky earthquake visited the island. So, besides, an opinion, which we share, that the most pressing duty of this country at this time is certainly not that of obtaining tropic domain, not have we seen one tolerable argument in support of the proposition to acquire Cuba or St. Domingo. In both cases the main argument seems to be that the people can govern themselves, and that they ought therefore to come and help govern the United States.

But the question of St. Thomas is hardly one of territorial expansion. The treaty embraces two islands, St. Thomas and St. John, each about twelve miles long by three broad, and each containing about the same number of inhabitants. The two islands have together about the population of Staten Island, and their combined area is not much larger than that of Staten Island. They have each good and safely defensible harbors, and the object of their acquisition is to have a convenient coaling station, of which during the rebellion we nearly felt the need. But, however desirable such a station may be, the treaty involved the payment of money, and in the present condition of affairs we shall acquire the richest and most profitable of the West India islands without spending a present penny—whatever the ultimate cost may be—and therefore the general inquiry is, why should we pay for two little sterile heaps of rocks?

To this question Denmark opposes the counter question—Is not your honor engaged? And that is indeed a serious question. Upon a fair review of all the facts, and careful conversation with those most interested and familiar with the subject, it seems to us tolerably clear that Denmark has acted throughout under a natural misapprehension, and has consequently taken steps that would leave her in a most humiliating position if the treaty should not be ratified. It is an acknowledged maxim of international law, that the acts of a fully-empowered ambassador bind the sovereign who instructs him, except in extraordinary circumstances, as where he has manifestly dealt in bad faith or has seriously injured his country by his negotiation. But the difficulty in treating with this country is that the sovereign does not instruct and is not consulted until the treaty is negotiated. This is an anomaly which is very difficult to understand—indeed, is almost impossible to understand—with a Secretary of State like Mr. SEWARD, who seemed always, like Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, to consider Congress an impertinence.

When Mr. SEWARD arrived in Copenhagen Denmark he was in accord with the dominant party. A man familiar as General HASSLÖF was with the operations of our Government would naturally and properly suppose that Mr. SEWARD'S proposition would be ratified by the party majority. When the treaty was signed Mr. SEWARD was the guest of Count HOLSTEIN, the dominant party. That, however, could not be understood in Denmark. Denmark could only see the authorized representative of a government comparing his credentials and treating with full powers; and it could expect nothing but that the work of such a representative would be ratified except for some reason. Denmark had not wished to sell, and when its government decided that under the circumstances it was best to do so, looking at international law as not our own powers, it could not expect to believe that what was so ardently urged by our representative was strongly desired by the people.

Still it is a wholly inadmissible principle that the President and the Secretary of State can at their pleasure secretly commit the honor of this country in any treaty whatever. If the doctrine were to be tolerated, they might annex immense territories and an alien population at an enormous expense, and the Congress, is merely to say that the President and his Secretary are not the sovereign power. But the custom of the Senate has been usually to ratify a treaty concluded by the Executive promptly or to state the reasons of its refusal. If, now, it rejects the St. Thomas treaty for satisfactory reasons, Denmark can not complain. But if the treaty be rejected merely, without a reason, intelligent Danes can hardly retain that opinion of the honor of the United States which we should wish all honest people everywhere to hold. If the Senate thought it expedient to ratify with the utmost haste the treaty for the purchase of the icy deserts of Alaska, it is not easy to understand what good reason it can have for refusing to buy a convenient and essential coaling-station in the Gulf.

It is undoubtedly because of other nations to understand that in our system the Senate represents the sovereignty in a treaty. But the question still urges, why has this treaty been negotiated conformably to custom, and why all our precedents under such circumstances so strongly show the certainty of ratification that if friendly power takes one that can not be retraced, ought we to fold our arms and say "we don't choose to ratify, and we don't choose to give any reason for it"? Can we not ask us any thing about it?" There can be but one answer. Let the Senate ratify the treaty or give a reason for rejecting it.

MR. SWEENY AND EDUCATION.

Two or three weeks since, in speaking of Mr. SWEENY'S new school bill for the city of New York, we stated that Mr. HITCHMAN warmly supported it. Mr. HITCHMAN, in his place in the Assembly, denounced our statement as wholly unfounded, and declared that he should support the bill or not as his judgment might approve. A few days afterward we observed that Mr. HITCHMAN was one of the warmest friends of the bill before the Committee—and our readers were probably as little surprised as we were. Mr. BUTLER, who also supported the bill, is Mr. SWEENY'S bill, and, upon being corrected by Mr. RICHMOND, who said that he had introduced it, Mr. BUTLER replied—as reported, and as universally believed—"Well, that is no consequence, there is no use in mincing matters. It's SWEENY'S bill. He drew it up, and I've had a talk with him about it."

Thus it seems that Mr. SWEENY is dissatisfied with the present school system in the city of New York—a system which the Boston Committee in effect declared to be immeasurably superior to their own—which the Rev. JAMES FRASER, a special British Commissioner sent out by the Government to report upon our schools and our public schools, reported to be the best he had seen, and which one of the Republican City School Commissioners, Mr. WARREN, publicly stated to be a non-partisan system. Mr. SWEENY, by a gentleman who is perhaps no higher authority upon the subject of education than those we have named, is, however, dissatisfied. He wishes to make it still more perfect—and he proposes to do it by establishing a party commission of seven commissioners and five Republicans, to be appointed by that congressional agency of political morality, Mr. MAYOR OAKEY HALL. The name of Mr. HALL, indeed, has been before this occasion sometimes circularly associated with that of Mr. SWEENY and of Mr. TWEED. They are all of them known to be devoted to the highest interests of education and of the public welfare in general—and it must not be supposed, therefore, that the facts that they are the Tammany managers, and that there are three millions of dollars of school money in the city also to be managed, have any influence upon their striking zeal in the cause of education.

It is true that no necessity for a change has been shown; that there is no guarantee in the bill that any alleged evils can be remedied by it; that even a representation of nominal Republicans in the Board is not necessarily secured; and that it puts out of office, for no cause mentioned in the bill, certain men duly elected for a specified term. But in Mr. SWEENY'S judgment the interests of education and of an economical administration of the schools rest in the Republican party, unless he and his friend Mr. MAYOR HALL and a select Tammany circle have the control of the school system, and especially of the school moneys. And since there may not be even an unkind suspicion that any party or personal consideration actuate him and his friends, he provides that two Republicans votes shall be required to any important decision. Now as it is well known that there are no venal Republicans in the city, and that two Republican votes could never, under any circumstances, be brought in a School Board appointed by the impeccable Mayor HALL, it is manifest that his profound interest in the great cause of education has induced Mr. SWEENY to propose a reform of the city school system which will vest the control in the Republican party, which all who know Mr. SWEENY will at once see is most highly probable, as he has long been devoted to the supremacy of that party.

The public view rises almost to certainty when we consider Mr. Commissioner WARREN'S statement, who said that he was Chairman of the committee which went to Albany, and while there was told that the new bill was solely for the benefit of the Republican party; that the committee which reported it was composed of five Republicans and two Democrats, and that if passed it would be by the votes of a Republican Legislature. That a bill drawn by Mr. PETER B. SWEENY to abolish the present public school system of the city of New York—a bill which gives the control of three millions of dollars to a Board appointed by Mr. SWEENY'S friend Mayor HALL, and which requires only two Republican votes for any serious expenditure, should be adopted by a Republican Legislature, and be warmly supported by the *Tribune*, which knows that we are upon the eve of the Millennium. Indeed, the lion reposing with the lamb is not a more pleasing picture of harmonious action than the *Tribune* helping Mr. SWEENY, Mr. TWEED, and Mr. HALL to obtain control of the city school money for the purpose of greater purity and economy in the management of the schools.

THE DEMAND FOR FOOD IN ENGLAND.

WHENEVER a period of uneasiness arrives as to the inadequateness of the supply of food in England, for a population of over thirty millions, Irving, as old accounts agree, from "hand to mouth," there is always a writer of recognized authority to address the people there with a view to calm their fears and keep down the price of grain which is particularly abroad. The real audience addressed is the grain-producing class in all countries, who are expected to suppose that powerful interests do not influence those great organizations of the largest purchasing and consuming interest. Mr. CAIRD appeared before the Statistical Society in London with the statement that the difference between what he called the good harvest of 1868 and the bad harvest of 1867 he believed to be equal to four months, or one-third of the total consumption of the year. Stated that, on the present scale of importation, there was no doubt of *abundant supplies at even lower prices.* "These," he said, "are the facts which, whether all or almost exactly in correspondence with the difference in the yield of the two harvests."

The steamer which brought out Mr. CAIRD'S statement of the crop of 1868 prescribed the following evidence of the actual state of things among many agricultural proprietors:

"At Ripon, on Friday, a farmer named WARDROP, of Mossley, was fined forty shillings amounting to £20 for cruelly ill-treating twenty sheep, in not providing them with sufficient food. One of the defendant's flock had actually died from want; and on an officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals visiting the farm recently, he found twenty poor creatures in a field which was quite bare of grass, and also destitute of provender, excepting what appeared to be the burned bottom of a stack of hay. At York, on Saturday, HENRY ALLEYNE BRAND, farmer, of Copmanthorpe, was fined £7 5s. for a similar offence. In this case thirteen sheep and eighteen lambs had been discovered in a most pitiable state of starvation."

The Vice-President of the Physical and Mathematical Section read a paper at their recent meeting relating to the great drought of last summer and autumn, in which he says: "Rain fell upon 188 days in 1868, exactly the same number as in 1867, but somewhat differently distributed. During the first and last quarters of 1868 rain fell upon more days than in 1867—34 days in excess in 1868. In the two *middle quarters* rain fell in 34 days less than in 1867, a rather curious coincidence. Up to and including April, there was no marked deficiency of rain; but during the months of May, June, July, August, and September the fall was always below the average;" and he thus concludes: "There appears to have been no year during the last 75 years possessing the extremely dry period experienced from May to September, inclusive, of the year 1868."

The opinion of Mr. CAIRD, that the harvest of 1868 was superior to that of 1867, is wholly erroneous. Winter-wheat upon heavy soils was carried to perfection by the rains of the early part of August, which were copious; but the drought, which commenced in that month, destroyed much spring-wheat, and the crops of all descriptions on light soils. The winter-wheat was helped through by reason of having firmly and deeply rooted, due to fall planting; but the spring crops, not having this advantage, felt the drought. There were no root-crops, no pasture till October, a deficiency in the wheat crop, owing to the loss of spring-wheat, and an enormous deficiency in all other crops. The *Mark Lane Express* of 15th March says: "The corn trade has still been heavy; but, with nearly five or six months before us, there must yet be an enormous consumption before harvest, to which *present stocks and prospective shipments seem unequal.*"

On Tuesday following Mr. CAIRD presented his statements to the Statistical Society, and the *Mark Lane Express* changes its tone. It says in its subsequent issue that nothing can now relieve the market but the refusal of farmers to sell, or the stoppage of foreign imports. "It seems very improbable," it adds, "that both should happen together, but if they should a temporary embarrassment would be certain. There is nothing yet in the aspect of the crops to cause much disquietude. General reports are not so favorable as last year, the evident surplus on last year's crop of wheat both in America and Europe, these countries, *from a monetary pressure*, are likely to send on fair shipments."

The chief evil resulting from the short crop of 1868 has been met in England in various ways. More live animals have been killed since July of last year, when the pastures began to give out, than at any former period. The food they would have eaten was supplied to the people, who also had an unusual amount of poor meat. The copious rains of the latter part of 1868, and the remarkably open winter, furnished pasture for cattle and sheep; but a diminished crop in 1869, and a smaller amount than usual of animal food, must be the consequence of winter feeding and of the excessive slaughter of animals. The effects of the drought must therefore be felt till the harvest of 1869, however bountiful may be that of 1869, so far as grain is concerned.

The prices of this year ought not to have fallen as they have, inasmuch as the drought lapped over upon the continent of Europe, touching some of the states—Spain, and parts of Russia, for instance—with great severity. But the pernicious misrepresentation of the wants of England, and the belief, widely spread, that her wheat crop was larger than usual—which was true only of Ireland—has on strong minds induced shippers in all markets to submit to the decline which England commanded.

The critical time for England is that which will intervene between this and the next harvest, which will probably not generally commence until about the middle of August. Last year, owing to the drought, it commenced in the middle of July, but it was conceded to be a month too early; and if it occur sooner than usual, a correspondingly deficient crop of corn will be the consequence of it. To provide for this period, not only, but all descriptions of food, will be necessary, and it will be the safe policy, on the part of such of farmers as are free from debt, to hold their crops.

Mr. CAIRD expects that in the face of the short season through which he has prevailed in England for the last seventy-five years, the producers and sellers of grain in every country will take his statement to be accurate, that England is now better supplied with food than she was during the year preceding the recent harvest, although at the commencement of the harvest of 1868 there was nothing left of the harvest of 1867. It had been totally consumed.

The market reports in all localities in England agree in stating that millers will buy grain only for immediate wants, the produce of wheat had been fed in unusual quantities to carry cattle through the winter; that much grain had been damaged in the extensive winter rains—the quantity which fell in December last had never in any one month been exceeded—and that stocks of domestic wheat of good quality were nearly out in the market. The true reliance is, "*from a monetary pressure*," sufficient to open to them the "evident surplus on last year's crop of wheat both in America and Europe."

Parts of Europe are still able to spare food of a surplus of grain. Russia is extending with great rapidity her railroad communications, and will undoubtedly be able to open new food-producing countries to the markets of the world; but the drought from which Russia suffered must soon require her entire production. Spain imports food. The French order opening her ports to grain free of tonnage duty could not have been a more idle menace to Prussia. Hindostan has been suffering from famine, but recent copious rains are relied upon to furnish

food. But as the harvest of 1868 in all countries has been largely consumed, and in those which suffered from drought must be closely consumed, the intervening period to the harvest of 1869 is likely to be one of anxiety and activity.

The power of England to obtain what there is in all grain and food producing regions, by creating the impression that there is a surplus on which all may call, and by means of "monetary pressure," should not be overlooked. No market is exempt from her great influence. Her agents are "here, there, and every where," and they know full well that when Mr. CAIRD speaks the whole English people accept his utterances as being propounded to maintain their deepest interests. The theory now set up that plenty will be obtained at *reduced prices* will be acted upon very generally in England, although the thin carcasses of sheep and cattle, and the necessity of inflicting punishment on their owners for cruelty, express the pretence at home. This theory can be met by none except it be our substantial farmers, who can avoid *reduced* prices only by holding their grain firmly—a policy which maintains the real interest of the whole country.

IN THE CITY HALL PARK.

IT is not only in the characters and careers of the representatives whom the great city sends to Albany and to Washington that the New Yorker finds cause of pride and joy. Can he loiter in the Park—the city's peculiar Park—the City Hall Park—without humbly acknowledging that he, too, is a New Yorker? Our greatest blessings, intimates the poet, are often nearest to us and most disregarded. But who can disregard the City Hall Park? Amongst those enameled lawns, those trim and picturesque parterres, those shadowy, secluded avenues, the weary citizen throws off his heavy load of care, and amidst the serenity of nature that even TILDEN might envy, refreshes his soul with the moral beauty which is suggested by the noble temples that rise among the leaves.

There, for example, is the great City Hall itself, in which civic honesty and severe justice delight to dwell. It is the temple of the municipality where, as is natural and becoming in a republic, the most intelligent, and virtuous, and simple, and frugal of the citizens assemble to provide for the common welfare. In hapless countries, upon which bloated despotisms still sit like horrid nightmares, how often are not reckless waste, and shameful ignorance, and abominable corruption associated with the administration! But here are purity, and sagacity, and economy. Their modest footsteps gently resound through this syrian temple of the city hidden in its Park. Their benignant influence is every where within the sound of urban bells.

In which of these stately chambers did a WOOD stand erect in all men's eyes, untouched by evil suspicion? In which did a GUYSTIL, patriot and sage, mingle philosophy and spirit? In which did a HOFFMAN frown upon the least suspicion of corruption? In which does a HALL illustrate in what heights consistency, self-respect, and political morality may conduct modest integrity? And where in those spacious chambers, if here at all it be, does RAYMOND whiten the judicial ermine and MCVEA indefinitely decree justice? Pacing the silent walks of this ample pleasure-ground, and gazing upon the temple with which these shining names are so closely associated, the New Yorker does not feel his heart thrill with jubilant pride as, turning to the victim of some wretched Ring or other miserable combine, he waves his emphatic hand and exclaims: "These are my jewels! Here is the republic vindicated!"

But if the minion of despotism still hesitates, let the proud son of Columbia lead him gently to the rear of the temple, and present to him that fresh monument of England's social simplicity, the New Court-House. Conceived in the spirit that has made the City Hall itself of so sweet a memory, it is already a proverb of austere economy, and of prudent devotion to the public weal. In the erection of this fair pile no stone was spotted with suspicion, no swindling Legislature stained contracts and bonds. Designers, builders, workmen of every kind, official and non-official personages concerned, were all gladly impoverished for the glory of the city. Upon that magnificent edifice, located to New York justice, the proud citizen may gaze, and again shaking his finger at the cowering minion at his side, inform him that no man made illicit gain from that great work; and that it is another beautiful memorial of republican thrift, sense, taste, and honesty. Indeed, he may add all the cardinal virtues, and they will as aptly serve as the qualities he will have mentioned. "That is another of my jewels," let him say, once more; "here also is the simple grandeur of our system vindicated!"

Yes, whoever wanders in that pleasant Park —or pays the little tax for a street pavement, or an improvement against which the neighborhood foolishly protests—or stimulates his appetite in the spacious, savory, accessible markets —or strays along the streets where the crowd thickens nor dust blows—or calls a coach and scarce believes that such cleanliness of vehicle and such winning courtesy of driver can be hired for the trifle that he must force upon the bashful charioteer—or observes the massive and enduring and convenient piers—whoever meditates these comforts, and then reflects upon the light burden of the tax that supplies them all for himself and his happy fellows, will surely snap his fingers at the bloated despotisms, and pity the unfortunates who are not citizens of New York.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

THE President is very regardless of the feelings of those who have gleefully enlarged upon his differences with the Legislative branch of the Government. He will not gratify them with even the semblance of a quarrel with Congress. On Wednesday of last week he sent a message recommending action in regard to the reconstruction of Virginia and Mississippi. On Thursday the House passed a bill in accordance with his suggestions, and sent it to the Senate. On Friday the Senate amended it, passed it, and sent it to the House. The House received it, concurred in the amendments, passed it, and sent it to the President for his signature. Here was the best conceivable opportunity for a neat quarrel. That intense jealousy, that latent distrust of the President, of which we have heard so much, might have been expected to show itself forcibly. But as they do not exist, they did not appear. Even General BUTLER, who is supposed to remember his hostilities against Andrew JOHNSON, was foremost in promoting the President's suggestions. The last important act of Congress was an expression of the utmost confidence in President GRANT.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

DESPITE the resolution of Mr. BANKS the President and Secretary of State are undoubtedly much too sensible to permit any interference upon our part with the Cuban revolution. The Government will maintain a strict neutrality between the contestants, although doubtless members of the Government may share the sympathy which so many Americans feel for the resolution of the Cubans to obtain their independence. Whatever the result of the struggle, a worse government than that of Spain in Cuba can not be established. But it is clearly not the business of the United States to overthrow it and to establish a republic in its place.

Meanwhile the situation is very vague. The reports of battles gradually fade into uncertain rumors, and there are the most absurdly contradictory stories of the progress of the disturbance. The *Times* quotes one worthy person, an Englishman, we believe, who had apparently been sauntering through the island on horseback, and was astonished to learn, after he arrived at the sea-coast, that a formidable revolution was in progress. On the other hand, we have lately heard of the formal recognition of foreign diplomatists assert that in his judgment Cuba was virtually lost to Spain. The only very positive fact is that the first occasional seizure of foreigners supposed to be in complicity with the revolution, or the execution of some hapless insurgent taken in arms.

There must, however, be something very much more definite in the Cuban movement before any strong appeal can be made to the Government of the United States to recognize the independence of the island. However warm may be our sympathy with those who are endeavoring to establish a separate government, we can not forget that our own nation has many and complex, and that something more is necessary to a recognition of independence than a declaration of the principle of a revolutionary standard. In 1823, when the United States acknowledged the Spanish American Colonies as independent, President ADAMS spoke of them as "nations de facto" that have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on full evidence acknowledged." These words are calm and well-chosen, and describe exactly the method by which a government ought always to proceed upon such occasions.

The Cuban agent in Washington is apparently acting with great discretion. He has as yet made no public appearance in general. Doubtless he is conscious that he has as yet no grounds whatever upon which he can request action. The Cubans have no port, and they can not expect us to acknowledge any maritime belligerent rights. To do that would be to countenance such conduct as England countenanced in the *Alabama*. We shall protect our citizens, of course, and to this end the naval force in the Gulf may naturally be increased. The island must continue to be the centre of great interest, and indeed there can be little doubt that if the certain of uncertainty should suddenly rise and clearly declare the Cubans heroically grappling in chery battle with the Spaniards, fighting and falling as the Cretans fought and fell at Canea, there would be such an expression of sympathy from this country as would go far toward settling the question.

THE MARKET AT ALBANY.

THE bill giving the control of the chief streets in New York to a collection of unknown persons or *their assigns*, which, as we write, is being crammed and thrust through the Legislature, is the greatest outrage yet perpetrated at Albany. Should it become a law, this Legislature can not escape the worst name of any that has ever assembled. There is, indeed, a Republican majority, and it will be ready and glad, in this sense, the worst Legislature was Republican. But we remind our readers elsewhere of what every body here understands, that the work is done by the insistance of a few Republicans only, while the great body are arrayed against the iniquities. Thus in the Senate, when it was proposed that instead of giving gratis to unknown persons this enormous franchise in a manner which the Legislature could never change, it should be publicly disposed of for the benefit of the city, of the fifteen Democratic Senators only three voted no, while of the seventeen Republicans nine voted yes, and two were absent.

The city sends, with one or two exceptions, Democratic Representatives and Senators to the Legislature; and all schemes like this of the Broadway Railroad bill receive, with few exceptions, their united support. Recently, in the Assembly, when the question was taken upon a special bill for the benefit of the measure named that they wanted a few more votes, and before the result was announced one of them, a Democrat, passed along the seats and whispered to a few members, each of whom instantly rose and changed his vote. We name no names and we make no charges, but we have no doubt whatever that each of those votes was bought in the open Legislature, like a joint of meat in the market.

Take the facts in regard to this Broadway bill. It gives to certain persons, or their assigns, that is, to an unnamed company, the right to lay railroad tracks through the principal streets in New York, and to carry passengers for so many years, and it gives this most profitable privilege for nothing. Mr. ALEXANDER T. STEWART offered to pay two millions of dollars for the franchise, and to bind himself to carry passengers for three cents each. The proposition was not even entertained. The Legislature refuses to take the money offered for the immunity of a family-faced road, and insists upon taxing the people who use the street-cars a hundred and thirty-three per cent. more for their conveyance than is necessary. And this is done by leaders of the party which is always denouncing the Republican party as wastefully extravagant.

These are the things that bring popular government into contempt; and they are not offenses for which the Republicans as a party are responsible. The party is disposed to govern well upon the equal ruggedness and morality of both parties, we commend the party character of such votes to their attention.

NOTES.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has made the deposit of his library in the Cornell University a gift, and certainly it is one of the most magnificent and valuable that the institution has received. The Professor about three thousand, carefully collected by an eminent historical scholar; and many of them are bound with that richness and solidity in which a lover of books, like other lovers, delights to clothe his darlings. Happily, also, the Professor supplies the chief want of the Cornell Library, which, with the AMERICAN collection of the, Boor for philology and the Agassiz Museum, the library is fully selected by President WHITE in Europe was yet weak in the department of literature and history. It is among the highest praises of the young University that its spirit is so generous and its promise so fair as to persuade a scholar like GOLDWIN SMITH to make it almost the arrest of personal sacrifices—the parting with such a library during his life.

MR. HUNT'S picture also sends from France the magnificent work of the French Government upon the Exposition in thirteen volumes; and one of the ROSWELL P. SHELEY, sends from Rome the noble engraved folios of CANINA; while Mr. MCGRAW, of Ithaca, gives fifty thousand dollars for another building.

A PETITION has been circulating, addressed to the President and Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library, asking that the rooms may be opened on the Sunday afternoon between noon and evening. The Library is especially designed for young men who must spend all their leisure days other than in their rooms. They will not pass the whole of Sunday in church, and to open the Library is to invite them from their haunts of dissipation. The young men are idle on a holiday, and every person temptation is peculiarly alluring at such a time. Shall they not have the opportunity at least of finding an elevating and attractive resort in the quiet of the Library?

THERE are many Travelers' Insurance Companies of which few persons know any thing. But the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, whose advertisement is elsewhere in this paper, and among whose directors we observe the name of the new Governor of Connecticut, MARSHALL JEWELL, is both prompt and responsible. The late Judge HALSEY has held a policy in this Company, which was most punctually paid.

A LOVER'S WISH.

I FAIN would be the fern-leaves deep,
Where, when the day begins to die,
My sweet lies lulled in grateful sleep,
While Love alone keeps sentry nigh.

I fain would be the Zephyr's breath
That o'er her cheek is wont to play,
The buds, that beak to flower beneath
Where'er her fairy footsteps stray.

I fain would be the streams that bear
Her floated body in their flow,
And ripple round her clustering hair,
And warm with each beam of snow.

The clinging robes that close embrace
Her warm limbs glowing from the bath,
The glass that mirrors every grace,
And charm her lavish beauty bath.

I fain would hold her heart entranced
By some voluptuous vision a spell;
Then I would have my fairy dreamland,
And make that dream the truth foretell.

The cruel fates bid my wish aspire,
And soar to this too dazzling height,
For I would be, with vain desire,
All things wherein she takes delight.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 5.

In the House, the charges against Richard Busteed, late Judge of the United States District for Alabama, were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

April 6.

In the Senate, the bill providing for the taking of the Ninth Census of the United States in 1870 was passed. In the House the Mexican Indemnity Commission a capitation tax on OPIUM, etc., was repealed.—Two millions of dollars were appropriated to enable the President to maintain peace among the Indians.

April 7.

In the Senate, a Message was received from the President, transmitting the Constitution of a bill appropriating a day for the holding of elections in Virginia and Mississippi, when the new Constitutions of those States shall be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. The President suggested that a separate vote should be taken on certain clauses in these Constitutions.

In the House, a bill appropriating $200,000 for the improvement of rivers, was passed. A Message was received from the President similar to that transmitted to the Senate.

April 8.

In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary, to which was referred the President's Message, reported a resolution declaring that the effect of the resolution of the Message should be postponed until December next.—The amendment to the bill on the Ninth Census was passed.

In the House, the President's Message was referred to the Reconstruction Committee. General Butler, from the same Committee, reported a bill providing the submission of the Constitutions of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to a vote of the people of those States, and authorizing them to elect State officers and members of Congress.—It was adopted by eight amendments, by a very full vote—the division being 135 to 46.—The Senate amendments to the Judiciary System bill were mainly adopted.

April 9.

In the Senate, the House bill relative to the admission of the States of Mississippi, Virginia, and Texas to Representation in Congress, and the Constitutions of those States, as adopted by the Constitutional Conventions, with the oath prescribed by the people, Mr. Morton offered an additional section, providing that the Legislature of those States shall ratify the Fifteenth Amendment before the States shall be admitted to representation in Congress. The bill as amended was debated at considerable length, after which it was passed by 39 to 20, nays 20. On the question of the discussion the bill was passed—yeas 44, nays 6.

In the House, Mr. Stevens reported that Mr. White and by Tobacco bill were non-concurred in, and a Conference Committee asked for.—Mr. Stevens, Mr. Kellogg, and Starkweather, Representatives who elect Conference Committee on the Senate bill to facilitate the payment of soldiers' bounties to those who have been wounded.—The Senate amendment to the Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas Reconstruction bill was taken up, and after a brief debate.

April 10.

In the Senate, the Amendatory Tax bill was passed.

In the House, the bill to restore General Howard was now passed.—A resolution was agreed to to-day expressing sympathy with the Cubans in their patriotic efforts to secure independence and to establish a Republican form of government.

AT 12 P. M. both Houses adjourned *sine die*.

ITEMS.

George S. Twitchell, who was to have been hanged at Philadelphia on the 30th, was, on the morning of that day found dead in his cell, having committed suicide.

The Town Council of Chicago have been moving in the matter of a grand procession to be had on the opening of the Pacific Railroad. It is proposed to invite the President of the United States, Vice-President, the Governors of California, Oregon, Nevada, etc., the leading officials of the Atlantic, Pacific and Pacific slopes, and other leading officials to a grand procession. The inhabitants of the City being tendered to all the guests on this occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the House of Commons on the 9th Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, in answer to a question, said that the Ministry was preparing a bill in accordance with the suggestions of the Royal Commission on the Naturalization of British subjects who swore allegiance to other governments.

Mr. Lowe has reduced the estimates of his predecessor in office upward of £2,000,000 sterling, the estimated expenditures for the fiscal year being £68,000,000. The estimated revenue is £71,000,000. The total expenses of the Abyssinian war were £9,000,000 sterling.

CUBA.

Two political prisoners were garroted at Havana on the 9th in presence of 4,000 spectators and members. Great excitement prevailed, and seditious cries were uttered by the crowd. The volunteers were commanding the prisoners fired twenty shots in the crowd, killing six men, and wounding others.

The Spanish Government is about to send a naval commission to New York to purchase monitors for service in the Cuban waters.

ITEMS.

Don Ferdinand of Portugal has positively declined to accept the Spanish Crown.

The Exposition to the French Corps Legislatif will commence on the 26th of May.

The Pope's Jubilee was celebrated in Rome on the 11th with great magnificence.

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

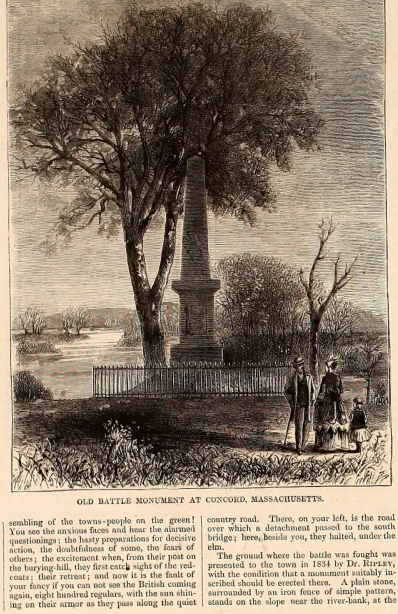
For nearly a century revolution has been the order of the day in Europe and America. But in those April days the thoughts of Americans naturally recur to those first days of the Revolution, in the spring of 1775, before the Declaration of Independence had yet been made. In an important sense April 19, 1775, was the birthday of our Republic. In connection with the anniversary of this event we give on this page a sketch of the skirmish at Lexington, copied from a print published a short time after the conflict occurred; also a view of the old battle monument at Concord.

Standing to-day

"Beneath the shadow of the elm, where, ninety years ago,
Old Concord's rustic heroes met to face a foreign foe,"

the beholder, if he be at all fanciful, may imagine that ever since the memorable morning when it struck the first blow for liberty, the town has been having a prolonged nap, a century sleep between the hills, with nothing to disturb it save an occasional remembrancer of its own fame. It looks so quaint and quiet, with its rows of incurious and demure houses, from which no amount of "fixing up," no painting, shingling, or clapboarding can take away the characteristic repose and sobriety; its ancient trees that have guarded the street corners, or marshaled themselves on the Common for years; its lazy little stores, that have earned more moss than money; and its sober river, traveling through the meadows in staid fashion, that one feels somehow made at home by it, and becomes conscious of a mysterious content and comfort imparted by its very air. It is the place America has kept to remember herself by—a spot the world has forgotten to shiver; or, perhaps, it has been left to itself so long it has forgotten how to alter. No additions to its numbers or extent will ever change it: nothing but factories, or perhaps a multiplication of railroads, things that would produce discomfort in Eden, can rub it of its aristocratic and dignified leisure; and because it has had the privilege of standing still, it happens that its present aspect does not contradict its past.

Station yourself, in the gray of a spring morning, in the centre of the Common, so early that only the rattle of a market-wagon, or the step of a laborer will, now and then, reproach you for your meditation; in the place of the white church standing on the southwest side of the inclosure, erect a smaller building, yellowish, with porches on the front and sides; cut away the maples and set elm button-woods around the old hakehouse that still stands on the corner, near by; remove the hotel, the town-house, and the new Soldiers' Monument, as audacious interlopers; set the court-house a little northwest of its present location, close up the road that runs to the new bridge, and remodel the comfortable dwelling-houses to suit your need; where the hotel stands was Dr. MINOT'S house, next, the county house, and, farther on, Mrs. BETTY HARTSHORN'S stood, next, the court-house; back of you, and a little to the right, is the road leading to the old battle-ground. How easily you may imagine you hear again the peal of bells, and see the hurried assembling of the towns-people on the green! You see the anxious faces and hear the alarmed questionings; the hasty preparations for decisive action, the doubtfulness of some, the fears of others; the excitement when, from their post on the burying-hill, they first catch sight of the red-coats: their retreat; and now it is the fault of your fancy if you can not see the British coming again, eight hundred regulars, with the sun shining on their armor as they pass along the quiet country road. There, on your left, is the road over which a detachment passed to the south bridge; here, beside you, they halted, under the elm.



OLD BATTLE MONUMENT AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The ground where the battle was fought was presented to the town in 1834 by Dr. RIPLEY, with the condition that a monument suitably inscribed should be erected there. A plain stone, surrounded by an iron fence of simple pattern, stands on the slope near the river-bank, at the end of a double line of pines. It is inscribed thus:

HERE,
On the 19th of April, 1775,
was made the first forcible resistance to
BRITISH AGGRESSION.
On the opposite bank stood the American militia.
Here stood the invading army;
and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the
WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
which gave Independence to these United States.
Firmness to God, and in the
love of Freedom,
This Monument was erected,
A.D. 1836.

The parsonage stands close by, with an avenue of aged trees before it. Its study windows are still shaded by the lilacs that saw the fight, and if report speaks truly, it has the bullet-holes in its walls that were made on that day. A house standing opposite, which is owned by Mr. REYES, has also a bullet-mark upon it to remember the time by; and an enormous willow-tree which stands before it grew from a stick or sapling that was hastily thrust into the ground by a British soldier. Fancy is a quick work-woman: let her reconstruct the bridge that was removed in 1793 and show you the road that, turning at right angles around the parsonage grounds, led down to it: on the other side of the river the road turned and ran parallel with it, past Colonel JONAS BUTTRICK'S and some other farm-houses, one of which is still standing. Here the band of Americans that had been drawn up on the high land west of Colonel BUTTRICK'S, and seeing the smoke of burning houses in the town, had resolved to march thither to defend their families or die in the attempt, were met by the British. Here, with a moderation and discretion their sons may well be proud of, they reserved their fire until two of their own number had fallen. It is believed that the Americans behaved throughout with forbearance and bravery.

So Concord is consecrated ground; sacred to the living and the dead who have made men richer in dreams, hopes, and aspirations. South of the town lies Walden, a bit of God's language that has been partially interpreted to men by THOREAU. The interpreter is dead, and there is no one that will fill his place. He lies in the Concord Cemetery, on a pine-shaded hill, and his grave is marked by a stone, firm and unpretending as his life. His brother in fame lies near by, beneath a mound that is quite overgrown with myrtle. The simple name "HAWTHORNE" is written on the tablet at his head. It seems fitting that these two should lie here together—the one whose life was refined and etherealized until it became too rare a thing for the world, and the one who lived apart and kept his deeds and thoughts purer than other men's dreams—that the flowers should bloom alike above their graves.

Mr. EMERSON'S house is quite effectually protected from the public gaze. It is completely shut in on the northwestern side by a wall of pines; a road, branching off from the highway, runs before it; on the side of the road and opposite the house is another thicket of pines. It is rarely pretty and retired, with a sunny green on one side and quite an extensive garden back. Perhaps by the association of thought this character of the owner has been given to the dwelling.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.

RAIN SONG.

Is the rain sad? Ah, no!
Not the dear April rain,
The sweet, white rain:
These are glad tears that flow,
Not tears of pain.

Through the blue heavens take
The clouds their bird-swift way,
Their white, pure way:
The clouds that part and break
In diamond spray.

The clouds that die in showers
Rise of the rainbow give,
Its beauty give,
That in its dyes the flowers
May brightly live.

Faint odors of the Spring,
The subtle breath of fields,
Of grass in fields,
Scents that to mosses cling,
The sweet rain yields.

The song of its delight
To the warm noon it sings,
Tenderly sings,
And to the quiet night
Its music brings.

All happy things rejoice
In the bright April rain,
The freshening rain,
Exulting that its voice
Is heard again.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XX.

OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE.

AT last Mr. Morley came. Surely no brown, handsome face, no quiet hazel eyes, no very slightly grizzled head of curling hair was ever more welcome in a Christian house than were his.

It was in the dreary middle of the day when he came, and Rebecca, who was kneading dough (and making an awful mess of it) uttered a joyful exclamation when she saw him. I think that I have mentioned before that in social matters this odd young lady was rather radical. She certainly behaved on this occasion in a way which would have horrified the better conducted sister Carry. She ran up the stairs and opened the door herself with her hands, nay, with her finely-modeled bare arms all over flour, and she said: "Come in. I thought you must be dead. Tell me about those two."

"Go and wash your hands, and come and talk to me in the parlor," said Mr. Morley, quietly, and Rebecca slid away and did as he told her.

"Now," she said, when she was seated by him on the sofa, "tell me all about Jack and Hetty."

"That will depend on your account of your behavior," said Mr. Morley. "How have you been behaving?"

"I have been as good as gold."

"Then I shall not tell you one word," said Mr. Morley; "you are in a vainglorious and self-seeking frame of mind, and I will mortify you by not telling you one single word."

"Well, then, I have been very naughty."

"One of your propositions must be false, and so I shall certainly tell you nothing now."

"Then you are a most disagreeable man, and I hate you—no I don't—don't mind me. I love you very much, Mr. Morley. Only come sometimes and tell me what to do, for really and truly I don't know."

"You have been well brought up, and you ought to know for yourself. At least I mean to leave you to find out. How is your father?"

Rebecca remained perfectly silent, with her chin in her hand for a long time, and Morley sat looking at her steadily, although she did not know it. She sat so long thus that he repeated his question, I very much fear to catch the light in her eye. Rebecca turned to him quickly for one instant, and he had his will. She gave him one kindly glance, and saying, "Wait a little," resumed the old attitude of thought—that of Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici.

Morley waited for her in silence and in patience. "Here," he said to himself, "is a woman who will actually think before she speaks. Here is also a woman who can act, who has acted, on large, deliberate conversation, careless of present consequences. Are there two Hettys in the world?" He sat and watched her, wondering what she would come.

He had a long time to wait before it came, for she did not open her mouth until she had made up her mind. And then she told him every thing, decisively, and straightforwardly, as one man tells a whole matter to another man who is his friend.

She moved closer to him on the sofa where they sat, so that the two beautiful faces were not very far apart, and so that her eyes could look straight up into his. And there and then she told him every thing.

Her wasted, rebellious, furious youth; her secret hankering after popery—the religion of her mother, he must mind—as promising some sort of rest to her furious heart; the questioning effect that the gentle Primitive Methodists had had on her always; her rage and hatred against Hagbut because he wanted to marry her; the real reason of her will escapade to Rumsgate; her love for her father; her love for Carry; her love for her little dog; her love for Mr. Spicer and Jim Atkin; her love for Jack Hattrop; for Hetty, whom she had never seen, and her love for him—Morley. "I assure you, Mr. Morley

RAIN SONG.—"IS THE RAIN SAD? AH, NO! NOT THE DEAR APRIL RAIN."

that I believe I am a most affectionate person, if I had a fair chance. But people are so cross. I'd get fond of old Russel and old Soper if they would only be civil."

Mr. Morley said, "Quite so."

Then she went on, resuming the Lorenzo de Medici attitude again, and leaving herself and her experience, told him in a plain, business-like manner, the whole story of her father, and her troubles from beginning to end. "For," she said, "you have got kind, trust-worthy eyes, like Mab's, and if one wants to keep out of Bedlam, one must tell some one. And so she told him all about the fearful responsibility her father had undertaken, pointed out to him that her father's action was nearly illegal, being done without the consent of trustees, of whom Sir Gorham Philpott was one.

Here Mr. Morley interrupted her for a moment. "Was Lord Ducetoy married?"

"No; and he would not get married for a month or so, until affairs were in some way square. He was to be married to Miss Egerton of Delamere."

Mr. Morley was satisfied at once, and begged her to proceed.

She went on at once, eagerly, not catching the drift of Morley's last inquiry; for he was so surprised at Turner's singular and chivalrous behavior, that it had entered into his, not generally a suspicious mind, that Turner wished Lord Ducetoy to marry Rebecca. Rebecca, I say, went on, and told him of the clouding of her father's mind; of his religious doubts; of his strange midnight wanderings up and down the house; of the awful responsibility which he weighed on her with regard to him. She told him all; and then, turning her face to his again, asked for his advice.

"It is easily given, Rebecca," he said; "go on as you are going now. Do your duty to him as you are doing it now, and you will not fail. You have a clear sharp brain, use it; and you will do well."

"But I have done nothing," said Rebecca.

"What could you do?" said Morley.

Rebecca's chin went in her hand again directly; and after a time she said:

"I don't see, speaking honestly, that I could have done any more than I have. The time for action has not come. And then I am such a fool, you know."

"Are you?"

"They all say so."

"Well, then, of course it is true. About this business, taken as a whole, you can do nothing more than you have done. It is one of those matters on which one can not decide. Your father is behaving splendidly; but if his religion goes from him in the struggle, your father will die. I will talk to him. You are a good girl; indeed, I always thought you were, do you know," and Morley laughed.

"That is very fine," said Rebecca; "but at the same time one would like a little practical advice."

"I'll manage matters for you, my child," said Morley. "I'll shift no responsibility of your shoulders on to mine, but I will make things easier for you. You do your little duty, and you will come to no harm."

"Then you don't think me such a very naughty girl?"

"Well, well! you are behaving well now."

"Am I naughtier than Hetty?"

"You leave Hetty alone; Hetty is no business of yours."

"But Hetty was naughty. What did she do, Mr. Morley?"

"She was exceedingly naughty, and I was very nearly being angry with her; that is what she did."

"Am I never to see Hetty?"

"What on earth do you want to see her for?"

"I don't know," said Rebecca. "I think I should like her. There can not be much harm about her, or Jack Hartop would not love her as he does. He says that she has been wrecked three times, and that the Queen wrote her a letter. Why was she shipwrecked?"

"Because she shipped on board ships which happened to be wrecked."

"Hum!" said Rebecca. "But why did the Queen write to her?"

"Because she did her duty, as you are doing yours now."

"But tell me more," said Rebecca, eagerly. "Let me know *something* of her; for I love her, and I can't tell why. What did she do that the Queen should have written to her. Tell me."

Dangerous work this. Two noble and enthusiastic souls, sitting close to one another, and telling of great and noble deeds. As for Morley, he had made up his mind long before. He was determined to marry Rebecca, and Rebecca and Hetty knew it. As for Rebecca, she brought her fate on herself. If she had desired her freedom she should not have sat on the sofa beside a very attractive dissenting minister, and have forced him to tell the tale of his daughter's heroism. All that happened to her was her own fault. But they will do it. Searching among rare old books the other day, I came across a very scarce play called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*. In that play the Moor actually wins his Venetian beauty by telling travelers' marvelations of the Sir John Mandeville type. Morley did not do this; he only told the plain truth about his daughter. But the telling of chivalrous adventures is a very successful way of courting. At least, the man Shakspeare thought so.

"I have no objection to tell you what Hetty did on that occasion," said Mr. Morley. "I may show you what a woman may be worth under certain circumstances. She had been up and down the North Devon coast so often that she could tell every headland in the darkest night. Well, one night, working up from Hayle against a slow eastering wind and a heavy ebb tide, the wind shifted against the sun, and came from nor'-west a hurricane. The skipper put her head for Cardiff, but that *Bride* is the most thundering—I beg a thousand pardons; you must remember that I live among sailors."

"You did not say any thing?" said Rebecca.

"Well, I was very near doing it," said Morley. "My dear, that *Bride* is the most thundering idiot of a ship you ever saw. With even the N.W. sea she shipped enough water on board to put out her fires, and there she lay entirely without deck ports to let the water away, trusting to her scuppers, which were choked with deck lumber, close to a lee-shore, with the seas getting up from the Atlantic, nothing between you and Charleston, South Carolina, and the skipper utterly uncertain as to where he was. Do you understand this, my dear Rebecca?"

"Not a bit," she said. "You and Hetty must teach me."

"We will," said Morley. "My dear Hetty, finding her cabins flooded and the ship nearly water-logged, with fires out, and stokers and firemen on deck, naturally came on deck herself, barehanded, with all her glorious beauty, wild in the storm; you know Hetty's beauty—no, by-the-by, you don't—but it is greater than your own, child. And in the terror of the tempest she asked the skipper where they were.

"And the skipper said, 'I think we have searoom, Miss Morley; we are off the Bideford River, and we may get anchorage and ride it out. Can you see to leeward? Is it not so?'

"But Hetty never answered one word. She peered to leeward through the fury of the tempest, and she came back to him with the message of death quite quietly.

"'My dear Captain Jeffries, you are not off the Bideford River at all. Look there over the starboard bow. That black well is Baggy Point. Think; can it be any thing else?'

"And the skipper put his hat on the deck and trampled on it.

"But Hetty said, 'I will go and get my women ready for death, for with this ebb tide we shall be on Morte Stone in ten minutes. Alas! I wish this was untrue.' And the skipper said, 'Is there nothing to be done?' And Hetty said, 'Yes. Make sail on her and put her ashore at Wellacombe.' 'With rising tide?' said the skipper. 'It is better than Morte Stone,' said Hetty.

"And he did it, my dear Rebecca. He made sail on her and put her on the helm up. And she burst heavily on shore, with the rising tide behind her, and the rapidly accumulating sea following her, and getting more furious each moment.

"It was a dim, dark winter's night, my dear, and there was no help to be had. One by one the sailors leaped into the long surf, and some were drowned and some escaped. Hetty got her women into the forecastle, for the ship had gone stem on, and at last no one was left but the women and the skipper.

"The skipper was doubtful about the ship lasting out the ebb; but Hetty pointed out to him that she, although a *beast*, was strongly built, and the women under her care also pointed out the fact that in three hours they would walk on shore. And as she was telling them this the ship, by the rising of the tide, lifted broadside on, with a sickening, thumping lurch, and the sea, which hitherto had only been bursting over the poop, burst in rising and over the whole ship.

"And all the women, young and old, huddled round my beautiful daughter, crying to her to save them. And she, believing that the end had actually come, quieted them by prayer."

A pause.

"You say they were saved. Oh yes! they were saved. The tide rose and the women walked ashore the next morning and went to Ilfracombe. But the Queen wrote to Hetty, and that is what you were doing."

Dangerous talk this, or the rare play of *Othello* errs.

Mr. Morley came very often indeed now, and his gentle, kindly ministrations had some good effect on Rebecca. Especially as the time drew him with him the he had devoted his life to what he thought was right, and that he had failed in it, was only in searching after a nearly impossible excellence. This was in the main true, and it comforted Turner exceedingly. The effect of Turner was not so satisfactory as Mr. Morley could have desired. He suddenly developed a vainglorious habit of talking about his wife by the hour, to Rebecca in particular, on his virtuous and blameless life; would compare his life to the lives of all the other men he knew, very much to his own advantage. In fact, the poor man's brain was upset by anxiety, and he had got into that frame of thought which consists in persistently stating one's case against destiny, preparatory to one's complaining of it all, and ends in Bedlam. Morley saw this after a time, and counteracted it as well as he was able. On the whole, therefore, the old Turner much good, and made life easier for Rebecca.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SUDDEN SURPRISE.

ONE Saturday night Rebecca was alone in a very silent, thoughtful mood, and would not speak at all, but sat brooding, and now and then would kneel down and pray—to poor Rebecca's great discomfiture. How many bitter tears she shed that night who can tell? She saw that he was not angry with her; for even when he sat by the half-hour together, looking steadily at her, his look was not unkind. This little fact saved her from hysterics, for, as we accordingly sensitive nature like hers, the fact of having a stern old

man sitting perfectly silent before her, hour after hour, and staring at her with intervals of prayer, was nearly too much. She was relieved when he took his candle and prepared to go to bed.

"Rebecca," he said, "I desire that you will be ready for Mr. Morley to-morrow morning by the first boat."

"What does he want with me?"

"I do not know; but you will have the goodness to go with him. Good-night." And he went.

It would be very difficult to say what Rebecca's thoughts were that night. They were, one would fancy, not very profound. She had tact enough to see that Mr. Morley would, most probably, ask her no question requiring any immediate answer; yet he might. Long before morning dawned she had thought all through, and had come to a resolution that if on this occasion, or on any other, Mr. Morley chose to put a certain question to her, that he would have a most decided and emphatic answer; an answer which would prevent his ever repeating his question. "For we do love Jack Hush, don't we?" she said to her little dog. "The only question is, what does he think of us?"

She had breakfast ready for him, and was nicely dressed when he came. "Well, Mr. Morley," she said, "I am told I am to have a Sunday out with you. If you are pleased, I am sure I am. This is very kind and considerate of you, indeed. Where are we going?"

"I was going to ask you to come down to Limehouse with me."

"I am quite ready to go where you will. Now we will start, or you will be late for your service."

Morley rose and leaned against the chimney-piece, and Rebecca stood before him. The man had resolved the night before to examine her character to the utmost. He had all day, after another six months. He had resolved that he would see her under every form of temptation before he committed himself irrevocably; he had determined that he would see how far he could mould her character—had made a hundred pigeon-holes ready. But as she stood before him at that moment she looked so grand, so noble, and withal so good, that his resolutions all went to the wind, and, like a true man as he was, he spoke his mind.

"Rebecca, child, love me, and I will be the world besides."

She only flushed up and stood quite still. She was so utterly unprepared for this as he was himself. She hardly thought it would come at all; still less on this day; still less at the beginning. But those words—"love me," and Rebecca, although prepared with her answer, could not give it from sheer surprise.

"Are you angry with me? Is there another?" he said. And she quickly found her tongue—"Oh no, no! no other. Please try to love me, Mr. Morley, as much as in my very best."

And so they kissed one another and jogged out to the steamboat arm in arm, with no further words when they were once over the telling of this story; and it was all over and done, for ever and ever, a great deal sooner than either of them dreamed of. And one of the world's laws informed me that this is frequently the case. "If a man and a woman," said one of them, sententiously, "have made up their minds to make fools of themselves, they no more know at what particular time they will do it any more than you or I do. They, however, always do it before they more mean to."

They jogged out arm in arm down the lane in the most exalted manner conceivable. But you can not keep that sort of thing quiet; it will show itself. Mr. Spicer said Mr. Akin were taking the first step of shoving off tobacco, out of the style of pipe which they called "long churchwardens," when Mr. Morley and Rebecca passed. They saw what had happened directly. Mr. Akin said:

"She's took him."

Mr. Spicer said, "He has got her, hard and fast."

"He is a Methody, ain't he?" said Mr. Akin.

"Oh! I'm not," Mr. Spicer, "but he is a sailor Methody. Why, that man," he went on, pointing after the disappearing Mr. Morley with his pipestem, "has been in a-battling with the shipwrecks and earthquakes, and gales of wind, more than any skipper as sails upon the sea. He has got a good 'un, and he has got a good 'un. There is her little dog a-coming out, Jim, a-trying to fetch; send her back. Hish back, little dog. Hish back, little dog. Hish back."

But Jim Akin, having secured Mab, with that firmness for which a high-bred dog which seems almost ingrained in the Londoner's nature, possessed himself of Mab's person, and made her take breakfast in a chair among his children. Mab, as great a radical as her mistress, enjoyed this extremely, and was, in fact, not taken back till just before shaped-time, by which time our two friends were landing far down the river.

The steamer was nearly empty, for it was very early, and they sat down and talked.

"When did you think of this first, my beloved?" said Morley.

"Only very lately. I am utterly taken by surprise."

"And I also. I never dreamed of speaking so soon. My own, I have no house to offer you. I am bound for the sea."

"And I must stay by father," she said. "So that happens well."

"Then will you wait, Rebecca?"

"Wait for what?"

"To be married."

"Of course I will wait, any time. I have got your heart; I care for nothing more."

"Now I am going to say something which will offend you," said Mr. Morley.

"I think not," said Rebecca, "but say it."

"All this has been talked over, time after time, between Hetty, Jack Harrop, and I."

"No, really! Well, I am very glad of that. Does Hetty think she will like me, dear?"

"You shall find out that for yourself."

"I am content. Alfred, this is the first day I have ever felt peace in my whole life. When may I know Hetty?"

"When she comes back from America, perhaps."

"Why, dear, perhaps. Are you going to America, Alfred?"

"I am going farther than what one generally calls America. I have failed here to a certain extent. I am only popular among sailors, and sailors come and go. I have never commenced an Limehouse dislike me for preaching pure moralisms, and for consorting with the men of the Establishment. They are right. I am not a scholar and a gentleman, and it is a sore temptation for me to mix with the men of the Establishment, who are scholars, and sailors, and gentlemen. And as for preaching moralisms, what can one preach else, when the heart is sick? And, again, Hetty, my darling Hetty, is a standing scandal to a certain set, the rich set, down there; and so I am going abroad; and I have no home to give you."

"But," said Rebecca, "if you have power among the sailors they should keep you."

"Well, you see your brother—Jem, Hagbut, has gone so terribly against Hetty. And he is all-powerful there."

"I will hear no more about Hetty," said Rebecca, laughing, "because I shan't be told. But all dissenters are not so narrow as these?"

"Bless them! It is only one little connection, fighting for sheer existence, which is so narrow. Any one of the largest sects would welcome you—any, and I with them."

"And you could not join them?"

"No," said Morley. "Hypocritically, our people are the worst Christians. Practically, from ignorance, vanity, and stupidity, we are the weakest of all sects. I don't see where to turn—eat."

"Where the goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," murmured Rebecca. And so they went on their Sabbath-day journey.

Until the forward creeping tides
Began to draw and then to brave
The great ships lift their shining sides
Above the waves.

And Mr. Morley said, "This is Limehouse. Do you think you shall like it?"

"I'll see," said Rebecca, as they went on shore. He was not quite sure that she had not had his plans; but he did not press her, but waited anxiously, for Limehouse is not at all an attractive place. Rebecca looked about her, and saw, that it was very dirty; that it smelt of tar and coals; that the ladies of Limehouse did not do their hair as their feet, or love, and that she was seized in the middle of the street, with their arms crossed, and stopped talking to stare at her. That there were too many children, and too many cats out of upper windows, who talked to one another across the street, and had the same disconcerting habit of being quiet when you were telling of the story; and it was all over and done, for ever and ever, a great deal sooner than either of them dreamed of. And one of the world's laws informed me that this is frequently the case. "If a man and a woman," said one of them, sententiously, "have made up their minds to make fools of themselves, they no more know at what particular time they will do it any more than you or I do. They, however, always do it before they more mean to."

They jogged out arm in arm down the lane in the most exalted manner conceivable. But you can not keep that sort of thing quiet; it will show itself. Mr. Spicer said Mr. Akin were taking the first step of shoving off tobacco, out of the style of pipe which they called "long churchwardens," when Mr. Morley and Rebecca passed. They saw what had happened directly. Mr. Akin said:

"She's took him."

Mr. Spicer said, "He has got her, hard and fast."

"He is a Methody, ain't he?" said Mr. Akin.

"Oh! I'm not, Mr. Spicer, "but he is a sailor Methody. Why, that man," he went on, pointing after the disappearing Mr. Morley with his pipestem, "has been in a-battling with the shipwrecks and earthquakes, and gales of wind, more than any skipper as sails upon the sea. He has got a good 'un, and he has got a good 'un. There is her little dog a-coming out, Jim, a-trying to fetch her; send her back. Hish back, little dog. Hish back, little dog. Hish back."

But Jim Akin, having secured Mab, with that firmness for which a high-bred dog which seems almost ingrained in the Londoner's nature, possessed himself of Mab's person, and made her take breakfast in a chair among his children. Mab, as great a radical as her mistress, enjoyed this extremely, and was, in fact, not taken back till just before shaped-time, by which time our two friends were landing far down the river.

The steamer was nearly empty, for it was very early, and they sat down and talked.

"When did you think of this first, my beloved?" said Morley.

"Only very lately. I am utterly taken by surprise."

"And I also. I never dreamed of speaking so soon. My own, I have no house to offer you. I am bound for the sea."

"And I must stay by father," she said. "So that happens well."

"Then will you wait, Rebecca?"

"Wait for what?"

"To be married."

"Of course I will wait, any time. I have got your heart; I care for nothing more."

"Now I am going to say something which will offend you," said Mr. Morley.

"I think not," said Rebecca, "but say it."

"All this has been talked over, time after time, between Hetty, Jack Harrop, and I."

"Oh, really! Well, I am very glad of that. Does Hetty think she will like me, dear?"

"You shall find out that for yourself."

"I am content. Alfred, this is the first day I have ever felt peace in my whole life. When may I know Hetty?"

"When she comes back from America, perhaps."

"Why, dear, perhaps. Are you going to America, Alfred?"

"I am going farther than what one generally calls America. I have failed here to a certain extent. I am only popular among sailors, and sailors come and go. I have never commenced an Limehouse dislike me for preaching pure moralisms, and for consorting with the men of the Establishment. They are right. I am not a scholar and a gentleman, and it is a sore temptation for me to mix with the men of the Establishment, who are scholars, and sailors, and gentlemen. And as for preaching moralisms, what can one preach else, when the heart is sick? And, again, Hetty, my darling Hetty, is a standing scandal to a certain set, the rich set, down there; and so I am going abroad; and I have no home to give you."

"But," said Rebecca, "if you have power among the sailors they should keep you."

"Well, you see your brother—Jem, Hagbut, has gone so terribly against Hetty. And he is all-powerful there."

"I will hear no more about Hetty," said Rebecca, laughing, "because I shan't be told. But all dissenters are not so narrow as these?"

"Bless them! It is only one little connection, fighting for sheer existence, which is so narrow. Any one of the largest sects would welcome you—any, and I with them."

"And you could not join them?"

"No," said Morley. "Hypocritically, our people are the worst Christians. Practically, from ignorance, vanity, and stupidity, we are the weakest of all sects. I don't see where to turn—eat."

"Where the goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," murmured Rebecca. And so they went on their Sabbath-day journey.

Until the forward creeping tides
Began to draw and then to brave
The great ships lift their shining sides
Above the waves.

And Mr. Morley said, "This is Limehouse. Do you think you shall like it?"

"I'll see," said Rebecca, as they went on shore. He was not quite sure that she had not had his plans; but he did not press her, but waited anxiously, for Limehouse is not at all an attractive place. Rebecca looked about her, and saw, that it was very dirty; that it smelt of tar and coals; that the ladies of Limehouse did not do their hair as their feet, or love, and that she was seized in the middle of the street, with their arms crossed, and stopped talking to stare at her. That there were too many children, and too many cats out of upper windows, who talked to one another across the street, and had the same disconcerting habit of being quiet when you were telling of the story; and Mr. Morley went by. Likewise the gentlemen, although evidently sailors, were by no means sailors of the long-shore type. Rebecca felt herself relieved, and far more ostentatious in the admiration of her beauty than was at all desirable; and, moreover, she could not disguise from herself that but a few of these gentlemen were exactly sober, though only one was positively drunk—a powerful person, broad man, with a great blonde curling beard down over his broad chest, who had been making a speech to a crowd of sympathizers during a day of it, but who was being taken to his ship by a select committee or caucus of experienced lovers of the ardent, and consequently was that his ship lay off the back-door of every public house which he passed. This was strange, and not very agreeable, to Rebecca, and she still withheld her opinion.

But, when they went further, she began to alter her opinion, and, in fact, changed it altogether.

On the edge of the brimming river they came on a quiet, peaceful place. There about houses partly faced the river one way, and on the other a dock, in which ships, small ones it is true, but ships of the sea, were lying, brought into great ocean, with their yard-arms against the windows of the houses.

They came to the dock in approaching the river, and Rebecca looked down on the decks of the ships, and began wondering how those tall masts could possibly be got up again, and the fury of wind and sea combined against them.

There was no sign of the great struggle on them now; only a waste of coiled ropes on deck, and colored-like rigging aloft. On one of them Mr. Morley saw a boy at work, and, finding him in the surrounding silence and peace, was remarkable. On board another was another boy; a wonderful one, this, for he was not the skipper's dog: this boy was an event; on another was the skipper's boy climbing up a high halter with a bundle on his shoulder, and on deck was a mutton, with potatoes under it, and a solitary onion atop, balanced on his head, going to the baker's, while, from below, the skipper's wife, baby on arm, watched him breathlessly.

I shall like this place very much indeed, she said, emphatically and assuredly.

"That is well," said Morley.

"Do you know these people?" asked Rebecca.

Morley stood still until the boy with the potatoes and mutton had effected his dangerous landing on that iron-bound coast, and continued to look down on to the deck of the ship. After a time the skipper's wife's eye, being attracted from the very dangerous landing of that bold young mariner, the apprentice, rested on Mr. Morley. Whereupon she said to the skipper, "Bailey!"

Mr. Morley in that peculiar veil with which the wives of coasting skippers hail the wives of other coasting skippers, their gossips, on the high seas. C'in also staccato, I suppose, not being musical myself, notes inaudible to the male ear on the waste of waters, but perfectly audible in dock to a priest as well used to them as Mr. Morley. While Rebecca was reading on the stern of the vessel, *Jane*, Ilfracombe, she heard the following dialogue:

"My dear, tender heart, how be ye?"

"All well here, Mrs. Camp?"

"He has a-been ashore, lapped, my dear," said Mrs. Camp, "and he is agoing to stay. So nice and kind he is. And I'm coming if the boy is lack in time; but I can't leave the ship."

"Listen to me," said Morley, in a strangely emphatic voice. "Have you any fire on board?"

"No," said Mrs. Camp, coming close under him, and speaking vaguely.

"Then, do you hear? come back, leave the ship and come and communicate. Remember, it may be the last chance either of you will have to communicate with your Creator. Come and kneel with him. There will be an empty place in his heart some day, maybe, if you do not."

The woman said "Ah!" and went into the cabin, and in a moment had reappeared with a bonnet on, not clean, and a gray shawl over her shoulders (for these people were not rich), and her baby on her arm. "Now," she said, "minister, I am ready. God bless you for pointing it out."

And they three walked away together. And Rebecca took all these things and hid them in her heart.

Now baby had not occurred as a difficulty to Rebecca, but Mrs. Camp had provided for baby, and was going to leave him on the way with one Mrs. Tryon, widow of a deceased warrant officer, R. N., who lived on the pension, and on the letting of lodgings to dissenting skippers. She was the most terrible tartar in that peaceful waterside district, and was the most difficult to manage. "No one," said the dwellers in Ropewalk Terrace, "could get to the windward of Mrs. Tryon, save Mr. Morley, and a sailor's wife in distress."

Now it so happened, in the everlasting fitness of things, that Mrs. Tryon's first-floor, if Vestried, a Papist, had run his schooner, the *Ninety-eight*, in on the tide opposite her house, and had then inconsiderately gone off, and aimed himself. And that schooner, finding herself deserted by the tide, with no hawsers laid to leward, heeled, fell, in a very heavy way, heeled over and poked her foretopsail-yard through Mrs. Tryon's best parlor-window, to the destruction of property to the tune of a Protestant ship she would not have cared; but a Papist ship—the *Ninety-eight* (she was old enough to remember Hoche), was much. The damage to property was small; but if a staunch dissenting Protestant woman's windows were to be broken by the yard-arm of a Papist ship, why then—So she had laid in wait for Captain Moriarty.

Captain Moriarty kept away like a good sailor and a dextrous Irishman, till he supposed she had started for chapel. But it was no good. As Mr. Morley and Rebecca came up they were hard at it. Both Mr. Moriarty and Mrs. Tryon were sincerely religious in their very various ways; but Mrs. Tryon's religion was the most evil, exercised on him principally on religious grounds, until he was half crazy with anger.

"I have a good mind to feol at Rome tells you to do, is it? To break into widows' houses with your foretopsail-yard, and for a pretense make long hawsers. Oh, yours is a precious religion, yours is!"

"You insult my religion, Mrs. Tryon," said the Irishman, "and I am insulted yours. It was an accident, and I am very sorry."

"*Accident!*" said Mrs. Tryon. "Why, if my poor husband, R. N., could have come home the worse for drink, and had moored his ship as you have moored yours, me and my gal would have gone out in the night, in the darkest night, and have taken the hawsers to larboard ourselves. Bah!"

By this moment our party had arrived, and had heard what had been said. There was no need for any interference on the part of Mr. Morley. Mrs. Camp stepped up to Mrs. Tryon with baby, and said:

"My dear, mind the fire. I want to go to chapel with Mr. Morley, and take Sacrament with my old man. For we are going to the old Cameroons, on the Slave Coast, and we shall never come back no more, I doubt."

Hard-featured Mrs. Tryon flushed up. "Here, Keziah," she said to her maid, "take this baby. I am going to chapel. Moriarty, don't mind my tongue, for you are a good man; mind your larboard hawsers."

And so they all went together. And Rebecca said, as they went, "I think I shall like this place very much indeed."

When they came out from chapel there was a brimming flood-tide under a bright sun, with a fresh, but moderate upward under a good brisk wind from the free happy sea beyond.

"How far is it to the sea, Alfred?" asked Rebecca, in a whisper, for the congregation was still round them.

"Fifty miles."

"We shall sail on it together one day, sha'n't we, with Hetty and Hartop?"

"I hope so, dear," said Morley, quietly; "but much must happen first. I must provide a home."

"Yes. I do not mean that," said Rebecca; "I was only thinking of your sermon. Why did you take such a text on such a happy day as this, and preach only of the cruelty of the sea? Such a wild, strange text—The burden of the desert of the sea."

"I only took it to check your fanciful love for it, Rebecca. A day will come when you will not love it as well as you do now."

And Rebecca said only, "Well, the present is with us, and I am very happy."

"I want to ask you, Rebecca, if you have any objection to my telling what has happened between us two to a few intimate friends?"

"I have none at all, Alfred, if you think it right. I am very proud of it, I assure you."

I, for my part, don't think that there was much necessity for any announcement at all. The whole congregation might run and read, and in fact did so. When they saw their very handsome and eminently marriageable minister with a beautiful young lady on his arm, to whom he talked in whispers, they formed their own conclusions, and generally "overhauled" her (we are in a nautical neighborhood), at their own o'clock dinner, some saying she was too fine for him, but the most of them thinking that she would do very well, but leaned rather more strongly in mind of that poor Mrs. Hartop; they hoped that he might have better luck with his wife than he had had with his daughter, but generally acquiesced in what did not in the least concern them, and wished their good minister well. Two young ladies went home for a week or so, and met one another at various chapels in the neighborhood for a few Sundays, but even they got over it in time. The "minister's wooing" was a pattern thing to all.

But here were the minister and his sweetheart (we will not better word it) on that clear old English one, except that abominable French one, *finacle?*) on the breezy quay, with all the congregation gone except a very few, dreaming and whispering. They were aroused by the emphatic voice of Mrs. Tryon, a woman given to management from her youth upward, who said:

"Where do you take your dinner to-day, minister?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Morley, with a start, "I had not thought about that."

"No one ever believed that you had," said Mrs. Tryon, in the irrepressible. "Come up Captain and Mrs. Camp, making an extraordinary proposal."

And, indeed, there was no one on the wharf but Mrs. Tryon and Mr. and Mrs. Camp, when Mr. Morley turned round to speak to them.

"My dear friends," he said, "I want to tell you something. This young lady has promised to be my wife."

"So I should have supposed," said Mrs. Tryon in the irrepressible. "And a lucky woman, too, if she only knows it. Well, my dear, I wish you much joy and happiness. There's a good fish-tea on the world as sailors, my dear. And he is a sailor, true blue every inch of him! But what's to be done with that ridiculous proposal of Captain and Mrs. Camp?"

Captain Camp stood meekly behind his wife and Rebecca, and, presently, came up to whisper from behind his hand; and Mrs. Camp did the talking.

"Mr. Morley, me and my old man thought that you being a real sailor, and having made no arrangements for dinner, and Mrs. Tryon's winders being—"

"By the yard-arm of a Papist foretop-sail schooner," interposed Mrs. Tryon, with emphasis.

"Quite so, thank you," said Mrs. Camp, turning to Mrs. Tryon gratefully, as if from the bores of hell. "And knowing also that you had exercised with an additional argument which had previously escaped her. "Mrs. Tryon's house being taboo, me and Captain Moriarty, a dear loved friend, I am sure, but incautious; we thought that perhaps—seeing that we're for the Cameroons, and might never come back—that you would turn your dinner aboard. But the young lady. Miss, I humbly wish you every joy; but I doubt it wouldn't suit for you, Miss."

"Please let me go, Alfred. Do let me go," said Rebecca, eagerly. Whereupon Captain Camp came forward, and Rebecca looked at him.

A splendid young sailor, truly, but not of the Hartop type. Very blonde, with a golden beard, cool, deliberate, but wanting vitality; a man who would be a leader, under on a level, but an autocratic man, who kills himself by worrying about his responsibilities, when coarser natures, often more responsible, lose their ships and never seek a good sailor-like shore before the Board that they keep their certificates, when Captain Camp had been a merchant seaman. This young man said to them very quietly:

"If it was possible, Mr. Morley, that you could dine with us, we could give a great pleasure. If this lady is to be a true wife to you, and if you are the same man as ever, she will face rougher weather than this with ease. Our last was to Levant, Miss; and we can give you pretty and delicate things to eat, which you could scarcely get to shop."

"Please let me go, Alfred!"

"My dear, I am not overwhelming you. I should like you to go. Only I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. I am very hungry, and I shall be very hungry to be on its hungry, and so we had better get on board ship as soon as possible.

"You will do, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "Camp, you had better start your boy up to my place for some knives and forks and things. You shall have my place with your back against the mizzen-mast."

"Are you coming?" said Rebecca, as they walked. "I am glad you are coming."

"Are you, my dear? well, that is good hearing, for it is few like me. As for coming, I make it a rule never to dine ashore on Sundays."—But bit the man, he will never be quiet in his grave till he has had my house down!"

This last exclamation was fortuned out of her as they rounded the corner and had come in sight of her own house, and the cause of it was this: the schooner *Ninety-eight* had righted with the rising tide, and, in so righting herself, pulled away the whole of Mrs. Tryon's verandah. In

was really a serious disaster in a small way, and Mrs. Camp dreaded a terrible storm. She took Mrs. Tryon the terrible by the arm, and said:

"Don't be angry with him, dear; he is only an Irishman. Think when we have been together to-day, and don't be angry with him, he is such a good fellow."

"I won't be angry with him, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "But I will have it out of his owners if there is a law in the land."

"And then the Board will stop his certificate," said Mrs. Camp. "Don't'ee say any thing, don'tee. He was so kind to us, when my man got his ship over at Fayal. Don't'ee scold the thing. Minister, ask her not to quarrel with him."

"I will take no steps at all," said Mrs. Tryon, "further than asking him to moor his ship opposite some other widow's house. But how has he managed to do it? My old man used to tell me, when talking of gunnery, that the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection. So I should have supposed that when he had once poked his yard-arm through my window, he could have taken it out again, without smashing half the wall down. I see, this is your Irish seamanship."

Captain Moriarty was straight in their way, and it was unavoidable that there should be an interchange of broadsides. They were all a little nervous, as the frigate Tryon manœuvred beside the frigate Moriarty. Moriarty prepared to fire.

Mrs. Tryon delivered her broadside and passed on, leaving Moriarty in a state of confusion.

"Seas and tidal waters," she said, "are free to all nations in times of peace. And at the same time, Captain Moriarty, the next time it pleases you to knock a Protestant widow's house about her ears, I shall trouble you to remember that it is better seamanship, according to English Protestant lights, to let a ship right as she went over, and not to steer her angle to suit your heaves. Likewise, if you had let go your larboard tacks and sheets, your yard-arm would have come out of my parlor without carrying away the sevandas. Whereas, there they are all taut now to shame you, as taut as any standing rigging. Have you anything, Mrs. Camp's baby's death, or has it escaped?"

No, Mrs. Camp's baby was waiting for them opposite Captain Camp's ship. Keziah had made it ill with Ipecacuanha lozenges, but babies generally are ill, as far as I have ever observed, due to it did not match matter. Not only the baby was here, but the boy, arriving from the baker's, with the cakes on his head, and going across the ladder (for it was now high tide) before them, without apology, feeling himself master of the situation. In less than three minutes Rebecca found herself, with her back to the mizzenmast, in a rather small cabin, eating baked nutmeg and cinnamon cake, and liking it also.

"I like this much," said Rebecca. "And I like the place I eat it in, and I like the people I eat it with."

"So you can make *your* mind easy, Mrs. Camp," struck in Mrs. Tryon. And to Rebecca, "I knew you were one of us, my dear, the first moment I set eyes on you."

"I'll do my best," said Rebecca. "If people will be kind to me, I will do any thing. But I am foolish. If any one is unkind to me, I will sit moping and dull, without any power of action, for days and days."

"That's bad," said Mrs. Tryon; "but it is better than flying out and saying things you never meant, and which you can't recall. If you are sorry for your words, her hard words are nothing. If he does, her words mean more than she thought, and he wants time to forget them, and to find ways do that. And a man's hard words to a woman are worse, because a woman can't ship for a voyage as a man can, and throw himself into a bridegroom. As for me, I only speak of what I have seen in others, for I have had no experience myself."

"You were married a long time, Mrs. Tryon?" said Rebecca.

"Yes, but me and my old man never had words. We both had tempers, and so, knowing that, we kept them. And he was a good husband to me; and the parting was hard. But I got the Sacrament in my mouth, I should not have ill-will: but it was that African squadron killed him, and so I bear ill-will to the Continent that didn't much matter. Our minister has assurance that we shall meet again. And then all doubts will be cleared up, and old love revived, as if it wanted reviving', and we shall go on hand in hand through eternity. Therefore, Miss Tyrer, what does any one mean by parting as one for if it wanted reviving', and we shall go on hand in hand through eternity. Therefore, Miss Tyrer, what does any one mean by parting as one for ever?"

"Then we shall meet our loved ones again?" said Rebecca.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tryon: "unless the Book lies, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' I think that finishes the argument, Miss, if there were any. Piff."

The gentle Mrs. Camp changed the conversation by arriving, after a short absence, with her husband, laden with quaint boxes and quainter bottles, the spoils of the East.

"We sailed in the smart last voyage, Miss," she said, "and we brought these things home, for friends. And if Mr. Morley and his sweet-heart (I know no better word, Miss Turner), are not friends, who are? Here are figs from Syra, better than you can buy, and here are the little grapes, from Xante (you call them currants), which I laid in sugar by my own hand, just before baby was born. You don't take wine, I doubt; but take a little to-day, for our sakes; this is some that my old man bought at St. Lucas, Spanish wine, strong, but very good. You be hospitable, my dear young lady, with a Devonshire woman, and drink a little drop of wine with us."

Rebecca consented most willingly, and indeed the wine was most admirable wine, like port, a wine not got in this country.

"You find this cabin close now," said Mrs. Camp, as soon as the boy, who had waited perfectly, as he waited from good-will, had been sent to his dinner, and baby was established on his throne. "You would feel naked in such a little cabin as this."

"It is the nicest place I have ever been in," said Rebecca. "I suppose it is different in a gale of wind at sea?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Camp. "I have been through it all more than once, since the old man, in this cabin. This ain't our first baby, Miss Turner. Our first was drowned down there, under that locker, bathed you, when I lay drowned, and nigh dead on this very place, with my head cut open."

"Well, we don't want to hear about that," said Mrs. Tryon. "Sailors' wives have their trials, and you have had yours. Similarly I have mine. Similarly we have to answer for our lives here. Why, my boy was eighteen when he sailed for the West Coast, and never came home again. Therefore, what are your troubles to mine?"

"That is very true, Mrs. Tryon," said the humble Mrs. Camp; "and I am wicked to think of my little troubles, in any way. But I think I am sentimental to-day; and that is what a sailor's wife ought not to be. I suppose it is because I went to Sacrament with the old man for the last time."

"What do you mean by the last time?" said Mrs. Tryon, sternly.

"I didn't mean any harm," said Mrs. Camp. "But we are going to the West Coast."

"Better folks than you have been to the West Coast and come back again," said Mrs. Tryon. "Don't cry out about nothing, my dear. The *Cleopatra* has only lost ten hands in eighteen months. Of course, if you, in your lazy, merchant way, choose to meet with a dangerous swamp, you will all die. Veer out a couple of cables, and lie well off shore, out of the land-fog, as her Majesty's ships do, and you will have no harm at all. If you sneak into fever holds you will have fever. Mr. Morley, I am going to church."

Mr. Morley, after having a quiet conversation at the end of the table with Mr. Camp, asked Rebecca if she was inclined to go. She told Mrs. Camp that he was not going to chapel, but had provided for his duty.

"What do you mean by anger with us?" said Captain Camp. "We shall never see you again."

"She and I have much to speak of, as you may understand, Captain Camp," "I only said the words to her this morning."

"You have a prize," said Captain Camp.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Camp. "I have known her, and watched her for long."

"What does Hetty think of her?" said Captain Camp.

"She has never seen her; and Rebecca knows nothing of Hetty. Jack Hartop is the only one of our local connection who has ever seen her."

"But, my dear minister, is this concealment wise?"

"Hagbut hates Hetty so; and he is all-powerful."

"That is true. Well, Miss Rebecca is a trump, at all events. Good-by."

And Mr. Morley and Rebecca crossed the ladder, and stood again on dry shore. The afternoon had become wild and rainy, and the tide was going down; and Mrs. Tryon's ship (a mountebank-ship indeed was (through Mr. Moriarty's careless arrangement of hawsers) rapidly approaching Captain Tryon's house-window. Mrs. Tryon had resigned herself to this fresh desecration of her hearth-stone, and gone to chapel. The Camps had gone to their own little dwelling among the ships. But our two set their heads westward, knowing that their end for the present was Widow Hagbut's.

"Could you get on with such people as those, Rebecca?" said he. "If I was long away, could you live with them?"

"I could live and die with them," said Rebecca. "Those people are alive, ours are dead. In the sea sense as they tell us, dear?"

"The sea is very cruel. The world is cruel, also. Come, you have seen that."

"I shall have seen more."

"Yes."

"I wish I could wait for you there. Mrs. Tryon is better than Miss Soper; and I do so dearly like those Camps."

"You will hardly see much of them," said Mr. Morley; "they are bound on a long voyage."

Ay, indeed, they were. An old, old story, read in the papers every day; but a wearisome one to tell, from sheer monotony. The Camps sailed away on ebb-tide, a week after this, with their baby, and their apprentice, and five hands all told; and they sailed westward, and passed the east wind of late March; and they sailed away into the golden west of early spring, and nothing more ever heard of them, or of their ship, or this. Nothing will ever be heard of them until the sea gives up her dead. They had taken the Sacrament together for the last time on earth.

To Rebecca they had been like a bright gleam of sunshine, on the happiest, most April-like day of her whole life. In the time soon to come, when she was all alone, watching a dying life, behind windows which quivered and rattled in the furious blast, she would hear the cry of sailors mooring their ship. And she, in that vague, foolish superstition, of which those who have watched long by the beds of the dying can tell you, would slip down silently, saying "That is Camp's ship, or Tryon's ship, or Camp's ship, and it never will be; for Camp's ship, wife, baby, boy, and all her crew, are at the bottom of the blue, wandering sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOME AGAIN.

REBECCA got home soon after afternoon chapel, and Mr. Morley left her at the door. She was very quiet and cool over what had happened, not seeing any great reason why she should be otherwise. Mr. Morley had bidden her tell her father at once, and she went up stairs to do so very quietly.

He was sitting alone, with the little dog on his knee, reading the "Pilgrim's Progress." His mind was perfectly quiet and unclouded this day, and he lengthened up when he saw his handsome daughter before him. The little dog wriggled and scolded in his lap to get at her, and Mr. Turner put her down and smiled when she ran to Rebecca.

"My dear father, I hope you have not been dull?"

"No, Rebecca. I have been very happy. I was at the Communion with you in spirit; and I was glad to think that you were in pleasant, goodly company. Come and tell me where you have been."

"Please, pa," said Rebecca, kneeling at his feet, "I want to tell you something very particular indeed. Mr. Morley has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would, if you would not. And you will let me, won't you?"

"I am very glad of this," said Mr. Turner; "this is the only wish I had in this world, I think. I am very glad, my dear; God bless you. Try to be worthy of him."

"I will, father, indeed."

"I dislike him very much, very deep," said Mr. Turner, as soon as Rebecca was seated. "You will have about £120 a year—he will never have any thing to speak of. He is not a driving man, to any except the poor. But I don't see why you should not be happy. I'll tie your money up, and you shall have it when you marry. Four thousand pounds is all I can guarantee you. There may be a little more; but I can't tell. Hagbut has been honest."

"I was not thinking of money, father," said Rebecca.

"It would be extreme indecent if you were," said Mr. Turner; "but I was. I have secured you from extreme poverty, and Hagbut is hard and near; and I gave my word to certain things with regard to Cary, or we should have had her on our hands within a day; and my word is as good as my bond. Beyond this four thousand pounds I can only give you Hobson Day ecrip, which may fall into something or nothing, for which has escaped that man's barrel-eyes. You won't starve, Rebecca."

"Pa, don't talk about money to-day."

"Well, I won't. Get me my tea."

Before she did that, and made him comfortable before the fire, Rebecca said, "And, dear father, I have told all good things to yourself, give me the little dog," said Mab, a black peaked nose and hair, was handed over to him by Rebecca.

Mab had a great idea of Mr. Turner, considering him in the light of an idol or fetich, requiring propitiation, veneration and flattery. So she scuffed over his waistcoat, licked his face, was only deterred from her culture of him when he gave her a little slap, after which she was quiet. Rebecca thought that she had seen the same sort of thing before in other people; and indeed one may see the same in certain churches also.

"Pa," she said, when Mab was quiet, "tell me all about Mr. Morley's sermon."

"I don't know much about it. Is he going to join it?"

"Lor, no! He would die sooner. Only I wanted to know."

"Well, the Establishment is the gentleman's church. He belongs to the Establishment. You listen to me, girl, and never you mind the Established Church."

"I was only talking to amuse you, Sir; and I will trouble you to remember that I have taken brevet rank, that I am engaged to Mr. Morley. So no airs."

They were but silly words, but they were said so prettily that Turner himself laughed for a moment. "Well, I am glad," he said, "you are happy to-day, and indeed, old Rebecca, I am happy in your happiness. I assure you that I am; but I am in trouble after trouble. Are you coming to him at once, for I am sore bested, and I want you at home?"

"My dear father, he has asked me to wait a very long time, and I have told him that I could not leave you, and that *he* must wait a very long time."

"That is good," said Mr. Turner, "that is very good. Hagbut, practically to me, for my will is unclouded to-night, and it may be clouded again to-morrow; for I have had a hard life of it, child. I have undergone a day's holidays with your mother—well, never mind her, poor dear, you have made it square between us—and my head goes at times, and my gait is uncertain. The second cake was that of a man who used a compound of white-lead and galipot, for the purpose of glazing the straw-hats that are imported from Florence. He also possesses the blue line along the gums, which is the absolute sign of some process of poisoning is due to the use of the antidote with the poison. The materials used by the former of these two patients have been placed in our hands by Dr. Oppert, and they consist of arsenite of copper (the employment of which is stated to be followed by bleeding from the nose) and oxide of lead. Here, at any rate, are two undoubted instances of metallic poisoning in the case of men employed in the glazing of coarse straw-hats. It is, of course, impossible to say how much mischief of a similar kind escapes detection. We have shown enough, however, to feel that some protection should be afforded to workmen engaged upon the use of dangerous colorants in manufactures.

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE-BITES.

In the last volume of "Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria," published at Melbourne, there will be an account of Dr. Halford's interesting researches into the nature of the change produced in the blood by the poison of snake-bites. The blood examined with the microscope, satisfied himself that there was a change, and described it, and has since had an opportunity of testing his theory and the antidote. A man working on a railway was bitten by a snake; ere long drowsiness came on; medical assistance was procured, but by the time it arrived the man was comatose, and his lower extremities were paralyzed. Dr. Halford was then summoned, and decided to make an incision in a vein, inserted the point of a syringe, injected ammonia diluted with water; and the effect produced is described as "instantaneous and immediate." The man became conscious, steadily recovered, and became quite well. Dr. Halford did not publish the case in the medical journals, as he thought it would be useless to attempt to convince professional men that *ammonia injected into a vein is the remedy for a bite.*

THAT THE DANGER OF BEING MADE BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.

THAT the dangers to which enamelers of cards and other articles are exposed are not imaginary, says the *Lancet*, is proved in the instance of two cases quite recently brought under the notice of the Medical Society of London by Dr. Oppert. One case was that of a young lady, who had been in the trade for twenty-six years, and exhibits at the present time decided and severe symptoms of lead-poisoning. She has the unmistakable blue line along the gums, and, in addition, loss of sensibility and mobility of the left arm and hand, and a slight gait is retained. The second case was that of a man who used a compound of white-lead and galipot, for the purpose of glazing the straw-hats that are imported from Florence. He also possesses the blue line along the gums; and the absence of any severe symptoms of poisoning is due to the use of the antidote with the poison. The materials used by the former of these two patients have been placed in our hands by Dr. Oppert, and they consist of arsenite of copper (the employment of which is stated to be followed by bleeding from the nose) and oxide of lead. Here, at any rate, are two undoubted instances of metallic poisoning in the case of men employed in the glazing of coarse straw-hats. It is, of course, impossible to say how much mischief of a similar kind escapes detection. We have shown enough, however, to feel that some protection should be afforded to workmen engaged upon the use of dangerous colorants in manufactures.

"You mean papers which would involve Lord Ducentry?"

"Yes, and I am acting illegally in withholding them."

"Then why do you withhold them?" asked Rebecca. "Be sure it is best to follow the law."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Turner; "I have seen too much of law. These papers, if produced, would put Lord Ducentry's property into the bankruptcy."

"But the creditors," said Rebecca, aghast; "the poor souls who have invested their money —have you no pity for them?"

"They would take any advantage of the Company, and they must take their chance."

"But, pa, wrong can't make right. I am sorry for Lord Ducentry, but for Heaven's sake restore these papers."

"I can't," said Mr. Turner.

"Nonsense. Why not?" asked Rebecca.

"Because I have *burned* them," said Mr. Turner. "Now as you have your father's character, and in consequence your own independence, I wish to point out another little matter, more in your way of business."

Rebecca, sitting pale and calm, was dumb from that moment and forever about her father's felony. But their relations from this moment were altered, never to be placed on their former footing.

She never showed this fact to him, but he knew it, and acted on it. He was deferential to her after this. Sometimes he was insolent to her, but very seldom, and for a very short time: he was generally easy and almost jocular with her, but from this moment she was in a way mistress of the situation.

She had now entered into a community of guilt with her father. That her father's motives were of the most distant color was nothing, but still her father might be a convict to-morrow.

What was the effect of this community of guilty of Lord Ducentry from? A stronger one to ordinary eyes. A love which had never existed before. If pity, combined with admiration and love for an unfortunate, does not produce love, what does? Again, if admiration and trust do not produce love, what again does? These two hearts were further nearer.

But I must return to the original conversation. Rebecca said, "But these documents will be demanded of you, sir?"

"No, they won't, my dear. I have too many forgeries, both of my own name and Ducentry's, by Sir Gorhambury and Captain Gorhambury, for them ever to ask for them. Our danger does not lie in that."

"Where does it lie then, father?" said Rebecca.

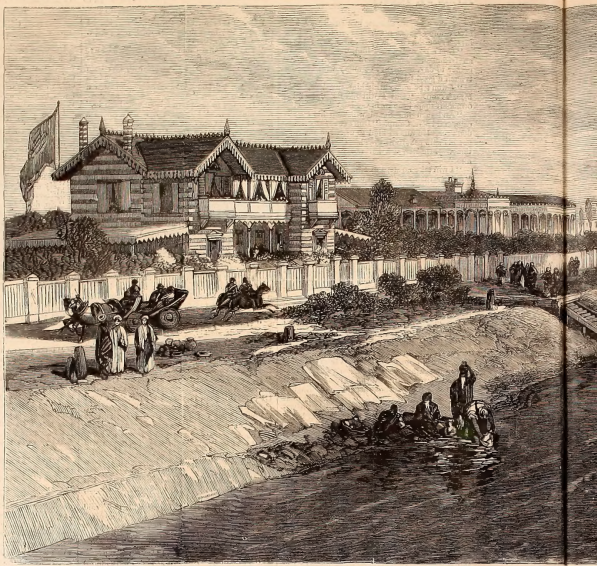
"In this," said Mr. Turner; "they will try to get into the house, and murder me to get at their own forgeries. So don't leave me, girl, and let the Lord help you with me."

And so he went to bed. And Rebecca spent the first evening of her engagement in brooding over the fire, alone and terrified.

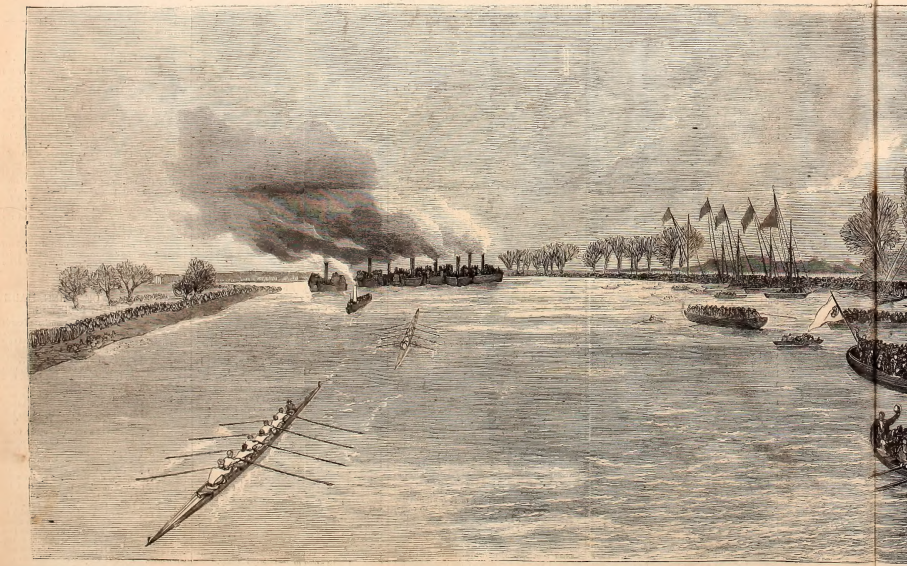
THE SUEZ CANAL.

Since our last notice of this great undertaking we have been informed by telegraph that a most important step in its progress toward completion was taken on March 18. The sluices of the dam erected between Toussoum and the Serapeum cutting, above fifty miles from Port Said, or more than half-way along the line of the canal, to keep out the waters of the Mediterranean, were on that day opened, with some public ceremony, in the presence of the Viceroy of Egypt, and the inland basins of the Bitter Lakes, extending twenty-four miles further toward Suez, are now being slowly filled by the admission of the sea from the north. When the Chaloof cutting is finished, between the southeastern extremity of the lesser lake and Suez, another dam will be removed, and the waters of the Red Sea will flow in, to mix with the Mediterranean.

The Fresh-Water Canal is really a tributary to the main canal between the two oceans. It runs from Zagazig to Lake Timsah. We give a view of the Fresh-Water Canal at Ismailia, with the houses of the Egyptian Governor, of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, manager and president of the Suez Canal Company, and of M. Voisin, or Voisin Bey, the engineer-in-chief, agreeably situated on its bank. The chalet of M. de Lesseps is to the left hand; the next house, with Oriental arches, is that of his chief-engineer; and the Governor of Ismailia resides in the mansion beyond. These dwellings have a pleasant look-out over Lake Timsah. The new town of Ismailia, wholly created since 1862, has now more than 6000 inhabitants, of whom a third are Europeans. Two hotels, a theatre where vaudevilles are performed with spirit, a pretty Roman Catholic chapel, a mosque for Arab workmen, a hospital and a telegraph-office, a long and well-built street with numerous well-stocked shops, a large square, and a public garden planned by French taste and cultivated with French assiduity, a fountain supplied with Nile water—these are the features which attract the attention of the stranger as he wanders through the town. The rapid increase of vegetation since the fresh water was brought to Ismailia has been attended with a great improvement in the climate. At the present time Ismailia, during eight months of the year, is probably the healthiest spot in Northern Egypt. The heat of its summer is intense and almost intolerable; thermometrical observations taken during 1867 and 1868 show that the mean temperature of the four months, beginning with June and ending with September, was 94° Fahrenheit, and that 120° in the shade was not an uncommon record, while the minimum of night was 75°. The mean temperature of the succeeding four months was 74°; and the winter, if so it can be called, proved that the lowest range of the thermometer was 45°. Until two years ago rain was unknown; but in the twelvemonth ending April, 1868, there were actually fourteen days on which rain fell, and no later than three weeks ago fell a tremendous shower of rain, a phenomenon which the oldest Arab had never previously witnessed. "The scenery about Ismailia," says a recent observer, "is monotonous, but it can scarcely be regarded as uninteresting. Cloudless skies of the richest blue are contrasted with the vast expanse of yellow sand which stretches away into a hazy distance. The dark waters of the lake sparkle and flash unceasingly, for there is always a fresh breeze to temper the extreme sultriness. The desert is susceptible of many shades and transitions of color, sometimes so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, often so sudden and mysterious that it is hard to understand by what subtle atmospheric changes such strange effects have been produced. At Ismailia the stranger can fully realize the balm and beauty of the Egyptian night; and, sitting on the balcony of the Hôtel des Voyageurs, which commands the view of Lake Timsah, he may watch the moon rising slowly in a silver dawn while the rosy tints of the sunset are still lingering in the west. About three miles to the south, on the line taken by the canal, twinkling lights mark the positions of the dredges, and in less than a year to come the graceful outlines of the largest and swiftest steamers will give additional animation to a picture which even now possesses a peculiar charm."



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL—ISMAIL



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES BOAT-RACE—VIEW

ALAISMAILIA AND THE FRESH-WATER CANAL.

The construction of the Fresh-Water Canal forms an interesting chapter in the history of the undertaking. The Nile water, to which Ismailia owes its pleasant gardens, is taken from a branch of the river that flows by Zagazig, the ancient Bubastis, and is brought, partly along the line of the ancient canal of the Pharaohs, to the shores of Lake Timsah. The level of the lake is considerably lower, and, consequently, it was necessary to construct two locks in order to facilitate the passage of boats and barges. But the Fresh-Water Canal answers other purposes no less important than the means of transport it affords for machinery and provisions. One of the great difficulties which had to be encountered and overcome was the supply of fresh water to the laborers on the line of works, and to the operatives engaged in the several immense *chantiers* or workshops between Ismailia and Port Said.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

We illustrate this week the twenty-sixth rowing-match on the Thames between the two University crews of Oxford and Cambridge, which took place on March 17, and resulted once more in the victory of the Oxford boat—for the ninth time in as many successive years. There were seven men in each crew, including stroke and coxswain.

The toss for choice of sides was won by the Oxford boat, which therefore took the Middlesex side of the river. A few minutes before four o'clock both the crews embarked at Putney: the Oxford boat having been kept in the boat-house of the London Rowing Club, and the Cambridge boat in that of the Leander Club. The tide was a neap-tide, and three-quarters up; the towing-path on the Surrey side was crowded with people; thirteen large steamboats and eight steam-tugs, with several private yachts, and hundreds of row-boats and wherries, lay close to the Aqueduct; among these were the steamer *Lotus*, the umpire's boat, with the Viceroy of Egypt's son on board her; the steamer *London Pride*, engaged by the London Rowing Club, on board of which was Prince Arthur; and Mr. Blyth's private screw-steamer *Ariel*, from which Mr. Morrison had "coached" the Cambridge crew during their practice at Putney. The race was run in 20 minutes, 22 seconds.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

In the Central Department of Cuba the Spaniards have been gaining ground against the insurgents. They have not only recovered a great deal of territory, but have re-established telegraphic communication with Villa Clara, Cienfuegos, and other points. The success of the Spaniards here has been so complete that we may credit their announcement that in this department the insurrection has been virtually put down.

From present signs New York would appear to be the real head-quarters of the Cuban patriots. Those who have emigrated from Cuba during the late troubles have, most of them, come to this city; and here they carry out operations for the assistance of their friends at home. We give, in this connection, on page 269, an illustration of one of the Cuban drill-rooms in this city.

This emigration to New York has so far disturbed the Government authorities of Cuba that they have caused a rumor to be circulated that this city is infested with the small-pox.

A remarkable feature of this Cuban civil war has been the cruelty of the Spaniards toward the Cubans. We give, on page 269, a portrait of General Augusto Arango, who was in last January murdered and cut in pieces by the Spaniards. He was not a prisoner. He came into the Spanish lines under the sacred protection of a flag of truce. This inhuman outrage was perpetrated by order of the Spanish General Mena. He caused the mutilated body of General Arango to be paraded through the streets of Puerto Principe.

E—VIEW OF THE RACE FROM BARNES RAILWAY-BRIDGE.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

Or roses sweet that scent the air,
The sweetest is, with leaves half shed,
The tea rose, sweet its fragrance rare,
And petals faintly tinged with red.

At early dawn it bloomed as white
And spotless as the virgin snow,
And glittered like the rays of light
That on the moonlit fountain flowers glow.

A butterfly came quick to woo,
And hovered o'er it in unwonted wise;
The ravished blossom blushed, and gave
The color of its lover's lip.

So richly hued, so subtly made,
The sweet rose flower that grows at springs
Seems strangely vain, and nigh to fade,
Like leaves that pallid Autumn brings.

But, lady, when the gathered rose
Beside thy damask cheek is placed,
Its tones their former lustre lose,
And all its beauty seems effaced.

And every rose that Spring has given
In floral robes the earth to dress,
In vain, with envious hope, has striven
To match thy passing loveliness.

ON THE VERGE OF THE TOWER.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

IN one of the Swiss cantons there stands a solitary, celebrated, crumbling old Tower. It stands on the brink of a crag which rises sharply from the bosom of a sunny and smiling valley. The valley itself is walled around with Alpine ramparts so huge that the crag on which the Tower stands hardly seems more than a mere speck on the broad plain of sun-lighted turf from which it springs. But, if, on a warm day, you climb from the vale to the summit of the rock on which the Tower is perched—and you can only climb from one side—you will find it hot and weary work, and you will begin to think, long before you have mounted half-way up, that the Tower must be retreating even as you advance. The view, when you have at last reached the level of the Tower—still more when you stand on the grass-grown roof of the old structure—is one worth the seeing and striving for. Beneath your feet lies the river—now only a stream just rushing down from its icy cradle among the glaciers, but which presently casts its clear wave into deeper pools and fuller lake, and onward till it flows under the bridges of huge commercial cities, and is lost in the sea at last. Below you, too, lie fields and flat meadows and the cows with the bells tinkling at their necks. Around you, on every side, are the vast mountains; the nearer ranges not so high as those more distant, whose snowy shoulders, glittering now in the height of the day, may be invisible to-morrow when the clouds gather. That way, over yonder double or triple wall of mountain, lies Italy. A little that other way, and you might see the fringe of the skirts of France. The everlasting snow of the great peaks lends a perpetual coolness and sweetly to the scene; even when the clouds and mists hide these melancholy and majestic giants from your sight you still feel and acknowledge their influence—as the peasant at the foot of the mountain may be made reverential by the mysterious, magic presence of the great Alps, though buried for within in its womb.

The Tower was the monument and ornament and pride of the village, and indeed of the whole canton. It had a history; one or two of its old rooms were filled with historical memorials and trophies—with weapons that had struck a stout blow against Charles the Bold, and breastpieces that had been battered by the swords of the Dukes of Savoy. So the local authorities always confided the care of the Tower to a trusty person, who had certain modest emoluments for keeping it in order—(keeping a ruin in order may seem a little paradoxical, but really ruins require a great deal of attention)—looking after the historical treasures it contained, and showing the whole to visitors.

The place had lately been a gray, gruff, honest old man. Now—I mean at the time of this story, twenty years ago—it was a young and pretty woman. The reason of the change was simple and sad. Old Martin Aldinger had had the office and died—as a young man. He and his wife Louise had kept the Tower and looked faithfully after its credit as a monument and a ruin. They had but one child, a daughter, Louise. Some years after the wife died, and was buried in the little grave-yard below in the valley—her grave could be seen by her daughter from the spot where the Tower stands. Then the daughter, a growing girl, helped her father in the gardening; and the daughter, when she was in the humor, helped her so far as he could. A few years went on and Martin, too, died, and was buried with his wife. Then arose the question what to do with Louise, the daughter, and to whom to intrust the guardianship of the old Tower. That was the one question settled the other. The authorities, without troubling themselves about the relative capacities of men and women, wisely decided on continuing Louise herself in the office her father had held; and there, for the bright, cheerful, shapely, unmarried young woman became, at twenty years of age, the responsible guardian of the Tower.

The old building had only two small rooms which were fit to sleep in. Louise now occupies one; her brother, sixteen years old, the other. They take their meals in summer very often in the open air—perhaps on the roof, perhaps on the plateau on the accessible side of the Tower—in winter wherever they could, having due regard to cold on the one hand and smoke on the other. Winter and summer they lived in the Tower—of course the permission to live there was one of the privileges and pejuisites of the office.

It was very sad living there for a while after the death of poor Martin. Louise felt the loneliness very much; and so did Pierre, the boy, only he showed his sense of the discomfort by going down to the village as often as he had the slightest pretext for doing so, and staying there when he had no pretext at all for staying—as this did not tend to make things brighter for his sister. He was very fond of her, too; but he had not much notion of denying himself any thing to her account, or doing any thing disagreeable to himself because it might possibly be convenient for her. He would grumble at Louise, when things—and grumbled all the while—if they were pointed out to him; but they did not occur to him, and the result was that she was often left lonely in the Tower. In Switzerland every where they work their women a good deal, and expect them to have and to exercise peculiar likings or dislikings where work is concerned.

It was therefore a great relief and joy to poor Louise when, after a while, she had a lover. It was all the greater joy to find a worthy lover, because she had been very near to accepting one who was unworthy. There was a time, and during the life of her father, when pretty Louise was very near having to wait long for husbands; darkhaired, swarthy young man, who came from Lugano, named Luigi or Louis Dolfo, and who had settled, or rather sojourned, in the village hotel. His flashing eyes and his bold grace rather imposed upon her at first; but there was something mysterious and equivocal and fraudulent about him; and there were many tales afloat of his disputation and general bad conduct having caused him to be driven from Lugano's canton, much eagerly and peremptorily passing him on to its neighbor. So Louise grew cooler as he grew warmer; and at last she quite left off altogether, and would have nothing more to say to him. In her utterly unprotected position—for the presence of her brother was of no account as any protection at all—and with the grave responsibility of the Tower on her mind, she had to be very particular about her acquaintances and associations; and she could not have this idle, tainted never-do-well hanging about her any longer.

It was a pity this man ever saw her, for, in truth, his love for her became very fierce and passionate, and although she was not at all sorry to whom love, however cordially returned, could have redressed, yet he certainly went down the hill much more pleased with the love than he had been when going before. More than that, he was carrying her brother along with him, for young Pierre was quite ready to take the new sullen scapegrace, and they would hang about together for hours, night and day, when Pierre could get the chance of escaping.

But Louise now had a lover, a true lover; such as her father and mother, were they living, would have approved of. He was a handsome, tall, fine, manly young fellow, who in one respect, and in a small way, resembled Justice Shallow—for he had land and leases. He was a splendid rifle-shot, and always distinguished himself at the annual shooting festival of the canton—although it must be said that in the last ten of recent competitions has a little taken the gilding off the splendor of the fame traditionally enjoyed as an marksman by the cousins of William Tell. However that may be, Nicolas Morlot was a good shot and a substantial man; a man who had something of his own, which is decidedly very good taste, or he would not have fallen in love with pretty Louise Aldinger. He was much better off than she in a worldly point of view, and he might, if he liked, have confidently looked higher. But he had evidently made up his mind that is to say—he could hardly have looked for a bride on a much loftier eyrie, unless he were to seek one among the haunts of the Witch of the Alps.

But he fell in love with her; in manly, earnest way he fell in love with her. He made her, he frank, sweet, womanly ways, her thrilling voice —when the voice of a true mountaineer is sweet at all, and not hoarse, it is sweet—his nobly thrilling—her fine figure, and her pretty face. Life brightened unspeakably for both of them when they found themselves one day with no more nothing to stand between them and their wishes; they agreed to be married very soon, and even fixed the day for their wedding.

From that moment a sudden change came over Louis Dolfo. He had hitherto been a sort of lodger-guest of the village people—a welcome, a voluntary outlive. He almost literally exiled himself from the companionship of the village; he came into the wine-house, and drank freely and to a great deal; but he drank silently and fiercely, and then he went out among the mountains, and prowled about and hid there like a wolf. Apparently he could have endured even his rejection by Louise, but he could not endure that she should marry any body else. He refused now even the company of Pierre, the lad who had been to be his cousin-in-law. People warned Nicolas Morlot against him, because he used to hang suspiciously about the roads and mountain passes through which he had to pass in the habit of going; and a vague kind of whisper went about that Dolfo was bent on some mischief.

One day Morlot met Dolfo openly and suddenly against his supposed enemy on the outskirts of the village. Nicolas held out his hand frankly and said:

"Come, Dolfo, let us not be enemies. I have done you no harm, and I bear you no grudge. They tell me here that you are angry with me, but I don't see why that should be. A girl must choose between two lovers. My fortune! But it might have been yours, and I should only have submitted and not blamed you. Let us embrace!"

"No!" growled Dolfo, savagely. "I hate you, and her too."

The successful lover shook his head, half in remonstrance, half in pity, and went on.

That night as he was returning home a shot was fired at him, which missed its mark. He made no talk about it, but afterward took good care not to be out without the company of his good dog and his good rifle. The story of the shot, however, got wind; and though nobody had been found to fix it on, every one suspected him; and the local authorities intimated to him that he had better promptly choose some other means for the settlement of his love affairs. He hint and disappeared, and the village breathed more freely when it was rid of his tainted and dangerous presence. Only poor Louise, who had been in intense fear for her lover's safety, became joyous and bright again when the danger was removed.

So the days wore on until the time for the marriage of our happy lovers was very near indeed. One evening Pierre Aldinger was crossing a ravine which lay between the Tower and the town, when a figure suddenly started up from bushes and rocks, and stood before him in an attitude of something like supplication. It was Dolfo.

"You ought not to have come back," said Pierre, shaking his head with immense gravity. "If you are seen here you will be marched off to the prison-house."

"You won't denounce me, Pierre, will you? We were always friends, and I like you."

"No, I won't denounce you. That goes without saying. But we all thought you were in France, or Switzerland. They don't like you here; and, look you, *I* have reformed!"

Pierre evidently wanted to make it apparent from the first that he had done with low company.

"I am going into France; but I want to talk to you, Pierre, much. I have something very particular to say."

"I can't be said now," declared Pierre, "unless it can be said in a breath. I must go home; my sister is waiting for me up yonder."

"No; I don't want to keep you now. But to-morrow morning, at the dawn, will you meet me just here?"

Pierre shook his head very doubtfully.

"If I am going to join you the silver-mounted pistol, Pierre, boy—as a parting gift, you know—if you come here to-morrow."

Now Pierre, though acknowledged a passionate affection for the silver-mounted pistol, which was in his eyes the most magnificent of weapons in all treasuries, and for the silver-mounted rifle that often asked Dolfo for it in the days of their close friendship, still Dolfo had so frankly declined to make the gift. It did not strike our young friend as suspicious that Dolfo should now, in his ruined fortunes, be willing to part with these things even as a natural and proper tribute of affection from a being now inferior, and he pledged himself to be on the appointed spot at the appointed hour at the first light of dawn, and to wait there for the coming of his disreputable friend. Very disreputable he was now, indeed, dressed with his gaunt and haggard face, his tremulous, bony, and grimy fingers, his hollow eyes lighted with a sinister unwonted fire.

When Pierre reached the Tower he took good care not to breathe a word to his sister of the encounter he had had with Dolfo. He had a dim kind of idea that she would disapprove of the interview arranged for next morning, and he had a vague intention to make a present to her afterward—a little better developed might have recognized as a pang of conscience, or honor, or something of the kind—for concealing it as to whether he had grasping at a gift of the very weapon which had probably fired on his sister's lover, and from the very hand of the man who could be considered her highly honorable or manly. He sent conscience to sleep, and went to sleep himself soon after. He awoke at the dawn, stole out of the Tower, leaving the outer gate unlocked behind him, and hurried down to the rendezvous.

When he reached the place there was no one there. But his friend was never a very punctual personage, and Pierre, he would have supposed, a good long time for the love of the silver-mounted pistol.

Meanwhile the summer morning dawned gracefully and gloriously over the valley. It had shone in hitrous rose, pink, and violet on the mountain ranges, and now was creeping down through the mists along their sides. Light was falling now on the old Tower, and its one lonely tenant was preparing. She was in the habit of rising very early, of course, as all people in such regions are; but a summer dawn is very, very early in the day. It is now that she looked from the roof of the Tower across the valley, she looked upon a scene almost as lonely as it was grand. She was used to it, and heard her brother out—the sound of his movements roused her; and she had always a certain doubt and fear of the goings on of that reckless youth. There was a stealthiness about his tread and his motions now which made her suspicious; and though she did not wish him to suppose that she was watching him. Therefore she did not close the gate of the Tower when he had left open. Let him come in when he would.

She hesitired herself about the Tower. She went on the roof and looked over that exquisite scene, the beauty of which no familiarity could efface or diminish. She thought of the somewhat sad life which lay behind her—of the happy life which her heart told her lay before; of her lover, and how good he was, and how she loved him, and how her father and mother would have loved him if they had been living, and how she would have his influence and his example would make her brother a worthy lad. Of the unfortunate wretch who once paid court to her I am afraid she never thought at all. Even tenderhearted women are sometimes pitiless as regards their discarded lovers. He was gone, and there was an end of him.

She was coming down the Tower stairs when she heard a hurried step on the threshold. The Tower, as I have said, was accessible only on one side, that side where the height on which it stood sloped gradually and rapidly down to the valley and was ascended by a broad path. On the opposite side the crag rose sheer from the valley, and the Tower stood on its edge. From over the mouldering battlement there you might throw a pebble down to the plain.

Louise turned pale and trembled when she heard the hurried step. Her mind was always perturbed by the dread that her brother was getting, or had got, into some scrape. Now she jumped at once to the conclusion that he had done something wrong, and was flying for shelter from pursuit. This became almost a certainty when she knew by the sounds that he was looking the door behind him.

"Oh, Pierre!" she cried, "what have you been doing? what has happened?" and she ran down the steps, and into the room below, and almost into the arms—not of her brother, but of Louis Dolfo.

She gave a great cry on seeing him. Indeed his look was enough to startle strong nerves, such as hers were. He was gaunt as a spectre, fierce as a tiger, and wild; his eyes were bloodshot; his lips were passionately compressed, and yet quivering; he was covered with dust and dirt, and the brambles and straws of the fields and paths were sticking uncouthly every where about his clothes, his beard, and his hair. If the old superstition about the witch-evil were true, this might have been taken for the possessed man just as the dawn of morning he surrendered the nightly wolfishness for his human form, and much of the aspect of the former still clung about the latter.

He gave a sort of harsh laugh, not unlike the wolf's bark, when he saw her terror.

"You thought I was gone forever," he said—"gone down into the valley, riding with your friends hunted me as far as you could. But I've come back, you see! Why don't you welcome an old friend?"

"I would welcome you, Louis," the girl said, firmly enough, "if I were glad to see you. But I am not glad to see you here, and you have no right to be here. I never wished you any harm, and I am sorry for you to see that I and my friends hunted you from the place. For shame! —when you know that though you fired at *him* you did not care to mention his name, and the quick flash in Dolfo's eye showed how little he needed greater explaintness) "like a coward from behind the trees as he was too generous to do any thing to find you out or punish you. You have no reason to hate him or me."

He laughed fierce, evil, wolfish laugh again.

"Now you must go, Louis; you have no right to come here, and you must go."

"Do you drive me?" he said, "that I have come here, then, to gather prunes, or to see the sun rise? You are alone—that I know. I have got your key in the door way. I have locked the door, and I have the key. You are in my power once for all, and I am as nearly mad as the devil. Your friends could not get to me, Now perhaps you begin to guess why I have come here."

"You would not murder me, Louis? I was always kind to you." The poor girl turned very pale and weak. Ordinarily she had good nerves and enough of courage. She would have walked or run without the faintest sensation of fear along perilous ledges or would make an ordinary woman almost sick to look at. But she had been sprung lightly over a mountain cleft hundreds of feet deep with a fervent confessing her lover. But now she was suddenly plunged into a danger of a kind she had never known or thought of before. Here was one she knew had driven to been a companion, a friend, or a protector, and now she was alone and absolutely in the power of a savage, and a desperate man. Her bloodless come to kill her—and life was now so very, very sweet to her!

"I don't want to kill you," he replied; "but one thing I have resolved on—you shall never marry *him*. I have come here for that. Listen to me, Louise. If you want to save your life, go down upon your knees there and swear by the Holy Virgin that you will never marry him—never, never! I am the fiercest lover—there is one among the mountains that belonged to your mother!—I will believe you and go away, and you shall never see or hear of me more. I never make any attempt to harm *him*. But if you don't, I'll kill you, Louise, and then myself. I don't care how I die. What good is life to me? I am a ruined wretch whom every body hates, and I hate myself. But never with my own—unless you promise that you will never marry him."

Long before he had come to this point he had seized both her wrists, and held them in his terribly strong grasp. Your Alpine girl is no delicate, fragile *beauty bella*, with dainty, fearful wrists; but Louise might almost as well have been a Broadway *belle* for all the effectual resistance she could make while in the grasp of this man. She had been glancing anxiously in the direction of the room where the old weapons were kept—for she was always ready to use dagger or sword, if needs were, to protect herself—and Dolfo saw the glance and read it, and so seized her arms and held her.

"Useless, useless, girl!" he exclaimed; "you can not save yourself. Nothing on earth could save you now from your unless you promise."

"I will never promise!" she cried; "never! Kill me, if you will, or if you can; but I will never make that promise!"

He gave a fierce yell. She endeavored to break away from him, but he pushed her backward

waist and lifted her off her feet. Now he held her in his arms, clutched up to his breast, and he made for the winding stairs of stone which led to the battlements.

While they had been arguing and struggling she observed that he appeared to have no weapon, and she drew some hope and courage from the fact. Now her heart sank and sickened; she knew he was carrying her to the roof to fling her down.

She struggled vehemently and passionately. As Dolfo staggered with her up the narrow stairs she succeeded once in setting her feet firmly against the wall, and she thus endeavored to stay his progress. But he had all the coolness of desperate resolve, and he calmly stopped, removed her feet, gently, indeed, but resistlessly, and then changed his mode of carrying her so that she could no longer obstruct him in the way. This struggle took place near one of the windows which lighted the staircase, and the strong, fresh breath of the morning, redolent of flowers and of honey, came rushing on Louise's face, and made evening her wish for the love of life and increased longing to live. As they struggled upward she sent wild shrieks after shrieks through the smiling air.

Another window; another flash of early sunlight and breath of dew-moistened grass and morning flowers; another passionate, despairing cry from the poor girl, whose strength was all giving way.

Now they are on the roof, all the glorious light of morning radiant around them—around her agonized, and fainting and disheveled; around him fierce, desperate, demoniacal. The whole scene swam before the girl's eyes: the mountain peaks that were so dear to her, the sunny vale that she might see no more—the village, which might, perhaps, her lover would be trending, full of gladness and love, to find her dead.

"Oh, Lord, Dolfo!" she exclaimed, "have mercy on me! Don't kill me!"

He stood for a moment, as if to take breath and recover his strength. Then, with the girl still in his arms, he mounted lightly on to the top of one of the broken battlements. There he stood, firm as a statue, calm as a man about on duty, and he held Louise deliberately forward in his arms. One single spring nay, one step, and he and she would indeed sheer down from the roof of the Tower to the bottom of the crag on which it stood!

He seemed to exult in the position and the attitude. She did not struggle now. She did not dare to move limb or muscle. She kept her senses as well as she could, for she had still a kind of hope that Dolfo was but trying her, and she thought perhaps there was yet a chance of touching his heart.

In a moment he leaped back to the roof of the Tower from the battlement, and he continued to stand there on her feet, he still holding her wrists.

"Now, Louise," he said grimly, "you see what chance of escape you have from me. You must go on your knees there and swear never to marry him, or I take you in my arms again, and on this narrow path, and spring off with you! They'll find us both below in the valley. I like the prospect, and I'll be delighted to die on that way, if you will. I had rather die so than live. I am only too foolish and merciful to give you a chance of living. For the last time, I don't live in any case. Now, choose!"

"Have mercy on me! oh, have mercy!" was all she could say.

"Swear not to marry him, or you must come with me—down there from the roof!"

"O God, have mercy on me! I will not, I can not swear it."

He gave a short, but fury, half exultation. She collected all her wits, and was on her guard with desperating shrewdness. He caught her round the waist, and was mounting the parapet, when she sprang from his arms and fell on her knees, not by skill or design of hers, but merely because she had fainted and the sudden change from a resisting, struggling girl into a cowering, helpless, lifeless form surprised and unsettled his grasp, and she fell in a heap on the grassy floor.

"Better so, be said much better so!" He stooped, she wrenched, maddened creature, and kissed her lips again and again. In the very depths of her swoon she was conscious of his caresses. Then he drew her to the battlement again. He had her lifeless form once more in his arms. His figure rose higher by the extent than the battlement which he had chosen as the platform whence his death-spring and hers were to be made; he had seen the foot already on it, and in another instant would have mounted and made his awful leap, when—the knell, sharp report of a rifle was heard, a bullet passed through his brain, and he fell back on the roof of the Tower, and lay beside the senseless girl, dead.

Not many minutes passed before hurrying feet came up the path to the Tower, and strong, energetic arms battered at the gate, and finally beat it in. The crash brought Louise back to something like consciousness; but she had hardly time to remember any thing that had happened, or even to know where she was, when her lover clasped her in his arms.

Nicolas Morlot always declares that some good angel had made him sleepless all the night that went before that morning; and that he rose before the dawn and wandered out with his rifle, and naturally turned his steps toward the Tower where his affianced bride was living. On the way he fell upon Pierre lurking in a ravine, and questioning the perplexed and disappointed youth as to his motive for hiding about just then and there, got to the fact that Louis Dolfo had returned to the place. This alone seemed alarming to Nicolas, at least it made him hurry on. he knew not why, toward the Tower. To approach the one accessible side he would have to go round the base of the rock; and as he drew near his ears were startled by shrieks which, far and faint as they were, he knew to be those of a woman. He stood amazed, bewildered, Pierre standing by his side. The Pierre gave a cry, and pointed up, and there, on the battlement of the Tower, distinct against the bright sky, stood Louis Dolfo with Louise in his arms! An instant and they disappeared. Nicolas stood like one frozen. His first impulse had been to rush toward the Tower, but to climb the rock before him would be impossible; to go round by the base would be a circuit of half a mile. Even as he stood panting, dazed, and sick for the soul of the miserable, murderous creature who had so nearly robbed them of all earthly happiness, Louise's cries could endure the Tower no longer; so she lives with her husband near the village; and Nicolas, as he runs, rejoices that he was not in the charge of an ancient dame who never could have been pretty, but who became interesting to him as the nurse of his mistress, and who, as we had often heard it from the lips of Louise Morlot herself,

HORNS AND FOREIGN SOSSIP.

Five years ago people were content with the flickering light of a tallow-candle to brighten up the quiet home-room, and to enable them to read the news of the day and the day before. Nowadays, the multitude of night-workers—especially those who read and write—are always stricken with the compunctuous uncomfortable reflection that they are not in the service of the Company for the Improvement of our inventive countrymen—or, if Americans do not want more Company, Englishmen will be sure to make useful applications of foreign novelties. Thus we advance from one degree of perfection to another.

The Oxy-Hydrogen Gas Company (at Crystal Palace, New York City," having obtained a special charter from the Legislature, is now laying down the pipes and necessary measures to build new gas-works, for the purpose of manufacturing oxy-hydrogen gas. The work is now ordinarily used, and to furnish it to consumers at reasonable rates. The Company proposes to furnish extensive works in the Bronx, believing that a single manufactory, properly situated and managed, could supply the whole city. The Bronx, it is said, it would also be much more satisfactory to the public to have all gas-works outside the limits of the city.

In a recent report of the Oxy-Hydrogen Company it is stated that the quantity of gas furnished by the various Companies in New York during for the year 1868, in round numbers, amounted to 2,500,000,000 cubic feet. The cost of this enormous quantity, including the Government tax, is about $8,500,000 per year. Other estimates, approximately correct, increase the cost of artificial illumination to about $10,000,000. By the new process it is estimated that about one-half of the above expense could be saved to consumers annually, giving them a satisfactory light and also the great convenience of gas-works for ordinary heating purposes.

The new method consists simply in stilling the hydrogen present in the gas material, by which gas coal will yield nearly double the quantity of gas produced in the ordinary way. By the old process the quantity of gas made from a ton of coals on an average does not exceed 9,000 cubic feet, while by the new process, a ton of gas coal will yield over 20,000 feet of gas. The new process is patented in England, and is to be more than the expense in obtaining half the quantity in the old way, while the illuminating power of the gas may be made vastly superior.

The new arrangements for running hourly trains between New York and Yonkers on the Harlem River Railroad were perfected last week. Fifteen daily trains will carry accommodate all the commuters on the line. Eight new cars have been built for the Hudson River Railroad, each of which is capable of holding 120 persons. They are fitted up in the latest style like the horse cars, with side seats.

In China all civil offices must be literary graduates. Three degrees of letters have been established, which may be obtained at different colleges. The first degree is poetically called "Beautiful Ability," analogous to the A.B. of the United States, and may be obtained in the Imperial College. The Provincial College gives the second degree of "Advanced Merit," and the title, "Doctor of Laws," is conferred by the Imperial University at Pekin.

A terrible fire occurred a short time ago in the Yellow Jacket Mine at Gold Hill, Nevada, which soon communicated with the Kentuck and Crown Point Mines. About forty were lost. This catastrophe is the most dreadful one which has ever occurred in the mining district of that region.

An unexpected horror greeted Philadelphia one morning last week. George S. Twitchell, who had been condemned to death for the murder of his master-in-law, and for whom the gallows was in readiness, was found on the morning appointed for his execution dead in his cell. He had committed suicide by taking cyanide of potassium, doubly poisonous. How he obtained it is unknown; but for a few days before his death he had been prostrated and totally unnerved in view of his approaching doom. Although he had made a "confession" to the effect that his wife was not implicated in the murder, and that he had only sought to shield her by not revealing this at first, yet it is generally believed that he was really guilty of the crime with which

It is in contemplation to drive a tunnel under the Straits of Dover, connecting France, to connect the British and Continental railways. For securing sufficient ventilation, it is proposed to sink pits on each side, and to drive thence two small parallel driftways or galleries from each country, connected at intervals by transverse drift-ways. The pressure, aided by furnace-carburation and revolving air-fans, the air is to be made to circulate in the ordinary coal-mines. The formation of these double drift-ways in the preliminary part of the undertaking, and should it be impossible to execute these, the expense of entering upon the main work would be avoided. The cost of the galleries is estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars, and of the regular tunnel about five times that amount. Three English and three French engineers are preparing to report upon the scheme to a committee, which will soon meet in Paris.

A second German Polar Expedition is in preparation. It is to consist of two vessels, the *Germania* and the *Hansa*, which will leave Bremerhaven, probably, in June. The *Greenland* will return before next winter to bring records of the expedition up to that point; the *Germania* is to winter northward. The purpose of the expedition is the exploration of the Arctic central region from seventy-five degrees north latitude, taking the Greenland coast as a guide.

Paper clothes have been patented in London, and the inventor claims for them that they are lighter, stronger, harder, and cheaper than any other material. By the application of his material as a casting for ships he undertakes to make them shot-proof. The material is perfectly air-tight and water-proof.

A scientific gentleman has been examining the dust of the streets in the large towns in England. He finds animal life abundant in every specimen, and the amount of "molecular activity" is most abundant at the height of five feet above the ground, or just the average height of the foot-passenger's mouth. This may account in a great measure for the mysterious way in which some diseases propagate themselves—for instance, cholera. The smallest atom of the poison received into the stomach will cause an attack of the disease.

It seems almost incredible that such an extensive robbery as that which was recently perpetrated in the city of Philadelphia could have been accomplished in broad daylight. Ten cuts was the cure. Between the hours of six in the morning and four in the afternoon the building occupied by the Beneficial Saving Fund Society was entered, and money, bonds, etc., to the amount of about a million dollars, were carried away. The building was situated on the great thoroughfare of the city, where it would be supposed no depredator could go on undetected. The valuables were thought to be perfectly secure from burglars. The robbery occurred on Sunday, and though a watchman was usually employed on the premises, for some reason he was absent that day.

According to official estimates there are about 8,000,000 horses in this country at the present time. Of this number, 400,000 are valued at prices averaging $200 each; 800,000 valued at about $300 apiece; 20,000 at $5000; and 1000 at $5000; while there are about one hundred horses valued at $10,000 each.

An inventive young woman of Chicago advertises that she will "give lessons in etiquette, and the way of conversing with the ladies, to any young gentleman who does not feel at ease in the society of the opposite sex. Tuition by novels, extra."

In the English House of Commons it is considered no breach of good manners for a member to wear his hat in the house or be pleased while he is in his seat; but it is long to be uncivil for his head be in himself-ately seated with a shovel. Nevertheless in clubhouses Englishmen stroll about the dining-rooms as they would in the streets, only uncovering their heads when they themselves sit down to eat.

In the city of Paris three hundred women are employed as printers, and about thirty as proof-readers.

A lunatic escaped from the lassaic asylum on Blackwell's Island a few days ago, and strolled quietly through the city. As the bells pealed the hour of noon, a policeman was surprised by seeing a young man, in East Twenty-sixth Street, take a pistol from his pocket, place it against his forehead, and pull the trigger. He fell apparently lifeless; but, though the bullet entered his forehead, the wound was not fatal. The man stated to the officer that by the revelation of God, as dictated to him through the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, the first ruler in heaven, he had been deputed to take his own life that day at twelve o'clock; that the spirit had given him the choice of hanging, cutting his throat, or shooting himself, and he had chosen the pistol; that he had already once failed to shoot, and his second death would be of little account."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CURE FOR COLDS.—When your hands are dead, bury them in your pockets.

A court balloon having offended his sovereign, the monarch sentenced him to death. The culprit, in great terror, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy. "I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "than permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die. Decide immediately, for I will be obeyed."

"I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester; "I choose to die of old age."

A Western paper having announced the "shooting" of a wild-cat by a little boy five feet eight inches long, an exchange queries what they call boy boys there.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

They are migratory in their habits, for, wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring, most of them very polite and full of bowgis.

Though there are no vegetable beans, there are a number of bean-stalks.

It is considered only right and proper to sax trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military characteristics. When young they are trained; they have parasols; and their shoots are straight.

Grain cannot be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be cradled; and thrashing is resorted to to fit them for sense.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous, except when in a state of chaff.

Several trees, like watch-dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

The man who struck out a new path is supposed to have been of a belligerent turn.

WEDDED BLISS.

God bless our wives,
For they are loves
With little bees and honey;
They coax like chicks,
And scold our cocks,
And—don't they spend the money!

When we are sick
They heal us quicker
Than is if they let us be;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
With just one eye,
And with the other on a sly,
At some young man above us.

"MARY MAGDALEN had seven devils cast out of her, I see," said a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled a cynical bachelor, in the course of a discussion on the woman question, "eh, they are to be cast out, yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his fair antagonist.

"Get away! get away!" said an embarrassed mother to homeless Pat, who was hugging a night's lodging. "This is no place for you, I assure you, for shame! This is the lying in hospital." "Och, indeed, thin," replied the outcast, "it's the very place for me, for I've been lying out these three nights."

AN "EVENING PARTY"—A night-watchman.

EATING BY THE CARD.—A green 'un, from Oranges County, determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights, and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took up lodgings at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

When he was ushered in to dinner the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who eat down, as well as at the vastness of the dining-room. He was equally surprised to see that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry—and well he might be—but after waiting three hours over his meal time—as he attacked the head of the bill with vigor, and ate down as far as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the waiter came to the right, requesting the favor to bring him some oyster pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the bill to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he, with astonishment, turning to his neighbor, "are you all the way down there? Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I would burst!"

A clergyman was once told by one of his parishioners of a story to his disadvantage which was in circulation.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "do they say so about me? If they knew half as well as I do myself, they might tell things much worse than that, and will more truth."

LAST LOVE.

First love is a pretty romance,
But one half so sweet is by reckoned;
And when one awakes from the trance,
There's a vast stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should a second subside,
A lover should never despair;
The world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

The poets their raptures may fill,
Who love never been out to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But, believe me, 'tis not love's the best.

HOME AT LAST.

A. J.—"All right, Lucifer, it's me."

SCENES IN THE WHITE PINE MINING DISTRICT, NEVADA.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

MIDSHIPMAN THEODORUS B. M. MASON.

THE WHITE PINE MINING DISTRICT, NEVADA.

THE wealth of the new-discovered White Pine Mining District in Nevada is something remarkable. It is rarely surpassed in the history of mining operations. The Comstock lode, in the Washoe region of the same State, which has produced over $90,000,000 in bullion, furnished ores assaying as high as $4000 per ton. Specimens taken from the Eberhardt, Mississippi, and several other mines in the White Pine District, are said to have assayed $20,000 per ton.

The average yield per ton for November was $257 17; for December, $429 52. Some thirty considerable mines and numberless smaller ones are in course of development on Treasure Hill and in the neighborhood. Six mills, employing nearly a hundred stamps, are at work upon the ores, and four additional mills, employing about seventy stamps, are soon to be erected.

The same classes that usually rush to new mining regions are found here in crowds. Every day hundreds of them come to the White Pine District. A city has grown up called Treasure City, which rivals Virginia City; it is 9000 feet above the sea.

Two years since "a degraded and starving Indian carried to a camp of miners a piece of ore from the locality of the Hidden Treasure mines, which led to the exposure of the wealth of Treasure Hill." Now in Treasure City there are banking-offices, a newspaper, a post-office, faro-banks, and corner groceries. Real estate is at city prices. A corner lot 50 by 100 was sold the other day for $8000 gold.

Let us now see how a Sunday is passed in the White Pine District. There are here some 6000 people, of which about one-half are at work on the "locations" and mines within a neighborhood of two miles. There are no churches. Every other house on the street is a saloon, and is thronged with drinkers and gamblers. The gambling-room is back of the saloon. Here faro is played on an extensive scale, the stakes ranging from $1 to $1000. We notice one man, a San Francisco pioneer, who has gone through a dozen mining excitements in as many different localities, from Mexico to Cariboo, and made and lost fortunes in all, betting piles of checks, each representing $2 50, as high as they will stand without falling over of their own weight, on half a dozen cards at once. Sometimes he wins hundreds of dollars two or three times in succession, and the banker pays with the most imperturbable gravity, the expression of his face never changing for an instant. He knows very well that it will all come back to him and bring him more with it. At some of the tables the dealers are women—French or Spanish—and it is a noticeable fact that the betters are fewer than at the others the prevailing belief being, apparently, that the fair sex do not give the rougher so good a chance for getting their money back as do the male dealers.

The street is crowded with pedestrians, teams, and saddle or pack animals. Here comes a dark Mexican in broad *sombrero*, wrapped to his eyes in a *serape*, and with leather leggins bound round his legs, mounted on a small, thin, but spirited horse. He uses the huge Mexican bit and monster spurs, which jingle like bells as he rides along, and guides his horse, without apparent effort, by the merest motion of his finger, throwing the single rein to one side or the other. Following him is an old white horse with a bell hung by a leather strap around his neck, and at his heels in single file came a long train of Spanish pack-mules, with huge *aparejos*, each carrying two large sacks of silver ore for the mills down at Hamilton or Silver Springs, in the cañons at the foot of Treasure Hill, on the north or south.

Another Mexican, wrapped in broad *serape* and mounted on a mule, follows the train. The first one is as silent as a bronze statue, and looks neither to the right nor the left—being, in fact, the pilot of the train; but the last one is incessantly shouting *Ja-cah! ja-cah! Vamos! Mules! vamos!* swinging the long, heavy, braided raw-hide rein in his right hand, and showering curses, blows, and savage anathemas on the heads of the way-ward mules which happen to stray a foot out of the direct line of the train. Then comes a square box-wagon, such as distillery slops are carried in at the East. This is filled with snow-water, melted in large tanks over brush-wood fires, and sold round the streets at 12½ cents per gallon.

There are a few decent married women here; but the majority is against them, and they for the most part keep close at home.

A shot is fired in a saloon: there is a sudden stampede for the street; one combatant is disarmed and borne struggling away by his friends, while the other beats a masterly retreat in the opposite direction, his face and pistol kept always to the foe, and in an instant all is excitement and confusion. Such is Sunday in the White Pine District.

GENERAL AUGUSTO ARANGO.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

MIDSHIPMAN THEODORUS B. M. MASON.

OUR readers will be as agreeably impressed with the manly beauty of the young midshipman, whose portrait we lay before them, as the whole country has been filled with admiration for his heroism so recently displayed in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

On the 5th of February last Midshipman THEODORUS B. M. MASON, of the flag-ship *Guerriere*, then lying in the bay at Rio, was sent ashore with a boat's crew to pick up and bring back to the vessel a number of the men who had overstaid their leave of absence. He found them, and after a violent struggle—for the men were in liquor and resisted arrest—captured the greater number. Two of them, however, were so violent that he was compelled to put them in irons and place them on board the steam launch for conveyance to the flag-ship. While the launch yet remained at the ferry dock these men both leaped overboard, and would have been drowned, one after the other, had Midshipman MASON not jumped in, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, successively saved them. The first rescue was noble, the second was magnificent. Exhausted as the young hero must have

CUBAN DRILL-ROOM IN NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

been by his exertions in bringing up the one, he hesitated not a moment in pulling his life again to bring up the other. When we consider, too, that the ladder of his awarms was old shucks, the conduct of Midshipman MASON seems little less than self-concussion to duty.

The following letter has been addressed to young MASON by the Secretary of the Navy:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19, 1869.

SIR,—The Department has just learned from a dispatch received from Rear-Admiral CHARLES H. DAVIS, commanding the squadron of a letter addressed by you to Captain M. B. WOOLSEY, commanding the *Shawsheen*, of your having left your assigned station to risk over the lives of two of your shipmates, enlisted men, in the hazardous feat of landing, on the 6th of February last.

I desire to express to you the Department's high appreciation of your heroic conduct on the occasion mentioned, which was not fell to effect rescue of your self-command you to the esteem of your brother officers and shipmates in the service.

It is gratifying to the Department to learn, also, from the dispatch of Rear-Admiral DAVIS, that your behavior and character in all other respects are in perfect harmony with these noble actions.

Very respectfully,
A. E. BORIE, Secretary of the Navy.

MIDSHIPMAN T. B. M. MASON, United States Ship *Guerriere*, South Atlantic Squadron.

Midshipman T. B. M. MASON is a New Yorker, and the son of our well-known citizen, Colonel T. BAILEY MASON, Commissioner of Public Buildings. Having the full name of his father, he assumed, in addition to it, his mother's maiden name, for family considerations. He is a graduate, of only eight months' standing, of the Naval School at Annapolis, and most worthily wearing in the same battle with the gallantry of his grand-uncle, Rear-Admiral THEODORUS BAILEY, who led the forlorn hope of Admiral FARRAGUT'S fleet past the rebel batteries on the Mississippi in the capture of New Orleans. Young handsome, brave, accomplished, and, last not least, well decked to him. Midshipman MASON is an honor to his native city and to his country's service, and his friends are easily gained are worth more than those of the conqueror.

"—Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

MUSICAL LIZARDS.

A SMALL lizard, lately taken to England from the Isle of Bermuda by Mr. Swinhoe, is found to be a new species by Dr. Günther, of the British Museum. Mr. Swinhoe found the eggs of this gecko, or lizard, in holes of trees or among mortar rubbish. They are round, and usually be several together, resembling eggs of ordinary lizards. The young, when first hatched, keep much under stones in dark cellars, where they remain until they attain about two-thirds of the adult size, when they begin to appear in order to catch insects, but evincing great shyness of their colors. Mr. Swinhoe states that on the plastered sides of his bedroom, close to the angle of the roof, every evening when the lamp was placed on the table below, four little musical lizards began to make their appearance and watch patiently for insects attracted by the light. A solitary cry of the tail is sometimes imitated as the body is jerked along, and much so when the animal is alarmed and doing its utmost to escape; but its progress even then is by no means, stopping at intervals and raising its head to look about. If a fly perch on the wall it cautiously approaches to within a short distance, then suddenly darts forward, and with its quick-fly-protruded tongue, tongue, fixes it. Apart from watching its curious manœuvres to catch insect-food, the attention of the most listless would be excited by the strange noise which the creatures these creatures utter at all hours of the day and night, more especially during cloudy and rainy weather. These notes resemble the musical lilies "chuck-chuck," several times repeated; and, from their more frequent occurrence during July and August, are thought to be the call notes of the male to the female.

During the greater part of the day the little creatures lay concealed in some crevice among the beams of the roof or in the wall of the house, where, however, it is ever watchful for the incautious fly that approaches its close, upon whom it darts forth with but little notice. But it is by no means a stranger to the habitation of men. Every old wall and almost every house possesses a tenant or two of this species. It is excessively shy, and even when heard quite quietly ensconced in a hole, generally manages to escape—its glittering little eyes (black with yellow edges) appearing to be always on the alert to make an attempt to capture the runaway seldom results in more than the seizure of an animated tail, wrenched off with a jerk by the fellow left to its slips away, without loss of blood. The younger individuals are much darker than the by no means uncommon, which are sometimes almost albinoes. In ordinary fly-catching habits, as they stick to the sides of a lamp, there is much similarity between this gecko and the little paradise, or wall-lizard of China; but this is decidedly a larger and much more active animal, and often engages in a struggle with insects of very large size. The Chinese colonists of Formosa greatly respect the gecko, in consequence of a legend which attributes to them the honor of having once poisoned the supplies of an invading rebellious army, which was thereby totally cut to pieces. The geckos were raised to the rank of generals by the grateful Emperor of China; which honor, the legend states, they greatly appreciated, and henceforth devoted their energies to the extermination of mosquitoes and other injurious insects.

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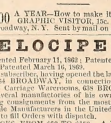

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VOL. XIII.—No. 644.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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A maiden most divinely fair,
With sunny eyes and face that shone,
Love-lighted, to dispel my care.

We walk'd, we talk'd, each smil'd on each,
Soft voices softer words would say,
And fancies that transcended speech
Fast whil'd the bright-wing'd hours away.

To rest beneath the trees was sweet,
What time the summer sun was low,
And there, reclining at her feet,
To watch her blushes come and go.

At length I ask'd her, would she deign
Accept the heart that clung to hers,
And she said, smiling at my pain,
"The fancy of a boy oft errs."

And so she stole my heart away,
She stole it and she keeps it yet;
Though youth and passion must decay,
Time can not force us to forget.

I blame her not—I love her still;
And though I mourn our parted lives,
And pity her less constant will,
'Tis something that my love survives.

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THIS residence was purchased from General GRANT by Mr. A. T. STEWART and others, who presented it to General SHERMAN, with a purse of $35,000. It was originally presented to General GRANT, who, in view of his removal to the White House, proposed to sell it. An offer was made for it, but this offer was not finally accepted, and thus those who desired to purchase it for General SHERMAN found an opportunity to carry out their design. The subscribers paid General GRANT $65,000 for the house. It was a delicate tribute to General SHERMAN'S patriotic devotion to his country, and it was well deserved. In the brief and characteristic remarks made by General SHERMAN in accepting the gift, he said that he would be glad to receive at any time as his guests those who had thus contributed to his own happiness. These tributes, coming from the most wealthy and patriotic of our citizens, have sprung from motives as pure and as noble as the qualities which called them forth.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S RESIDENCE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—(PHOT. BY BELL BROS., WASHINGTON.)

HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the newly-appointed Minister to England, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15, 1814. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, after which he passed a number of years in Europe, partly in travel and partly as a student at the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin. He returned to the United States and devoted himself to the legal profession. He soon abandoned this profession, and during the next twenty years his attention was chiefly directed toward literary pursuits. A novel entitled "Morton's Hope" was published by him in 1839, and a second, "Merry Mount," appeared ten years later. During this interval Mr. MOTLEY revisited Europe for a few months as Secretary of Legation to the Russian Embassy, and contributed a number of historical papers to leading American periodicals. In 1851 he once more returned to Europe in search of material for a work which he had long contemplated, and which, on its appearance in 1856, at once placed the author in the first rank of modern historians —"The Rise of the Dutch Republic." He received in 1860 the degrees of D.C.L. from Oxford, and LL.D. from Harvard, and in the same year a part of his sequel to "The Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," etc., was issued, the concluding volumes following in 1865. He was appointed Minister to Austria in November, 1861, which position he occupied until 1867, when, on the occasion of the memorable M'CRACKEN scandal, he tendered his resignation in the famous reply to Mr. SEWARD'S remarkable diplomatic circular. Since his return to this country he has taken no active part in public affairs beyond making an elaborate and effective address advocating General GRANT'S election.

HON. JOHN JAY.

JOHN JAY, just appointed Minister to Austria, is of Huguenot descent, his ancestors having come to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His family has occupied a prominent and honorable position from the beginning of our history. His grandfather, JOHN JAY, was President of the First Congress, and was Minister from this country to England, and also to Spain. He was one of the Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace.

JOHN JAY'S father was Judge WILLIAM JAY, who was a prominent leader in the constitutional anti-slavery movement. JOHN, the subject of our sketch, was born in 1817, and was graduated at Columbia College in 1836. He studied law with DANIEL LORD—Mr. EVARTS, the late Attorney-General, being one of his fellow-students. He was engaged upon many very important cases, in one of which the leading opposing counsel was DANIEL WEBSTER. He twice presided over the New York State Convention of the Free-Soil party. Mr. JAY has twice visited Europe, the first time in 1848, on which occasion he passed some months in England, where he was cordially received by a large and influential circle; and again in 1865

HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

HON. JOHN JAY, MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.—(PHOT. BY SARONY & CO., NEW YORK.)

and 1866, when he presided at a Thanksgiving dinner at the Grand Hotel, Paris—the first reunion of Americans subsequent to the war. During this tour Mr. JAY was elected President of the Union League Club, an office to which he has three distinct times been re-elected. Apart from his professional and public career Mr. JAY has nobly maintained the traditional reputation of his distinguished family by the publication of numerous literary efforts, which have been devoted to the discussion of questions of public interest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

MR. SUMNER'S speech upon the English treaty is a very forcible statement of a whole subject, and the sternest arraignment of England. It is the more effective that it is evidently the speech of a true friend of that country and of peace, made in the interest and for the benefit of both. The speech is a comprehensive and not diffuse survey of the position and conduct of England throughout the war, and can hardly fail to excite the profound attention of the most thoughtful Englishmen.

Belligerency, says Mr. SUMNER, according to CANNING'S dictum, is a fact, not a privilege. The recognition of rebel belligerency upon the sea, where the insurgents had no ship and no port, and upon the land, where they had only organized a rebellious military force, was virtually to create the Confederacy as a belligerent, and to place it upon precisely the footing of a friendly Power. It opened all the warlike resources of England to the rebels, equally with the United States, at a time when, by international law, it was incumbent upon England to prevent her soil from being used as an arsenal to equip assaults upon foreign governments. To attempt to justify this conduct because of the use of the word blockade in the Queen's proclamation, and to a technical evasion which is not sustained by fact, and if it were is wholly inadmissible. To declare neutrality was, under the circumstances, to proclaim a hostility hardly less to the United States Government and the rebellion.

Then came the building of the pirate ships, and Lord RUSSELL himself admits that the escape of the *Alabama* was a "scandal and reproach." Her departure was the sailing of a hostile expedition from England against this country. It was a consuercial transaction; it was an act of war. This act was continuous, and renewed by the entertainment of the pirate in English ports. Mr. SUMNER'S description of the British origin and support of these ships, and the applause with which the House of Common received the anti-American taunts of Mr. LAIRD, the builder of the *Alabama*, is very striking and powerful. This conduct was aggravated by the hot haste with which England placed herself at the command and disposal of the rebels, and by the flagrant departure which it involved from the anti-slavery policy of England officially declared. In May of 1862 Lord JOHN RUSSELL declared himself to "give aid and comfort to the foulest of crimes."

But when, despite the efforts of England, the rebellion is quashed, without one friendly word, without a syllable of regret, England quietly proposes to submit the question of liability to a board on which chance plays a part. This, and this only. In the case of the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake*, when the United States were a small Power, CANNING offered to make reparation for the alleged injury to the sovereignty of the United States. He disavowed the act; he offered to restore the *state quo* as far as practicable, and to make pecuniary compensation. In the case of the *Caroline* Lord ASHBURTON expressed the regrets of his Government, making atonement to the national sovereignty which had been outraged. In the present case there is an unprecedented injury to the national sovereignty—a vast private, and an almost incalculable public loss; and England offers to leave the private claims to a chance tribunal. Now the private loss is a small part of the whole. The national loss includes the reduction of our tonnage, the whole paralysis of our mercantile marine in all its ramifications and relations, and the prolongation of the war. For this chief and national and moral injury England not only offers no method of reparation, but the treaty does not even allude to it. Mr. SUMNER concludes by the observation that the question should not be left open, for it may involve war with a nation with whom he would have "more than peace; more even than cordial."

It will be seen that the Senator does not propose the articles or even the conditions of a treaty. He speaks states the light in which the question should be viewed, and the principles that should control its settlement. The injury done by England to the United States is both material and moral; it involves both individual and national loss. "No nation ever before received such injury from a foreign Power," says Mr. SUMNER; and he implies, although he does not say, that the reparation must be as exceptional. There must be an acknowledgment by England of her regret at the unfriendly error she committed, and a proffer of readiness to pay both individual and national damages; the former to be determined by fair appraisal, the latter by a mutual agreement of the extent of responsibility. This last understanding, which is very vague, is still, in Mr. SUMNER'S view, the important one. But how to determine whether England shall, in satisfaction of the national loss, assume the expenses of one or two years of the war, is a very perplexing question.

We must think, as we have always believed, that this kind of moral injury between nations is hardly susceptible of a pecuniary settlement. But intelligent Englishmen must now surely see that, without a generous expression of regret at the enormous and unfriendly act which England directed against this country when the war began, no treaty for damages and no pleasant international feeling is possible. If, as we have thought, a real surrender was made by England in the dry, formal terms of the treaty, it is now evident by the vote of all parties in the Senate, and by the virtually unanimous expression of national feeling, that the implied or inferential acknowledgment is not sufficient. There must be a frank, full, generous confession, such as one truly honorable man would make to another. Without this, in some form, there can be no treaty; and the precedent which England has established will remain a stain and a blot on her. That fear, indeed, would merely move the proud scorn of an Englishman if the precedent were just. But it was a precedent confidently, unjustly, and in defiance of public law, and therefore to be openly and generously renounced.

But should this be done by England the moral account seems to us to be as fairly closed as when one honorable man apologizes to another. The aggrieved person does not insist further upon pecuniary compensation for the injured honor. He asks only in addition that computable losses may be satisfied. When, therefore, England shall have made the expression of regret which Mr. SUMNER demands, there will remain only the question of damages for actual and proved losses. If, however, the London *Times* argues that the whole expenses of England as Mr. SUMNER that of the United States, there will be no present settlement.

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY.

TWENTY-ONE States have ratified the Equal Suffrage amendment—the Democratic party every where opposing. Now in party warfare, as in all other, there is a reasonable limit to the respect of the foe, as there is one which moves his contempt. Four or five years ago equal suffrage was defeated in Connecticut by a majority of seven thousand. Last spring the Democrats elected their Governor by nearly two thousand majority, and three Members of Congress. In the Presidential campaign carried the State for GRANT. This spring, when, according to the Democrats, equal suffrage was the issue, the Republicans carried the Governor and gain two Members of Congress, beating the Democracy in their strongest holds; and because the majority for Governor is smaller than that for President, the Democrats which we speak deride the meagre and dismal majority! The Democratic party are more signally defeated on the issue which they have been for many a year, and instead of frankly acknowledging the fact, and seeing that it is futile to fight upon an issue settled and settled again, one of the party organs argues that it isn't much of a shower, and another gravely declares that it is the natural consequence of not sticking to WADE HAMPTON'S platform of last July!

The one great truth of our recent political history is, that the Republican and Democratic parties were agreed upon the issue of slavery. The Republicans won at the polls and upon the field of battle, and again and again and again at the polls. They have emancipated the slaves. They have conferred civil rights. They have given them political rights. At each step they have appealed to the country, and have been sustained by the country and by every branch of the government for four more years. Their new administration begins by the plain declaration that equal rights shall be every where protected by and the law every where enforced, and by the urgent recommendation that the amendment to the Constitution be adopted, which shall secure the political equality of the whole nation; and still the Democratic party piteously asks its absurd question, as a conclusive political argument, "Do you wish your daughter to marry a nigger?"

It perceives that there is a prejudice in the country against color, but it is unable to see that the country has not the slightest intention of indulging that prejudice. Instead, therefore, of accepting the facts, however much it may deplore them—instead of joining issue as to the better method of securing an equality which is inevitable, the Democratic party ridicules the negro, and argues against him, and denounces him, and belies him, and all as if there were really a hope of reducing him again to some kind of vassalage. The whole Democratic force is expended in this business, and in meeting at the President. The party papers have nothing to say but that every thing is wrong, nothing to propose but that every thing be undone.

As usual, the Democratic party hopes for revivigoration not from fair debate of great policies, but from the readmission to political privilege of those who repudiate the American principle of the equality of all citizens. But that will not be enough. The prejudice against color which is now the life of the system of which the Democratic party was the defense was incalculably useful; but with the fall of the system the appeal to the prejudice is pumpkined. There is no insight, no heroism in the Democratic leadership. The party is but a disorderly camp of the disaffected and disappointed. It must find some surer ground than hostility to equal rights, or relinquish the hope of success, unless the conduct of the Republican party, where it has a majority, as in the Legislature of New York, shall persuade the country that there is really no choice between the parties. But even in such instances as the Legislature of which we speak, it is the duty of all good citizens to remark that it is the combination of a few Republicans only with the Democrats that does the mischief.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETO.

THE extraordinary Broadway Railroad bill, of which we spoke last week, and which gives the control of the chief streets in the city of New York to a few persons named or their assigns, has been vetoed by the Governor, in the spirit of a veto from the Governor. The bill for a railroad in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street having been presented to the Governor he returned it to the Senate with a decisive message. The motion to lay the veto upon the table was carried by a vote of 16 to 11. The next day the Broadway bill came up for a third reading, and it was tabled by its friends, who did not dare to bring it to a decision. And let it be observed by those who think that both parties are equally involved in such schemes, that the 13 nays were all Republicans, and the 18 ayes were all Democrats except four, Messrs. HUMPHREY, LINCOLN, PETTER, and WILLIAMS. We hope that Governor HOFFMAN will have an opportunity to veto this bill also. We should be glad to see a Democratic Governor vetoing the Democratic ring of the city of New York.

The principle of the veto is very distinctly stated by the Governor, and it is perfectly sound and of universal application. "In my judgment," he says, speaking of the Sixth and Eighth Avenue railroads, "the Legislature had no more right in reason to give away these privileges and deprive the tax-payers of the city of their just rights in respect to them, than they had to impose a direct tax for the same pecuniary extent for the benefit of the persons named in the bill." Nothing could be truer. Here is a franchise for which two millions of dollars have been offered, and refused, by others. Indeed, the very offer only revealed to the men bought with the stock—if any such there were—the real value of their bribe. Here is a bill which authorizes a company to collect seven cents fare, and a responsible offer is made to do the same work for three cents fare, and it is laughed at. The game is very much like that usually played at cards. Amendment after amendment, designed to save their money to the people, was voted down by the Democratic members of the enterprise, assisted by a few Republican allies; and it was the hope that the bill might be pushed through before the public understood its character.

If its friends had not been again and succeed in passing it, the Governor must necessarily veto it—an act which would bring him in direct conflict with his party friends, and seriously imperil his political prospects. It has been, indeed, suggested that the whole affair is a party plot to enable the Governor to pose as an austere advocate of public justice and economy. But that is "putting rather too fine a point upon it;" although we certainly think that the author of the proclamation in regard to the alleged electoral frauds last November ought very carefully to improve every opportunity of seeming to favor common honesty in politics.

THE FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

THE nominations to the chief foreign missions have been received with general favor, with one or two exceptions. There are but two nations with which we are likely to have any serious difficulties or questions of which the treatment will require ability and experience—these are England and Spain. Mr. MOTLEY, who goes to England, takes with him the entire confidence of the country, which we presume, has grounds for supposing that he would be appointed to that post.

Mr. HENRY S. SANFORD is nominated to Spain, and will probably be confirmed. It is understood that Mr. SANFORD has the support of Mr. SUMNER. If that be so, it must be only because of Mr. SUMNER'S conviction that Mr. SANFORD has the peculiar sagacity and knowledge which are sure to be demanded of our Minister in Spain. We are not aware of any opportunity that he has enjoyed of testing his capacity for delicate diplomatic negotiation; but when such a point the Senate will probably trust the judgment of so wise and experienced a man as Senator SUMNER. If he is convinced from his personal acquaintance with Mr. SANFORD, and his official knowledge of Mr. SANFORD'S diplomatic ability, that he is equal to the Spanish Mission under the present circumstances, the Senate will undoubtedly listen with great deference. But we hope sincerely that the Senators will reflect that it is in no sense a personal affair, and that the position at this time demands the highest capacity.

Mr. JOHN JAY goes to Austria, the first important official recognition, we believe, of his long and spotless and faithful advocacy of the principles which at last control the Government. This is one of the appointments which is instinctively and universally approved. Ex-Governor CURTIN of Pennsylvania is appointed to Russia. Governor CURTIN'S name is familiar to the country as one of the War-Governors, but there is not a very clear knowledge of his powers. He was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but the great States generally have a candidate, and he was urged for a place in the Cabinet. His appointment to Russia is generally felt, we should say, to be a proper one, for the War-Governors are very gratefully remembered.

Mr. BANCROFT will undoubtedly remain for the present in Prussia, and Mr. MARSH in Italy. They are both most accomplished and efficient Ministers, and such as the country ought to regard with the utmost satisfaction. Indeed, it is pleasant to reflect that, whatever objection may be urged in some instances, the foreign representatives of the United States, as a body, are most heartily in sympathy with the principles of the Government and the people of the people. They are no longer the lackeys of slavery and the apologists of rebellion. They are no longer afraid to assert that they believe in the great principles of the Declaration of Independence with which we parted from Europe; and they need no longer blush, if they are honorable men, under scorching taunts at a slaveholding republic of equal rights. A man has only to recall our foreign representatives of a very few years ago to perceive that nothing can cause truly revolt in Europe the strong and beneficial change which the war has wrought in this country than the character and views of the chief men who now officially represent the United States in Europe.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE AT THE LEGISLATURE.

IT is with indignation as well as regret that the friends of public decency and order, who have earnestly supported the principles and worked for the success of the dominant party in the councils of in this State, observe the conduct of some who still claim to belong to that party, yet who connive at such enormities as the Railroad bill in the State Legislature, which we already elsewhere. No party can afford to have such friends. No party can survive the reputation which it must infallibly, although unjustly, bear from the corruption of a Legislature in which it controls the majority. As we write the Legislature has not adjourned. The Republicans have, we believe, a majority of seventy-one in the Assembly, and of one vote in the Senate. If this Legislature shall be stigmatized as the worst that ever assembled in Albany, which probably—because immediate as a party—must bear the blame? There are most noble and true and tried Republicans in both Houses—men upon whom suspicion does not rest—but unless it is not their action, it is that of those who selfishly combine with the enemy, which casts the odium upon the Legislature.

If the debates of the Legislature were published the people of New York would be amazed. Thus the Committee on Elections, after meeting of seventy days, finally reported in favor of Mr. HAWKINS, who contested the seat of Mr. DECKER from Richmond County. It was the first case taken up by the Committee, and was plain throughout. The registry in one of the districts was clearly illegal, and the four Republican members of the Committee proposed to throw it out, and the chairman—a Republican, Mr. HEGEMAN—so reported, and gave the seat to Mr. HAWKINS. A Democratic minority report was made that Mr. DECKER should keep his seat. Now we learn that the chairman of the Committee, Mr. HEGEMAN, a Republican from Dutchess, said, or very plainly implied, in his speech, supposed to be in favor of his own report, that Mr. DECKER was an extremely agreeable person, and that it seemed, after all, rather hard to unseat him at the end of the session, especially as he was not charged with personal complicity in the fraud!

That is to say, the Republicans in Richmond County having at last, and for the first time, succeeded in electing a Republican member of Assembly, a Republican from Dutchess insinuates that it is very hard to give him his seat, which is occupied by a person no more entitled to it than the Pope of Rome, because he is what is called a good sort of fellow! We hope that there is some mistake in this report, but it comes

to us from the best authority. And it is certain that, when it was moved to substitute the minority for the majority report, Messrs. Bemus, Calkins, Crane, W. H. Stuart, D. Stewart, and Tremain, all Republicans, are mentioned in the *Tribune* as voting in favor of the motion; while Messrs. Allaban, Barse, Berry, Randall, and Weed, also Republicans, according to the same authority, dodged. The motion to substitute was lost. But when a motion was made to postpone for a week the consideration of the report it was carried by the aid of nine Republican votes.

The reasons of such votes are not to be sought in doubts of the testimony, but in log-rolling, in the tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you policy, in the fear of members that if they vote to support the report they will alienate votes necessary for their own success. We are yet to see whether a Republican Assembly will deprive a member of the seat to which his claim has been established, and in favor of whom the Committee has reported. If it does so, we remind our friends elsewhere that it is not because of the action of the party, but of a few persons in it. The great body of the Republicans voted against postponement and against the substitution of the minority report. They will vote, if the opportunity is offered, to give Mr. Hawkins his seat; but if he loses it, either by a few votes or by adjournment, it will still be a Republican Legislature that deprives a Republican of the seat to which his legal claim has been established to the satisfaction of the Committee of Investigation.

SENATOR SPRAGUE AS CRITIC.

The most extraordinary political episode of the moment is the victory of Senator Sprague of Rhode Island. After several years of silence he has suddenly, and it may be said loudly, begun to speak to and to shake the whole country. He began by lamenting the general decay of virtue in the country, and by especially denouncing the Senate as composed of lawyers, and therefore a very dangerous and corrupt body. This was followed by the statement of a financial theory which proposes that the Government shall furnish capital to the needy; and in remarking upon the power of capital Senator Sprague, as an illustration, held up to national scorn and derision what he was pleased to call "a great failure" in Rhode Island, which, at the beginning of the war, had made to him, as the representative of another great family, the most odious business proposition. He further illustrated his influence by decrying the military prowess of the rich young men who were in the first regiment sent from Rhode Island to the war, and especially in denouncing the inhuman and cowardice of General Burnside, its commander.

To this extraordinary oration, which occupied some hours in the delivery, and in which he depicted with the darkest shadows the enormities of the "great family," Mr. Sprague's colleague, Senator Anthony, replied in a speech which certainly showed that the "great family" was not destitute of patriotism, and that the criticisms of Mr. Sprague upon the conduct of the first Rhode Island regiment were singularly inharmonious with historical facts. Senator Sprague says that General Burnside deserted his regiment at the first battle of Bull Run and "sought safety in safe places," a statement which is fully answered by the smile it kindles. To call Burnside a coward is like calling Grant a knave.

The Senator continues:

"With blanched face I was begged by the commander, who was stupefied by the million dollars to go to the rear and surrender the troops, as they could not have them cut up. Twice, Sir, was I thus solicited. Did I prove a traitor or run from the battle-field and cowardly proposition? Sir, we were disgraced."

Now at this time Mr. Sprague was Governor of Rhode Island. In the next month the Legislature of the State commended in the warmest terms the bravery and skill of Burnside, and suggested that he be made General and placed in command of all the Rhode Island troops. Governor Sprague, exactly a month to the day on which he now says that Burnside made to him miserable and cowardly and disgraceful propositions, wrote to Burnside as follows:

"The people of Rhode Island will long remember your services to them and to our common country. No man, in the whole history of the State has, in so short a time, more firmly entwined himself around the hearts of our people than yourself. I take this opportunity to tender you my sincere thanks for the martial and patriotic spirit which has actuated you in all our intercourse since the commencement of the war."

In his message at the opening of the next session of the Legislature, in 1862, Governor Sprague speaks of the victory of Roanoke as due to "the skill of Reeves and" the energy of Burnside," and alludes to his "personal intercourse with that brave and gallant man." It is plain enough that the friends of General Burnside may safely leave Senator Sprague to the demolishing blows of Governor Sprague.

Of course, for the public attack upon private and respected merchants there can be no excuse. To the Senator's detailed statement that they made base business propositions—a statement made in the Senate of the United States upon his personal authority, and known throughout the country—the members of the House oppose a complete denial; and if it is to be viewed as a question of personal veracity, Senator Sprague can hardly expect that his assertion will prevail against that of the gentlemen whom he accuses. In his denunciation of capital Senator Sprague should remember what nobody else forgets, that his own political career is believed to have illustrated both its power and its unscrupulousness. It is certainly the received tradition—which may indeed be untrue—that the Senator buys voters like sheep, and has bought all his way into every position that he has held. A man who makes such mad onslaughts upon the character of other men invites criticism of his own. Does Senator Sprague mean seriously to challenge such a contest?

THE CARRYING TRADE.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly*: "New York.

"Dear Sir,—I recently observed an editorial on Exports and Imports, in which you state that the latter exceed the former in value. That a similar state of affairs may be profitable for Great Britain you are ready to grant, but add that our experience is the reverse of the experience of that country.

"Wherein? Principally, you state, because we are not carrying, and lose the profit arising on that score as most of the bankers' profits incident to the traffic between different countries.

"Will you allow me to doubt the soundness of your conclusion? And as you may have little confidence in the argument of a commercial writer, I will quote from the article on Exchange, last edition of the 'Encyclopedia Britanica,' vol. ix., p. 430:

"'It is of little importance, so far as the interests of commerce are concerned, whether a nation carries its own imports and exports or employs others. A carrying nation appears to derive a considerable profit from its commercial transactions. But this excess of profit is seldom sufficient to compensation for the capital it employs and the risk it incurs in transporting commodities.'

"Again:

"'In the United States the value of the imports, deduced from the custom-house returns, always exceeds the value of the exports. And this has never been accustomed to consider the exports over imports as the only true criterion of the advantageous commerce, the practical politicians of America early discovered (Pitkin on the Commerce of the United States) to have referred to the trade of the United States has been nearly in proportion as their imports have exceeded their exports.'

"I presume that you are not prepared to grant that previous to the late war this *discovery* of the practical politicians of this country embodies a true statement of the relative of our foreign commerce, although it is in contradiction to that bugbear and myth—the balance of trade against us—which our sons so often in the newspapers. If you are not, I would say, as it is false now? We are shipping books abroad in large quantities, it is true, but do we not publish for them? We get what we *prefer* to the boude, else the exchange would not go on. We are simply borrowing money at a certain rate per cent., and the vital question is, Can we afford to pay the rate (with the present discount on our securities in London over seven per cent.)? It is very well to say, keep the boude at home, and pay the interest to our own people; but how is that to be done if we have no wish to have the will bring is worth more to us than the bonds themselves? And if it was not worth more, of course the exchange would cease. The wealth of a nation is the wealth of its individuals; are they not, as a whole, capable of taking care of it? It may be answered that we squander our wealth in the purchase of silks and laces, too much wine and other commodities adding comparatively nothing to our wealth. But they hold to our country, and cannot be living for taste or more luxury. Take away this desire, and you remove the supporting of earthen, the *very cause* which drives this country onward in its creation of wealth and power with such tremendous momentum.

"If it were possible to remove the desire of taste and luxury, as well as every other of utility and used, within our own limits, would it be wise? Keep our goods, produce, and money at home, and where our cotton, tobacco, and cereals, and import only gold. China has done precisely this for two thousand years, and is just learning better.

"Yours, etc., C. P. M."

The criticism of C. P. M. upon what we expressed with respect to the danger of a constant excess of our imports over our exports, and of being mislaid, now appears, and we readily publish it, as it presents views which many entertain.

The theory which our correspondent adopts, that there is no danger in this excess, and that it is of no consequence whether we are the carriers or employ others, is a singularly unsound source. They are the doctrines of Great Britain, which strains every nerve to be the carriers of others, and to produce at every foreign port the very excess of imports which our practice differ very widely, and the latter will be more generally followed.

The loss of our carrying trade, which was one of the consequences of her unfriendly policy during the war, is seriously felt in every commercial port. The rejection of the treaty lately negotiated in England for the settlement of the Alabama claims is due to the profound conviction widely entertained that the damage extended far beyond the value of vessels and cargoes destroyed on the ocean, and rose to the magnitude of a nearly irreparable injury. Why did England seek to destroy this trade and to absorb it for herself? Her profits are largely augmented by being the chief carrier. The policy contributes to her strength upon the ocean and to her wealth at home. The tax she now imposes upon our agricultural products, in the shape of advanced freights, is felt in all our markets, and indeed in our whole industry. Do those who shape the policy of England act upon the theory that "It is of little importance, so far as the interests of commerce are concerned, whether a nation carries its own imports and exports or employs others?" We submit that they do not, and that her aim has been for ages to be mistress upon the sea.

But reducing it to the mere economical question, is not the inference just that the capital and industry employed in the carrying trade meet with a fair reward, and that it is material to every enterprising nation to engage in it? If the profit upon this trade is paid to our own ships are we not so much the better off than if it were paid to foreign people? The policy which would induce us to forego this profit on the ground that it "is only a fair remuneration for the capital" "and the risk" would apply with equal force to other industries, and turn them all over to Great Britain.

So far as concerns the danger resulting from an adverse balance of trade the country has had some bitter experience which can not easily be forgotten. But the panic of 1837, and of 1857, would not have occurred but for the export of gold and silver abroad to pay the accumulated balance of debt due to foreigners. The substratum of our paper currency having been too largely expelled from the country the structure could not stand. But yet there were evidences of such apparent prosperity during the particular years of the excess of imports over exports that many were misled, and perhaps never knew what it was that produced their misfortune. As our correspondent concedes that we are now selling bonds actively in Europe. We are now incurring a debt abroad the proportions of which are known to be immense.

What are the concomitants of this imprudence? From this port our exports for the month of March, exclusive of nearly two millions and a half of specie sent abroad, amount to only about twelve and a half millions of dollars at *currency* value; while our imports for the same month, at a gold value, amount to nearly thirty-five millions. At Boston the excess was in the same direction, very nearly five millions to one. We are very probably exporting from Southern ports more than we import; but when we arrive at the total of exports and imports for the year a large balance will be found against us notwithstanding the great price paid for our cotton, and that a large demand will exist for our agricultural productions.

The ability of the country to sell its bonds freely in Europe is due to the abundance of money in the markets of Europe—which abundance is caused in part by the sole use of paper money throughout the United States in our ordinary transactions, and the want of activity in business at this particular juncture abroad. Under other circumstances it would be difficult, if not impossible, to sell so heavily into debt; and the question should be maturely weighed whether we derive any solid and permanent advantage from these large imports, and in what this policy is to terminate.

These imports are not of a character to aid the country in returning to specie payments. On the contrary they hinder and obstruct this object. The time will come when we shall feel severely the obligation to pay in gold fifty millions or five hundred millions to the foreign holders of our public debt. Much of it is for the unusual and serious extravagance indulged in since the war—a weakness which waits for disaster to check it.

As long as the credit of our bonds is maintained—and we trust this will ever be—no such panic as that of 1857, or the weaker one of 1857, can occur; but the entire prosperity of the country is not based upon gold, and can not be discredited or deprived of its debt-paying quality except by its own citizens—so far, at least, as concerns ordinary debts incurred among ourselves since the Legal-tender act; but serious injury to individuals and to the country must arise from the fatal facility with which debts are incurred in gratifying "the taste and luxury" which, in the view of our correspondent, constitute the very cause of the tremendous momentum with which we drive onward in the creation of wealth and power.

NOTES.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Du Chaillu has been induced to deliver lectures to the young folks of New York in Steinway Hall. His lectures are appointed for April 23, 27, and 29, at four o'clock P. M. His remarkable success in Boston, Brooklyn, and other cities, in this course of lectures, and his brilliant reputation as an author, ought to secure him multitudes of youthful hearers.

The *Western Bookseller* is a monthly publication of the general form and appearance of the *Publisher's Circular*, which gives current literary intelligence, with notes and notices of new books. It aims "to give book-buyers honest aid in the selection of purchases," and will, we hope, be found as faithful in that respect as it is useful and attractive. It is issued by the Western News Company in Chicago.

THE FUTURE.

A figure wanders through my dreams
And wears a veil upon its face,
Still bending to my breast it seems,
Yet ever turns from my embrace.
And sometimes, passing from my sight,
It lifts the veil as it departs,
And eyes flash out with such a light
As never dawned on waking hearts.

There is no need of sound or speech
Or tolling through the troubled years;
The rapture of that smile can teach
More than a century of tears.
And this I know, if it could move
Out of my dreams into my days,
One service of unbroken love
Should fill and crown my life with praise.

Love with no doubts and no demands,
But generous as a southern June—
Vast brotherhood of hearts and hands,
Choir of a world in perfect tune—
No shallow sunset-flushes to gild
Far summits which are not climb,
But ceaseless charms of hope fulfilled,
Making a miracle of time.

How sure, how calm, the picture seems!
How near it comes, behold, possessed!
It is not only in my dreams
I feel that touch upon my breast.
It throbs me through the barren day,
It holds me in the heart of strife,
No phantom-grasp that fades away,
It seems—it is—the touch of Life!

We look into the heart of flowers
And wonder whence their bloom can rise;
The secret hope of human hours
Is hidden deeper from our eyes.
In helpless trusts of wind and rain
The work goes on without a sound;
And while you weep your worst it is vain,"
The flower is growing underground.

We know the lesson; but a cry,
Bitter and vain, is in our ears;
One life of fruitless misery
Shakes all our wisdom into tears.
Thronged by the clamorous griefs that say,
"Behold what *is*, forget what seems,"
I can but answer, "Welladay;
There *is* that figure in my dreams!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

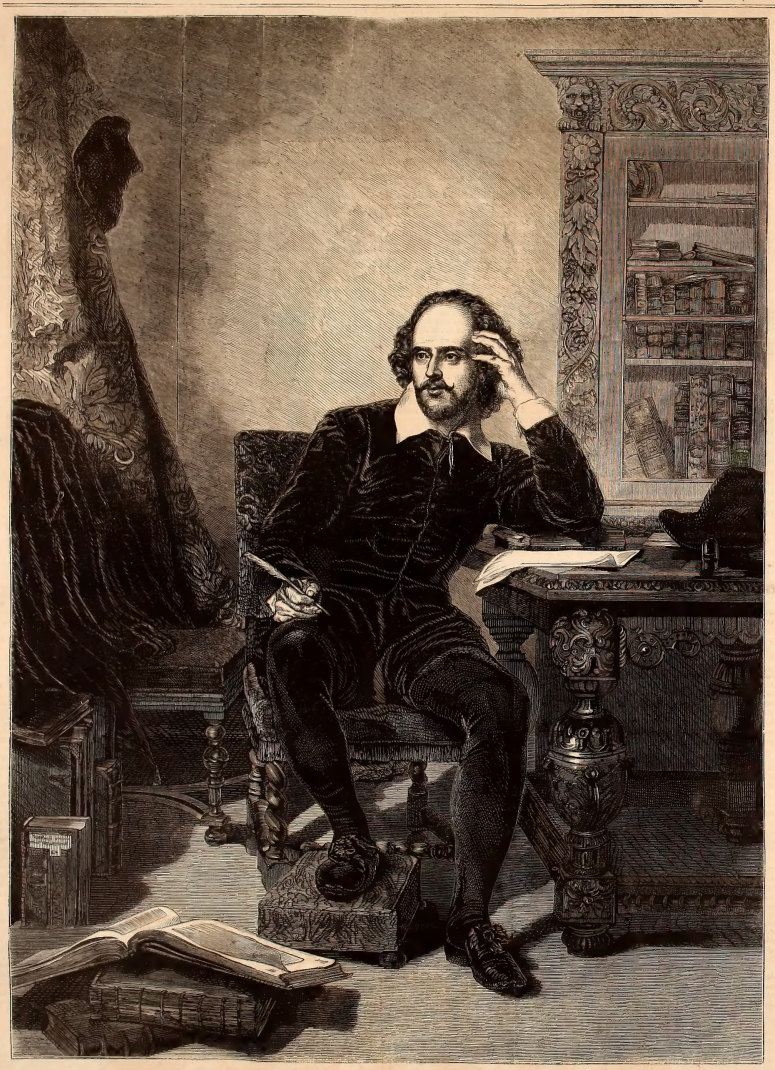
EXECUTIVE SESSION OF THE SENATE.

The session of the Senate, which began on the 12th of April, has been occupied in the consideration of Treaties and in the confirmation or rejection of the President's new nominations. On the first day of the session the Commissioners to settle the Alabama claims met with Boden, a second with Warrenburg, a third with Bowen, and a fourth with Bradford. These were all drawn up on the basis of the treaty established with the North German Confederation.

The President sent in the following nominations: J. Lothrop Motley, Minister to England; A. Bernard Jones to Belgium; John S. Carlisle to Sweden; J. H. Gray to Denmark; Stephen A. Hurlbut to Rio Janeiro; Silas A. Hudson (colored) to Guatemala; Elbert Edmonds (colored) to Liberia; Andrew G. Curtin to Russia, and John Jay to Austria.

On the 13th, the Alabama Claims treaty was rejected in the Senate by 54 votes. The only vote in its favor was that of Gregory, of Kentucky. The following additional nominations were sent in by the President: William H. Seward to be Minister to Mexico; Henry T. Sanford to Spain; William A. Pile to Bolivia; Wm. Hemsley Peck to Peru; Andrew G. Curtin to Russia, and John Jay to Austria.

On the 14th, the Alabama Claims treaty was rejected in the Senate by 54 votes. The only vote in its favor was that of Gregory, of Kentucky. The following additional nominations were sent in by the President: Wm. Hemsley Peck to Peru; Henry T. Sanford to Spain; William A. Pile to Bolivia; Andrew G. Curtin to Russia, and John Jay to Austria. Also, Robert C. Kirkwood to be Minister to Belgium; Wm. Hunter to be Secretary of State; Benjamin F. Wade to be Vice-President; Robert C. Schenck to be Minister to England; John Lothrop Motley to be Minister to Austria; John Bigelow to be Minister to France; Samuel Hooper to be Minister to Germany; Reverdy Johnson to be Minister to Italy; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Peru; Henry T. Blow to be Minister to Brazil; Wm. Hunter to be Minister to Rio Janeiro; Thomas Corwin to be Minister to Mexico; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Chili; Wm. A. Pile to be Minister to Bolivia; Andrew G. Curtin to be Minister to Russia; Thomas H. Dudley to be Minister to Hayti; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Ecuador; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to New Granada; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Venezuela; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Guatemala; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Salvador; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Honduras; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Nicaragua; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Costa Rica; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Hayti; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Liberia; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Dominica; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Paraguay; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Uruguay; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Chili; Wm. Hemsley Peck to be Minister to Bolivia



PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE revival of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, so splendidly inaugurated by EDWIN BOOTH in his new theatre, as also the late Tercentenary Festival of 1864, have done much to intensify the interest which always exists in regard to the greatest dramatist of all times. Criticism, photography, and paleography have recently been strained to the utmost degree in order to bring before us the poet, his words, and the circumstances of his life.

There are few portraits of SHAKSPEARE extant that have respectable claims to genuineness. Among these we may enumerate the Stratford bust; DROESHOUT'S print from the folio of 1623; a portrait from an edition of the Sonnets, published in 1640, which is evidently copied from the DROESHOUT print; one which is said to have been painted by CORNELIUS JANSEN; and the CHANDOS portrait, which can be traced back to the possession of DAVENANT (born 1605, died 1688), who is said to have claimed to have been a natural son of SHAKSPEARE. The last mentioned has the most authoritative claim to genuineness, and is the one after which the portrait which we lay before our readers on this page was painted.

The first folio had a portrait of SHAKSPEARE which must have been a fair likeness, since BEN JONSON, a familiar friend of the poet, wrote by the side of it these lines:

> This Figure, that thou here see'st put,
> It was for gentle shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the Grauer had a strife
> With Nature, to out-doe the life:
> O could he but haue drawne his Wit
> As well in Brasse, as he hath hit
> His Face; the Print would then surpasse
> All, that was ever writ in Brasse.
> But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
> Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

ST. HELENA.—[SEE PAGE 278.]

THE MATE OF THE "ARETHUSA."

A stout, gallant ship than the *Arethusa* never sailed over the waters of the ocean. Swift, steady, and quick to obey her helm, she was the pride of her sailors and envy of other seamen.

As she sailed out of port on her last voyage to Hong Kong there was a little knot of people on her quarter-deck, who stood looking back in silence to the slowly fading shores. One was an elderly man, of mild and benevolent face, who seemed much more fitted to be a city missionary than any thing else. He was the captain. Near him was another of about the same age, short, thick-set, with an irascible face and abrupt manner. A young girl of extreme beauty leaned upon his arm. Her name was Helen Travers, and this was her father, a rich China merchant, who was taking her from boarding-school to his own far-distant home. As lovely as the dawn, amiable, and accomplished, her charms would have made her a prize for any man, but they were heightened by her being the sole and declared heiress to the vast wealth of Mr. Travers. Such seemed to be the impression of a man of important air who stood at her elbow. This personage gave himself out as the Hon. Eugene Beresford, a traveler to China for the benefit of his health. He was the only one who spoke, and his conversation was addressed solely to the lovely Helen Travers.

The last who composed the group was Talbot, the mate of the ship. He was a man of small size, but muscular frame. His face was dark, and his eyes intensely black and piercing. His age did not seem to be over twenty-one, and his energy and skill marked him out as the real ruler of the vessel.

The shore faded out from view, and the first day of the voyage was succeeded by others. They passed beyond the Bay of Biscay, and beyond the Azores. They sailed within sight of Saint Helena, whose stern cliffs tower on high like the walls of a huge fortress; and at length, rounding the Cape of Good Hope, they passed into the Indian Ocean.

Long before this the characters of all on board had been plainly exhibited.

The Hon. Eugene Beresford devoted himself unremittingly to the fair young heiress. In fine weather he was her constant attendant, and sought in every possible way to create a favorable impression. This he sought to do by telling her of the marvelous exploits in which he had been an actor, by land and sea, in different parts of the world. He had been in the wilds of America, through the pampas of South America, over the steppes of Asia; and in almost every clime and zone he had performed deeds of valor and heroism. Tales like these, narrated with the impressive air and deep voice of Beresford, exalted him greatly in the mind of the inexperienced young girl.

Yet Beresford had a rival. In his haughty self-complacency he at first ignored the rivalry altogether, but at length he could not help noticing it. The young mate in his own way was no less assiduous than himself in his attentions. He it was who in sunshine arranged awnings and seats for Miss Travers. He it was whose hand was ever ready to assist her over the treacherous decks; and, worse than all, he it was who monopolized the fair lady in stormy days, when the Hon. Eugene Beresford was forced to lock himself up and groan in his state-room.

The young mate had a handsome face and a musical voice. He could tell Miss Travers all the secrets of the sea, of perils on the deep, and dangers on a rocky shore. He could sing songs of love, and roving adventure, and death, and victory. Songs can often express what the tongue would not dare to utter in words, and so it needed but little penetration for Miss Travers to see that Talbot was overcome by a passionate love for her that bordered on idolatry. In spite of their difference in rank she was not shocked at the discovery. The young mate had intelligence beyond his station, and gentle manners that would have graced the highest in the land. She was flattered by her conquest, and gratified by the devotion of so pure and simple a nature as his.

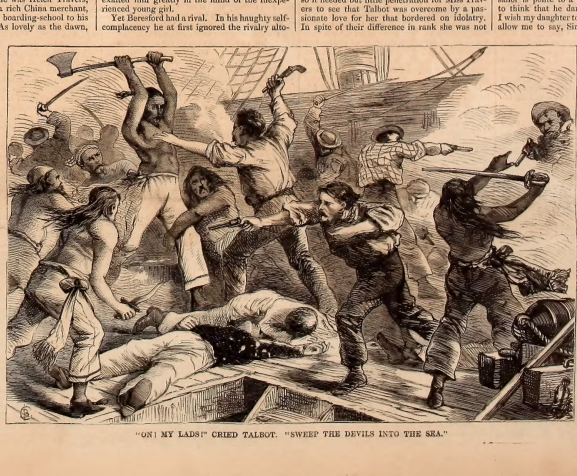
Such was the state of affairs before the voyage was half over, and as they entered the Indian Ocean Talbot was manifestly feeding his heart with mad ambitious hopes, and Beresford was fast giving way to ungovernable jealousy.

At first Beresford tried to cut off his rival by mentioning the subject to Mr. Travers. The old gentleman was so fearfully indignant—not at the mate, but at his informant—that the latter did not dare to allude to the subject again.

"Zounds, Sir!" cried he; "because a bold sailor is polite to a pretty girl, do you pretend to think that he dares to hope to marry her? I wish my daughter to receive attention, Sir; and allow me to say, Sir, that you show very little courtesy to interfere in this way. Mr. Talbot knows his duty to his passengers, and his place on board this vessel."

Mr. Beresford being thus balked, resolved on another course. He began a systematic persecution of the mate, and carried it out to a degree that was maddening. The mate endured it all patiently, contenting himself with reminding him that, as it was an officer's duty to make the ship pleasant to passengers, he was unable to resent his conduct. Emboldened by this forbearance, which he mistook for cowardice, Beresford grew worse and worse, and at length set no bounds to his insults. Impertinences of every kind, coarse jests at his expense, sneers, ridicule, and taunts of the most cruel and cutting nature, not only in public, but also in private, were showered upon the head of Mr. Talbot. The latter, in spite of his patience, shrewd how deeply he was stung; but his regard for the rules of the ship and the comfort of his passengers effectually kept him from any exhibition of anger.

Miss Travers looked with surprise at such



"ON! MY LADS!" CRIED TALBOT. "SWEEP THE DEVILS INTO THE SEA."

scenes as these. She despised Beresford for his resentment of the unoffending man, but she despised no less what seemed to be the craven spirit of Talbot. She herself would have turned in fury to resist one tithe of the wrongs which he endured so meekly. Nor did she understand how any one who called himself a man could bear any one who called himself a man could bear such treatment. Her delicacy prevented her from making any allusion to the subject; yet she showed her contempt in receiving the polite attentions of Talbot. She even evinced greater pleasure for Beresford's society, in the exact ratio that this excited the other's latent manhood.

In vain, however. Talbot grew sad, and remained deaf to all her attentions. The change was specially withdrew his attentions also, for she had brought melancholy to the ship, and she feared to take pleasure in the society of the burned to take pleasure in the society of the mate, and felt its absence to be a loss.

Once at the table Beresford addressed a remark to Talbot of more than usual severity.

Miss Travers rose.

"For shame!" said she. "If Mr. Talbot has not the spirit to resent this, I will not countenance it by my presence. These scenes are insufferable to me, and I will witness them no more." She turned to go.

Talbot sprang to his feet. His face was pale, and his eyes flashed with excitement.

"I am no coward; I entreat you to stay, Miss Travers. I am not afraid of a solemn promise not to raise my hand against any one on shipboard. But if you give the word, I will break all such, and this very moment I will turn this puppy overboard."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Travers, who had been listening with pride and contempt for Talbot's pusillanimity. "Bravo! I say, Nell, for God's sake give the fellow the word, and let him pay off old scores."

"No; no, gentlemen, no violence!" said Miss Travers, resuming her seat. "But I beg of you, Talbot, that you will use the propriety of transferring these scenes elsewhere."

"Throw me overboard! his, ha!" cried Beresford. "It's his fortunate for me that you made that promise. Pay, to whom did you make it?"

"To my dying mother," said Talbot, with deep solemnity.

"Your mother!" sneered Beresford. "Poor dear woman! Was she in the washing line of business?"

"Come outside!" cried Talbot, in stern, commanding tones. "Come outside, I say!" And Beresford obeyed mechanically.

"Now, Sir," said Talbot, when they had reached the deck, "you must be stopped. The moment that we reach port you and I will wash out our account in blood! Meanwhile, if you utter another word of this kind I will put you in irons, and take the consequences. Remember, I am master here, and you are in my power."

Beresford muttered a word and re-entered the cabin. He related there what had occurred.

"He'll do it," said the captain. "He's a wonderful determined man, is Talbot. Don't you know him, Sir—"

"You'd better stop, Beresford, or you'll get into trouble," said Travers, coolly. "If you make the man desperate he'll have you in irons in a jiffy, and run the ship."

The result was that Beresford thought it best to stop the more violent part of his persecution, and confine himself solely to hints. But Mr. Talbot kept out of the way as much as possible, and sat at the table no more.

"He's a strange chap," said Mr. Travers, "that's clear—an in-fernal coward."

But Helen Travers thought differently. In his eyes that were quick to blaze forth at every insult she saw other signs than fear; and in his strong command over his feelings and his stubborn resolve she confidently she saw the proof of a mighty soul. Now her thoughts turned to him constantly; and while she no longer spoke to him she remembered all his acts and words of devotion. Was it possible that such a frank and joyous and brave spirit as he one showed himself to be could be the base thing which Beresford asserted? A thousand times no. If there were cowardice it belonged to the other, and was so ready to persecute the man who would not resist.

Thus the days and weeks passed on. Miss Travers kept more to herself, and passed the time in reading and in thought. From her cabin she could see the quarter-deck, but she could see Talbot among the men, who obeyed his slightest nod, and sprang to their duties at every intimation of his desire. The captain seemed to be fit for nothing but sitting amiably at the head of the cabin table. Talbot was every thing on board, and out of the ship. He would have been captain himself, it was said, had not his superior officer been a relative of the owner of the *Arethusa*.

At last a change occurred which proved to be memorable and eventful one in the lives of all the passengers.

They were approaching the Straits of Sunda, a place which at that time was dreaded by all navigators in those seas as the favorite lurking-place of a great Malay pirate, Tomawa.

Some hints to this effect were dropped among the passengers, with the request that they should not on any account say any thing to Miss Travers about it, since it would alarm her.

To this request of all Beresford mentioned this very thing to Miss Travers the next time they met. His only motive seemed to be a desire to glorify himself, since he has made use of the fact of the danger before them to promise what he personally would do when the dreaded pirate made his appearance.

That very day the ship was becalmed, and Miss Travers, on coming out to the quarter-deck about mid-day, noticed the captain and mate anxiously looking out over the sea. There was a strange sail there. It was a Malay proa.

"What a singular ship!" said she to Talbot. "Is it a Chinese junk?"

"No," said Talbot. "It is a Malay."

"A Malay! Is it the pirate?" said she, turning pale.

"I hope not," said Talbot, earnestly.

"For my part," said Beresford, in an ardent tone, "I hope it may be, since it will give me a chance to show what I can do for you."

Talbot turned away abruptly, and again examined the vessel through his spy-glass. He whispered a few hurried words to the captain; the latter nodded, and left the quarter-deck.

The *Arethusa* had a crew of about forty men, and two small guns. She had also a supply of arms for the men in case of attack. Miss Travers saw preparations going on forward which seemed to promise a fight. The idea terrified her. She shuddered at the thought of strife and blood.

The Malay proa was moving steadily toward them, first on one tack and then on the other, as were working. The men of the *Arethusa* saw all this, and at the command of Talbot they separated, and by and by, loaded their muskets and pistols, and strapped on their swords. About as pirate was a very well to do-looking vessel was provided with thirty stalwart seamen as they awaited the pirates. The preparations were at length complete, and Talbot walked aft.

"We're about ready," said he to the captain.

"All right," said the latter. "You'll manage them better than I. I'll take my station by the helm after you, as I can, my boy. I'm too old and too stupid to lead those brave fellows."

"I wish you would," said he, as a volunteer," said old Travers, who had buckled on a sword and held a pistol in each hand.

Talbot smiled.

Beresford stood aloof, pretending not to take any notice of this.

"Had not Miss Travers better go below?" said Talbot to her father.

"Yes, certainly—certainly. Helen, you must go down. You'll be frightened, dear."

Beresford assisted her down into the cabin. Then Ben assisted them among the men. Talbot was on the quarter-deck. The Malay proa had come up close. Her decks were crowded. About a hundred and fifty villainous looking fellows were gathered there. A hoarse voice in broken English summoned them to surrender.

"Fire!" cried the mate, in a moment of thunder. Two guns followed. A wild shriek arose among the Malays. The cannon, loaded with grape, had made fearful havoc among the men. A fire crowd. Then followed a discharge of small-arms. Soon after the cannon, which had been loaded again, were discharged with the same fearful effect. A panic seized the Malays. They stopped rowing. The proa swung a little to one side, and presented her entire length to the crew of the *Arethusa*.

In the midst of their panic there were not idle. Their guns were fired also, but their firing was wild, and but few shots took effect. At last the proa, as it swung around, struck against the side of the *Arethusa*. Grappling-irons were flung down. With a shout to his men he leaped on board, and the gallant fellows swarmed after him.

The odds were against them, but it is always so when the Saxon fights with the Malay. But that single fact tells; and these were not the men to falter before a crowd of Malays.

With Talbot at their head they threw themselves into the midst of the crowd. Well armed with pistols and cutlasses, they first discharged the former, and then went to work hewing their way forward.

A compact body of men, with a bold, skillful leader, they could not be met with any suddenness or short attack. Having at the outset gained a headway, they could not be checked. The impetus with which they began bore them on. The Malays fell back. The panic which the first cannon-shot had flung into the crowd of pirates was not overcome. There was no resistance on the part of some, but wild confusion among most. Many leaped into the sea, and swam about amazed.

One huge Malay tried in vain to rally his fellowers. Several fought around him. He himself engaged one man, struck right and left, his face like the face of a fiend, and his eyes blazing with savage rage.

Through the midst of it struggling crowd Talbot forced his way toward this man. The Malay waited his approach, and with a shout of defiance rushed to meet him. Talbot dextrously evaded the descending weapon, and before the Malay could raise it, grasped it by the hilt with his left hand. His right he struck the pirate a tremendous blow between his eyes with the butt of his pistol. The Malay fell heavily to the deck, stunned.

"On! my lads!" cried Talbot. "Sweep the devils into the sea."

With a shout rush the men flung themselves forward. The few Malays who were resisting fell back disheartened. Some threw themselves at once into the sea; others, surrounded by others, in despair, leaped into the sea, choosing rather to drown than be captured.

In about an hour from the beginning of the fight the proa lay silent by the side of the *Arethusa*, with thirty Malays as captives, and many more dead. Their chief, the terrible pirate Tomawa. Talbot had captured this one with his own hand.

The captain had fought with that fierce man, first, and had received a wound on his hand from a Malay cross to show. Travers had fought by his side, and had a cut on his arm from a kris, which he was incapressibly proud. Six of the seamen had been killed, ten wounded; but they had gained the victory, and captured the greatest pirate of the Eastern seas.

Where was Beresford?

Where?

That was the question. The captain and Travers looked gloomily at one another. The seamen spoke darkly about pitching him overboard. Talbot said not a word. The noise of the fight had now died out. They were talking together on the quarter-deck. Suddenly Miss Travers came rushing up, her face pale, her breathing quick and hurried. She flung herself into her father's arms and overwhelmed him with caresses. Then she looked around, and saw from the bloody decks of the proa and the wounded and dead how fierce had been the conflict.

But the pirate chief was not there. He was suddenly overspread with a flush, and her eyes kindled.

"That wretch!" she cried; "that base coward! Go away and leave you to fight for him!"

"Where is he?" asked Travers.

"In his room."

"In his room?"

"Yes. I told him to go up and fight, but he swore he would stay with me to defend me. I told him to defend me by going up on deck and fighting. He said he would only lay down his life at my feet. I called him a coward, and reproached him for letting my aged father fight. At this the noise of the fight arose; he turned pale, and muttering a few words went into his room.

There was a long silence.

"He's the most infernal coward that ever lived!" cried Travers at last. "So infernal a coward that I'll be hanged if I'm not inclined to—"

"Why, then," said Talbot, "I'll fight, after all," said he. "These cowards of Malays! But they don't amount to much. I'm infernally sorry I wasn't able to fight for you, Miss Travers; but the fact is, just as I went into my room to get my pistols —revolvers, by-the-way, first-rate ones—that infernal Malay, as he was seized with an epileptic attack, to which all the Beresfords are subject, and—"

"Captain," said Travers, interrupting him, "what do sailors generally do with skulkers and sneaks?"

"Well, they generally duck 'em, keel-haul 'em, or something of that sort," said the captain, in a loud voice.

All the seamen were glaring wrathfully at Beresford. They overheard the captain's words.

"Keel-haul him! ay—that's it! Keel-haul that coward!" roared a score of deep, wrathful voices.

Talbot heard it and started. He saw the sailors' looks, and understood it all in a moment.

He rushed forward.

"No, my lads!" he cried, in a voice like the peal of a trumpet; "none of that—none of that! You've brave fellows. You've done what none of you have succeeded in doing. You've caught Tomawa. Don't disgrace yourselves, my brave boys, by touching even with the end of a finger a thing like that—" And he pointed with unutterable contempt to Beresford. The wretch was as pale as death.

The sailors gave place for Talbot, and turned contemptuously away. Beresford skulked below, and scarcely left his room for the remainder of the voyage. "It was well," he said.

At length they approached their destination. On the following day they would all land. Travers, Helen, and Talbot were on the quarter-deck.

"My brave boy," said Travers, "you have saved our lives. I wish you could stand up beside me, as a dear creature I don't know. Why didn't you pitch him overboard?"

"I told you why."

"I said, I could do something to show my esteem for you," said Travers, smilingly.

"You can," said Talbot.

"How?"

"Give me something."

"What?"

"This," said Talbot, and he caught the hand of Helen in both of his. Helen's head dropped. She said nothing.

Travers looked thunder-struck. "The devil!" he cried, and stood silent and overwhelmed. "It's Heaven's own retribution," he said, "and, I'll be hanged if I don't do it. I couldn't do better. Egad, she's yours, for you saved her! Haven't you, my dear, need to save for me, my boy?" And he held out his hand. Talbot seized it, and twined his other arm around Helen's waist. Her head fell upon his shoulder and rested there.

"But I'm not the mate of the *Arethusa*," said Talbot, with a smile. "I'm an impostor."

"Then go home with you're giving your daughter."

"My love! yes, I do!" I'm giving her to the bravest boy that ever lived."

"Did you ever happen to hear of a fellow called the Flying George Talbot, who spent a fortune on the ring?"

Travers looked at him in bewilderment.

"I'm that person," said Talbot. "I was a spendthrift, and after my ruin returned to see my dying mother. She implored me to reform and—"

Travers executed from me a solemn promise not to gamble or bet for a year, and under no provocation to strike a man for that time. I gave it. I tried to reform. I went to sea. As I was always a good yachtsman, I had no difficulty in becoming mate of the *Arethusa*.

"This day has revealed me is some nobody, or he would have recognized me. I could not knock him down on account of my promise to my mother. It's up now. He's too much of a coward to fight me, but I hope to have the pleasure of kicking him out of the ship."

"Hon. George Talbot!" cried Travers. "By Heaven, Sir, I don't know but I'd rather have you as the mate of the *Arethusa*, and plain Mr."

"You can't go back from your word in any rate," said Talbot; "and you may 'mister' me to the end of my days."

"Nonsense!" said Travers, wringing his hand, "you're every inch a man, and the bravest lad that ever stepped. So take her, my boy, and a father's blessing."

On landing Talbot did not have the pleasure of kicking Beresford. The latter managed to skulk himself unnoticed.

He turned out to be a certain John Peters, who had come out to be clerk in a merchant's house. Talbot did not think it was worth his while to hunt him out.

Talbot was married a few days after landing, took his bride and stopped for a few weeks at the Governor's residence, and then went back home in the ship *Arethusa*, leaving the *Arethusa* to sail home with a new mate.

A DAY AT ST. HELENA.

ST. HELENA is a scowl upon the face of nature. Its sea walls rise sheer and bare to a great height out of the sea, as if the necessity for a prison in human economy had been present to the mind of the Creator when came into being. The crowded fortress of Gibraltar, with its various great cannon, which now bristle from various points of interest, and into the rock, look as thorough indignance to the place as if they too had been cast up, ready-made, when the interior rock revealed their angriest points, and gave birth to the island.

HAWTHORNE makes a "Note" that a lighthouse would be a charming place for a young couple to spend the first year of their married life in; methinks a little green island would be better still, and a little shelly walled about with water, having its own peculiar quota of sunshine and rain, sufficient unto itself. But to desire St. Helena for a honeymoon would be like coveting a penitentiary or the Tower of London.

It was first settled by Portuguese, and a time, and has ever since been a sort of house of call for ships on the Indian voyage. American ships stop there on the way home, but only when a long passage has exhausted fresh provisions.

Our good ship had been tossed and buffeted by a hundred days of bitter weather since leaving Calcutta, from the chart showed our close proximity to St. Helena. I dreaded lest we might pass it in the night without knowing it, and was despairingly skeptical as to the science which could hit so small a point in the howling waste of waters. But I looked out at last, on the morning my eyes seemed actually to knock against the wall of rock which reposed in the distance, and steep that the easiest way of overcoming its ascent was by building flights of stairs all the way up, which, seen from the sea, look like rope-ladders on the wall of a fortress otherwise inaccessible.

We stepped from a little boat on dry stones at the landing, and found ourselves in the main street. The houses seemed to be repaired fair-ly to decay, the timbers and doorposts being more shells; and the explanation is that some unlucky ship landed a number of years ago with her cargo, which have proved worse than an Egyptian plague, having multiplied enormously and devoured all before them. As the ship was long while their eyes to meet us, and invited us into his house, of which the white ants had left but one story habitable. Our host proved to be the ex-consul of Genoa; he received the office under President JACKSON, and had held it off and on for more than thirty years.

He was a man, with tears in his eyes, "they have turned out their old servant like a dog, and without so much as a thank you." It was not without so much as a thank you." It was not all that it valuable to him—oh no! and on this string he harped continually while we remained with him. It was with a mournful accent, democracy, like SYDNEY SMITH'S corporation, has neither a conscience to touch nor a body to kick, and the ex-consul appears not to be employed from it; but the iron of republican ingratitude had entered his soul. I could not help a little private wonder as to the extent to which one so ardently if there were no money to be made out of it; for in a place so terribly expensive as St. Helena, in fact in all other islands, the sense of honor is found in the pocket. A happy question made him open warmly to JACKSON. He was buried with the honors of war—when he was exhumed and carried to France; when he was buried there for the first time—when he was buried with the highest military honors—when he was exhumed and carried to France; when he was buried there for the first time—when he's house, which had been built for him

We went to Longwood in a light American buggy. The road was a very easy one for the most part, cut into the hill-side overlooking the town, and appeared to be much traveled. Rising on the other side of the valley is the highest elevation on the island; it is called High Knoll, and has a battery on its summit.

The last view of the valley, as the road makes a sharp turn, can not surely be surpassed in the world. No view can be perfect without sea and land together, and on this platform of basalt the horizon lost in a mellow haze, the sea mirrored the sky so entirely that one could not tell where they met; the white tips of foam and the fleecy flocks of cloud seemed one and the same—now in the sky and now in the sea, till one doubted whether the island rested on a rock, or only a gray cloud on which we were floating in space.

The house at Longwood is of one story, small, and, if one does not look at it from a point of too great contrast, it is comfortable; such a house as a mechanic in America might hope to build for his old age from moderate earnings. The visitor enters from a simple latticed piazza, from which NAPOLEON may have often watched the sunset, a room of very moderate size, with boarded sides, painted a bright green, as it was in his time. If it did not please him, he says it certainly could not injure them. This was the drawing-room, and, like all the rest, it is perfectly clean and empty of furnishing.

This room opens into the one that witnessed his death; and on the spot where his bed stood is a marble bed of life-size sculptured with the dead face; and it is said his features were never so beautiful as when settled in their last rest after the "labor and heat" of his life.

The house at Longwood contains a few more small rooms—the bedroom where NAPOLEON slept, a writing-room where he wrote the "Memorial from St. Helena," dining and billiard rooms; and in these confined quarters his few faithful friends broke up, so far as they were able the etiquette of the Tuileries.

No more painful account of the agony long drawn out was ever written than the Journal kept minutely by LAS CASAS of the life of the Emperor, from 1815, when he landed on the island, till LAS CASAS fell under suspicion of the Governor and was removed from Longwood. It is but a commentary on the one magnificent sentence that now hangs on the wall of the bedroom:

"If this room could tell the torments which were here endured, what a tremendous agony it would have to disclose!" "There is but one comfort left us," said NAPOLEON, when the fast narrowing bars of his prison left no hope of escape—"the eyes of the universe are upon us." This was true French consolation, but it kept him alive six years only.

In 1855, when BAYARD TAYLOR visited it, the house had fallen almost to ruin by neglect; the room where NAPOLEON died was a pile of rubbish in the bedroom horses and cows were stabled. Since 1858, when the place passed into possession of the French, it has been restored to its former state, and placed under the care of a sergeant, who followed us silently from room to room, merely mentioning the name of each as we entered it.

The body of NAPOLEON was placed in a tomb about two miles from the house, near a favorite spring. We had to leave the carriage and walk a long way on the edge of a steep ravine. Happily the wind blew the right way, for the crazy-gourd bedeck was but a shrub or a prostrating pebble to grip if one lost his footing. The tomb, like the house, has undergone much change; a small space of ground is inclosed by an iron ailing, and bordered with evergreens, which always look as if they had been intended by nature for a fenceyard use. A large oblong tablet without inscription, and covered with the remains of flowers thrown upon it, marks the spot which held the Emperor's body for twenty years.

The sergeant watched us narrowly; but I was no anxious for a token of my pilgrimage that I secured the smallest possible twig of the willow tree that droops over the tomb. Stealing is never reputable unless successful, and I was not a little excited when the sergeant presented me a surrender of my prize at the gate. An English shilling bought it again, however; and this little bargain leads me to think that the sergeant at the tomb must have had English blood in his veins.

There were two willow-trees originally, but one of them has died of its wounds at the hands of travelers.

The return drive seemed to have shortened by half the way. Here and there a few drops of clear water, falling from a crack in the rock, showed a spring not far off, and Mr. C—— said there were two hundred and forty of these springs in the island.

In the valley it was warm as July ought to be, but on the hills it was piercingly cold. Small country houses are scattered about the island, where the better class of people live in the hot months; but at the time of our visit they were all empty, as it was what, for form's sake, they called winter. The mountain road was very lonely, and we were much amused, on the latter part of the last hill, to see a fat, barefooted negro wench, who had tied her baby round her waist, so that its hands and feet hung on each side with these it beat a lively tattoo on its mother's fat sides, while her principal burden was an enormous bundle of sticks which she balanced on her head.

Jamestown is built in a long, straggling valley, not more than 100 yards at its widest, between rocks almost perpendicular. It is as if a race of pigmies should build their small city in that rocky avenue called the "Flume," in the White Mountains.

The main street is nearly straight, and leads past the barracks, the ghostly burial-grounds (which boast about three grave-stones apiece), a few houses of the better class, and ends with a place called "The Briars"—a sort of summer pavilion (built on what in any other spot would be called a high rock—which was the home of NAPOLEON from his arrival till Longwood could be prepared for him.

There seemed not much thing as driving in the town; we met one man on horseback, and his steed was the only one besides our own that we saw during the day; but there were a crazy of donkeys, small, gray, stubbed creatures, the same the world over; these carried the heavier burdens, and the rest up the hills on the backs of the men—and such women! They are very straight from the practice I have mentioned; but, aside from this, I have never seen more unmitigated specimens of womanhood than the mixed breed of St. Helena; stunted, flat-breasted, haggard, I think it would be the general verdict if a prize was given. The pure blacks, who seem to be held inferior to those worse colored creatures, are a positive relief to the eye, in the happy and healthy development of all their animal powers, which seems to be a negro's birth-right.

We discovered a nice little shop, which might have been the "store" of a country village in New England for the variety of goods that it contained; we did a little shopping, for the luxury of the thing, after total deprivation for three months on shipboard, and the prices were all multiplied by the distance from the main land. The poorest hotel accommodation costs eight dollars a day.

The street was full of the lowest order of humanity, and, on the whole, I should think the lookers and the looked at were glad to get to a respectable part of the native inhabitants of St. Helena. A great number of slavers, captured on the African coast, have been brought here and tried to the island; the vessels are broken up and form a large part of the wood used there, and the slaves receive a free pardon, which the Government expense till they are shipped to the West Indies. At the time of our visit a thousand of these half wild and wholly wretched creatures were waiting for shipment.

LAST IN SHE AFFRICAN.—The latest last words of sympathy to the venerable ex-consul on republican injustice, we walked slowly down to our little boat, jumping impatiently against the stepping-stones.

A few steady pulls at the oars carry us outside the projecting point of rock which forms the town till one is close upon it. The sea has taken all sorts of liberties with this wall, and carved it into as many fantastic shapes as one would find on an old cathedral wall.

Several feet above the usual sea level a large circular hole has been worn through the rock, and through this window, as the sun sunk into the sea in splendors of red and gold, we cast a last long look at Jamestown, lying deep and lonely in its valley:

"Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkled like a grain of salt."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE last Report of the Department of Agriculture contains, among numerous interesting statistics, some valuable suggestions and facts relative to the cultivation of the sugar-beet. As our immense sum is every year paid for foreign sugars, and it is believed that under an improved system of agriculture this country might supply the home demand for this necessary article of food, and have a large surplus for export, various investigations are being made, and experiments are in progress, which, when completed, will show with considerable accuracy what success may be expected in the culture of the sugar-beet in this country. A field of but three and seven degrees wide, lying between the parallels 36 and 43, is considered favorable as regards temperature for the sugar-beet. The growing of the best requires rotation. In France, where it has been cultivated with great success, an ordinary rotation is: 1. Barley or wheat. 2. Beets. 3. Oats. The product of beets per acre is from fourteen to fifteen tons in France and Belgium, and occasionally enormous crops are reported. A ton of beets yields about one hundred pounds of sugar, and the beet-sake, or the residue after the pressure, is very valuable as a food for cattle, being both nutritious and agreeable. The beets may be cut into small pieces, dried by artificial heat, and sold in that state to manufacturers, to use sugar being extracted then by inflation. The Agricultural Report gives a detailed account of what is now known in regard to the cultivation of this vegetable in this and other countries; and also of the European processes of manufacturing the sugar. Some factories are now in operation in the United States; and when the success of this business upon our soil is fully demonstrated many will be ready to engage in it.

It is proposed to erect a new hospital for the treatment of diseases of the eye and ear in the upper part of the city. The necessity for dealing with diseases of these organs is exceedingly large, and it is desirable that ample provision be made for their relief. A number of prominent philanthropic gentlemen of this city have combined to take immediate steps to raise a permanent fund for the building of such an institution. The proposed site is on the corner of Forty-first Street and Fourth Avenue.

Parisian ladies have a dreadful reputation! If they have a disagreeable, ill-tempered husband, who comes home intoxicated and full of abuse, they do not throw the tea-pot at his head, but patiently endure his insults and then lower until he is asleep, when they give him coffee and arsenic for breakfast! At least this is the report.

The forty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design indicates a decided progress in American art. The show of pictures is in many respects more satisfactory than it has been on some past occasions. To be sure, some of our best artists are abroad, and have no works on exhibition. Others, who are at home, are not represented, for various reasons, and the absence of these is felt. But younger artists, and some who have not been prominent before, show by their present contributions that progress for the future are bright.

The following statement of the way matrimonial matters stand in Portland, Maine, has been prepared by an ingenious statistician of that city: Runaway wives, 94; runaway husbands, 16; married persons legally divorced, 347; living in open warfare, 1445; living in private misunderstanding, 1196; naturally indifferent, 4000; regarded as happy, 264; nearly happy, 38; perfectly happy, 2. A census of the kind, showing how affairs are in other cities, might be an interesting document—to bachelors!

It is still a mooted question where Twitchell obtained the poison which destroyed his life. It was not the ordinary hydrocyanic acid of the drug stores, which is largely diluted with water. The acid which was found in Twitchell's cell required ninety-nine parts of water to reduce it to the standard of the acid used in pharmacy. Apothecaries do not keep it, and the wonder is, how it was obtained, and by whom. Mrs. Twitchell has made public certain "confessions," which she states were sent to her by her husband, with the urgent demand that she should adopt them as her own, and thereby save him from death on the gallows. She indignantly refused to mean his own horror of death, and that, though many believed her to be guilty of the murder, she would not speak to trial for the crime, having once been acquitted.

A New York dodge recently fixed a milkman fifty dollars for mixing water with his milk. If justice continues to be meted out thus to offenders we shall stand a good chance of obtaining the pure article.

The *Journal of Chemistry* says that dish may be kept alive for ten days or more without water by filling their mouths and cavities of bread saturated with brandy, and pouring a little brandy into their stomachs. This, after all, is the torpid state, they may be packed in straw. They become alive in a few hours when again supplied with water. A very nice plan for dealers; but how do the fishes like it? Besides, there is the danger of their acquiring bad habits, and wanting brandy as a steady drink instead of water!

At this season, when oranges and bananas are to be had at every street corner, the public may well utter a post of indignation against the usual disposition of the rind of these fruits made by those who lunch while promenading for an airing. It is a common thing to see men and boys walking along, scattering bits of orange-peel here and there as they are eating. Such a practice should be regarded as a misdemeanor, for it is highly dangerous. Many a person has slipped in consequence of treading unawares upon piece of this rind, and cast down upon the sidewalk, and have been seriously injured thereby.

The fine building lately erected on Broadway and Eleventh Street, which was purchased by the Methodists for $900,000, and will afford excellent headquarters for the agents who issue the "Book Concern," Stores on the ground-floor will be rented, and the basement devoted to printing. The remainder of the building will be occupied by the Concern, together with the Missionary Society, Tract Society, and Sunday-school Union.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How late is it, Tom?" "Look at the hour and see if he's drunk; if he ain't, it can't be much after seven." "Oh, you're very good time!" "Splendid! they regulate the town clock by his nose."

HOW ADVERTISING WINS.

The first time a man looks at an advertisement he does not see it.

The second time, he does not notice it.

The third time, he is dimly conscious of it.

The fourth time, he faintly remembers having seen something of the kind before.

The fifth time, he half reads it.

The sixth time, he turns up his nose at it.

The seventh time, he reads it all through, and says, "Pshaw!"

The eighth time, he ejaculates, "Here's that confounded thing again!"

The ninth time, he wonders "if there is any thing in it."

The tenth time, he thinks it might suit somebody else's case.

The eleventh time, he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has ever tried the article, or knows about it.

The twelfth time, he wonders how the advertiser can make it pay.

The thirteenth time, he rather thinks it must be a good thing.

The fourteenth time, he happens to think it is just what he wanted the other day.

The fifteenth time, he resolves to try it as soon as he can afford it.

The sixteenth time, he examines the address carefully, and writes it in his memorandum of it.

The seventeenth time, he feels tantalized to think he hardly able to do so.

The eighteenth time, he is painfully reminded he is in need of the article, and particularly excellent article.

The nineteenth time, he accounts his money to see how much he would have left if he bought it: and

The twentieth time, he feels tantalized to think he hardly able to do so.

Then he hastily runs to the office and buys.

PARTHENOGENESIS.—A pallid drome is a line that reels when talks backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have seduced London, replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Another letter is the best palindrome probably in the language. The following, the third and last, read backward the same backward as forward: "Sing, a few men; Few men, a Sing."

A LIGHT EMPLOYMENT.—Cleaning windows.

Why is a baker a most extraordinary man? Because, before taking breakfast, he does it no inconvenience to *Ajoe* an oyster.

COARSE LANGUAGE.—A reporter apologizes for the coarseness of his language, excused, as he says, by the cold pen with which he was writing having been lately used to open oysters.

"FLAT" FISH.—All that are stupid enough to get caught.

A good story is told of an old lady living in some backwoods settlement, who hospitably received a Methodist preacher who was traveling on his circuit. After setting provision before him she began to question him. "Stranger, where mought you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky." "Wa'al, stranger, no offence, but what mought you be doin' up here?" "Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel." "John! John!" shouted the old lady, "come on here this minute; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby County, Kentucky, a-hunting stock, and I'll bet a cent that his tangle-haired black ram that's been in our lot all week is one of his'n."

A new method of committing suicide (!) is reported from the West. A woman in Wisconsin, finding she did not enjoy perfect domestic felicity, informed her wife that he was going to retire from the wicked world, and go where weary husbands are at rest. He left the house, but his partner followed him. He reached the bridge, and there was a splash. The wife shrieked and fainted. Recovering from the first wonderful sensation she saw her husband was settled down for a good cry, when the husband suggested once more upon the scene. He had thrown a rock into the river, and then dodged under the bridge. These probabilities are that they "made up" their difficulties.

"THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."—The Velocipedestrian.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also, a forematch who can strike a single paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

A select boy took place at a ball in Corning, recently, and the programme announced, "No German. A well-to-do Yankee saw it, and stepping one of the managers in the street, he said, "Vot for you calls it a fool dance, eh? you ain't got no sort of suit your show all the vile? 'No German?' den I backs my vider coods, and gives back to vater vorehand, and den I gets up one grand Shpeetz hop, and I say, 'No Yanker,' and see if you can't get a full in vile."

TAKING THE OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In answer true and candid say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear cruel girl," cried I, "forbear;
For, by those eyes, those lips, I swear,"
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And cried, "You've sworn, now *kiss the book!*"

A gentleman was arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he appealed to her if all put what, Mawk," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction." "Not open to conviction, sir! was the indignant reply: "I scorn the imputation, Sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

"Here's your money, doit; and now tell me why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum."

"I'm sure I can't tell; but, if you'll excuse me, Sir, I guess it was because seventeen didn't reach it."

The following novel intimation appears at the end of a recent invitation to a wedding: "No cards! No cake! No wine! No kissing the bride!"

"What are you doing there, all alone in that large room?" said a gentleman to a boy who was the sole occupant of a dilapidated building in Pine Street.

"Sure and I'm the editor I am, your Honor," said Pat.

"An editor! how so?"

"Why, you see, the others are all gone, and I'm a *leftenant*."

Much libelous matter has been written on tombstones about wives. Witness this from Selby, in Yorkshire:

"Here lies my wife, and thirteen and three;
If I ask a request, 'tis to tread on me."

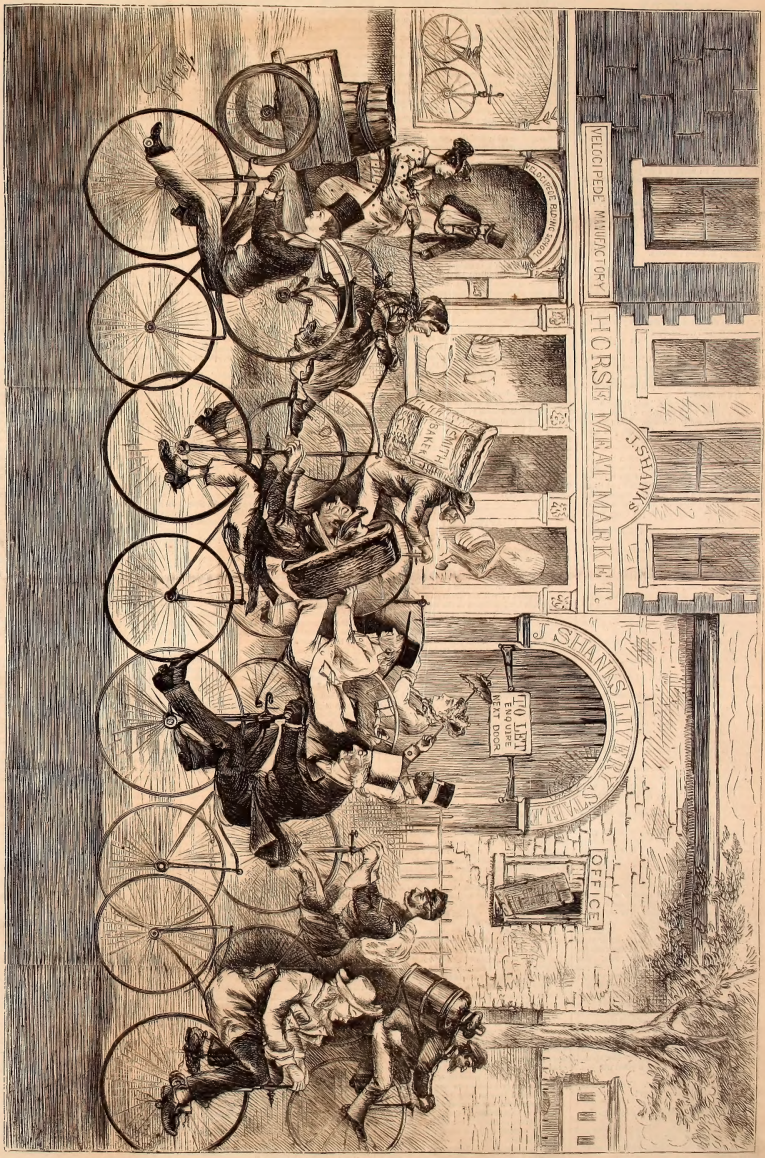
Here is another, often attributed to Dryden, but to be found in the Friend's burying before:

"Here lies my wife; here let her lie:
Now she is at rest and so am I."

The following one breathes a spirit of resignation which is far more Christian. There is also a lachrymose touch of the pedlar about it:

"Here lies one whose name was John;
And now
To Thee, O Lord, I her resign
And am your children, humble servant,
Robert Kemp."

SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 19, 1781.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



THE VELOCIPEDE MANIA—WHAT IT MAY COME TO!—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]

HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THALATTA.

THE very next afternoon Mr. Morley called, and was told by the little maid that Miss Turner was too ill to see him, but she gave him a note, which he opened in such cases, opened and read:

"DEAR SIR,—Let yesterday be as though it never had been. Forget it, and forget me. It was all a mistake from beginning to end. I should like to have seen Hetty; but that can never be. But, for her sake, for she is unalterable, I never loved any one on earth as I do you. But what we talked of yesterday is utterly and entirely impossible.

REBECCA."

Morley stepped into Mr. Turner's study, and taking pen and ink, wrote:

"Come down stairs directly, and tell me all about it. Don't keep me waiting, for I have news for you, and but little time to give you. Look sharp, and don't dawdle.

A. M."

So she came down. She was very pale, but there was no sign of stillness about her. She was shocked at her appearance, but he did not show it at all. He received her affectionately and kissed her.

"My dear Rebecca," he said, "can you excuse me for the meaning of the note you sent me down just now?"

"No, Alfred," she said; "an explanation would involve others."

"So I have supposed for a very long time," he answered. "I have quite expected to hear of something like this for a year past. But that note I got this morning from you was never written. It don't exist."

"I am no fit wife for you," said Rebecca.

"I am surely the best judge of that. You are held to your words, Rebecca. Have you repented of that silly note? Can not you trust me, as I am going to trust you?"

"If you know all, Alfred!"

"I know all that I know more than all. Do you think that your sister knows nothing? Do you think that Hagbut has not got it out of her? Do you not think that Russel and Sopes have not heard of it from him, and illustrated it? My story is, that your father has raised money on Lord Derwent's title-deeds to pay Carry's marriage-portion."

"You never dared believe it of him?" said Rebecca.

"Not for one instant," said Morley, laughing: "only, this being the report about him in our little world, I asked his daughter to marry me. There is very little time to talk nonsense, my dear: let us therefore talk sense. If your father's alleged utterly wrong, what earthly difference would it make between *us?* And under any circumstances, you know," he went on, laughing louder, "you can never be the plague and disgrace to me that Hetty has been."

Whereat he mentioned Hetty a smile came on his face, and a brightness in his eye. What had Rebecca to say to such wooing? Why, nothing.

"I repent. I am all yours. I will never distrust you again."

"Bravely said. Now I am going utterly away from you, to leave you entirely alone, without one solitary friend, for a long time. I have no hopes in England; and Naples is only full of sailors, and sailors do not pay. But our connection has given me the new Tahiti mission, wisely and well, for all Tahiti over can manage the natives, but no one the sailors. Another man was appointed, but has got a good chapel and has refused. That is to me this morning, and it came to me like a gleam of light, pretty bird, that my work for my Master lay among the sailors, and I will go."

"I see," said Rebecca, nodding her head and smiling: "this is good."

"I am half a sailor myself, you know, and I can talk to our wild boys in their own language without offending and without condescending, which is a great thing; for men dislike following a man who exhibits ignorance on their own *specialité*. Also, to talk coarse sometimes makes errors which the cook's mate would be ashamed of; how can we trust him in other things? It is wrong and illogical on their part, but they are silly and illogical. For my part, I think the priest who simply confesses ignorance, and applies to me for instruction, will have a good chance with them; possibly better than mine. I mean the man who will show *them* his ignorance, and then show them their own. But we have not these men. Our men are all too scholastic; they will talk to our sailors about the one thing of which they know nothing—seamanship. Hagbut preached a nautical sermon at my church once, which made my ears burn with sheer shame; and the lubber believes to this day that he produced a profound impression —indeed did—by one of his own utter pretentious imbecility. I have not time to go into this. I feel that I am the right man in the right place: and, to use our Saviour's own words, humbly and reverently, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Are you content?"

"I am more than content. You are doing well. Shall you be away long?"

"A year at least."

"A whole year? And when do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"That is very sudden. But is all right and well, and very good, Alfred? I shall know that you are not lost but working, and shall stay by home to prove to you that I am worthy of you. Yes. This is a little hard, and a little bitter too; but it is right and good. You have forgiven my folly of this morning?"

"Why, I really don't know that there was any folly to forgive. You acted exactly as I should have wished my wife to act. You are the dearer to me for it."

"May I help you with your preparations?" she asked.

"My chest is always packed," he answered, with a smile. "It does not take long to ship sash an old sailor as me. One chest of clothes and one of books, are all I own; and my landlady has taken good care of them."

"But I may come and see you off?" she asked.

"Surely," he said; and they passed on to talk of other matters, and talked until it was time for him to go.

She scarcely knew how to break this sudden resolution to her father; whether he would think it a kind of desertion on Mr. Morley's part she could not tell. But she broke it gently, and only said, "So soon, hey! Well, I am glad he has left me you. We will wait for him together, my child; and perhaps when he comes to fetch you away you shall take me with you out of this hateful, miserable place to a happier one."

There was a wild surging wind from the northwest, bringing with it occasional heavy showers of cold rain and hail, though there was still sunshine—one of those bitter days which are almost worse than any weather in England, except east. The river was brisk though not broken, and muddy, dashing in short crisp waves against the piles of Trafalgar Terrace. Mr. Morley was gone on board a little lugger up the river, and Rebecca had said the last words to him; she was standing at the edge of the wharf in the piercing blast, wrapped up from head to foot, shielding her little dog from the cold, and watching the ships pass swiftly seaward until his should come.

It was not long in coming. A beautiful schooner came by her head with the sea, carrying her sharp high bows in triumphant anticipation, flying before the swift squall with only a foretop-sail and a storm-jib. Then the pilot was waved his hand, and so the ship passed on eastward, under a gleam of sun, toward a heavy black cloud which lay on her path, and he was gone. And she stood silently weeping on the shore, and holding her little dog close to nestle the moist desolate heart which beat in England that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD ALONE.

But by degrees her silent crying stilled itself, and, the cold blast arousing her, she turned resolutely westward again, and left the river-side, as it was, caused her but little annoyance, for the heavy weariness which showed itself in her gait, and the feeling of solitude which grazed at her heart, made her indifferent to the weather.

A gleam of such happiness so rapidly overclouded. She had only had time for three days, and had never realized anything but position toward him. Never, as she took him on the deck of the schooner passing rapidly eastward down the river. Then she knew really, for the first time, that the man had owned her as well—had, that is to say, understood her thoroughly, and persistently shown her the best side of herself, and of himself also. Love aroused and encouraged what was good in her, and ignored what was bad; nay, had gone so high in the art of wooing that he had made her proud at her best, and himself as something better still; then she found there was no one like him in the whole of her little world. She would search no one like him in the larger world beyond hers. She knew that she loved him entirely with her whole heart.

There was no more struggle against her love for him. He was very handsome, certainly, of a rare and peculiar beauty, dangerous to the peace of mind of many women, but she thought little of that. It was his "way" which was so irresistible, and the impression left on her mind was that he had selected her, out of the girl who had been a plague to every one, to do the work which no other woman could do. That he was a penniless, friendless, and unpopular man she never considered. She looked on him as a man who had selected her as the object of perfect truth and perfect virtue, to do honor to her. She could not understand it, for, like every other young girl, she had formed a notion of herself; but the fact was the same. He loved her, and she had lost him.

She thought but as one at her face westward, in her solitude, toward her miserable home. If there was any more sentimentalism in her deep love for Morley, she could not see it. It was romantic and sentimental about *him*. In fact, a sentimental young lady would scarcely have liked him as a husband. He was small-limbed, delicate for a twelvemonth, three days after he had proposed to her. In Rebecca's sensible eyes this only made him bolder and more dear to her: she was assured of his love, and could laugh at detail and bogey.—Not quite at the bogey.

But this young lady had a good deal of sentimentality also, but, strangely enough, or rather naturally enough, it was not about the wooing of that article, not for Morley, but for his daughter *Hetty*, whom she had never seen.

If one was a Frenchman one might write, "Sentimental love is born of Mystery. Calypso steps from her pedestal and assists Eros to bind the napkin over his eyes." But I am not a Frenchman, and so will not say it. There was certainly nothing Calypsic about Rebecca's love for Mr. Morley.

But with regard to his daughter. That young lady's sentimentality was mystery to her (which made Calypso step from her pedestal). And she had certainly, in some way or another, broken through all rules, which caused Rebecca to love her, while knowing nothing about her. (Calypso binds the eyes of Eros.) And so, fighting westward against the wind, she found herself thinking very much about Hetty. "She will be home before him, and we can talk together about him. I know that I shall love her."

Stereoscopes are to me only magnified photographs. Others have the stereoscopic eye. I have only the different eye—say the left.

There went wearily along the streets of Bermondsey that day a weak, ill-clad woman with a baby on her arm, against the wind westward. There came such a driving, furious storm of cold rain that the poor woman was forced to put into an archway, and took this opportunity of opening her bosom and giving the baby her milk.

While she was doing so a shadow passed before her, and she hurriedly was drawing her shawl over her bosom, when she saw that it was only a woman, and was more at her ease.

It was a singular woman too. Very young, very handsome, dressed in a red cotton cloak, the hood to foot in a shawl, the price of which would have kept that cowering woman for a twelvemonth. Her hat was of sodden sealskin, the value of which that poor woman had reason to know, and in it was set a storm-pencil, a bird that would not mind the wet. She carried her head high this lady, and was so beautiful in face and in carriage that the cowering woman turned away.

In her bosom this splendid lady had something which was not a baby, only a little dog, with bright eyes, who put his head up to her chin.

She put her grand head down to look at it, and caught sight of her shivering companion. She spoke at once. In high, clear, splendid voice of an unaffected English lady.

"My dear creature, you are very cold."

"Yes, my lady," said the woman, "but my master is colder."

"Where is he?" said Rebecca.

"He is gone to sea, my lady, with half his kit, poor dear. He broke his arm in the frost hauling a rotten rope through a hatyard, and he misses a voyage, and we have pawned every thing, and now my man is gone to sea again."

"So is mine," said Rebecca, without thinking.

"Yes, my dear lady; but your good gentleman has his full kit aboard, no doubt. My poor man will be up country with the navvy, thin clad, while yours is warm and comfortable."

"Do you worry and vex yourself all the time your husband is away?" asked Rebecca.

"What would be the good?" the woman answered; "I've got to live, and to hope."

"Has he left you money to live on?" asked Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, no; he hadn't got none to leave. He will send it when he can, though."

"And what have you to live on, then?" asked Rebecca, deeply interested.

"Charing and needlework."

"Have you plenty of it?"

"No," she said; "don't need to be beholden; I have a connection among sea-faring men and women, and I can make my three shillings a week when I've a mind to."

"Look here," said Rebecca, suddenly and quickly, "our cases are similar in some way, but your circumstances are less than mine. I have money, you have not. Take this five pounds; I mean it to be my present to him, but had not time. When he comes home you can give to me."

"But I might be an imposter, miss," said the woman, aghast.

"I can always show that you are none," said Rebecca, and, giving her address, she walked quickly away.

Although having got thoroughly well tired, she turned, after an eight miles' walk, into her own dismal inn, and found herself comforted with Mr. Morley's last note.

In small communities mews fly fast: the whole earth is a small community now, thanks to the agency of Reuter's telegrams, which always require to be emphatically contradicted next day. It had got about in the small Waltham town connection that Mr. Morley was going to marry Miss Turner, but that she had shown such abominable temper that he had shipped on board a fast brig, and was gone to sea; and that she had started early that morning, down to the Docks, to look after the book. But this was good a thing for Russel and Sopes to miss. She must come home some time in the afternoon, and the Russel and Sopes connection of the city of Lane, as Anson did for the Acapulco plate ship, knowing that if they could lay her by the board they would make a good thing to reward them.

Their cruise was (comparatively speaking) as long as Lord Anson's, and in the end very little more dangerous. They made raids into the lane, and took Akin's house and Mr. Spicer's house—with tracts: but they were always soon off to sea again, and Akin's small schooner and the Acapulco ship arrived, and they boarded her, to the intense delight of Akin and Mr. Spicer, who were watching.

Rebecca, tall, handsome, fresh from the sea, head and shoulders in hat and storm-pencil for ornament, thinking of things far away, was arrested by Russel and Soper. Mah, who had been doing a little in the shipping-agency which she used for a cloak of licentiousness, for she bit Soper's gown without a moment's hesitation, and kept hold of it too: which so agitated Soper that fat old Russel had to do the talking.

She is a varmint little thing," said Akin to Soper, in the office.

"So is her mistress," said Mr. Spicer.

"My dear," said Russel, "we were here, and saw you coming. Are we to congratulate you?"

"On what?" said Rebecca. "Mah, you naughty little thing, be quiet."

"On your approaching marriage with Mr. Morley."

"No, I think not," said Rebecca. "He sailed for Tahiti this morning. But I am very much obliged to you, all the same."

"Is he coming back soon?" said Miss Soper, who had been delivered from Mah by Rebecca.

"I should think not," said Rebecca. "It is quite impossible that he can be back under a twelvemonth; possibly not for two years. But we are of no consequence that I know of."

And so those two very good people went away, and told the whole truth to the connection. And the whole town knew, that Mr. Morley had found out too much, and had shipped for Tahiti.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAGBUT IN A NEW LIGHT.

But to Rebecca's great and never-ending astonishment, Hagbut came out in an entirely new line of business. Hagbut was stupid, vain, avaricious, and selfish. You will find such characters in every form of religion, just as you will find Morleys. But Hagbut was an exceptional man. The man had power. He had put a few seals before him, social and religious; and in steadily resuming those ends he looked neither to the right nor the left. The success of his own small religious connection, and his own personal governance of that connection, were his two great objects. Take him apart from those objects, and you would find a sane not without strength, but who seemed narrower, because he referred all matters in heaven and earth to his own services and that of his connection. If my matter did not appear to him to interfere with these two objects he *could* be just, and even generous.

Now Rebecca had done no such thing as the scandalous Hetty; and besides—and besides—well, he had been fond of Rebecca once on a time. And sometimes, when Carry was most religious, and most affectionate—when he was rewarded with most obvious work, and would gladly have heard something of the world which he was bound to despise in words, Hagbut thought earnestly that he had made a mistake. Rebecca would not have him, it is true; still, Carry, with her money, was a great bore, and Rebecca was worth ten of Carry.

Russel and Soper invaded him when he was thinking of these things, and saying to himself that he was glad the poor girl was so well treated with Morley; and honestly, and, as far as he was able, tenderly wishing her good luck, Russel and Soper did not meet with the impression which they calculated.

"It has gone and left her," said Miss Soper.

Rebecca Turner was down after him to the docks this morning; but he has gone and left her."

"He has gone to provide a home for her," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Very likely, it is not so. Mr. Morley has run away. She told us with her own lips that he was gone away, and that she didn't care when he came back."

"I know she didn't say *that*," said Hagbut, bending his ugly face on Miss Soper, and thrusting his most wretched jaw in a way which Miss Soper did not like. "What were her words?"

"Her words were that he was gone for a twelvemonth, and that it was no matter," said Mrs. Russel.

"See how you stand cross-examination, you two," said Hagbut. "I can't trust a word you say. Now look you here, you two. That girl is my sister-in-law, and a good girl too; and Morley is the most refined and educated man in our connection—a connection which wants, what I have not got, refinement and education more than most. And you have frightened her pulled about. She is a fine creature."

The more cowardly Russel was abashed at once: not so the more resolute and sourer Soper, who had never felt a man's influence, but who had got on by bullying by brute force.

You pulled her name about one time pretty freely yourself," said she.

"Yes: but it was my business. This is none of yours. You mind what I say, and leave the girl alone. I won't have her meddled with. Russel, I have said my say."

And, indeed, he looked very much as if he did. Pale, ugly, and generally lazy as he was, there was an unusual amount of energy and animation in the man, with a good deal of shrewd sense. Russel and Soper had brains enough to tell that this; Rebecca had brains enough to find out more.

She was alone that evening, with no sister to bore her, looking Morley across the map, when the little maid told her that Mr. Hagbut was come to see her. And she said, "Show him in."

Mr. Hagbut came in, and they greeted one another civilly; after which Mr. Hagbut pointed to the sofas, and said:

"After *him?*"

"Yes."

"You are a happy woman, Rebecca, if it is all right between you and Morley. Come, sister-in-law, tell me that it is."

"It is 'all right,' as you call it," said Rebecca, laughing. "He is going to be away for an indefinite time; but we are, what the vulgar call, engaged."

I wish you happy, most heartily," said Hagbut, leaning his ugly face on his great fat hands and looking at her. "It is your own fault if you are not. He is refined, and a gentleman; I am neither one nor the other."

"I think you are a very good man, Mr. Hagbut," she said, looking him frankly in the face.

"I do among vulgar people, being vulgar my-

self. And I do good where a gentleman would fail. But, Rebecca, it is well we did not marry."

"It is very well, indeed," said Rebecca.

"I suppose you have often put this case to yourself with regard to me—If I had married that ugly, fat man, without ideas, without the manners of a gentleman, without education, death would have been better than life.' You have put it so, have you not?"

"Not as strongly as that, Mr. Hagbut; but still very strongly," said Rebecca, with resolution.

"Did you ever put the other side of the question?" asked Hagbut. "Did you ever think of me? Did you ever think for one instant what a hell on earth (I beg pardon) my life would have been, tied for life to a beautiful, clever, refined, and furiously rebellious woman like yourself? You cannot comprehend on your second day's graduate me on mine. We should not have lived together a month in decency; for my will is as invariable."

Rebecca paused for a long time. At last she said:

"It seems to me, brother-in-law, that you are a very honest man. You served me ill once; but let us forget all, and be friends as we could have I want them. Come, brother-in-law, do not be my enemy, although we can never be companions; for we should squabble so decidedly over ways of speech on religious matters, you know; and I doubt if we should agree with regard to Henry."

"What do you know of her?" said Mr. Hagbut.

"Nothing. What has she done?"

"If you do not know, *I* see no reason for telling you. I have taken my side there, and will maintain it."

"Well, if you go against her, you will spare me?" said Rebecca.

Hagbut would not have taken an oath in a court of justice to save his life; but in his heart, without speech, he swore a deep and terrible oath then. No relapse that can be without comment; and the deepest sentimental part of Hagbut's soul was aroused by the spectacle of this lovely unaided and defenceless girl, whom he had once thought that he had loved, in spite of his fear of her, alone against the world. Hagbut made no protestation silently to himself that he would stand between this poor child and the world, which meant their small connection. And he did it like a real and loyal soul. It is easy to see the worst of these men. You must know them to find out the best of them. For my part, I love down many ministers of religion. Roman Catholic verbiage or Dissenting verbiage may be offensive to the ear; but in twenty years I have only known two bad ministers of religion of any sect, and that is not a large percentage, after all! one speaks, of course, merely of a limited personal acquaintance. Being on dangerous ground I will step off it; merely enrolling my opinion that the ministers of religion, with a few remarkable exceptions, are the most valuable class in the community.

Hagbut spoke to Rebecca no more after this. Carry would have been jealous had she known that he had said so much. But Russel and Soper's ridiculing of Rebecca were now reduced to sniffs and glances.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GAZETTE.

AND so it came about that Rebecca, who began at the beginning of this story by finding herself dead, wished nothing of the kind now; but only wished, like Jane Eyre, "that she might keep in good health and not die."

Yet she was infinitely worse off than in the old times when she wished herself dead. She was in utter and entire solitude; for her father was not much better company than can be found in the saner side of Bedlam. She had not a soul to speak to in the way of sympathy—knowledge the confidential, except Mab, and Mab could not answer her.

Although Hagbut had stilled all tongues with his fat emphatic fist, yet even he could not prevent people looking at Rebecca in chapel; and she knew that they were looking at her, and she hated it. She never saw them looking at her, but she felt it; and the effect of this consciousness on her face was to produce an expression of calm, careless anger, which assisted devotion in no way whatever.

Had she known that they were only studying in a humble way her imperial, magnificent beauty, reading it like a book, and learning from it, as one learns art at first, from a great and traditionally authenticated picture, she might have been content, and have given at times softer developments of her not very mobile face. But she thought they were only staring at her, and she hated to her chapel worse than ever.

She felt this more than ever one morning, when she had gone alone, her father being too ill to come. "I will never go again," she said. "They hate me." And she stalked out through the crowd with her head in the air.

Soper was helping Russel along, and said, "Did you ever see any thing like *that*?"

"A bold-faced jig," said Russel.

"Or a hussy," said Soper the schoolmistress, "did you ever see such beauty in all your life? Because I have had some experience, and *I* never did."

Soper and Russel went their ways, and Rebecca went hers. But she was followed home by two admirers.

Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer. When they had turned into their own lane they came up beside her, one on each side, and spoke to her boldly and eagerly.

"Glad to see you about, Miss. Mr. Turner is quite well, I hope?"

"My father is not at all well," said Rebecca. "I am so glad to see you two at chapel."

"We will leave that alone, Miss, at present," said Mr. Spicer. "We want to speak to you very particular indeed, Miss. Don't us, Jim?"

"Indeed we do."

"You see, Miss," said Mr. Spicer the sweep, "we sweeps as a general rule are the cleanest of all working classes, always a-washing when we turns in. But we have what we call the black bed, into which we turns in all our crock when there's a difficult flue and a early morning. And we got orders for Beaufort House, and (you won't tell on a man for breaking the act) I lay in the black bed with my youngest son Tom, to put he up the flue before the police was round. It was about the hours, I know, but that boy loves his perfession. He will say he was late for that boy is as much an artist in a crooked flue as the great Lawley in the *Mycenæ*. Well, Miss, with a father's feelings I went with him, of course, and we was no sooner out of our house than he said,

"'See to those coves round Mr. Turner's, father.'

"Burglars?' asked Rebecca.

"There was two on them, Miss. It was pretty dark, but we could see. One was a young chap, and the other a old 'ooman.'

"This is very alarming," said Rebecca. "What did you do?"

"I called out the name of the man I knowed. I said, 'Bob Syers, you hook it.' And he offered to return a low remark, referring to a misfortune of mine in years gone by; but he looked it all the same."

"Whatever shall we do?" said Rebecca.

"Put the police to watch. Syers is well knowed, as a doubtless the young swell."

"I can't employ the police," said Rebecca, imploringly. "Whatever shall I do?"

In the following paragraph I am only speaking of what I have seen with my own eyes. And the fortune and intensity, but there it is, for better or for worse—a great deal for worse, I should say.

Rebecca had won these men. Not by her beauty, for their eyes were too utterly untrained to see her beauty. Had Hagbut suddenly pronounced Buckingham Palace to be finer than Wells, Bayeux, or Salisbury, and have called Whitehorse an barn, Mr. Spicer would have called a red-faced Devon lass far prettier than Rebecca; it was not her beauty which had won them unto, it was her sympathy with misery. They were neither of them very respectable men, but either of them would have fought for her, gladly in return for what would have been for their wives, at any time. Now that she had confessed to them that there was something the matter in her father's house, which made the police being called in, they would die for her or risk it. There was a new bond of sympathy between her and these men now, which made them ready for any thing in her behalf. It is all wrong and bad, but so it is. Here is a case where the criminal class begins. *Still less do you know where the sympathy with the criminal class begins.*

And further, Mr. Turner, solicitor and Methodist, had been an offensive person to them both by his mere existence hitherto. Mr. Turner also was an obvious hitch in his affairs, insoluble by those enemies of mankind the Metropolitan police, they began to have a fellow-feeling for him which they never had before. The sympathies of people like Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin are distinctly not of the intellectual kind. An old sentimental grounds they were perfectly ready to assist Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, Miss," said Mr. Spicer, "don't vex yourself. We will watch. You have got a little dog as will bark."

"Yes," said Rebecca, drawing Mab.

"Pretty dear," said Jim Akin, "there she is. Let me have the handling of her, Miss, please. She is worth ten pounds of any dog as a pup about this dog which is at fault, Miss," he continued, nursing Mab.

"Never mind the dog, Jim," said Mr. Spicer.

"Ah, but I *do* mind the dog, Tom," said Mr. Akin. "You ain't a eyesoure in dogs, you see."

"He'd serve any burglar as he's tasked before, Miss," said Mr. Spicer. "We all have our fancies. But see here; don't vex a gun?"

"Yes, I know how my father has shown me."

"Then," said Mr. Spicer, "every time that little dog barks, you fire a gun out a window by me and Jim will be with you. They won't try it on often, if you do that, Miss. Their nerves is never good, with the cracking of cockchafers, so they will get scared; if we get 'em *in* the house, why, then, we shall know what to do. You couldn't believe how we can manage. In fact, we don't want no police round here."

"I will do what you tell me," said Rebecca. "If any thing were to happen, no one could hold your tongues—keep silent—could you not?"

Mr. Spicer sniffed, and Mr. Akin, in giving Mab back, winked. "I'll tell no more about the hocker, Tom," said this coarse young man.

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Mr. Spicer. "What do you suppose the young lady would want to know about the running of a two-penny half-penny, four inches a minute, such as high up the river as this, in a ballast lighter? I am ashamed on you. Good-afternoon, Miss; depend on us." And so they went.

Leaving Rebecca with the terrible impression that she had connected herself with the criminal classes, not through her own fault, but utterly without hope of extrication. She was so puzzled by her quaint position that she was to Mab, by mistress at Akin's until I come out again. I said father had not broken the law in this matter, even from his very high motives. Bother you!" she continued, shaking her fist at the law of the land; "you will pass over Sir Gorham Philpott *and* Lord Docetry, and you will catch my father. You Brute, not if I can stop it."

She had come at her purpose before she reached home. Her father was in a very difficult position—retaining papers which he had no right to detain—detaining them on very chivalrous grounds. Chivalry had only been part of the consequences in a sentimental, or, as she put it, Wallham Green way; the first thing she had to do was to get rid of the papers—view of the question before him.

So she burst in on him suddenly, and said, "Pa, you have made a nice mess of it. They are going to rob and murder us all. They were about the house last night, I am sure."

"So I suppose," said Mr. Turner.

"So you *suppose*," said Rebecca. "Well, I tell you, pa, the *Mycenæ* is to be sunk, and that I am not going to stand it. Trampling about in other people's gardens, indeed! I tell you, pa, that I am not going to stand it."

"Are you going to leave me, Becky?" said Mr. Turner.

Rebecca had not calculated on this. The thread of her argument was raveled.

"Leave you, dear," she said, kneeling at his feet, "I will leave no one, father, I have no one left but you, now Alfred is gone. My dear, I will never leave you this side of the grave."

"I called that name of the man I knowed. I said, 'Bob Syers, you hook it.' And he offered in return a low remark, referring to a misfortune of mine in years gone by; but he looked it all the same."

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THE HARVARD MONUMENT.

In the year 1637 there landed upon the shores of New England a devout clergyman, "one Mr. HARVARD, a godly gentleman and lover of learning." Little is known of his life, or of his career as a preacher; and no work of his authorship has come down to us. He settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, where he labored at his calling for a short time, and died of consumption scarcely two years after his arrival. He brought over from England a small collection of books, which, with a moiety of his fortune, amounting to £800, he bequeathed to a school at Newtowne, now Cambridge. The following year this school was incorporated, and received the title of Harvard College.

The traveler going from Boston eastward by the Boston and Maine Railroad may plainly discern upon his right, across a small sheet of water forming a small bay in the river Charles, crowded down to the water's edge, within a stone's throw of the northern wall which surrounds the State Prison, and almost under the shadow of that massy shaft which towers majestically over Bunker Hill, a small and unpretending cemetery, now somewhat hidden among the green foliage of its trees and shrubbery. In earlier days it was probably retired in its situation, but as the population of the town increased the dwellings of the inhabitants approached nearer and nearer, until they loomed it entirely to except upon the water side.

The cemetery is now apparently but little used, and save now and then some wandering visitors, like ourselves a day or two ago, few persons are ever seen within its walls. The approach to it is along a narrow street, or rather court, since the entrance gate bounds the end of the passage. The houses of the immediate vicinity are somewhat dingy, of the humbler and lowly class, and noisy, bareheaded, barefooted urchins shout and play up and down the court, or before the iron gateway.

Procuring the key of the grating, we enter the ancient burying-ground. There is an absence of the usual white marble monuments and gravestones which now so generally mark the resting-places of the dead; and the monumental slabs, being mostly of a dark, dull, grayish hue, give rather a sombre aspect to the place. The whole cemetery is overrun with long, tangled grass and weeds, with no trim borders, no clinging vines or flowering plants, tended by the hand of love and friendship. Long ranges of tombs are built into the rising ground, and line the sides of its base, mostly with brick fronts, and all wearing a neglected and dilapidated appearance. Some of the fronts are bulging outward, and some only seem to need the displacement of a brick to cause the whole wall to tumble. There are but few paths, and some of them are hardly traceable under the rank herbage.

THE HARVARD MONUMENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. W. VENNER, CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.]

No dates upon the tombstones are very recent, and many date far back to the early colonial days. Here one may read the familiar names of BUNKER and BREED, which are interwoven in the history of the first struggles of the Revolution on the adjacent hills. We noticed one small, weather-beaten stone bearing this inscription in plain and well-cut letters:

Here lies ye Body of
FAITHFVL ROWSE,
Aged 76 years.
Died May ye 10th, 1664.

The centre of the ground rises in a gentle hillock, and upon the summit of the mound stands a plain shaft of granite, which is the principal monument of the cemetery. Upon one side of that simple obelisk is chiseled the revered and honored name,

HARVARD.

The monument is of Quincy granite, fifteen feet in height, four feet square at the foot, resting upon its foundation without a pedestal or base, and is inclosed with a plain iron fence.

The name in large letters is in high relief, said to have been the first attempt of the kind in granite. Two inscriptions, one in Latin and one in English, are cut in tablets of white marble set into the stone.

Upon that burial hill for nearly one hundred and forty years after his death the grave of the good JOHN HARVARD remained unmolested and undisturbed. Then the waves of the Revolution rolled over the land, and even this quiet abode of death did not escape being disturbed by the rude turmoils of war. Its simple memorial stones were thrown down, broken, or sacrilegiously appropriated for other uses, and among them the stone which marked JOHN HARVARD'S hallowed dust was lost. On the 26th of September, 1828, upon the one hundred and ninetieth anniversary of his death, the present monument, with its appropriate inscriptions, was erected, with simple and impressive ceremonies, by the officers and students of the college at that time, and numerous graduates, one of whom, the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, delivered the address upon the occasion.

Nearly two and a half centuries have now passed since the dying gift of the Rev. JOHN HARVARD "minister of God's word," was received, and his wishes carried into execution. Behold then and now! The little library of three hundred and twenty volumes has multiplied into more than one hundred and fifty thousand, while the modest sum of eight hundred pounds has increased a thousandfold. There, almost within sight of each other, stand the two monuments which perpetuate his name and memory. One stands amidst the silent habitations of the dead, where now and then the curious visitor steps with softened tread, tarries a passing hour to read the brief records of those whose ashes rest below, then turns away with calmed and sobered thought. The other stands a living and ever-increasing good to all who linger within its pleasant precincts, and, as the years roll on, still multiplying its blessings and its usefulness.

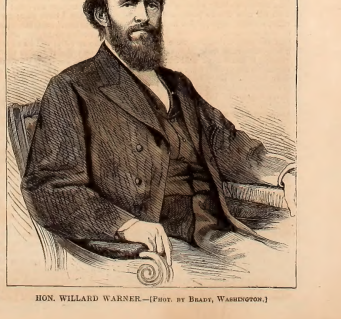
THE ALABAMA SENATORS.

We give on this page portraits of Generals GEORGE E. SPENCER and WILLARD WARNER, Senators from the State of Alabama.

General WILLARD WARNER was born in Granville, Ohio, in 1826. He graduated at Marietta College in 1845, and subsequently went to California, where he remained until 1852; during his stay there he assisted in the organization of the State Government. Upon his return to Ohio he built the Newark Machine Shops, said to be the most excellent west of the Alleghany Mountains. He remained in charge of these shops until the beginning of the civil war, when he took an active part in the raising of men and material for the use of the Government. He became Major of the Seventy-fifth Ohio Infantry, and soon afterward was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and, by the request of General SHERMAN, was assigned to that officer's staff. Before the close of the Atlanta campaign he was promoted to the Colonelship of the One Hundred and Eightieth Ohio, and in that capacity served under THOMAS at Nashville, and SCHOFIELD in North Carolina. He was elected to the Ohio Senate in 1865, serving two years. In the spring of 1867 he settled in Alabama, having been for the two years previous engaged in planting near Montgomery. He was elected from Alabama to the United States Senate in July, 1868, for the short term. He is a man of marked ability and of undoubted integrity.

General GEORGE E. SPENCER was born in Jefferson County, New York, November 1, 1836. He left New York in 1855 for the West and South. When the war broke out he was appointed Adjutant-General to General DODGE. In 1862 he organized the First Alabama Cavalry, in command of which he served throughout the

HON. GEORGE E. SPENCER.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]



HON. WILLARD WARNER.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

war. His services in this connection were remarkably brilliant and valuable. Our readers probably well remember his charge at White Pond Run, where with his single regiment he attacked and routed five regiments of rebel cavalry, capturing their colors, and pursuing them for eight miles.

As in the cases of Senators WARNER and SPENCER, the men who are now appointed to responsible positions in the South are, as a rule, men distinguished for their fidelity to the Union.

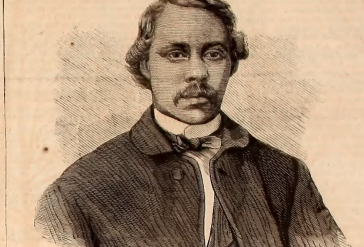
NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

AFTER the question of a new City Hall for the accommodation of the municipal offices of the city of Baltimore had been agitated for some years, the City Council, in 1863, issued a call to architects for the submission of plans for the proposed edifice. Quite a number responded, and from them was selected, for its peculiar fitness and completeness of arrangement, as well as elegance, the design of MR. GEORGE A. FREDERICK, Architect, the view of which, taken from his drawings, is shown in our illustration.

The ground which the building will occupy lies directly in the centre of the city and in the business portion thereof, and for location and suitability could not be surpassed. It is directly opposite the new United States Court-house—a handsome building erected within the last few years—and within a short distance of the Post-office, the Custom-house, the Courts, and other public buildings. The square occupied is bounded respectively by North, Holliday, Lexington, and Fayette streets, and embraces an area of 45,936 square feet, of which the building will occupy 25,000 square feet.

The style of the architecture adopted is the Renaissance, which, by not being confined with undeviating strictness to ancient classic art, is peculiarly well adapted to a building of this description.

The foundations are very massive. A course of concrete or beton is first laid down, three feet six inches deep and seven feet wide, and then rammed. This beton is composed of broken stone and hydraulic cement in courses of nine inches. A course of blue stone flags seven feet wide is laid upon this. Upon this foundation the walls begin. They are five feet wide at the bottom, but gradually diminish to three feet at the top. The building being square, there are four exterior fronts. Smooth white marble, obtained from the Baltimore County quarries, will be used to face these fronts, which will be relieved by projecting columns, pilasters, cornices, balustrades, and arches to the windows. The main body of the building will be four stories high, and will be surmounted by an iron dome, which is to contain a large clock and alarm-bell. The dome will be surmounted by an immense lantern, and will rise



EBENEZER D. BASSETT, COLORED MINISTER TO HAYTI.
PHOT. BY J. W. HUBS, PHILADELPHIA.—(SEE PAGE 283.)

131 feet above the roof, the total height of the summit of the dome from the ground being 227 feet.

The Board of Health, Fire, Telegraph, Police, and Water departments will occupy the ground-floor. Here will also be located several inspectors' rooms and some apartments which can be rented out for offices, and which would yield a large revenue to the city, as they would be very eligible business locations. The Council chambers and Committee-rooms entirely occupy the second story. The design of the City Hall is beautiful and pleasing, and for elegance can scarcely be surpassed. When completed it will be the finest municipal structure in the United States.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

THE imitations of this perfume convey but a faint idea of the exquisite delicacy of the genuine oil, the high price of which, combined with its pungency, rendering it an object of general and easy adulteration. Even at Ghazipoor, in British India, where it is very extensively manufactured, the pure attar can not readily be obtained, the temptation to fraud being greater than the cupidity of the needy Ryot can withstand.

A field of ripe wheat waving in the sunlight, a plantation of opening cotton pods, and an expanse of flowering poppies are all lovely sights, but not to be compared with the rose fields of Ghazipoor; there roses are not cultivated in patches, but by acres, and these counted by hundreds and thousands; far as the eye can reach there are roses, and nothing but roses, the surrounding atmosphere being saturated with the charming odor.

When full blown the roses are carefully gathered, the petals stripped off and thrown into a trough, in which they are bruised under a heavy stone, something after the fashion of an ancient cider-press, until a pulpy mass is formed, which is then distributed in small quantities into numerous shallow earthenware dishes, and water sufficient to cover it poured on. These dishes are then placed in a well-shaded spot, from whence the rays of the sun are excluded, and carefully watched for a fine film of oil which appears on the surface of the water; this, being removed by very delicate manipulation, is the genuine attar, to produce an ounce of which the petals of 400,000 roses are required; so volatile is its nature that the slightest increase of temperature would dissipate the fruits of a season's labor, for the water from which the oil is taken can only be sold as second quality rose-water, the first quality containing all the essential oil of the flowers.

The price of the attar varies with the extent of the rose crop; in Calcutta it ranges from $60 to $100 per ounce, but that high figure will not certainly command the pure article, for the cultivators very skillfully adulterate the oil before selling it, by an admixture of sandal-wood oil and rosolio—an oil obtained from the grass of the teak jungles of Western Hindostan.

The natives of Southern India use much of the produce of Ghazipoor in anointing their hideous gods, and on certain festival days, when the images are paraded through the streets, the atmosphere is rendered heavy and almost sickening by the powerful odor permeating from Vishnu and his attendant priests.

Apropos of the strength of the genuine attar, an anecdote occurs to the writer which may be of interest to the readers of this journal:

An attaché of the English Embassy at Constantinople was conveying dispatches from the legation to the Foreign Office in London, when one evening, just after he had crossed the Turkish frontier, his carriage was attacked by a band of robbers who, without maltreating him, pilfered his baggage. The horses having run off when the traces were cut, MR. K—— was compelled to return on foot to the town which he had left an hour before. Late as it was the

THE NEW CITY HALL, BALTIMORE.

young diplomat sought and obtained an interview with the Pacha, a renegade Frenchman, who listened with attentive politeness to a recital of his misfortune, in the course of which Mr. K—— mentioned that in the scramble for plunder the robbers had managed to break a pint bottle of attar which he was carrying under the magic seal of the F. O. to some high personage in England. "A pint of attar! Holy! Jupiter!" exclaimed the Pacha, "it is enough to perfume the whole vile town." His own exclamation appeared to have exhausted an idea of official mind, for he assured Mr. K—— that if the robbers were in his Pachalic they should be discovered and punished. With this assurance Mr. K—— was fain to rest content, and accept the hospitality of the Turkish Governor for the night.

At sunrise on the following morning he was roused by a summons from the Pacha to attend a military parade of the entire garrison, which, to the number of some thousands, was already assembled on the Maidan outside the walls of the town.

The Pacha walked slowly through the ranks of the soldiery, every now and then stopping to pick out a man, who was consigned to the care of his escort; in this manner he selected about a dozen, and sent them to Mr. K—— to see if he could identify them as the robbers, but the Englishman could not say whether any one of them was of the number of his assailants.

"I *know* these are the men," said the Pacha, "and I will prove it." He ordered the bastinado to be applied to those who should confess where the booty was concealed. Before three blows had been struck they were all yelling out the desired information.

The Pacha was greatly elated at the result of his inspection, privately confessing to Mr. K—— that having a peculiarly sensitive organ of smell, and, moreover, being passionately fond of attar, he had easily detected the robbers by the odor which hung around their persons for long intervals from contact with the articles saturated with the contents of the broken bottle. He had also cautions about his soldiers, and when the attar was mentioned by Mr. K——, he at once saw how his suspicions could be set at rest.

The stolen property was recovered, and "if a royal personage in England had lost a pint of attar, that he should, in parting, "it had cost the Sultan twelve soldiers."

Mr. K—— realized the price paid when, driving again from the palace, he saw twelve dead bodies hanging like scarecrows against the wall.

ODD MONSTERS.

It is as good as a nightmare to look at the pictures in Schenck's "History of Monsters," a little quarto book of memorable human deformities, published by two brothers and sixty years ago. The author was one of the best physicians of his time, a voluminous writer who has left us a thick, closely-printed folio of the most interesting cases he had met with in medicine and surgery, monsters included; but the monsters have also a little volume to themselves. We start with a double body and no head, but having windows in its breasts, for there was its eyes. Then comes the son of a tailor of Mecklenburg, who had what seemed to be the faint suggestion of a face wrapped round with a great Turkish night-cap. As there seemed to be a face under a plastic mask, the mask was removed, and below was revealed a horribly gross mouth which opened to roar without a tongue, and eyes without pupils, behind which fire seemed to shine; there was no brain, and there were no bones to the skull, but the upper part of the head was twisted up like a tall turban. The right hand of this child was always open, the left always doubled into a fist. Doctor Schenck gives an edifying picture, after the manner of a modern Valentine, showing the child's hand as it appeared before the mask was lifted. You may lift the mask here for yourself, and see what you shall see—not a Cupid. It is hardly worth while to mention children with cats heads; or with horns, and a broad mouth like a whale's, or a young rabbit before its spanking; or with pigtails actually growing from their necks. That latter form must, in the days of parsley, have been known to be a hundred—at least in the part of nature to keep pace with the fashions. One child had a goose's back and wings, another a frog's head, another a deer-eyed human face, and a little fellow at Stettin was born with something like a tortoise-shell on the top of his head, and a white mouse's tail peeping out from under it. There was (was there?) a child born in Basle, in 1556, with such wide nostrils that his brain could be seen through them. But then another had no nose at all, nor eyes, nor ears, only a mouth, and the rest of the face blank; while another had no nose and in his head that a full calf-sized arm grew out from where one of his ears should be. This monster had also no elbow bridge.

From the commentaries of Sigibert we are told of the child born at Remuso in the reign of, Emperor Frederick, who bore the sign (or the rather chests), with four arms, and two heads. The two heads were not better than one, for they were differently disposed, so one might be crying while the other laughed, one feeding, the other sleeping; sometimes they quarrelled, and there was a fight of the two pairs of arms. This child is said to have lived two years, one part dying four days before the other, which was killed by the decay of its inseparable neighbor. Cardan tells us of a Milanese girl with two heads, in all other respects single, except that she was found after death to have two stomachs. It would not have been bigamy to marry her, although in fairness she would be entitled to a husband with two heads; not the creature figured by the side of her with two monkey heads, monkey legs, and a fox's brush, but possibly the rage two-headed philosopher figured below her, one of whose heads looks very much startled at what his other head is whispering into its ear. There are gentlemen living who would find it a great convenience, if they could indulge in this mutual confidence by proxy, and yet keep their conversation to themselves. Among the two-headed women was one in Bavaria, twenty-six of whose two faces one was pretty the other ugly. In the time of Francis the First of France there was a man named Lazarus, whose second head grew out of the trunk of his body, and was carried under his wristcoat. This head had a secret hunger of its own that no food taken by the visible mouth would satisfy.

Ancestors of Miss Biffin we can more literally believe in. A man of forty four years ago not long before Doctor Schenck made his collection at cases, who, being without arms, could grasp an axe with his mouth, and with it chop wood, throw it as far as his neighbors, or in the same way hold and crack a whip with the best of them. Although he had no hands to keep from picking and stealing, he was eventually condemned for theft, and broken on the wheel. He also had a nose, it is said, for eating and drinking. Dion tells that one of the gifts sent to Augustus from the Indian princes was without arms, who could hit his feet skillfully in shooting with the bow. Schenck himself saw an armless woman doing needle-work with her feet, and Cardan saw an armless man throw a spear, stitch a garment, cut, drink, write, and thread a needle. Two cases with the same object in the highest repute for handwriting—or, shouldn't we say, footwriting?—with his toes, and to the elegant designs in which the original specimens of this accomplished ship. He excelled also in arithmetic and chess-playing without eyes. Another armless woman cut, book-binding, cross-bow shooting. He cut for himself his slices of bread with his feet, carried food and drink to his mouth with his foot also mended his own pens when he wrote. A hundred years earlier there had been a man living to old age under the care of the landlord, who had learned to be very helpful to himself, though he had no right hand, three fingers joined together of a left hand, and no toes even to his feet. He learned to write well, and do many things with his misshapen and imperfect left hand.

From the people without feet we pass to the records of joint births like that of the Siamese twins. Some had a second head on the chest, some by the forehead, some by the chest, some by the back; there are plenty of all kinds. The most remarkable case of all is that of adult years, who, in 1519, showed himself in Switzerland with another man's body and head growing from his breast, alive and complete in all parts from the neck downward; but the head, if there was any, seemed to have disappeared with his chest. He lured his chest and displayed what seemed to be a living child which had forced its head through it. The rest of Doctor Schenck's collection we will leave to the imagination of any one who, having brought himself into a state of temporary lunacy, will confine himself for six weeks to a diet of pork-chops. For, after winding up the catalogue of human monsters, with a sensation very like a fever and delirium coming on, he gives his mind to the monstrosities of brutes.

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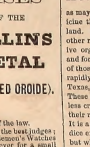

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 645.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE case of the people against WILLIAM H. MUMLER, of 630 Broadway, is one so remarkable and without precedent in the annals of criminal jurisprudence that we devote this page to illustrations bearing upon it. The charge against Mr. MUMLER is that, by means of what he terms spiritual photographs, he has swindled many credulous persons, leading them to believe it possible to photograph the immaterial forms of their departed friends.

The case has excited the profoundest interest, and, strange as it may seem, there are thousands of people who believe that its development will justify the claims made by the spiritual photographer. We shall not attempt to give an expression to our own opinions, but simply to follow the developments of the case through the testimony offered during the first few days of the trial.

It is through the instrumentality of Marshal JOSEPH H. TOOKER that the case has been brought before the courts. He deposes that he was ordered by Mayor HALL to investigate the case, which he did by assuming a false name, and by getting his photograph taken by Mr. MUMLER. After the taking of the picture the negative was shown him, with a dim, indistinct outline of a ghostly face staring out of one corner; and he was told that the picture represented the spirit of his father-in-law. He, however, failed to recognize the worthy old gentleman, and emphatically declared that the picture neither represented his father-in-law, nor any of his relations, nor yet any person whom he had ever seen or known. With this evidence the prosecution rested.

The counsel for the defense have brought forward a number of witnesses who testify to the genuineness of spiritual photographs taken for them by Mr. MUMLER. WILLIAM P. SNIDER, a photographer, of Poughkeepsie, testifies that MUMLER succeeded in producing spiritual photographs at his gallery in Poughkeepsie, and he was unable to discover how it was done. Judge EDMONDS, one of the most distinguished advocates of Spiritualism, deposed that he had two photographs taken by MUMLER, the spirit form in one of them he thought he could recognise, but not the one in the other. He said: "I believe that the camera can take a photograph of a spirit, and I believe also that spirits have materiality [illegible] that gross materiality that mortals possess, but still they are material enough to be visible to the human eye, for I have seen them; only a few days since I was in a court in Brooklyn when a suit against a life insurance company for the amount claimed to be due on a certain policy was being heard. Looking toward that part of the court-room occupied by the jury, I saw the spirit of the man whose death was the basis of the suit. The spirit told me the circumstances connected with the death; said that the suit was groundless, that the claimant was not entitled to recover from the company, and said that he (the man whose spirit was speaking) had committed suicide under certain circumstances; I drew a diagram of the place at which his death occurred, and on showing it to the counsel, was told that it was exact in every particular."

A large number of witnesses deposed that they recognized the forms of departed friends (in some cases of those long dead) in the photographs taken for them by MUMLER. The most striking case was that of a gentleman of Wall Street, whose deceased wife's features both he and his friends distinctly recognized in a photograph taken for him in this way.

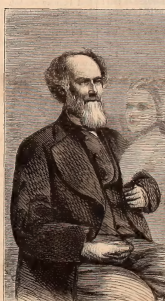
If there is a trick in Mr. MUMLER'S process it has certainly not been detected as yet. To all appearances spiritual photography rests just where the rappings and table-turnings have rested for some years. Those who believe in it at all will respect no opposing arguments, and disbelievers will reject every favorable hypothesis or explanation. Mr. MUMLER has certainly been very fortunate. He has been believed in, in the first place, by a large number of people. He has obtained, again, a good price for his photographs; for who could expect spirits to be called "from the vasty deep" for less than ten dollars per head? And, finally, he has been prosecuted, and thus extensively advertised. Beyond this, the trial, like all legal prosecutions of this nature, will amount to nothing.

In addition to our illustrations of specimens of Mr. MUMLER'S spirit photographs, we give also representations of similar photographs taken by Mr. ROCKWOOD of this city. The latter were taken by natural means, but not so as to escape detection as to the trick resorted to to secure the result. Mr. MUMLER has certainly the advantage of longer experience in the business.

W. H. MUMLER.

MRS. W. H. MUMLER.—BY MUMLER.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MUMLER.



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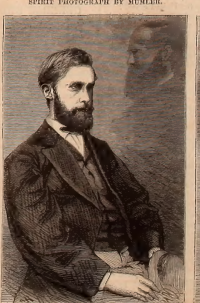

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SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—[SPECIMENS FURNISHED BY MUMLER AND ROCKWOOD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

WHAT has been and ought to be the policy of the United States in regard to colonial revolutions upon this continent with parent and foreign powers? This is a question which is just now at issue, and it is interesting.

The war between Spain and her American colonies began in 1810. But it was not until the 8th of March, 1822, two years afterwards, that President Monroe, in a special message, stated to Congress that the provinces had been so successful that it was a question if they should not be considered as independent; for they not only were so in fact, but there was no prospect of their ceasing to be so. After long and able debate, and with the approval of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, Congress authorized the recognition. But it was not until after ten years, in 1822, that Spain acknowledged what had been long a fact.

In 1823 Mr. Canning, the British Foreign Minister, with the intention of baffling the designs of the Holy Alliance, urged the United States Government to join in a declaration that, while nothing should be done by either power to obstruct negotiations between Spain and her colonies, yet that they would not see the transfer of any part of the colonies to another power "with indifference." Mr. Canning's urgency was so stringent that in his annual message in December, 1823, President Monroe said: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." In another part of the same message the President said: "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

These statements compose the famous Monroe doctrine; of which Mr. Evarts, one of the most prudent and careful of our students of international law, says: "It has never, in any recognition, received a legislative confirmation; it rests upon the broad basis as an executive declaration, wise and seasonable at the time it was made, creditable to the administration from which it proceeded, and beneficial to the country and the cause of free government throughout the world."

Neither this American declaration nor the sending of British consuls to some of the principal ports ended the war. In the month of May, 1825, John Quincy Adams was President and Henry Clay was Secretary of State. The war had now continued for about seventeen years, and the United States were very anxious that Spain should formally recognize the fact that she had lost her hold upon the American continent. With this purpose Mr. Clay wrote to our Minister in Russia, Mr. Henry Middleton, to ask that government to use its influence with Spain. In the course of his vigorous letter Mr. Clay says: "In the war which has so long been raging between Spain and her Colonies the United States have taken no part, and will produce or to sustain it. They have been inactive and neutral spectators of the pressing scenes. Our sentiments forbids, however, that they should say that they have beheld those scenes with feelings of indifference. They have, on the contrary, anxiously desired the success of the contending parties to acquire and enjoy that independence with which, by the valor and the patriotism of the people, the love liberty, they have been, under the smiles of Heaven, so greatly blessed. But in the indulgence of this sympathetic feeling they have not, for one moment, been unmindful of the duties of an impartial neutrality which they had deliberately announced."

Mr. Clay proceeds to describe the actual situation: "Throughout the whole continent, from the western limits of the United States to Cape Horn, the Spanish power is subdued.....Not a foot of territory in all that vast extent owns the dominion. Not a bayonet sustains the cause of Spain.....Some of the most considerable of the new States have established governments which are in full and successful operation, regularly collecting large revenues, levying and maintaining numerous and well-appointed armies, and already laying the foundations of respectable maritime.....From the vicinity of Cuba to the United States, its valuable commerce and the nature of its population, their Government can not be indifferent to any political change to which that island may be destined. Great Britain and France, also, have deep interests in its fortunes, and will not see them wide awake to all those changes. In short, what European state has not much at stake, direct or indirect, in the destiny, be it what it may, of that most valuable of all the West India islands?.....They [the United States] are satisfied with the present condition of those islands [Cuba and Porto Rico], now open to the commerce and enterprise of their citizens. They desire for themselves no political change in them. If Cuba were to declare itself independent, the amount and the character of its population render it improbable that it could maintain its independence." Mr. Clay adds, in conclusion, that the United States would have been justified in seizing Cuba and Porto Rico in reprisal for the seizure of American citizens and property from pirates who found succor and refuge in Spanish territory; but that they had preferred patience and moderation and scrupulous respect for the sovereignty of Spain.

President Monroe and Mr. Clay were representatives of what is called an "American policy." And what that policy was in regard to the relation of foreign nations to this continent and its dependencies is plain from what we have quoted. In brief, it was this: the United States will not forcibly expel any foreign power in colonial possession; but it will tolerate no further foreign acquisitions or control upon this continent. Nor will it see any "ordained by Providence" of a separation between the colony and the remote parent arrives the United States will naturally recognize the position which they are striving for independence, but will only, "on great consideration and on just principles," acknowledge "the government de facto whose authority, their independence and maintain it." Is not this a good policy? Can we improve it? Have not nations duties as well as sympathies? Has not Mr. Senator Sumner shown Mr. Canning in stating that belligerence is not a principle, but a fact; and that an actual war, and an organized government de facto, with which the world established before there can be a just recognition of belligerent rights. Napoleon would have no paper blockades. International law, he says, is what the people of the world, will have no belligerence without actual belligerents.

If we propose to punish Spain for the old Bourbon Government which she expelled from Cuba by the island, the proposition is at least as distinct as it is absurd. We might, indeed, reflect that Spain has by a bloodless revolution deposed the Bourbons, and by a national assembly of the people has, with virtual unanimity, decreed universal suffrage. We might reflect that we owe some sympathy to a people in a republic which has so quietly overthrown a despotism, and which is peacefully establishing a free popular government in its place. But, perhaps unhappily, we have very little sympathy for a freedom which does not produce sugar.

For three years Cuba, with unparalleled bravery and enormous sacrifice, has fought under an organized government, with Turkey, the most changeless of Despotisms. Thermopylæ is not a more heroic name than Cauea, but, with the exception of a very small number of persons, nobody knows or cares any thing about Crete. For some months there has been trouble in Cuba, but on a large scale never before has there been profound obscurity. There is no organized government of Cubans, so far as we can learn; there has been no serious loss of which any account has been published, and yet there is a loud warmth of sympathy which all the three heroic years and decads of Crete have not awakened. The Cubans ever had a regular island, and could not be made profitable to its owner, should we care more for Cuban than for Cretan liberty and independence? And as the Cretans have not persistent and vociferous in the cry of Cuban independence mean the independence of the island or its annexation to the United States?

If the Cubans are entitled upon independence, and mean to fight with the deadly earnestness that is necessary to obtain it, they will certainly have the sympathy of the best part of the people of the United States. But that sympathy must necessarily wait for some evidence of such a purpose and such a spirit.

THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

IN a speech at Glasgow Lord Stanley, who made the *Alabama* treaty with Mr. Reverdy Johnson, said: "There has been any question unsettled, and we are capable of offering reparation for willful and intentional wrong, because we do not admit, and we have no right to admit, that any such wrong was ever committed by us." He added that international law is vague, and that England may have unintentionally done wrong, and is willing to make that part of an impartial arbitrator. Mr. Sumner says it is evident that England did wrong, and must therefore apologize. And in saying this, as we stated last week, he unquestionably speaks the general sentiment of this country.

International law is merely custom, and every nation decides its action for itself. In doing this it necessarily takes all the risks, moral and sentimental included. If a rebellion breaks out in Yorkshire, and the insurrectionary government instantly proclaims neutrality, and exhorts all citizens not to aid either belligerent, it undoubtedly treats the insurgents in Yorkshire precisely as it would treat France if it declared war against England. It at once dignifies insurgents with the attributes of an equal status with that of Great Britain, and it assumes the consequences. If it should happen that privateers were presently built in New York for the Yorkshire cause; that they sailed and destroyed British ships wherever they could find them, having no other port to carry them to for adjudgment; that some such ships, after being built and escaping in a manner which the Secretary of State described as "a scandal and reproach," entertained and aided in other American ports; and that the American press and Congress rang with cheers for the deeds of these vessels in British service; and if it should chance, after three years of such events, that England should unconditionally subdue the rebellion, and again extend her rule over Yorkshire, and upon the request of the British Government to come to an understanding, the United States should reply that they were willing to make reparation for willful wrong, and to leave the question of wrong to an arbitrator, how would England feel and what would England do? That is a question for Englishmen to consider. But we should say that the United States must first of all confess that they had done wrong and apologize, how would the United States feel, and what would they do? That is a question for us to consider.

Some months ago, in speaking of this question, we said that nations did not apologize in this way. But we are sure but three ways of settling such a difference: a congress, a commission for claims and damages, or war. Now, apart from the feeling between the two countries which, in the case of our late troubles, was heated to the highest degree, and still remains dangerously warm despite the wisdom of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's eloquence, there is but one pivotal question of international law underlying the whole controversy. It is not at all whether England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the insurgents too soon, viewed as an act of friendship to the United States. Of that we think there can be no question. But the principle for that, if we choose to press it, is war. It is folly to suppose that England will confess that she is sorry she was not more friendly in 1861. An offense of sentiment can not be settled by sentiment.

The practical point of the difference is this: whether ocean-belligerency can be properly conferred by a nation upon subjects who have no ships nor prize courts, and whose actual situation, as Mr. Sumner says, is "without any of the means of power which are the essential prerequisite to a war succession?" A ship sailing in the name of a belligerent under such circumstances can have no other count than its own piracy. It has no port, it can have no court at all, and it necessarily has no other status than that of a pirate. Upon such a theory a handful of Indians upon the Plains, fighting with United States troops, may have frigates built and equipped in England or France sailing on my ocean and annihilating American commerce. It is impossible in international law that such a belligerent as the rebel States were can have such a ship England is responsible for the whole amount of loss from such privateers. But if it be good international law, England is responsible only for the consequences of such escapes and evasions as the British Government should have prevented.

That the ground taken by England is untenable upon sound principles of international comity is the point to which we trust the attention of the British Government will be invited in any new negotiations.

GENERAL DULCE'S FOLLIES.

THE trouble in Cuba and the feeling in this country respecting it make the case of the *Mary Lowell* important. This was an American brig loaded with arms which put into one of the Bahamas, and while in charge of the British authorities was seized by a Spanish ship of war, taken to Havana, and there condemned by a prize court. Of course the first movement upon our part is to ask the British Government why the brig was not protected, and whether she were surrendered under protest. If it appears that the British authorities were unable to protect the vessel and so protested accordingly, the next question must be addressed to the Spanish Government.

The case of the brig *Lizzie Major* was similar to that of the *Trent*. Two passengers were taken from the vessel and imprisoned. Mr. Fish sent for the Spanish Minister in Washington and asked why the prisoners must be released, and an apology and indemnity and ample reparation of every kind offered. Senor Rosa promptly replied that the Government would undoubtedly act as requested. There was some delay in hearing from Spain, and the Secretary of State sent for the Spanish Minister and suggested that delay was very dangerous, upon which Spain is understood to have acceded to every demand.

General Prim, the Spanish Governor-General in Cuba, recently issued a very foolish proclamation that all vessels with arms and munitions of war on board, captured in Spanish waters or near Cuba, will be treated as pirates. Mr. Fish suggested to Senor Roberts this violation of recognized international law, and, upon due representation to Spain, the Government instantly disavowed the proclamation.

Spain has evidently very foolish agents; but there is no reason to apprehend that she will persist in any conduct which is manifestly at variance with good neighborhood or the laws of nations. We hope that the United States will do the same. The Secretary of State is fortunately not a Captain Bobadil, and he is not likely to swagger. He will doubtless reflect that the United States is a powerful nation, and that its character will be determined by the use of its power. A bully among nations is as contemptible as among men. Nobody, probably, likes to recall Gretorex now. Spain is undoubtedly, and the United States are strong. But who remembers without an honest blush the proposition signed by the three chief foreign ministers of the United States thirteen years ago, to steal Cuba from Spain for the strengthening of slavery?

The Secretary of State may be very sure that the best exercise of this country demands reluctance to take offense rather than an eagerness to perceive affronts. If we are to be regarded as the peers of really popular governments, we are especially to consider that Spain is at present remodeling her government in that form, and that the Spanish colonial policy is consequently yet to be developed. But whatever that policy may be, if it shall appear that any colony seriously wishes to be independent, it will undoubtedly, as we have said elsewhere, be sure of the sympathy of the American people.

CONDITION OF TRADE.

THE stream of currency which, until the middle of April, had been against England is now in the opposite direction, and has created an easy money market. This change indicates that provision is being made for spring purchases by a much larger class of dealers than the market has yet felt, and there is a corresponding increase of activity. Merchants from the Northern and Western States have hitherto held back on account of heavy snows in some quarters, and in others from a desire to wait until the market had become settled. There is nothing like speculation in the whole country on the contrary, it is marked by uncommon prudence.

Cotton goods are held with some want of confidence on account of the price of the raw material, which, however, shows signs of weakness, notwithstanding the unusual movements in England. At Preston the dispute between the operatives and mill-owners continues unsettled, and a number of spinners and weavers have been sent off, many of them to the United States, in order to meet the demand made by the mills for reduced wages. Although a great many looms have been stopped, those remaining at work seem to have the capacity to supply the trade in England with as much of their fabrics as is now required.

There is a large diminution in the number of yards of cotton goods exported from England recently, and little probability of such an immediate advance as to place the trade on a sound footing. The disturbance is due to the inequality between the production of materials for food and the demand with those for clothing, and can be corrected not until a good crop shall have been grown. The London *Daily News* informs us that the Treaty of Commerce with Prussia and Russia has been renewed this year, and it would appear from the London correspondent of the New York *Times* that the purchases in England some months ago of natural and other laborers were subsisting on insufficient food. In India it was hoped that recent extensive rains gave promise of yield sufficient for the immediate wants. The contest in England on the subject of wages is an unavoidable result of the world's inability to give adequate support under the circumstances to her manufacturing industry.

The revolution in Cuba is watched with great interest on account of the importance of its sugar crop, which sometimes reaches a third of the world's production. Refined hard sugars, which were at 15¾ at the commencement of the rebellion, went up to over 20 cents per pound, and have decided to between 16 and 17 cents from various causes. Accounts were very contradictory as to the real state of things, and consumption was immediately checked by the rapid advance, which advance was founded on the supposed prospect of success on the part of the insurgents. The lesson is instructive, as it deals with what is rapidly or anticipated a large advance in prices, and how certain it is to be followed by repentance.

The important fruit of fruit this season from the Mediterranean has been attended with severe losses on account of the simultaneous arrivals of vessels at this port laden with such cargoes. The losses were principally in oranges, which sold at not enough to cover freights and charges. This trade at Boston is conducted in entirely unsuitable vessels, ready to make the voyage in short time, and such is the spirit of navigators that the captains of some of them, after passing Gibraltar, sleep in their clothing in order

that they may be instantly ready for every change of weather. A first arrival often pays for the vessel. An arrival during a glut exposes to heavy loss; but when that is over, and is followed by scarcity, the market is often fortunately hit with a fresh cargo. The English conduct their trade with the Mediterranean without as much loss as we suffer from damaged fruit, as it is conducted in steam vessels which do not hold the fruit long enough to inflict damage from heat. The trade with us, which is always precarious on account of the length of the voyage and the necessity of using sailing vessels, was this season very disastrous. "We lost a million this year," was the remark of one of the copartners of a considerable house.

Congress adjourned, as we assured our readers it would, without arriving at any definitest of policy with respect to financial affairs, and it has become more difficult than ever to predict when any will be adopted. The number of those who will resist contraction of the currency has been augmented by heavy speculations in real estate and in stocks; but we repeat what we have often said, that the quantity of money in certain to remain a fixed quantity over the United States for the remainder of the year at least. The effect of this is not generally understood, inasmuch as there are many who still look for an early panic, disastrous in its consequences, as the immediate result of our present activity in speculation. Every one knows our market is regarded as the premonitory symptom of impending danger; but it is found that an extraordinary demand for money in any quarter is immediately met by supplies from other quarters, and the expected difficulty vanishes. It is due to the fact that the quantity of what we have continues fixed and within reach, whereas great panics are the result of a large diminution in the quantity from exportation to foreign countries, which is not possible when our returns are made and received only in a local currency. The trade of this season will therefore be conducted with the certainty that the time is not yet arrived for any material disaster resulting from organic changes present or anticipated.

We can not offer our readers to suppose, however, that although the advantage we have named attends our financial condition, we do not desire a radical change in our finances. It is the true interest of the country to return to specie payments as soon as it can be done with safety, and we regret the temerity that, in the face of this obvious and imperative duty, encourages reckless and extravagant trade.

Perhaps, in the absence of legislation, this tendency might be checked by a voluntary policy on the part of conservative bankers. The duty particularly for years by the Metropolitan Bank of asserting and returning country issues was chiefly voluntary, and might be renewed without legislation with solid advantage.

To what extent we may rely on legislation and how much on voluntary combinations is a question soon to be forced on those who have the responsibility for the safe working of financial affairs. If we have not reached the point where the roads fork we must soon do so; and when we reflect that extravagance, speculation, and expansion mean repudiation, and that the absolute control of these tendencies is alone compatible with safety, solid bank influence, and consider whether, in the absence of legislation, they will not take the firm course which will save the honor of the country.

THE RHODE ISLAND LINE.

WHEN Senator SPRAGUE declared that the Rhode Island soldiers of the First regiment in the war were cowards, and that their Colonel, now Governor BURNSIDE, ran into places of safety during the battle, he did not expect that the people of the State, or the survivors of the regiment, would quietly acquiesce because Mr. SPRAGUE is a Rhode Islander, and he knows that the State, though small, has a fair fame as precious to it as if it were an empire.

The speech in which he made this his own State the sentiment of indignation was universal, and it instantly took form in an address, signed by General ROMAIN ROBBINS and scores of the best men of the soldiers and citizens of Rhode Island, inviting General BURNSIDE to meet them at a public reception, that the country might witness how profound the sense and of opinion in regard to that officer is between Senator SPRAGUE and his fellow-citizens. General BURNSIDE declined the demonstration, but in his letter he briefly recounts the history of his regiment, and exposes the untruthfulness of the Senator's statements.

It is to be hoped that the Senator's modesty is not the measure of his veracity. He remarks in his speech that the First Rhode Island regiment was raised and equipped by his individual exertions. The truth is, by General BURNSIDE'S account, that when the Government called for troops, Mr. SPRAGUE, then Governor, appealed to the people, and telegraphed to BURNSIDE, then in New York, to come on and command a regiment. On the same evening BURNSIDE arrived in Providence, and found the people prompt and warm as he was. No effort was needed there more than elsewhere in that inspiring moment to raise troops, and more than enough for a regiment and a battery immediately offered. The State paid for uniforms, equipments, rations, bounties, and transportation. "All Rhode Island troops," says General BURNSIDE, "were raised by the loyal sentiment of the people, and the expenses were paid by them."

When the regiment and battery reached Washington they were ordered to report to and "moved in fear." General BURNSIDE says that "no body of troops ever moved with greater alacrity and less fear." They were sent to General PATTERSON, who hastily recalled to the defense of Washington marched thirty-five miles on the first day, and were especially complimented for their soldierly and prompt movements. When the movement was made toward Manassas Colonel BURNSIDE was in command of a brigade, which included the First and Second Rhode Island regiments. Senator SPRAGUE says that BURNSIDE'S own regiment, the First, "refused to move." The General quietly remarks, "this statement is false." A few men discussed the time of the expiration of their enlistment, a wrangle which was instantly suppressed by the Colonel. The action at Bull Run was opened by the Second Rhode Island, "and never did men fight better." The First Rhode Island presently went into action with the battery. "They fought like soldiers," says Gen. BURNSIDE, "until ordered to retire." "Or horseback" and "jumping fences," returned to Washington in an ambulance, and "was in bed while the Rhode Island soldiers were steadily marching from the field to camp." The Senator adds that the regiment refused to wait, and left Washington by the next train. "This statement is untrue," says General BURNSIDE; "we reached Washington on Monday morning at daylight, and remained there until Thursday night;" and the Colonel returned in the train which was directed by General SCOTT to take his regiment home.

General BURNSIDE, with natural and simple dignity, says that he has not been able to see Senator SPRAGUE'S personal charges. "My conduct is well known to my comrades and to the people. My character and reputation are above your testimony, and not on any statement of mine." He adds that he has many letters and documents from Mr. SPRAGUE, both official and private, dated at various periods during the war, expressing the warmest confidence and friendship.

Upon one side in this controversy is Senator SPRAGUE'S unsupported assertion, made evidently under great excitement. Upon the other are the authentic records of the war, the testimony of eye-witnesses, and the statement of General BURNSIDE. But to all those who know Rhode Island and Rhode Islanders no refutation of the alleged cowardice of the Rhode Island Line of Greece upon the land and of PERRY on the sea—is necessary.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

BY a hard necessity of the case which Mr. FESSENDEN so grimly describes, Governors and Representatives in Congress are compelled to solicit office. "If," says Mr. FESSENDEN, "a melancholy truth that they are agents to get office for their constituents.....As the matter now stands, a Senator or Representative must look out for those offices." But is there a Senator or Representative who does not recognize it as his position and duty who would not prefer to be relieved of the necessity? Is there one who is so aware that it is not a legitimate and proper part of his official function, whatever the present apparent predicament may be? Mr. TRUMBULL proposes a measure of relief. He says that the Constitution can not endure this increasing strain of Senatorial solicitation of office, and therefore at the next session he will introduce a bill to make it a penal offense for any member of Congress to go to the Departments begging for office. See how it works. General FILE was nominated by the President as Minister to Brazil. He was rejected by the Senate by a vote of 25 to 21. The President then sent for the papers recommending him, and discovered that five of the Senators who recommended his nomination voted against his confirmation.

If they had discovered in the morning while that he was an unfit person they did right in voting to reject him. But the fact as stated shows most forcibly how careful any man ought to be in recommending persons for office, and that a Senator ought not to recommend at all, because his previous action necessarily hampers his judgment in confirming. It was, of course, very difficult for Senator CRAGIN or Senator WILSON to oppose General FILE after recommending him, because their good judgment and consistency were involved. But Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill will be opposed by the same feeling that imperils Mr. JENCKES'S Civil Service bill, and that retained the Tenure-of-Office law. That feeling is the love of power. Men are generally willing to pay the necessary price for the possession of power of any kind. Under the custom that has now almost the force of law the Senate is the seat of power in our system. Mr. SUMNER is reported to have said that the Senate is the Government. It is certainly the most powerful branch of it. So, therefore, in the midst of office scramble as has just closed in Washington, many a Senator would gladly embrace the opportunity of future relief, yet when he reflects upon all that such relief involves, it is very possible that, being human, he will be willing to take the chances still.

Mr. JENCKES'S Civil Service bill would relieve the particular difficulty at which Mr. CARPENTER'S resolution aimed, and which Mr. TRUMBULL denounced. But it would not affect, by any means to suppose, the chief struggle. In his last speech upon the subject in the House, on the 5th of April, Mr. JENCKES said: "This measure, it should be remembered, deals only with the inferior offices whose appointment is made by the President alone or by the Heads of Departments. It does not touch places which are filled with the advice and consent of the Senate. It would not in the least interfere with the scramble for office which now disgraces the end of the avenue, or which fills with anxious crowds the corridors of the other wing of the Capitol. It relates only to the appointments which may be made by the President alone, and does not meet the eye of the reader of newspapers, but which are a hundredfold more numerous than those which await the confirmation of the Senate, and without which the Government could not be carried on."

Mr. JENCKES'S bill does not include postmasters, nor any kind of diplomatic office, nor assessors and collectors of the internal revenue. The exception is very large. There are about 60,000 names in the Blue book, and there are 24,000 places which the gift of Heads of Departments that are included in the bill. But the bill is a step in the true direction; and when the country sees how much better it is to have intelligent and competent officers than mere political agents, it will cry aloud for more. As for the practical relief to those interested, it would rest upon the luckless willing side, it is to be considered that the Custom-house appointments are included in Mr. JENCKES'S bill.

Meanwhile it is for good men in the Senate and House to decide whether the present system is either desirable or safe.

DIPLOMATIC.

MR. SANFORD'S nomination, as Minister to Spain was not confirmed, and he remains at Brussels. The President will appoint some one in his place, as it is understood that Mr. HALE returns home; and it is very clear, irrespective of any personal considerations, what kind of Minister the emergency demands in Spain at this time. It is not that a Minister is bound by instructions, but it is no less true that it makes a vital difference who is instructed.

Our Minister to Spain goes to one of the earliest friends of the United States. In the summer of 1776 a Marblehead privateer, sailing under authority of Congress, put into the port of Bilboa for repairs and munitions. There were prize prisoners on board, and they instantly protested to the local authorities, and demanded the arrest of ELIJAH LEE of the privateer as a pirate. The case was referred to the Ministry at Madrid. The English Minister warmly supported the protest. But while the Ministry were debating the news of the Declaration of Independence arrived, and instantly the protest was dismissed, the flag welcomed, and the supplies of Spain flowed. GERMAN SERMON tells the story in his excellent oration in Boston ten years ago. The early friendship of France has been always gratefully remembered, but not that of Spain be forgotten. Both, indeed, had their own purposes, but they helped ours.

Moreover, as we have remarked elsewhere, Spain is now establishing a truly popular government. Universal suffrage and freedom of the press are already guaranteed, and universal suffrage will be given more surely than the true friendship of the United States. Let us have in Spain, therefore, a man of unblemished character and career, of whom every American may gladly say that he represents the best type of American citizenship. Let him also be a man whose political principles are thoroughly settled in political life, after so sharp a contest has prevailed, are deep and sincere, and whose life has been their faithful witness. Then let him be of quick mind and large knowledge and of a past and generous disposition, knowing that national glory is not essentially different from individual honor, and that no nation can honorably do what no man under similar circumstances is morally forbidden to a man.

Such a Minister, with patience, coolness, and sagacity, will show the government and people of Spain that, while every American necessarily sympathizes with the aspiration of all men every where, in Cuba as in Spain, to be politically as well as personally free, he does so without forgetting international duty. Such a Minister would show that, if a friend to Cuba, he is not an enemy to Spain.

This is not an ideal Minister, for the United States has now, and has had before, such foreign representatives.

NOTES.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for May begins the new story by the author of John Halifax, "A Heart Lady," and it begins with the interest with which Miss MULOCK, or Mrs. CRAIK, always invests even her opening chapter. It will be copiously illustrated, and our readers need nothing more than the announcement that the story begins to begin with it. Among the other excellent things in this Number is an article upon "The Working-men of the Middle Ages," which is full of timely interest.

THE Grand National Peace Jubilee is certainly to take place in Boston during the month of June, and more than two hundred men are busily at work throughout the colossal structure in which the colossal and continental and mammoth concerts are to take place. It is announced that the coliseum will be thoroughly lighted and ventilated, and that thousands and thousands of listeners can be accommodated. The attendance will very probably be enormous. All New England will of course come, and a large part of the West and Southwest. It is an affair of immense promise and proportions.

IN a late Number of the *Radical* is a paper upon the Palaces of America, which is the name given by the author, Mr. FRANK J. SCOTT, an accomplished architect of Toledo, to the public schools. He proposes that as the school-houses are the most important buildings in the country they should be also the most beautiful, noble in architecture and surrounded with lovely gardens and groves. The enthusiastic author "scouts the idea that there is any limit to a proper uniform of government that requires us to be simple in our tastes or moderate in our public expenditures," and he becomes a poet in developing his scheme.

IN "Planchette," a very pretty volume of the "Handy-Volume Series" by ROBERTS BROTHERS, there is a copious and popular, but faithful, summary of the phenomena and theories of modern "Spiritualism," by "E. S.," evidently a profoundly interested and competent student of the mystery. The simple knowledge and literary skill with which the subject is treated makes this volume the most commendable manual to all who are attracted to this speculation; and it will be read with great interest by the skeptic as well as by the believer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Hudson River has risen higher this spring than at any time during the past twelve years. All the low-lying portions of Troy and Albany were submerged, and the cellars of different kinds were flooded away, and traffic on the railroads converging at those cities was suspended. The Schoharie Creek and the Fall Kills overflowed at Troy becoming lashed by the rapid current, and set on fire by the burning oil. In New England freshets prevailed every where.

General LEE, the new Governor of Virginia, is reported to all persons who are now holding office, by a circular, to resign.

The Oxford boat race here occurred on the 31st ult. The course for a four-oared race is August next.

A terrible accident happened on the railroad train on the Lake Shore Railroad on the morning of April 28. A rail broke at Willow Station, a mile and a half E. of Ashtabula, and threw the rear car from the track, and the latter, as it struck the ground, turned over on its side, broke the draw-bars rail and the iron broke through the side next the ground, leaving the passengers in the car next to the track, while the wreck was dragged over these bodies for several rods. Six persons were killed and eleven seriously injured.

Two boys are under terrible agony of suffering at sea, in consequence of the brutality of the officers of the American ship *Ocean Express*, which left Liverpool for Calcutta April 3rd. The crew threw marks of ill-usage, and declare that the officers beat them with belaying pins, brass knuckles and other implements of a similar character. The boys, it is stated, were lowered over the side, but they were paralyzed; and that the lives of some of them were only saved through the interposition of the Captain's wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the House of Commons on April 19 the amendment postponing the operation of the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church till 1874 was lost, the majority against it being 107.

The Spanish Cortes is still occupied with the question as to what form of government shall be adopted. The action in the House of Deputies favoring universal suffrage has been adopted almost unanimously.

An amendment for establishing a moderate censorship of the Press has been rejected, and the original motion guaranteeing liberty of the Press, the free election of municipal councils, and the right of petition have been carried by a large majority.

The Spanish Cortes has declared that the King of Spain is still strengthening. A resolution has been adopted by the Cortes enabling the King to raise funds from the Cortes. This is deemed favorable to Montpensier's success.

The Government at Madrid has ordered that the proceeds of the property of religious parties, confiscated in Cuba, be applied to defray the expenses of the war.

A Commission, appointed to examine the Penal Code in Italy, have unanimously agreed in recommending the abolition of capital punishment.

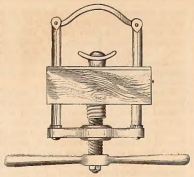
The Bedini Theatre of Naples, Italy, was destroyed by fire on the night of April 19.

The Pope's Encyclical letter was promptly condemned by Prussia, Bavaria, the Bavarian Prime Minister declaring, a recent discussion in the Bavarian Chambers positive to educational matters.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, THE FRENCH COMPOSER OF "OPERA BOUFFE."

GARROTING OF POLITICAL PRISONERS IN CUBA.

We give on this page three illustrations which are very characteristic in their connection with the Cuban Revolution. One is a representation of the execution of MEDINA and LEON in Havana on the 8th of April; the other two illustrate the *garrote*, the instrument of execution. One is a top view of the iron-work of the garrote. It



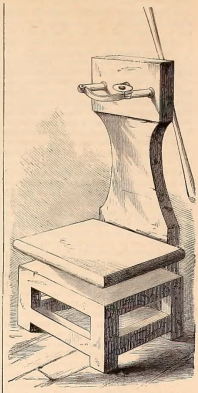
THE GARROTE.

is attached to the upper part of a post about three feet in height. The principal feature is a peculiar treble-threaded screw; one half is left-handed, the other is right-handed. Affixed to the back end is a double handle by which the screw can be turned. The front half of the screw passes through the post, and turns in a nut fixed in the latter. About an inch from the end there is a curved piece to fit the back of the neck. The end of the screw is somewhat rounded. To the back half of the screw a cross-bar is fitted. From the ends of this two rods pass through holes in the post. To the end of one a semicircular "cravat" of iron is hinged, so that it can be closed upon the end of the other rod and pinned to it. A half turn of the screw will draw back the cravat by means of the left-hand screw, cross-bar, and rods, while at the same time the point and curved piece will be thrown forward an equal distance. There is a seat attached to the post, which is so adjusted that the point of the screw will come against a particular portion of the spine.

When the culprit is seated the cravat is closed and pinned, and at a given signal the executioner gives a quick turn to the screw. The spine is broken and death is instantaneous. Seldom does the slightest movement or even tremor of any part of the body take place.

The persons sentenced to death are placed in *capilla* (chapel) the day previous, where they have the attendance of a priest, and are furnished with any thing they need. An instance is recorded of a Chinese murderer asking for and getting a bath of rose-water. The sentence of the courts is usually death by *garrote vil*. By the old laws if a nobleman is to be executed the sentence must be by *garrote noble*. The only difference is, that in the first case the platform is not sheltered or its boards covered, while the nobleman can demand to have a roof over him and his feet rest on a carpet. There is but one garrote in the Department, and when required at any place it is sent under an escort of soldiers, together with the executioner. Undoubtedly the execution by garrote is less inhuman, and less disgusting to the spectator, than any other mode of capital punishment.

The crime for which LEON and MEDINA were executed consisted of secreting arms in Havana for the benefit of the patriots. As these men



THE PRISONER'S SEAT.

were led to execution a remarkable incident occurred, which at the same time illustrated the bravery of the victims and the brutality of the Spanish soldiers. There was an immense crowd present to witness the execution, of whom not a small portion sympathized with the patriot cause. LEON, when he reached the scaffold, in spite of an attempt made by the priest to dissuade him, determined to speak. In order to gain a hearing he cried out *viva España!* which was responded to by *huzzas* from the Volunteers. He then went on to denounce, in a few brief words, the oppression of which he was a victim, and ended his harangue with enthusiastic *vivas* for Cuba, independence, and CESPEDES. This conduct so astonished the drummers, who had been ordered to drown any seditious remarks by the noise of their drums, that they were taken all aback. As the first words of the prisoner had called forth the cheers of the soldiers, so his final *vivas* met with a tumultuous response from the Cubans. In their rage the Volunteers turned upon the vast crowd and fired, killing or wounding over a score of unarmed persons. Efforts had been made, but unsuccessfully, by MR. HALE, the American Consul, to prevent the execution.

EXECUTION BY GARROTING OF LEON AND MEDINA AT HAVANA, APRIL 8, 1869.—[SKETCHED BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.]

BY THE MERE SIDE.

'Twas a sweet balmy summer day;
I stole toward the dimpled mere,
Where oft, with slow and lonely steps,
I came my doubting heart to cheer.

Twinkling with myriad smiles it lay
O'eshadowed by the loving trees,
Whose branches waved a fond embrace,
Rocked by the gently playful breeze.

Each flower with its perfumed breath
Methought did yearn to kiss my cheek,
And whisper of that angel's peace
My doubting heart had come to seek.

I sat beside the dimpled mere,
And gazed upon its joyous face,
Whose laughing humor seemed to add
To each reflected flower new grace.

The faint distortions which it limned
Of every weeping-willow's bough,
Seemed but to say with mirthful ire,
"Be sad to-morrow, be joyous now."

The very insects lay asleep,
In lazy ecstasy of joy:
Amid such peace they must forget
Their stings had power to annoy.

And so I gazed into the mere,
To rend my beating heart's fate there,
And all I saw was glowing hope,
And not one darkling shade of care.

I laughed and whispered to the flowers
"She loves me; yes, she loves but me;"
Their rippling faces bowed and said,
"She loves thee; yes, she loves but thee."

THE FACE OF HORROR.

I AM a very nervous man, and extremely superstitious. Owing partly to constitutional infirmity, and still more to the thoughtless folly of a miserable old nurse, who by her ghost stories made my childhood a scene of terror, my imagination has always been filled with fearful images. While a lad I was always afraid in the dark, nor have I yet, although a full-grown man, so far overcome my imagination as to feel entirely at ease when alone at night in a house. In vain I attempt to reason away my fear. Reason is all very well when the sun shines brightly and friends are around, but when darkness comes down, and when loneliness is added to it, then fancy has full sway, and all wiser thoughts are useless.

I was once staying at a house of mine in the country. I am passionately fond of the country. I live there all through the summer months, from the first disappearance of snow till the very verge of frosty weather, and am never happy in the town. On this occasion I was left alone in my house. The family were all away. Even the servants had gone, and the old house-dog had gone also with the family.

"THERE APPEARED, ALSO, THE DIM OUTLINE OF A WHITE FACE."

I confess that it was with much trepidation that I found myself entirely alone, and I looked forward to the night with considerable dismay. However, I tried to banish my fearful thoughts from my mind, and concluded to trust in Providence. So the day gradually faded away, and night came on. As the shades thickened, and gradually a deeper gloom was apparent, I began to lament my fool-hardiness in venturing against my own nature to dare the terrors which I knew were before me. My usual nervous fears were rapidly beginning to overcome me. To have gone away even then was possible, but I was ashamed to yield to such childish feelings. I therefore tried to struggle against them as best I could. I went around the house, fastened the doors and windows, entered into the sitting-room, lighted the lamps, and tried to make preparations for a quiet evening.

Had there been a dog, or even a cat, or a bird in the house I should have felt easy in mind. But there was no living thing except myself, and so the sense of loneliness which already oppressed me grew stronger, and it was in vain that I struggled against it. The thought that outside of the room door, and all through the house, there was the awful pall of darkness eastrouding all things was too much for me.

In vain I resorted to all the usual remedies which are resorted to in such cases. I drank a stiff glass of brandy, and smoked several large pipes, in the vain endeavor to strengthen my nerves. It was all useless. The soothing principle was not forthcoming. I could not quiet myself, and the thought of retiring to bed in the midst of this overpowering loneliness was intolerable.

The worst of it was that all the while I was fully conscious of the extreme childishness, the worse than folly of my feelings. My reasoning faculty was perfectly sound, it was my nerves that were out of order, and I could not withstand the physical infirmity.

At last, in a sort of desperation, I thought that perhaps active exercise might be beneficial. If I were only to light my lantern, take an axe, and bluster about in the wood-house, I might possibly distract my troublesome thoughts.

No sooner thought of than done. Without giving myself time to think I lighted a lantern, took my axe, and swinging it about, and singing a loud song, I stamped forth into the wood-house.

Arriving there I put the lantern on the floor, and taking down a quantity of wood, I began to cut and chop most vigorously; stick after stick fell before my efforts, and I was beginning to congratulate myself upon the success of my plan. At length I got a huge knotted stick in my grasp and began to struggle with it. The stick was so tough and strong that it gave full exercise to my patience, and was rapidly taking the chief place in my thoughts, when all of a sudden my proceedings were abruptly stopped.

SUBMARINE DIVERS EQUIPPED FOR THEIR DESCENT.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

I heard a low sigh close behind me.

Down went my axe and stick. A cold thrill passed through every nerve.

I trembled.

Yet I reasoned a moment. It is a mistake. It can not be—

My reasonings were suddenly interrupted. The same sound came again. I turned my head, by an irresistible impulse.

The window of the barn was just behind me. It was from that direction that the sound seemed to come, and to that direction my eyes were forced to turn. As I slowly turned my eyes encountered two other eyes, round, bright, starring, which I at once knew belonged to the window. To my startled senses nothing else was apparent except these eyes. They seemed to draw all my gaze into them, and exhaust all my life and all my strength. There appeared also, as I stared, the dim outline of a white face, of doubtful purity, over which a cloth partly hung covering the brow. The lips seemed to move, yet I heard no sound whatever. But the stare of the eyes held me spellbound. I had strength neither to speak, nor to move, nor to cry. The awful fascination of the fixed stare thrilled me, yet throught me, and at each successive thrill my strength failed me. I was conscious of nothing, but the horror of that night. I did not try to think what it was. I did not venture to think of going closer to examine it. All reason and reflection had become utterly at the pressure of overmastering fear; and never in all my life had my fear which I had ever felt in any degree attained to the proportions of this overwhelming passion—this anguish of terror which now paralyzed me. It was a fright of which one might die.

But as I stared the face gradually vanished. I staggered back, and drew again the breath which had left me. Then with a wild impulse I rushed out of the shed.

Once out in the open air, away from walls of houses, I felt safe. It is a singular thing that nervousness never affects me any where except within a house. I am fearless when under the sky. I have traveled carelessly over the loneliest roads. I have no concern about churchyards. I could walk through any one at any hour of night with no more concern than by day. I would rather sleep upon a tombstone in a graveyard than upon a spring-bed in a comfortable bed in a respectable house, if I had to be alone. What is the reason? The accursed effect of childish superstitions which referred always and invariably to rooms in houses, to garrets, and to cellars.

After a half hour's waiting, in which I became thirsty for a smoke, and sauntered about the garden, I felt calm. I heard footsteps about, but thought nothing of them. They were cows, I supposed. I heard sighs, but smiled as I thought how terrible they would be if I were in the house. There was calm. I said to myself, not the breathings of the cows. But what about that face of horror? Could I account for that? I could not.

"I am diseased," said I; "my brain is out of order; my nerves are affected. Of course. That is why I see apparitions. This is what the books tell me."

By this time I thought that I would try the house again. I went into the barn to get the lantern. I refrained from looking at the window. I knew that nothing had moved. But there was some horrible fascination about it which I could not resist. My eyes seemed drawn there. I looked.

Great Heaven! there was the *horrible face!*

My blood froze in my veins. My eyes seemed starting out from their sockets. My hair bristled, cold chills passed over me, and it seemed as if my heart stopped beating. The face, deathly pale, slowly descended into the opening of dark and wild eyes, with the awful fascination of their gaze—these were before me, and seemed like a head hanging from the window. Again the lips moved; yet, as before, no sound escaped.

I stood frozen to the spot. My breath left me, my heart was dead, my brain reeled. Had that horror lasted one instant longer I should have fallen, and that dead or at best senseless. Yet I was spared this. As before, while I looked the face passed away, and with a low sigh, which I could hear, my agitated senses to fill all the place, it disappeared.

Once more I rushed forth into the open air.

A few minutes I walked in the garden, under the serene open sky, sufficed to restore me. The calm face of Nature was before me, and obliterated all horrors. I took away all dread of that other face. The sweet face of Nature rose up over me, like the face of a mother who bends over her child, and I drank it up, shrinking from some terrible dream, and calms him, and soothes him, and seeks to lull him again to sleep. So I soothed myself; and I blessed Nature, and I blessed the Creator also who had given me so deep a love for Nature that her very presence could drive away all fear.

Once more in the open air footsteps, and sighs, and other sounds were heard; but I gave no more trouble than they would have given by day. These as they arose were scarce noticed, or if they were, I easily referred them to the cows of the adjoining pasture field.

I sat on a seat in an arbor of the garden, and mused passively. What change was there now in me? Was I the same? The murmur of the night air soothed me still more. The dark shadow of the house rose in front of me; but so long as I was not inside its walls it had no terror. Let apparitions come in the open air if they chose, and I would face them with nerves of iron. They did not come.

For more than two hours I remained among there, until at last I had used up all my tobacco. I had made up my mind to pass the night there; but after my tobacco had gone, it was necessary for me to get some more. It was in the house. Could I go after it?

Worse still, the lantern was in the barn. Dared I venture again into that barn?

In the open air I felt bold, and in my calmness I made up my mind to try it. Fully conscious of my weakness in the house, I determined not to turn my head toward that window in the barn, but to go straight to the lantern, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Armed with the strength of this resolution, I went to the barn, found the door open, only sufficiently open to see the light, seized it, and rushed out again. Nothing occurred. I heard no noise. I had conquered at any rate in that trial.

It was a small thing to do. It was a coward-ly thing, yet I congratulated myself in the open air once more I felt triumphant. Now could I venture into the house? Why not?

I did not see or understand it. I boldly entered, walked through the back entrance, from which I had come out, and passed along the hall into the front parlor.

The house was an old-fashioned one, low, with the windows only a few feet from the ground. The blinds had not been closed. The room looked cheerful and cozy. Oh, if I only might dare to sit quietly here and pass the night. Why not? *Why not sit down and smoke and enjoy myself?*

I put my light on the table, and sat on a sofa near it, before I could stand it. Stranger! Already my nerves had grown excited. Faint sounds seemed to sound afar through the house. Up stairs seemed to me to be a region of horror. The dark hall seemed also terrible. Suddenly I jumped up and lighted the hall lamp. Then I lighted another, which I placed in the opposite room. I strove to drive away the darkness, thinking that then I should feel more free.

But my nervousness only increased.

"Pooh," said I, "I will put down the blinds and then I shall be a friend."

I rose and walked to the window.

Suddenly a sharp thrill flashed through me. Oh, my God! It had come again—the face of horror!

Yes, there it was, at the window; the white face; the dark eyes; the cloth bound round eyes; the lips that moved but uttered no sound. I staggered back. The horror that came over me was unbearable. I fell on the floor with a freezing chill congealing all my blood, and bristling all my hair.

I did not die. I did not faint. An overmastering fear held me. My face was hidden in my hands. The Terror impelled me to fly—and I fled.

Forth I rushed, feeling as if the *Thing* were after me. I bounded out, and once more entered the open air.

Ah me! how sweet was that outer world! The moon shone brightly. The winds murmured sweetly. My fear fell from me. I was calm instantly and at peace.

Apparitions! These were possible to me, and terrible in the house; but outside I laughed at them. I walked up and down for some time.

The house was surrounded by a high fence, which inclosed the garden and a yard. The front of the house faced the road. The barn was without the inclosure, and opened on the yard.

After a time the garden inclosure grew wearisome, and I determined to stroll about. Go back into the house I would not. Indeed, such was now the terror within that I could not. Yet outside I was free from fear, and I thought savagely how differently I would face that apparition under the sky.

Eager to amuse myself with a stroll, I unbarred the garden gate, and went out into the field. Then I walked around, and after a time I came out into the road in front.

Scarcely had I reached the road when I saw something standing by the window of the parlor. It was the face. Instead of being terrible, the face stood plainly defined against this window. The front of the house was in the shadow, so that I could see nothing but the face. And I saw that this figure was staring into the room.

In a moment the thought flashed upon me that this was the thing that had been terrifying me. There was no fear now—not a vestige. I was in the open air, and all the savage recklessness seized me. I would be revenged on *this*, whatever or whoever it was, that had dared to subject me to such agony, and expose my shameful weakness.

Silently, stealthily, and swiftly I rushed up to the window. The figure did not move. I grasped it with both arms.

A low moan escaped—a heart-broken moan—a moan which went to my very heart.

The face of the figure turned around. It was close beside mine: a white face, the brow overhung by an overshadow of tresses, thousands; the lips white and bloodless; the eyes large, round, and staring. The face was close by mine.

I looked. It was no face.

The eyes were lustreless. Alas! I saw all: life was there, but the light of life was extinguished. Reason had fled. These were the eyes of a maniac that glared into mine!

The creature was a woman. She uttered nothing but feeble moans as she stared into my face.

A maniac! She had come where she had seen lights shining, attracted by the glitter. She had caused my anguish, but had no thought of it; she had made me weak, but had not been conscious of my weakness.

And all my anger straightway turned into pity.

The poor creature only moaned.

She had no words to speak. Sighs and moans were her only utterance.

I took her hand and led her gently after me. She followed unresistingly. I led her around through the garden gate, into the house, and into the parlor. I made her lie down on my sofa. I threw my dressing-gown over her.

She resisted not. She only moaned.

Strange! This thing of terror had become my companion. I was no longer alone.

All my fear departed at once. I had a living, breathing being with me, and at once all superstitions feeling vanished. Yet it was strange that the being who had inspired such horror should have been the first one to bring calm.

There are some among my friends who would have felt far more horrified at the idea of passing the night with a maniac than facing an apparition. With me it was different.

I played for this poor creature soft, soothing music. I offered her food. The food she took. The music seemed to soothe her. The food she would not take.

The night passed quickly.

On the following day I found out that she had wandered away from a company of insane people who had been taken out from an asylum in the neighborhood on a picnic. I restored her to her keepers. They told me that her case was incurable, and that she often fearfully violent.

After that night I did not venture to stay in the house, but went off, under various pretexts, to the neighboring village, day till the family returned.

Some persons would have been cured of superstition by the result of that night.

I am different. My superstition is as strong as ever, and prevents me from ever thinking of staying alone all night any where except out of doors.

RUTH'S STORY.

"Is love! Of course you are; what good-looking young fellow ever goes through his first London season without a slight attack of the malady?"

"Well, but, Roe—"

"Well, but, cousin Fred: I don't want to hear any thing now about it. I am tired of love; every body's in love—Hester is in love, Godfrey is in love, you're in love, and, in fact, I'm the only person that is not in love."

And Ruth, who had the downiest peach-colored cheeks, colored a most beautiful rich crimson.

"Wicked one, I fell into the trap floor with a triumphantly, and then both laughed, Rue the heartiest, for when didn't she laugh, this same Rue?

It was a large square room in a country house, a comfortable old-fashioned drawing-room, and the time was the middle month of June. The window lay open, and a great scent of roses filled the air both within and without. Far into the distance the gardens, the park, the meadow fields, the boundary of hedges, and beyond a range of purple hills.

"And, Rue, you won't listen to my love-story, may I speak of something else? When is Mr. Urquhart coming to stay here?"

"Next week," Ruth answered, briefly.

"May I abuse him, Rue?"

"As much as you please, Fred."

"May I really? How kind! But I sha'n't; it wouldn't be fair. Where's Hester?"

"In the garden."

"I shall join her there; perhaps she may listen to my love-story."

"Perhaps she may," Ruth laughed again, and then he went out of the room.

"Rue, mamma says you are to mend my frock. Look here; I tore it by mistake trying to get some ferns in the grove."

Rue looked up from the window, where she had been following with sad brown eyes the tall figure of cousin Fred, as he went off across the terrace in search of Hester in the garden.

"What a sad child you are, Kit; you're always a bundle of rags. Hand me my work-box. Here, kneel down and keep quiet."

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the needle and thread, Kit eager to be off, following with her eyes every movement of Rue by the window, every figure that crossed the terrace.

"I see Hester and Fred," broke out the child. "Hester and Fred are always together now, ain't they? Rue, may I go?"

"Yes; run off, and don't make a mess of yourself."

Away flew the little girl, and Rue fell to her stitching with her thoughts once more. "Always together now." Those words had given her quite a little start, and her thoughts made a journey back in time when some one had been her property, and not Hester's at all. All that was changed now. She saw them coming down the path engaging and talking; and as they came over the grass her thoughts were with other summer times. It was all over now. The sweetness, the joy, the odor of trees, thousands of roses blossoming just as they used in those other long-ago days; and the man whom she had loved was far, far away—Seal, perhaps, with a vast sea rolling between them. Ruth will never love another man more; she is carrying the memory of one beloved one with her to a grave.

"I am very fond of Roe; I wonder does she know it, or is there any use in my telling her so?" Fred said to Hester.

"Why? Is there such a problem which the family have never been able to solve," Hester answered.

"Do you think she likes Urquhart?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Do you know what I think of him, Hetty?"

"What?"

"That he's a snob and a fool. Shall I give you a little sketch of his way of living? He reads Sunday Times, reading *John Bull* and *Bell's Life*, with a cigar. He drinks more brandy, diluted in soda and water, than any three other men put together. He is well dressed, I confess, but he wears Mr. Poole a little account which that gentleman may go whistle for, I can tell you. There is always a delicate odor of *wille fleurs* and *bouquet d'amour* about him, which becomes quite oppressive when he takes out his pocket-handkerchief. He stands in the window of the Junior Carlton half the afternoon to show the passers-by that he is a member. His own brougham takes him to dinner parties. He never gets up until three o'clock P.M., and he is never in bed before four or five o'clock A.M. There are some Hebrew gentlemen who claim acquaintance with him. He pretends to teach me billiards, and I could give him fifteen in twenty. I don't believe he ever handled a gun or a bat in his life; and he owns a grand little Arab that he's afraid to mount. In fact, he's a snob and a sneak, and I mean to tell him so some day."

"He's gentlemanlike in his manners," Hester said, quietly.

"Oh, that's just it! I should like to write a pamphlet for young men, with a few hints how to get on with ladies. Walk at a foot had a chronic pain below your waistcoat; look as if your collar would cut your head off if you turned to one side; speak, as—"

"Fred, you're jealous, I'm afraid."

Whereupon Fred began to laugh again, he was such a good-humored fellow.

"Rue, papa wants you in the study," a round-faced boy popped his head into the drawing-room to say, and Rue put by her work and hurried away.

"Well, papa?"

"Come over here. What do these bills mean?"

She went over, and bent her head over a pile of papers on the table. Well she knew those bills she had pored over them many times.

"The housekeeping, papa."

"I know that," he answered, tartly; "but I tell you once for all, we must curtail our expenses, or I sha'n't be able to keep a roof over your heads soon. Why, here's twenty pounds for a pack of children who contrive to live on bread and milk."

Then Ruth, the drudge of the family, was allowed to gather up the unpaid bills and carry them off.

"Rue, do you mean to accept Mr. Urquhart?"

"Not before he asks me, Fred."

"But what if he does?"

"You shall stop behind the curtain and listen, my inquisitive cousin."

"I'll be ashamed of you to flirt with him if you don't mean to have him in the end."

"I don't flirt. I've been flirting with you all my life, but I don't mean ever to marry you, even if you ask me, dear old fellow."

Fred laughed, but the tears came to her eyes. What was one to say to such a girl, laughing one minute, crying the next? When he thought of her he always called her poor Rue, and what she feel at all like other people? Could she even feel sorrow, or would not the sunshine break through her tears?

"You have no heart, Rue."

"None, Fred. Now you have got that foolish idea fairly out of your head, and had a laugh a great deal, and see the ridiculous in so many things, I can not ever be serious."

"It would be hard to find a subject to make you think seriously upon," he answered, shaking his head.

"Do you think so indeed? Then you are unjust to me. You think I have no heart."

And had she—was she indeed so foolish? Ah, Fred's words!

She was a girl who had no sort of shyness about her, who was as full of fun and frolic as a mountain-lamb of a midwinter's night, the best running about the house after the children, singing and laughing with them; or who laid aside and Bunyan, and knew as how the old leg of mutton might be cut up and hashed to the best advantage; who laughed sometimes at the ridiculous, and kept her eyes at her own queer observations, and who, ten minutes later, was to be found down in a morbid fit of the blues over-night.

The jolliest, kindest young soul that ever lived, whom the children loved and the servants obeyed. Other girls were done more in their lives, but few so many little kindly offices for others. Where she got her spirits from was a mystery to every one, for never was there a more lamentable Castle Rackrent of a place than the Hermitage, her father's place. A sickly invalid mother, who seldom left her room, who left a house and nursery full of children in the charge of a girl of seventeen. A poor bookworm of a father, who lived apart from the family in a sort of a world of his own, who only came upon the scene when there was a bill to be paid, or a slight matter administered to the children.

I don't know why I have taken this last chapter of Ruth's life to write about, except that I was in need of some little remembrance of her, for she and her pleasant ways have night out of sight, and in what avail was all the love that my little Rue had gotten to herself when the time came that the cruel hand was stretched out to gather the sweet spring flowers and bear them away to His own eternal garden, away from the "evils to come?" Whether cousin Fred loved her, whether the children and their father could spare her, whether Hetty began to find out that life at the Hermitage was wretched, Rue herself knew not, and she was gone out of it.

The years go over, and children's voices sound, laughing and talking, through the rooms and in the garden. But Ruth never joins in their play, or peeps in to whisper "Hush!" and a caution

that "Poor mamma has a headache." Some one plays and sings in the library of evenings where she used to sing, but her young voice is singing in the celestial songs among the choirs of angels. Ruth's canary, a frail little bird with a poor worthless life sings all day in its cage in the drawing-room, but the strong heart of its mistress is still forever and forever!

THE RIVER OF TIME.

Out a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faithless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a horrible song and a mystic sublime,
That bends with the ocean of years.

How the waters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summer has built bowers,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical bell on the river of Time,
Where the echoes of sins are plying;
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song at sweet an vesper chime,
When the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we hurry our treasures there—
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we love the more so!
There are kirtles and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer—
There's a harp unstrung, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the ring that is sweet to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the airy shore
By the tempus is lifted in air—
And we weep and we laugh through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind blows the river to bear.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the days of our life till night—
When the soul comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber a while,
May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

SUBMARINE DIVERS.

VARIOUS styles of apparatus have been used to enable divers to remain for a long time under water. The principal means employed for this purpose has been the diving-bell and the diving-armor. It is estimated that the natural constitution of man unfits him for remaining under water with ease for more than two minutes at a time. By long practice it is said that the Indian pearl-divers of Ceylon are able to remain under water for ten minutes. The self-supplying armor contrived to render a longer stay under water practicable consist of the diving-bell; of a partial covering for the body, made of India-rubber with a metallic helmet protecting the head; or of water-tight metallic vessels inclosing the whole body, and furnished with flexible arms and appliances of strong glass. At least 200 cubic inches of air per minute are required in order to support life. The diving-bell was used in Europe as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the use of this bell has been of late greatly superseded by the submarine armor, which allows the operator to remain longer under the surface, as he is supplied with fresh air from above. The diving-armor in this armor was invented in 1830, and has been since then greatly improved. In the recovery of treasure, and in the execution of important works, it has been found of the greatest use. The best armors now in use are those made of rubber and canvas, the former being placed between two thicknesses of canvas. The covering for the head is metallic. The diver's arm is supplied with air by means of a powerful three-cylinder air-pump.

Our illustration represents eight submarine divers recently employed under Col. E. B. HARRISON, Submarine Engineer (from whom we receive the photographic representation from which our engraving is made), engaged in laying the foundation of the Kansas City Bridge over the Missouri River. A strong wooden caisson, 70 feet long by 23 feet wide, was first constructed in this a masonry pier was built. The sand beneath the caisson was removed by dredges, and the courses of masonry were laid as the caisson sank. This process was carried on successfully until the caisson was lowered to within four feet of the bed-rock, when a close layer of boulders was encountered. The services of the submarine divers were required to remove these so that they could be worked for a whole month, night and day, at a depth of about fifty feet below the surface of the water with 3000 tons of masonry above them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WAS there ever a May-day in New York when some of the valuables in the process of moving did not receive a sprinkling of rain? Perhaps; but our memory fails to recall it. If there is no rain on that coming day, so charming in name, so dreadful in reality, there is certain to be dust in abundance, and all manner of disagreeable and uncomfortable things in the streets. And for a fortnight to come, as for a fortnight past, all kinds of rubbish will clog the thoroughfares. Then —may we hope for a cleansing time?

Moving day is a test of temper and character; an ordeal through which few can pass with credit to themselves—at least they do not. Moving days are like saying, in the words of the poet, but without his jollity:

"First of May,
Clear the way!
Baskets, barrows, trundles;
Take good care,
Mind the stare!
Betty, where the bundles?"

A word in your ear, gentle reader. If you are among the host of movers, you must expect to lose some of your goods and chattels in the confusion; but —*don't lose your temper.*

Freshets have been prevailing in all parts of the country. The Hudson River has risen higher than at any season for twelve years. The waters of the Connecticut, Merrimac, Mohawk, Black, and St. Lawrence rivers have swollen into floods; railroad travel has been suspended on some routes; families have been driven from their dwellings by the inundation, and great damage has resulted. A singular incident occurred near Troy. The steamboat on the Glenn's Falls Lime Company at Green Island, containing about 1900 barrels of lime, was set on fire by the water slaking the lime, and the building was wholly destroyed.

The fine group of statuary recently presented to the Central Park by several of our citizens has been located near the marble arch on the Mall. The group is of bronze, and represents an Indian, accompanied by his dog, defending against a panther supposed to be in view. The loss of the Indian are gut by the skin of some wild animal. The Indian carries a Yoo bow and arrow; his right rests on the head of his dog, whose arbor he intently watches.

What ingenious creatures Frenchmen are! A French chemist, Monsieur Sacquet by name, has just invented a *soft pencil* which can be mixed in the substance of the various pastes and preparations that are put up for the toilet. It makes the preparations keep longer, and imparts no disagreeable taste.

"Hannah Tyler" seems not to be popular. She (or he), sheltered under the name, succeeded in smuggling to injure the general reputation of the employees of the Government Printing Office (and it is correct), but that scores of vindictive arise to plead the cause of women who are unjustly shabbed.

A novel style of hand-dress—and the very latest too —is a garland of tulips worn upon the head, so arranged that the heat from the sunrises the tulips gradually to unfold, displaying diamonds, sudden and pre cious stones. The expense is not light.

A few days ago a novel scene occurred at Washington. While the Board of Registry was in session, and a long column of voters were being examined, it occurred to have their names placed upon the list, a boy of seven women opposite the ground floor seated, or perhaps more properly, accompanied by two gentlemen. They presented a paper, in which they declared their belief that they were entitled to the right of suffrage, and requested that their names be placed on the list of qualified voters. The request was promptly complied. The Board received the paper, and promised to give it due consideration.

"Grace Greenwood," having been mated by newspaper gossip with a certain "Dr. Lippincot," writes a spicy note to the New York Tribune, telling the world not her husbande. She thinks she has some reason to complain of editors for assigning to her "new and amiable consorts." The same disclaimer which she says she rote forth for the benefit of "Dr. Lippincott," the reader must also apply to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the great publisher, and to General Lippincott, the door-keeper of the Senate.

"They are 'all honorable men,' doubtless," she remarks, in conclusion, "but I am not the wife of either, and I hereby warn all persons against trusting me on their account."

Mrs. Irving la Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has for the past few years suffered much from a nervous affection. She has now in her possession, as a scientific gentleman—recently analyzed her hyperspage, and found that the amount in a pound of tea diminished at once would produce instant death.

Ghosts are making a sensation in the court-room. The real ghosts at large are not the ones that appear to take the portrait of any person desiring it, and also to take the same from any fancy picture of some deceased friend. These spirit likenesses are said to be painted by some spiritual force. The subject seems to be as mysterious as the Rochester rappings —and probably has a similar origin.

A queer sort is that the latest fashion in regard to hair is to evenly divide the entire head of hair between the two colors! A portion of the hair is made of the ebony black on the other, or a fiery red and a brilliant green, makes a charming contrast!

The great depth of snow in Vermont gave rise to the fear that the sugar crop would prove a failure this year; but the sunny weather and melting of ice freely for some weeks, and the supply has been larger than usual. The sugar-making season this year is a source of considerable income to the State, as well as a pleasure and luxury to residents, both old and young.

Senators are said to be very polite to every body at the commencement of their term. It is not unlikely a certain Senator sent for him one day shortly before his term expired. He came and found a person that she stammered out, "I fear you are very busy." "I am," he replied, curtly. "I fear I have intruded." "You have," glaring at her with ill-concealed impatience. "Might I ask if—if—" Then followed a long pause, trifling one, bowing up with "If you please." To which he replied, "No, Madam, I do not please at all; good-morning!" and away she went, "I'll bury here into tears.

Children look at things in a fresh, simple way that is amusing and often charming. The matter of "not playing on Sunday" is a great puzzle to those children. A story is told of a little Southern boy whose mother one Sunday bade him put away his toys. "Why can't I play Sunday, ma?" said he, in a grieving tone. "Because it's God's day, and God will not love little boys that play on Sunday." "Well, ma," returned the boy, "I'll bet God played on Sunday when he was little!"

Another mother said to her son: "Stevy, don't your conscience tell you it is wrong to play with your toys on Sunday?" "No, mamma," answered Stevy. "Yes," well," said his mother; "if your conscience don't tell you it is wrong, go to bed." Stevy put down his toy, and eat some momentas patiently waiting. After a while he took it up again, and said, "Well, I guess I might be well go on with my play, don't hear my conscience say any thing."

The great musical event of the season is the production of Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle*. When the illustrious composer began to write the music he was over seventy-two years old. It was first privately rehearsed March, 1864, in Paris, and was received with unbounded delight by the few privileged and critical auditors. The first public performance of the mass, as all know, took place at the Théâtre Italien Théâtre, Paris, Sunday, February 28, 1869, the seventy-eighth anniversary of its author's birth. It was under the direction of M. Bagier; and Mlle. Krauss, Madame Alboni, Signor Nicolini, e Signor Agnesi were the solo singers. Mr. Strakosch, who was for a long time an intimate friend of Rossini, paid Madame Rossini one hundred thousand francs for the great work, and from him Mr. Ullmann purchased the right for Italy for fifty thousand francs. In England the Sacred Harmonic Society first presents it. Mr. Max Strakosch procured the right for America from his brother. Maurice, and before this paragraph meets the reader's eye, the mass will have been produced at the Academy of Music in this city. Miss Kellogg takes the soprano part, Madame Testa the contralto, Bostli the tenor, and Antonucci the bass. This mass, Rossini's musical legacy to the world, is said to be worthy of the master. Its praise can be greater.

Parisian publishers offer some novel inducements to the public to subscribe to journals. Last year the *Figaro* gave to its readers a ball and a supper at one of the Champs Elysées in Paris. A child's paper, *L'Eloquence des Enfants*, proposes to give each young reader an opening with directions for playing upon it, but those who disdain such childish toys may take a kerosene lamp instead. The *Paris* offers this year a performance of two Opera, four subscribers being entitled to a box. *Le National* bestows upon its subscribers a key containing a hundred packets of twelve different kinds of soup powder from a well-known manufacturer, twelve sonnets, and a guide to etiquette.

The twelve hundred operatives at the Lyman Mills, Holyoke, Massachusetts, are to take their choice either to be vaccinated or to be discharged.

Street obstructions have been a common subject of complaint for many months—and with reason. The serious, practical question is, What can people do when the sidewalk on the right hand and on the left of their dwelling is absolutely impassable? The answer seems obvious—Walk in the road. But when the street happens to be undergoing the process of repaving—a work of time under present arrangements—and stones are also blockaded with building materials, what then? Some serial convenience is positively need for there are several localities in this most uncomfortable condition. One is never to be overcome, namely, at night whether to remain in his own domicile at all, except he walk through pools of mortar, and climb over pieces of boards and bricks. Surely these ought not so to be.

Salt Lake City has a dry, bracing climate, equally free from extremes of heat and cold, and should be one of the healthiest cities in the world. Such, however, is not seem to be the case, though the habits of the people, rather than the climate, is the cause. By actual statistics it is shown that the mortality among children is greater in Salt Lake City than any where in America, except New Orleans. Polygamists do not and can not properly attend to their children, and there is a general neglect of medical care. One Norman bishop in Salt Lake City has seventeen children buried in a row, and the longest grave is not over four feet! Last year was an unusually healthy one, yet the death rate in Utah exceeded that of any other State or Territory west of the Mississippi.

The Abbé Deguery, preaching to fashionable Paris against the fashions, during Lent, exclaimed: "Oh, my sisters, what can be the meaning of the slight covering you wear on your shoulders? What can, every evening, be the motive of the absence of sleeves in your dresses? Is this dress eye have I beheld. Robes of the most irreproachable character spending their whole evening in catching at their shoulder straps lest their dresses should fall off entirely; and this is not from any feeling of propriety, but from the dread of inconvenience."

A somewhat novel Sunday evening entertainment was recently given at the National Theatre in Washington. It consisted of readings by James E. Murdoch of "Scriptural and Sacred Literature," interwoven with Addison's hymn, "When all Thy mercies, oh, my God!" and concluding with a reading of the Lord's Prayer. Various Bible stories were also read in connection with poems upon the same subjects. A large audience seemed highly pleased with the whole programme.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN, Sally," said Jonathan, "that you locked in my arms for the first day we kissed."

THE FOOT GRAINS—Boots and shoes!

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a favor to ask."

"No favor!" said the miser; "grant me the first."

"Agreed."

"My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

AN IMPUDENCENT.—A person who advertises in a morning paper for a clerk boldly sets out the requirement: "A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of overwork to make up the deficiency."

"A FIELD OF LAUGH"—A brick-field.

A MILITARY DOG.—Recently in Paris, on the day when hunting began, a corporal of the Grenadiers of the Guard, accompanied by a dog, asked for a ticket for the animal at the depot of the rail-baggage bureau.

"How much for this dog to Melun?"

"Twenty cents."

"What! twenty cents! and I, as a soldier, only pay four cents? Observe that this is a military dog—why, it's the dog of the colonel."

"Dare say," replied the railroad man; "but he isn't in uniform."

Little Jimmy is not so well posted in spiritual matters as he might be. The other day, during a discussion as to what constituted a lie, during which war a very earnest listener, and as last the remark was made that his father was a liar, he said, "I came to him like a severe charge against his paternal; and, assuming a grave air, he said: "Well, father's a Christian; he's a member of the Methodist Church."

DOMESTIC SCENE.

"Pretty time of night, Mr. M——, for you to come home!" exclaimed Mrs. M——, in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family!"

"Don't three—fifs only one," I hurried it strike. "Don't always six till one o'clock—so true as I'm alive!"

"My soul! Mr. M——, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive! It's only one, I tell you, three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. M——, you're one, I mean it strike one a second time the corner, *two or three times.*"

His spouse could say no more; so she retired.

A CURIOSITY.—A governess, advertising for a situation, says "she is a perfect mistress of her own tongue."

"OPERATIVE SYSTEMS"—Spiders.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late to have the meal dried
Before the fire too long;
The cakes were scorched upon the side
And every thing was wrong!
She scorned to wait till night for one
Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
And cleared the things away!

He came too late! at once he felt
The upper hand was over;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She closed the parlor door.
The table-cloth had passed away—
No dishes could be set;
She met him, and her words were gay—
She never spoke of tea!

He came too late! the subtle chorus
Of patience were unbound—
Not by offense but by words
But by the slights that wound!
She knew he would say nothing now
That could the post repair;
She bade him go and milk the cow
And coldly turned away!

He came too late! the fragrant steam
Of tea and hour since flown;
The fire had fallen in the grate—
The bread was cold as stone;
And when, with word and will, he tried
His hungry state to prove,
She served her heart with woman's pride,
And never deigned to move!

"LENT SERVICES"—Borrowed sermons.

A STRANGE WANT.

This is a strange want, clipped from an English journal:

WANTED—A Paper Machine Man, used to elephants, must be a steady set and serious—Address, Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co.

A man who is a machine, and who is alert to be steady, is a miracle indeed. But is he to be "used to elephants" too? Would an acquaintance with chiromancy, or possibly with hippopotami, do as well? Because if so, we know hundreds of people who won't do.

A CONUNDRUM.

A young man seated at dinner, the other day, said to his wife:

"Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you: If the devil should pass the tail where would he go to get another one?"

After some time spent in guessing, she gave it up.

"Well," said he, "where they re-tail spirits."

Eager to get it off, she hastened to a lady friend with:

"Oh, Marian, I have such a nice conundrum! Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it. If the devil should pass his tail, where would he go to get another one?"

Her friend Marian having given it up as said:

"Where they sell liquor by the glass."

Marian didn't see the point of it.

"PRESSED AT COURT"—Being seen for debt.

THE WASHINGTON PUMP.—"QUITE DRY."

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

THE HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN, who has been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Russia, was born at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, April 2, 1817. His father was a rich iron manufacturer in Centre County. Mr. CURTIN was educated at an academy at Milton, a small village on the Susquehanna River, and read law in the office of Judge REED of Carlisle. He was admitted to the bar in 1839, and entered upon the practice of his profession in his native village. From this time he engaged actively in political life, supporting the Whig party. He was elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1860, and was re-elected in 1863. During the war he exerted a very powerful influence in behalf of the Union, and was one of the leading spirits among the loyal Governors of the Northern States. Among the soldiers he was always popular on account of his constant zeal in their behalf. He was pressed at the Chicago Convention in May, 1868, for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General GRANT; but the current being in favor of Mr. COLFAX, he caused his name to be withdrawn. He took an active interest in the ensuing campaign, speaking in New York, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and other States.

Our portrait, published on this page, is from a photograph taken a few days since, and is the best representation of the Governor which has yet appeared.

HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN, MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

ALL of our readers who have enjoyed *opera bouffe* in New York, or who have looked upon the inventor of that institution as a sort of Orpheus—not leading his Eurydice from the under-world, but, on the contrary, leading the whole world devilward—will be glad to see the face of OFFENBACH, which we offer them on page 292.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the distinguished French musical composer, was born about 1822. He succeeded BARBEREAU as chef d'orchestre at the Théâtre Français in 1847. At this epoch he was known as a composer of light and gay music, which had a run in the *salons*: the most popular of these inspirations were *le Cloate et la Fournaise*; *le Corbeau*; *le Savetier*; *le Rat*; *la Laitière*, etc. He was distinguished also as a violoncellist. In 1855 he obtained the privilege of the new theatre of Bouffes-Parisiens, in the Champs Elysées. His later productions, however, have been those which have made his influence the most universal. *La Belle Hélène*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, and *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, transferred from Paris to New York, have created a great *furore*.

These productions have been brought out in this country under the best auspices. Both the acting and the music have been excellent. There is much in the accessories of the *opera bouffe* that has (and perhaps justly) given offense; the *ballet* is not over-delicate, and even the expurgated editions of the librettos are not by any means free from grossness. But music in itself is always pure; and we wonder that no attempt has been made to weed out the indelicacies of the French *opera bouffe*, retaining the lightness and gayety of the music, and the exquisite dramatic features of the accompanying plays.

CUTTING CORKS.

WHILE nearly every branch of industry has had assistance of some kind, through the invention of labor-saving machinery, the manufacture of corks, which gives employment to a large number of human beings, remains about stationary. A cork is a small thing at best; but the millions demanded in all countries require a prodigious army of hands to supply the market.

Corks are ordinarily fashioned by a very sharp broad knife, which the cutter uses so adroitly that cutting a cork of any size is the work of a moment. But the

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON DURING A NIGHT SESSION OF CONGRESS.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

late Commodore Le Barron, of the United States Navy, invented and patented a curious machine for expediting the business many years ago, which, though ingenious and at first promising, did not succeed. It was a kind of embryotic lathe, in which a strip of sheet cork, first cut into pieces about one inch square (or larger, according to the size of the intended cork) by a foot in length, revolved against the edge of a sharp knife, on a screwing motion, giving it a tapering shape, afterward to be cut into sections, and thus the cork of the bottle was abandoned, giving variously sized corks. It was abandoned as being unsuccessful in action, and by no means able to compete with ordinary hand-cutters. If any one should happen to succeed in this description of accomplish quickly and perfectly cork-cutting by machinery, it would not only be exceedingly remunerative, but would revolutionize the business entirely.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WATCHING NIGHT.

Mr. Trewen slept, or pretended to, till nine o'clock; then he began furiously ringing his bell. Rebecca came to him in her dressing-gown.

"Is the *Times* come, child?" he said.

"How could it be come, pa?"

"Go Eastward, child, and meet it. Quick, do!"

She dressed herself and went Eastward; she had got nearly to the South Kensington Museum before she got the *Times*, and she hurried back with it. Her father sat up in bed while he perused it. After glancing at a column or so, he said, "What a blundering lie!"

"What, pa?"

"Philpott & Co., Limited," he answered, "bankrupt for £800,000. Why, child, I could account for £1,200,000. I will have another nap after that. If any genteel looking man calls, tell him—well, tell him he had better call somewhere else. We know too much here."

What between Mr. Trewen's wildness of the night before, and his shrewd jocularity now, poor Rebecca was utterly puzzled. One thing she knew, and that was that Morley, Hurton, and the never-seen Hetty were all at sea, that her father's mind was going, and that she with her affectionate bosom was alone in the world together.

One can see how our nation has developed by turning over old novels: for one, over *Bombay and Sou*, written by Dickens, a man who was acquainted with the ways of this world, but by our new lights rather behind his time, in a few parenthesis.

For instance, Mr. Dombey goes bankrupt for the mean sum of one hundred thousand pounds. That was all the world in 1848, but we have improved on that since. Mr. Perch, the messenger, congratulated himself on the fact that Dombey had paid for "one hundred-and-twenty-second." That is but a small smash now. Great, and heretofore trusted names in trade, seem to be vying with the worst of the old commercial scoundrels, and beating them hollow. The frightful recklessness of the habitual gambler, Lord Morningcoat, about £700,000, leaving no one unpaid in the end, or that of the unhappy boy just dead (some £200,000), is fairly beaten out of calculation by the deficiencies of some of the clearest and best heads in the world of business. How these men can keep sane under such a huge nightmare of hopeless debt is the wonder to some. See if this little case of the Philpotts is overstated in any way. Do we not all know the old honored (justly honored) member of the House, now dead and beyond trouble, who sat later than any one at the table; sat through the long wearisome of business, *sooner than go home?* There was a leaden weight of £300,000 on that man's soul. The hopeless deficiency of assets by which well used would have settled Brand Green, or the Isle of Dogs, from their present state, hanging on by a shred, hanging round his neck. It was so error of his, but of younger branches of his family. He was one of the greatest, purest, and noblest of men, but condemned to silence for the love which he bore to his family.

So that the matter is not good to think about. Better to study William Blake, when he is most wildly melancholy, and most muttereddly sad. Still in his most frightful sadness there is always tenderness and hope. And so we should think of this poor member, who had never one selfish thought in his heart. Turn to Hogarth's great master-piece, *Death's Door** (which I have known since I was six years old, and which never palls on me), and you will think of an old man, hampered through no fault of his, creeping to his tomb, as Sir Gorbam Philpott was to his.

The youngest member of a dishonored family will, however, sometimes make a fight to save what can not be saved, more particularly where there has been criminality. Young Philpott was distinctly criminal. He had forged more boldly than Sir John Paul. He was, unlike that man, dissolute, dissipated, and utterly reckless. He was perfectly safe if he could recover his *own forgeries*, and he knew that Turner had the *all*. Could he get those forgeries in his own hands? He was well provided for. With a view to these contingencies he had bought heavily in foreign bonds, during that every kind of luxury to do so. In the case of a mere bankruptcy, these funds could not be tracked; but in the case of a criminal prosecution, his money was of little value to him, for he would spend his time at Portland. This made him desperate.

Another thing made him still more desperate. This young forger was a very handsome young fellow, of good manners. And his family had treated him like a gentleman with another great house. And so he had married, somewhat against his will, one of the most beautiful and charming women alive.

He married her first, and fell in love with her afterward, as is often the case. His love for her grew as time went on; her exceeding beauty, her perfect equable temper, her beauty, her deference to him, her intelligence—all had their effect on him. And after two years he awoke one morning, by her side, and saw the whole of his very miserable position. He was a fresh convict put in Cold-Bath Fields to-morrow, and she thought him an honest and respectable man.

"She would stand the infamy nobly, but she could not stand *that*," he said. "By the Lord, I have a good mind to tell her the whole business and get it over."

So it happened one morning that Mrs. Philpott, turning over in her bed, found her husband kneeling at the bedside with his head buried in blood. "I have hurt my head," he said. "I got out of bed incautiously and have broken my head over the fender-post. Ring the bell, please," and tender over his accident; little thinking that the young man in his mad despair had rushed against the bell. Enough of such things: the man was desperate.

His desperation little matters to us save that he brought it to Turner's house, and so involved our Rebecca and her dog Mab. In a little story about homely facts like these, one has not room for one's fancies to play. We have not room for Shakspeare to develop one's rascal (Falstaff) until loving gets to be the fashion, and one loves him.

Rebecca came to her father, "Pa, haven't you made a great mess of it?"

"Very great indeed, my dear."

"Why don't you tell the whole truth, pa?"

"Because I should be in Cold-Bath Fields Prison, my dear."

"But we can't come out of it, dear pa, any way."

"My dear child," said Mr. Turner; "the whole thing is a stalemate at chess. No one dare move for his life. I have seen worse muddled matters than this got through." And indeed he gave her proof.

"Why, even in Paul's case," he said, "if it had not been for a high-minded and very indignant parson the whole thing would have dropped through. I tell you, child, that you don't know mankind. You will be accept a married sister's butler. I am very, very tired again, Rebecca. I am going to die."

"Pa, you had better go to bed again if you talk such nonsense as that."

"I am going, my dear. I shall sleep through the day, and to-night I die. They will try the house to-night. Be ready for them."

"How shall I be ready for them, father?"

"Bless the child!" he said, "Ducetoy's deeds are in the iron safe. Philpotts' papers are in the box under my bed. Do the best you can, child; I am horribly drowsy—deadly drowsy. They will try the house to-night, and if the house goes into the possession of the police, I can't say what will happen. Go and see to matters, I am going to sleep."

Rebecca, seeing that there was nothing more to be got out of her father, did probably the quaintest and most indirectest thing which she ever did in all her life. Instead of going to bed, she went to work. Anticipated disaster had been familiar with her for some time. But here was disaster from the invasion

One bolt and the lock was all that opposed her. She had got into a state of horror by solitude and mystery. One simple physical movement, even of a door-handle, restored her to herself in an instant. "We will get this through, my gentleman," she thought, with a low laugh; and suddenly and dexterously unlocked and unbolted the door, threw it open, and said, "Walk in, if you please."

No one was there. There was nothing before her but a dark passage, nothing in darkness. The solitary glance at her feet showed her, not only that no one was there, but that no one had been there at all. The dust of twenty years, so lightly laid by the hand of ever busy Nature, was untouched. The foot of a spider might be traced on it, but not the foot of a man. The door had been tried by hands not of this world.

So her horror revived again tenfold; but, in her obstinate courage, she ran into the passage, and as she went she turned round and saw the marks of her own footsteps in the dust. She was the first there. There was no other footstep. The door had been tried by a ghost; and she went on until she came to the head of the stairs, at the foot of which her mother has been picked up dead. And as she looked down them her candle struck against something, and she saw that it was a halter hanging from the ceiling, with a noose in it, ready for any man to put his head into. Half overcome by a corpse and a gallows and of Bewick's over the front-stream in it, she could not have been more unutterably terrified. She fled swiftly, with some number of the other world's skinny hand entwined in her back hair, with a view of detaining her and showing her a little more. But she was strong and resolute, and when she had got back to her bedroom, locked and bolted the door, put Carry's bed back, and found that she had unruffled, she began to believe that she had been making a fool of herself, and thought she would go and look at her friends.

Mr. Akin was what you may call a violent sleeper. Like the famous Hackney-coachman of our youth, I should, whatever he did was done with fury and effusion. The frantic physical exertion which that young man would put forth through going to sleep would have ruined some constitutions. It was a University race to him going to sleep, and a two-mile handicap (he starting from bench) for him to wake up again. At this time he was quiescent. He had taken off his waistcoat, and rammed himself into his arms round his neck, and suffocated himself by ramming his head into one of the bare pockets. He likewise found it necessary to cross his left leg over his body, and bind on tight by his left boot with its right hand. It was impossible, in regard to this young man in his sleep, to avoid wondering what Mrs. Akin thought of it.

In a similar way, when one looked at Mr. Spicer as he was wondered whether Mrs. Spicer, in spite of accumulating wealth and good position, did not wish that there might be a few alterations in her details. For Mr. Spicer, though a quiet sleeper, lay on his back, and spread himself out in every possible direction, snoring unceasingly. And, moreover, he had placed in his sleep, very constantly, as people who sleep under constant expectation of being awakened always do. And Rebecca heard him as she had watched them for a moment, "Jane's mother is a lie. The chancery and ten-spoons was give to you by word of mouth."

This was realistic enough to do away with the folly of the deserted staircase; her father's confident slumber was very far much more so.

He was sitting up before his writing-table, examining papers and accounts. "Come in, old girl," he said. "Is there any news?"

"There is none yet, father," she said. "How are you to-night?"

"I am better, my love; hard at work, you see."

"Pa," she said, "is it wise of you to work?"

"My dear," he said, "I believe an old man. Mere work never hurt any one in this world. Just look at the number of our public men, who have lived the longest are generally found to have worked the hardest. Work don't kill: excitement does. Any mechanical exercise which I am doing now is doing me more good than a doctor's shopful of medicine. Where have you been?"

"I have been frightened, father. I opened the door behind Carry's bed, and I got utterly terrified. I went into a room there with a noose in it, as though one was going to hang himself."

"You silly child, to frighten yourself with fancies when there is real danger abroad. That is the rope of the old bell which hangs in the cupola."

"Gracious me!" said Rebecca. "What a guby I must have been not to think of *that!*"

"Did you see many ghosts?" said Mr. Turner.

"Heaps," said Rebecca.

"How many?"

"A dozen or two. One of them turned the handle of the door, under my nose."

"A ghost, eh?" Re sure."

"Oh yes, a ghost. The dust on the staircase was quite undisturbed."

"You are a silly child, you!"

"Because we must mind that they do not get in *that* way."

"I will put my sheets on Carry's bed, and sleep there," said Rebecca.

"I would if I were you," said her father. "Ho! They will not come to-night."

"Will they come at all, father?"

"They will most certainly come, one would fancy. But they will come soon, I should think. It is possible that they have been round the house to-night, and have seen us moving. Leave those two good fellows to sleep here for another night or so. We can reward them."

Morning dawned, and there was no sign of their haggers. Rebecca had a consultation with Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin before they went away.

"My opinion is, Miss," said Akin (and Spicer hung on his words as on those of an expert), "that they won't try it on until every thing is quiet. Is it plate, Miss, or is it jewels?"

"Neither," said Rebecca. "Papers."

Spicer and Akin looked at one another and laughed. "Lord love you, Miss: that accounts for the well being in it. Burning 'em? Shall get another professional hand—we sprung one—and they will make a mess of it at last. Have you got a pistol, or any kind of fire-arm?"

"We have pistols; but I am a little afraid of them."

"Well, we will sleep here, turn and turn about, for a week. After that, if you hear any thing fire your pistol and we will be with you. The next time it will be alarm. I will warn you. If your father slept closer together. You trust to us and the little dog."

"Do you know any thing about the past of our house which is shut up?" asked Rebecca.

"Only what I've heard," said lower, Miss? No, I don't, and I don't want to."

"Come with me, then," said Rebecca. "Good-morning, Mr. Spicer, and a hundred thanks."

Akin, left alone with Rebecca, exhibited a strange unwillingness to follow her. Still you could be utterly certain that he would not find a cockney was neither chivalrous nor superstitious. He would sooner have fought any man within a mile than have followed Rebecca. He would sooner have seen a man privately hanged than have gone into the disused part of the house, "where the noose was in it."

But she took him to her bedroom. "You see, Mr. Akin, you know more of this sort of thing than I do. What do you think we need have done.) "I am going to put my bed across this door. Just move that bed, will you, and help me?"

Akin followed next unwillingly, though it was broad day. "Do you mean to sleep there?" he asked, when they were in the passage; "they are mine last night. Do you see any others?"

"They have been up the chimney, because of court for twenty years, Miss," said Akin, with emphasis. "Are you going any further?"

"Yes," said Rebecca; "I want to see what is below."

And she led the way down the stairs. Akin following in the same manner as he would with a wild beast.

"You are quite right," she chattered, "the stairs are piled with dust. It was all my fancy that I could hear footsteps on the stairs in the night. There is not a foot-mark on the dust. See, here, at the bottom of the stairs, is a shoe with a blue rosette; I will have *that*."

"Come away, Miss, and leave it alone," said Akin, sharply; "there is ghostesses enough without yours." He was evidently under the impression that this shoe had been left there after the removal of Rebecca's mother from the very same place.

Rebecca got seared also, and came back with him somewhat hurriedly, with the ghost feeling at her back. But she kept the shoe with her for all that.

"If you put your bed across that door, Miss," said Akin, "as you propose, you stop 'em that way. I can't make out what they want, but I will come. There is plenty if we leaves watching."

"Do you think they will come at all, Mr. Akin?" said Rebecca, confidentially.

"Will they come? I gather that there is forged work. I gather that there is a swell with cash. I gather that the governor has those papers here. And that swell will have those same papers, with professional assistance, as sure as they apple-trees will blossom next April. Money or no money, I'll have a hand in it, Miss, if he will get two years for 'em, it stands to reason that he will chance three (and it's seldom more for a first offence), for stealing 'em. He'll come fast enough."

"What *can* poor father do?" said Rebecca.

"That is more than I can tell you, Miss; all I let your pa write to that swell, and say, 'Here, Tom,' and he says, 'you have been a-writing of those filthy letters and I have got them in my fingers. None of your gammon,' says your father; 'I've got your forged writing, and I'll Old Bailey you as sure as there is a God to see.' Says your pa again, 'You have been a-hanging about my little place, and giving a world of trouble, keeping Akin and Spicer from their beds, and frightening me and me sleeps habitual with Armstrong revolvers in consequence of your goings on. Why, I've got you in my power, and I'll transport you,' says your pa, 'about convicted swells being kep' in the okumyard, at the Oose of Erection; but Portland is handy for them sort of prisoners, and in twelve months, and the books theirselves has been touched up in some of their speculations, and they mass Portland and nothing short.' That is what your father ought to say to this young swell. Your father, as a gentleman, would naturally dress it up, and put it smaller than an ignorant man like me. Still, I wish the plant was mine. I'd have the old girl to Ramsgate every year if I was."

"It might be yours," said Rebecca, suddenly, with that strange heedlessness which was the great fault in her.

"Don't say such dreadful things as those, Miss," said Akin, turning pale; "that ain't worthy of you."

"What have I said?" said Rebecca, aghast. "What was your dreadful idea? Is it, which you give us, about Charles Steward?"

"The Pretender, yes. What have said?"

"It is wrote down in that book, that Charles Steward, who had been up to some game or other, I never made out what, had thirty thousand pounds set on his head. And he was loose among the Highlanders (a bad lot), and not one of them gave the places the office on him, not one out of all them—not for thirty thousand pound. And you would rank me lower than a common Highland drover."

"Dear Akin, I did not mean it. I spoke only in compliment. I *know* you would never turn on us. Please let me be angry."

There was a child in heaven who had left her footprints behind her, which prevented Jim ever being angry with Rebecca. Still she had heedlessly touched his honor. There is a mass of potential chivalry in this queer nation of ours, to which, under certain military *régime*, we do not get. I wish I had the Queen's commission to raise a regiment. Kingsley's foot should be the terrible sole to the grand-uncle Kingsley's boots. And equally queer in their antecedents, I doubt, would be Akin's shuffleboard for about two dozen from Field Lane to begin with.

To Rebecca the next fortnight was actually worse than the night when she broke the wing of the Gresham bank. Her father had told her that the house would be broken into for the forged papers, which was one evidence, and Akin, a most experienced man, had confirmed his opinion emphatically. So she believed in it day after day, and night after night. Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin had taken to sleep at home she was quite comfortable. They were all wrong together. She had never been believed in at all.

The weather might have been better, for even in this part of the metropolis it howled and raved. Rebecca, who had weak nerves, and the habit of fancies, was delighted with the storm. Still, Mr. Morley was possibly safe, and wind was better than burglary.

"Well, Akin," she said one night, "I pay are not going to rob and murder us at all."

"I am afraid to hear it, my dear; for am getting very ill."

"Shall I sleep in your room, pa?"

"No, my love. You must go to bed. That is a very dear little dog, Rebecca."

"You can have the dog, pa. She is very nice. Let me give you a good night, dear."

"No, no," said Mr. Turner. "I am well enough, only I am very ill indeed."

"You may as well go over to the office for ten days, pa: you are not well."

"I am going to sell out of the business, my love. It was a fortune to me."

"And the papers?" said Rebecca.

"You will hear about *them*," said he. And they went to their respective beds.

Rebecca, with her bed across the mysterious door, went to sleep and dreamed of absolutely nothing. She told Alfred Morley in afternoon that she never dreamed less in her life than she did that night. After, as it seemed to her, a short night, she was awakened by what she thought was morning. But it was not morning at all. It was the light of a lantern on her face, held by a man in a black mask on, and others behind him.

"Miss Turner," said this man, "we must trouble you to get up. If you speak we shall use violence."

"How on earth did they get in?" thought Rebecca. "This is your burglary, is it? *I'll* manage your business," she added to herself. "Mr. Philpott, you have no possible business in a lady's bedroom. If you only came after your own forgeries we should not care; but there are others. You will retire I will go to my father, and *your* rascalities shall be put into your own hand."

Young Philpott took the key from the door without one solitary word and locked the door on the outside. The instant he did so Rebecca was out of bed. She wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and pulling her bed aside, unlocked and unbolted the door, ran barefooted to the top of the stairs, and with a loud scream—

Philpott heard the door unlocked, and ran in. But he was too late: the dog had got there all but silent, and defenceless girl had beaten his well-laid plot. The girl who was to have been intimidated, and held as hostage until the necessary papers were got from her father, had passed through those net. Instead of cowering among them in terror, she was pulling resolutely at a rope, and sending forth upon the night air clang, clang, clang, in a terrible staccato, which it did not cease to wake brought thirty thousand men out of St. Antoine, and even now would people it with ghosts, if there were a St. Antoine—a court which, connected with Field Lane, green, if not St. Antoine.

Her enemies were utterly beaten. Philpott (on the dock) was sent to her with placks and obsequiousness; for such rapidly acting dexterity he was not prepared. The girl's brains were keener than his. He was unused to crime, and not accustomed to music. When he heard his burglary proclaimed at midnight in an amorphous concrete (I beg to use bad language), he fled. When he thought of the courage and dexterity through which Rebecca had outwitted him, he fled faster for mere shame. The bell, disused and dumb for twenty years, went on clang, clang, clang, clanging him to the world as a surrel gamester, who had staked all to keep his wife's respect, and had lost. The poor fellow fled away.

Lost through the courage and dexterity of an idle girl, who was going to be married to a Methodist parson! So he came back; but who first had messages from the sea which gave her sailor's courage, and sailor's recklessness. And she still went on ringing that horrible bell. And if he had gone back and cut her throat it would have been much the same. He had met with a power more powerful than his own. He was beaten. His wife must know all now, and he was desperate. for he, potential felon as he was, did not trust her.

One hardly knows sometimes whether Providence is kind or unkind. In the end, it seems to me (and to others) that Providence always acts for the best. When you come to mere details you may say that Providence should have done otherwise. One would say to those who question the government of this world that you must see it. One would say to them, *par exemple*, was not the 2d December the seal of Democracy, not of wax, but of iron?

Rebecca is a very poor little illustration to offer for my pretentious theory. It gets infinitesimally small as one looks at it. Still, granting that the little Rebecca Mabs are of benefit into the world for nothing, you must grant this.

When Rebecca began clanging the bell Mab began to bark, and aroused Mr. Turner, who put on his trowsers, and got hold of his pistol. Coming out he met young Philpott in a mask, but knew him, and challenged him by name, holding his pistol toward him. Philpott, in his desperation, fired at him and wounded him, and Mr. Turner fell at the head of the stairs.

The whole district was gathered round now. Akin and Spicer were in and Philpott and his accomplices in hand very quickly. Turner only said, "Let them go before the police come, and stop that bell. Where is Rebecca?"

Akin, the dextrous, assisted by Spicer, carried the captured men through Rebecca's bedroom, and down the back-stairs, and left their way they came on Rebecca ringing away as hard as ever.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss, stop that noise," said Akin; "the parish engine's in the lane. Let us get these folks out this way. Is there any road this way?"

There was, it seemed, and Philpott and his friends were got out. There was nothing saved from the bankruptcy save his evil reputation, and she knows nothing of his midnight meeting with Rebecca. To pleasanter matters.

A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

"In a sweet Sabbath eve in summer time
And lovers' hearts, with hand exchanged in hand,
Upon a flower-hemmed meadow pathway stand,
Beside a silver brook not yet to climb
Before them spread fair uplands crowned with pine,
That, sharply set against the amber sky,
Stand up black-green against it; while behind,
A wood of oak with strongly arched limbs
Curves round a hill. Fair is the sylvan scene,
And all is sweet the tender twilight hour.
So sweet, and yet so sad. A silvery sheen
Falls like an echo's breath on all around;
And such deep calm abounds, the very air
Breathes low and faint, like one engaged in prayer.

EMBLEMATIC POETRY.

Although specimens of *emblematic* poetry of the seventeenth century may be familiar to the reader, yet we venture to reprint a modern imitation in the present vernacular, which will please at least patrons of the curious. The following is from the *Boston Herald*, and is entitled:

THE POOR FIDDLER'S ODE TO HIS FIDDLE.

Torn
Worn
Oppressed I mourn
Bad
Three quarters mad
Money gone
Credit ended,
Dunsat door
Bill unpaid
Wife in fain
Twins ailing
Others ailing
Nurse waiting
Billy hooping
Betsy measles
Besides poor Joe
Ill of fever, too.
Come, then, my Fiddle,
Come, my sister and friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Seem once the world to cheer.
Oblivious all I feel my woes no more,
But skip o'er the strings
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily oh!
Presto! good master,
You are very sorry now
I will find Music
If you will find Words,
For I'm up in alto, to G, down below."
Thus I find a sense to charm the time,
For some Adagio, solemn and sublime.
With grateful attention to the concert hear
My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
Keeps steady time, while every health-creating care
Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air.
Merry and sweet plaintive succeeds with hearty cheer,
And resignation mild soon soothes my wrinkled brow.
Keenly I feel every spread, wailing, plaintive appeal,
The Supremest joy spread, and the Trombone may howl.
But, by Pol! my old fiddle is the prince of them all.
Could I ex-Dryden return, by praise to rehearse,
My Ode to Cecilia would seem ragged verse.
Now to thy case, as funeral warm to lie,
Till called on to perform by master's eye.

The following is a second example of torturing verse into the form of

THE WINE-GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who
hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go
seek mixed drink. Look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth its
colour in the
cup,
when it
moveth itself
aright,
at the last
it biteth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

We give on this page an illustration of the New Building erected by the Young Men's Christian Association at Washington. The plan of its erection, by a joint stock company, which was afterward put into the act of incorporation (approved March 2, 1867), was presented by a special committee on the building, consisting of General S. L. BROWN, Messrs. H. D. COOKE, and B. H. STERNETZ. The Board of Directors held their first meeting under the act April 2, and reorganized by the election of Chief Justice S. P. CHASE as President; General O. O. HOWARD and JOHN R. ELVANS, Vice-Presidents; General J. A. EKIN, Secretary; and H. D. COOKE, Treasurer; who are all at this time the officers of the Board.

In May the large lot at the corner of Ninth and D streets, on which the building now stands, was purchased, and the work of the demolition of the old buildings commenced somewhat later. The corner-stone was laid, November 27, by Chief Justice CHASE, in the presence of a large gathering of citizens. General HOWARD presided on the occasion; and Senators WILSON and FRELINGHUYSEN, and Rev. Messrs. BROWN, GURLEY, BOYNTON, TUSIN, BUTLER, EMORY, GILLETTE, and HAMILTON took part in the exercises.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. E. WALKER, WASHINGTON.]

The building is erected by a joint stock company, who are authorized to issue a capital stock not exceeding $200,000, and which is governed by a Board of Directors. All net receipts over six per cent. on the capital stock become the property of the Young Men's Christian Association, to be used by them in buying up the capital stock at rates not exceeding par.

The lot on which the building is erected contains about 11,000 square feet. The building will contain on the first-floor five large stores, having extensive cellars connected with them. On the second-floor will be the rooms designed for the parlors, reading-room, library, and gymnasium for the Association. It will also contain the largest public hall in the city, being capable of seating 1500 persons, and give each one a chair. The form of the hall will be like the ancient theatre, with the stage as the centre of a semicircle of seats, arranged in segments, rising one above the other. An unobstructed view of the stage will thus be given from all parts of the house.

The upper story will be divided into rooms for offices, artists' studios, and the like.

The exterior is constructed of cut Seneca stone, and it is believed that no building in the city, erected by private enterprise, will exceed it in beauty. It has been constructed by THOMAS M. PLOWMAN of Washington. The total cost of the building and lot will be about $140,000.

THE MOLE AT HOME.

THE most diligent and instructive historian of the mole is Henri Le Court, who, flying from the terrors that came in the train of the French Revolution, betook himself to the country, and from being the attendant on a Court became the biographer of this humble animal.

We shall first briefly describe the adaptation of its structure to its habits. The bony framework is set in motion by very powerful muscles, those of the chest and neck being most vigorous. The wide hand, which is the great instrument of action, and performs the offices of a pick-axe and shovel, is sharp-edged on its lower margin, and when clothed with the integuments the fingers are hardly distinguishable. The muzzle of the mole is evidently a delicate organ of touch, as are also the large and broad hands and feet; and the tail has much sensitiveness, to give notice to the animal of the approach of any attack from behind. Its taste and smell, especially the latter, are very sensitive.

Its sight is almost rudimentary. The little eye is so hidden in the fur that its very existence was for a long time doubted. It appears to be designed for operating only as a warning to the animal on its emerging into the light; indeed, more acute vision would only have been an encumbrance. If the sight be imperfect the sense of hearing is very acute, and the tympanum very large, though there is no external ear, perhaps because the earth assists considerably in vibration. The fore-feet are inclined sideways, so as to answer the use of hands, to scoop out the earth to form its habitation or pursue its prey, and to fling all the loose soil

THE WILD-CAT AND HER LITTER.

behind the animal. The breast-bone in shape resembles a plow-share. The skin is so tough as only to be cut by a very sharp knife. The hair is very short and close-set, and softer than the finest silk; color black; some spotted and cream-colored. This hair is yielding; but it is been strong, as in the rat or mouse, it would doubly have retarded the progress of the creature; first by its resistance, and then acting as a brush, so as to choke up the galleries, by removing the loose earth from the sides and ceilings of the galleries.

During summer the mole runs in search of annals and worms in the night-time among the grass, which pursuit makes it the prey of owls. The mole shows great art in skinning a worm, which it always does before it eats it, by drawing the skin from end to end, and squeezing out the contents of the body. It is doubtful whether any other animal exists which is obliged to eat at such short intervals as the mole, ten or twelve hours appearing to be the maximum of its fasting; at the end of that time it dies. A Cuvier tells us that if two moles are shut up together without food there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest but its skin, all along the belly! Buffon accuses moles of eating all the acorns of a newly-set soil. Its voracity makes the mole a great drinker: a run is always formed to a pool or ditch as a reservoir; when it is too distant the animal sinks holes in wells, which have sometimes been seen brimful.

To afford proof of the rapidity with which the mole will travel along its paths, Le Court watched his opportunity, and when the animal was on its feed at one of the most distant points from its customary or fortress, to which point the mole's high-road leads, Le Court placed along the course of that road, between the animal and the fortress, several little corn pieces, so to speak, the staff of each being a straw, and the flag a bit of paper, at certain distances, the straws penetrating down into the passage. Near the end of this subterraneous road he inserted a horn, the mouth-piece of which stood out of the ground. When all was ready Le Court blew a blast loud enough to frighten all the moles within hearing. Down went the little flags in succession with astonishing velocity, as the terrified mole, rushing along toward his sanctuary, came in contact with the flag-straws; and the spectators affirmed that the rate of progression was equal to the speed of a horse at a good round trot.

In the domain of the mole the principal point is the habitation, or fortress, constructed under a considerable hillock raised in some secure place, often at the end of a tree or under a rock. Of some of the fortress is of earth, beaten by the mole-architect into a compact and solid state. Inside is found a circular gallery with a flat floor, which communicates with a smaller upper gallery by means of five passages. Within the lower gallery is the chamber or dormitory, which has access to the upper gallery by three passages, From this habitation exceeds the high-road by which the engineer reaches the spot selected for the encampment; the galleries open into this road, which the mole is continually carrying out and extending in his search for food; this has been termed the *hunting-ground*. Another road extends, first downward, and then up into the open road of the territory. Some eight or nine other passages open out from the external circular gallery. From the habitation a road is carried out, nearly straight, and connects with the encampment and the alleys leading to the hunting-ground which open into it on each side. Its diameter the road exceeds the height of a mole, but its size will not admit of two moles passing each other. The road, from the repeated pressure of the animal's sides, becomes smooth and compact. Sometimes a mole will key out a second or even a third road; or several moles will use one road in common, though they never trespass on each other's hunting-grounds.

If two moles should happen to meet in the same road one must retreat into the nearest alley, unless they fight, when the weakest is often slain. In forming this tunnel the mole-engineer drives it at a greater or less depth, according to the quality of the soil or other circumstances. When it has carried under a road or stream, a few and a half of earth, or sometimes more, is left above it. Then does the little engineering mole carry on the subterraneous works necessary for his support, traveling, and comfort; and his tunnels never fail.

The quality or humidity of the soils which regulates the abundance of the worms determines the greater or less depth of the alleys or runs from these are filled with stores of food the mole works out branch alleys.

M. St. Hilaire describes the pairings, or, as he calls it, the loves of the moles. At a season as the mole has finished the galleries he brings his mate along with him, and shuts her up in the bridal gallery, taking care to prevent the escape of his rivals: in case of a fight they enlarge the part of the gallery where they are met, and the victory is decided in favor of him who has received his adversary before the ear. The female, during the fight, is shut up in the bridal gallery, so as to be unable to escape: for which purpose, because she uses all her resources in digging, and attempts to get away by the side passages. Should she succeed the conqueror hastens to join his faithless mate, and to bring her back into his galleries. This manœuvre is repeated as often as other males enter the lists. At length the conqueror is recognized, and his mate becomes more docile. The pair work together and finish the galleries; after which the female digs alone for food. As soon as the galleries are formed the male conducts his mate to a certain point; and from this time the female no longer digs in the solid earth, but toward the surface, advancing by merely separating the roots of the grass.

The mole is a great friend to the farmer; but there are places in which he is a public enemy. He is not a vegetable feeder, and he never roots up the growing corn in spring-time, except when he is after grubs, snails, and wire-worms. It has been calculated that two moles destroy 40,000 white worms in a year. He is very destructive to underdrains; and where the land is low we are in danger of a deluge from his piercing holes in the drain-banks. Thus it would be madness not to extirpate moles in those places where the waters, in drains or rivers, are above the level of the lands around, especially when the banks are made of sand or earth of loose texture.

HOW TO PURCHASE A CLOTHES WRINGER.—In purchasing a Clothes Wringer we prefer one with cog-wheels, as they greatly relieve the rubber rolls from any unnecessary and otherwise occurring and add much to the durability of the machine. The next point is to see that the cog-wheels are so arranged as to run in a bath, and have a large article is passing between the rollers. It matters not whether the cog-wheels are on one end or both ends of the shaft, if the gearing articles disconnect them they are entirely useless. This is very important, for, as the larger the article, the greater the strain; therefore, if the cog-wheels separate so as to disconnect, they are of no service when most needed. We have taken some pains to examine the various Wringers, and much prefer the "UNIVERSAL," as lately improved, because it has long and strong gears (ROWELL'S Patent Double Gear), and is the only Wringer with "Patent Stop," for preventing the cog-wheels from separating so far as to lose their power.—*New England Farmer.*

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5 " Imperial..."	Estes Howe...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Imperial..."	I. I. Chapman...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Gunpowder..."	A. Watrous...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Imperial..."	F. Taylor...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Young Hyson..."	J. Hopkins...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Coffee..."	"	at 30	1 50
5 " Gunpowder..."	Wm. Stephens...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Imperial..."	Wm. H. Dority...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " do. do.	H. Malone...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " do. do.	J. N. Newcomb...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Gunpowder...	Mrs. Campbell...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " do. do.	Judge Miller...	at 1 25	4 50
5 " Gunpowder...	Gold...	at 1 25	6 25
5 " Imperial...	Mrs. Bird...	at 1 25	6 25
			$74 81

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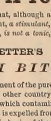

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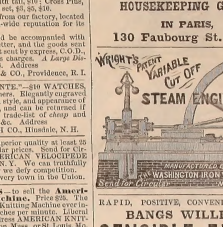

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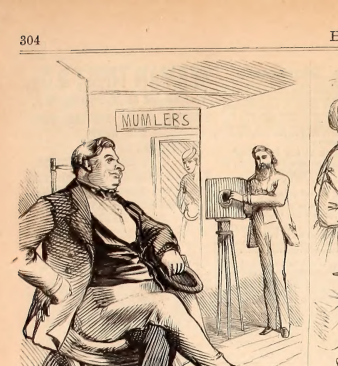

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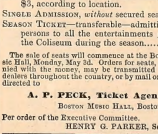
Per order of the Executive Committee.
HENRY G. PARKER, Secretary.



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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 646.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SEE ESSAY IN THIS

MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION HELD AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 28, 29, AND 30, 1869.—[SEE PAGE 308.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

THE BRITISH QUESTION.

THE battling fact in the settlement of the *Alabama* question is the sentiment difficulty. But is it impossible to show intelligent Englishmen that by every usual and acknowledged means of such knowledge we had every reason to suppose a profound latent hostility toward us upon the part of the British Government; and that still believing that the hostility existed we can demonstrate that the principle involved in the British action is destructive of all international amity? The question is one of principle and of fact. Ought a friendly power to serve as a naval base of hostile expeditions against another, and was not England such a base during the rebellion? If a nation may be such a base, there is an end of what are called friendly international relations. If she may not be, there still remains the question of fact.

We had every right to suppose that England was unfriendly, and consequently to interpret her acts as hostile. The official conduct of the British Government, the tone of the British press, the applause of LAIRD in the British Parliament, the cruel cheers of the British ship running the *Alabama*, the enormous scorn and incredulity of British society, the base and malignant misrepresentation of the truth, and the truth evident carelessness to know it, the truth was, all these meant one thing only. When, after urgent remonstrances from the American Minister, the *Alabama* gayly and openly sailed from Liverpool, and took in her armament from the British shore, and to the protest of our Minister the British Government returned a cool statement that the steamer was without armament except the unhappily complicated matters, and the *Alabama* skimmed the seas ravaging and burning every American craft she met, the people of this country never saw in the depredations the visible consequences of the British hostile feeling. The *Alabama*, a British ship, burning American ships at sea was nothing by the powers of the British Parliament, the sneers of the British press, the scorn of British society taking form. It was the more offensive because it the Russian and the Prussian and then recently ended, the United States had observed the most honorable, and if the word might be used, the most friendly neutrality toward England.

These facts, which no honest Englishman will deny, however he may even at the time have regretted them, indicated a very deep malignement hostile feeling to the United States. That this country had done nothing to occasion it one may see from saying. That we loved England more than England loved us can not be truly alleged. But the frank expression, "the bubble has burst," revealed a feeling that was very profound and very universal. Now if it is for every reasonable Englishman to consider whether it is not highly probable that under the spur of such a feeling, and a very general conviction of what the *Times* called "the impossibility" of restoring the Union, the action of the British Government may not have been such as to be afterward regretted. The whole question under this aspect may be narrowed to this: Was the conduct of the Government friendly? Assuredly we presume no Englishman can assert that the tone of the press, which generally represents the popular sentiment upon such subjects, was friendly. But if not friendly, may not the action of the Government have been really, and upon calm reflection, untenable?

We observe that MR. H. LEE WARNER, who appears to have been a friend of this country during the rebellion, writes to the *Nation* that the proclamation of neutrality was issued to enable the British Government to prevent acts which the rebel agents were about expediting from England; and that the recognition of equal belligerent was, therefore, in a friendly sort, "done in kindness" to the Union. But MR. WARNER does not say that the proclamation prevented the departure of the two ships, and he knows that Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor, states that if the rebels had not been recognized as belligerents the Englishmen engaged in fitting out such ships for the rebel agents were expediting would be guilty of piracy. That is to say, the proclamation was not necessary to enable the British Government to prevent the departure of the ships. MR. WARNER says further that "we English blushed at the tone of our newspapers, at the tone of our Berechet Hopes, and at the meanness of our Government officials." But does MR. WARNER really believe that if the Government had been acting in a friendly spirit, and anxious that all should be "done in kindness," its officials would have been remiss? Certainly not; those were the precise circumstances under which officials are not remiss.

If, then, the feeling of the people, with the noble exceptions which American can never forget, as shown in every newspaper, was unfriendly; and if the action of the Government was also unfriendly, is it not very probable that acts were done, such as the building, equipping, and sailing of the *Alabama*, which were not only unlawful, but which in principle must necessarily destroy the comity of nations? Is it impossible to show this to England, and if not impossible is there any reason why England should not honorably concede that the principle is untenable? It is to this point, it seems to us, that the negotiations should tend. We can not call England to account for not liking us except by a declaration of war. We can only heal a wound of friendship by a bank-note. But we certainly can show that, not being friendly, England did not carefully consider the character of her act, and then there can be no honorable reason why she should not disavow an untenable position. If diplomacy has not advanced to that point it is time. Let the statesmen of each country take counsel of the best, not of the worst, public opinion around them.

A MODEL ARGUMENT.

IN a country so heavily taxed as this the question of the best method of raising revenue is one that can not be avoided, and which must be discussed in the calmest and most reasonable spirit. No subject so grave and vital can be wisely disposed of by flippancy, personal abuse, and appeals to prejudice. Of this great but rather elementary truth the *Tribune*, which is the advocate of the Protective system, is evidently unconscious. It does not discuss the question candidly, and therefore stated, a few days since, that the Abolitionists, having tried "to abolish every thing, from humanity down," were now trying to abolish the tariff. Nothing could be fairer in spirit and weightier in argument than such a remark; and this admirable and forcible presentation of the essentials of the Protective policy has been followed up by a writer in the *Times* signing himself "A Veteran Observer."

This writer addresses himself to the remarks of the Rev. MR. BEECHER, who lately presided at a Free Trade meeting in Brooklyn, and made a speech in which he stated his views upon the great principles of Free Trade and cognate subjects. The Veteran Observer differs with MR. BEECHER upon the principle of Protection as a policy, but he does not meet the Reverend, and nothing can be more delightful than the manner of his reply except the force of his argument. It mingles scholarly courtesy with a very remarkable degree, as our readers will observe.

MR. BEECHER is a clergyman. "It may be," says the Veteran, "that the gospel can be preached in a newspaper, or possibly in a novel, as well as in the pulpit..... What a pity it is that the gospel is not wide enough and full enough to afford employment to all ministers ..... But let us hear the Reverend HENRY'S philosophy." Some writers, in replying to MR. BEECHER'S remarks upon a subject upon which every citizen, and even a clergyman is a citizen, is profoundly interested, might have begun by endeavoring to excite prejudice against him on account of his profession. But the Veteran Observer deals solely upon truth, obviously relies upon the strength of his argument, and perceives that, whatever he occupies, he is thoroughly well enough informed to be a master in it. He is not a man to be moved by mere sarcasm, but he is not intolerant, the free trader or the pigs..... The pigs have rather the best of it, for they go upon fixed instincts, and feel under no necessity of becoming idiots when they were not born so." Could any thing be more excellently put, or more conclusive against the philosophy of free trade? Free traders are idiots. "It is easy to say you desire that free trade, or any theory of raising revenue except that of the Veteran, is sheer idiocy?

MR. BEECHER said that the great question is the relation of organized capital to the unprotected laborer. The Veteran is a thin organ. "In this he is much nearer the mark than he thinks himself; but he is not always dressed in right, or defined it right, or seems to know where he is going..... Does the Reverend HENRY get his views of political economy from fees pews?..... No manufacturing Company makes such profits as the gamblers in Wall Street, ... and I guess it would not be very hard to find the opposition sitting in the cushioned pews of fashionable churches paying their share for the support of fashionable ministers." There he certainly has him. But he has a better pew yet for pews in MR. BEECHER'S church. What can be plainer than that, therefore, MR. BEECHER'S views of raising a revenue are unsound?

MR. BEECHER suggested that he had been called to preside because he represented a very large and yet undeveloped class of persons in the community. Hapless man! See how nobly the Veteran demolishes the idea that there will ever be any more free traders: "Agassiz tells us that there are three stages of a frog, each of which is found in some part of the country as a separate animal. But these never grow into one another; so that a tadpole in one part of the country never becomes a frog. These 'undeveloped' free traders will never grow into any thing more. It is the whole of them." Thus to hold other views of raising a revenue than those of a Veteran is to prove yourself not only an idiot but a tadpole. Now the plain practical question is, shall an enlightened people listen to idiotic tadpoles?

MR. BEECHER, reasoning still further to state his views upon the true principles of raising a revenue, the Veteran subtly refutes him again by a series of the most skillful and admirable arguments. The present tariff, says the Veteran, averages forty-seven per cent. on all importations. "Without this revenue we could not pay the interest on the national debt....." The value of Government bonds depends upon maintaining the tariff at the highest practical point..... I am sorry to see gentlemen of ethical talents and popular talents ministering to the mere quackeries of the day, bringing educated gentlemen down to the low level of vulgar demagogues.....Some but the wildest theorists or the veriest demagogues would oppose a doctrine so obviously adapted to the circumstances of our country." This really seems to settle the whole question of Free Trade, because it appears that to differ with the theories of a Veteran is not only to demonstrate that one is not a practical man, but that you are a mere quack and vulgar demagogue. Now why should any body heed idiots, tadpoles, quacks, and demagogues? The Protective theory is palpably established.

It is only natural that at the end of so persuasive an argument, conducted in so philosophical a manner, in spirit, and with such entire freedom from personality of every kind, an argument so distinguished by amenity, and so illuminated with intelligence, the Veteran should remark: "I yearned with no one for differences of opinion, or even for the wildest theories of government or society. But I do desire that in this discussion, with its hundreds of colleges, the discussion of great national questions should be conducted with the amenities of gentlemen and the intelligence of educated men.

Si sonnumentum queris, circumspice!

TIME AND WAGES.

IT is a great misfortune that Congress is not a little more careful to say what it means. The new Tenure-of-Office Act, as we remarked at the time, was passed under an explanation in one House which was directly contradicted in the other, so that nobody knows what it means. If no doubt were intended it was very easy to state exactly the provisions of the law; and it was left obscure because light was not desired. Was it so also with the Eight Hours law? That was the obscure statement was plain. They wished to be paid for a day of eight hours the wages that are now paid for ten. Was that a difficult thing to understand in the bill? When the bill came up SENATOR SHERMAN moved that rate of wages paid by the Government to its laborers should be the current rate for the same labor for the same time paid by other employers in the neighborhood. This was voted down. That is to say, Congress decided that the Government employer should be paid for eight hours' work what neighboring workmen were paid for ten hours' work. Why didn't the bill say so? Why was it left in conflict with other laws? Was it the wonderful duty of Attorney-General at that time, and his successor, must be appealed to for an explanation? SENATOR WILSON has published a statement in debate, in the form of a letter to the Secretary of War, and there is no doubt that the question was understood and debated; that it was resolved to pay the Government workmen more than other workmen; and that yet the law is so loosely drawn that it is interpreted exactly the other way.

Is not that the fact under the circumstances, suspiciously suggestive? Suppose that the bill had been entitled an act to pay the laborers under Government one-fifth more than the current rate of wages, and that it have been passed by the country, and especially by all laborers, except the "few hundreds" who, it appears, were employed by the Government? Suppose that it had been expressed in another form as an act to furnish the laborers under Government with a sinkin and a pudding every Sunday, would they have supported with equal zeal, yet would it have been essentially different?

Senator WILSON remarks that he was not himself convinced that as much work could be done in eight hours as in ten, nor that it ought to be paid for at the same rate. It was sure that it might be for the benefit of toiling men and women to reduce the hours of labor, and that at least the Government could afford to try the experiment. The difficulty is with the Senator's reasoning, not with his feeling. The Government is, in this sense, an irresponsible proprietor. The tendency of its action is to compel all other employers to pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work. It may be a mistake. It may lead to disaster. But that is not the question. Therefore every one injured the Government does not suffer, and merely puts its hands into the pockets of those proprietors to pay for the losses which its own action has occasioned. Is it the function of a Government to try experiments in political economy? It is certainly most desirable to lighten and simplify toil and to secure comfort to every man and woman, but is it reasonable to suppose that this can be done by a law that sixpenny loaves of bread shall be sold for fourpence?

PUBLIC POCKET-PICKING.

IT was a favorite amusement of the older satirical English writers to depict John Bull as a dull, patient fool who danced at every whim of his rulers and bowed to pay the piper, and MACAULAY quotes VOLTAIRE as saying somewhere, that the art of government is to make two-thirds of a people pay all it possibly can pay for the benefit of the other third. But at least John Bull could not help himself except by revolution, and therefore even when JAMES II. deliberately proceeded to undo the results of the long civil war, the patient sufferer shrugged his shoulders and said that he thought the King would not last long. So the King dealt another blow—and fortunately knocked himself over.

Now Jonathan has not the excuse of John Bull. A man who must bear every thing and can not because he can not help himself, except at the extremest peril, may move pity and sympathy; but a stalwart fellow who allows a sneak openly to pick his pockets is simply contemptible. This excellent city is one stalwart fellow of that kind, this State is another, and very often it seems as if the country were another. The people of this city and State elect the persons who make and execute the laws. If they elected honest agents the work would be honestly done. But is it honestly done? Twenty-five cents out of every dollar of internal tax which is collected disappears. It does not reach the Treasury. Meanwhile the insolent Jonathan roars about taxation and economy. "That rascal is picking my pocket," whines the stout giant. Why don't you stop him then, and your blubbering at the same time?

The Legislature of this State will probably have adjourned when this paper is issued. It was a Republican Legislature, although the majority of that party was small. It had tried, and able, and upright members. But no Legislature ever had a worse record. Is the Republican party therefore responsible? Not at all; for the steady opposition to most of the unworthy propositions came from the great body of the Republicans, while the vote of the bolters lay in the few Republicans who could be "influenced." But we invite the attention of the honest Republicans of the State to the tide account which appeared in the Supply bill, and we remind them that a party which must bear such responsibilities is in serious danger unless that stalwart public is a greater fool than ever.

There was a Committee upon Privileges and Elections whose duty it was to inquire into the facts concerning contested seats, of which we believe there were three. This Committee was composed of four Republicans and one Democrat. The Committee reported at the close of the session, giving two Republicans seats held by Democrats, and substituting one Democrat for another. Both contestants are paid: and in the case of Richmond County, MR. DECKER received the full salary of an office to which he was never elected. Of course there is no good reason that the investigation of the fraud at the Republican committee—struck out every item except for actual board and other legitimate expenses, and still the bill amounted to $8000. The SARATOGA bill was paid by himself, and no wine or cigars were charged to MR. CONANT, as appears by the published letters from Albany. This wagon was waste, however, but peculiar to a Republican committee. It was equally flagrant last year in the case of a Democratic committee; and this is one of the ways in which Jonathan's pocket is picked.

MR. CONANT, of Suffolk, introduced a bill which proposes to simplify the settlement of questions of contested seats by taking all testimony before the meeting of the Legislature, and giving the Committee on Elections ten days from its appointment to report and the Legislature five days for a decision—a bill which makes no provision whatever for "Olympic, cigars, brandy, and wine." Nor for "whisky, wine, and Nibbs." Should the bill pass into law it would stop a shameful leak in the Treasury, and commend itself to public favor. Yet,

whether it is passed or not, Republicans ought to remember that the party will suffer for the conduct of some of its members; and the work of all of us is harder. When the assertion that one party is as honest as another seems to be forcibly illustrated, there are men enough in the dominant party who will stay at home and let the party be defeated.

CONDITION OF TRADE.

THE anomalous feature still continues of a tolerably firm cotton market and a weak market for cloths, both brown and bleached. At the close of April middlings were as follows: Upland and Florida, 28½ @ 29; Mobile, 28½ @ 29; New Orleans, 29 @ 29½; Texas, 29½ @ 29¾. This is about two cents per lb. higher than at Liverpool. At Manchester the complaint is still made that manufacturers find the supply of their products to exceed the demand, which is the present feature of the trade on this side. Profit is still made here in wide steppings, as there are but about half a dozen mills with looms of sufficient width to produce them, and the market is never glutted. Those with narrow looms find it exceedingly difficult to make profit, as the supply is in excess of apparent wants. The fear is entertained that weak mills will be obliged to stop, and that only those of large means will be able to go on in the face of present competition. The Southern mills, which are increasing in numbers, distribute chiefly through New York and Philadelphia, although their productions constitute but a very small percentage of the whole. Western mills distribute more in their particular localities, and scarcely at all through New York and Philadelphia.

Some of the workmen thrown out of employment by the strikes in Preston cotton mills for a reduction of wages have reached this country, but the opinion prevails that they are unable to manage as many looms as the best of our men, and they will probably pass into other occupations. At Liverpool a larger number than usual of skilled workmen had congregated, determined to emigrate; but when they reach the small and quiet manufacturing towns on this side, and find neither gin nor dance houses, nor the protection of trade-unions, they will in a moment disinstalled. The reduction of wages at Preston, which amounted to about ten per cent., had been at last advices assented to, and arrangements were being made by many of the mills that had stopped to resume work. It is clear that the reduction claimed was not capricious, but came from actual necessity, due in part to the ability of the Continent, where food is more abundant, to produce at lower cost.

The trade in woollen fabrics in this country is not satisfactory. Fancy cassimeres are sold at rates under those which prevailed before the war, notwithstanding that the expenses of the mills have been largely augmented. The importation of these fabrics has fallen off as our skill in production improves. Instead of importing a case of a particular style only pieces arrive, showing that a supply of equal quality in this line are now made here, and it would appear from the present state of the market, in excess of the demand. If faced cloths were produced in any considerable degree at the mills, we should soon attain the excellence which is shown abroad in this manufacture, and become independent of foreign competition, so far as fabrics for men's wear are concerned.

In foreign dress goods the trade this spring has been good; but from the circumstances we have mentioned, resulting in a little activity for domestic productions, business is not satisfactory, although it is expected to improve. The bottom is supposed to have been reached. Southern people have too much to do in the way of recuperation to enter into extravagance, and the West is waiting for a better demand for grain, and for the opening of navigation. It is quite clear that what grain had reached the East has hitherto created a burden to be carried, and it is fortunate that more has not been thrown upon the sea-board. The market had slightly improved. The recent arrivals of wheat at Liverpool, the finest of California, have proved unprofitable, and made further shipments impossible from that quarter.

The industries pursued in this country are all of them of great advantage as compared with those of foreign people, from the great expense which attends them, the effect of our financial condition. The markets of the world are closed against many of the produce, because cheaper can be supplied by others.

Cotton has this year found a highly remunerative market in the face of peculiar circumstances, and for many of our other agricultural productions we have been well paid. The situation as to cotton was carefully weighed by Southern planters, and they have acted with that common firmness and skill in dealing out their crop. The effect could scarcely have been accomplished without extensive combinations, by means of which they have fortunately secured to themselves an amount of capital sufficient to go far toward placing the South on a sound footing.

Our industries, however, are many of them so unremunerative that the duty is impressed upon us of lopping off every useless expense, so that we may be able to compete in the markets of the world with the foreign producer in every form of industry suitable to our country.

Gold at the close of April advanced for a short time to 135, notwithstanding sales by the Government. The impression prevails that these sales are made with a view to the purchase by Mr. BOUTWELL of the Five-Twenties of 1862; but we can not suppose that such purchase will be made by him as framing obligations remain outstanding. The National banks hold about thirty-seven millions of the outstanding fifty-seven millions of 5 per cent. certificates issued during the war, all of which are past due, and demandable, principal and interest, in currency at any time. These certificates are held as part of the reserves of banks, and if paid off by the United States would require to be replaced by legal tenders, and consequently their withdrawal would amount to a contraction of our paper issues to that extent.

A prudent merchant would pay off a floating in preference to an unmatured debt, and we suppose that Mr. BOUTWELL, in fixing upon the policy to be pursued, will maturely consider whether or not contraction will be supported, and adopt or abandon it as he shall decide this question, upon which vast interests are inevitably hinged.

THE CUBAN NEWS.

THE Cuban cause has been immensely strengthened by the reported orders issued by COUNT ALCOVIA, the Spanish Commander in the eastern part of the island. No civilized nation will suffer so savage a policy to be pursued without forcible protest, and its execution in Cuba, if it be really intended, will do for the Cubans all that a signal act of heroism upon their own part would do, it will arouse the sympathy of the world. The shooting down of men living who recall the massacre of Scio, and the intense feeling which it kindled for the cause of Greece. The crimes of the Ottomite are among the blackest stains upon the name of CHARLES II., and the bloody sayings of JEFFREYS sealed the hatred of the English for JAMES. A policy of this kind, however, which is in this age and in such a cause utterly intolerable, and the Spanish minister in this country may safely assure his Government that VALMASEDA is a more fatal foe to the Spanish rule in Cuba than CESPEDES.

The Mexican Congress, by a vote of 100 to 19, has recognized Cuban belligerency. This is what England did at the outbreak of the rebellion. The Cuban flag is admitted and recognized in Mexican ports. This was to be expected; for the memory of the long struggle of Mexico with Spain is yet fresh and warm in the traditions of the country. This recognition, however, is due to the fact of information that there is a war, and that Mexico will remain neutral. The next step, of course, is recognition of the independence of the Cuban Government. That there is such a government is asserted in the Cuban address to the American people. The revolutionists issued their Declaration of Independence on the 10th of October, 1868, at Magsanillo; and their army is now stated to comprise some 42,000 men, under CESPEDES, Commander-in-Chief, and "the head of the Republican Executive, duly established within the lines of the Liberators." That government, however, is probably merely the headquarters of the army. The first government like that of the Colonies in 1775, nor of the rebel States in 1861. It is such a government as FRANCO when he raised the standard of revolution in Spain would have created.

But such a policy as that proclaimed by VALMASEDA will soon give form and importance to the Cuban Government. OLIVER CROMWELL, indeed, smote Drogheda and Wexford with fire and sword, and subdued Ireland. But VALMASEDA is not CROMWELL, and CROMWELL'S policy is indefensible. The horrible massacres of Andersonville and Belle Isle are free from its atrocity.

IMPENDING BLESSINGS.

IT is reported that the Mexican Government has offered to sell a part of its territory, perhaps the States of Sonora and Sinaloa, to the United States. Senator CRAGGIN, of Michigan, proposes that England be requested to cede Canada in satisfaction of our claims for moral damages. And on the morning after the inauguration the Tribune proposed the immediate dropping of luscious Cuba into the lap of the Union, with other bewildering splendors of acquisition and extension. Meanwhile Mr. SEWARD has bought Alaska for us, and our honor is perhaps pledged for St. Thomas.

If all these fine anticipations of expansion could be fulfilled by the 1st of June, this Government would be weaker than ever before. There would be immense opportunities for place-hunters and for all kinds of jobs, and the corruption that now ravages the national character and wealth would certainly not be diminished. But with such a sudden extension of the area of the country, and so great an increase of a population alien in sympathy and tradition, it would be necessary to reconsider some ideas which have come to be regarded as fundamental; such, for instance, as the essential and indefeasible nationality of the Union, with its corollary of regarding secession as a crime. With a Union which would inevitably extend from the islands of the Gulf to its shores, and gradually so bring the Western Continent—a Union composed of utterly different races, languages, faiths, and traditions—it would be folly to suppose that the theory established by the war could be maintained. A nation was made by mere contiguity. The French and the Germans are neighbors, but that is all. The French and Spaniards are neighbors, but no more. The association of people and states which would be the result of the universal annexation which is so fascinating to many minds would necessarily be of the nature of a League or a Confederacy. It would involve an entire change of policy, and the Union, as we of this generation have conceived and maintained it, would disappear.

We do not say that this is a result which is not inevitable, nor that it is undesirable. It is foolish to deprecate a disastrous consequence, for the course of events can never be foreseen, and it is apparently determined by the most insignificant causes. The departure of a Genoese sailor from a Spanish port on an August morning four centuries ago; a Connecticut Yankee's invention of a better method of cleaning cotton "how unimportant" would have full of consequence! A huge continental confederation of self-governing States may very well be the result to which we are silently drifting. Such a result may be fraught with incalculable advantage to the people of the continent. If we did not remember the North American Indians, and if popular instincts could affect climate, we might indeed prophesy with confidence.

At present, however, the one thing of which we can be tolerably sure is this fact, if the condition of the Southern States is not an element of strength in the Union, the addition of half a million of Mexicans and of a million and a half of Cubans will not diminish the matter. In case there seems to be no reason for adding to our taxes in order to acquire these elements more speedily, and to reap the fruit which Time is evidently aiming at our laps, let us at least await the heavenly hour and not pluck the gift untimely.

TESTIMONIAL TO THOMAS NAST.

IT is universally conceded that Mr. THOMAS NAST's cartoons, published in *Harper's Weekly* during the war and since, were the most remarkable and powerful that have been produced in the history of American illustrated journalism. They caught up and reflected, and at the same time strengthened the popular sentiment in favor of the Union and of Equal Rights for All. It was eminently proper, therefore, that the Union League Club, a city society of which he is a member, should take the appreciation which these works have won from all loyal men, by the presentation of the beautiful testimonial which we illustrate on page 314. The gift consisted of a Vase of solid silver, 15 inches high, made by TIFFANY & Co. Y. The Vase is on either side, representing loyal Art armed with porte-crayons, and bearing the open-mouthed monster of Secession. On the Vase is the following inscription:

THIRTY-SIX MEMBERS of the Union League Club unite in presenting this Vase to THOMAS NAST, as a token of their admiration of his genius, and of his ardent devotion at that Genius to the Preservation of his Country from the Curse of Rebellion.

APRIL, 1869.

The Vase was presented to Mr. NAST at the rooms of the Union League Club on the evening of April 29, and appropriate speeches were made by Colonel R. C. HALSTED and other gentlemen, to which Mr. NAST felicitously responded.

NOTES.

THE Narragansett Steamship Company propose to do a new and delightful thing. Their steamers, the *Bristol* and *Providence*, leave Pier No. 1, R. R. every day at 5 P.M., return by way of Newport and Fall River, and how spacious and convenient the boats are is known to all travelers. But now for a short hour leaving the wharf, and during the charming sail through the East River to the Sound, there is to be a concert of vocal and popular music with the band attached to each boat, and in the evening a promenade concert by the regular intrigued band, which is to follow, as the advertisement assures us, then DODWORTH'S orchestra. The managers truly say that "nothing in the mode of transportation of first-class passengers shall surpass this line on a scale of grandeur and magnificence."

THE Veteran Temperance Corps of this city has recently taken up the subject of free bathing-places for our citizens, and has several weeks of meetings to awaken popular interest in this important matter. A petition is being circulated asking that there shall be set apart a slip or basin at the easterly end of the Battery for the purposes of public salt-water baths, with appropriate buildings and accommodations. There is a proposition before the Common Council to assign this spot to private parties, but public baths, indeed, of public baths, but with especial reference to the interest of these parties. Plainly this proposition should be rejected, and the one in the citizens' petition adopted. Instead of one, also, there ought to be a number of these public baths in the city.

MR. DE CHAILLU's remarkable success in his recent lectures in this city confirms the conviction which we expressed some time ago, that with such a topic and such audiences he could not help being popular. We hope that his success here will induce him to extend his engagements so as to embrace all our large cities.

THE subscription to the Library fund of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects progresses, and many of the most conspicuous citizens interested in all good causes are already among the subscribers. The names should be sent to A. J. BLOOR, Secretary, 42 East Fourteenth Street.

CONVENT LIFE.

IN Thackeray's "Irish Sketch Book" is an article on convents. Referring to the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, near Cork, he says: "In the grille is a little wicket and a little door within it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to *speak*; and a bishop is in a chapel on the other side, and takes their hands in his, and receives their vows. I had never seen the like before, and felt a sort of shudder in looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees on the often kneeled up, and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels and denies forever the beautiful duties of her being—no offender maternal yearnings—no gentle attachments are to be felt by her. There she kneels, and she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. Oh, honest Martin Luther! thank God you came to put that infernal, wicked, unnatural altar down—that cursed Paganism! I came out of the place quite sick; and looking before me, there, thank God! I saw the spire of the Protestant Church, soaring up into the free sky—a river in front, rolling away to the sea—liberty, sunshine, all sorts of pleasant things around, round about; and I couldn't but thank Heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who has given us affections, which we may use like—not smother and kill them; and a noble world to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it—not shudder at it, and hate it as we dared not live there, but must turn our backs upon it, and its beauties, and its God. I declare I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit Suttceism in India as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them."

LIVES AND LIVES.

How easy they take it, their handful of Life!
No question, no struggle, no labor, no strife:
As in cynic flat glass, world-seeing, they look knife.
Life's smoke was so thick that I only could see
A heart down in the battle—a soul on her knee:
These such terrible, terrible things we dared not live there,
How lightly they mount, and go riding apace
Where the graves are the thickest—a smile on the face;
With a jaunty, lax, airy, unconcerned grace!

For the power to pass all the great sea through a sieve,
To turn mountains to molehills, oh, what would I give,
In this strong, earnest, terrible struggle to live!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Massachusetts Senate has, by a vote of 17 to 6, decided to exempt lager-beer from the provisions of the liquor law.

Robert Johnson, son of the ex-President, died at Louisville, Tennessee, April 19.

A sub-Committee of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress will visit Europe shortly. It is the purpose of arranging with the Canadian officials a basis for a treaty. The Committee is supposed to have the new treaty ready to lay before Congress immediately after its reassembling.

The trial of Mumler for fraud in the exercise of his art of spiritual photography, and to which the testimony ended in a ludicrous comedy. For P. T. Barnum made his appearance as a witness. His replies to the questions asked him concerning the Mermaid, the Woolly Horse, and the Feejee Mermaid, were his own best and most humorous merriment. But his testimony was chiefly given on several years ago he contracted with Mumler, and succeeded in making a surplus with him as to the expenses of spiritual photography to one of the humbugs of the age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE serious of the Irish Church bill provides for the maintenance of certain clergymen, and as additional monuments have been repealed.

Servian riots occurred at Londemberg, Ireland, on April 28, between Papists and Orangemen.

At the subscription of the Paris Bourse, members on the 27th of April the Government members absented "Vive l'Empereur!" in the Chamber, which the Republican members raised the significant cry: "Vive la Liberté."

It is reported that the Catholic missionaries in the province of Te-Chuen, China, with several hundred converts, have been massacred by the Chinese.

The Spanish Conscription law has been executed with comparatively little disturbance. The Cortes have rejected the proposition to declare the Roman Catholic faith the religion of the country.

The prerogative of the Crown in matters ecclesiastical is to be the subject of debate in the Cortes.

It is reported that the Spaniards have captured and executed the revolutionary Governor of Manzanillo, in Cuba.

The Russian Government is persevering in the line of moderate and judicious progress. The Council of State is devising means for enlarging the powers of the local municipalities, and the Press Laws are to be modified in a liberal sense.

From advices lately received it would appear that Lopez is being enthusiastically supported by his rebels, and that his cause is not so desperate as has been supposed.

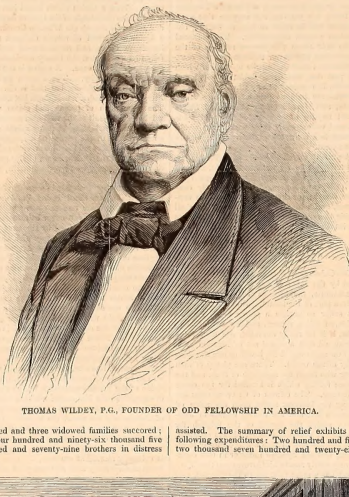
In the year 1850 Europe was estimated to consume 1,000,000,000 gallons of coal; in 1869 it consumes 2,111,111,111 pounds. In 1867 the consumption was reckoned at 1,500,000,000 tons, or more than double the former quantity.

THE "ODD FELLOWS" SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of the Order of Odd Fellows into America was celebrated on April 26th throughout the country. But the grand celebration of this occasion took place in Philadelphia. A procession of members of the Order, estimated as numbering 25,000, in full regalia, passed through the principal streets to the Music Hall. Our illustration on this page shows this procession as it passed "Odd Fellows' Hall. This hall occupies the site of the old Abolition Hall, burned down a number of years since. Arriving at Music Hall, which was beautifully and expensively decorated for the occasion, a hymn was sung, and an oration delivered by HON. HENRY F. GAREY, of Baltimore, Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In referring to the pageant of the day he said: Our numbers and position fully justify this demonstration; we act directly upon a population of two millions; our territory equals the dimensions of the United States; our treasury and sub-treasuries have an annual income and expenditure exceeding revenues of duchies and principalities; we have archives in which our proceedings are recorded and preserved, and public printers who stereotype them for posterity. He then referred to the Order in 1819, after briefly passing in review other temporary events. On the 13th of April Messrs. JOHN WELCH, JOHN DUNCAN, JOHN CHEATHAM, and RICHARD RESHWORTH assembled at the dwelling of THOMAS WILDEY, in Baltimore, and arranged the preliminaries which resulted in the institution of Washington Lodge No. 1 on the 26th day of April, 1819. The name Odd Fellow was brought by them from England. English laborers and mechanics, meeting after the toils of the day, formed convivial parties, then personal friendships, and last by their payment of a penny a week provided for their poorer associates, especially to defray funeral expenses and provide for their widows and orphans. In February of the same year, when the body named Past Grands having assembled, the charter of Washington Lodge No. 1 of Maryland and the United States was surrendered to them, and the scattered fragments united for the common good. A table of statistics lately prepared exhibits the progress of the Order from 1830 to 1868, both included. Prior to 1830 no reliable record was kept of its proceedings, but subsequently a system was adopted to preserve its annals in official form. It appears from that record that in thirty-nine years, ending with September, 1868, six hundred and twenty thousand one hundred and six persons were initiated; fifty-seven thousand five hundred and three widowed families succored; and four hundred and ninety-six thousand five hundred and seventy-nine brothers in distress assisted. The summary of relief exhibits the following expenditures: Two hundred and fifty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars to educate orphans; one million six hundred and eighty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two dollars for the burial of the dead; and nine millions seven hundred and ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars as benefits to brothers in misfortune, making the total paid for relief eleven millions six hundred and forty-nine thousand seven hundred and nine dollars, the whole revenue in that period being thirty-one millions two hundred and forty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty dollars.

A poem was read from the pen of BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER. After the closing of these exercises a levee was held in the hall.

We give, also, in this connection a portrait of THOMAS WILDEY, P.G., the founder of the Order of Odd Fellows in America. He was born in London, January 15, 1783, during the reign of GEORGE III. He received a limited education, and at fourteen was apprenticed to a trade. He arrived at Baltimore September 2, 1817. Here he instituted the Washington Lodge in 1819, the first lodge established in this country. He was for two terms Grand Sire of the Order. He died in 1861, and shortly afterward a magnificent monument was erected in Baltimore to his memory by the Order.



THOMAS WILDEY, P.G., FOUNDER OF ODD FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

ON the 28th of April the National Sunday-School Convention assembled in the First Baptist Church at Newark, New Jersey. The delegates, from all parts of the Union, numbered about six hundred at the opening session. The first Convention of this nature was held in New York in 1832. A second was held in Philadelphia in 1859. The third is the one alluded to in this article. In this Convention GEORGE H. STUART, of Philadelphia, was chosen President. A portion of the exercises were devotional; and a large number of addresses were made by the most prominent of the delegates present from this country, and also by reverend gentlemen from abroad.

It has been the custom for some time for women to press their claims upon every national convention, and it is not surprising, therefore, that upon the second day of the Convention the inevitable lady gained the stage. This was MRS. JEANETTE P. HEATH, of KANSAS. She mounted the platform and was presented to the audience amidst much cheering. She was dressed in deep black, and presented a face beaming with Christian charity and kindness. She spoke in a clear though tremulous voice, and said that she waited throughout the first day of the Convention ex-

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE "ODD FELLOWS," PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA—THE PROCESSION PASSING "ODD FELLOWS" HALL.
[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE CENTRAL REPUBLICAN JUNTA OF CUBA AND PORTO RICO IN SESSION AT NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

peeting every moment to see some one pop up to represent Kansas, but looked in vain. Now she felt that somebody should say a word for that magnificent spot, and she felt diffident as well as joyful in being that somebody. She expressed her regret that women had not been selected as a part of that organization. HENRY WARD BEECHER also addressed the Convention in his usually happy style. He was followed by Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun. In the evening session an address was delivered by ex-Senator FRELINGHUYSEN, of New Jersey. The Convention sat during three days.

CUBA.

THE situation in Cuba at the present moment is one which it is almost impossible to exactly comprehend. On the one side, taking the Cuban accounts, it would appear that the enthusiasm of the rebels was never greater than it is now; while the Spanish statements which we read make the cause of the insurgents seem absolutely hopeless.

It seems probable, however, that the Spaniards have really been gaining ground, and that the new reinforcements which they have received have told with great effect against the insurrection. We have hitherto alluded to the cruelty of the Spanish soldiery in their treatment of prisoners—whether political or those reduced to the last extremity on the battle-field. This general policy is still continued. Count VALMASEDA, commanding the Spanish forces in the Eastern Department, recently issued a proclamation ordering every native male over fifteen years of age found away from his residence without sufficient cause to be executed; every uninhabited dwelling and every inhabited dwelling not protected by the white flag to be reduced to ashes; and all women away from their houses to be brought by force to Bayamo or Jiguani.

These orders indicate two things: first, that such severity seems necessary on account of the persistence of the patriots; and, second, that the Spaniards are confident of their ability to enforce them, and have no fear of retaliation. But this severity elicits the sympathy of foreign nations, and thus helps prolong the rebellion. Mexico, through her Congress, has recently authorized President JUAREZ to recognize the Cubans as belligerents; and ere long, if the insurrection lasts, this course will be followed by the

CUBAN PARTISAN RANGERS.

South American republics, and, perhaps, by our own government.

One of the illustrations which we give this week on page 309 shows the Central Republican Junta of Cuba and Porto Rico in council, in their rooms at the corner of Rector Street and Broadway, in this city. This Junta consists of a President, Secretary, etc., and is composed of twelve members. From this body emanates all authoritative power so far as New York city is concerned; it regulates the expenditure of funds, raises troops, prepares arms for the field, and issues all commissions. Branch societies are being organized in all our large cities.

Our other illustration represents a body of Cuban Partisan Rangers. Every where about them signs of the life out of the ground, like MARIUS's men in our Revolution. Many of those who have gone from this country to join the insurgent soldiers on the field of war, and have already gained distinction on Cuban battle-fields.

EMMA CZERNOWITZ.

By JUSTIN MCARTHY.

THE marriage of Edith Stanton to Henry Wigram was one of the grand events of a New York season. It took place at Grace Church; and so many people were anxious to be present that it was found necessary to limit the admissions strictly and rigidly to those who came provided with cards of invitation. If I had only a gift of brilliant description in the matter of ladies' dresses and fashionable ceremonials I might make quite a magnificent scene out of this gorgeous wedding. But I have no such gift, and if I were to attempt painting the picture I should be sure to illustrate it with my ignorance and stupidity. I should be describing ceremonies which never could have taken place, and clothing fair ladies in the most incongruous and impossible garments manufactured out of inconceivable materials. The bridesmaids of Cinderella's wedding would be intruding upon Grace Church, New York; and Edith Avenue belles would be likely as not to appear again in dresses which were going out of fashion in the younger days of Mary Wortley Montagu. To me the whole scene seemed just now a moving mass of flowers and lace and glittering gems and long hair. I think I was the finest thing I ever saw, except the transformation scene in a first-class London pantomime.

Edith Stanton was the daughter of a wealthy merchant who had made a great mansion on Murray Hill. Henry Wigram, the bridegroom, was the chief representative of a long-established Wall Street firm, whose numerous clerks had been building for his bride quite a new palace in Fifth Avenue. Yet he really was a good fellow, although he was a swell—as long as my friends admitted that; and his bride Edith was a very good girl. I believe these fashionable marriages do sometimes turn out well, although, of course, it is hard for us, poorer Christians, to admit such a possibility. Edith Wigram, at least, has thus far turned out well; but even if it did not, our chief concern just now is not with the bride and bridegroom, but with one of the bridemaids and the bride's brother.

Of course the eyes of all the ladies in the church were fixed for the greater part of the time on the bride. But I think the male spectators on such occasions are apt very soon to turn their attention to the bridesmaids. One of these—the one already alluded to—was well worthy of special attention. She was a tall, stately young woman, with a noble, Grecian outline of face, a white forehead, and a complexion of colorless, marble purity. Dark brown hair, short, thick, and curling, added to the striking appearance of her face and figure, and made her look like the beauties Diana, while the other bridemaids were a group, pretty little things—a pleasant girl, who reminded one somehow of a pouter pigeon. This latter was one of the ladies for whom I cared whenever she chose to be married, would bring her successful wooer a marriage portion fit for a Russian prince. But the other bridemaid was the living presentation of a marble Diana—was probably the poorest girl then standing under the roof of Grace Church.

Emilia Czernowitz was a Polish girl. Her father had been one of the exiles of the great insurrection of the year of generation, and had lived for many years in Paris, where Emilia and her mother had lately been trying to make a living by teaching the piano. When the Stantons met her this time Emilia's father was dead, and it so happened that while the Stantons were in Paris the poor girl was dead too. Then the Stantons, filled with kindness and pity, took bodily possession of the girl, and made her one of their family whether she would or not, and brought her off to the United States with them; and now she stood a sad and beautiful bridesmaid at the wedding of her dearest friend. Sad, in spite of her best efforts and her better self; sad, although she sincerely joined in the happiness of her friend; sad, because she could not but feel that life would no longer be the same to her when Edith had left the Stanton household. Emilia, an inmate of the household any longer Emilia had resolved that she would not and could not. Edith and her husband were going to Europe, and they would take Emilia with them, and, according to her own urgent wish, help her to settle in Paris or London and teach music in schools and play the piano at concerts. The Stantons had very much wished that, if she would insist on not earning her own living, she should do so in New York, where their friendship and influence could help her. But she was firmly resolved not to remain in New York, and it was therefore arranged that she was to go to Europe with the newly-married pair.

Paul Stanton was the bride's brother, who has already been mentioned. When the ceremony was over, and while the congratulations were pouring in and the crowd was gradually pouring out, he found his way to Emilia's side and whispered in her ear:

"Once more, Emilia—will you not change your purpose?"

"Impossible!" And he contrived to touch her hand appealingly.

She did not venture to look count at him, but kept her eyes fixed on the ground; and she spoke in words that sounded sometimes like French literally translated:

"No, M. Paul. Impossible that I should change."

"Then you will leave me?"

"I must leave you, M. Paul."

"But why—why Emilia? Do you not care for me?"

"Ah, Paul, you are cruel! Do not demand of me such a question!"

And the girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Then why leave me? Why persist in going away?"

"Because I will not be guilty of treason to your good and noble parents. Because you know they would be unhappy if you do not marry the rich Mademoiselle Vining" (the other bridesmaid), "and it would perhaps lead to a quarrel. When your parents and your sister took me by the hand—me, a poor orphan, homeless—and brought me to this country to take care of their family, did they believe I would repay them by robbing them of their son? No; and they had reason! Oh, Paul, I do not urge me any more—I must go, and I will!"

"Then that is your last answer, Emilia?"

"Paul, I pray you—"

"And we must part forever?"

"We must part—forever—or until we can meet as friends!"

She put out her hand gently to meet his. But he caught it and held it, almost crushing it, and turned away and lost himself in the crowd.

Paul Stanton was a young man of ardent, passionate nature, inclined to extravagance in every thing. When he threw his soul into business operations he did so with the energy worthy of Fisk of Erie. When he chose to spend money he spent it in a fashion that might have satisfied the late Marquis of Hertford. When he was for the first time in his life, he fell in love he loved with a genuine passion worthy of the grand old romantic times when a man would die for the unwithering of a whole life. Perhaps if Emilia had known how fervent and how enduring was the love he felt for her she would have found gratitude and duty to his family would have been strong enough to induce her to reject that love. But she had studied him but little, and knew him not in the deeper and stronger of the two, and that out her would fall the heaviest blow of remonstrance. So she held to her purpose, and she sailed for Europe.

It was quite true that there was an unspoken, common family understanding that Paul Stanton was to marry Miss Vining. The families were bound together by long and firm friendship, and the young man and woman had known each other from childhood. The very night after the departure of the ship that bore Paul suddenly sought out Sophia Vining, and asked her to marry him. She consented; the idea of refusing or even considering refusal had never occurred to her; and yet there was something strange, defiant, reckless in his manner, which made her ask herself that question which she never asked before, whether she really loved him; whether she was not rather afraid of him; whether she has done right in accepting him. "I will love you again," says the perplexed voter in *Coriolanus*; "but 'tis no matter!"

But this occurred some half dozen years ago. Paul had served with distinction in some of the earlier campaigns of the civil war, and had resigned his position on the staff of a rising regiment. He had returned from the field wounded, not long before his sister's marriage; and his family were then in great anxiety for his health and return to active service. But they soon began to wish that he had not been in such a hurry to resign, or engaged in any earnest honorable pursuit to which he could give his heart. For a complete change now took place in him. He became moody, fierce, capricious; he plunged occasionally into wild fits of an entirely unwonted dissipation; he took to living on his Southern plantation, and go for weeks and weeks campaigning in the Adirondacks, or hunting in the far Western prairie, or anywhere. His betrothed bride became alarmed at his ways, and heartily sick of the engagement; and at last she finally told her lover that she would not be his wife, she now believed she never had loved him—that she certainly did not love him now. And accordingly the two were formally released from all and there was a scandal; and people said Paul Stanton was a scoundrel, which he most assuredly was not—only a young man consumed by a love so genuine, deep, and passionate that in his wild way of life one day it was an utter unmanly and unchristian apparently and people no more sought for such an explanation of Paul's conduct than they would have looked for a human Stylites on Murray Hill, or a Savonarola in Grace Church, wherein I think people are much apt to blunder; for the one reality in life, outlasting all change, and unaffected by any chimes or condition, is human passion.

One day there came a letter from Edith Wigram, still in Paris:

"I am deeply sorry to tell you, mamma," said one passage in it, "that a new and great rebellion has broken out in Poland. You will wonder why I am specially sorry for this. Well, because Emilia Czernowitz has been seized with a madness which possessed others of her countrywomen here. They got up a great concert, under the patronage of Prince Napoleon and Count Walewski, in aid of the Poles: they raised money for the relief of the wounded; and now a dozen or more of them have actually gone off to Cracow, from which they intend to make their way to one of the insurgent camps and act as nurses, and all that sort of thing. Did you ever hear of such a proceeding? It is not like acting as nurses in our war, for they have no hospitals and no appliances—and no army, I am afraid, just now. And other unfortunate girls are sure to be captured; and they say the Russians are as cruel to women as they are to men! It is most shocking. Nobody could stop her. I said to her she would never return alive; and you should have seen the sad, and look on her face when she said to me, 'And if I do not want to return alive?' Indeed, I have long thought that for some reason or other she really wishes to die. I only wish you had been here. You might have prevented her; we could not."

When the letter was read to Paul he struck his hand heavily on the table, and exclaimed:

"There is one woman in the world who deserves to live, and she only wants to die! Mother, I loved that girl, and by Heaven I'll go to her!"

Next day Paul started on his New York-to-Cracow journey, leaving a farewell to any one save his father and mother. Not many days elapsed before he burst in upon his astonished sister in the room in which she was dressing for dinner. Then for the first time his sister learned the depth and power of his love. But she could not give him direct guidance toward the finding of Emilia. The Polish girl had gone to Cracow—that was all. "Good-by, sister now. Emilia has promised to write, but had not yet written."

Paul sped on to Cracow. He found the town literally overflowing with a new and intensely increasing population of enthusiastic Poles, phlo-Poles of all nationalities, strangers in search of adventure, newspaper correspondents, and all that miscellaneous indescribable mass of adventurers always to be found hovering on the "outskirts of battle." Perhaps it would be well to remind my readers that Cracow is in Austrian Poland; that Austria, in the early part of the present century, showed a strong inclination to wink at the mustering of rebels against Russia within her frontier, and that consequently there was a considerable time the rendezvous, camping-ground, and city of refuge of the insurgents. Gallant, reckless band of exiles, they marched out of Cracow and across the Russian frontier morning after morning, night after night. Decimated, defeated, blasted, broken, fugitives too often returned to seek a refuge there.

Paul could not discover any thing of Emilia in Cracow beyond the fact that a number of devoted young women were believed to have succeeded in joining one of the insurgent camps as nurses. Paul attached himself as volunteer to a little motley band made up of many nations, and set out to penetrate the frontier, and go in search of the insurrection. I purposely use the phrase "in search of the insurrection." There were no regular armies, and no pitched battles. There were little spouting fires of rebellion and battle here and there; when a flame was quenched in one place it broke out immediately in another and another spot. Perhaps in your first day's march you fell in with a rebel band, and took part in a skirmish fight with the Cossacks, which the newspapers of Paris described weeks after as a great battle, but which really was nothing more than a little act of bushwhacking. Perhaps, on the other hand, you wandered—I know men who did—for weeks and weeks in the dark, dismal recesses of the forests of the Kingdom of Poland, and never saw a camp-fire or heard a shot, and at last had to give up the futile chase overcome by hunger, and sadly struggle back to Cracow weary of limb and sick at heart.

Not so, however, with Paul. His star no doubt it was which led him at once to the warpath. He found fighting from the first, and his previous experience in the Civil War in the American forests was of much service to him. He did some skilful and daring reconnoitre things, and became quite a hero with the band to which he was chiefly attached. He had not found Emilia; he began to grow sick at heart over finding her; but he had a fierce, wild delight in the thought that his life was daily and nightly risked in the cause of her country.

One day the little band to which he clung was surprised, attacked, and scattered by a considerable body of Russians. Paul and several of his comrades were wounded and made prisoners. Many of the Poles were killed; the rest contrived to escape into the woods and mountains. Paul and his companions, very severely bleeding as they were, had to tramp along through miles of snow and ice in a frightful the Russians were preparing for a bivouac among the trees, when, to their utter amazement, a whole mass of insurgents, principally armed with the terrible scythe, swept down upon them. The Russians were cut up and driven every way, but of course the insurgents ventured on no pursuit, and Paul and his comrades were eagerly welcomed by the rebel band.

"You are wounded and tired," said one of those who spoke French fit for the Faubourg Saint Germain; "and I am glad we have fallen in with you. We have quite a tolerable encampment not far off—and you will have a welcome there, for we have all heard of the gallant American who has done so much for us. How long we shall be able to remain there Heaven only knows—and it is not for our cause only but our, *helas*, Heaven too can only tell. But you shall have at least a few hours' rest with us; and we are happy to have with us just now some brave Polish ladies who will see to your hurts, and nurse you while we are allowed to keep together."

The sudden wild excitement of hope which these last words produced was too much for Paul Stanton just then. He fell on the earth in a faint.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on a bed made of leaves and grass and a cloak or two, and Emilia Czernowitz was kneeling beside him and gazing down upon him.

We need not follow the flickering and fading fortunes of the rebellion. Even at this time it was utterly hopeless; and it was not long before the secret chiefs of the movement gave the *word d'ordre* for a general dispersing and *sauve qui peut*. Paul and Emilia were fortunate enough to meet again safely in Cracow—and they were married there, and he brought home his wife to a family in New York who had long mourned him as lost, and now welcomed him as if he were a son risen from the dead.

A MISSISSIPPI NIGHT.

ONE home was on the Louisiana or western shore of the great river, and the mansion was a mile or more from the negro quarters of the large plantation.

My husband was absent on business in New Orleans, and I had not returned from a prolonged rains of that autumn began. As the rain-storm was a general one, extending through States far to the north, the planter of Wilmer's began to rise with more than ordinary rapidity. From the upper porches and windows of the house I could actually see the rising waters of yellow water as it widened over the opposite Mississippi flats, where there was no levee. The quantities of drift-wood coming down, and the peculiar way in which the river seemed convex and clear of drift in the middle, while the apparently lower margins were thick with the spoils of the forest, showed me that it was still swelling to a higher rise, and was a veritable flood. That the stream is falling the sock of the lower current draws the drift to the middle, and keeps the portions next the shore quite clear. But the first time the main channel was only marked by the smooth, waveless rush of the muddy tide, and the ear caught only the sound of the relentless giant asking for its ocean bride. I at once summoned every available person on the estate, and made the details to work on fences at intervals on levee, so as to keep watch all night. Also directed the gangs with spades and axes to be ready for any breach on our side, or any call from the neighboring plantations. Every precaution seemed to have been taken which was necessary for safety. Low places had been carefully filled, places needed, and points where the current set with great power had been strengthened by felled timber. At sunset, just when the rain-fall ceased

the wide upper veranda, I thought I saw what had happened in a moment. It was evident that the swollen stream had received some new accession of volume from some of its great upper feeders—perhaps from the Missouri, with its springs under the arches of the sunset. Then, coming down like a vast tidal wave, it had overleaped all artificial barriers. It was the crushing and splintering of the massive timber that made me think I had heard at first. Every where around me the moonbeams glittered on the ripples of the yellow water, while trees, buildings, and fences stood out of the shiny surface, and cast delicate shadows upon it. Every cloud had passed from heaven, and the serene blue, with its calm stars, was quiet and holy. The illumined water was beautiful, and indeed so grand and picturesque that I only felt mortified because my husband would know that the Mississippi had defeated his wife. The negroes who were at first inclined to crowding on the unbroken part of the levee, some mile above, and I could see their dark forms relieved against the glare of the fire from the building. As I saw the women and children and cattle, slowly moving up the broad embankment to safer ground, I felt that the negroes were less likely to occur, and so said to Aunt Sarah, who had silently joined me with a shawl. She looked at me a moment, and said, "You won't be scared?"

"No," said I, "for I should rather like it were it not for the loss to my husband, and the wetting to you. How did you get wet?"

She answered, "I went out wid a hoe when I see the ridge gittin up, but it come too strong, an' lake to washed me away. I couldn't find de horn to blow for de quarter peoples."

"You lonely old woman," said I. "Never try to mend a break by yourself. But as you are safe I don't mind the crevasse."

She was silent for a little while, and then said, "My lamb, dis is no crevasse; dis is a *cut-off*."

"Are you dreaming?" said I, with a laugh that was mixed with a vague terror.

She pointed to the timbered land back of the garden, where I could see that the ripples were of only two or three feet depth, that lay around the house changed to a deeper and more rapid current. "Look at dem trees beyon' sister," said she. "Dare, two of 'em goes down."

I felt my heart stand still, and my limbs tremble as I looked, and comprehended the truth. On each side of the swift path of the water the giant oaks, with their hoary beards of gray moss, were leaning together over the mid-current, as the spoke two went down with a splash. Perhaps a thousand years before that had been the old channel of the river. Some trifling raft of a million interlocked trees had checked the rush of some past flood, and the retarded waters had whirled away to cut a new channel around the elbow of some twenty miles. Centuries had passed—mould had covered the sand and mud on the right, and fresh, and redeemed from virgin mould from nature, had built his home, and gathered vast riches of golden fleeces, as Jason dreamed of. Now the autocrat river claimed its ancient bed, and swept down with its hoarse voice to the forest and the field. Our home stood directly in the old path, and the leaning and falling trees showed how terribly sure was the grim plow making its furrow. Nature had harnessed the Mississippi.

Aunt Sarah was perfectly calm as she said: "Now you is lucked enough. Get all de warm dresses an' jewelry an' some blankets, while I puts on dry close an' gets an axe."

"An axe," said I; "what for?"

"To prize up the porch floor an' make a raft, my precious. Dis house will wash away by daybreak."

I saw that too, and hesitation and delay were over. My husband's valuable papers were first secured, and then clothing, money, plate, and jewelry. By the time I had begun to roll up blankets Aunt Sarah was in warm, dry clothes, and I heard the crash, as her strong arm smote down doors and window-blinds, and soon began to cut and pry at the long, narrow planks of the veranda floor. I brought an iron bar from the tool-room on the first-floor, and by our united strength we overcame the tenacious nails, and stripped up board after board. A few blows on the lower ceiling made a hole, and we dropped them through, where they lay almost on a level with the water. I never knew before that I was so strong when excited, and the soreness and blistered hands were not thought of till the next day. Still it was my old nurse who thought of every thing, and talked to me in her queer way, as if I was still her child. There were some large and massive French bedsteads in the sleeping-rooms on the first-floor, and by our united strength we turned them edgeways and pushed them through the windows that opened to the veranda floor. While the stout old woman arranged the long boards across them, I was sent to the store of farm implements in the building, and told to bring every rope and plow-line and ball of twine I could find. These were abundant, and the boards were woven together like the bottom of a huge basket, and laced to the sides and ends of the bedsteads. Then we tied strong cords for cables, and rolled them off into the water. They dipped down and were wet, but that did not matter, so they floated again. We got the two side and side and securely fastened together; then doors and window-shutters were laid on or tied up for sides; and finally cotton mattresses were put on to keep us above the water. Then came trunks and blankets, and when we had all that it was safe to take, or that was at once small and valuable, we paused to see if our peril grew. The yard fence, not one hundred yards away, was leaning on the verge of some unseen gulf, and the oaks for half a mile wide were all gone. It was their splash we had heard as we worked. We had no oars, nor skill to use them if we had, and the best poles we could find for pushing were the long, slender canes used for fishing. Then came a supply of food and candles; and as the lull followed the heat and excitement of labor, the terror of the inexorable river and of our frail raft *would* come and make the heart sick.

We had no time to delay. By means of poles and ropes we managed to push and warp the clumsy raft around the corner of the house, and then tried to make it float up into the eddy, where the *cut-off* was not likely to follow us. We got a little ways, but the *suck* of the current was too strong for us. So we tied up to a crapemyrtle, and waited for the crumbling bank to reach us. The moon went down, and there were only the silent stars above the low monotone of the waters.

Silently we waited and prayed. We were warm and dry, as only the bottom mattresses became soaked. About daybreak of day the house began to lean. The negroes on the levee had retreated from the widening river, and their fires beat submerged. In an hour more the house slid slowly into the stream. We could hear the crash as the chimneys tore out of the timbers and sank, and then it floated away, shaking in the water, and little to be seen but the rent roof. Once or twice it grounded, or caught on snags in the bottom, and then hurried down out of sight. The power of the water was making fierce tugs at our hempen rope, and it was soon broken. Two or three times we slowly rotated in the side eddy, and then, as if caught by some unseen hand, we shot out into midstream. That was well for us, as we avoided the falling timber of the still widening banks, and also the worst of the hurrying drift. Steam would not have taken us faster, and in less than an hour, we, two women on a raft, were out on the broad bosom of the Mississippi.

The night was over, but not the peril. As our raft was buoyant we were only shaken, but not sucked down by the whirlpools. We had lights to prevent the danger of being run over by steamboats at night, and on that great highway we were sure of being soon picked up. There were barns, fragments of fences, and sometimes mills and small houses floating down; but it was noon before we saw any human being. Then a fine boat came breasting the current, and while we were half a mile away, in the dead water near a swamp, they saw our table-cloth on a cane, which was our signal. They took us for negroes, and, hailing us as such, bade us take care of ourselves, but made no pause. Sick enough at heart were we as the white jets of her steam escapes faded out of sight up the stream. There was a far prospect of floating all night near enough the swamp for snakes and wild-cats to swim to us, or of hurrying down the current to unseen perils. One such night as that would have seemed not to see our signal against the background of gray moss. I cried like a baby, and Aunt Sarah tried to console me. It was nearly night when a great steamer passed up on the other side, but the people turned to see us. Suddenly the roar of her whistle came across the mile of flood, and she slowly rounded toward us like a large white swan. She had to follow us a little down stream, but when salvation was sure I must have fainted. I think I was a little conscious of the jar as we touched her sides, and of being lifted by strong arms. The first I heard was a well-known and loved voice, saying, "Mary, my wife, don't you know me?" Faithful Sarah was dancing for joy, and telling every body of the providence which made the two ladies aboard, but she had the one which held my anxious husband. That was years ago.

Aunt Sarah received her freedom and that of her family, but has never left me. She is never more pleased than when she can gather children or grown people to listen to the marvels of a Mississippi night.

SUNSHINE.

LITTLE buds, little buds, toss your heads—
Toss your heads, little truculent buds!
Rise up, pretty lilies, look out of your beds,
And welcome the sunshine in floods!
How softly uncloses
Each innocent daisy!
Now roses, now roses!
You must not be lazy;
The beautiful sunshine
Is shining for you—
Unfurl your bright petals,
And laugh at the dew.

Hawthorn hedges, break out in a breath,
With your delicate bouquets of snow;
Start up, little thorns, with your promise of death,
Keep guard on the treasure below!
Their blossoms of beauty
The fruit-trees must scatter;
They've done their bright duty,
So what does it matter?
They laugh with delight,
As they flutter away,
To see little berries
Peep out at the day!

Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;
Pour your golden enchantment on all!
We spring into life for the worship of you—
Be ready to answer our call!
No whimsical hiding,
No clouds fling before you:
'Tis you we take pride in,
'Tis we must adore you!
What creatures would scatter
Their beauty and grace,
For a king who refuses
A glimpse of his face?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MARKETS.—Ladies' Hair has an upward tendency!

FOR PAWNBROKERS.—When you "pop" the question is it necessary to pledge your truth?

On the feet of an Irish pig he called hog-trotters?

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long, and no thick you could not see the sun through it.

"Don't believe it," was the reply.

"Wa'al," said the narrator, "you've a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you; so to please you I'll take off a quarter of a mile in the thinnest part."

A Trinity College (Dublin) man was talking the other day upon the small value attached to life by uncivilized nations. Somebody remarked that in China, if a man were condemned to death, he could easily hire a substitute to die for him. "Ah, yes," said T. C. D., "I believe many poor fellows get their living by being substitutes that way."

"Wake up here and pay for your lodging," said a deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with a contribution box.

A DEBATE ON THE CONSTITUTION.—A consultation with a physician!

A lady living in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

There is no harm in a glass of whisky—if you allow it to remain in the glass.

THE PERILS OF OFFICE.

FAYMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY DENNIS O'SAFFEETY.

Och, be it a baste who opposes the right
Of a female to vote whichiver she plazes;
For mesilf I look forth to the day wid delight,
When the polls will appear like a meadow of daisies.

I said to me Kathleen, when from the convintion
She came wid a beautiful smile on her face,
"It's soon be a lady, and ivery attendin,
Bo shown yees by those who have power and place.

Mrs. Gumphaw thin on yerself will be dotin,
And axin yees up to her house, never fear;
And thin in her carriage, when bymales are votin,
Yell sit by her side, coz I'll be there, me dear.

It is said that this life, afther all, as a bubble,
But wot so to me, a thrue son of the sod,
For the years have been joyous, and free from all throubles,
While mixin the mortar and carryin me hod.

And I am not jealous, oh no, not at all,
But welcome from Erin each young-minded daughter,
To climb up the ladders and walk on the wall,
And share all the joys of the brick and the mortar.

"It pay face dirty?" remarked a young lady to her aunt while seated at the dinner-table on a steamboat running from Cairo to Memphis. "Dirty? No. Why did you ask?" "Because the insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes round he puts another one before me."

When a promotee is *binding*, is it Russia Leather or Morocco?

Adam and Eve escaped two serious annoyances of modern times: in the first place, they had no mamma to make judicious inquiries as to Adam's social position and prospects of patrimony; and Adam had no "governor" to see that he did not throw himself away on a portionless girl.

A KIND HUSBAND.—A lady who was suffering under a slight toothache one day, intimated to that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effect shortened her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

"Bolles" call a great many people to church.

PROGRESS OF CHILDHOOD.—From pap to paps.

A couple ran off to get married, and came back to the bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her parents, kneeling at the foot of the stairs. "Forgive, forgive me, dearest father?" sobbed the lovely supplicant.

"Forgive you?" exclaimed the old gentleman, "why, I am only too glad to get rid of you. Your industry and idleness have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously addressing his happy man; "and may you be happy!"

When in Aberdeen, Dr. Johnson dined with a clergyman, the soup being "broth-pooh." The lady of the house, after having served him once, asked if he would take some more. The gruff and stern moralist and outspoken social bear replied, "I'll eat a fish for hope, Madam." "Take a little more, then," was the immediate and appropriate reply.

A SHORT STORY,

IN VERSE, WITH ONE WORD TO FIVE HYMNS.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
An elder gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

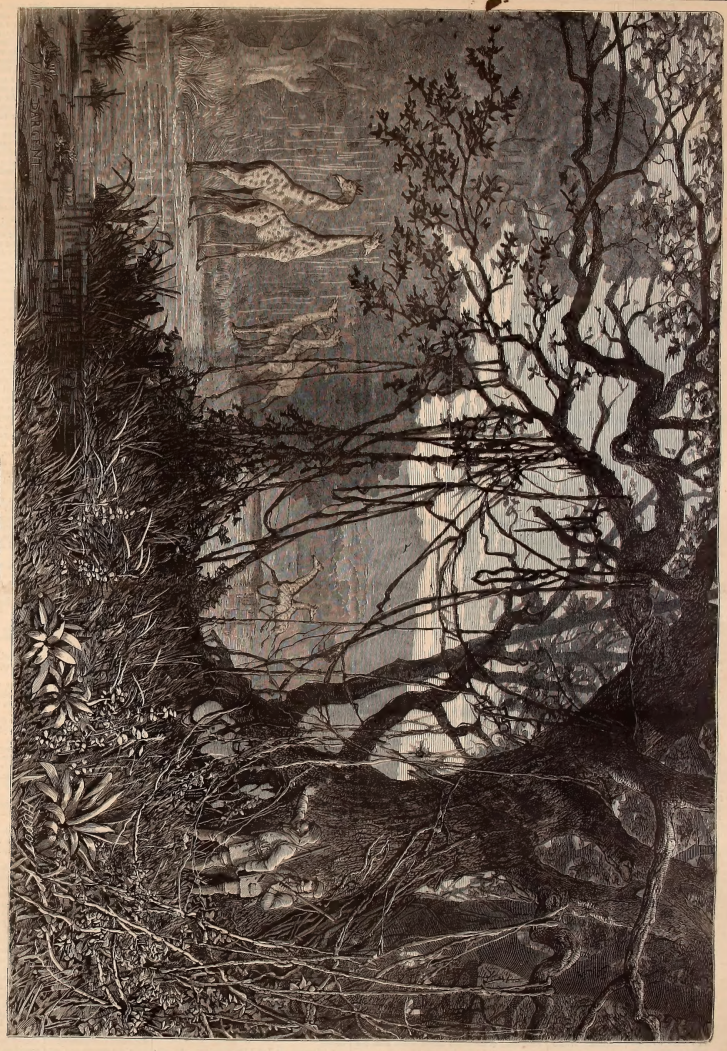
The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat;
And it tore from his head in a trice,
And plunged in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which by by his side as he sat,
And he dropped in the river his wig
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye sadness sat;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

"Do you say your prayers regularly, my child?" said a clergyman to a little girl who was blacking the shoe-black to whom she had just given a penny. "I allus says 'em at night, mum, but any how they can take care of himself in the day-time," was the little rogue's reply.

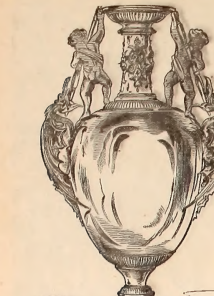
SOROSIS, 1869.—[Drawn by Charles G. Bush.]



HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

THE Giraffe, or Camelopard, was until quite recently a mythical animal which travelers described in the most extraordinary language, giving it the robe of the tiger, the head of the stag, the neck of the swan, and a marvelous height. The giraffe is of African origin. It roams in the Abyssinian wilds in herds numbering from twelve to forty head. The characteristics of this singular animal, which in some particulars appears to participate in the qualities of the camel, the ox, and the antelope, are these: the lip, not grooved, is covered with hair; the tongue is so long that it has sometimes been likened to the elephant's trunk; the neck also is of great length; the tail is elongate, with a tuft of thick hair at the end. The horns are not hollow like those of the ox, nor are they like those of the stag, which are solid and annually renewed; but they are bones, covered with a hairy skin and terminating in a ring of bristly hair at the summit, surrounding a bare apex. The eyes are beautiful, extremely large, soft, and brilliant, and are so situated that the animal can see not only in front but upon all sides, and even behind itself. Its great length, added to the height of its fore-quarters, enables the giraffe to feed upon the succulent leaves and twigs of trees, as well as upon the vegetable products of the soil. It is a timid animal, but wary and not easily overtaken. It easily outdistances its natural enemies, but is unable to withstand such a hunter as Captain GORDON CUMMING. By its kicking it will tire out and discourage even the lion, though it is not proof against a Spencer rifle. It seems almost cruel to kill the giraffe, which is so unprofitable as game, and which is so beautiful and so harmless. Even after he has been stricken, let the hunter descend from his horse and stroke his head, and the dying animal will look upon him not only without resentment, but with even an expression of gratitude for the kind attention. Representations of this animal are found on ancient Egyptian monuments. It was exhibited by JULIUS CÆSAR in the *Circus Maximus*, and was a frequent spectacle at the cruel shows of Rome. There are no such deficiencies or malformations in the giraffe as BUFFON asserts that there are. On the contrary there is the most extraordinary adaptation of all its parts to the peculiar sphere which it holds in creation.



TESTIMONIAL VASE PRESENTED TO MR. THOMAS NAST BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 19, 1869.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TURNER SNUFFS THE SEA WIND.

The neighborhood was aroused, and there were six engines in the lane. The parish engine, anxious to exert itself against the office engines, played upon the house for a little time, and then stopped and driveled into imbecility. The other engines went home smoking pipes, and wondering why they had been sent for when there was no fire. The policeman had come to see what was the matter, and had been promptly turned out by Rebecca. The lane had gone to bed, on the theory that Mr. Turner had been took by his conscience in the night, and had rung the bell for prayers. There were more unconscious lies told that night than there are twice a year, and in the midst of it all Mr. Turner lay, severely wounded through the deltoid, and Rebecca minding him.

She had got singularly emphatic all of a sudden.

"I, you don't want a doctor from here?"

"No. All this must be kept quiet."

"You will die if you don't have one. Will you let me bring you to Limehouse?"

"That is the best," he said, "good girl. We must take the safe."

"Lor bless you, yes, dear pa. We will take *that* fast enough. Bother the safe, I wish it was chucked in the water. You will have to move in an hour, pa."

"I wish I was well out of it," said he, "with the safe."

"You will be well out of it directly," she said. "Keep quiet."

She ran down to livery stables near by, and ordered a fly, to take her father away in half an hour's time. It was there punctually, and she hurried him in.

She had tied every thing she could find tight round his deltoid, and it is not a very difficult wound to stanch. He was very quiet, in that lethargic state which comes from loss of blood, and he cared nothing about any thing.

She looked back on the old house until they turned the lane. And she said, "There is an end of *that*, thank Heaven." He did not care at all. "Where are you taking me?" he said once.

"Limehouse," she answered. "9 Pilot Wharf. Keep quiet, or the hemorrhage will come on again."

"Where is Morley?" he asked, as they were going along Bird Cage Walk.

"At sea," she said. "Keep quiet. Every thing depends on your keeping absolutely quiet and trusting implicitly to me. Your wound is a severe one, and will be shortly followed by fever. You must be perfectly quiet."

When they were passing Tower Hill he said, "You are a brave, good girl, Rebecca. Where did you get courage?"

"From Hetty," said Rebecca.

"Where did you see her, then?" said Mr. Turner.

"*I* have never seen her," said Rebecca, "and I don't suppose I ever shall. But she is Alfred's daughter. And I have made a daughter for Alfred who I suppose does not exist at all."

"Talk to me, darling," said Turner. "My own Rebecca, talk to me, for my wound is aching, and I am going to die. Let me hear you talk. What do you conceive about this Hetty?"

"Give me your wounded arm, father, and put it over my breast; lay your head on my breast: and if you keep quite quiet I will tell you what I have imagined Hetty to be. If I am wrong, do not undeceive me.

"Hetty had no mother. Some girls have none. I had none.

"Hetty was a radical and a dissenter in her heart. For no person is a radical or a dissenter except from sentiment."

The wounded man said, "Radicals and dissenters form their opinion on pure reason."

"Hold your tongue, pa, or I will knock you. Hetty found herself, as a radical and a dissenter, with her hand and foot, by radical and dissenting bye-laws. And she broke them."

"And we all wished she had burnt at the bottom of Jordan when she did so," said the wounded man.

"But she was right in what she did, pa."

"No she wasn't," said he. "She is one of the most thundering fools on the face of the earth. I never heard of her having any good that a coster-monger's wife could not have done. She has smashed her father's connection in our sect, and driven him abroad, for which

you have to thank her; because I am going to die, and you will be all alone until he comes back."

"But she is good," said Rebecca.

"Many fools are," was the only reply she got.

Hetty had been tried as a subject of conversation, and had utterly failed. Their silence toward one another was barely become oppressive, when they were at Morley's house.

Very few words were necessary from Rebecca to tell her story. Turner knew her at once. Mr. Morley's landlady was easily aroused, and it was bright summer morning, with the river gayly dancing on among the ships toward the sea, when Mr. Turner stepped out of his carriage and looked about him.

"Hush!" he said. "It is good for us to be here. What a lovely place to die in!"

"To get well in, I think you mean, father," said Rebecca.

"No I don't," said he. "There is but little business left me to do. That done I will go to sleep. I am sick of it all."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PILOT TERRACE.

A TIME now came which Rebecca has separated from all times in her life. Such a time may come again, she says, but it will not be this.

Ceaseless activity and care, ceaseless employment, ceaseless anxiety, ceaseless thought for others. A strange mixture of melancholy waiting for death and for life.

And all about and around, golden summer weather, bright water, passing ships, distant Kentish hill-sides basking in the sun. The tomb at Waltham Green had given up its soul so long imprisoned there, and it had escaped not to useless silence, but to anxious usefulness.

As I saw him fading away, day after day before my eyes, I loved him more and more, but, believing that he was going to his God, I do not think I was unhappy. I do not think I could be unhappy under any circumstances at Pilot Terrace.

The girl was not talking nonsense when she said this. Indeed in her nature was a love for brightness and motion, without which she was petulant and unbearable. Unbearableness either are one of the few things which are absolutely certain; in the greatest number of instances the sire sets his seal upon the race, and in the case of a very strong will in the mother she may compete with her mate in the formation of characteristics. Rebecca's mother, coming of a race by which had been used to light gayety and music for centuries, had left this waste with Rebecca as her legacy—in the fortune on which she was to be the sole heir-able prison at Waltham Green. In addition to this precious legacy of her mother's, she had got her Sicily nature not only from the transmutation, but the vice, obstinacy (as Carry well knew). And, furthermore, in addition to it all she had got—*God* knows where, I do not—some bright, clear spark of the divine nature, which made her very errors and indiscretions lovely.

Poor child. What if she ran away to Ramsgate, thereby violating a law never mentioned so far south as, and of course unrecognized of in, Philistia: she was very sorry afterward, and she took her most discreet and excellently beloved old nurse. Poor old Rebecca, when she found her duty ready to her hand she did it. Have we all done so?

She wanted light and beauty. She had seen dimly in old time the Popish worship with her mother; and up to the time when she had run away to Ramsgate and the Kursaal, that was the only beautiful thing she had seen. There was movement, light, brightness of color: the tinsel is as good as the gold to a child. She had dimly recollected it, in the long hours of Puritan seclusion at Waltham Green. How could the Puritan brothers, will you make religion hideous to one-half at least of your children? Think, in these days, when the nation is becoming educated to a rough love of light and beauty, what mischief you are doing, not to us, but to yourselves.

Rebecca says that the first pretty thing she knew when she was grown up was young Hartop the sailor. She always declares to Hetty that she was desperately in love with Hartop for a week, and that he used her disgracefully. However, Rebecca was worthy of seeing something more than a pretty sailor. She was capable of understanding real beauty, of the very highest form.

Mr. Morley. I would have made Mr. Morley a duke if I could, only for the simple fact that he was a dissenting minister, and considered unsound and unsafe even in that capacity. How many times that brown sailor-like face, that grizzled hair, and those steady brown eyes had passed before Rebecca's retina, before they were fixed on it forever, I do not know. But they were fixed there firmly enough now.

He was the first man, practically, who had ever introduced her to real light and beauty. She might have loved Hartop, but Hartop was for Hetty, and with her keen intellect she quickly found out this. That Hartop, brave, glorious, beautiful, was not so brave or so glorious as brown-faced Mr. Morley, with the slightly grizzled hair. "I would not change with Hetty," she said.

However, he was at sea, and she was all alone, and her father was dying, and she declares that she was not unhappy at this gaunt time, which lasted long. She makes my explanatory soirées quite good enough for a well-told story.

She did well in every detail now. Quick, keen wits, once roused to love, seem to do without experience almost magically. The higher nature seems to descend to the level of the lower, intellect is subservient to instinct, Cupido by Eros. (A thinking friend of the writer says that I am utterly wrong, and that the love of the child for the parent is reflected. I give him this opportunity of adding to the amount of human knowledge.) Love and sympathy supplied experience. And Sisters and trained nurses had had a conference with Gamp and Prig, they could have done no more for Mr. Turner than Rebecca did, with all her hints about details to the landlady.

I resume my story. She put his bed in the bow-window so that he could see the river and the ships. The landlady saw after him while Rebecca went out in the early morning until she could find a doctor. There were a dozen doctors close by, and the landlady recommended her to one, and Rebecca fetched him up.

He put a head out of window, and said:

"What do you want?"

And Rebecca said, "*He* won't do. Pa would never stand him."

Then she was going to pull at the bell of the next door but one, when it was suddenly opened, and a fat gentleman of fifty said to her, "Th[illegible] advertisement said four o'clock, and it is half past. Come in." And she marched off; and thought, "You won't do, my gentleman."

"Bother the doctors," she said. "I wish—I beg your pardon, sir," for she had run up against a queer little man with one leg shorter than the other, coming round a corner.

"Go on with the wish," he said, waving her off, "you most ridiculous and incautious young woman. I am one saturation of scarlet-fever from head to foot, and, before attending a scarlet-fever case, and I have pulled my pretty ones through. There are between eighty and ninety thousand people on your fine velvet cloth at this moment; chuck it over your little sister's bed to keep her warm, and then say it was me."

"You will do," said Rebecca, emphatically.

"Well, I suppose I am," said the little gentleman; "what do you want?"

"Pistol wound."

"My friend, murder!" he said, turning his queer shrewd little face up to hers.

"Sir," she answered.

"Ho!" he said. "Has! aristocratic, or long shore?"

"Neither. But mysterious."

"Young man?"

"No, but faint," said Rebecca.

"Ha! I'll get these fever clothes off and come directly. What is the house?"

"9 Pilot Terrace."

"Morley's? Yes, quite so. You are Miss Turner. I warned Morley that he was flying his kite too high. I told him that there would be bloodshed if he sought a wife among the Aristocrats. All my words have come true, you see. Well, you are a wise young lady in choosing him. I am a Romanist myself: Doctor Sloop, you know [illegible]. Don't know your secret; of course not. I knew they would shoot some one over you."

"This has nothing to do with me," said Rebecca.

"Of course not," said Dr. Barnham. "Lord bless you, we know. Of course not. Bless you! call us Jesuits at one moment, and deny us common knowledge of each other at another. I'll change my fever clothes and come in."

The whole story of Mr. Turner's pistol wound was carefully explained to Dr. Barnham by at least three people; but he never believed it. He only said, "Yes! yes! quite so. We are men of the world, we Catholics."

But Barnham was a great acquisition to them. He treated Mr. Turner with great skill and *bonhomie*, and the little man, who had waited for his coming. Both men were intensely in earnest; Barnham a violent ultramontane, Turner a violent Protestant. They used to argue furiously, the Bishop of Rome was alternately the old man of Rome or Mr. Turner's side, and something which one does not care to write about another human being on Dr. Barnham's. These two gentlemen used mutually to assure one another of the utter impossibility of the other's ultimate salvation; in a way which I dare not produce, not believing that God's mercy depends on a few details, as these men did. But they liked one another better in the midst of their quarreling: and this quaint little Romanist was one of the brightest things in their new short life.

Turner would be in the bay-window, looking at the ships going to and fro, and would invent arguments against the doctor. And he would say to Rebecca, "Come, old girl, give a hand next time, and we will smash him, and put an end to him."

And Rebecca would laugh, and cower down by her father, and say, "I won't say one word against him. And you know that you love him in your heart."

He was indeed the only educated friend they had. Mr. Turner was quietly falling away day after day, and finding his time getting short, he wrote notes to several people calling on them to come.

Lord Ducetoy was the first. "How de do, my lord?" said Turner. "I have summoned up the phantom."

CHAPTER XXX.

LORD DUCETOY'S PROPOSALS.

HERE first she began to learn the artistic value and beauty of tones, crossed indefinitely by other tones; perfect harmonies, and sometimes without incident. At times of the night when the tide was even brimming full, and she was watching she would open the window, and hear the sounds of the river, all mitigated into one, and assisted by the dull under-tone of the city. At first, in her ignorance and her sleeplessness, she had thought that the city was the sea; and that the eternal crawling hum, waxing and waning as the night was the raising of the breakers upon the shore; but Lord Ducetoy, standing in the balcony with her one evening, hinted at it, thinking on, and pointed out her mistake.

"But water runs down hill, my lord; and the river runs the other way."

"My fair cockney cousin, do you not notice that it runs the other way sometimes?"

"I never do so. Her beloved sea was farther off than she thought, and it was silent to her. He was right. She had mistaken the music of the land breeze for the dim, far-heard melody of the free sea.

"Do you ever sail upon the sea, my lord?" she said.

"Not at present, my lady," he answered. "Your good father has given me the means of keeping a yacht, and when the king has his own again perhaps you will sail with me. Have you heard from Mr. Morley?"

"No my lord. Nor from Harton of Navy, either. I am all alone, with my father."

"Except for me," he said.

"Except for you," she answered, looking straight at him; "exactly. It is very kind of you to come here and see us."

"Now, Rebecca, I want to have a serious talk with you. I shall offend you deeply, I know; but a man must speak what is in him, or—"

"Hold his tongue."

"Exactly. I am not going to hold mine. Rebecca, do you know that I love you heartily?"

"I thought you did, and I am very glad. I suppose there is not the wildest chance of my return of love, Lord Ducetoy?"

"Not if you go to the South Sea Islands. But, Rebecca, do you love me?"

"Very much indeed."

Dead stop. Rebecca stood and looked at him. "You see, I don't know how to begin."

"Well, then, don't begin," said Rebecca. "No one wants you to."

"Yes, but you don't know. I have a great personal admiration for you, and I am your cousin, and I think you in a monstrously unusually odd fellow, one of the most splendid creatures, and one of the most admirably formed ladies I have ever seen. You see, cousin Rebecca, I am under terribly great obligations to you for your gallantry. I don't know what your father has done with the money, but he offers me, for one thing; what money shall you have when you marry Mr. Morley?"

Rebecca gave a gasp of relief; she was afraid that he was going to talk some sentimental nonsense. "I don't suppose we shall have any," she said. "Hagbut has drained away pa's cash for Carry's settlements. I should have liked to take him some, but I shouldn't."

"I don't understand. Did Lord Ducetoy.

"Can't you see that, cousin? I should like to take him some money, because I want him to have money for his works and his charities, for which he lives. Yes I should also like to go to him, cousin, saying, 'You chose me, and here I am, without one penny. Will you take me still?' And he would. And he would love me better without the money than with it. For if I had all Carry's money it would only be a cloud between us. He, the noblest man in all England, has scattered just about little me all his my indiscretions and errors, above all women in the world. And I would sooner go to him in

forced pauperis. You are talking to an attorney's daughter, you know."

"But Rebecca, do you mean to say that you would sooner marry a mere dissenting clergyman without money than with? It is totally incredible to me why you should marry him at all; but without the power over him which money could give. Are you mad?"

"Not in the least. When you find in your order as fine a gentleman as George Morley I shall be glad to hear from you."

"He must be a conceited puppy."

"Of course he is," said she. "There is another exception coming to plague us. Stop and see the other coming, and then finish what you were going to say."

"Well, Rebecca, I only wanted to know this. If money should run short with you, will you accept some from me?"

"Certainly," said Rebecca. "I am very much obliged to you. Some of your money may come in very useful, if ja has been drawn dry by *him*, and if we have not got any of it. We should be very glad of some of yours under those circumstances."

"A few thousands," began Lord Ducetoy.

"Thousands!" said Rebecca, laughing. "If you can find us £100 some day, it is quite as much as we are fit to be trusted with. Don't give George Morley more. He would only give it away. Tell me. Is this offer of money all you were going to say to me when you began?"

"It was all, indeed."

"Bless me, I thought you were going to talk nonsense to me. Now we are, my boy."

"I assure you, Rebecca, that I had not the least intention of doing so."

"Quite sure?"

"I am not quite sure that you are sane in dreaming of marrying Mr. Morley. Comu, you are the very last person on the face of the earth that I would dare to talk nonsense to. How Mr. Morley got into his present position with you I don't know. I would not have dared to say as much as he has dared. Cousin, I only wanted to try and help you, and you are so very quaint and *emporte* that I had to beat about the bush. It was a little in love with you once, but I have quite got over any little sentimental feeling of that sort."

They had come into the upper room out of the balcony by this time, and she said, as she flung down your head, my lord." And he bent it down to her and she kissed him, saying, "You are a good man, cousin, and we understand one another."

And if any one thinks she was wrong, I happen to disagree with them.

Since Eve kissed her first-born (unfortunately for the illustration, Cain, I believe, unless some new state papers have been grubbed out at Fetter Lane or Simancas to the contrary) no purer kiss was given or received than Rebecca gave to Lord Ducetoy. And how Lord Ducetoy, knew it.

"Now let us come down stairs," she said. "You have spoken well for Mr. Morley as a discerning matron. As if they were in all ways, as if you Nobles were all alike." And she gave illustrations. "Come and see what I have escaped, will you?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

BREAKING WINDOW.

What do young men break windows? Some do it to get locked up; but I do not mean them. Why do people who do not want to be locked up at all habitually break windows? We break windows? Every one. You, and I, and Rebecca. You and I are wise people, and hold our hands from breaking, unless we can get something by breaking it. Now Rebecca was a fool, and never could keep her hands off a window. Morley said she was nearly as bad as Lucy.

There is something very exasperating to a certain kind of mind in a smooth square of plateglass. One's fingers demand much, the only demands what nature will give, at any point, at any time of the year, Half and quarter time, melting into one another, yet making a great harmony, and an "arrangement," as great as Turner's Heidelberg. That was all Rebecca wanted, though she had never seen it, and could not tell you exactly what she did want. She knew, however, that plate-glass with gas behind it exasperated her. So she was given to window breaking.

One sure she had never learned the subtle, interminable delight and beauty of half tints. It is not true. She had learned it from Mr. Morley's grizzled head and brown face. And now she came down stairs with Lord Ducetoy, of the prairies, thinking about Morley of the sea: of men with a considerable number of half and quarter loves about them: and she found Hagbut and Carry, plate-glass and gas. A window, a bald, ill-favored head, a blow instantaneously broke it, with the first stone she could find—and you can generally find a stone if you stoop down.

It was very much of her. I offer no defense. I am not bound to carry a heroine through every thing. Still Hagbut and Carry, sitting in a row, drinking tea and smiling, were not calculated to make any one the less petulant.

"Where have you been, Rebecca?" said her father.

"Up stairs, with Lord Ducetoy."

"Did you hear Mr. Hagbut come?"

"Yes, I heard him."

"Where were you?"

"In the upper passage, kissing Lord Ducetoy."

"Becky, old girl," said Mr. Turner. "Don't say such things."

"Why not? You ought to tell the truth, ought you not? And I *was* kissing Lord Ducetoy on the stairs."

Hagbut said, very quietly, "For my part, not being a gentleman myself, I am uneasy in the company of even an ordinary gentleman, still more so in the company of a nobleman. However, by your confession of having kissed his lordship on the stairs, my elephantine awkwardness is somewhat easier to bear. About the outrageous impropriety of this thing happening at all, and of Rebecca telling about it afterward, I say nothing. But from all I can hear, two very good people have kissed one another, and are not ashamed of it either."

Lord Ducetoy laughed aloud. "It was *her*, you know, Podre, mind that. *She* kissed me in the passage. You believe me, I am sure."

"My lord, I am bound to believe the word of any hereditary legislator, the more particularly in this case because I am perfectly certain that you would never have obtained the favor on your own account."

Carry sat utterly aghast. Lord Ducetoy had kissed Miss Rebecca, and Hagbut was and making fun of it. Her husband was laughing, and Becky and Lord Ducetoy were smiling. She began to cry.

Hagbut did not attend to her at first, for his eyes were fixed on Mr. Turner. He turned suddenly on Carry and ordered her to run for the doctor.

"Rebecca, look at your father," he said, "Good heavens and earth! I can't be all while we have been chattering nonsense here. Go away, Rebecca, go and fetch the landlady, or the surgeon, or the doctor, or somebody. My lord, things have gone wrong here. Are you afraid of death?"

"Is he dead?" said Lord Ducetoy.

GENERAL PATRICK HENRY JONES

POSTMASTER NEW YORK CITY.

General Jones, the new Postmaster of New York city, is an Irishman by birth. Twenty-five years ago he came to this country with his father. He was then a lad of ten years of age. He served with gallantry in the late civil war, entering the service as a private in the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers in May, 1861. He was soon elected second-lieutenant by his company, and from this rank he was successively made first-lieutenant, then to the post of major of the regiment, and in October, 1862, to the rank of colonel, assuming command of the Third Brigade and Fifty-fourth New York. He went through all the campaigns under Pope and Burnside, up to the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was badly wounded and taken prisoner. On his recovery he managed to get out of the hands of the rebels, and was sent with his regiment to the Western army, then operating under Sherman. He participated in the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and by his soldierly coolness and bravery that he was recommended by Generals Hooker and Howard for promotion to the position of Brigadier-General. President Lincoln, on receiving these recommendations, immediately telegraphed General Sherman to know by what authority Colonel Jones assumed the command, and General Sherman replied that it was one eminently proper to be made, on account of his gallant conduct on the field. Accordingly he was made a full Brigadier-General, which position he held throughout the war, participating from that time in all the campaigns of General Sherman. He resigned his military rank June 15, 1865. The same year he was elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals on the Republican ticket, and served his official term. In 1868 he was appointed by the Governor to the Registership of New York, to fill the unexpired term of General Charles G. Halpine. He was succeeded in this position by the present incumbent, Colonel Connolly. The proceeds of this office, after defraying expenses, he paid over to the widow of General Halpine. He was also made an Interpreter before the war, is a lawyer by profession, and was Governor Fenton's law partner before the breaking out of the Rebellion.

HON. THOMAS H. NELSON,

MINISTER TO MEXICO.

Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, of Indiana, recently appointed Minister to Mexico, is a native of Mason County, Kentucky, and is about forty-five years of age. He is a grandson of Judge John D. Nelson, and of the late General William Nelson of the United States Army. He removed early in life to Rockville, Indiana, and subsequently to Terre Haute, where he still resides; and in this latter place has for more than twenty years been prominent in politics, in law, and, since 1861, in the diplomatic service of the country. Prior to the war he was known as a strong Unionist as an advocate and debater of great address and power in his own and other Western States, as well as one of the friends of Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, of the national Republican party. Upon the accession of the latter to the Presidency, Secretary Seward of Mr. Nelson, always his friend and often his legal opponent, to represent this Government as its Minister to Chili. The historical years—from 1861 to 1866, during which Mr. Nelson occupied this position—were freighted both in the United States and Chili with occurrences which at once gave scope to and demonstration of his activity, fidelity, and abilities. Though convulsed by internal rebellion, the Federal Government held claims of large amount against Chili. These Mr. Nelson pressed with such clearness and force as to secure their immediate and full payment; and at the same time so ably represented the issues in controversy in this Republic that Mr. Lincoln was constrained to declare that the Government and people of Chili were the staunchest friends when the Union was threatened.

During Mr. Nelson's incumbency of this Mission, and while he was President of the Diplomatic Corps at Santiago, occurred the war between Spain and Chili, and to the American Embassador more than to any other was due the latter country attribute the correct understanding of, and consequent sympathy with, its own side of the struggle which contemporary governments displayed. His dispatches to the State Department are thoroughly American in tone, and are graphic in their delineation of grave events and interests which came under his attention. Upon his return home in 1866 Mr. Nelson at once threw himself into the memorable canvass in behalf of the Fourteenth Amendment, and spoke, from Kentucky to Kansas, to immense crowds of people. Unanimously elected to head the Republican electoral ticket last year in Indiana, Mr. Nelson, "as is the custom of the country," canvassed and spoke in nearly every county in the State, until it was triumphantly carried for Grant and Colfax, himself bearing its electoral vote to the Capital. A few days ago the President nominated Mr. Nelson to succeed General Rousseau in Mexico, and, although contemporary appointments are critically scanned, his own was at once reported upon and confirmed by the unanimous vote of both parties in the Senate.

OBSERVATORIES AT WASHINGTON AND PRINCETON.

The National Observatory at Washington is situated southwest of the Executive Mansion, upon an elevation overlooking the Potomac River. It was originally designed and used for a hydrographical office. The preparation of wind and current charts, the regulation of chronometers, and the other branches of hydrographical research, still occupy the principal care of those in charge, and much investigation is being made secondary. The Transit instrument, shown in the cut on page 317, is in the west wing of the building. It is a 7-foot achromatic, with an aperture of 5.3 inches, and was made by Ertel & Son of Munich. The glass and brass work of the instrument cost $10,000.

The chronometer room is also shown in one of our cuts. The chronometers of the Navy are here regulated by means of an electric clock. The Observatory is open to visitors between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., and a courteous attendant is always in attendance to render all needed assistance and to furnish information.

The Halsted Observatory, erected for the College of New Jersey at Princeton, is built of sandstone, and consists of a central tower of an octagonal form and two smaller towers more octagonal in shape which are connected with the central tower in the manner indicated in our engraving.

The length of the whole building is 101 feet and the height of the middle tower up to the top of the dome is 40 feet. The pier in the dome is about 4 feet wide, and the dome surmounting this is hemispherical in form and 40 feet in diameter. The extreme height from the ground to the top of the dome is 65 feet. Each of the small octagonal towers is surmounted by a metal dome, and these two observatories are about one-half of those of the great tower. These smaller towers, or wings, will contain an astronomical library and offices for the use of the observer. The walls of the whole edifice are about 2 feet thick, and built in the most substantial manner.

The telescope will be supported by the solid pier of sandstone resting on ground, which is present, already constructed within the main tower, and which itself rests upon the solid rock, from 12 to 16 feet below the surface of the ground. Its dimensions are about 31 feet by 26 feet at the base, on which the structure is carried upward by an octagonal pier of brick, whose thickness gradually to the top, where it is 11 feet square, upon a level with the main floor of the Observatory, and 40 feet above the ground. Upon this pier is placed a granite base 10 feet square and 1 foot thick, from which rises a solid column of Quincy granite 8 feet square, 27 feet, and over 3 feet high, so that when the telescope is mounted on it the centre of motion of the telescope will be 64 feet above the base, and 40 feet above the floor. The dome itself, which is of wrought iron, covered with a bright composite metal, like the smaller observatory domes, is to be raised and lowered by means of pulleys arranged in a ring upon a circular railway, and so fixed as to obtain great strength and rigidity for resisting wind and security against derangement of any part of this apparatus. The dome has the usual facilities of shutters for the purpose of enlarged dimensions, the opening being no less than 6 feet wide.

It is contemplated that the telescope shall have an object-glass of 25 inches in diameter and a focal length of at least 30 feet, being as large as any achromatic refracting telescope yet attempted, and larger than any of the same kind in this country.

The plan fixed upon for this Observatory at the outset, and thus far steadily pursued, has been to furnish it with one large instrument such as has been described, for special research, and with such other appliances as may be indispensable. It is proposed that the telescope shall be constructed by Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, who have deservedly obtained a high reputation for their art equal to that of any opticians in the world.

The cost of the Observatory, thus far, has been about $50,000, which has all been defrayed by one generous donor, General N. Norris Halsted, of Newark, New Jersey, after whom the Observatory has been named. This gift is but one of the ways in which his liberality and public spirit have been exhibited. The late Rev. Gerard Hall, D.D., and Mrs. Hall left a legacy to be applied to the purposes of the Observatory; in fact, the Observatory itself is the result of an agreement between General Halsted and Dr. Van Rensselaer.

It is under the charge of Professor Stephen Alexander, LL.D., the distinguished Professor of Astronomy at Princeton, whose attainments, and especially his extension of the Nebular Hypothesis of La Place, have given him so high a position among scientific men. The friends of science as well as of the College should see to it that the Observatory be armed with an instrument such as has been described—and which must be a very costly one—with the least possible delay.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Spirit Photography" continued to excite the public mind last week—but the serious side of the question was presented. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry and Mr. Dittenhoefer, with the prosecution, brought various witnesses on the stand to show "how ghosts were made." One deponent—Mr. Rogers—said there were more ways of producing these so-called spirit photographs than he could count up; he could produce the picture of an angel flying over a man's head, or put bones on his head without his knowing that any thing unusual had been done; an photographer might find out the trick; but he had deceived some good ones. He would take an impression on a sensitive plate, put the plate aside, either in the bath or elsewhere, and then bring it out and develop and print on it. When the plate is developed both pictures will be developed together. This method, however, sometimes does not call up the desired picture. For example, an artist once took the likeness of a gentleman owned by the majestic apparition of Webster, City, Calhoun, Benton, and Napoleon. But the gentleman owned the disembodied presence of Webster, and this was not to be evoked, the artist not having made the necessary preparation.

Mason, Secretary of the Photographic Branch of the American Institute, testified that the "spirit photographs" were done by double printing, and making a positive from it, which was subsequently used to print the spirit picture. It was easy to deceive any one. He produced a small camera in court, and explained the matter practically. He described also one of his own processes in which the negative used was a piece of transparent mica having a figure drawn on it, and worn by mediums according to the dexterity the impression of the figure on it could be made to fall on the sensitive plate and thus produce a ghost. His exposition of the matter created much merriment. Testimony was also given by Mr. Munler, brother to some of Mr. Munler's pictures, which were exhibited, could not have been in front of the camera at the time they were taken, because the faces and even shadows of the one were opposite to those of the other.

In regard to the alleged likeness of the "ghostly" mentioned Mason, it was in evidence that the picture had been honestly received by their imaginations, the same "spirit having appeared in different forms and attitudes and dressed in a suit of different pieces." The dimness of the portraits aided the deception, and occasionally an extraordinary likeness to some deceased person happened to exist, or to be imagined.

The Prince of Wales is to be married on the 10th. Upon Victoria will have only one married daughter —the Princess Beatrice.

The Boston *Herald* gives a timely warning not to put on thinner under-clothing too early in the season. "Let your winter clothing be dismissed, but should be done in the morning when first dressing. At the time of year homebeepers usually do this, as the warm days of June are very treacherous in summer. The comfort and health of a whole family are often destroyed by the folly of a single day's exposure through overhaste in this respect. In order to keep well one should avoid exposure during the change of seasons.

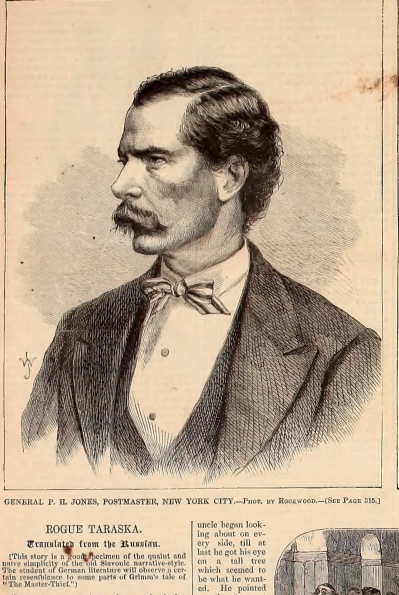
The *Evening Post* gives what it calls a "nice little bill" of $4000 it, incurred by a legislative committee who visited Albany to "investigate" whiskey—the items being largely such as "brandy and wine," "cigars," "champagne," "oysters," "whiskey," "ales." The bill contains at least thirty separate charges for meals to Senators. The *Post* remarks that it will be seen that this committee was obliged to drink a good deal of brandy, whiskey, and wine, to keep them in a condition to find it visited many theatres; that it gave a number of dinners; that it rode in a great many carriages; that it had a large number of medical attendance—all which shows that the Senators were not for members of the committee a singularly vigorous men.

Miss Van Lew, the new Postmistress of Richmond, is reported to have made many postal reforms in that city. She has placed two bullies in charge of the police delivery. She has increased the force of registration and money orders, and she intends also to establish a branch post office in the western part of the city, and to have the mails delivered in the main throughout the city promptly on arrival.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was last week the scene of a terrible tragedy. Excessive jealousy becomes enough, and all kinds of criminals—the careless and the hardened, the young and the old. About twelve years ago he attempted to poison his fifth wife; but failing in that he tried to destroy her by setting fire to the house, in which she was confined in an upper room. For this crime he was tried and hung. Before his attempt he was sent to the Penitentiary six years. Three of his previous wives died under circumstances of suspicion. During his trial he was cool and calm, and often apparently unconcerned, and manifested little interest in the proceedings.

A recent writer on the fashions says: "A trip to Saratoga, with the view of the lakes afterwards, is considered the trouble and more of expense in the preparation than a trip to Europe. For the latter the outfit required is a couple of suits, a water-proof cloak, a black round hat, a blue veil, and plenty of cuffs and collars and pocket handkerchiefs." The writer then goes on to remark that it is very difficult to tell what is really required for a well-appointed trip, as those of people vary so much, but enumerates the least of people vary so much, but enumerates the sundry silk, satin, and gossamer articles which form the outfit of ladies who expect to frequent the watering places this summer. It is a pity one can not travel in our own country more sensibly. Ladies who will set a good fashion in this respect will be a blessing to the community.

The young ladies of a Virginia female seminary have decided that "the mind of woman is not capable of as high a degree of cultivation as that of the opposite sex." Very modest of them to come to such a conclusion! They have doubtless formed it after reflecting. We question whether a New England Seminary would unanimously arrive at such a decision!



GENERAL P. H. JONES, POSTMASTER, NEW YORK CITY.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.—(SEE PAGE 315.)

HON THOMAS H. NELSON, MINISTER TO MEXICO.—(SEE PAGE 315.)

ROGUE TARASKA.

Translated from the Russian.

[This story is a fair specimen of the quaint and naive simplicity of the old Slavonic narrative-style. The student of German literature will observe a certain resemblance to some parts of Grimm's tale of "The Master-Thief."]

There was a certain gentleman who had a cook called Taraska, one to whom stealing was like the bread of life. Every thing that came in his way, which: it was gone, and never came back again. There was no telling what ways his master tried to break him of this foul habit—but try as he might, he took nothing by his trouble. At last he thought to himself, "Well, it must be one thing or the other—either break him of this way of stealing, or else put an end to him altogether." So he sent for Taraska to speak with him.

"Well, Taraska, have you learned well how to steal yet?"

"Pretty well, but not just as it should be. See now, if you had sent me to study with my uncle I'd have been quite a professor by now, for my uncle's a first-rate hand at thieving, and knows all the ins and outs of it."

This was a piece of good news for the master, who thought he had discovered a nice way of getting Taraska off his hands without any more trouble. So the very next morning he called him up, furnished him with all that he could want for a journey, and bade him God-speed on his way. When he came to his uncle the old man received him very affectionately, and agreed readily enough to teach him the practical parts of the science of thieving. Accordingly, after giving him two or three days' holiday to freshen him up after his journey, Taraska's uncle proposed to his nephew to go a little walk through the forest. Very good—away they went. By-and-by the uncle began looking about on every side, till at last he got his eye on a tall tree which seemed to be what he wanted. He pointed to the topmost branch and said:

"Taraska, my lad, do you see that raven's nest up yonder, on the top of that big tree?"

"Ay, ay, uncle, I see it clearly enough; and what's more, the mother's at home, sitting upon her eggs."

"You've hit it, my boy; and what's more, she's asleep, and the thing is to carry off the eggs without waking her."

"Well, uncle, I suppose it can be done; stealing is just stealing, after all."

"Ah, but there's a *way* of doing every thing, too. Now just watch and see how *I* do it; I'll climb up and take all the eggs from under the mother without her feeling it a bit."

Up went the uncle. Five minutes passed, neither more nor less: look now—there are all the eggs in the uncle's hands!

"Heavo, uncle!" and Taraska; "you're the one for doing things. It's no joke taking eggs from under a sleeping raven. But see now, *you've* not been sleeping or dreaming either, and yet—where are the soles of your boots?"

The uncle put up one foot, then the other, and sure enough his feet were looking through his boots, and not a bit of sole to be seen. And the reason of this was that Taraska, while his uncle was getting up the tree so cleverly, had whipped out his knife and shaved off the soles of his boots (which were brand-new) without the old man knowing any thing about it.

Not many days after this Taraska's uncle invited his nephew to assist him in robbing a monastery which stood but a little way from their haunt. So off they set; and, not to make a long story of it, they cleaned out the holy place from top to bottom.

By this time Taraska began to think that he had pretty nearly completed his education; so back he went to his old master. But such a guest was not at all to the master's taste, and he began to cast about for some way of getting rid of him.

"HELP! HELP!"

At last he hit upon a plan; and calling up Taraska, he put on a pleasant face, and said to him very kindly:

"Well, Taraska, have you become a first-rate thief by this time?"

"So-so; I can not praise myself, but I'm not just so bad at it as I might be."

"And whatever I set you to steal, could you steal it, do you think?"

"With your good leave, you will hardly find fault with *my* fingers."

"Very good—now we'll see what you can do. If you succeed in what I set you, your fortune's made; but if not, I'll hand you over to the soldiers (*i. e.*, deliver you to justice). Do you see, yonder comes a priest leading a cow. Can you steal me that cow, do you think, without the priest seeing you?"

"To be sure I can," says Taraska; "only give me a pair of small boots."

The master brought him the boots, and away went Taraska. He made a circuit through the forest, and coming out on the high-road about a hundred yards in front of the priest, threw one boot in the middle of the road, and slipped behind the trees again. Presently the priest came along, and seeing the boot lying there, picked it up.

"What a famous boot for my son now, if there had only been a pair of them! But as it is an odd one I'll e'en let it lie."

But Taraska, coming up the minute he was gone, took the boot again, and making another round among the trees, came out a good way ahead, and threw the boot into the road as before. The priest came along and espied it.

"Ah, now! what a fool I was not to keep the other, and then I'd have had the pair of them! I'll just go back and get it."

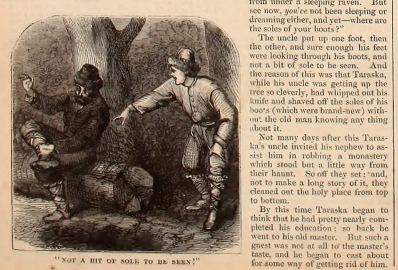
And tying the cow to a tree, he set off. But meanwhile Taraska stepped nimbly in, cut the rope, and marched off with the cow right into his master's yard.

But the master was no happier than a wolf in a trap when he saw how Taraska had managed; and he determined in some way or other to be even with him yet. So he called him up, and said: "This is all very well; but do you think you could steal the plate off my dinner-table?"

"Nothing easier," says Taraska, very coolly.

"Very good—if you can do it, well done you! but if not, to the soldiers you go forthwith."

Next day there was a great dinner at the master's house, and Taraska made himself very busy in the kitchen; he helped to cook the dinner, carried pans and dishes, and was like a man with three hands. But all this time he did not forget his own business; for, as soon as all was ready, he took a peasant whom he had bribed for the purpose, smeared him with honey, and stuck him full of black feathers, and then bade him creep into the great stove in the dining-hall, and do as he had been told. Presently in came all the guests, and sat round the table; and among them came the prior of a monastery close by. Now he (as it happened) took his seat exactly opposite the stove in which Taraska's man was hidden. Well, just as dinner was beginning, the door of the stove opened quietly, and out popped a black, horrid-looking head, all covered with feathers. But no one noticed it except the prior, who got a terrible start. After a time the bogie peered out again, and grinned, and put out his tongue at the prior, who fell all of a tremble, and began crossing himself at a great rate. "Heaven preserve me!" says he to himself, "what evil can I have done that the devil should be sent to torment me like this, miserable sinner that I am?" The thought had scarcely passed through his mind when suddenly the bogie jumped out of the stove with a great whoop, and began dancing round the table. Then nothing was heard but "Oh dear!" and "Help! help!" Away ran all the guests, one faster than another; two or three fainted and rolled under the table, the master seized his pistols and rushed after the bogie, followed by one or two of the gentlemen. As soon



"NOT A BIT OF SOLE TO BE SEEN!"

SHOOTING A DUMMY.

as they were gone our hero made a clean sweep of the plate.

When the master came to think over the matter, and remembered how things had gone, he was so wild that you could not have held him with a cart-rope; and he swore vehemently that, come what might, he would find means to pay Taraska for all that he had done. At last a thought came into his head, and he called up Taraska, and said to him, with as pleasant a face as he could put on:

"Well, Taraska, my lad, you've done famously; there's no denying it. Now I'm going to set you one task more, and then you're a free man. Do you think you could steal my money-chest? If so, the money's yours; but if not, why, then to the soldiers!"

"I shall be most happy," said Taraska, very politely; "and the sooner the better."

So the master went his way; and, bethinking himself that woman's wit is sometimes sharper than man's, he told the whole story to his wife, and asked her counsel.

"I'll tell you what to do," said she; "when night comes on put the chest in this corner, and I'll sit down upon it; and you sit beside me and keep watch, with your pistols on the table in front of you, ready to hand; and we'll keep watch till he comes, and if he gets the money then, let him say that he outwitted *me*!" And as she said, so it was done; and when all was ready the master began to rub his hands and chuckle, saying to himself, "Come, I've got him this time, I think. Let us see how hell get out of it now!"

But in the mean time Taraska had run off to his uncle (who happened to be in the village), and engaged him to assist by the offer of a share of the booty. So, in the first place, they made a kind of dummy with a sheep-skin and a block of wood; then Taraska dressed up his uncle in an old uniform belonging to the District Inspector of Police, which they had stolen some time before; and in this way they set off to the master's house. It was summer time, and consequently all the windows on the ground-floor were open; so Taraska took the dummy in his arms, and lifted it till its head came above the window-sill. The moment the head appeared the master, who was on the watch, fired a pistol full at it. Immediately there came a fearful groan, and the sound of a heavy fall; and then all was still.

"Hallo! hallo there!" cried Taraska's uncle, coming round the corner in the inspector's uniform; "what does all this mean? Here's a man murdered under your very windows, and you don't even stir a foot to help him, or to seize the murderer! Just be so kind as to step this way, will you?"

THE HALSTED OBSERVATORY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. R. HOWELL, 667 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

Out came the master with a very bad grace, carrying his lantern in his hand, and there, sure enough, was a dead body (or something very like one) lying on the ground, and the inspector of police, to all appearance, standing beside it.

"This is a pretty business for you to be mixed up in, my friend," said the pretended inspector, very sternly. "Be off with you this minute to the constable's hut, and get every thing ready for taking the deposition; and I, in the mean time, will go round the village and make farther inquiries respecting the affair."

Away went the master accordingly, trailing one foot after the other, and cursing Taraska, the money-chest, himself, the inspector of police, and every thing in the world, a thousand times over. But no sooner had he turned his back than Taraska slipped quietly into the house, and went straight to the room where the master's wife was still keeping guard over the chest, and wondering why her husband did not come back.

"All's well now, my love!" said Taraska, in a whisper, imitating the master's voice; "I've finished that rascal at last, and a good job too. He won't come to rob us again in a hurry, I'll be bound. Now, then, give me the chest, and I'll put it back in my cabinet; it's no good sitting up over it all night, now that there is nothing more to fear."

Now at night, as we all know, it is generally very dark; and it was none the lighter now that the master had carried off the lantern. Consequently, the good lady, who could not see a bit of Taraska, never dreamed but that it was her husband who was speaking; so she handed over the chest without more ado. Taraska immediately marched out of the house with it, hid it among the bushes, and then, going into the kitchen and curling himself up beside the stove, he went comfortably off to sleep.

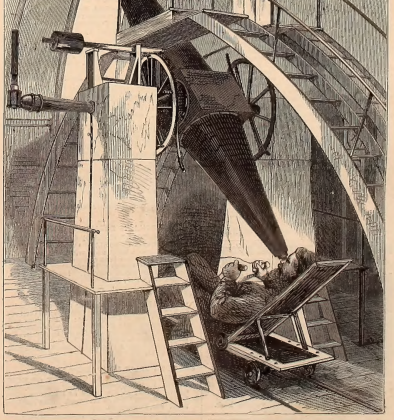
In the mean time his master, who had waited at the constable's hut till he was tired without hearing any thing more of the murder, thought he might just as well go home and see that his money-chest was all right; so back he went accordingly, lantern and all.

"Why, wife, where's the chest?"

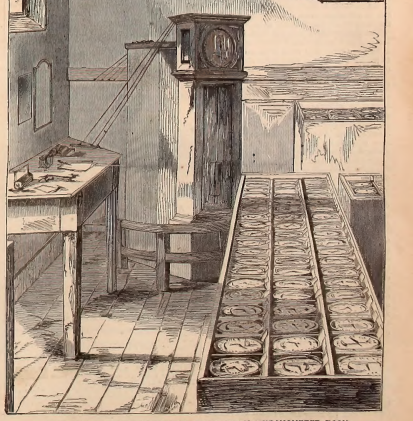
"Why, my love, you took it away yourself, you know, about half an hour ago. What have you been doing all the time since then?"

The master gave a kind of roar, like a bear hit by a bullet, and bumped his head against the wall as if he had suddenly gone mad.

"Oh, but I am an old fool!" howled he; "see now if I haven't let that villain take me in again! Well, it's no use trying to get over him, I can see that, so I'll just send him about his business, and never have any thing more to do with him."



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON—OBTAINING THE SIDEREAL TIME.
SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 315.]



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON—CHRONOMETER ROOM.
SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

TALKING BIRDS.

CERTAIN birds are known to utter strange sounds, the origin of which has much puzzled the ornithologists. The Brown Owl which hoots is hence called the Screech Owl. A musical friend of Gilbert White tried all the owls that were his near neighbors with a pitch-pipe set at a correct pitch, and found they all hooted in B flat; and he subsequently found that neither owls nor cuckoos kept to one note. The Whidah Bird, one of the most costly of cage-birds, rattles its tail-feathers with a noise somewhat resembling that made by the rattle-snake. The Chinese Mocking Bird, or Chia called *Lanyong*, in captivity is very teachable, imitating words, and even whistling tunes: we all remember those airs *starling*, "Poll" is reported to be seen in troops in the Blue Mountains, is named from its ready mimicry of other birds: its imitation of the chucking and scolding of hen and the crowing of a cock, as well as its whistling of tunes, are described as very perfect: its native note is said to be a loud whistle. The Blue Jay turns his imitative faculty to treacherous account: he so closely imitates the St. Domingo Falcon as to deceive even those acquainted with both birds: and the falcon no sooner appears in their neighborhood than the jays swarm around him and insult him with their imitative cries, for which they frequently fall victime to his appetite. The Bullfinch, according to Blumenbach, learns to whistle tunes, to sing in parts, and even to pronounce words. The note of the Crowned Crane has been compared by Buffon to the dolorous es of a trumpet; it also clucks like a hen. Mr. Wallace, in his "Travels on the Amazon," saw a bird about the size and color of the red curlew, that uttered a loud, hoarse cry, like some deep musical instrument, whence its Indian name, *Coroniaba*—*Trumpet-bird*. It inhabits the flooded islands of the Rio Negro and the Solimoes, never appearing on the main land. The only sound produced by storks is by snapping their bills. The Night Heron is called the Qua Bird, from its note Qua.

The Bittern, the English provincial names of which are the Mire-drum, Boll or the Bog, etc., is so called for the bellowing or drumming note or booming for which the bird is so famous. This deep note of the "hollow-sounding Bittern" is exerted at the season of the breeding season, about February or March. As the day declines he leaves his haunt, and, rising aprubly, soars to a great height in the twilight. Wilfughby says that it performs this last-mentioned feat in the autumn, "making a singular kind of noise, nothing like to lowing." Bewick says that it soars so above described when it changes its haunts. Ordinarily it flies heavily, like the heron, uttering from time to time a resounding cry, and lowing; and then Willughby, who well describes the bellowing nobe of the breeding season, supposes it to be the Night Raven, at whose "dismal voice" the superstitious wayfarer of the night turned, pale and trembled. "This, without doubt," says Willughby, "is that bird concerning whom people call the Night Raven, and have such a dread of, imagining its cry portends no less than their death or the death of some of their near relations; for it flies in the night, answers their description of being like a flagging cuffon, and hath such a kind of hooping cry as they talk of." Others, with some reason, consider the Qua Bird already mentioned (which utters a deep and most disagreeable noise when on the wing, conveying the idea of the agonies of a person attempting to vomit) to be the true Night Raven. The Bittern was well known to the ancients, and Aristotle mentions the fable of its origin from staves metamorphosed into birds. The piping cry of the bird-toe is much prized as a tooth-pick, and in the olden times it was thought to have the property of preserving the teeth.

The Greater-billed Butcher Bird, from New Holland, has extraordinary powers of voice: it is trained for catching small birds, and it is said to imitate the notes of some other birds by way of decoying them to their destruction.

The most imitative sounds of parrots are of little interest compared with the instances of indirect, apparently allied to reason, which are related of individuals. Of this tribe the distinguishing characteristics are a hooked bill, the upper mandible of which is movable on a joint of the lower, and not in one piece with the skull, as in most other birds, but joined to the head by a strong membrane, with which the bird lays hold and lets it fall at pleasure. The bill is also round on the outside and hollow within, and has, in some degree, the properties of a mouth, particularly the tongue, which is thick and fleshy, to play freely; while the sound, striking against the circular border of the bill as a mandible, reflects it like a palate: hence the animal does not utter a whistling sound, but a full articulation.

The Wild Swan has a very loud call, and utters a melancholy cry when one of the flock is killed; however, it was said by the poets to sing its own dying dirge. Such was the popular belief in olden times; and, looking to the anatomical characteristics of the species, it was, in some degree, supported by the more inflated windpipe of the wild when compared with that of the tame species. The *Song of the Swan* is, however, irreconcilable with sober belief, the only noise of the Wild Swan of our times being unmelodious, and an unpleasing monotony.

The Laughing Goose is named from its note having some resemblance to the laugh of man, and not, as Wilson supposes, from the grinning appearance of its mandibles. The Indians imitate its cry by moving the hand quickly against the lips while they repeat the syllable *quok*.

The Cuckoo may be said to have done much for musical science, because from that bird has been derived the *minor scale*, the origin of which has puzzled so many; the Cuckoo's couplet being the *minor third* going downward.

The Germans are the finest appreciators of the Nightingale; and it is a fact that when the Prussian armies invade another country, they are about to cut down certain trees near Cologne, which were frequented by Nightingales, the alarmed citizens purchased the trees in order to save the birds and keep their music. Yet one would think the music hardly worth having if it really sounded as it looks upon paper, transcribed thus by Bechstein, from whom it is quoted by Broderip:

*Zozozoz

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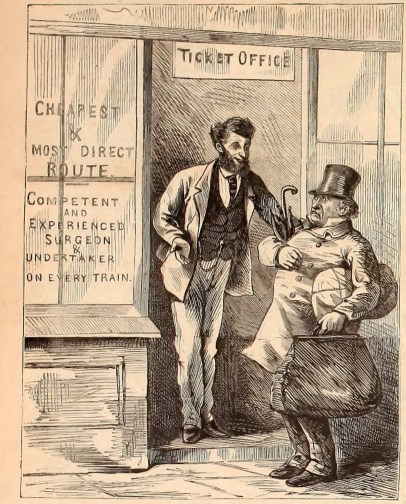

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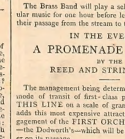

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 647.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

THE well-known master of the *Rob Roy* canoe (Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR, patron of many benevolent institutions in London, and the solitary explorer of many inland waters in Europe, Africa, and Asia,) has lately been navigating the rivers and lakes of Palestine in that ubiquitous little boat, of which he is both captain and the whole crew. We publish on this page a sketch of one of the most interesting places visited by him. An attack made upon him by some Arabs, who first upon him and captured his canoe, prevented him from tracing the Jordan for one mile in the marsh of Huleh; but, with that exception, he has followed the river's course from its three separate sources. As this course, he says, has never been traced before, and several miles of it are marked by conjecture only, and are quite incorrect, even in the best maps, he describes how that wonderful and sacred river runs: "I brought my canoe from Damascus, round the spur of Hermon, by very rugged roads, with the ice cracking under our feet, and the snow beside our path. The *Rob Roy* was then launched on the perennial source of Jordan, near Hasbeya, and paddled down until she was transferred to the pool at Dan, where from out of the moist earth there gushes the largest single spring in the world. The third source is at Banias, the ancient Cæsarea-Philippi, where a torrent rushes out of the rock; and then these three rivers, each born full-grown—the Hasbany, the Leddan, and the Banias—converge in the plain of Huleh, and unite in a small lake, called in the Bible "the waters of Merom." To trace the course of the stream through this marsh, eight miles long and four wide, was Mr. MACGREGOR'S object. The *Rob Roy* was carried to the furthest point where a horse could take her, and then he launched her alone. Having traversed the lake in all directions, and taken soundings and compass-bearings every where, he states the following as his conclusions: "The Hasbany River is the true Jordan. The river Leddan spreads almost at its birth into a hundred streams and gets lost. The Banias and Hasbany rivers each lose one-half of their bulk in this way, but they unite at Tell Sheikh Yusuf. The united stream runs south about three miles, and then spreads into a morass. On this is a vast floating forest of papyrus and cane, perfectly dark inside. I could never penetrate more than 3 feet. I measured one cane, and following 1 foot for the root) it was just 20 feet high. The papyrus is called *ardor* by the Arabs. Many of the stalks of it are as thick as my arm. The water percolates below and through the spongy morass, and there loses at least half its volume by absorption and evaporation. This impassable barrier is about a mile wide. I reached northward to within a mile of the place I stopped at in going south. The Jordan flows in a stream 100 feet wide and 15 feet deep on the western side of the centre of the morass (not the eastern, as it is given in VANDEVELDE'S splendid map). The lake of Huleh is very irregular in outline. Its upper edge is the only one bounded by reeds and marsh. The bottom is nearly level. It is about 12 feet deep, and in no part more than 20 feet. No part of it is more than three miles across. The whole of the spacious area might be drained dry by a single cut at the southern end. Until it comes to Jacob's Bridge the river flows deep and smooth; but the canoe had to be carried past the long line of torrent."

The highest source of the Jordan, represented in our engraving, is at Hasbeya, under the snowy Hermon. It consists of small springs in the little island above the stone dam represented in our illustration. Under the rock on the right is a deep pool, unapproachable for sounding until the *Rob Roy* canoe was launched upon it. The water behind the island dries up in summer. Heavy rains make its color a deep brown, and it falls over the dyke in a muddy cascade; but in the middle the unsullied crystal stream from the island spring falls separate in a clear blue stream of its own. The new-born river escapes by the channel on the left, and hurries on, in a winding, foaming torrent, through wild mountains, until it is joined by the Leddan and the Banias from the other two sources. The whole then spreads into the vast floating morass of Huleh, passing through which by a channel three miles long, and first traversed by the *Rob Roy*, it rests a while in the lake of Merom. With new force then the Jordan rushes on to the Sea of Galilee; and again, by tortuous bends, it runs down to the Dead Sea, which is the lowest depression on the surface of the globe. Here the Jordan is lost; but it ascends to heaven again by the evaporation under a fierce sun; and perhaps the south wind wafts the vapor back to Hermon, to be there congealed in snow, and so to pass once more through a wondrous history; for as mystery cradles the river's birth, so does mystery again shroud its termination.

THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.

EXPLORATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

THE topography of ancient Jerusalem, a subject of profound historical interest, has long been disputed by the learned partisans of different speculative theories without adding much to our positive knowledge. The labors of Lieutenant CHARLES WARREN, R.E., with the assistance of Sergeant BIRTLES and one or two other non-commissioned officers, employed during the last two years by the Palestine Exploration Fund, have opened a new series of practical researches. This fund is raised by a society whose objects are the accurate and systematic investigation of the archæology and topography, the geology and physical geography, and the manners and customs of the Holy Land; with a view to Biblical illustration, but with a view no less to the general interests of historical and scientific inquiry. We publish on page 324 illustrations of some of the underground explorations at Jerusalem, conducted by Lieutenant WARREN.

The most important part of these explorations is that relating to the Jewish Temple, the one built by Herod, which stood upon Mount Moriah; and the site of which, now called the "Haram," a word signifying "Rest" or "Peace," and equivalent to the Hebrew "Salem," is still guarded by the Moslem as a very sacred place. Here is the Mosque of Omar, known also as the "Dome of the Rock," and the ground inclosed by the walls that surround the level summit of this rocky eminence has not yet been opened. Lieut. WARREN has been obliged hitherto to confine himself to sinking many shafts outside the Haram Wall, on all four sides of the hill, and burrowing along, in every promising direction, to find the precise

external boundaries of the Temple, and its subterranean passages catacumulating with the city and suburbs. We now invite attention to the points specially illustrated by our engravings; and we may first notice the one entitled "Robinson's Arch, Haram Wall."

The ground here shown is the present level of the surface in the filled-up Tyropœon Valley. The view looks northward, the Haram Wall being to the right hand of the spectator. This piece is a very fair sample of the masonry of the wall. Its stones are of various sizes, and one of them, partly visible in the illustration, but partly hidden, is 38 feet long, which is about half the size of one at Baalbec. There is a corner-stone at the southeast angle of the Haram, weighing a hundred tons. The concave front presented by two of the stones here, beneath which the wall is seen going on in the middle of our engraving, had been observed by Dr. Robinson, the author of "Biblical Researches," and it had been suggested by him that they once formed part of an arch. But it has been reserved for Lieutenant Warren to discover the other stones or vestiges of the arch, buried at a depth of 40 feet, and one 63 feet, beneath the present surface of the Tyropœon Valley; proving that they had fallen down into it when the arch was destroyed; from which circumstance it may be inferred that the arch formed part of a grand bridge or viaduct, built across the valley joining Mount Moriah to Mount Zion. He has also found the pier upon which the opposite or western side of the arch was built.

The discoveries at Wilson's arch are no less important. In Robinson's arch, we have only the three first courses of the spring of the arch visible to the eye; but here we have the spring of the sixth course; it is only one of a series forming an approach from the western city to the inclosure of the Temple. To the ordinary visitor walking along this street above, no arch or bridge is visible. The only entrance to this arch is through a door high up, with a rope-ladder for the means of ascent. The wall here is the western wall of the Haram inclosure, the level of which is 35 feet above, and the depth of it is 51 feet 6 inches below. An aqueduct with the water from the Pools of Solomon behind Bethlehem passes into the Temple inclosure over this arch and below the street on the surface. This street leads to what was supposed to have been the Essenian Gate of the Temple, and must have had a fine effect when it stood with its tall piers crossing the valley of the Tyropœon connecting Zion with the Temple. A second wall, meeting the southeast angle of the Haram Wall, incloses the space outside of it upon the hill of Ophel, above the Kedron Valley. It is within this precinct, and in the neighborhood of a watering-place called the Fountain of the Virgin, that the most ancient remains have been made. The most remarkable feature of this place is the system of rock-cut passages connected with the Fountain of the Virgin. One of these is 1700 feet in length, connecting the fountain with the Pool of Siloam. A copy of this guide is given in one of our cuts; also a view of the large tunnel cut through the rock.

Another of our illustrations gives a view of the Royal Sepulchres, at the head of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or Kedron Valley. It is not many years since these caverns were discovered. There had been very wild speculations regarding their extent. It was believed that they went in for miles under the city, and that they had a passage under the Temple by which the stones were taken for its building. The tradition that the Temple was built without the sound of hammer or tool, but grew up in silence and peace, was quoted on behalf of the theory that these vast caverns were the quarry where the stones were cut and prepared, and that a passage exists by which they were taken to their place.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 22 1869.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

NOBODY seems really to know any thing about Cuba, but the situation is now said to be this: the patriots are shut up in the mountains with few weapons and no ammunition and with no food but cattle, and they are cut off from vegetables, salt, and other necessaries. Their number can not yet accurately be ascertained. The Spaniards are disciplined soldiers, well equipped, numbering about twenty thousand effective men. The hope of the Spaniards is to starve out the insurgents; the hope of the Cubans is the hot weather, the yellow-fever, and sympathy and assistance from the United States.

The Spanish party in the island, it may not be generally understood, is really composed of native Spaniards. They come to the colony from Spain and engage in various industries with the intention of returning. They are what would be called in Europe the shopkeeping class. The Cubans are the planters, the owners of great plantations, the aristocratic class. There is naturally no love lost between the two. The Spaniards are the volunteers, of whose ferocious feeling so much has been said, and who fiercely enjoy maintaining the rule of their nation over the disdainful Cubans. The slaves are undoubtedly in sympathy with the revolution, as its success promises them freedom.

The Cubans are also reported to have held a Congress recently at Sibanico and to have organized a civil government, with CESPEDES at the head and QUESADA as General-in-Chief. Whether the people were really represented or whether the Congress was a mere form by which those leaders invested their position with an air of popular authority, does not clearly appear, and is of no practical importance, as they are undoubtedly recognized as chiefs by the revolutionary party. This Congress is also reported to have declared that Cuba was fighting for annexation to the United States. The *Tribune* has discredited the report of the Congress, and said that while the ultimate fate of Cuba was plain, the immediate question is independence. The next day it said that the proposition is to annex Cuba as one of the United States or a continued dependence upon Spain; and already we hear of three new States of the Union in the Gulf. The *Herald* publishes a telegram that the Spanish chain thrown over Cuba can be called a government, and would have America acknowledge brotherhood with the patriot army; but he adds that he has no wish for Cuban annexation. She must lead the West Indian Confederacy, and "if, after trying that, years hence, she seeks us, then will be time enough to entertain the question."

For that, however, we are not very likely to wait. A very large part of the Cuban property is already in hot of creditors. It uses noble names and fine words. It declaims with energy against oppression, and extols the American principle. Now, there is a true and a false interpretation of principle. The spurious may be discovered at any moment by listening to declamation upon who flatter because they despise, and who pay lip-service to popular principles which they sneer. For ourselves, we are not yet convinced that the blatant body-guard of the late slave system in the United States Senate is entirely to be trusted about freedom, or that leaders of political "rings" are profoundly concerned to secure "popular government" in Cuba. We shall not take leave to suspect whether gentlemen who six years ago were fighting zealously to establish a slave empire in the Southern part of this country are now prepared honestly to found a republic of equal rights in the everblessed isle. The late Mr. WILLIAM WALKER was the father of a numerous family, but he went, and they know, very little about the American principle.

For an oppressed people honestly struggling to be free, as the Cretans are, as the Greeks were in the American war, as the deepest sympathy. It feeds them and clothes them and cheers them in every honorable way. But do the Cubans who are struggling in this city and country, and who are taking money out of the island, expect sympathy for a cause which they desert, or serve only in New York hotels and at the swinging West Street food for Spanish powder? Do they hope to bribe this country to free Cuba by the promise of Cuba when free? Do they imagine that those who will neither fight for their independence nor maintain it when gained are a desirable addition to any nation? If the Cubans in New York would inspire the people of this country as WILLIAM WALKER family, with a hearty enthusiasm for Cuba, let them prove their faith by their works and join Quesada in the field.

Let us, at least, have something to lay hold of. Of the tyranny of the old Spanish rule in Cuba there is no question. Whether the Cuban can govern themselves is another question. That the Cubans ought to be independent of foreign rule if they wish to be is granted. If the Cubans are earnestly fighting for their independence we wish them God-speed. If they have won any victories we are glad of it. But we are all groping in a cloud of ignorance. The trouble began last October. Is it ended? We know about it since? Has there been a Congress? Did it form a government? Has the government any authority beyond the camp? Has it pronounced for annexation? There have been enthusiastic public meetings of sympathy. What light have they shed upon the essential question? Is there an army? Are they only guerrillas? If there are brave men somewhere struggling for liberty all Americans sympathize, but they would like to know something about it.

STATESMEN.

AN article in the Chicago *Tribune* lamenting the lost prestige of President GRANT'S Administration, has given great comfort to the Democratic papers. It seems to us that the *Tribune* fails to perceive that the immense and vague and reckless expectation that attended the inauguration could not have been satisfied by any administration whatever; and the reaction of feeling which it expresses was inevitable. But that reaction is not to be unreasonable. The President has undoubtedly made mistakes. The appointment of Mr. WASHBURNE as Secretary of State was one of them, as the *Tribune* justly intimates. But every President makes mistakes. So do newspapers; and there is none greater than the suggestion that the Administration has lost the confidence of those who brought it into power.

The Chicago *Tribune* insists that statesmen must do the work of statesmen. Undoubtedly. But it is only by doing that that a statesman reveals himself. Are there a number of ready-made and acknowledged "statesmen" from whom the President is to select a Cabinet? What is a statesman? During the campaign the Democratic papers were constantly contrasting Mr. SEYMOUR, as what they called "a statesman," with General GRANT. But what was Mr. SEYMOUR'S statesmanship? Nothing but the most servile devotion to the political policy of slavery. He had been in political life for a quarter of a century. He was familiar with our political history. He was a fluent public speaker. He was a skilful party manager, as his own nomination last July sufficiently proved. All these gifts, such as they were, this American politician devoted to the perpetuity of human slavery in this country. He was solemnly called a statesman, and at the beginning of the war professed his willingness to sacrifice the Union to slavery. He was still called a statesman, and at the end of the war he was the Presidential candidate of rebels and repudiators. There are a great many people who still seriously suppose that a man who so totally misunderstood the character of his countrymen and the political tendency of the times, whose long political career is associated with no generous purpose or noble sentiment, is a statesman. That is to show how curiously misunderstood the word is. So when Mr. LINCOLN was elected President, there was a shout of contempt at the Albany and Illinois lawyer. Why, it was demanded, "why can't we have a statesman, at least?" After the illustrious administrations of statesmen like BUCHANAN, PIERCE, FILLMORE, POLK, SCOTT, and CLAY, or statesmen like JOHN B. FLOYD, TOUCEY, HOWELL COBB, JEFFERSON DAVIS, JACOB THOMPSON, *et cetera*, it was intolerable that the country should be ruled under the administration of a boor and a joker. We have lived to see the boor, and the joker, and the third-rate Illinois lawyer honored and beloved as a ruler with WASHINGTON.

Statesmen must indeed do the work of statesmen—but who are statesmen? It is a fine and engaging new name. But where does it apply in the country? How many are there upon whom we should all agree as statesmen? Meanwhile, is it not quite as true that the most important part of government that its administration should be in the hands of sagacious, honest, capable men, in full sympathy with the best American principles? With such the President has surrounded himself; and thus far, whether their names were as familiar, for instance, as those of some members of Congress or not, they have neither discredited themselves, the President, nor the country.

AN ADMIRABLE EXAMPLE.

WE had occasion some weeks since to remark that a worthy person by the name of JAMES FISK, JR., had received himself as a gentleman by the ingenious manner in which he caused Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES to be arrested and lodged in jail for a night. It was his coarse ingenuity and gentlemanly because Mr. BOWLES was a stranger stopping at a hotel, and because his invalid wife was with him. He has now again distinguished himself. A man does not satisfy himself with the cold and niggardly letter of the law, and Mr. BOWLES passed the night in jail. Now nothing is more desirable than to have gentlemen in possession of the decencies and comities of life as Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., should be constantly held up for the emulation of all generous and gentlemanly persons; and we take great pleasure, therefore, in stating that he has just done another of those acts which are naturally to be expected from such a gentleman.

Mr. NORVELL, of the New York *Times*, had written something for which Mr. FISK was pleased to call him out, which, it appears by the account in that paper, he intrusted to Mr. CLARENCE SEWARD. Mr. NORVELL lives upon Staten Island, and at six o'clock one evening a deputy from Mr. FISK met an interview between Mr. FISK and Mr. SEWARD, was directed in the most gentlemanly manner to proceed to Staten Island, arrest Mr. NORVELL, bring him to the city, and lodge him also in Ludlow Street Jail. A more gentlemanly proceeding, under the circumstances, can hardly be imagined, and Mr. SEWARD is to be congratulated upon his association of his name with that of his respected client. Nothing could exceed the impressive seriousness of the deputy in the consummation of Mr. NORVELL. It was—it must be presumed —known to Mr. FISK and to his friend Mr. SEWARD, that Mr. NORVELL was intending to elude justice and abscond, and that summary measures alone could defeat his base intentions. That he expected to pass the night quietly at home and to attend to business in the morning, ready to answer any complaint, was not to be supposed of so hardened an offender. Mr. FISK and Mr. SEWARD are not only polite gentlemen, they are sagacious gentlemen, and quite equal to the duplicity of notorious reprobates.

But by an inscrutable dispensation of Providence, Staten Island is in the Eastern, not in the Southern District; and for this, or some other equally mysterious reason, the Deputy-Marshal did not embark for Staten Island, and the two gentlemen, one of whom we are treating were deprived of the legitimate pleasure of baffling the elusive designs of Mr. NORVELL. Despite the gentlemanly plans of Mr. FISK and Mr. SEWARD, the culprit NORVELL passed the night in his own home instead of Ludlow Street Jail, which only proves, we suppose, that he is a more adroit evil-doer than Mr. BOWLES.

The *Times* informs us that General BARLOW, the new Marshal, with an apparent total disregard of what is due to gentlemen like Mr. FISK, is resolved to prevent his deputies from make of "the instruments of private spite and paltry spleen." But things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when gentlemen like Mr. FISK are not to be allowed to send those who offend them to jail! What inducement, let us ask, has any body to cultivate the gentlemanly graces of which Mr. JAMES FISK, JUN., is so shining an illustration, if they can not imprison at their pleasure those rascally fellows who write what displeases them in the public prints? Ludlow Street Jail if Mr. FISK can not put offenders into it? We insist that, in this view, Mr. FISK and the jail are made for each other; and he is no better than he should be who tries to keep them asunder.

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.

WE have formerly spoken of the discomfort of the Long Island Railroad, but it has become necessary to speak now of its danger. The late frightful accident by which seventeen were killed has been investigated thoroughly, and the jury returned that "the Long Island Railroad Company are responsible for said accident by neglecting their duty in keeping their tracks in proper order."

It would now, of course, be agreeable to the public to know that some change had been made in the management of the Company, as the one immediately responsible; and it is certainly satisfactory to ascertain that there can be a verdict against it for a Railroad Company. It would, however, have been still more serviceable if the names of the guilty persons had been published in the verdict. A Company is a very vague term, although in the case of the Long Island Road the President, Mr. OLIVER CHARLOCK, is supposed to be a very large and important part of the Company. Where such a verdict, of course, should suits for damages be brought against the Company, the most exemplary amounts would unquestionably be allowed by an intelligent jury. But where the insanity and common prudence are hopeless, it appears, in dealing with the management of railroads. Nothing but a vigorous assault upon the treasury, a reduction of dividends, a consumption of profits, makes an impression.

Various suggestions have been offered as to the cause of the frightful disaster and the accident, all showing that many obvious and essential improvements in construction and management had not been adopted by the Long Island Road. Mr. S. WARD COX states that MANHATTAN atomatic coupling, used by the Erie and other great companies, was not used upon this road. He adds that the Long Island Road is "a mud Road "was and is aggravated by bad spiking, inferior iron, deficient ties, and a scamping of the work generally." Another correspondent says that the timbers were not sound, and, of course, when they were wrenched from their places they turned at right angles with the road and rolled down the cars.

Indeed it was fair to presume that the management of a road which—at least two or three years ago—was so negligent of the ordinary comfort of passengers would not be very solicitous for their safety. A miserly economy upon a railroad does not promise security, and passengers who are thrown off in a snow-bank must not be surprised if they are regarded as cattle. After so solemn and terrible a catastrophe, however, and so emphatic a verdict, we may justly expect a radical reformation of the road, if suits be brought for heavy damages.

THE CITY.

THE *Sun*, in some forcible remarks upon the necessity of abolishing the present system of Legislative Commissions in the city of New York, says:

"One method, of all events, we are now suffering from, and that is the creation of s feeling on the part of our city officials of entire irresponsibility to our citizens for their conduct. They are not dependent for their power upon the esteem and approbation of those whom they nominally represent: but if they can only win by fair means or foul the favor of a handful of back politicians miles away from here, their places, their patronage, and their perquisites are secure from all danger. They may indulge in the most shameless corruption; may cheat us, rob us, and waste our money at their pleasure, and only half perform their duties, and the Governor bears all the responsibility, and lets them go free."

But does the *Sun* suppose that if the Health and Police Commissioners were elected by and for the city of New York would be any less at the mercy of "a handful of back politicians?" Does it believe that Tammany is any less liable to "shameful corruption," and that its agents would "cheat us, rob us, and waste our money at their pleasure" any less than the Legislature? The responsibility to our citizens in the city of New York is a mere phrase. It is the irresponsible managers who do the work, and they nominate,

and their party obediently elects, precisely such candidates as will be serviceable to them.

The *Sun* asks whether the police is less costly and efficient than when the Mayor was at the head of it. It is not less costly, certainly, for the city has so grown as very naturally and properly to increase the expense. But as for efficiency, what does the *Sun* think would have happened if FERNANDO WOOD had been at the head of the police during the July riots of 1863 instead of THOMAS C. ACTON? Recently Mr. OPDYKE was the Democratic mayor, and most zealously co-operated with the Police Board. But Mr. OPDYKE would never have been Mayor if the managers of the Democratic party had not quarrelled. The party to which the rioters belonged elect the Mayor of the city. And the present Mayor of the city last November, the present Governor, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, issued his official proclamation the sole tendency of which was to protect the bullot-stuffers to whom he owes his present position.

It is the people of the State of New York who are the proper judges of the system which will best regulate that part of their domain known as the city of New York. And the people will not change that system until, as the *Sun* intimates, they call the Democratic party to power. When they do that, Tammany will take charge of the State as well as of the city, and the gentlemen who rule its councils, and whose hands are now in the queensland jobs of every kind which are pressed upon the Legislature, will rule the State. There are great faults in all party policies as there are bad men in all parties. But what there is in the antecedents, or the present conduct, of the Democratic party to show that it is desirable that it should return to power, we are unable to perceive. Nor that it would do if it absolutely controlled the Legislature the proceedings of this winter plainly show. Let any man carefully study the record of the last session of the New York Legislature, and honestly declare which party most strenuously supported, in proportion to its numbers, the measures which were intrinsically good and wise. The State certainly does not elect the representatives in the Assembly from the city of New York. They are elected by the direct suffrage only in the city. Is it not be judicious to intrust the unrestricted administration of its affairs to those gentlemen?

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE check at London in the sale of our bonds, though attributed by the public to the distrust of Napoleon, is sufficiently accounted for in the condition of affairs in the great metropolis. Moneyed men have a peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of foreign complications, and they doubtless see in the new phase of the *Alabama* question, and the supposed American attitude toward Cuba, the possibility of disturbance, which they may think increased by the action of Mexico in opening a port to the Cuban insurgents, a measure which affords facility for aid to Cuba.

The necessity for this check in the sale of our securities is due also to the condition of the Bank of England. The private deposits last month were £20,278,278, against £20,433,000 in April, 1868. The reserve had fallen from £11,587,080 to £7,236,175. The coin had fallen from £20,327,000 to £17,000,151. The circulation was diminished to only £23,637,950 last month, as against £24,412,917 at the same time in 1868. The rate of interest was therefore raised from four per cent. to six and a half, in the expectation that capitalists in London would stop their transactions in foreign securities, and that money would flow in from abroad.

When the rate was raised to 4 per cent. it was noticed that French and other bankers who, until 1866, were attracted by such a rate began to buy in London commercial bills, had given as a reason for abstaining, although the rate was lower in Paris, that they had their purchase, but on the contrary, tempted by the large fortunes attributed to those on the Continent and in England who held our bonds purchased at low rates, investments were made in them at constantly advancing rates, threatening to turn the flow of specie toward this country notwithstanding our excessive imports.

The Bank of England, which is managed to promote the commercial advantage of the kingdom, has undoubtedly sought to arrest the tendency to invest in foreign loans, although there has been no recovery in the general attitude of trade from the depression which has existed since the panic of 1866. The policy has to encounter this difficulty, and the question arises whether our bonds will still prove the more tempting, or investors in London will be satisfied with what their own meagre market affords at low rates of interest. One thing is certain, that an augmented considerable demand abroad for our bonds can not be met without an advance in price on this side, as there are now but few of them in the hands of speculators in the United States.

The check was instantly felt on this side in all the departments of business, showing how intimate are the relations between the two countries, and how immense is the power of the board which manages the Bank of England.

In sympathy with the advance here in gold, which was coincident with the measure and due in part to skillful speculation, business was more active on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of May than it had been immediately before; but the weather was finer, and stocks in the interior are undoubtedly low. The fact is, that until the July account of stock seems to be the policy of many country merchants. The season is late and has been as a rule cold and unexpected. Depression in the price of gold has uniformly depressed business, and if an advance appears to have the character of permanence the opposite result follows, if other circumstances are favorable. But extravagance has exhausted many of their surplus means, and produced a greater amount of prudence than was lately known.

It is not creditable to the sagacity of this country, rich as it is in all that is required for the easy accumulation of wealth, that we are so much exposed as we appear to be to the power of foreign capitalists. We ought at this period of our existence to be as independent of British gold as is political matters, but we are very far from being so; and we shall remain in "leading strings" until we place our finances on the sound footing of the leading commercial nations.

This will continue to be the point of deepest interest to us until we escape from a depreciated currency, as we shall without controversy to others the benefit of our wonderful natural advantages. It may be that in the economy of all-wise Providence we have been subjected to these "leading strings" in order that those who occupy the overcrowded and worn-out portions of the world may share in the advantages which are peculiarly ours in this country, and that some escape from an unwise system will be coincident only with the premium of severe necessity.

The Chancellor of the EXCHEQUER has proposed, as a concession for some advantages to the Government arising from collecting the Income and other taxes earlier than usual, to abandon the duty on sugar refined, and on the shilling per quarter of eight bushels, and reaching a total of £900,000. MR. LOWE in taking this step claims that the tax is a charge on the consumer, and falls heavily on the poor, who consume a greater proportion of bread than is used by the higher classes; but it was contended in opposition that the tax is a tax for freight on corn earned by British carriers, was a charge on the foreign producer, either wholly or in part, and should be allowed for as an offset to the income tax. But the consumer pays the tax was explained on the ground that England, being the largest consumer in the world of foreign food, the tax is to be a reprieve and command the markets of the world on her own terms.

The time when this abolition of the duty shall take effect had not been fixed, but the first of June was mentioned with favor, and it seems not improbable that this tax, which stands as a charge heavy on the poorer class of consumer, may soon be removed to the advantage of this country. The abolition of this tax is partly due to the growing wants of the English for cheap food; but the purchase of it here is greatly obstructed by the advance in freights which attends every renewal of demand for our products. It is to be hoped that this may soon grow into a policy which will restore to us that fair share of the business of carriers upon the ocean to which this country is entitled.

CASTELAR.

A NEW orator has just made himself famous. SEÑOR CASTELAR has proposed the republic as the Spanish form of rule. He has asserted religious liberty against the argument of SEÑOR MANTEOLA, the representative of the Romish ecclesiastical authority, that a free government must bring Spain to his feet, and has sent his name wherever newspapers are read. What the effect must have been we may imagine upon reading such sentences as these in his first speech:

"There is not a single progressive principle which has not been coined in the blood of martyrs. There is not a great philosophical system which extends from the Pyrenees to the sea of Cadiz, for we have been excommunicated since the days of Luther. We have no agriculture, we have no industry, we have no learning, through ascendency of the principle of religion. We tie up the fires of the Inquisition and cast our freethinkers into them. . . . The Church has bewitched the queens and enchanted the kings, and given that terrible history which the slaves of St Patrocinio can not forget. To crown all, the Pope sent the distinction called the Golden Rose to a queen rejected by the conscience of the nation. . . . Let us say that our people are not instructed, and it is true. Yet for fifteen centuries the Catholic Church has had the education of them. Our middle classes now put on religion not as a fashionable dress, but as a necessity, but just as they snatch—to secure them in their property. Our statesmen, or the greater part of them, do not believe in the Catholic Church, but they pay it as an element of order.

At the close of a speech, which, even read and in our imperfect reports, is powerful and eloquent, and which in delivery must have been, under the circumstances, resistless, CASTELAR said: "Why should we not be governed by our great public men, such as SERRANO or PRIM, RIOS ROSAS or RIVERO. Why do we need a foreign king? In short, why can we not have a republic with these men at the head?" This is a question so simple, so natural, so conclusive, that it will continue to ask itself until a republic is established.

But the more remarkable speech of CASTELAR was in reply to MANTEOLA. This ecclesiastic had insisted upon Romanism as the State religion, with all its consequences. It is necessary, said CASTELAR, in reply, that a State be truly free should have great moral bonds, a great sense of rights, of duties—but duties imposed not by civil authority, nor by armies, but by its own reason and its own conscience. This can never be seen among enslaved nations. What does SEÑOR MANTEOLA require? That to be a Spaniard liable to all rights a man must bear a religion forcibly imposed and not freely accepted by his conscience. But the doctrine of the Inquisition, of the Church by the State should end forever. "The State has no religion—it can not have any—it ought not to have any. The State can not confess, the State can not communicate, the State can not die."

SEÑOR CASTELAR proceeded to a historical survey of the doctrine and its consequences, and came again to the Inquisition, considered as a Church. Then this Spaniard, glowing with a feeling that we may imagine, speaking to Spaniards who had the decree of liberty in their power, exclaimed:

"We did not kill the persecuted ones," said SEÑOR MANTEOLA. Mistaful defense! As if the assassin could not be said to have killed his victim, if he gave the dagger! The Inquisition, gentlemen, the Inquisition was the work of the Church. . . . We have not degraded not because we are inferior in intelligence and in talent to the nations of the English race. We have been degraded before as the great moral treasure of liberty of thought—because they have not explained, as we did at once, without light in the conscience, buried in the depths of the Inquisition."

The peroration of this speech was electrical. The conscience, the thought, the hope of Spain had at last found a voice. All that men had not dared to say was now said, and with passionate power. The speech of CASTELAR was not a greater event than the revolution. It aimed to change not merely the form of the Government but its soul. Further debate on Wednesday, May 5, was adjourned. The Cortes crowded around the orator. His speech changed the plans of the leaders. Not improbably it has made Spain a republic.

ECONOMICAL DEMOCRACY.

WE beg our readers to consider the moment who are about to think that the extravagance of the Republican party is so prodigious, to remark the economies of the Democratic party in the management of the State of New York.

The annual tax levies for the city and county of New York, which were not only generous but enormous, were submitted to the Legislature, and they were carefully revised before their passage. The Assembly, or Lower House, is nominally Republican; but the majority has been constantly overcome by the skill of the Tammany leaders. At the last moment MR. A. B. HODGES, of Brooklyn, a member elected as a Republican, introduced a substitute increasing the total of the city levies by some three millions of dollars, and the county levies by a similar sum.

After a vigorous protest from eminent Republicans in the House this infamous bill was passed, and *every Democrat in the House, every member of the party that is constantly thundering the horrible words reform, taxation, voted to increase the taxes nearly six millions of dollars!* Twenty Republicans voted with them, and secured the passage of the bill; but the opposition was all Republican.

We again remind our readers that when they hear the Republican Legislature of 1869 denounced as the most venal that ever disgraced the State, they are to remember that of the seventy-two Republicans voting fifty-two voted against this cunning iniquity and twenty for it, while every Democrat voting—forty-eight in number—voted for it. The names of the Republicans which should be carefully remembered are MESSRS. BELL, BENUS, BENDER, CALKINS, CARPENTER, GEORGE CLARK, CONGER, CRANE, J. FERRIS, HARRIS, HEGEMAN, HODGES, H. RAY, RICH, SCHOONMAKER, D. STEWART, W. H. STEWART, SUMMERS, THORNTON, and WHITMARSH.

NOTES.

THE next annual meeting of the National Teachers' Association will be held in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of August, 1869. Professor J. S. HART, Principal of the State Normal School, has made arrangements for the entertainment of the members upon the most liberal principles. The State, county, or city associations which send delegates are requested to communicate with him. A very large attendance of the teachers and a vigorous discussion of the most vital educational questions are anticipated; and it is supposed that with reasonable effort this may be made the most interesting meeting of the kind yet held in the country. MR. L. VAN BOKKELEN, of Maryland, is the President of the Association; and a hearty welcome awaits all who attend.

A VERY interesting and important historical work is announced as in preparation by the Rev. RAPHAEL DE C. LEWIN. It is the "Histories of the Jewish Congregations of America": a complete account of the rise and progress of Judaism in this country. The immense research necessary to such a work in such a work and the great expense of the publication have hitherto prevented its execution. But upon careful investigation the author has decided that the time has now arrived for the publication. It will be neatly printed and furnished to subscribers at three dollars a copy, payable on the agents upon delivery of the book. Orders and other communications should be sent to REV. RAPHAEL D.C. LEWIN, 17 Brevoort Place, New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FRANK B. CONVEY, aged fifteen years, and one of highly respected parents in North Andover, Massachusetts, shot himself dead on the morning of April 26. He had received a blow to spelling in the school teacher for truancy, which is supposed to have induced the rash act.

Another strange suicide is reported from Iowa. A young boy, a student at Griswold College, Iowa, while riding out with a young lady, May 2, drew a pistol from his pocket and blew out his brains. He was son of Mr. D. B. Clayton, connected with the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, very influentially. The youth had a revolver, and was playing with it, when it accidentally went off and discharged. He is sport, politics and religion, and lived well, with effect. Prior to his own head, and received the ball from the fatal discharge of the weapon. A fortunate escape for the child.

CHARLES J. GUITEAU, who was convicted on the 31st of May, was acquitted, on the ground that the prosecution had failed to make out their complaint. He was accordingly discharged.

The corner-stone of the lantern at the top of the Public Railroad was laid. It was of polished California granite, weighing about two tons, and silver, is composed by a spike of solid gold costing $200. The completion of the great enterprise will be celebrated by congratulatory connection between San Francisco and the Atlantic coast.

A curious present has been sent to Whittier from Egypt. It is a "Bible text" most beautifully done in the form of a Lord Seal," founded on a tradition of North-Africa, to the effect that the Lord's Prayer, written on a fly bled called by the people on the Amazon the "Mosquito of the Lord," and the Soul of the Lord, or the Lost Soul, is not the cry of a bird, but of a

"The pitiful cost of some fellow
Who has made his own bullets."

This poem so interested the Emperor of Brazil that he translated it very faithfully and poetically into Portuguese, and sent it to the author in a letter.

The working-women of Boston have at length organized a Sewing-Women's Union, the object of which is to educate women until their labor shall be as valuable as that of men, and to secure a just price for it. Between the two sexes. The Women's Club has been in existence for two years, and in connection with regard to the work and wages of women in that city, and many of the leading members of the Union were of the Club.

Recent Conventions and Associations.—The Convention of Commissioners and those interested in educational matters will be held in Albany, commencing on the 25th inst. This will also be generally given some two years ago by Mr. George Peabody, to extend the beneficent influence of the South, has not been diverted from its purpose of the South, and has its institutions in the South-ern cities is producing the best results. The Washington Chronicle says: "There is hardly a Southern city where these schools have not been reorganized and encouraged, and the colored children have been afforded equal opportunities with the children of the whites. How far this interesting work may be aided by the Peabody fund when it shall have matured is some of the towns of the South the smallest permanent basis: while in others, as Richmond, it is found added to the contributions of such as Atlanta, Memphis, Nashville, and Louisville, the fund will be considered, revives and extends what had previously been imperfectly conducted."

FOREIGN NEWS.

CUBA.

The Congress of the Revolutionary party at Sibanicu, on the 10th of April, unanimously adopted resolutions declaring that the party is "desirous for independence from Spain and annexation to the United States." Here is a change in the plans of the Cubans. If they are to be Government is successful. What will follow? General Cespedes proclaimed the Congress. Bayamo, the capital city or village, in the southeastern corner of the island, was captured. Other towns, formerly from Puerto Principe, and almost equally distant from Puerto Principe, and almost equally distant from Bayamo, on the north, have also been captured. Reports already proved a strong desire for annexation to the United States. Spain has elected Generalissimo of the Revolutionary Army.

ITEMS.

Prince Alexander Serjeuitsch Menschi'koff, Admiral of the Russian Navy, died at St. Petersburg, May 2, aged 69.

The Rev. Theodore Cuyler, Society of Paris has decreed a gold medal to Dr. Hayes, of the Arctic Expedition, in connection with the new book of Arctic exploration and discovery.

A revolution, it is reported, has broken out in the State of Guerrero, Mexico. Troops have been sent to the State, and the disturbance is said to be suppressed.

The Cabinet has been formed under General Menabrea as President.

The Florence *Nazione* says: "Thanks to PIUS IX., who has made Florence save 'Thanks to PIUS IX.,' who has made Florence save 'Thanks to PIUS IX.,' who has made Florence save 'Thanks to PIUS IX.,'

EXPLORATIONS AT JERUSALEM.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ROBINSON'S ARCH, HARAM WALL.

WILSON'S ARCH, HARAM WALL.

THE ROYAL CAVERNS AT JERUSALEM.

GALLERY AT THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF HARAM WALL.

ROCK-CUT TUNNEL NEAR THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

THE CHALLONER-WHITTAKER TRAGEDY, QUEBEC.

THE third day of March last will be long remembered in Quebec, Canada. The skating-rink in St. Lewis suburbs presented the customary lively appearance. The military, civilians, and ladies of the city were well represented. Non-subscribers to the rink were denied admission except when introduced by members. This arrangement allowed but few spectators, among whom, however, on the above day was one whose brow throbbed, and whose heart was smarting under feelings of abused honor and purposes of revenge. This was a youth of sixteen years, small for his age, the son of a respectable citizen of Quebec. He took his stand in the entrance to the boys' dressing-room, and immediately by that of the gentlemen's, when the object of his search, Ensign WHITTAKER, of the Fifty-Third Regiment, who was then in the dressing-room removing his skates, soon passed out to the platform. As the officer passed young CHALLONER raised a Remington revolver and fired, but missed

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC, CANADA.

his aim. The sudden explosion caused WHITTAKER to face quickly around, with his arms extended, as if to grapple with his dangerous foe; but before he had time to do more, a second shot was fired, the ball entering his left temple. He fell instantly upon his face an insensible man, and continued so for seven days, when death terminated his melancholy career.

"You know what that is for," said CHALLONER, as his victim fell at his feet. He made no attempt to escape; but surrendered himself to the first peace-officer that appeared, and was immediately taken to jail, to await the result of his desperate act.

Ensign WHITTAKER was twenty-two years of age, stood upward of six feet in height, entered the army in 1865, enjoyed the reputation of a handsome, fast young man, and on the day he received his mortal wound was gazetted a lieutenant. On the third day after his death his remains were conveyed to Mount Hermon Cemetery, followed by the Fifty-third Regiment, the Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade. But few citizens joined the procession, which slowly wended its way through the serpentine approaches to the old citadel. The solemn notes of the bands playing the Dead March, the measured tread of the long procession, and the sad reflections of blasted hopes and happiness that the scene furnished to every mind and pictured upon every countenance, gave the cortège a sickening impressiveness.

The cause of this tragic affair was not long in coming to light, and furnishes another of numerous instances of British officers being admitted into families as gentlemen, while many of them neither care nor are sufficiently honorable to support such a reputation. For months WHITTAKER had been received into the CHALLONER family as a gentleman paying court to Miss CHALLONER, sister of the prisoner, whom he seduced by means of drugs. For a time he silenced her by promises of marriage. To injury he added insult, by accompanying his victim to the church-door, ostensibly for marriage, when he said to her, "Tell the clergyman that I will call another day," and then left her. Legal redress was now sought, when it was ascertained that the law of Quebec does not punish the seducer. On the 3d of March the law-officers were called in to counsel the family. While they were in the house young CHALLONER returned from his office. "We are ruined; there is no hope for us," said his father to him. He rushed away from his sad home, his father's grief, his mother's tears, and sister's dishonor nerving his arm. An hour after he met WHITTAKER and shot him.

The trial, which lasted nearly three days, was impressive and harrowing. To see arraigned at the bar a spirited youth, who bore an excellent character, and who was a general favorite—to see him weeping passionately as his counsel dwelt upon the wrongs inflicted upon his family—to see jurors and an associate judge upon the bench in tears while the prisoner's father and mother reluctantly told their story, was a scene seldom witnessed in a court of justice.

On the morning of May 5 the jury rendered their verdict acquitting the prisoner, who was congratulated by the citizens present, and carried away in triumph.

JOHN H. CHALONER.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK C. WHITTAKER.

MISS CHALLONER.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW MASONIC LODGE-ROOM IN BOOTH'S BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, BY THE PRINCE OF ORANGE LODGE, MAY 1, 1869.

SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

RECONCILIATIONS.

Or let not thoughts of sullen hue
The hearts that were in union part;
But question straight, and answer true,
And clear them with a sunny heart.

The rain-blue vreaths that arch the dell,
And sweep the mountain's grassy sides,
Would slay its glory did they dwell
Forever on the darkened sides;

But sunbeams come, and breezes blow
The sluggish folds to snowy shapes,
Till leaves and den-set flowerets glow
On all the green and glistening copse.

And so, when friendship scatters pride,
How gayly heart to heart awakes!
Like two far sails that fogs divide,
When suddenly the sunshine breaks.

SPECULATING FOR THE RISE.

A STORY OF WALL STREET IN 1864.

"Most decidedly, my dear, we must alter our style of living. It is impossible with our means to continue in this street, for instance, and we must at once set up a carriage with a span of the finest horses that can be had for money."

"Well, and what else, Mary?"

"The girls must immediately establish fashionable and handsome wardrobes."

"You are one of 'the girls' on this occasion, I presume?"

"Don't be absurd. Next we must take a good house. Several servants will be necessary in fact, there are many requirements entailed by our new position that I really must beg you to think them all over."

"Let me know when you are quite through, and we'll see how much it all comes to. Mean while I'm off for 'the street.'"

Thus Mr. Augustus Bottley, a Wall Street speculator for the rest. The Fates had been propitious. By a series of fortunate ventures he had become rich, as many like him did during the violent fluctuations in gold at various recent periods. Accustomed to the barrack life of a great boarding-house, varied by the annual haul back life of a great hotel in some fashionable watering-place, he now found that a mansion among the Upper Ten when in town and a suburban mansion when out of it were among the necessary properties of his new position. Hence a family consisting of whom the fashionable should arise a new era of luxury and fashion. The family of Mr. Augustus was not large, consisting only of self and partner, with two junior partners, Clifford and Annie. A few words describe the first. Mr. Bottley was one of those men who seem to carry about great waistcoats before them rather than appear clothed thereon, and whose broad, clean-shaven face, expressive tie, and carefully-regulated hair, all spoke volumes of the prosperous man. Mrs. B. was a little lady with a great soul. Not much dressing as yet, her style of dress was the juvenile; having beautiful teeth, she smiled much: handsome locks, she took care of them; a tolerable complexion, she took care of it; and with the knowledge that her feet were symmetrical, was not averse to people in general being impressed with the fact. But it was not with her that made the impression. That was grand. People were conquered by it, and among those who were so conquered by it most completely was Mr. Bottley himself. Clifford was nobody at all—that is, only about seventeen if we consider age only, with a veteran in his own and his accounts of himself among companions were to be believed. He did not trouble him in our story. But the chief of the household was Annie. She was the pet of both parents, and as pretty as she was good. Even her brother conceded that she "wasn't a bad sort—for a girl; and that, though he couldn't see it himself, fellows seemed to experience great delight in her society." And so they did. As to her looks, if blue eyes, golden hair, a slender but perfectly well shaped figure, a merry smile, and a musical voice will do for the reader to realize her appearance, those items of description are freely offered; but as all male readers think a model of beauty, no complete list of attributes, were it a column long, would convey half so charming a picture as was Annie Bottley.

We have spoken of the "fellows" who admired her collectively, but they must stand aside in favor of one in particular. Herbert Foster was a friend of Annie's, his parents and hers having been intimate on terms of acquaintance before their time. In fact, at one time the Fosters and the Bottleys had been striving doubletes side by side in the journey of life, the good roommates, had often helped and cheered each other. Then, one after the other, Stephen Foster and his wife fell by the way; one child only child, Herbert, then ten years old, was left to pursue his travels there or at least with such companionship as his father and mother's gift bounds could give him, and a little fortune of ten thousand dollars. But their sympathies were practical, and the little fellow found in them almost a father; for during several years, till he left school, and all his spare time when he went into a counting-house, was spent in the society of his kind friends and dear Annie. And as centers continued down to the time of our sketch, excepting in one particular. The young couple who had been so much together were by no with the entire approval of the girl's father and mother—for a time. The boy became a man; the girl a woman. The little affectionate ways of childhood were replaced by the timid restraint of those who could no longer meet without emotion, nor whose hands clasp without a thrill. Her mother saw all this, of course, and the father too. But still the entire approval was not withheld—for a time. But the time was drawing to a close; for on the morning when Mrs. Bottley developed her ideas of the new social duties now joined by their new riches, she sat a long time after her husband had gone down town, and thought deeply of what social duties were enjoined by them in respect to her daughter's future.

Mrs. Bottley was not a cruel woman; never meant to be an unkind one even. She had a sincere affection for her daughter, and scarcely less for Herbert. She had watched their growth with pleasure and pride. She had seen with what ease springing up between them had stirred her heart with kind emotion. And if, a short time ago, she had been asked whether the young people were to marry, she would—while, perhaps, replying indefinitely—have whispered to herself that of course they would. But now Annie would be rich—a great match; while Herbert was just a clerk, and nothing more, "with only a begga-ly ten thousand." And so she mused, pondered, rather sadly it must be owned, upon her duty as the world would see it.

As with Mrs. Bottley, so with her lord. Riding down town he rapidly glanced over the daily views of the Wall Street writers, as spread over the money-columns of his favorite dailies, and somehow a new subject obtruded itself among the figures. Herbert's money value and prospects seemed to become an item of the "matter" news, and a poor exhibit they made. Annie stock was away up high above par, and Herbert stock was decidedly nowhere. And when he got out in Park Row a cloud was over his face, which grew darker at every step he took toward the office of the respectable of the Bulls and Bears. To acquire wealth was good; but what was wealth without position? What was to be the position of Annie? To be sure he could establish the young couple handsomely, which would in one sense be pleasant, but business before pleasure was the highest wisdom. The whole subject must be thought over; and if steps were to be taken inimical to Annie's peace of mind, why, the sooner the better was an end of it! Still there was no hurry—for a few days, at all events; and so with cheerful brow the speculator joined the Bulls.

But this particular day was more important than he thought. For some little time the young people had projected a visit to the ever-growing beauties of the Central Park, and, singular as it may seem, had communicated their intention to any one else. By mere chance, too, Mrs. Bottley thought the day suitable for a round of gossiping visits to people, with the delightful subject of her enlarged views of life with a be-duly trotted out, so that when Herbert rang the bell Annie was quite alone, and was more than surprised. The weather was beautiful, and the Park seemed an elysium to the young lovers. We need not enter minutely into their feelings, however, nor set down all their conversation: suffice it to say that, when Herbert left her at the door of her home, he was the happiest man on earth for all aglow, and soon melted into tears of happiness; while he marched away with as proud an air as if he were the happiest man on commercial rich uncle, and had just come into his property. For during that golden afternoon the words had been spoken which united the destinies of the young lives. Not that words were needed, for their looks told the others's heart long before. But now the vow had been pronounced which never should be broken. They had agreed, however, not to confide their hopes to Annie's parents just yet, for which line of conduct she was the first to the least reason so far as they were aware.

The evening dress was ready, and Mr. Bottley was ready too. He had been quite fortunate in the street. Another heap of money had sprung up between certain stocks. A new nothing of value. To them the after-dinner music and reading were more delightful than ever. They had a delicious secret to keep—a secret which cast a hidden meaning to their merry talk and looks. And the father and mother almost sighed as they read to each other's eyes that they were disappearing, for what before had been a source of pleasure to both.

The question was soon discussed by the worthy couple. That very afternoon Mr. Bottley, as many folks having separated, sat with his wife alone in their parlor—he silently smoking, and she silently knitting under the gas-light. "Mary," said he, at length, "are you and I thinking of the same thing, I wonder?" "I have no doubt of it," said she. "Then what is it?" "Why, dear, I've got go on like this, of course," he added. "Of course not," she replied, absently. "Then, again I say, what is it that you and I want to see soon united," said he. "No, nor I," she answered. "Well," said he, "now this thing's got to be looked at from a business point of view. Herbert has, or will have, ten thousand dollars. Annie an almost nothing." "A mere nothing." "A mere nothing!" she echoed. "Now, then, agen, Mrs. B., what do you suggest? The fact is, are we to go to Newport, Saratoga, and give our girl away —throw her away, Mrs. B.—to the highest bidder without money or prospects, just because we happen to have a little money?" "Why, no; we have a liking for him," replied Mrs. Bottley, with some sadness. "But," added her husband, with some irritation, "a kindness to Herbert? Why, the will be able to marry a millionaire!" "Where is your millionaire?" rejoined Mrs. Bottley, with some little irritation on her part also. "Now, Mary," replied he, with a softened manner, for he was just a little afraid of her bent brows, "let's discuss this matter like a Christian. I don't think that they care for each other very much—at least there will be no broken hearts, or rubbish of that sort. Then she has not seen much society yet—of the right sort, I mean. Both of you are made to shine, and should not only shed but reflect lustre upon the new circle that you will adorn. When we are newly fixed up we will gather round us a new set. Good gracious! I know of a dozen rich young fellows that will be at Annie's feet in no time. Yes, I see it all. A suitable establishment, Mary. Obstacles placed in the way of young Foster—social obstacles. New admirers for her, and, girls are but girls, his market will be swamped. Now say no more about it. I see the way clear. All you have to do is to make her appreciate our new position, and teach her how to adorn it. You want no teaching."

Mrs. Bottley smiled at the compliment, and sighed for Herbert and Annie. Annie's visions of the future shut him out from her thoughts. She even shed a few tears silently upon her pillow for the sacrifice, but resolved to think it was her duty, and when she dreamed her dreams were not of him, but of the coming splendors for herself.

Soon after this, less than a month, "young fellows" began to ask each other "had they been invited to Bottley's?" "and they seen the Bottley girl?" who was that young fellow who hung round her?" "and seemed to be engaged very often?" and so forth. For the Bottleys' house was now a mansion, the Bottleys were of the upper ten, or very nearly so, and their remotes were, although not yet quite fashionable, getting on rapidly in that direction. Gold, the magician, had touched Mary B. with his wand, and she seemed to expand in "width and wisdom" every day. Mrs. B. no longer asked the prices of things, but ordered them at once; and Annie, decked out in all the colors of the rainbow, illustrated the aliens of millinors who copy their fashions from the Empress Eugenie's maid, and who never have to sell their experience how a lady should be dressed. Annie was not more happy amidst these changes. Her simple heart was broken in upon, and the life passed before in something like domestic privacy was altered by obtrusive attentions, and the perpetual gayeties that seemed to be her mother reflection nor rest.

But what had her with secret uneasiness was the change which gradually came over the position in the house of her lover. This change could scarcely be called by her imperceptible were its degrees; but it was none the less certain. Herbert felt this and understood it. When, one day, Mr. Bottley called him to dinner, he knew that invitations were for the future unnecessary. He was now a visitor where always before he had been at home. He was ushered to take Annie for a drive, Mrs. Bottley "was so sorry, but Annie was engaged to a matinée, accompanied by Mrs. Devilshoe, and didn't think them charming!" And so throughout. A hedge of forms and ceremonies and occupations was built up between the young couple, which they might penetrate occasionally peep, but which they could not penetrate.

All this excited Annie's dismay at first, and then her indignation. To say the least, there was in it manifest injustice, and she could not but think, cruelly. She resolved it should not last, certainly not without explanation. The opportunity soon came.

Among Mrs. Bottley's new acquisitions was a foreign lady, recommended according to the newest ideas of that sacred retreat. Here she would "receive" a few of her very dearest friends, and exchange the usual gossip in which such retreats are often dedicated. Among those very dearest was Mrs. Deville, whose spouse—an ex-sloper—was one of the millionaire of the class profanely called shoddy. To her came Mrs. Devilshoe one day, and, after being present, the conversation turned upon a ball to be held that evening. "Any body we know to be there?" inquired Mrs. Devilshoe, with affected indifference.

"Any body, my dear! You amaze me! Why, *every body* is to be there."

"Isn't it delightful. But one must counterance these things, I suppose. Does your charming daughter attend?"

"Certainly. And yours?"

"Well, I suppose so. Poor things! they are pestered to death by invitations; but then one doesn't like to disoblige a friend. I am almost worn out chaperoning them. You see, my girls are much sought after, as is yours also, my dear Mrs. Bottley, and a good partner at a waltz is quite such as we should prefer for." But you understand me, I am sure."

"Very well indeed," Mrs. Bottley. "The subject forms one of my chief anxieties." This with the chief anxieties of Annie, who sat with her eyes fastened upon the pages of a book, which never seemed to turn.

"By-the-by! who has become of that young man—I forget his name—who really seemed quite domesticated with you?" said Mrs. Deville, with affected indifference. "One never sees him now. I thought you were such great friends."

"Yes, he is under considerable obligations to us. He still comes here sometimes, but of course we are very much engaged always."

Annie's eyes flashed, and she bit her lip; but she did not speak a word until after a little more of Mrs. Deville's conversational display had been exhibited, and she had taken her leave. Then did the pent-up agony of wounded pride shake her soul found vent in a passion of bitter tears, as she flung herself upon her knees and hid her face upon her mother's lap.

For a moment a spasm of pain passed over that mother's face, but it was for a moment only. "Annie, get up, child, and tell me the meaning of this."

"Mother, you know already. Oh, how could you—how could you be cruel?"

"I cruel! Again I say, rise and explain yourself."

"Mother, you have just now been speaking of one," replied she, rising to her feet, and looking her mother steadily in the face, "who I thought you loved as dearly almost as—as—" And her voice faltered.

"As you do. Is that what you would say?" said Mrs. Botley.

"As I do," repeated her daughter.

"I thought as much. Now listen, Annie, and don't interrupt. Your papa and I have higher views for you than a marriage with that penniless young man. I grieve for the necessity for telling you this: I thought you would have seen it for yourself. Stay—not a word! I repeat I am grieved that you so little appreciate our position as to deem it possible that we could for one moment think of such a mere spbody as Herbert Foster ever aspiring to your hand. That you must see for yourself."

"I *do not* see it. What is this position that I should give up my oldest friend, my—"

"Your lover. Do you mean that?" replied the mother, angrily. Then, on a new light broke over her, she added: "Have you engaged yourself to him, may I take the liberty of asking?"

"Mother," replied the daughter, steadily, "I have promised to be his wife."

"Then," almost screamed the mother, "you have been most undutiful—most—most—deluded! Take my word for it, Miss, you shall never keep your promise—no, never!"

"I shall keep my promise," replied Annie, with now increasing calmness.

"You will—you defy me? Now, Annie, this is too much. I was disposed to be patient before, said Mrs. Botley, rather untruthfully; but now that you openly rebel—actually fling your wretched lover in my face—I will not see how it ends. I am never in a passion, but I can be firm, young lady."

"And so can I, mamma." And, with a haughty courtesy to her mother, Annie left the room.

Long and anxious was the certain conversation between the parents of the rebellious young lady that night. Like many people who are secretly conscious of being in the wrong, they encouraged each other in indignant expressions, condemning their child "very severely" for conduct of their daughter. The difficulty was how to meet it. Coercive measures were dangerous. The days of shutting up prisoners in the most lonely towers had passed; nor was that sort of treatment always effectual. Appeals to reason were not altogether possible, for on that point both sides, as they very well knew. Finally, from blaming the girl they fell to scolding each other; and their discussion ended in Mrs. Bottley pulling his night-cap over his ears with a profane grunt, and Mrs. Botley subsiding into angry silent tears.

But Mr. Botley was a man of action; and when bright Phœbus once more climbed into his chariot, and Broadway behind the young Island Sound a plan was already maturing in his brain. Leaving his wife still slumbering he hurried through his breakfast, and was away down town—for he had one now, furnished thoroughly with luxurious literary cabinet-work, *and* a "genteel assortment" of "hands." Here he was busy, and, as rapidly as if he were telegraphing the price of stocks, wrote a letter—the reader guesses its purport and its destination. Then he "received his compliments," "was amazed, my own surprised," "begged to be excused," "remaining his friend," etc.; and, finally, "hoped that nothing would at present be painful to all parties, he would not trouble him further," "remaining himself," etc. "There," said he, in the height of the document, "that fixes *his* business, if all can say ha! ha!" And he had a soul when he had done. The note in due time reached its destination, but not alone. The same post brought a second to Herbert Foster. What it was about we shall presently discover.

Next day, and for several days, the three belligerents appeared at a sort of armed neutrality, ther Annie nor her parents approached the subject of their disagreement by word or look. Each, indeed, had been a little afraid that the other was willing to wait developments. One of the three, however, exulted secretly. Herbert studiously avoided the house, and remaining at Mr. Bottley in the street, contented himself with a look of cool. "Clearly he has taken my hint, and himself off," chuckled Mr. Botley, daily; however, with extensive magnanimity, "the lad has his virtue all, and knows his place. I'll make it up to him some day." Strangely enough, Annie makes no complaint of her lover's absence; but then, it was, to satisfactory, eminently so," further soliloquized the father, and then disposed the subject from his mind.

At the end of the story evening society for many New York men was out of town. Entertainments at home and entertainments at the Evening Parties divided their time and attention. Mr. Botley, while encouraging the former, distinctly stipulated that he should not be interfered with in his attendance at the latter. This stipulation was in full force on the night of which we write. Even Annie smiled, though tragically, as for the "dozenth time" "awful Beauty puts on all her charms." We shall not describe the entertainment. "It was *splendid*" —that description of the guests will do. Mrs. Botley was delighted. Mr. Botley had not appeared, but that was of little consequence: and then Annie had been so good, though Herbert was absent. When "the guests had departed," the lights were all dead," she parted with her daughter with a warm embrace. "Good-night, Annie, or rather good-morning. You have fulfilled almost expectations, and I am much pleased with you. Good-night, mother," said Annie, rather sadly, as she retired into her chamber.

Mr. Botley was asleep, or seemed so, when his wife joined him, and, utterly fagged out, she soon followed him into the land of dreams. When, late next day, she awoke he was gone. The whole house was a late riser that morning; they likely he had gone to his office at breakfast.

By degrees the domestic establishment of the Botleys came to itself. From basement to roof

the daily sounds of life renewed themselves. "Mistress's bell!" said one servant, and the activity around increased. Mrs. Botley would rise. Her maid was in requisition. "Go to Miss Annie's room," said the lady to that functionary, "and see if she will be up soon. Give her my love, and ask her how she is."

"Yes, m'm," answered the maid, and departed on her mission.

Soon she came flying back aghast. "Oh, please, m'm, Miss Annie isn't there, and nobody don't know where she is; and she haven't slep' in her bed!"

Run all over the house and look for her," faintly replied her mistress, turning pale. "I'll dress myself. Can it be?" she faltered, as she hurriedly rushed through her toilet. "Surely Annie would have to be so wicked as to—"

"Oh, m'm," cried the servant, bursting into the room again, "we can't find her nowhere, and cook says the policeman says as he found the front-door open early this morning and pulled it to with the latch."

With an agony of fear the mother rushed to her daughter's chamber. It was true—she had flown! The costly ball-dress lay upon the floor, and a plain suit with appropriate outdoor gear was missing. Hardly waiting to note these facts she hurried down stairs and called a male servant. "Take the quickest conveyance you can find; go to Mr. Botley's office; find him wherever he is; tell him to come home instantly, instantly—do you hear? Tell him that—no, tell him only that he must return without a moment's delay." The man vanished, and the woman sank upon a chair, feeling as if stunned. She had no one to advise her. Oh, that her husband were here!

Those hours of waiting—how dreary they are even when no calamity is impending; how dreary Mrs. Botley found them now! Every minute seemed an age. But the messenger did his work well, and returned quickly. "Well," she exclaimed, with some excitement, "is he coming?"

"I am very sorry, Madam, but I fear not."

"Not coming? Man, what do you mean?"

"I found him from his office to the Gold Room, Madam, and sent a message for him to come out. He said he was too busy. I then sent again and said, I told him he must come, and that you insisted upon it, and then he sent a message out that—But I don't like to repeat it."

"Never mind. Do not spare me. I could not be more wretched than I am."

"Well, Madam, I'm sorry, I'm sure. He couldn't have meant it, but he did say that you and me might go to the devil together, for he himself was half-way there already."

As these cruel words passed the man's lips the distressed wife and mother uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless upon the floor.

That day was a day of double agony in the broker's mansion. When she recovered from her swoon, her self-possession was gone, and she called her in this. But the crowning shock came when, as Botley rushed in suddenly, frightening her by his extreme excitement, and the sight of their loss, he swore a great oath that both she and himself were fools, and if the daughter had run away with young Foster all the better.

"What do you mean to do?" inquired the terrified mother.

"Nothing at all," said he, savagely.

"What has changed you in this extraordinary manner, Mr. Botley?" asked she, gaining courage.

"Now, wife, I want you to let me alone. You may do as you like, but I am going out directly." And slamming the door to it shut almost as suddenly as he had come in. There was no help for it.

The evening sped on. Night came. No Annie. Worse than all, Mr. Botley came home very late, drunk and furious. He upbraided his wife, nay, swore at her with bitter oaths. She had caused him, he yelled, to rush into extravagant follies; he was eaten up by such long-purses her parties and her finery had crippled his resources. And when she begged him to go to bed and recover himself, he blundered in her horrified ears the awful word, ruin, ruin! Let us draw the curtain over that miserable night.

They were weary eyes which met the next morning's light. The day seemed but another beginning of wretchedness. The breakfast-table, with its costly appointments, mocked at those who sat at it. Husband and wife exchanged no words. She feared to ask the meaning of his incoherent exclamations of the night before, and he was moody and abstracted. At length, with a painful effort, he spoke:

"Mary, forgive me, but I was very miserable. I tried to drown my cares last night and only became a madman."

"Not another word, Theophilus. This is no time for recriminations. Only tell me what those cares were. Confide in me. You used to do so once."

"Mary, things have gone wrong. Gold has gone down twenty per cent. in three days, and I have gone down with it. I am on the verge of total ruin. If I can't get hold of ten thousand dollars this very day, and I don't know where to look for it—"

A telegram for you, ma'am," interrupted a servant, who entered and placed a packet before her mistress.

Mrs. Botley tore it open, and read the message, trembling like a leaf the while. Then she handed it to her husband. "We are married," it said, "and are at the Staten Island Hotel. Do you and papa love us enough to take us back?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted he. "I see good in this. I'm off right away."

"But," anxiously inquired she, "about the forgiveness—"

"All right," he replied, "I forgive; don't say a word till I am back."

"How long?" asked his wife.

"Five or six hours will do." And he was gone.

An hour afterward a young couple sat with mingled anxiety and happiness on their faces at a hotel in Staten Island. They need no introduction except as in their new relationship of Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

"It seems a long time," said Annie. "There has been plenty of time for an answer."

"Plenty, indeed," replied Herbert. "Perhaps one or both will come—perhaps never see us again."

As the words left his lips Mr. Botley rushed in. "My children!" he exclaimed, and embraced his daughter. Of course this was according to a little dramatic programme which he had arranged; but no matter.

"Can you forgive us, Sir?" said Herbert, not without trepidation.

"Forgive you, my boy! I do from my heart. Can you forgive me?" said Mr. Botley, cheerily.

"Forgive you, Sir! You have been always kind. What is there to forgive? True, we eloped—Annie and I—but we might not be separated, and so took the bold step which—"

"No more—no more. Come home at once. And as for Foster, some day I will explain why it was written."

"What letter?" said the young couple both at once.

"Ahem! Well, I should say, if you received a letter, Herbert—"

"I have received none, Sir, believe me."

"Capital!" said Mr. Botley to himself. "Out of no consequence," said he, aloud. "Come away at once. Your mother will be impatient to see you. I shall send Annie on first, Herbert, and you can come into Wall Street with me for a little while. I have business."

And so it was arranged.

We shall not enter into business details as to Mr. Botley's operations in the stock-and-bullion line. Herbert's ten thousand dollars, however, was the chief subject of it. That sum Mr. Botley borrowed on security which was perfectly safe, though realizable from no other source than the new son-in-law. And Mr. Botley was relieved.

That night the family circle assembled in full conclave, and mamma, with some tears, told all the story. "I have a reason for being candid," said she. "We have had a taste of splendor, and have narrowly escaped losing all. We are going back to a quiet life, and will never be less happy for being safe. Let all my unkindness be forgotten. Riches changed my heart, but only for a time."

"Oh, how happy you make me—make us both!" cried Annie. Then she added, after a pause: "Papa, where's my curiosity, papa; but you spoke of a letter—"

"A word!" interposed Herbert. "I have found a letter, Sir, which I put into my pocket and forgotten until this evening. Here it is. Am I right, my now father, in putting it unread into the fire?"

"I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will," said Mr. Botley.

And it was done.

THE NEW MASONIC LODGE-ROOM.

THE opening of the new Masonic Lodge-Room in Booth's Building, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, in this city, took place on the evening of May 1. The reception was given by the Prince of Orange Lodge, No. 16, A. F. and A. M. A large number of select guests were present, a good proportion of whom were ladies. This was not a formal dedication of the room, and the proceedings were of a purely social character, STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., delivered a short address of welcome.

The new Lodge-room is the finest and most elegantly furnished of any in the city. The walls and ceiling are beautifully colored, and frescoed in a very chaste and artistic manner, the latter being ornamented with Masonic designs. The hangings are of rich scarlet cloth, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and the floor is covered with a magnificent carpet. The furniture is remarkably solid in appearance, and at each end of the room is a raised dais for the use of the officers of the lodge. The cornices are massive yet elegant, and the gas fixtures are in good taste and excellent keeping with the rest of the fittings. The room has been fitted up by Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, under the immediate supervision of the architect of the building, JOHN A. ROBERTSON. The room contains a very powerful organ.

The following gentlemen were the officers of the Lodge: W. M., E. E. THORNE; S. W., T. B. CLARKSON; J. W., G. E. SCOTT; Chaplain, S. H. TYNG, Jun.; Secretary, J. H. CHAPMAN; J. D., T. R. DAVIES; Treasurer, GEORGE SANDERSON; Secretary, A. S. GARDINER; Marshal, G. C. AMES; Tiler, R. ENGLAND.

INSECTS IN AUSTRALIA.

THE approach of summer (at the end of September) is heralded to us by the increase in the insect tribe. Fortunately, the different species do not all appear at the same time, otherwise madness or death would be the result to the poor victims. In the winter a large species of fly comes into existence, a most unsightly animal, but not personally hurtful; then, as summer approaches, these make way for sand-flies, armed with a weapon considerably larger than a needle, capable of producing most intense pain, and wine-flies, who find their way every where and into every thing, eyes, nose, mouth. All sorts of estables form an attraction too great for them to resist. These in turn die out, and are succeeded by the dreaded mosquito, concerning whose ferocious instincts we need not here dilate. These are accompanied by a perfect plague of the common house-fly, whose unremitting attentions nearly succeed in adding the last straw to the burden and killing you outright. The summer also brings enormous hornets and wasps of a most peculiar form and fearful sting; and last, but not least, ants, who are distressingly active and persevering when there is any thing in the shape of food. Ordinary wood exists that will defy their teeth, that is mahogany. Of all other woods they take a pleasure in eating out the interior, so that some morning your favorite falls to the ground, and the ants, quite satisfied with their work, retire to some other part of the premises. The following is one of the varieties with which we are most acquainted:

The sergeant ants, over one inch long, armed with a small sword, filled with some virulent poison. Eight of these have been known to kill a horse. These do not come into your houses in large numbers, but sometimes you inadvertently sit on their nests, when they soon make you aware of their vicinity. Second in order are the white ants (fortunately an outdoor ant), armed with a bo no means insignificant sting, who persist in making their nests just exactly in your bed, to be in readiness for any thing thrown out; you toss a bone to the dog, it is instantly covered by these insects, and even to the rash dog who attempts to dispute possession of it with them; he might as well cut off the hydra's heads, for, kill as many as he likes, thousands are ready to take the place of their dead brethren. The next are the black ants, quieter than their brethren; and then appears a most obnoxious little insect, who will persist in getting into every kind of food; nothing is safe from its ravages, and nothing but water will secure in order in pursuit of food. Another variety is the white ant: this gentleman despises human food, and pays his attention to articles of dress, or stuffs of any sort, boots and shoes, his taste ranging from articles of the hardest texture to the softest materials. Then we have the spider race, with large hairy heads, and several other kinds, who, keeping principally out of doors, have not yet attracted much attention. We might say much concerning centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, lizards, and snakes, but must reserve ourselves for the present.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAID I to little brother Howard: "There! your toes roll out of your boots again; scoot up to my bay-wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer he said to me, with a knowing wag of his head at the boots?" "No." "Because toes wiggle, and heels don't."

THE FIRST ONE FELLOW—ADAM.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without pay.

A subscription paper, circulated for some charitable purpose, was presented to a wealthy Dorcas, manufacturer, who subscribed twenty francs. "Twenty francs!" said the lady who presented the list to him: "why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your son has subscribed fifty francs." "That is all very well," replied the manufacturer; "my son has a rich father, and can afford to give more than I, who shall not inherit any thing."

Upon what object in nature has every author written?—Upon the subject.

DECEIT OF SONG-WRITERS.

The man who wrote "Old Arm Chair" never had an arm-chair in all his life. The best he had was an old cob-bottom chair without any back to it.

"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" used to cheat and deceive others when he lived.

and his dream was a bad one.

"The Maiden's Prayer" was composed on by remorse at the recollections of *heartless* and *murderous* deeds.

The author of "Rain on the Roof" always slept in the basement, except when he slept out of doors.

"The man with a heart" was Mary and his little Lamb' knew very well it was no thing but a fool he was.

"There is the author of "Ode to Beauty." Oakey Hall, too; there wasn't a blot on the whole firmament to be being drawn with a pencil and eraser.

"The man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home.

"If I had a heart" Thou send a Valentine" and "Thou art gone" are but a few of the songs that only just for his board and have mental school.

"Is the Wild Waves Saying?" knew very well they were approaching him for running away from Long Branch without paying his hotel bill.

The author of "We Met by Chance" knew very well that it was all arranged beforehand. He had been weeks in contrived the admired his contrivance.

YOUNG LADY. "Oh, I am so glad you like birds; such kind, do you admire most?

OLD SQUAB. "Well, I think the goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as good as any."

A life insurance agent applied to a Texan to take out a policy. The Texan replied: "I don't think it is no confoundedly uncertain this country, and it isn't worth insuring."

THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE.

Round the room, round the room,
Round the room, onward,
Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred.

Like a tee-totum
Revolved the one hundred,
For all were tipsy.
And no one had blundered,
"Onward the Bright Brigade!
All around!" *** said
Sir Joe the undied.

Round then the Bright Brigade,
No one the least dismayed—
Some—for the ladies' favor
They never blundered:
Not theirs to make reply,
Not theirs to scan nor sly,
Theirs but full round to fly,
So round and round the room
Revolved the one hundred.

Mirrors to right of them,
Mirrors to left of them,
Mirrors in front of them,
Flowers unnumbered.
Lovely, in rich attire,
Eyes as bright as day,
Partners—all gay as they,
Into fast fun rude.
Round the one hundred.

Rose all their arms so bare,
Flew all their skirts in air,
Sweeping those sitting there,
Whirling and spinning while
Lookers-on wondered:
Trod on and pushed along,
Some looking quite forlorn,
Some of their dresses torn,
Till they had reached their chairs,
Spun for two hours.

Gas-lights to right of them,
Gas-lights to left of them,
Gas-lights above them,
By glass pendants rendered
Laughing and blinding so,
At seats all rushing so,
Heated and out of breath,
And from that figure there.
Now all have reached a chair,
All that are really left
Of that one hundred.

When will the next begin?
O that enchanting spin!
How old folks wondered!
How they love so,
In that true pleasure, O,
Lovely one hundred!

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. "Oh dear, how you make my head ring!" said Smith. "That's a sign it'll rain now," said Brown. "But didn't you ring it?" "No," "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

"BALL STICKERS"—Wood Peckers.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in Hebrew, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination:

"Pray, Mr. ——, how would you discover a fool?"

"By the questions he would ask," was the rather startling reply.

Old Parson M., of Torrigford, was a queer sort of a man. One time, when his congregation had most of them dressed themselves for the afternoon up the startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking, in his loudest tone:

"What's the price of butter?"

To another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience he stopped and said:

"Those who in my pew are cousins from H——, so you needn't stare at them any more!"

ODE TO AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

Eternal Romeo! who art on organ hill,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
To prod opposing nations to the dust.

And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
Nor is there city where ye may not find
Her legions now, as in the ancient time.
They still go forth, their mission still to prod!

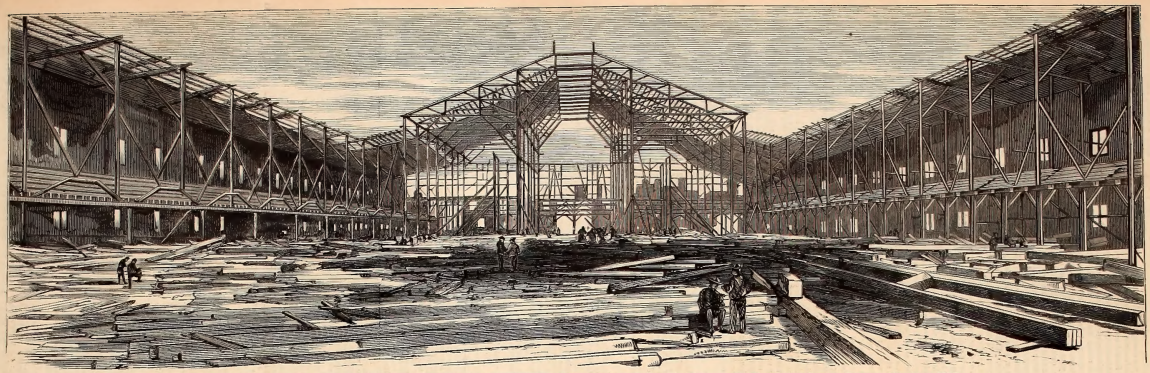
Ought anthropesses to dress in boil-muslin?

ANOTHER WANTON INSULT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

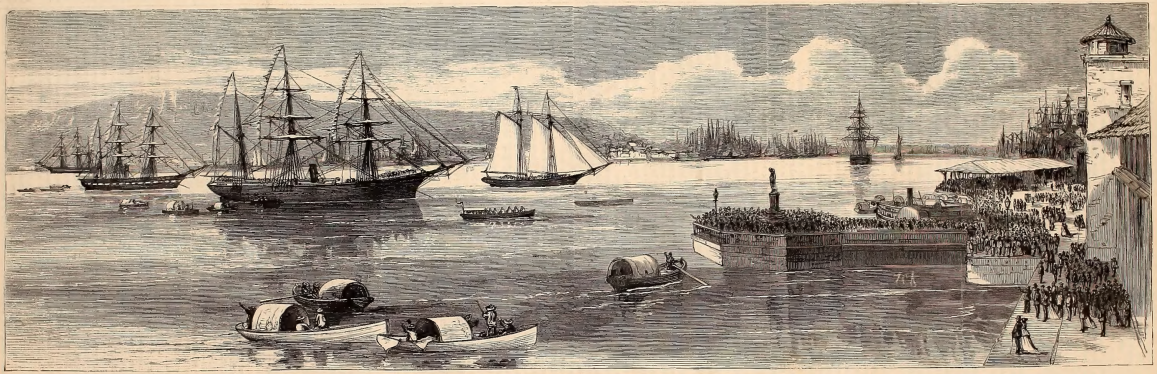
American Customer.—"SAY, BOSS, IS MY FACE GOOD FOR A PAPER OF TOBACCO?"

Cuban Dealer.—"FACE? FACE? NE NO UNDERSTAND FACE. YOU HAVE ZE STAMPS, YOU TAKE HIM; NO HAVE STAMPS, NO TAKE HIM."

[How long will General Grant submit to this sort of thing?



THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE BUILDING, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, 297 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 333.]



HARBOR OF HAVANA—LANDING OF SPANISH REINFORCEMENTS FOR CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 329.]

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

THE bull-fight is the national sport of Spain. It is what cricket and races are to the English, lotteries to the Italians, music to the Germans. In every principal city there is an arena for the purpose, and in many of them, on Sundays and saints' days, the fight in the arena takes place after mass in the cathedral.

The circus is packed with spectators, munching oranges and cakes. The performers troop in and make their salutations and retire. When all is ready, the presiding officer waves his handkerchief, and a bull, loosed from a narrow stall, and startled by the sudden sound of trumpets, rushes into the arena. There stands before him perhaps a single athlete. The animal regards him, then throws clouds of dust into the air, lowers his head, and rushes at him. The man stoops, dodges, plunges beneath the bull, and escapes like a flash between his legs. The astonished bull bellows amidst the huzzas of the admiring spectators, and turns to follow his adversary, when he confronts a horseman mounted on a thorough-bred steed and armed with a short lance.

This new tormentor wheels around the poor beast, raps him on the nose, pricks him in the flanks, and worries him into a rage. At last the bowels of the horse are ripped out by the horns of the bull, and he falls. The dexterous caballero narrowly escapes the same fate by the aid of a crowd of footmen, who rush into the arena and distract the bull's attention with their red banners.

Again, a man appears on stilts which raise him half a yard from the ground. They are lashed strongly to his legs, and one misstep would settle his fate; but he runs about the weary and unwieldy animal, dances before him, waves the red flag in his eyes, and finally kills him with a thrust of a sword.

When an unusually vigorous beast seems to be getting the better of his biped fellow-creatures, the assistants bring out a long pole armed with a sickle, and standing at a safe distance, cut his hom-strings; and on his bleeding stumps he fights on until he is fairly and chivalrously killed by a legitimate blow on the head.

Every time a bull is killed the carcass is dragged out by mules, and the arena is freshly sprinkled to conceal the bloody traces of the struggle, while the brilliantly-dressed throng of spectators buzz with applause and impatience.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS—SOMERSAULT ON THE BULL'S HORNS.

It is as if the ladies and gentlemen of Murray Hill resorted to the precincts of the slaughter-houses to see the blood flow.

The sport begins again. A fresh bull enters the arena and finds a crowd of unhappy negroes in fantastic dresses seated on a row of chairs directly across his path. He plunges at them, and they defend themselves with lances; but they are tossed about in the air with their chairs, creating a scene of infinite amusement to the spectators. When any one is thrown to the ground he rolls himself up like a hedgehog, knowing that though he may get some terrible thrusts, the bull will soon leave a motionless object to pursue the livelier adversaries around him.

Another company of men, eight or ten in number, are trained to rush into the arena and fall upon the bull, and hold him almost immovable, merely by the grasp of their hands, while one of their number, seizing his horns, lifts himself into the air, feet uppermost, upon the animal's head. Sometimes fire-works are fastened to the animal, and he is singed and scorched into the requisite fury.

The illustrations of these scenes which we present are from designs by GUSTAVE DORÉ. A French gentleman who visited Spain with him describes a *female matador*, who was then exciting the enthusiasm of the people at Seville. She was a young woman of twenty-eight or thirty years, a brunette, well-proportioned, robust, and full of energy. Her costume was like that of the dancing-girls of the theatres. She bore a flag and a sword; and after provoking the bull by the waving of her flag and her garments, and wearying him with his fruitless attacks upon her, she assailed him in front and killed him with a thrust of her sword in his forehead; and then gracefully acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of the spectators.

Christian Spain adopted this sport from the Moors, and it will be seen that, after having diligently practiced it for hundreds of years, it has been brought to a high degree of artistic refinement.

What is to be the future of a people who find their national pride and pleasure in such spectacles?

An American republican may hope, but can hardly predict, that their suffrages will soon administer a peaceful liberty.

SPANISH REINFORCEMENTS FOR CUBA.

OUR illustration, on the opposite page, of the landing of Spanish reinforcements for Cuba, gives a splendid view also of the harbor of Havana. This harbor has a narrow entrance for about half a mile, when it opens into a triple-headed bay, containing about nine square miles of surface, with a depth of water varying from one to six fathoms. From the entrance of the harbor up to the city the visitor is struck with the formidable defenses of the city. Besides the walls and citadels, there are six forts guarding the approach; these are El Morro, La Cabana, Numero 4, Atares, Principe, and La Punta. The harbor-front of the city is occupied by a continuous quay about 1000 yards long.

The scene shown in our illustration is one of frequent occurrence, as fresh reinforcements from

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS—THE MAN ON STILTS.

Spain are continually arriving. But, while the Spanish army is thus being daily augmented, the Cuban patriots are also being steadily but effectively aided by supplies of men, arms, and ammunition from all our large cities. It is estimated that within a few weeks past as many as 5000 men have in this way been shipped to Cuba from our shores.

THE SANCTUARY.

Nor in the proud cathedral,
Where splendid thousands throng;
Not in the fashionable formal pulpit,
The loud thanksgiving song;
Not in the studied homily,
The doctrine vague and dim,
There comes that softening grace to me
That lifts my heart to Him.

I kneel in supplication,
But the thoughts will stray;
The lips repeat the words, as is meet,
But the heart is far away.
There comes no thrill of joy, blessed gush,
No tender yearning there,
Till the head bends low, and the warm tears rush,
And the spirit melts in prayer.

But alone, alone with nature—
On the everlasting hill,
That proudly arose at the world's birth-throes,
And stands unaltered still.
Down shady lanes where the wild-flowers grow,
In forest paths untrod,
In still small accents, faint and low,
I hear the voice of God.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT BETTY MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Poor old Turner. He was dead enough. The life, fierce at first in its vitality, may, some said wild, had come to an almost eventless end. He had died in his chair quite quietly. A nobleman and a dissenting minister were carrying his body in a sofa, and a scared, beautiful daughter, looking on death now for the first time, was holding the candle. That was the end and finish of it all.

"Worth?" Yes. "Silence?" Beyond that of need. "Ambition?" Yes. "Money?" Enough. "Love?" Ay, and hate too. We shall never know *that* story. "Respect in the world?" Only one. Mother Hagbut the Dissenter are carrying him to the sofa. One of his shoes fell off and Rebecca picked it up and tried to put it on.

"It is of no use to do that," said Lord Ducretort.

No use to put on his shoe. Not one bit. There had come an end and finish. The man, as known to sight and touch, was utterly gone, with all his works and ways, bearing the consequences with him. The very tree in front of the house would last longer than he. A few days and the very image must be hidden in the earth. Shall we ever dare to appreciate the memory of death? Shall we ever dare to deduce the great future of the soul from the contempt which our good God shows toward this poor parcel of clay, a body which he has left?

He was *dead*. Shut your eyes for only one minute, and think of it. At one time all a man's schemes and plots, honorable and others, must come to an end! The man, as you know him, must be quickly put out of the way and hidden from eyes, exists no more. Who can wonder at Religion being the one thing which people are most furious about? That utterer of utter annihilation which produced the slightly illogical Pherdo, is the basis of all religions. There is only one tribe in the world, so far as I know, who believe in a future state, and it would be impolite to name them.

However, Turner, with all his sins and virtues, was, to his scared daughter, no more than a heap of bones and flesh. No wrong which one had ever done to the other could be righted now. He was all over. She had no means of believing that they would ever meet again. Her religion denied her the shocking and yet beautifully tender superstition of masses for his soul; she had been trained in too sharp a school to believe that Divine mercy could be bought with masses and candles. She only thought that her father had done his best, and that God would have mercy on him. Her terror, in her dumb, stunned grief, she would have asked even Hagbut about her father's future; but his popish faith had led so many evil things that she feared he might say that her father was in hell, and she also very much feared that she should believe it; and so she merely hung round his body tenderly, without one solitary tear as yet, and moaned to herself, "Dead! Alfred!"

But Morley was far away on the wild sea. There was no hope from him; and it was no use living on the floor beside the corpse, which was on the sofa, and saying at intervals, in a whisper, ghostly from want of hope, "Pa!" That was obviously no good whatever. All kinds of methods have been tried for speaking with the dead, but I have never heard of one which has succeeded.

Moaning inarticulately with all the weight of what might have been between her and that gory corpse, weighing on her more and more as the minutes went on, she lay dumb and tearless. Lord Ducretory and Mr. Hagbut, with that delicacy of manhood, which is nearly as fine as that of womanhood, left her alone, and stood about the house whispering. Carry had been hurried out of the house (being in an interesting condition), not having the least idea that her father was dead. What to do with the moaning tearless Rebecca was becoming a puzzle to Lord Ducretory. Hagbut was perfectly calm, and only said, "Wait, my lord. She will have faces round her soon which she will know. I was to preach here to-night, and I have ordered some women of my communion, who are come to hear me, to come to her."

Rebecca had nearly moaned herself to sleep on the hard floor, when she felt a kind, gentle arm round her waist, and heard a voice say, in a voice say, "My love, come with me. Get up."

"I will be very obedient," said Rebecca. "I was wrong to go to Hagbut. Now dear papa is here, I know it. Alfred Morley has forgiven me, and pa forgave me too. I will go to Wallham Green, and ask forgiveness of all. I am sure even Miss Soper would forgive me now."

"My sweet child, my own bonny girl," said old Soper; "what have to forgive? You have been a deceiving ill-tempered old maid, driven wild by girls. Come away, dear, and scold me. See here is Mrs. Russel: you will come with us, won't you?"

"Pretty sweet-heart," said Mrs. Russel; "come with us. We must put it off together yet, but we will do so for the future. Becky, my pretty love, come and lie down."

All the world was ready to extend sentimentality in the world could never have had the effect which the kindness of those two old women had on Rebecca. The tears came, and the tears came forth.

Soper and Russel behaved gloriously. Soper never yielded inch in her principles. Rebecca had once done a thing which, if done too often, would entirely ruin the ladies' character, because for which Russel had a sentimental regard, seeing that she had made a modest competence out of it. About the Ramsgate business Soper sulked for colors to the mast; but on all other points she gave way, and turned out the thoroughly good fellow which she could be. Rebecca had one stud in the house until the end, and as they never got on from one week's end to another without a squabble, they squabbled over her here.

Russel had one evening at tea that Rebecca would be all alone now. Mr. Hagbut was not like to Mr. Carry soo much of her, and she would be alone.

"A good job you," said Soper. "I hate Carry."

"She is a well-conducted girl," said Russel.

"Her sister is worth ten of her," said Soper. "Has experience! Has a character! Has!—If Rebecca was a barrack-master's daughter (you don't know what that means, I suppose?) there would never be a scandal in the mess."

Russel was so used to getting her old ears boxed by Soper that she submitted as usual, and said, "I know how it is, my dear, of course. That Morley's daughter, that Hetty, will be home soon, and she will be thrown against Rebecca. I suppose you will be jealous, dear, that you approve of *that*."

"Yes, I shall," said Soper. "I have retired from business, and sold connection. I'll say *that*. There are girls and girls, and we in our trade don't study their characters. But I'll say *that*," and she rubbing her nose. "I don't want to injure the woman's business who bought my school; but I will say so much as *that*."

"I don't be angry, my dear," said Russel.

"I shall, if I choose," Morley's daughter is the proper companion for Morley's."

"After what she has done?" cried Russel.

"What *has* she done?" asked Soper.

"Outraged every law of humanity," said Mrs. Russel, stoutly. "O Lord! look there."

It was only Rebecca in her dressing-gown, looking certainly very ghastly.

"My dear friends," she said, "is there any thing wrong?"

"Yes," said Russel; "Miss Soper is bucking up Hetty."

"And I don't see why I should not," said Soper; "the girl was plagued out of her life, and rebelled. Morley had not my money to give her, and she went honestly and bravely away to get money for herself and to help him. And she went as stewardess on board a Scotch steamer; and she went as governess to found an American connection; and she got money; and she got prestige for business habits; and she prospered. She is a rude girl, but she is prospered. She is a rude girl, but she is prospered. She is a rude girl, but she is

necessity of baptism, the inconceivable sin of falling away from grace, and the (practically) ultra-Romish views of the communion, Rebecca loved to hear this young man preach. For there was an earnest fury about every word of his which took her heart, and his words carried with them the scent of the distant sea, the waves of which wandered over his dead wife's coffin.

So, being and active, yet perfectly peaceful, still she waited for Alfred Morley beside the tide.

MERMAIDS.

CURIOUS evidences of the existence of mermaids are to be found in ancient authors. Pliny says that "the ambassadors to Augustine from Gaul declared that sea-women were often seen in their neighborhood." Solinus and Aulus Gellius also speak of their existence. Some stories are, however, past credence. It is related in the "Histoire d'Angleterre" that, in the year 1187, a mermaid was "fished up" off the coast of Suffolk, and kept for six months. It would be a man, but wanted speech, and at length escaped into the sea." In 1403, in the great inundation which destroyed the dykes in Holland, some women at Edam, in West Friesland, saw a mermaid who had been driven by the waters into the meadows, which were overflowed. "They took it, dressed it in female attire, and taught it to spin!" It was taken to Haerlem, where it lived some years. Then we read of Ceylonese fishermen, in 1560, catching at one draught, seven mermen and mermaids, which were dissected! In 1531 a "sea maid, caught in the Baltic, was sent to Sigismund, King of Poland, with whom she lived three days, and would eat with the white cover."

In Merollo's "Voyage to Congo," in 1682, mermaids are said to be plentiful all along the River Zaire. In "Aberdeen Almanac" for 1668 it is predicted that "near the place where the famous Dee poureth his tribute to the German Ocean, on the 18, 19th, and 20th days," and other specified times, curious observers may "undoubtedly see a pretty company of mar maids," and likewise hear their melodious singing. In another part of Scotland, about the same time, Brand, in his "Description of Orkney and Shetland," tells us that two fishermen saw, up with a hook a mermaid, "having face, arm, breast, shoulders, and all as a woman, and long hanging down the neck, but the other part, from below the waist, hidden in the water." One of the fishermen wounded her with a knife, and she was seen no more! The evidence went thus: Brand was told by a lady and gentleman, who were held to be worthy of credit, to whom they belonged, who was told by the fishers! Valentyn describes a mermaid he saw in 1714, on his voyage from Batavia to Amboyna, "sitting upon the surface of the water," etc. In 1758 a mermaid is said to have been exhibited at the fair of St. Germain's. It was shown to several persons, and spoken about in a vessel of water. It was fed with bread and fish. It was a female, with negro features.

In 1775 appeared a very circumstantial account of a mermaid which was captured in the Grecian Archipelago in the preceding year, and exhibited in London. The account is ludicrously minute, and it ends with: "It is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm." This imposture was cruelly made up out of the skin of the angle-shark. In Mr. Morgan's "Year in Milford Haven in the year 1758" appears an equally circumstantial account of a mermaid, said to have been seen by one Henry Reynolds, a farmer, of Rev-y-holi, in the parish of Castlemartin, in 1782. It resembled a youth of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with a very white skin: was bathing. The writer believes it very roundabout, so that there were abundant means for converting some peculiar kind of distinto a mermaid, without imputing intentional dishonesty to any one. "Something akin to this kind of evidence is observable in the account of a mermaid seen in Caithness in 1809, which attracted much attention in England as well as in Scotland, and excited the Philosophical Society of Glasgow to investigate the matter. The editor of a newspaper, who inserted the statement, had been told by a gentleman, who had been shown a letter by Sir John Sinclair, who had obtained it from Mr. Innes, to whom it had been written by Mr. Traill, who had had the account from the persons (two servant girls and a boy) who had seen the strange animal in the water."

Then we come to a so-called mermaid, shown in the year 1794 at No. 7 Broad Court, Bow Street, Covent Garden, said to have been taken in the North Seas by Captain Foster. This is the usual description.

Much evidence comes from Scotland. Thus, in the year 1808, a schoolmaster of Thurso affirmed that he had seen a mermaid, apparently in the act of combing her hair with her fingers! Twelve years afterward several persons declared near the same place a like appearance. Dr. Chisholm, in his "Essay on Malignant Fever in the West Indies," in 1801, relates that, in the year 1797, happening to be at Governor Van Batteneg's plantation, in Berbice, "the account was turned on a singular animal which had been repeatedly seen in Berbice River, and some smaller rivers. Such animal is the famous mermaid, hitherto considered as a mere creature of the imagination. It is called by the Indians *seekmamma*—or mother of waters. The description given of it by the Governor is as follows:

"The upper portion resembles the human figure, the head smaller in proportion, sometimes bare, but oftener covered with a copious quantity of long black hair. The shoulders are broad, and the breasts large and well formed. The lower portion resembles the tail of a fish, is of great dimensions, the tail forked, and not unlike that of the dolphin, as it is usually represented. The color of the skin is either black or tawny. The animal is held in veneration by the Indians, who imagine that killing it would be attended with calamitous consequences. It is from this circumstance that none of these animals have been shot, and consequently examined but at a distance. They have been generally observed in a sitting posture in the water, none of the lower extremity being seen until they are disturbed, when, by plunging, the tail agitates the water to a considerable distance round. They have been always seen employed in smoothing their hair, and have then been frequently observed in the act of women bathing. In 1811 a young man named John M'Isaac, of Corphine, in Kintyre, in Scotland, made oath, on examination before a magistrate, that he saw, on the 13th of October in the above year, on a rock on the sea-coast, an animal which generally corresponded with the idea of a sea-maid—the upper half human shape, the other bristled or reddish grey, apparently covered with scales; the extremity of the tail resembled two head covered with long hair, at times put back on both sides of the head." This statement was attested by the minister of Campbell-town and the Chamberlain of Mull.

In August, 1811, Mr. Tompin, of Exmouth, in a sailing excursion, and when about a mile southeast of Exmouth Bar, heard a sound like that of the Æolian harp, and saw, about one hundred yards' distance, a creature, which was regarded as a mermaid. The head, from the crown of the head to the throat, was of the usual proportion to resemble that of the seal, though with more agreeable features. The presumed hair, the throat, and the head, with the countenance, covered by a membrane, are then described, and the tail with polished scales. The entire length of the animal was from six to seven feet. In 1813 a creature approached the coast of Ireland. It was about the size of a child ten years of age, with a human head, long hair, and dark eyes. It was shot at, when it plunged into the sea with a loud scream.

In reviewing these stories of mermaids it may be remarked that there is always a fish in each tale—either a living fish or a peculiar kind, which is fanciful appropriated to the mermaid, sometimes in the upper part to a human being, or a fish which becomes marvelous in the progress of its description from ancient to modern. It was commonly thought the seals may often have been mistaken for mermaids. But of all the animals of the whale tribe the whale approaches the nearest in form to man is, undoubtedly, the dugong, which, when its head and breast are raised above the water, and its pectoral fins, resembling hands, are visible, might easily be taken by superstitious seamen for a semi-human creature. Steller's account of the reception a remarkable instance occurred in 1826. The skeleton of a mermaid, as it was called, was brought to the museum of Buffalo, and was shot in the vicinity of the Island of Monbass. This was submitted to the members of the Philosophical Society, when it proved to be the skeleton of a dugong. To those who came to the examination with preconceived notions of a fabulous mermaid it presented, as it lay in the museum, a very peculiar appearance. It was about six feet long; the lower portion, with its broad tail-like extremity, suggested the idea of a fish; while the upper termination, while the fore-legs resembled to the unskilful eye a resemblance to the bones of a small female arm, with the rudiments of a hand in the form, which could never have borne the lineaments of the human face divine.

The "Cape Ann Advertiser" of August 6 has already been incidentally mentioned as associations in these mermaid stories; and these, with the origin of the creation of the mermaid, Hind has ingeniously attempts to explain: "The resemblance of the seal, or sea-calf, to the calf consists only in the general form, and in some of the species not dissimilar to that of a man. But the claws of the seal, as well as the hand, are like a lady's back-hand exactly, therefore, altogether supposing the resemblence of sea-water streaming down its polished neck, as the seal rises from the subsiste for a looking-glass, we arrive at once at the fabulous history of the marine animal in the water." Then we have a so-called mermaid, which a number of Glasgow to investigate the matter. The editor of a newspaper, who inserted the statement, had been told by a gentleman, who had been shown a letter by Sir John Sinclair, who had obtained it from Mr. Innes, to whom it had been written by Mr. Traill, who had had the account from the persons (two servant girls and a boy) who had seen the strange animal in the water."

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HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As multitudes of families in the city have changed their residence within a couple of weeks many housekeepers may have been driven to look around for more convenient place to purchase meats, vegetables, and groceries. The prudent housewife will not decide to patronize a market, especially if it be a small, private one, without making careful investigations, and inquiries also, if she be not well skilled herself in the selections of meats. In the city people are in constant danger of buying unwholesome food. Dealers are too often unscrupulous, and customers are remiss alone, and the cheapness of an article is often its chief recommendation to people of limited means.

In New York city the regulations for preventing the sale of unwholesome provisions are tolerably stringent; yet not enough so to exclude them from numerous market-places. Purchasers must themselves learn to know what is good and what is bad. A recent number of the *British Medical Journal* mentions some characteristics of good meat which may aid those who are searching for their own tables. "Good, wholesome meat has a marbled appearance—beef especially—from the intermixture of little veins of fat among the muscles. It should be firm and elastic to the touch, and should scarcely moisten the fingers when pressed with the hand, with the least trace of acid or odor—diseased meat has a disagreeable odor, a pale, flabby look, and is often of a dropsical deep purple that indicates that the animal has died with the blood in it, or has suffered from fever. Good meat would not lose more than bad, and after standing a day or two is much dearer on the surface.

A great deal of meat is sold in London under "colonial," is smuggled into our city markets, and is liable to produce very serious disturbances of digestion. In general, no unwholesome meat is as nutritious as that from a fully developed animal. Veal less than four months old is generally poor, and unfit for human food; yet a great quantity is sent to market only four or five days old—and in spite of laws and detectives is sold. It is cheap, by the way price, and the butchers have various artificial methods of making the flesh look attractive. Inferior meat is also frequently sold, and is often the direct and immediate cause of disease.

In the case of the people against William H. Munster, the Judge said that, after careful attention to the case, he had come to the conclusion that the prisoner should be discharged, because he might himself believe that trick and deception had been practiced by the printers, and that, as to the capacity of prisoner, he was compelled to decide that he should not be justified in sending the defense to the Grand Jury, as in his opinion the prosecution had failed to prove the case.

As an exhange gently hints that chivalric deeds and high-class articles of literary beauty promoted if some papers in different parts of the country would insert some such notice:

"Yesterday afternoon a gentleman occupying a seat in a State Street horse-car, rose promptly upon the entrance of a lady, politely proffered his services, and tendered her his place. She at first declined, but at last accepted it. The act will be a life-long remembrance to her." "This afternoon Mr. A. B. Robinson's residence, No. 1 Bleecker Street, between 1st No.—Street, while crossing Broadway, stepped from the walk into the mud, in order to reverently let the beautiful Miss H., who rewarded him with a smile." "At the residence of Mr. Peter Schuyler, No. C., one of the most admired of our Chicago belles, gave up her seat in a crowded car to a small child. Mr. C. wore, at the time, a garnet silk. Her hair was auburn." "Yesterday afternoon, Master J. Brown Babcock."

Courtesy in public places is certainly fearfully on the decline, and any legitimate means for reviving it would be welcomed by the majority.

The proposal to establish a fortnightly boat-race between the crews of Harvard and Oxford will take place on the Thames course, England, in the last week of August. The Harvard men have a great deal of enthusiasm in going some three thousand miles to row on the Thames, and Mr. Lowell has remarked in reference to the contest: "The multitude will feel that the Americans have deserved success, even if they do not win it, and if they win, no Englishman will grudge them the banner they have come so far to pluck."

The famous accident is related of Rosenmüller. In 1814 he was visited by a delegation from his native city, Saxe-Meiningen, who had resolved to erect a bronze statue of him at no public place before the City Hall, so that, as the delegation said, the country people, who came to market at his native city, might could see their renowned countryman. "And how much will it cost?" inquired Rosenmüller. "Why the City Council has thus far set apart twelve thousand livres," was the answer. "Well, listen to me, dear Sirs; I will make you a proposition. Give me half of this sum, and I will oblige myself to stand twice a week in the appointed place, so that my countrymen can enjoy my presence, and look at the 'great man' to their hearts' content."

Reports from England indicate that Mr. Charles Dickens has quite overtasked himself, in spite of his usually robust health. Recently he was presented from fulfilling an engagement to read in London by sudden illness. Persons who went twenty or thirty miles to hear him were sorely disappointed, but were obliged to content themselves with their money, all tickets being redeemed at the door. Mr. Dickens's physician positively forbids more rest for his patient, but he has still many engagements to fulfill, and every reading is the occasion of a large amount of exhausting pain.

United States soldiers in Alaska seem to be any thing but a credit to our country. The San Francisco *Chronicle* makes some statements, based, it says, on reliable information, showing that many of the American officers have been guilty of shameful conduct. Gambling and drinking to excess are common occurrences; and women have been subjected to outrageous insults. The apology given for various atrocities is that the military gentlemen were "on a spree, and did not know what they were about."

"Can a spirit be photographed?" still continues to be an exciting question to certain portions of the community. A Bostonian makes public the "fact" that in 1861 he sat for his picture in the rooms of a photographer living in the Connecticut Valley. During the process the artist became strangely agitated, and when the plate was developed a bright but vapory female form appeared standing at the side of the sitter. The photographer declared he did not know how the form got on the plate, he could only say that he saw it with a man, that he had occasionally taken similar pictures, but through no agency of his, and that he did not want to have such a thing to do with spirits.

Mr. Mumler made a statement in court last week to the effect that when an engraver in Boston, in lieu, he said sometimes, to try experiments in a large portable gallery. One Sunday, when entirely alone in the gallery, he attempted to obtain a photograph of himself and then first discovered while developing it a second form on the plate. Subsequent attempts produced remarkable results, and Mumler became determined to leave his own business, and devote himself to photography.

In 1870 a Workmen's International Exhibition will be held in London. Workmen are invited to exhibit specimens of that particular branch in which they are engaged, either the whole, or a separate part of any work. All articles exhibited are to have the name of the workmen attached. Employers may also exhibit for themselves provided the names of the workmen as well as their own are displayed. The Committee desire to show the different processes of manufacture, as that different methods may be compared, and that a friendly competition may be incited, and fresh ones. Alone made the movement in the various branches of industry. The exhibition will be in the great Agricultural Hall, which is capable of holding about thirty thousand persons.

It is said by a recent traveler in Florida, that while the climate of the Land State is healthful to persons with pulmonary complaints, inland, and especially on the rivers, it is regarded as unhealthy. He reports that most of the settlers on the St. Johns River are very sick of their experiments, and anxious to return. Persons with means will purchase the improved farms or orange plantations, can doubtless do well in Florida, but not small families, who must work the soil themselves. The oranges are peaceful, and anxious for Northern emigration.

We see it stated that "Timothy Titcomb" (Dr. J. G. Holland) has been elected Professor of Belles-lettres in the Sunday School of the American Chapel in Paris.

A curious invention has been perfected by the engineer of Yale College, Mississippi, whereby a rifle ou being attached to a piano is said to print music as fast as it is played.

It is greatly to the credit of the Jews that their arrangements for taking care of their poor are so thoroughly that a needy beggar is seldom or never seen. Their system of charitable relief is founded on the principle of placing the needy in a situation to earn their own living, if they are physically able to do so. Otherwise they are pensioned, not put into a hospital, or otherwise kept in idleness at the public expense. A new Heb-ew hospital is soon to be erected on Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets. It is another remarkable fact that the Mount Sinai Hospital, which has been organized seventeen years, has cared for persons of all creeds, and without distinction of color.

We see it stated that a lady of Des Moines, Iowa, is going to have the finest flower' ilen and fairs a young lady at the Portfield Mill, near Tidloute, Pennsylvania, has for the last two months packed eight thousand shingles a day—Sundays excepted—and thinks that she promises hereafter to pack ten thousand a day!

A new way to overcome an old difficulty was resorted to by a young lady whose betrothed was persuaded by his friends not to marry because she was penniless. He had been for years in search of promise, and obtained $25,000 damages. He then coolness his sin ed about his pocket-book on the floor, when his friends' objections were removed by the received cash, and now owns. She took him, or rather he took her—money!

The Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's queenly-looking cousin, was once wicked to make his wife. has in her boudoir an old riding-whip which she once wrested from the hands of the brutal Russian, Prince Demidoff, who struck her with it after he had struck his wife in the f e. On that occasion the resolute young lady stood to her own defense, and, with the riding-whip, and after taking the riding-whip from his hand, struck him across his face with it.

Somebody's fortune has run through a paper-mill! Not long ago a workman in a paper manufactory in Dayton, Ohio, caught sight of some bills in the waste, looking green, which had been clipped in pieces by the picker. They proved to be scraps of greenbacks. The man picked up a handful and distributed them to his friends. The denominations were large, and it was estimated that no less than $5,000 were "ground up."

The recent Spanish decree impounded in the treasury the canons of the recent railroad slaughter on the Long Island Railroad. The officers of the Long Island Railroad Company are responsible for the accident, by neglecting their duty in keeping their tracks in good repair.

Among the numerous culinary couplets floating through the public press, some few are really worth thinking about. Here is one:

Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

To roast potatoes—allow me to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back a d broil 'em.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
A good yolk mixed with bosh.

Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

In dressing salad, mind this I w—
With two hard yolks use one hat's raw.

Not very long ago, in the above-named city, a rich old bachelor, a stately lady of New York, returning to some music and regaling herself with lozenges. Upon the door stopping at the house—a very little man who had a pretty good opinion of himself—and he had marked the distinguished-looking lady as his particular prototype, but she had genteelly repelled him. He came into the room as she sat there and approached her. As he did so, one of her lozenges dropped and rolled along the carpet. Jones saw it, and, after a brief rest, captured it. He brought it to the lady and handed it to her. She didn't look at him, but with a patronizing gesture of her head waived him off with, "Keep it, dear, keep it." He did not feel much larger than ordinary men for some time after that.

THE FLOATING LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE Floating Light-house, of which we give an illustration on this page, was erected at the entrance of the port of Liverpool, over some rocks, where, owing to the action of the currents, it was found impossible to erect a light-house like those ordinarily in use. The bulb below water is anchored, as is shown in the cut; the extent of the circular plate near the surface of the water securing the stability of the entire structure. The construction of the edifice, both as regards material and shape, is suited to the novel purpose to be attained. Much of romance has been associated with light-house keepers; but surely no situation could possibly be more romantic than that of the old fellow shown in our picture, looking out through his spy-glass upon the desert waste of waters from his floating but steadfast habitation.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. AT ST. HELENA.

IN a late Number of our paper (for MAY 1, 1869) we gave a very striking illustration of the island of St. Helena, the scene of NAPOLEON I.'s exile. We give this week two additional views; one representing NAPOLEON'S residence at Longwood, and the other his tomb. If our readers will look back to the article accompanying our previous illustration, they will find a detailed description of Longwood and also of NAPOLEON'S tomb.

RAILROAD DISASTER IN MAINE.

WE illustrate on page 333 the recent disaster which happened on the Portland and Oxford Central Railroad, on the bridge at Buckfield, Maine, early in the evening of April 29, involving considerable loss of property, but fortunately no loss of life or serious personal injury.

The engine of the down train from Hartford to Buckfield had just run on to the first span of the bridge at Buckfield village, which crosses the mill-pond just above the dam, when the whole span—about sixty feet in length—gave way, dropping the engine, tender, and first car, loaded with wood, ten or twelve feet into the water below. The conductor, Mr. ED. S. BURROUGHS; the engineer, Mr. O. P. TUCKER; and a young Mr. L. GOETHER, who happened to be supplying the place of the regular fireman, were in the cab of the engine, and found themselves dropped, without a moment's warning, under water dense with smoke, steam, and ashes.

Mr. BURROUGHS says that he was at first conscious that he was under water in the cab, and that the foot of another person was on his neck. He then made a tremendous effort, disentangled himself from the other man, crawled through the cab-window, and got his head above water. He came out on the lower side next to the dam, over which the water was pouring with tremendous force, being very high at the time. At first he thought to cling to the dam, but the power of the water quickly carried him over, followed by fragments of broken timber and sticks of cord-wood. He fell with the water several feet down among the rocks, and was carried down the stream several rods, till a Mr. BESSEE reached him a pole by wading out, and drew him ashore completely prostrated with knocking about in the water, and somewhat bruised, though not so much so but that he came down with his train the next day as mail.

The fireman and engineer crawled out of the cab on the upper side, and clambered up over the wreck to *terra firma*, not much hurt.

The excitement was very great in the village, and soon the scene of the wreck was lined with people.

Fortunately no other persons were on the train at the time of the accident.

No blame whatever can be laid to the conductor or engineer, as the engine was driven on to the bridge with the greatest caution. The bridge was thought to be entirely safe, having been overhauled this spring and put in good repair. It was built upon stone piers on the X-work plan, and considered sufficiently strong.

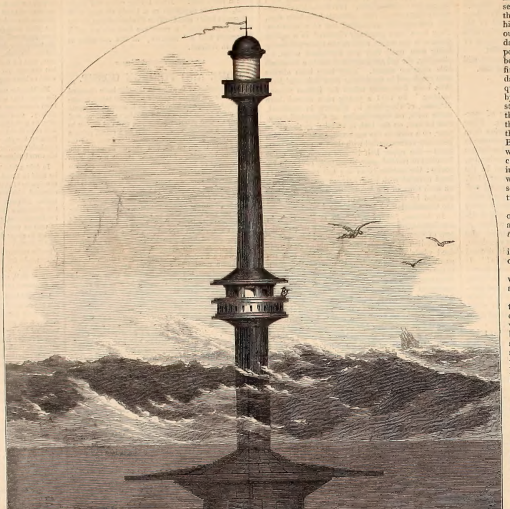
SERIOUS CASUALTY AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

IN connection with the railroad disaster at Buckfield, Maine, we give also, on the same page, an illustration of a somewhat similar casualty that happened at Syracuse, New York, on the evening of April 30.

The steam fire-engine "Central City, No. 1," was being drawn to a fire in the Third Ward. The engine had landed on Salina Street bridge, over the Erie Canal; and as it passed the first needle-beam, 8 feet from the abutment, the flooring gave way, letting the steamer down to the bed of the canal, a distance of 20 feet. The horses were on the next section, but as the heavy rear end of the machine went down, the horses were drawn with it, reversing their direction, and both striking their heads against the stone abutment had their necks broken, killing them almost instantly.

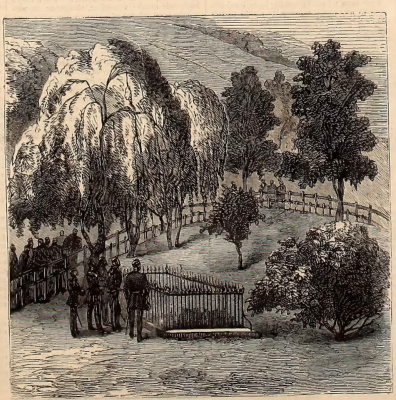
THOMAS ABELER, the driver, as he went down, was thrown from the seat, and landed several feet from the engine, but fortunately escaped without broken bones, though receiving serious injury to his left leg.

EDWARD HUDSON, engineer, was riding on the rear of the steamer as



THE FLOATING LIGHT-HOUSE.

LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA, RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON I. DURING HIS EXILE.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. AT ST. HELENA.

RAILROAD DISASTER AT BUCKFIELD, MAINE, APRIL 27, 1869.—[PHOT. BY M. S. HAWES.]

SERIOUS CASUALTY AT SYRACUSE, N. Y., APRIL 30, 1869.—[SKETCHED BY H. W. HUBBARD.]

usual, and when it began to go he sprang to save himself, catching hold of the iron rods of the upper frame-work, and succeeded in scrambling up. But in doing so struck his stomach and abdomen forcibly against the jutting timbers, producing a very serious breach.

GEORGE HENDRICKS, a brakeman on the railroad, somehow had taken the near horse by the bit in going up the incline, and was still holding on when the fall occurred, and he was jerked down with the rest. He landed some distance from the wreck, but had his left arm broken just above the wrist.

Several persons were on the ends of the bridge at the time, and very soon a number were in the bed of the canal (there being no water in), to ascertain the situation and aid the unfortunate. Lanterns were obtained, and ARELER and HENDRICKS taken out, and their injuries attended to. The engine lies in the canal bed, a complete wreck. It weighed about four tons, and cost the city $3000.

The bridge has been in an unsafe condition a long time. A year ago the north end of it gave way when a safe was being drawn over it. That part of it was then repaired, but the balance of it left without overhauling. The needle-beam that gave way now was rotten half-way through.

These two accidents, both occurring in the same week, clearly urge the importance of strong bridges, and also the necessity of strict attention to their condition and of prompt repairs.

THE NEW "CHICAGO TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

NEWSPAPER buildings are becoming a distinctive feature in the architecture of the country. The illustration presented herewith represents the new building of the Chicago *Tribune* as it appeared on the night of Tuesday, May 10, when illuminated in honor of the completion of the Pacific Railway. The location of this edifice is at the southeast corner of Dearborn and Madison streets. Its area on the ground is 72 by 121 feet, and its height 70 feet. It is constructed of Athens (Illinois) marble, and is fire-proof in every part. The ceilings, stairways, and cornice are of iron, and the partition walls of brick. The floors are laid in cement, and the entire building is heated with BAKER, SMITH, & CO.'s hot-water apparatus. The ventilation of the building was planned by Professor LEEDS, and is believed to answer all the requirements of modern hygienic science. The wood-work is butternut and black walnut, finely polished. The counting-room, which occupies the ground-floor corner, is not excelled in beauty or convenience by any office in the country. The editorial rooms (nine in number) are on the fourth floor. The press-room contains two of HOE's eight-cylinder printing-machines. The composing-room is 60 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 25 feet high, lighted on two sides and also at the top. Besides the room occupied by the *Tribune* Company for their own purposes there are between thirty and forty stores, offices, and basements rented to outsiders. The time occupied in the construction of the building was one year. Its cost, exclusive of machinery, was $200,000. Altogether it is one of the most complete and durable printing establishments in the world.

THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE BUILDING, BOSTON.

ON illustration of this building on page 328 shows its present condition. The musical festival for which it is being constructed will be held in Boston next June, beginning on the 15th, and lasting during five days. The Coliseum, as this building is called, has been roofed, and the labor of finishing and decorating the interior has been commenced. Over twenty-seven thousand dollars have been subscribed in advance for tickets of admission. Arrangements have been made for the comfortable shelter of the thousands of strangers who are expected to visit Boston during the Jubilee week.

Messrs. E. & G. G. HOOK, organ builders, of Boston, have contracted to furnish a large and powerful organ for the Coliseum, to be used at the National Peace Jubilee. It is intended that the instrument shall be one of such strength and power as shall sustain the vast chorus and orchestra, and fill the building with sound. The great chorus, the largest the world has ever seen, is now full, and the orchestral ranks are rapidly filling up. The superintendent of the chorus, Mr. P. TOURJEE, has found it necessary to issue a circular stating that no more choral organizations can be accepted, and that societies already accepted must make no more additions to their numbers. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, it is said, is to write a hymn to be sung by the grand chorus.

PACIFIC RAILWAY CELEBRATION AT CHICAGO—ILLUMINATION OF THE NEW "CHICAGO TRIBUNE" BUILDING, MAY 10, 1869.

THE ESCAPE OF A NUN.

SOME people may be under the impression that nuns are free to leave their convents if they choose. Let the following fact speak for itself. Early one morning in December, the little portern gate of the convent was slowly and cautiously opened, and a lady, closely muffled in long cloak and thick veil, issued from it. It was too dark for her to see to any distance, but after an anxious, searching glance on every side, she hastened along a narrow lane that wound past the convent wall into the village, and made her way to the place where a post car was just about starting for a town some thirty miles off. In a very excited manner she made arrangements for taking her seat upon it; and the members of the little crowd which had collected to see the car start, indulged in many surmises as to who she might be—the darkness and her close wrappings preventing their distinguishing her features. At last, to her evident relief, the car began to move, and was soon out of sight of the group who watched it. About two hours afterward, however, a rumor ran through the village that a nun had escaped from the convent, and in answer to the impatient inquiries of those seeking her, it was speedily discovered that a veiled lady had left the place on the post car. As soon as this fact was established, two young priests mounted their horses, and set off in hot pursuit. The road was very hilly, and as they spurred their horses with a will, up hill and down another, they scanned their eyes to catch a view of the post car on which the poor fugitive was escaping from her prison-house, but they saw it not.

The car had got a good two hours' start of them; and when they arrived at its destination, they found in their chagrin that the object and captive had taken another conveyance, and was already far on her way to a small town some twenty miles further from the convent. As soon as they could procure fresh horses (for those they had ridden were staggering from fatigue) the two priests again set forward, and in the chase; but the short December day closed in around them, and still no traces of the runaway could be found. Late in the evening they reached the town to which she had gone, and on inquiry found that she had certainly stopped there, for the car on which she had traveled was safe in the inn yard, and she had not taken any other conveyance. She was not there, however, in person; her host had applied for a room in any of the lodging-houses in the neighborhood. It was late to prosecute the search that night; so, as he fled for the moment, the priests sat down to their suppers in a very bad humor, discussing many plans of operation for the coming day, and according vows of punishments to come for the offender when she should be once more in safe keeping.

Early the next morning a thorough investigation of the town, which was quite under priestly control, was commenced. Not a house, not a garret to cellar, was left unsearched, but without avail. The fugitive had evidently managed to get away. But how? That was the question. At last an old woman was found who said she had seen a lady standing along in the shadow of the house late the night before, and that she had taken her way toward the open country. It was plain that the hunted creature had sought to throw her pursuers off the scent by proceeding on foot and alone through the wild passes of the mountains. Men with a spirit of mercenary human beings with even the smallest touch of humanity in their hearts—Christians with but the faintest glow of Christianity within them—would have felt an overwhelming pity for the poor, frail woman with such a courageous spirit; who having been, without a crime, held in bondage worse than that of the Israelites, was flying from the scene of her imprisonment—from grated windows and barred doors—through the darkness and wildness of a December night, alone and unprotected, along rugged roads and mountain gloom, from the vile exercise of power given by those who dogged her terrified footsteps. No; like blood-hounds thirsting for their prey, they hastened on the track with a savage and unrelenting ferocity joy that boded ill for the poor victim should she fall into their hands. For several days the most effective searched among the retired glens of the highest mountains, climbed every rock, pressed into every crevice that could afford shelter to even the smallest animal, but still the pursuit was unrewarded. Day by day, as no discoveries succeeded disappointment, the rage of the pursuers became fiercer, and their thirst to secure the fugitive more strong and burning. Every place that could afford her refuge had already been examined, and as they passed along, weary and infuriated at their want of success, the curses on the unconscious nun rolled from beneath their feet into the rocky hollows with a mocking sound, and the bare, bleak tops of the mountains seemed to look down on them in scorn; but suddenly turning an acute angle on the crest of one of the range, a narrow gorge came into view, and in its most secluded depths a miserable hovel appeared. A sudden inspiration had the priests that at last their quarry had been struck, and stealing like cats' footfalls on their prey, they approached the cottage from different sides. There was but one opening—the door; and when they came within reach of it, they strung together through it into the only room the wretched abode contained; and there, on a truss of straw, in a state of utter exhaustion, lay the poor hunted creature whose bodily pains and weariness had left her at last, worn out mind and body, completely at the mercy of those who had so relentlessly hunted her down.

Without a moment's delay the wretched woman was seized upon, and conveyed by the priests, as best they could, to the nearest town. She was now completely helpless in their hands—all her energy gone, and all her powers of mind and body prostrated utterly, so that without any difficulty she was placed in a post-chaise, and taken, not to the convent from which she had escaped, but to another, famed for the strictness of its discipline, and there she still remains, if death has not set her free. Who shall say what agonies of mind and body have been inflicted upon her? No human tongue will tell, nor pen will write, what her tortures have been, for the high walls and barred gates of the prison-house keep those secrets well; but the all-seeing eye of the great Being has seen it all, and His ear has heard the utterances of the cry, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord. But God will not hold those guiltless who, having the power to prevent such cruel wrong, refuse even to go on unchecked, and who even uphold a Church whose tyranny has been the nightmare of ages.

CELEBRATED ROADS.

THAT over the Simplon was projected by Napoleon, and made at the joint expense of France and Italy. It was completed in 1805—being thirty-six miles long, about twenty-five feet broad, and passes over two central and sixty-four bridges, through six short tunnels of solid rock—one, however, being thirteen hundred feet in length, by twelve in width. It was the most stupendous enterprise ever undertaken by man.

Another road, marvelous in all respects, passes from Milan to Naples, lying between Switzerland and Italy. It passes between two of the highest points of the mountain—the road at that point being one hundred and fifty above the level of the sea. The route is very circuitous, and passes a celebrated monastery, distinguished for the humanity of the monks and the sagacity and monstrous size of a breed of dogs kept there for the assistance of travelers. Napoleon crossed over with an army in 1800.

Over Mount St. Gothard is another wonderful road, only twelve feet wide, paved with granite. The Devil's Bridge, on this road, spans with a single arch (having peaks of rocks for abutments) an awful abyss, which it must have required the highest order of engineering genius to have spanned. All three are among the wonders of the world.

Ancient Rome at one epoch in her history had twenty-nine costly military roads—many of them bordered on either side by splendid tombs and palatial residences. Every twelve miles buildings were erected where relays of horses were always in readiness, and also carriages and carriages and beasts of burden for the conveyance of baggage and goods. At intervals of thirty miles there were stationed fifty soldiers. Such was the admirable finish of those roads, running generally directly from one city to another, that they have actually endured for over two thousand years in some places, and excite admiration still on account of their excellent construction.

The Hoosic Tunnel in Western Massachusetts, when completed, will far excel any road in ancient or modern times. It is destined to be a wonder of wonders.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.

WHATEVER be the influence exercised upon the earth by the varying positions of the planets, it is unquestionable that the most powerful effect is produced upon our orb by the changes in the position of our satellite the moon. That tiny orb, a mere speck compared with the larger planets, nevertheless by its nearness exerts an influence upon earth far greater than that produced by all the planets collectively. At the times it was never doubted that the moon greatly affected the superficial condition of our planet—not only as regards the weather, but also by more subtle forms of action. The words "lunatic" and "moon struck" still exist to show this old belief—indicating, as they do, a conviction that the moon's action upon the cerebral or nervous organs of man. And in many of the old, indeed still prevalent, superstitions, the belief of the influence of the moon upon the atmospheric condition of our planet is abundantly shown. In recent times, however, this belief has received a cold belief; and some years ago it was authoritatively declared, as the verdict of Science, that the moon had no effect upon the weather at all. Now, even judging *à priori*, yet upon purely scientific grounds, this verdict of the *utmost* might have called forth incredulous shrieks. Since the moon powerfully affects the ocean, the vast expanse of water which covers the larger part of earth's surface, producing the striking phenomenon of the tides—can it be doubted that lunar action on the waters of the air, the much greater extent, affect the still more mobile ocean of air (the atmosphere) which covers the whole surface of our globe? Such a theory would produce tides and currents in the atmosphere, must it not to an important degree affect the weather, which is so largely dependent upon the currents, movements, and disturbances in the atmosphere?

In truth, although the recent dictum of Science ignoring the moon's action upon the weather, moon has any influence upon the weather, has not yet been formally revoked, it is easy to see that science begins to falter in their doctrine. And well they may. A whole host of facts are arrayed against them. Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the varying phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the moon and the developments of volcanic action. Any one, too, who has lived in the south, or even sailed on the Mediterranean, may have noticed how carefully sleepers in the open air guard their head and face against the rays of the moon; he may even have seen instances of serious inconvenience from the action of the ophthalmia and other ills) which attend the neglect of such precautions. In India it is well known that meat exposed to the moonrays immediately putrefies. Some of these facts indicate a lunar action more subtle than Science can as yet account for. But the moon's influence on the weather is perfectly intelligible—on the grounds, if no other, that it produces tides and currents in the atmosphere just as it does in the less mobile ocean.

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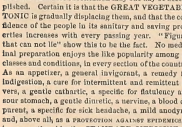

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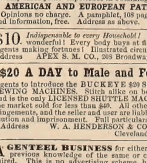

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THE LULLABY.—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH IN ENGLAND.

IT is a great misfortune that the London newspapers, instead of printing MR. SUMNER'S speech, so that every body might have seen exactly what he said, should have given what they called an abstract of it, with their comments. Those Englishmen who pride themselves upon fair play must have been indignant with a course which is as unjustifiable as it is unhandsome an interpretation. And it is precisely this kind of action which makes the rest of the world smile at the loud claim of fair play in which John Bull so often indulges. The speech evidently produced a profound excitement. The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the "fruitlessness of further negotiations, and the necessity of being prepared for war." The *Daily News* remarks that "MR. SUMNER not only presents a bill of five hundred millions, but demands that we should pay it on our knees." The *Morning Star* speaks of "demands which are utterly untenable, and ought to be resisted." The *Sun*, and the *News* are our especial friends in the London press. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is an organ of the governing class. The observations of the *Times* upon American affairs are wholly unimportant. It represents nothing but a guess at public opinion, and expresses none of the convictions that make it.

In consideration of these comments of the London press, MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY has written a letter to the *Tribune*. MR. M'CARTHY is entitled to speak, not only as "a British subject happening to be in New York," but as a gentleman familiar with our politics, friendly to this country, and recently editorially attached to the London *Morning Star*. He says that MR. SUMNER is regarded as the most pacific and the calmest of American Senators, and what he said upon the subject was naturally supposed to be the least that any American could say. If, therefore, he hoped that the question might be settled without war, the inference was that public opinion in this country had resolved upon a settlement, even at the cost of war. "England," says MR. M'CARTHY, "is just now convinced that General GRANT'S government means to put a pistol to her head at once, and then demand the settlement of the *Alabama* claims."

His remark is justified by the tone of the comments of which we have spoken. MR. SUMNER is understood to claim in behalf of the more moderate of the Southern States that England owe apologies for her recognition of the rebels as belligerents; that she shall pay the actual losses to American commerce by the depredations of the rebel pirates; and that she shall also pay the cost of the ships that might have been built except for her attitude, of the commerce that might have been carried on, and also the expense of a year or two of the war. Now, if JOHN BRIGHT were understood, under similar circumstances, to have made such demands of this country in the name of our friends in England, what would probably be the tone of our newspaper comment? Is it wholly improbable that even those of us who most deprecate any misunderstanding with England would say that if this were really the ground of moderate men and of our friends in England, we must begin to prepare the strength of our navy?

The great reason of our regret that the English papers did not publish MR. SUMNER'S speech is that every reader would then have seen what he did say, not what excited editors might represent him as saying. MR. SUMNER is not Secretary of State, and, as we remarked at the time, his speech is not the sketch of a treaty. Nor does he say where say in his speech what the terms of a treaty should be. He insists that the settlement is desirable, but not as a necessary step toward it, he states amply and forcibly the scope and character of the American claims. But he goes no further. Having stated in the long list of grievances he adds: "It will be for a wise statesmanship to determine how this fearful accumulation, like Pelion upon Ossa, shall be removed out of sight." And again: "Be the claims more or less, they are honestly presented, with the conviction that they are just, and they should be considered candidly." These are not the words of an ultimatum; and had the London newspapers published the speech there are thoughtful men enough in England who would have seen that they are not.

Happily this question will be considered upon both sides of the ocean by such men, and their opinion will be heard and felt. Fortunately, also, the chip-on-the-shoulder diplomacy will not be encouraged by Secretary FISH, and the last few years have educated a class of men in this country whose voice and judgment are not to be overborne by the clamor of "insult." The United States have proved their power, and it is their duty to very way that they can do not abuse it. Those who talk lightly of war any where are very young or very foolish. Those who say that they should rather like a war with England are men to be distrusted. No greater misfortune could befall the world than such an event; and all honest and patriotic men in both countries will do what they can to reason together as friends, not to gibe and denounce as enemies.

MANTEROLA IN NEW YORK.

THE citizens of New York who are sufficiently interested in their taxes to read the levies which were passed by the late Legislature—after reducing by one-half the appropriations for charitable purposes of six millions of dollars—will observe that twenty per cent. of the Excise fund is to be given to private schools. This sum will be distributed among the thousand dollars, which will be chiefly claimed, it was intended it should be, by the Roman Catholic schools.

This is but another illustration of the pertinacious attempt of that ecclesiastical organization to destroy the Public School system of the State. The people of New York tax themselves every year to support free common schools for all the children of the State. They insist, however, that as there is no State religion, the religion, the Roman Catholic shall not be prostituted to sectarian purposes. If any sect insists that its peculiar tenets shall be taught in schools, it is at liberty to establish and support them, but it has no right to demand the money of the people for that purpose. Nor has the Legislature any right to give it. It could as justly have resolved that one-half of the Excise fund should be given to the opera bouffe, or to any other exclusively private enterprise.

This grant has been made by Legislature in which the majority was Republican, but, as we have already remarked, such measures were carried only by the connivance of a few Republican members, few else than those Senators were passed at all only because three Republican Senators, MESSRS. MATTOON, VAN PETTEN and WILLIAMS, deserted their party. Democrats and Republicans voted for the sectarian enemies of our free Common School system. It is a step nearer to the concession of the proportional division of the school fund to the sects, and such a concession is the end of the system. The tendency of such measures is fatal to intelligent popular government.

The State demands the education of all its citizens and provides for them. But if it provides also for their sectarian instruction, it will mean that itself taxing its own resources to support schools in which doctrines fundamentally incompatible with the Republican principle are taught. When Spain feels the birth throe of the Republic, she denounces the Church as the fatal foe of her welfare. The fervid orator who condemns the church to which she has been so long subservient, she denounces the union as the fatal foe of her welfare. The fervid orator who condemns the church to which she has been so long subservient, she denounces the union as the condition of her permanent release from ecclesiastical thralldom. But if the Priest MANTEROLA could have persuaded the Cortes to grant money to support the private schools of his sect, he would have effected precisely what has been done by the Legislature of New York. It is because the Democratic party of the State has become so much under the control of those who sympathize with this ecclesiastical party, that its return to power would be so serious a blow to some of the most valuable safeguards of the popular principle and government.

A SHORT REPLY.

A CORRESPONDENT in Illinois takes us to task for asking who are the people in this country outside of the great political parties; and he also insists that the loaning men have not a single representative in Congress, nor any friend except SENATOR SPRAGUE whom, according to our correspondent, all the leading parties are trying to destroy because he has the courage to tell the people that they are cheated and deceived.

But we are still of the opinion that the voting people of the country, the adult males, generally belong to one of the two great parties. There are very few persons who vote for the Democratic party and not for the Republican the next, and the party majorities in the States very slowly change. What we say is, that the great body of the people do not take an every election to read the platforms and consider the candidates of the parties—but have already decided that the success of one or the other party is essential to the public welfare. Of course there are some who are not party men in this sense; who vote now with one party, now with another; but they are the exceptions.

Our correspondent, for instance, voted for General GRANT. We have no doubt that he also voted for MR. SEYMOUR. And if his business should seriously dwindle and his taxes continue to be very heavy he might very possibly think that the fire would be no worse than the frying-pan, and so vote with the other party. But this is exceptional. The people, that is, the voters, are undoubtedly the Government in this country. They vote with the parties, not out of them; and as parties change but slowly, because they represent certain great general principles and policies, the people do not go with a tremendous majority one way this year and another the next. Even when the great overthrow of the Democratic policy of slavery-extension and protection was accomplished, it was only after a long and strenuous struggle, and then not by an actual majority of all the voters.

As for the doctrines of Senator SPRAGUE, we do not consciously oppose them, because, after reading his speeches, we do not know what they are. That they are not composed of lawyers, and is therefore a tyrannical body, which, as he said at the Cooper Institute, he has been "obliged, contrary to my nature, to antagonize myself with for the benefit of my country and my country's people," is a view of the Senate requiring a special investigation, for which the public has not time. That there is immense corruption in the country, and horrible extravagance, and that capital is a perilous power, we are certainly disposed to admit. But when the Senator invites people to "antagonize the ideas" which he expresses, but "to keep their hands" off him, the difficulty is to discover the ideas to be antagonized. A volley of declamation about "viciousness enthroned in legislation" can not be accepted as a statement of ideas.

We advise our Illinois correspondent to await the Senator's suggestions. When he says that "his words find a response in every true laborer's heart," he probably means only that at a time when the burdens upon labor are heavy a man in high position who declares the Senate or the Government to be responsible for them is sure to receive the labor. But this is certainly nothing very new. It is, indeed, one of the oldest "dodges" in history. But what practical remedy does Senator propose to lighten those burdens? We all know also in general that there is a great deal of corruption in politics. Indeed, we heard a Rhode Islander say within a fortnight that MR. DOYLE is re-elected Mayor of Providence you will hear that it means that the people of the city support Senator SPRAGUE; but what really mean only that he has spent more money than ever!" If the Senator knows of cases of corruption in the Senate or elsewhere he ought not to talk about "the ideas in the air dogs, but tell us what he knows. If, also, he has any ideas upon the proper financial policy of the country, we assure our Illinois friend that the newspapers will give him a candid hearing.

WHAT FIXES THE PRICE OF GOLD?

So far as our cities on the Atlantic are concerned the question in this form is proper, inasmuch as gold and silver were demonetized by the act of February, 1862, which made Treasury notes a legal tender. There are many who still insist that our legislation has created a fictitious and their depreciation below gold—the latter being treated as the standard—but they overlook the controlling force of this act.

In the opinion delivered by MR. CHASE, as that of the majority of the Supreme Court of the United States, it is held that there are two kinds of legal tender, the one in force before the war, and the one into which imparted this function to coined money, and the other created by the act of February, 1862.

Until that decision was pronounced in a recent case the belief was general throughout the United States that the old legal tender act applicable to gold and silver was superseded by that act of February, but although the question before the Court in that case was simply whether the act of 1862 applied to a contract made previously to its date, "Attorney gold and silver coin," and the majority of the Court did not limit themselves to a decision of this point, but laid down rules more appropriate to legislation, and to contracts made after the act of 1862 took effect payable in coin, and to contracts since made payable in currency, which, of course, because they maintained, would be legal—still, the country has accepted these *obiter dicta* as being the adjusted law of the land, inasmuch as it is supposed that in other cases before the Court these points will hereafter be fully decided. But so few are the contracts made payable in coin, as compared with those to be performed in our legalized paper-money, that the act of 1862 must be regarded as having fixed the principal standard. It is a peculiar one, however, as it is a promise to pay the coined dollar, in which, however, it is not redeemed.

Although the price of gold, measured by greenbacks, is determined by the general law of demand and supply, various causes are at work which appear to control its operation. Duties are collected in gold and gold is paid for interest by the Government, and whatever balance remains due for imports over and above our exports must be paid in coin. But notwithstanding that there is a large annual excess of imports, and that we pay an immense sum to Europe for interest, there has been no recent demand for the shipment of coin; on the contrary, the price of gold has been as low as if the state of foreign trade were satisfactory. It is of course well known that this fact is due to the heavy sales of our bonds in Europe, and to the loans made both here and abroad by foreign capitalists on these securities.

Since the inauguration of General GRANT these loans—many of them from their peculiar features called options in Wall Street—have been much diminished on account of the ease with which the bonds, therefore deposited as collateral, were sold. This is favorable, inasmuch as a large amount of floating debt has been paid off from the proceeds of such sales; but eventually the amount of permanent debt due by us to the other side must seriously tell upon our industry.

The panic in London in 1866 was followed by a large demand for coin from this country. Our expectation of it in that year amounted to about seventy millions of dollars. The Treasury, then under the charge of MR. M'CULLOCH, aided this tendency by heavy sales of Treasury gold. It was at the time claimed, in behalf of MR. M'CULLOCH, that putting out this gold then was good policy, as its export abroad gave ease to markets which purchased our bonds, and which would have returned them but for this advantage.

Since this time the agents of foreign capitalists in this country have almost uniformly sought to keep down the price of gold. The large English and German houses checked the speculation in gold of 1867 and 1868 by sales of their own. They had gold to sell—the proceeds of these bonds—and it is not improbable that they supposed the *tendency* would be supported by the Government toward returning to specie payments. They were misled, also, to remain in a situation to ship coin to their principals at the lowest price if they needed to do so.

The opinion has prevailed among the coin financiers that the price of gold has all along been determined chiefly by the operations of the Government, or by the fear of its sales at a time when the gold amounts were low in the Treasury; but the better opinion is that the price arose from these combined causes.

The amount of bonds now within the reach of foreign capitalists is not large; and we now, therefore, approach that period in our financial condition when our customs receipts will be limited to such imports as we can pay for with our exports, and when excessive accumulations of gold in the Treasury can not be expected. It scarcely need be said that our large imports are due to the free sale of our bonds, and that when these sales cease, we must fall back on what our industry produces.

The state of things which must soon be scarcely fixed is this:

1. Our paper currency, consisting of three per cent. certificates, Treasury notes not payable at interest, National Bank, and fractional issues, amount to about $692,000,000. That this amount is at least two hundred millions in excess of what is required to permit the ordinary circulation of the precious metals in this country must be conceded. When the extraordinary circumstances we have mentioned cease to operate, this excess of paper must fall upon the price of gold with more certainty than it has lately done.

2. The annual payment of interest and dividends in Europe, which will amount to sixty millions of dollars, will soon be turned from an apparent fiction into a weighty reality.

3. The country will then be compelled to pay its coin not only for its excess of imports over exports, but also for this interest in addition, both of which burdens will then for the first time be felt.

It is said that the German bankers have already announced that the foreign market is sufficiently supplied with bonds, and are giving much attention to such reports, it is very clear that the rope is growing taut, and that prudent men must prepare for the resection which can not long be postponed. If in 1865 the Secretary of the Treasury could have foreseen the estimate placed upon our bonds by European holders, it would not have been difficult, that knowing our great strength, to have returned to specie payments; but having exhausted this resource, not only without accomplishing that object, but with a disadvantage of a greater remove from it, we must summon all our fortitude to meet the contingencies now before us with courage and honor.

THE HARVARD AND OXFORD BOAT RACE.

THE Harvard University Boat Club have challenged the Oxford University Club for a race of four oars, and the challenge has been accepted. The race is to be rowed with coxswains from Putney to Mortlake; that is, upon English water, and in the English manner. We observe that there is a great deal of doubt of the result expressed, or rather that the chances are to be considered in advance to our English cousin. It is said that he has so many more men to choose from; that they are so used to rowing together; that they know the route, and that they are accustomed to a coxswain.

But of course our American athletes will be upon the ground—that is, the water—some weeks before the trial, and will acquaint themselves thoroughly with all its peculiarities. Then they will be accomplished rowers, perfectly trained, and they will have the honor of the

universal Yankee nation in their charge. For ourselves, we do not accept the forebodings of many of the papers that we have seen. We shouldn't a Harvard man, fitted for rowing and carefully disciplined, strong, supple, wiry, calm, and resolute — for such, of course, the chosen heroes will be—why shouldn't he do as well with his oar as cousin Bull? Rowing is not so old a tradition in our colleges as it is in the England, but it has been practiced for many years, and it is a profound and intricate a science as to require successive generations for its mastery. Dancing, also, is a very much older practice in England than with us, but we should willingly challenge the drawing-rooms of England to a bout of "dancers dancing in time."

If the challenge had been of another kind—say a contest in writing Greek verses—we might have been less hopeful, for reasons that could be readily stated. As it is, we doubt upon one point only, and that is the old universal test of English over the French, phlegm. The circumstances are so extraordinary, the consciousness of the Harvard crew that they are combating Englishmen as Englishmen with both countries looking on, may be so overpowering that a little nervousness may betray all. Phlegm, gentlemen, phlegm in all that you may undertake is sibly not that. Then slow, sure, steady—and Putney and Mortlake shall be immortal names in the Fasti of Harvard.

EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER ACTON.

THE retirement of THOMAS C. ACTON from the Board of Police Commissioners, of which he has been so long President, is deeply regretted by all those who honor the devotion of great abilities and energies to the public service with no other reward than the consciousness of the most important duties most efficiently done.

In times of any anticipated trouble Mr. ACTON was always at his post, calm, vigilant, prompt; dealing with disorder and danger in the same spirit of intelligent mastery with which a General superintends great operations in the field. Such unwearied intensity and unquenchable sense of temperament, allied to the most admirable executive qualities, always implied victory. Fearless, modest, and untiring—it is certainly not too much to say, and his accomplishments will be the first to declare, that the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police, which had become very much a model force, was especially due to Mr. ACTON. During the riots of 1863 the force was as brave and effective as a regiment that decides a battle. For three days, indeed, it fought the most trying and difficult battle. But helped to win one of the great triumphs of the war.

Mr. ACTON is comparatively a young man; but his incessant devotion to duties which in their nature are so relentless and exhaustive, has so impaired his health that he is compelled to resign. A warmest petition, signed by the most eminent citizens of all sympathies, was presented to him, asking him still to retain the office. But he had satisfied himself that total relief from the onerous responsibility was essential, and he properly persisted in his resignation. No public officer has merited warmer thanks from the great city, and as he retires from his arduous office we are glad to believe that he will be followed by the most grateful respect of all good citizens.

SPANISH PROJECTS.

THE Spanish Cortes, by the decisive vote of 182 to 64, has rejected the proposition to make Spain a republic, and is discussing the project of a triennial Directory to be appointed by the Cortes. Neither fact is surprising: but both show that the hold of the monarchical form upon Spain is not strong. The more cautious revolutionists may naturally fear the sudden conversion of the government into the most popular one, while they probably regard the Directory as a bridge by which the country can pass from the old form to the new. Yet the Constitution as sketched already provides for universal suffrage in the election of the Cortes. The Directory is to be named by that body apparently for three years. But what is to happen if the Cortes and its creature, the Directory, differ, is not stated. The probable result would be that of the difference between the British Lords and Commons and the French Assembly—a successful *coup d'état* or civil war. The Directory would disperse the Cortes, or the Cortes would overthrow the Directory.

Further debate will very probably expose the difficulties, and indeed the impracticabilities of an executive power appointed by the legislature, yet independent of it. If the Spaniards do not wish for a monarchy, the republic is the only seeming alternative. The expectation of politically educating a nation to a republic by a kind of interregnum of semi-monarchy is one of the favorite fallacies of doctrinaires; and if the suffrage become general in Spain, and no single leader, like LOUIS NAPOLEON, turns it to his own purposes, it will inevitably control the Government. A Directory of three or five members will be nothing unless there be a man of real force in it. If there be, he must be a Spaniard of great principle and moderation not to aim at something more. If there be more than one such man, they will be in constant peril of division.

As yet it is certainly creditable to the leaders in this remarkable Spanish revolution that they have not apparently attempted any false play. Even ESCALAR, the ablest of the extreme liberals, has no suspicion of PRIM himself, and asks why Spain should not be content with a government composed of the acknowledged and trusted liberal leaders. A more sensible question was never asked. Nor is it likely that the Cortes, elected by universal suffrage, and founding a government upon the same principle, should not give the natural answer to such a question. The result, however, not doubtful. The tone of the Cortes is not reactionary, and as yet there is nothing in the condition of the country to produce a reaction. The monarchical parties have not dared to make any serious attempts, and the peaceful acceptance of the Spanish situation by the other European powers is a moral feature of the revolution. The revolution has developed a party in full and intelligent sympathy with the most advanced political thought of the time—a party so strong as to be able to exploit the tranquillity of the country. It would be interesting to know if this sentiment is broad enough to dispose properly of the colonial question, which has been usually the weakness of parent states. Even LOUIS NAPOLEON has stoutly contended for the "autonomy of peoples," which is imperial for self-government. If the resolution of Cuba to be an independent state should be plainly evident, would a man like ESCALAR, for instance, who is instructed as well as ambitious, insist that the foreign policy of clinging to American possessions at all costs shall be the policy of new Spain?

MR. SWEENEY'S BOARD.

A FEW weeks since, in speaking of Mr. SWEENEY'S plan for the reorganization of the Public School system of this city, we said that we remarked that the effort was not a new one; for during the last autumn it was proposed to turn out Mr. BOESE, the efficient and experienced Secretary of the Board of Education, and replace him by Mr. HITCHMAN, whom we described as a young New York politician, and as the political friend of Messrs. SWEENEY, TWEED, HALL, & Company, who manage the party." We added that Mr. HITCHMAN warmly supported Mr. SWEENEY'S bill.

Mr. HITCHMAN, in his place in the Assembly, called attention to our remarks, said that they were wholly unfounded, and that he should support the bill or not as he thought best. A few days later he warmly advocated the bill in committee. He voted for it in the House. It became a law—and we observe that at the first meeting of the new Board of Education, Mr. SWEENEY, & Company's Commissioners Mr. HITCHMAN was elected Secretary. We hope that he may be as diligent and admirable an officer as Mr. BOESE. But what did he gain by denying that he supported Mr. SWEENEY'S bill?

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

THE Superintendent of the New Haven Railroad states, in his late report, that during the past thirteen years ending March 31, 1869, 18,527,211 passengers have been carried over the road without an accident to any train while on that road that caused the loss of a single life or limb to any passenger so transported. This is a very agreeable statement, and we should have supposed that the accident near Harlem, by which MRS. GODWIN and others were so seriously injured, was within the period. It would have been interesting to remark how many lives had been lost, and how many accidents had occurred through carelessness or otherwise upon the road. But we are very glad to publish so striking a fact as that mentioned, and to know that a road which is necessarily so much traveled is managed with such care and success. There is nothing more advantageous to railroad property than the public conviction that life and limb are secure upon it.

THE MORE HASTE THE WORSE SPEED.

DID the *Daily Sentinel* of Raleigh, North Carolina, ever hear of the man who suddenly burst out upon a neighbor whom he met with a volley of tremendous oaths and imprecations; declaring him to all conceivable points here and hereafter; raging more and more as he swore, until he was a wholly melancholy spectacle; and when the neighbor calmly asked what he was talking about, the swearer replied, "What am I talking about? Why, about you who have been insulting me!"

"You are very much mistaken."

"What! you didn't say that I was a monolith, nor a vulgar fraction, nor a gynæcium?"

"No."

"Well," replied the man, walking away, "if any body should ever call me so you know now what I should say."

The *Daily Sentinel* prints the following words, and declares they are from *Harper's Weekly*: "One wonders that the South does not rebel anew when he considers the miserable vermin who have been sent down there as Government officials." Thereupon, of course, *Harper's Weekly* is "a vile sheet," "a stench," "a traducer of our best and truest and bravest," and a great many other disagreeable things. Of course the paragraph is to be found ever appeared in this paper, except, possibly, as a quotation from some Copperhead critic. We remember one instance of the kind, where certain foul abuse of President LINCOLN was quoted in illustration of some point—probably of Copperhead veracity or urbanity—and it was straightway published as our opinion of Mr. LINCOLN. However, if any paper should hereafter use the words falsely attributed to us, we now know what the *Sentinel* would say of it.

NOTES.

PERHAPS our readers have not seen the following pleasant little illustration of the fact that some kind of preparation for the civil service—say the rudiments of a common English education—would not be entirely superfluous. This is a letter from a person recently in high official position:

JAN 10th 1869.

Dear Stewart

I am in Receipt of yours of 18th Inst. I wrote Honorous that C. Eaton had large interests in the Consulate and would probably be right, as soon as the Appropriations were mald. I shel come to Washington Just as soon as I can get before it but I believed by 15th of Febr. I shel come on and we can then fix all up.

About the House I will see you on that matter also what not clause on the House now.

Now Good Luck to you. I hope and more profitabel enterprise than Indian Business can be. I can place you and Honorous in it to costs nothing only to get a Bill endorced by Congress to pay Interest on State Bonds for Levee purposes this will work and cost nothing.

Why did you notpit Apt as I wrote you by Sollicitor to appear in the matter you let A good thing slip.

I wish you would do all you can for Col Carey Apt in my place I am sure to have him Apointed for Several Reasons if he is Apt I will Join you and Remaine In. St Co, and the South and forward business to you, for I could then have a base for A fine business and all claims and suits coming through the Custom House I could place it properly and I feel it is all ours and but Hard Delay.

Write me soon all of the news, and believe me

Truly your friend

F. FULLER

District of Columbia, to wit:

I, R. J. Meigs, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, hereby certify that the foregoing is a truly copied from the original paper writing filed in my office, as Exhibit A to Tenn. Jones's affidavit filed in Equity, Cause No. 1,576, Docket 9, on the 30th of March, 1866.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 31st of April, 1869.

R. J. MEIGS, Clerk.

ONE of the most novel, beautiful, interesting, and permanently valuable of recent books of travels is Mr. WALLACE'S "Malay Archipelago." It is the work of a scientific enthusiast who spent eight years among the Malay islands, traveling in many journeys of various lengths, collecting a hundred and twenty-five thousand valuable specimens, which he brought with him to England. He devoted six years to the preparation of his book, so that it represents the careful research and study of fourteen years. The HARPERS have issued it in a solid volume, profusely illustrated with engravings, maps, and photographic likenesses of remarkable birds and insects. The "Malay Archipelago" is by far the most complete and admirable survey we have ever had of the natural history of that grand region, the home of the orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise, and of the fury, the bird that appears sometimes in poetry, but is here the most familiar of all. Of course the book is full of English explorer and naturalist does not want episodes of lively and romantic adventure, and we heartily commend the book to all who wish a fresh and delightful and most instructive volume for a summer companion.

AMONG the new novels issued by the HARPERS are LEVER'S "That Boy of Norcott's," which is recorded to be his best work since "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley," and "Breaking a Butterfly" by the author of "Guy Livingstone" "Rathbury," and ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S admirable "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," and the first part of his new novel, "He Knew he was Right." Nor will any reader of *Harper's Magazine* forget the "Dodge Club," one of the most delightful sketches of a pleasant ever published, and which is now issued in an illustrated volume. The HARPERS' series of "Standard Novels" is the compact volumes of the most standard historical manuals.

We are glad to observe that a recent English work "On Labor; its wrongful claims and rightful dues; its actual present and possible future," by WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, is announced for republication by Messrs. LEYPOLDT & HOLT. Mr. THORNTON is the author of a work upon Indian Finance, which is called by the most competent authorities, JOHN STUART MILL and Professor CAIRNES, the best book extant upon that subject. The present work upon Labor is the fruit of long and conscientious study of the subject to which it is devoted; and although there will naturally be differences of opinion upon some of the theoretical issues which it raises, the value of the contribution which it makes to the knowledge of the actual position of the laboring class will not be questioned. The spirit of the book is truly humane. The author treats his subject as of the highest importance not exclusively to any class, but to the common welfare of society; and, with much copious knowledge, careful thought, and admirable feeling that no one interested in the subject can afford to neglect it. We commend it especially to those who are personally engaged in trades unions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

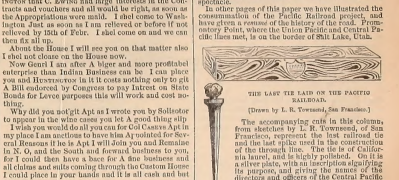
WAR WITH THE INDIANS.

A Peace Convention has just been held to put a stop to the war upon the Indians. But, in the meantime, the Indians seem to be inclined toward war. The Sioux, the North, and the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches in the South, do not show a pacific disposition. A report from General Sheridan dated Fort Ellis, Montana, April 10, says that "Major BAKER on the 23d of March met a detachment of soldiers and citizens and a hostile band of Indians." Nine Indians were killed and one wounded; one soldier was killed and two wounded. No less than 100 ponies captured last winter by General Custer have started north without permission from the proper authorities, to join Tall Bull on the Canadian frontier, so that at the lowest estimate there must be near about six hundred warrior ponies and families in the old familiar quarter—the vicinity of Republican, Solomon, and Saline creeks.

The elections in Virginia are ordered for the 6th of July. Separate votes are to be taken on certain clauses of the Constitution.

The whipping-post and pillory recently erected in the jail-yard at New Castle, Delaware, to take the place of the ancient and dilapidated one, was inaugurated on the 18th of May by the pilloring of three men convicted of petty offenses, and the flogging of a fourth convicted of like misdemeanors. A crowd of gaping men, women, and children witnessed the disgusting spectacle.

The latest phase of this paper we have illustrated the consummation of the Pacific Railroad project, and have given a portrait of the leader of the Central Pacific Company, where the Union Pacific and Central Pacific lines met, is on the border of Salt Lake, Utah.



THE LAST TIE LAID ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

(Drawn by L. E. Tenney, San Francisco.)

The accompanying cuts in this column, from sketches by L. R. Townsend, of San Francisco, represent the last spike driven and the last spike used in the construction of the three lines. The first is of the golden maul, and is highly polished. On it is a silver plate, with an inscription specifying its purpose, and giving the names of the directors and officers of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The spike is of gold, weighing eighteen ounces, and valued at three hundred and fifty dollars. It contains

THE LAST SPIKE. the following inscription: "The last spike with this sentiment added: 'May God continue the unity of our country as this railroad unites the two great oceans of the world.'"

Mr. MORSE, our Minister to Belgium, sailed from New York on the 19th.

The New York Tribune of New York city have been reduced by nearly two millions in the State Legislature.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. SUMNER'S speech has created considerable excitement in England. But the better class of British citizens sympathize with the justice of Mr. SUMNER'S claim. The *London Spectator* says: "On the whole, Mr. SUMNER'S speech deserves to be deeply read by Englishmen; there is far greater candor on both sides of the Atlantic." Those who feel keenly are the Irish. Another stronghold of Mr. SUMNER'S case against England, ought to be found among those who are inflamed by reasoning that keen sense of regret and mortification which we recently laboriously tried to suppress. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland entertain with regard to the conduct of her ruling class and the Government during the first four years of the civil war.

The Fenian prisoners were set free on the 23d of May. In the course of the month disorder attends political excitements in Paris, and the police are frequently forced to interfere.

The remains of Daniel O'Connell were on the 14th reinterred in the cemetery at Glasnevin, near Dublin, where a handsome monument has been constructed for their reception. The ceremonies were very imposing, and were conducted by the archbishops and bishops. Crowds of people followed the remains to the tomb, and it is estimated that over eight thousand were present on the grounds.

The question of the possession of Gibraltar has been brought up in the Spanish Cortes. The Cortes received but small support in this from the Government fully recognized the importance of the Gibraltar question. It would also discuss the relations of Church and State.

The Pope has issued a decree against the pernicious works of the *Journal de Paris* as to the strength of the French Catholic population at present. The latter journal has fixed the number of men actually under arms at 1,000,000. The decree states that there are but somewhat more than the 1st of April to the 1st of September in which 1,000,000 men can be sent to war. Then can be called in, and the army thus raised to a total of 1,267,000 men. But from December 1st to the 1st of March, 1870, when the contingent of 1868 will join, the total strength of the army will be increased by 75,000 men, and amount in the aggregate to 644,000 men. Deduct the 400,000 men who have only about twenty months to go, and the 50,000 men who form the garrison of Algeria, and the 1,000,000 men—we have a force of 550,000 to bring forward whenever circumstances require it.

Several Mennonites has presented to the Italian Senate a bill requiring for the illicit grinding of corn as well as grinders. And yet it is melancholy to remember that the total consumption of bread-stuffs per head and that to one boy there will be found at least seven adults.

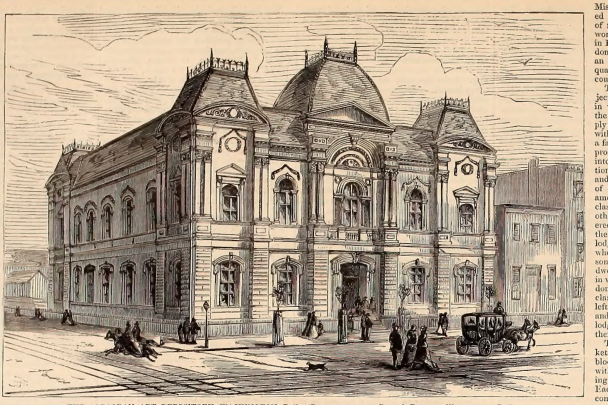
The total amount of the gifts presented to the Pope on occasion of his fifty-seventh anniversary is estimated at 500,000.

Those who at all doubt the assurance of the political economist that the population of the world is prodigiously on the increase will find their skepticism set at rest by the returns of the registrations in England and Wales for 1868. The marriages were 176,126, the births 788,186, and the deaths 485,617, leaving a total increase of 302,569 persons to the world's population over and above the usual annual loss.

Captain Sir Thomas Hastings Hardy, the surviving officer of the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, lately died in Wales in his eighty-sixth year.

THE CORCORAN ART DEPOSITORY.

We give on this page a view of the building which Mr. W. W. CORCORAN, a wealthy banker of Washington, has recently presented to the United States Government for an Art Depository. It is located near the War Department, on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. It has been occupied for several years as the Quarter-master's Department. All the back rents due on this account have been canceled by Mr. CORCORAN. The building is to be held in perpetuity by nine trustees as a free public art gallery. He has also donated a large collection of paintings and other works of art. The value of the property is estimated at one million of dollars. It is stated that AUGUST BELMONT, of New York, has written to Mr. CORCORAN, authorizing the trustees, when they shall have entered upon their trust, to choose from his collection twelve pictures, which he will thereupon convey to them, to be added to the gallery as the "Belmont contribution." Mr. CORCORAN has long been known as a generous patron of art; the edifice which he has donated to the Government is considered one of the best specimens of architecture in Washington.



THE CORCORAN ART DEPOSITORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL & BROTHER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

DEMOLITION OF THE NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

ONE of the old landmarks of New York city is being rapidly effaced. Every one acquainted with Broadway has noticed the beautiful hospital grounds near the head of Pearl Street. They have for many years remained like an oasis in the desert, and we can not help regretting that the necessities of commerce compel their abandonment. The hospital is to be removed up town. This hospital was erected nearly one hundred years ago, and it has become one of the most extensive schools of surgical practice in this country. In 1868 the number of persons received as medical or surgical patients was 2613, of which one half were seamen.

The grounds, consisting of five acres, were tastefully laid out. The grass seemed greener and brighter there than any where else, and the trees were among the oldest and most beautiful on the island. There was a double row of stately elms, which it seems almost cruel to cut down. But the pathetic song of "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" however appropriate, is now unavailing. Trade must have its way, though it swallow up every thing green or beautiful in its path.

COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON.

AMONG those who have devoted their means to the amelioration of the working-class in England stand foremost Mr. PEABODY, the American banker, and Miss BURDETT COUTTS, the wealthiest woman in England. Their efforts in this connection furnish examples which our wealthy American capitalists might well imitate.

We give on page 341 an illustration of the handsome and commodious market-place which Miss COUTTS has erected adjoining her set of model dwellings for working-class families in Bethnal Green, London. Our cut gives an interior view of the quadrangle, showing the court, etc.

The beneficent objects Miss COUTTS has in view in establishing the market are to supply the surrounding poor with wholesome food at a fair rate; to bring the producer and consumer into closer communication with each other; and to promote habits of industry and thrift among the humblest class of traders. Another object was considered desirable—namely, the provision of better lodgings for City clerks, who complain, with reason, that while model dwellings are provided in various parts of London for the working-classes, they are still left to the discomforts and expenses of inferior lodgings, far away from their daily occupation.

The plan of the market consists of four blocks of buildings, with arcades, surrounding an open quadrangle. Each of the buildings comprises six shops and two wings, flanking a central archway leading to the quadrangle. The shops are four stories high. Their accommodation consists of kitchen, cellar, store, and closets in the basement; shop, parlor or office, and private entrance on the ground-floor; and sitting-room and four bedrooms on the two stories above. They are intended for first-class dealers. The wings are four stories high, exclusive of their basements. One wing is occupied as a tavern, and the others are divided into residences for clerks and tenants of a middle class. Each dwelling occupies a separate story, approached by a common staircase, and contains parlor, kitchen, scullery, store, closets, and four bedrooms. The central archway, which leads to the quadrangle, has stores and cellars in its basement and a suit of rooms

DEMOLITION OF THE NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL GROUNDS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

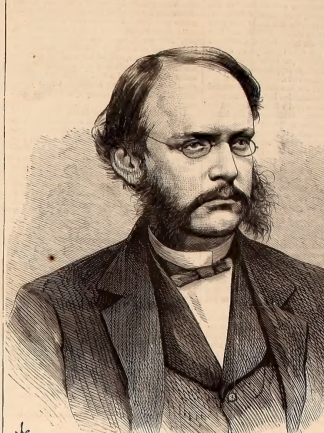
above, intended, like those in the wings, for tenants of a middling class. The third or topmost story is carried up as a tower, and contains large filtering cisterns, which supply all the buildings with water.

The quadrangle has an area of 14,000 superficial feet, paved with blue granite, divided by lines of red granite into spaces 6 feet square, which are to be the stations for costermongers. In the centre is a lamp, surrounded by four granite basins, with hydrants for washing; there is a fountain under each arcade. The market-hall is divided into seven bays by clustered Aberdeen granite pillars, with bronze capitals and bands, supporting the timber roof, which is 50 feet high. The floor of the hall has an area of 2600 superficial feet; and in the aisles, behind the pillars, are twenty-four small shops, lined with Irish marble, for the sale of meat, fish, and poultry; above are galleries for the sale of flowers and fruit. The buildings are substantially constructed of yellow brick, with Portland stone cornices and copings, and terra-cotta mouldings; the roofs are of green slate.

DAVID A. WELLS.

DAVID A. WELLS, Special Commissioner of Revenue, was born in June, 1828, at Springfield, Massachusetts. After graduating at Williams College, in 1847, he became an associate editor of the *Springfield Republican*. A decided taste for scientific pursuits made Mr. WELLS quit the editorial profession, and study with Professor AGASSIZ (who had then recently arrived in this country). He subsequently joined the Lawrence Scientific School, at Cambridge, where he graduated, and filled for a time the post of assistant professor. As a scientific man he took high rank, and was repeatedly invited to professorships in different colleges. He was widely and favorably known as the author of several educational books and treatises. Owing to failing health Mr. WELLS retired for a time from active life to a quiet residence in Troy, New York. "At the outbreak of the war," says the *Cincinnati Commercial*, "he watched it with an ardent, scholarly sympathy, as largely holding in its balance the destiny of man; and as year after year the havoc went on, and the mountain of debt increased, Mr. WELLS broke the despair of the loyal people with his pamphlet, 'Our Burden and our Strength'—one of the most original and startling *brochures* of political literature."

It showed resources yet undeveloped which would come to our assistance and meet our obligations, and excited so high a degree of hope and confidence that subscriptions to the National loans, which were then flagging, were at once renewed and stimulated. Of this pamphlet the Loyal Publication Society of New York printed and distributed immense numbers, while six other editions were published in Boston and other parts of the country, and two also in Europe. At the close of the war, when the consideration of the best methods of raising the large revenue necessary to meet the current expenditures and its interest on the debt became imperative, a Revenue Commission was established by Congress, on the recommendation of Mr. FESSENDEN, then Secretary of the Treasury, and by his successor, Mr. M'CULLOCH, and Mr. WELLS, with the approval of Congress, was made chairman. In 1866, the Revenue Commission having expired,



DAVID A. WELLS.

Congress made for Mr. WELLS the new office of "Special Commissioner of the Revenue," with instructions to examine and report on the resources of the country, the best methods of raising revenue, and the influence of taxation on the industry and development of the nation. The three reports which Mr. WELLS has made since he has held the office of Special Commissioner are a sufficient evidence of his qualifications for the discharge of the duties of his responsible office. Of the last report, in January, 1869, the leading Republican newspaper of the Northwest, the *Chicago Tribune*, says: "We do not award to this important state paper any higher praise than it deserves when we say that from the foundation of this Government to the present no public document equal to it in extent of research, comprehensiveness of treatment, depth of penetration, and honesty of purpose, has emanated from any one of the Departments."

Mr. WELLS has made himself thoroughly master of our political economy. His reports have foreshadowed the happy condition of the Treasury, the steady reduction of our great debt, and the remission of taxes. Single-handed, and against the conviction of his then superior, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. M'CULLOCH, Mr. WELLS in his report of 1868 insisted on the total remission of the obnoxious internal tax on manufactures. He was also the persistent advocate of the 50-cent tax on whisky, thereby breaking up the infamous whisky-rings. We believe he is now engaged in revising the present unequal tariff, changing it wherever it is possible from an *ad valorem* to a specific duty. Mr. WELLS can certainly not be called a *Free Trader* in its unqualified meaning, but he is the decided enemy of monopolies, unequal taxation, and class legislation. He believes that a revenue tariff alone would not only develop our resources faster, but would bring us more rapidly than by any other method to specie payment. We hope to see Mr. WELLS serving the country for many years, and in positions adapted to his eminent ability and remarkable accomplishments.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE foremost of the great projects for connecting by rail the Atlantic and Pacific coasts was realized May 10. At ten minutes past 4 o'clock P.M., at Promontory Point, Utah, the last rail was laid. The last spikes driven were presented by Nevada and Arizona. Then from Nevada was of silver. "To the iron of the East and the gold of the West," said the Hon. T. A. TUTTLE, representing that State, "Nevada adds her link of silver to span the continent and wed the oceans." By a connection of the telegraph with the last spike (a gold one, from California), the last blow given announced to the world the completion of the grand enterprise. A prayer was said by Rev. Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield; then the two last rails were laid simultaneously, one opposite the other—one for the Union Pacific Railroad, and one for the Central Pacific Railroad; the presentation of spikes and the responses followed; then the last spikes were driven by the two companies, and telegrams were sent to the President of the United States and to the Associated Press.

This remarkable event was celebrated with especial enthusiasm in Chicago and other Western cities. But in New York city, already the metropolis of a continent, but by this enterprise rendered the centre of the world's commerce, the news was calmly received; and, as on the occasion of the capture of Richmond, the event was celebrated by the singing of anthems, and not by a loud uproar. A salute was fired in the City Park; peals were rung from Trinity chimes, and a religious service was held in Trinity Church. The remarks made by the Rev. Dr. VINTON were so appropriate that we quote here a portion of his address:

"This is, indeed, a great event of the world; it is one of the victories of peace—a victory grander than those of war, which have in their track desolation, devastation, misery, and woe. It is a triumph of commerce—a triumph indicating free trade as a future law of the nation. . . . When we contemplate this achievement we can hardly realize the magnitude. Three thousand two hundred and eighty-five miles of continuous railway within four degrees of latitude and fifty degrees of longitude in the temperate zone. It began when the nation was agitated by war, and is finished now when we enjoy a reign of peace. When the ocean route was discovered around the Cape of Good Hope, it was very properly regarded as a blessing to mankind—hence the designation by which it is known; but the completion of this mighty work, which connects the two oceans, is a still greater blessing. In the olden times, when camels—those ships of the desert—were the means used for transportation, for the furtherance of commercial traffic, it was found that wherever the caravans stopped there would spring up cities, and there would be evidences of civilization. So with this great work. It will populate our vast territory, and be the great highway of the nations: their merchants will come it to trade with us. But there is another aspect in which we view it as a Christian, and in connection with which we esteem it of still greater importance. It will preserve the union of these States. Philosophers tell us, and we know

COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON—THE QUADRANGLE.

ti to be true, that where there are rivers which diverge in their courses, and have separate and distinct outlets in Europe, there the nations become different, and the peoples are separated and disunited. But where, on the contrary, the topography is such that the rivers all flow into one common central basin, there is necessarily a concentration of interests and of peoples, and that territory is marked out by God to be under one Government. By the operation of this natural law we must regard it as decreed that there shall be a unity of people and of Government in all that territory which lies between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains. Agreeably to this law, that territory, however, we find the rivers diverging, as in Europe, and, following the rule that obtains in the Old World, there might be a diffusion of interests and a separation of governments in that section of country divided from us by the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. But this railway commenced on the natural tendency to disunion, has prevented a separation, and binds the Pacific and the Atlantic and Mississippi in one nation. Roman roads united and consolidated the Roman Empire. They were made the "highways of Emperors for the necessities of war and commerce," but, under Christian Emperors, they were the highways along which the Apostles and the missionaries of Christ carried the good tidings of salvation to the tribes of the peoples. So this Pacific Railway is a means, under Divine Providence, for propagating the Church and the Gospel from this, the youngest Christian nation, to the oldest land in the Orient, now settled in Paganism and Idolatry, and so will revive the worship of the True God and the Lord of our race among the farther East, the birth-place of Christianity.

Let us glance at the history of this enterprise. It is closely connected with the political and development of the last twenty years. At the close of the Mexican war, in 1848, California, New Mexico (including Arizona), and Texas were added to our territory, so that from the 32d to the 42d parallel of latitude there was no foreign territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast. The very next year thousands of miners from every quarter of the globe flocked to the gold fields of California; the greater number by sea, but very many through the Eastern States and over the unsettled regions of the far West. So, by what soon came to be known as the overland route. The necessity for a trans-continental route then became evident. Hon. Thomas H. BENTON, of Missouri, introduced a bill into the Senate in 1850, authorizing what may be called a stage-coach road, consisting of relays of the mail railroad interrupted occasionally by what were then supposed to be impassable natural obstacles. Three years later Congress appropriated the $150,-000 for six surveys of proposed routes for Pacific railroads, to be carried out by the War Department, of which JEFFERSON DAVIS was then Secretary. Among those who had been prominent in advocating the construction of this enterprise before the people the foremost was ASA WHITNEY. Congress, in 1853, appropriated $100,000 more, and three additional surveys were made.

The great problem of the engineers was how to overleap the Rocky Mountains, running through the centre of the vast trans-Mississippi region, which contains two-thirds of our entire territory. The Pacific surveys proved that this great chain of bear had a very broad back, that the slope up his sides was very gradual, and that his spine did not extrude unpleasantly in the way of the bear, on the contrary, the chine sunk between two rows of muscles or mountains on either side.

But very soon the Southern disunion sentiment cast a cloud over the political sky, and in this connection this important question arose, How would the Pacific roads stand? Their isolated position was keenly felt, and thus an additional motive offered for a railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The importance of California was beginning to be understood. Her gold, her climate, her grape culture, her trade with Eastern Asia; all these facts commanded attention. She stood the test of the Civil War, and proved herself loyal. Her own great and important lead her not to isolate herself, but, on the other hand, to seek a more rapid and convenient communication with the East. It was discovered that there was a practicable railroad route across the snow-clad Sierra through Donner Pass, midway between San Francisco and Virginia City. Some of the richest of California merchants pledged their entire fortunes to the realization of the project, the best engineering talent gave its support, and Congress was asked to grant a sitting subsidy.

It is needless here to describe the conflict which then sprang up between Chicago and St. Louis, each of which (the former backed by New York and the Northwest, and the latter by Philadelphia and the Middle States) sought to gain control of the great branch that was to unite and unite with that already proceeding from San Francisco. This was in 1862, when the Government was spending $2,000,000 a day in the work of the suppression of the Rebellion. It was in the midst of such a contest as this that in July, 1862, PRESIDENT LINCOLN signed the act granting a charter to the proprietors of the Pacific Railroad Companies. The Chicago capitalists had gained the victory, and Omaha (on the Missouri River) was fixed upon as the eastern terminus of the road to become, within 1,773 miles distant, Fort St. Louis was to be provided for by a subsidized branch line, to connect with the main line on or about the 100th meridian. This was given to the Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railroad. The line from Sacramento to meet the Union Pacific was given to the Central Pacific Company. These three companies were all chartered and stood on an equal footing as regarded landgrants, loans, privileges, etc. Congress conferred upon the three companies the right of way, an absolute grant of 12,800 acres per mile of the public lands traversed, and authorized a special issue of 6 per cent. United States bonds, proportioned to each company according to the length and difficulty of the line, to be delivered as the work progressed. The bonds issued by the companies themselves were given the position of a first mortgage. The two classes of bonds and the other capital for the construction of the Union and Central Pacific roads amount in round numbers to $150,600,000, about equally divided between the two.

These two roads have been completed and the through line regularly established. On the very day of the opening an invoice of tea from Japan was shipped from San Francisco for St. Louis. The next day a telegram was received at the Post-office Department, Washington, from Promontory, stating that the mails had been delivered at that place for San Francisco. The cost of transmitting the mails by the Butterfield route was $1100 per mile by the year; by the railroad it is only $200 per mile. The transportation of troops, supplies and troops is diminished in the same ratio.

The advantages of the new route thus opened are obvious. Communication between China, Hong-Kong, and Liverpool will be measured by days instead of weeks. Facilities for the interchange of commodities will be the result of development of our national resources. Immigration will receive the aid of a most powerful auxiliary. What will grow out of the close connection thus established with Eastern Asia time alone can reveal. We are not disposed to be imaginative. Looking only to what is real and tangible, it is certain that no work of this century can compare in the grandeur both of the undertaking and of its probable results with the Pacific Railroad.

One of our illustrations on page 348 shows the interior of one of PULLMAN'S Palace Hotel Cars. These cars have all the accommodations of a first-class steamer—state-rooms with spring-beds, and made entirely of noiseless materials—being completely furnished. The passenger from Chicago to San Francisco will take a state-room, go to bed at night, and have breakfast, dinner, and supper on board the train while flying across the continent.

The other illustration on the same page shows the workmen—a medley of Irishmen and Chinamen—engaged in constructing the last line of the railroad. These are laying the stone road typify its significant result, bringing Europe and Asia fare to face, grasping hands across the American Continent.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"MY TIMID WORLD-FOLKS."

NEVER did a home stand so completely out of the world as the old Manor of Auriel, in Essex. Not only was it isolated from the din and bustle of towns, but its loneliness was enhanced even by those small attendant homesteads that usually cluster near a rich man's abode. A rich man gathers round him in some degree the social plants to the giant trunk which supports and nourishes their weak tendrils. Where the lord is all else must be content to exist in the village—there is a constant clatter at the anvil; the blacksmith's hand encircles the dainty heels of my lord's highly-bred steed; the buck, prancing with their well-groomed glossy faces, standing often cheek-by-jowl beside their stalwart brothers; the lady's maid has her shop and her available boys, with the inevitable sprig in their mouths, lounge against pillar and post, doing the hard for the benefit of girls, clowns. The butcher and the baker, the grocer and the carpenter, all have equal reasons to rejoice in my lord's occupation of Auriel. The back parts of

"And you are not so very old," she added, looking at him. "Not so old as father."

"Do you love your father?"

"Oh yes; and Topsa too."

There was silence again for a few seconds. Then he caught hold of the book in her hand and drew it toward the old-fashioned lattice to read the title.

"Can you read?" he asked, abruptly.

"I should rather think so."

"And what do you read?"

"*The Arabian Nights*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, Hume's *History of England*, and the *Latin Grammar*."

"The Latin grammar! What a very odd little girl. You must be very wise."

"No, I am not," the child said, simply; "but I know my verbs."

"That's more than Conrad does."

"Who's Conrad?"

"My little boy."

"Have you any little girls?" Azalea asked, edging nearer to the barrel on which he had seated himself.

"Yes, two."

"Only two?"

"Only two." It was strange the difficulty he seemed to find in answering this last question: he hesitated, and as his eyes met hers he looked down at his boots.

She lifted up her violet eyes, and said, with a sort of subdued enthusiasm, "Oh, how I should like to see them!"

The stranger looked at her with tenderness. "So you shall," he said.

Again there was silence, for Azalea was lost in the reflections evoked by the nature of her new friend's last observation; and she stared out of the lattice panes in a sweet tumult of excitement. The occupant of the wooden cask looked at her thoughtfully. "I wish they were like her," he muttered; "so high-bred in appearance—so pretty!"

The sun was sinking in intensely red streaks behind a grove of firs opposite the window. A faint reflex of its glow suffused the ragged-looking room, and cast down warm lights on Azalea's flaxen head and on the mound of gold-chinked apples heaped near the eastern wall. The faint, sweet smell of the fruit, the flutter of the birds in the eaves, the warm gusts of air that came in through the broken panes—all breathed of peace and wealth; not of the wealth of art, but that of Nature.

He who sat watching little Azalea with such a wistful sadness in his gray-blue eyes had spent the previous day in a house where the wealth of art predominated. In his London home the rooms were furnished with gorgeous sofas and heavy curtains; exquisitely painted pictures hung on his walls, and marble statues were caused to throw shadowy nooks of his broad staircases. He possessed rare similitudes of Flemish faces and fruit, painted by clever Dutchmen, but the living flowers that stood by the windows were shriveled and limp-looking; the ivy that was planted in the grate rippled up the outer wall in a dingy-looking streak of green. Here, round this roughly-shaped chamber, Nature reveled in her exuberance. She poured forth sweet scents from the dew-heavy roses below. The ivy, thick with foliage, threw out hundreds of light green tendrils to clamber over the darker mass of green beneath; the birds built their nests in the securely-twisted branches, while the twigs offered a secure footing to numberless young swallows, who sat on them in puffy imbecility.

Some of the ivy tendrils had forced their way into the room, and had conferred grace on the uneven boards and cobwebbed walls; outside the window the eye roved over rich undulations of variously-colored foliage: the deep red of the beech, the wan yellow of the limes, contrasted well with glossy, stolid-looking chestnuts, and firs and delicate masses of oak leaves. Far off, where the soft fringes of the woodland melted into the warmer gloom of the horizon, a church spire was dimly visible, and the deep tones of its bell began to toll the hour of seven. The stranger drew near the window, and looked wistfully out at the dying day.

"What do you see?" Azalea asked, curiously, as she caught sight of the intent face he was turning westward.

Had he answered truly he would have said, "I see the gleam of a broad river begin to widen among these dense thickets. I see a gray bridge, and a drooping willow. The red sun is flushing the water instead of these wooly gloams. By the stream's verge I watch for the flutter of a little gray shawl, and then I feel that I shall see the glow that deepens on the sweetest face that ever man loved."

As it was, he turned his grave eyes on the child, and gave her what she mentally stigmatized as a crooked answer.

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Yes; often."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes; there's a sermon on afternoons; father goes to sleep, and I sit and watch the figures. There's a man in armor kneeling on a cushion, and a woman in a stiff collar at the other end: there are six children in stiff collars kneeling by their side; the children have got their mouths open like little birds gaping for worms. Underneath there are some verses, which say they're all gone to heaven. I used to hope that when they got there some one would undo the collars for them—they looked so choked. I wish," the child added, coming nearer to him, "that if you know any thing about it you would tell me, *is it such a puzzle to me.*"

"What is a puzzle?"

"What we are up *there*," pointing to the sky. "Will the birds near their feathers? Will the squirrels run up trees? Will the dear little foxes burrow their sharp noses without being troubled by the dogs barking at their tails?"

"Hush, hush! you mustn't talk so: there won't be any animals there; and don't call a fox's tail a tail—call it a brush."

He was a sound Christian, and a good sportsman, and he was shocked by such unconventional remarks.

"Then you think when I die I shall never see Topsa any more?" the child said, in a melancholy voice.

"No; but you'll see every one else: all the human beings that have ever died will wear the bright form of spirits."

"But I shall care about any one else except—my father," the child said, ruefully. "To be sure," she added, with a gleam of satisfaction, "I shall see the little gray shawl and girl, and perhaps they will be pleased to see me as I've looked at them so long."

The stranger was inexpressibly touched. "My poor darling," he began; but he was arrested both in his speech and in the caress he was about to give the flaxen head, for George Moore's voice was heard below.

"Azalea, Issa, come down; it's time to go home to tea. I've beaten down all the 'cops in wine,' and to-morrow we'll pick them up."

"There's father," Azalea said, her little face lighting up. She descended swiftly, and mounting George at the foot of the steps began a hurried account of the new visitor, in which the only coherent sentence was, "And he has promised I shall see his little girls."

George Moore listened with wonder, mixed with a vague sensation of alarm: "Who is it? *who* is it, d'ye say, Azalea?" he asked. The stranger had descended the steps, and now advanced in time to answer the question.

"You have forgotten me, I see, Moore," he said, kindly.

The old gardener turned pale at the sound of the voice—at the sight of the clear-cut face.

"Good Lord! is it really you, Mr. Francis? My lord, I mean. Oh, Sir! what a start you have given me!"

Then, with a deeper agitation in his voice, the old man pointed to the child, who flitted swiftly before them as they turned to go to the house.

"You are—are—one of—of—her, Sir, are going to take her from me, are you, Mr. Francis? I love her so, and she is like my own child to me. She makes old age easier to me, and I think she loves me."

"Yes, I think she does," the younger man said, with a slight tremor in his voice as he spoke—then he added, gently, "Be easy, Moore; I would only take her for a very little while. She will never leave you while you live, unless she herself wishes it."

"Take her for a very little while," Moore echoed, in astonishment; "what would Lady Orme say?"

"Lady Orme is dead," his companion answered, gravely.

"Tea is ready, father," said a childish treble at his knee. Both men started and smiled, as, on looking down, they saw a flaxen head bowing the shadow between them, and each felt a little hand slipped in its entrance.

"You shall both lend me home," she said, graciously. And accordingly all three entered the Auriel door together.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed an act imposing a penalty of $25 for killing any insectivorous bird, one-half the fine to be paid to the informer. Most of the small birds generally seen in this latitude are classed under the head of insectivorous birds.

Only a few years ago a June promenade through many of our shady streets and parks was made extremely disagreeable by the spinning inch-worms which dropped down upon garments and upon one's own person with most uncomfortable familiarity. This nuisance is now almost entirely abated—a circumstance doubtless due, in part, to the precautions which has been extended in our city to sparrows and other birds.

The value of birds as insect-exterminators can scarcely be overestimated; indeed they are indispensable to successful gardening in many parts of Switzerland, Germany, and other European states, the protection of birds is a subject of strict legislation. That there is need of laws on the subject figures will show. According to official statements there were gathered and delivered to the authorities of the canton of Berne, during 1864 and 1865, about 36,000 imperial bushels of May-bugs, and 40,000 bushels of canker-worms! The number of chafers thus collected was estimated at 625,000,000; the number of canker-worms 1,875,150,000. Had these insects lived they would have increased thirtyfold by the spring of 1867, or to 68,000,000,000. When it is considered that a single canker-worm during its existence from the egg to its change into a chrysalis eats two pounds of vegetable matter, it follows that, had not the authorities taken such active measures, the entire harvest of the canton would have been consumed by them in the year 1867. A German agricultural paper, by a series of nice but sensible calculations, estimates that a single family of seven members will consume in a summer not less than 576,000 injurious insects; and that if 100 pairs of swallows make their nests in a village these birds and their descendants will, in the course of a single summer, eat over 57,000,000 of insects.

The last intelligence received from Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, was of date December 14, 1867, at which time he was at Casembe, seven hundred miles from Zanzibar, since which no reliable information has been received concerning him; but he is believed to be alive and well.

The gentler sex are going to extreme lengths in Paris! A duel is reported to have come off between a lady and a gentleman. M. d'Arevilly, theatrical critic of the *Nain Jaune*, having said something which displeased Mademoiselle Duverger, an actress at the *Gaité*, that lady called him out, and the duel came off on Sunday afternoon at St. Germain. Mademoiselle Duverger chose pistols, and at the first shot succeeded in carrying off one of the locks of hair which adorned her opponent's head. Her second—two actresses from the same theatre—then declared honor satisfied, and the party wound up the day by a dinner at the Pavillon Henri IV.

The "Pacific," one of the Erie Railway Drawing-room Coaches, is a most luxurious affair. It is sixty-eight feet long, and divided into ten compartments. Each compartment is lighted by large plate-glass windows; the upholstery is of the richest crimson plush: the wood-work elegantly carved and inlaid; and nothing seems wanting to insure comfort and luxury. An entire apartment of eight seats may be rented from New York to Buffalo for $75, in addition to the ordinary fare; an apartment for four persons for $6, or a single seat for $1.50.

Queen Isabella has made her appearance in a Paris court as plaintiff against an aged Baroness. Isabella, it seems, agreed to hire two houses of the Baroness, on condition that certain alterations were made at a given time. The alterations, however, were not completed at the promised time, and the ex-Queen gave up her lease. But she had paid in advance half a year's rent. The Court decided that this should be restored to her, but that Isabella should pay the Baroness ten thousand francs for alterations made in anticipation of her inhabiting the houses.

There is a prospect that some of the baggage belonging to travelers will be saved from total wreck. The Legislature of Massachusetts have had a bill before it to the effect that any baggage-master, expressagent, backman, or other person whose duty it is to handle baggage, who shall wantonly injure it while in their charge shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding two months. Such a law, if strictly enforced, would be a saving of trunks and tempers. Other States would do well follow the example of Massachusetts.

The first publication Japan has sent forth expressly for foreign readers is a literary curiosity. It is a pamphlet, printed in the form of Japanese wood-cuts on China paper, representing the successive and varied experiences of a traveler, in the most graphic and quaint way; with an explanation of each sentence in English. It is published in Yokohama, and a few copies of the edition have been imported, and may be seen by the curious at the book-store of G. P. Putnam & Co.

A terrible hail-storm lately occurred in Union County, Illinois. The ground was in some places covered two feet deep. The hail-stones measured from one to two and a half inches in diameter, and some were found as large as a man's fist. The damage to fruit was very great, particularly to strawberries and peaches.

A young girl in Boston has originated a very pleasant charity. At her suggestion the chapel of one of the central churches is opened two mornings in the week for the reception of fresh fruits and flowers, which are to be distributed among the poor of the city who are on beds of suffering. These gifts will bring joy to many weary hearts.

During the past year the "Home" under the supervision of the American Female Guardian Society has sheltered 207 adults and 68 children. Eight infants have been placed by the Society in homes elsewhere, and 199 adults have been assisted to situations in families. There are nine industrial schools in the care of this Society, having an average attendance of 1300 children.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SENIOR WRANGLERS—Quarrelsome Old Men.

What inanimate objects show a dislike to solitude? —Velocipedes: because they'll never travel without somebody.

THE "PARTS" OF SPEECH—S, p, e, c, h.

A novelty has been introduced at social parties in Paris. At the entrance of the saloon is placed a large flower basket containing small bouquets of flowers. Each guest plunges his or her hand into the basket and takes a bouquet, which the ladies attach to their dress or put in their hair, and the gentlemen place in their buttonhole. The latter promenade through the saloons, each in search of a lady wearing a similar bouquet to their own; and when she is found he has a right to take possession of her and retain her as a partner. If the gentleman does not find the lady he finds her, or half a dozen, with similar bouquets, is not regarded—or are the bouquets carefully made in couples?

YOUNG LADY (*to Fred, with Rain coming on.*) "Fred, I always manage to get caught. I know when I'm born, by the eye on you that you was brave to rashness."

FRED (*cowering up smiling.*) "Oh don't, my dear! Why do you say that?"

YOUNG LADY. "Why, any man must have courage who can trust himself long at a time on such legs as yours."

ILLEGAL HUSBANDRY—Thrashing a wife.

"Wife! why in the name of goodness did you not make the washer-woman put starch in my shirt-collar?" "Why, my dear," said the wife, "I thought it a useless waste of the article, for I can get your *choler up* so easily without it."

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

A PUZZLE.

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are all but three of us,
Nine are but four of us.
What can we possibly be?
Would you know more of us?
I'll tell you more of us:
Twelve are but six of us,
Five are but four of us.

Ans.—The number of letters contained in each numeral.

Velocipedes are expensive. A gentleman in a certain town of Northern New York recently bought a bicycle which he paid $100: broke a plate-glass window, for which he paid $40; cut his face and neck, for which he paid the doctor $8; ruined one pair of pantaloons, for which he paid $11: frightened a horse so that the animal run away and broke a buggy for which he paid damages amounting to $60: and, finally, smashed his velocipede by running against a wall, leaving him $76 out of pocket and a court-plaster bed to show for it.

Josh Billings says:

"I honestly believe it is better tew know nothing than tew know what ain't so.

"Doing tew much is like skinning a new milch cow for the milk, giving the next tew the bawbee.

"When you hain't got nothing tew do, do it at once: that is the best time to be idle.

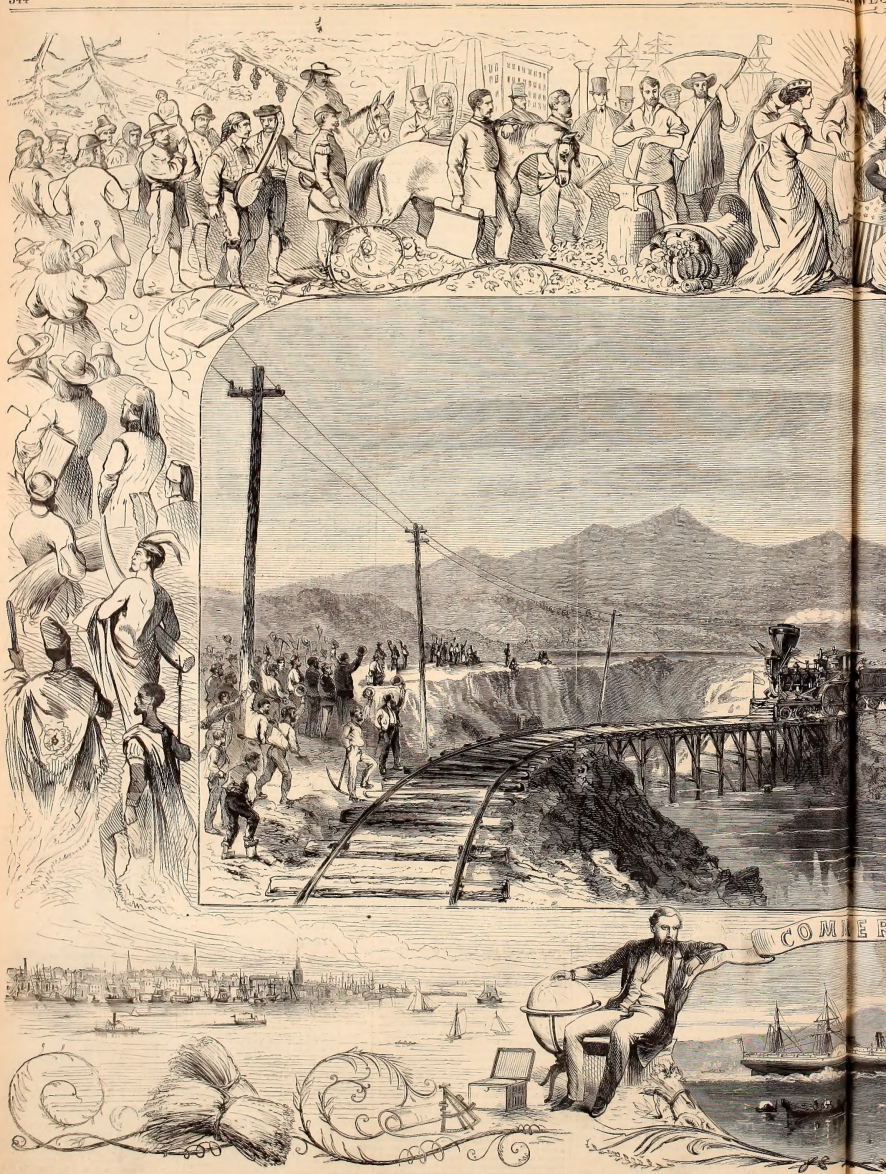
"Never be a man known, for the more he will guess at; and guessing is a thousand times than worse.

"Living on hope is like living on wind. A good way tew git plump, but a poor way tew git about.

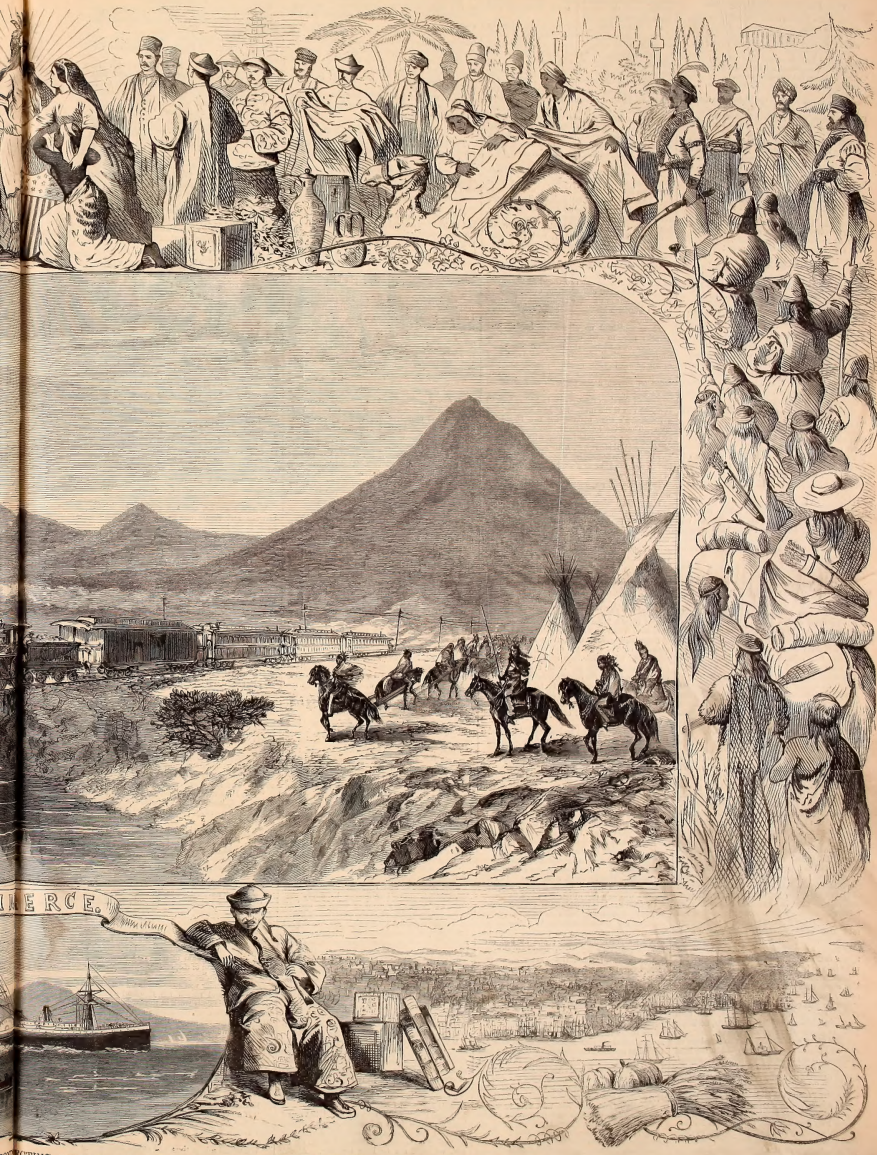
THE COLORED SOROSIS.

"MRS. O'FLARTY takes the Chair, and Mr. O'Flarty has the Floor!"

"There goes Mrs. Boggs to the Convention with my new pair of Pants. Now I'll have to stay Home with the Baby any how."



COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, MAY 10, 1869.—THE GREAT LINK CONNECTING



NECTING EUROPE WITH ASIA ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.—[See Page 341.]

UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

FALL the white blossoms, the soft turf is glowing,
Rustle the tender green ferns in a row:
Under the chestnuts it seems to be snowing,
While the grand leafy boughs sway to and fro.

Glints on the mill-stream the silvering glory
Of the full tender-eyed Queen of the night;
Telling to lovers the ever-same story,
Telling how dew-drops the lily-cups white.

Hushed are the moorlands: the nightingale keepeth
Vigil alone, as he plaintively sings;
Under the ferns every gray rabbit sleepeth,
Moonlight for peasants, and peasants are kings.

Through the tall chestnuts the night-breeze is straying,
Kissing their leaves and their pyramids white;
Through the long chestnuts the sephyrs are playing,
Sporting like brownies and fays in the night.

Under the chestnuts we wandered a-dreaming,
True friends, and lovers, in years long ago;
Each come those solemn to-night, each is gleaming,
Boyhood has come again;—would it were so!

And yet I know not—for why should we, weeping,
Sigh for the past, that can ne'er come again?
Better by far to let memory, sleeping,
Lie unawakened, nor murmur in vain!

Mlle. Euphrosine's Thursdays.

BY MISS DE BETHAM-EDWARDS.

AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR JACOB," "KITTY," ETC., ETC.

I.—THE FIRST THURSDAY.

We were four medical students in Paris.

The elder, Alcek M'Kraw, was a Scotchman next come Sebastian Krebs, whose patronymic bespeaks his German origin; the third in the category was Tom Lightfoot, a Londoner; a gifted young Italian named Joseph Portromoly, completed the quartette.

More than one tie bound us together in a sort of brotherhood.

There was our poverty to begin with. We were almost as poor as Victor Hugo's hero who made a mutton chop do duty for three dinners. We were all young, all enthusiastic votaries of Æsculapius, all fond of pleasure, and we were all in love with the same woman. The beginning of our love-story is the beginning of my narrative.

It happened in this wise:

There were two professional ladies, relatives of Portromoly, to whose weekly *réunions* we were always welcome, and as we liked society and got very little of it, we seldom failed to present ourselves at the modest salon of Mademoiselle Euphrosine.

Mademoiselle Euphrosine, the youngest of the two sisters was the leading spirit of the little coterie, was no longer young. Of a woman's age who may dare to speak? Suffice it to say, that in losing her youth she had not lost her charms, and that if she wanted declared lovers, she could count admirers by the dozen. She was, moreover, a siren by right of musical gifts. She sang and played our hearts away night after night. There was this inexpressible consolation, that as our siren was neither young nor beautiful, we were not constrained to stop our ears with wax.

Mademoiselle Antoinette, the elder sister, fascinated us by her intellect and conversational powers. A *diplomée* professor of literature, she prided herself upon being able to converse aládies' with this or that distinguished author in the field of politics, belles-lettres, or social science. Mademoiselle Euphrosine, by comparison with her sister Mademoiselle Antoinette, was beautiful.

The weekly receptions, though each was a decidedly accurate copy of the other, did not tire us. Music, conversation, dominos, whist, and tea, followed each other in unvarying succession, and there was so little variety among the guests that a fresh arrival was looked upon as an event.

With one such event our history opens. One evening we entered Mademoiselle Euphrosine's salon to find every thing as completely transformed as if a magician's wand had been at work there. Our two hostesses were in their usual places and surrounded by their usual satellites: the scientific siren, Mademoiselle Euphrosine, dressed in a girlish costume of white muslin and pink rose-buds, sat at the piano. Over her head Professor Lagueuse, the only decided of her adorers, a stout, sentimental gentleman, who may be described as one of those unknown celebrities of a mournfully met with in artistic and literary society. In close proximity to these two sat another of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's admirers, a popular painter, named Renneval. He also boasted a prosperous looking rotundity of figure, that argued well for a profession not unlikely held to be lucrative.

Mademoiselle Antoinette occupied the sofa. Her appearance contrasted strikingly with that of her sister, for she wore the same rusty gut ments on gala occasions and in the professional chair. Her hair went its own way. No such womanly vanities as white wristbands, neck-ribbons, or gloves were ever indulged in.

Chief of her worshipers were two members of the legal profession: what they did in the legal profession is not necessary to know. It is enough to say that they both had "a lean and hungry look," betitling men who are supposed "to think too much."

Gathered round the table were the usual whist and domino players, a group of ladies and gentlemen who, having nothing to do with my narrative, may be described *en masse* as literary, artistic, amiable, and gifted with the enviable faculty of ever growing loud when talking.

Such, then, was the usual *mise-en-scène* of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays. But where was the magician whose wand had metamorphosed the familiar scene to us on this particular night, so that we stood transfixed with joy and bewilderment?

In a remote corner of the room, unnoticed by the rest of the company, sat a young girl of about seventeen years of age. She was dressed in an ill-made school-girl's frock of blue stuff, and was turning over photographs with the air of a child who is told to amuse itself and be good, hardly looking up on our entrance. But her face was in no sweet and that it needed no wonderful the others could for a moment ignore her presence. Her complexion was that of a delicate pea-hen, now, her eyes small and vivacious, her nose, not classic certainly, but the prettiest imaginable; her eyes large and of a delicious blue, nearly dreamy, unfathomable; and, to crown all, she had the gold-brown hair that poets love and painters adore.

All four of us were bewitched, and in a breath demanded of Mademoiselle Euphrosine the favor of an introduction.

"An introduction to my little pupil and niece, Theresine Romano?" Certainly, Messieurs; but she is a school-girl at present, and speaks hardly ten words of French. Therefore, mon enfant, Messieurs Krebs, Portromoly, and Lightfoot, voilà Monsieur Fontremoly is your fellow-countryman."

Fontremoly's eyes sparkled with conscious triumph, and he seated himself at the young girl's side. In a moment or two they had fallen into an easy, animated conversation, every word of which was lost to us. We were sorry, for once out of humor with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays.

There remained no alternative but to bear unlucky fate, to play dominos with the obese bachelors and widows, to hang over the piano while Mademoiselle Euphrosine played and sang to her adorer in rusty brown, to partake of Mademoiselle Antoinette's tea, and listen to her tirades on Fourierism, with as little ennui as we might.

And all the time Pontremoly looked so happy! It seemed as if the musical Tuscan tongue were a freemason's sign, making the two friends at once. Theresine looked like Pontremoly's sister, certainly; their eyes beamed with reciprocated interest; their voices, both very sweet, kept up a duet of never-flagging talk; their attention to each other made us as if we had been hundreds of miles away.

The hours till sugar-water, wine, and biscuits were handed round, and the party broke up.

We walked along the Boulevards moodily. For the first time we had the courage to say to each other about the evening's amusement; formerly it had been how well So-and-So had played the *Le Rêve-Elève*. Krebs threw himself on the sofa, with an unusual expression of face, half troubled, half joyful. Pontremoly had his cigarette-case in his hand long after more than the others, and I regarded him in the light of a young and petted brother.

"Is she not an angel to look at?" he asked; "and an angel she is. Yet, do you know, Lightfoot, I almost wish I had never been here."

"Never see her again," I cried. "The remedy is in your own hands."

"I am not joking," Pontremoly added, smiling his own wayward, winning smile; "and I do not mind telling my strange fancies to you, for you respect them. Well, then, I wish I had not been so sure that Mademoiselle Euphrosine's niece is my Fate as I am of my own existence."

"My dear fellow, I wish you every pretty face is a man's fate by turns. Remember Adrienne; remember Emilie."

"Oh! what have they in common with Theresine?" he said. "But wait for the evidence of my words. It may come to-morrow. It may come ten years hence. But it surely will, and the day will be a day of fate for us all."

Of what use is it to contradict a Scotchman or a Tuscan? Fontremoly has ever been the spoiled child of our little fraternity, by virtue of his sweet, impulsive temper, his enthusiasm, and his happy way of doing things; and he had ever been a riddle to us. The strangest theories floated through his brain upon every social and metaphysical question. To-day he would be deep in Fourierism; to-morrow in the Hegelian philosophy; then he was a chameleon, consistent only in his inconsistency.

From that day Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays became the turning-point in our existence. Krebs, Alcek, and myself betook ourselves to the study of Italian, in which Pontremoly assisted us with the zeal of a martyr to attribute to excessive confidence. Without a doubt he imagined Theresine to have fallen in love with him. She did not, as we all set out on the same race: and if Pontremoly were the swiftest runner there was always the chance that some stone might trip him up.

Certainly Theresine was very kind to us all. She was of so childlike and caressing a nature that it seemed impossible to her to pain any one of us by a slight, however unintentional. Without the slightest coquetry she showered her sweetest smiles and words so impartially that it would have been impossible for an outsider to guess at the most favored lover. Krebs and myself declared to each other that we were frantically in love; at the same time we acknowledged, *sub rosâ*, Pontremoly's chances to be immeasurably the greater.

Alcek alone maintained an icy silence as to his feelings. He sat up till midnight poring over our Italian exercises and phrase-book. He dined off bread and *soupe maigre* every Thursday, in order to buy Theresine a bouquet. He pawned his dearly loved skeleton for the sake of buying a dress-coat.

Alcek was the least popular among us; but we felt bound to acknowledge that he, if any one, deserved to carry off the prize.

II.—THE SECOND THURSDAY.

THURSDAY succeeded Thursday, bringing its portion of joy or disappointment to each of us. Pontremoly and I, Theresine smiled upon Krebs—stout, jolly, spectacled Krebs—he became a person the gods might envy. Therefore Alcek withheld a kind word from myself, I declared my cup of wretchedness to be full to the brim, and my comrades believed me.

We had all mustered a little Italian now, and as Theresine could speak charming broken French, Pontremoly's supremacy was at an end. Wayward in all things, he was equally wayward in love-making. What would have disconcerted most lovers was a source of satisfaction to him, and instead of resenting the advantages we had already gained, he positively put others in our way.

"He wishes to give us all fair play," Alcek said more than once, smiling bitterly; Krebs and I had worshiped the fact with a better grace than the Scotchman.

We were now in the month of June, and one Thursday Mademoiselle Euphrosine invited us to spend the afternoon with her party in the Bois de Boulogne, instead of giving the usual reception.

To a set of poor, hard-working, friendless students like ourselves, a gala day had always come to us but rarely in our lives. In the society of Theresine seemed too good to be true. We dressed ourselves *à l'Anglaise*, with straw hats, and dressed our button-hole, and set off to the rendezvous in great exhilaration.

The day was superb. Mademoiselle Euphrosine's toilet was the delight of all her visitors excepting Theresine's lovers. She looked—at a distance—like a shepherdess on a pastoral fan; close, she looked like her broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with rose-buds, her fanciful blue bodice, and long white skirt bordered with blue. For her arm she carried a dainty scarf matching the dress, and in one hand a tiny parasol. What she wanted in freshness she made up by art.

Alcek. No wonder Monsieur Laguesse was in a seventh heaven.

And Theresine? She needed no superficial allurements of the milliner, looking in her cheap blue gown and old-fashioned brown hat as lovely as the Madonna della Sedia, Raphael and Murillo. Her bright, gold-brown hair hung curling in childish fashion about her neck; her sweet mouth smiled its celestial smile; her large, dreamy eyes looked bluer, more pathetic than ever.

For an hour or two we wandered among the green alleys, then drove to a little restaurant on the borders of the fairy-like little lake southward of the Bois, and partook of ices. Monsieur Laguesse announced that the gentlemen should treat the ladies to a row, and though such an act of gallantry was sure to entail the sacrifice of a dinner or breakfast, we hailed the proposal eagerly.

Mademoiselle Euphrosine divided the party wisely, arranging Theresine to the care of Alcek and myself, requiring Pontremoly and Krebs as cavaliers to two of the younger young ladies of the party. Lightfoot must be left out, that we were less entertaining than our Italian and German comrades, so that we were indebted to the privilege for a sense of our inferiority. But Pontremoly, for the first time, acted like a jealous lover. "It is a veil, Alcek has stolen my heart!" he answered himself of the Scotchman's seat beside Theresine, seized the oar, and put off.

Alcek turned deadly white, and holding up his hat, shook it in Pontremoly's face. Pontremoly only laughed defiance, and as the boat glided away shouted, in a mocking voice, "I give you my next chance!"

"You shall pay the price of this first!" shouted back Alcek in his wrath.

Then we saw him deprecate Mademoiselle Euphrosine's suave interference by angry gestures, and when we got out on the opposite side to the others, stride off in the direction of Paris. Theresine reproved Pontremoly for his unkind behavior to our friend, Pontremoly took it very lightly, and was in the most extravagant spirits all the afternoon. He sang, he laughed, he imitated Lightfoot's walk, he mimicked and *parodied* alternately. When we joined the others I noticed that he fell back with Theresine, and while I jested continually, he replied in a low, trembling tones. I fancied I heard the sound of sobs. Pontremoly looked pale and agitated after the adieux were made, and taking hold of my arm, proposed that we should leave Krebs to follow Alcek with the carriage and home together.

"What a fool that good Alcek must be," he said, "to think that his passion or his rage can touch Theresine and Euphrosine! Ah, Lightfoot, Lightfoot, and a person to be trusted; of course, it's as plain as daylight how matters stand between her and me."

I could not deny that he appeared Theresine's favored love, and I said so.

"That's well said," he went on; "but now I have a strange thing to confide to you. Something—I know not what—tells me that Therese and the slighted Alcek will be married, and for her, we shall not be long together. Alcek's chance will come then." He broke into a wild laugh, adding: "Let him use it as best he may. But now I want to talk to you of ourselves. I shall soon have to leave Theresine."

I answered him lightly, taking this new thought as only the thousandth of nine hundred and ninety-nine vagaries.

"Turn philosopher ere it may be too late, my friend," I said. "There is no time like the present."

"What business have we to talk of time?" he said. "Time is but the succession of such events as are assigned to us. Therefore is it that my spirit can live always, though in the flesh we may be divided next week, say, to-morrow?"

"On my word, I answered, "you make light of lovers' partings. Come, now, confess that you will not be very melancholy, very lachrymose!"

"Jest at me, mock me as you will," he added, coldly; "the time for jesting is short. Did I not tell you that my fate was coming, Lightfoot? When it comes, you will jest no more."

Then he left me. We had strolled together the length of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and paused on the Place de Concorde. Fontremoly entered the Tuileries gardens, bound homeward—we lived on the Quai St. Michel—and I turned into the Rue de Rivoli.

But I had hardly walked a dozen yards before a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a familiar voice called my name.

It was Pontremoly.

"I did not mean to part from you in anger, just now," he said, "and I want to say something to you for once and for all that has been on my mind for a long time. Will you promise me that what I say to you, and the true friend to her whatever happens?"

I would have answered him lightly, but his look forbade it. Grasping his hand firmly, I gave the promise. Then he thanked me with a satisfied, though melancholy, smile, and we started.

I fancied him over the street—graceful as a fawn, beautiful as an Apollo—with mixed feelings of envy and admiration. How my limping and gifted friend must! How women loved him! Yet something told me that his lot was not a lot to covet.

I sat up working till midnight, but Pontremoly did not return. A vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of me. Had the two rivals met to quarrel afresh? Had Alcek struck in our fierce blow in unconsidered haste? Pontremoly possessed a sword, broken by fencer? All these misgivings crossed my mind as I lay wakeful till the morning dawned.

III.—THE MYSTERY.

WHEN I awoke, the sun stood high in the heavens, and Krebs was by my bedside with a letter in his hand.

"Now for the great and inscrutable mystery," he said. "Portromoly has gone—gone home, and this now was left at the house-door early, and will, doubtless, explain every thing."

I rubbed my eyes and turned over the missive inquisitively.

"Don't keep a fellow in suspense," Krebs cried, with impatience, "for I think if it proves a mere case of elopement after all?"

Then I tore open the envelope and read the following, written in a hand deliberately in Pontremoly's effeminate hand:

"*I follow the beckoning finger of Fate without looking back. Remember your promise, and be a brother to Theresine.*"

For a moment we looked into each other's eyes in blank amazement. Then all broke into one cry of horrified dismay.

"Barmherziger Gott!" exclaimed Krebs, turning pale. "The poor fool has not committed suicide?"

"What motive should he have for such a deed?" I said, trembling with undefined apprehension.

"None, except madness," Krebs answered, wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow. "And Pontremoly has always seemed half mad to me. But let us hear what Alcek has to say."

"Am I the madman's keeper?" an angry voice; and, looking up, we beheld Alcek, who stood in the doorway, paler and more aghast than ourselves.

"You don't think I've murdered him, do you?" he said, laughing grimly.

There was a somewhat awkward pause. At last Krebs asked, quite naturally, whether Alcek and Pontremoly had fought on the previous night.

Alcek glared angrily from one to the other of us, and then, with impatient haste, replied:

"Of course I should have fought him, had he given me the chance, and perhaps murdered him in the bargain," he said, "for I am clearly kept out of my way. You may look incredulous, Lightfoot; you may stare, Krebs: that is my reading of the case. Pontremoly is the favored one by right of Fate. He was afraid of me," and then Alcek laughed—"afraid of me, and not, perhaps, without cause for fear."

Alcek's manner was so excited and suspicious that Krebs and myself for the thankful when he went off to his daily work at the Sorbonne. We wanted to talk over the matter of Pontremoly's disappearance calmly and dispassionately, and we could we do it with Alcek present in such a mood?

"Of course," Alcek is as innocent of any harm to our comrade as myself," Krebs said, addressing, with a grimace, "though I wouldn't stand in his shoes for something if Pontremoly never turns up."

"He will not be suspected?" I said."

Krebs shrugged his shoulders.

"If a man disappears somebody must be suspected of foul play, and who so likely as the person known to have threatened him the day before?"

We talked a long time, and at last came to the conclusion that, if Pontremoly did not appear in a week's time, we would hand over his letters,

keys, etc., to the police. Of our consternation, as day succeeded day—of our confidence in to-morrow's chance—of our blind hopes—of our still blinder solutions of the mystery—I need not speak. All our fellow-participators in the delights of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays took part in our agonies and sorrow. By their advice, the facts of the case were laid before a commissary of the police, and Alick was subjected to a judicial examination that was anything but agreeable. Pontremoly, however, not to be outdone, had how was Alick to be proved innocent?

For several days our quiet little apartments were deranged by numerous inquisitive looking gens d'armes, who peered into every corner, and almost took us all into custody because we could not manufacture people.

During this unhappy time, Alick's conduct was most extraordinary. No vestige of evidence marked him as guilty of any thing beyond the shaken fist and the muttered threat in the Bois de Boulogne. These alike proofs and probability came to a stand-still, since there was nothing to show that the rivals had met again. But Alick's attitude was willfully, persistently that of a conscience-smitten man. He seemed to take a weird delight in the mesh of suspicious circumstances in which he found himself. He would so improve upon the evidence against him, that there were times when Krebs and myself trembled, as if indeed we were in the presence of a murderer. Gloom, discomfort, incessant mood, or—to put the thing into plain words—suspicion, however much we might try to conceal it, filled the whole establishment. Laying hold on some chain of circumstantial evidence, other than those which existed, he would force us to follow him through labyrinthine thickets of guilt and darkness till we came to the full light of the horrible truth, which with a grim chuckle of satisfaction—"Don't you see it?" he would cry, looking from one to the other. "It must be I! And no one else!"—invariably builders the crime of Pontremoly's disappearance rests."

For a time our peaceful little *monsarde* became a very den of discord. One monomaniac idea turned upon us for slighting or insulting him; the next, for being too kind to a wretch who would have done us all to death in his dying day.

But here the influence of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays came like balm—healing, soothing, mercy. Her sisters really wearied the loins of Thursday, most gifted, and most beautiful guest—for, as I have before said, Pontremoly had a face of a young god—moreover, they felt much for the misery that had befallen his boon companions. Accordingly, we were feted and petted like convalescent children or prodigal sons. Each succeeding Thursday was made, in some sort, a surprise by means of new sweets or new amusements. Mademoiselle Euphrosine borrowed novels for us without number; Mademoiselle Antoinette invited us to *thés-à-fre* invariably on Wednesdays. Under this kindly feminine influence Krebs and myself gradually recovered our spirits, while Alick recovered his sanity. And therewith—

Her conduct was even more inexplicable than that of Alick, since it did not change. She had never been gay and sad by turns—one to-day, the other to-morrow; changeful as the winds and seas, it was always doubtful in which mood we should find her. But she was an incomparable actress, or Pontremoly's disappearance affected her less than it did any of us. She talked of him to all of us in a strain of mingled enthusiasm and triumph. She even entered into the never-ending discussions upon the mystery without apparent flinching. Had she any heart, this young Southerner, with her enchanting smiles and charming ways? Did she ask an answer to despair under the semblance of unconcern? Was she privy to this terrible silence? Was she a traitor to him, or to us all?

I had made many overtures of friendliness, in compliance with my poor friend's request, but met with evident coldness. Sometimes would deprecate the proffered service with a smile or a sophism. Again and again I endeavored to follow the sacred trend to me, again and again to fail. At last my patience gave way, and I spoke out.

It happened one evening that I found myself alone on the sofa with Theresine. The rest of the party were engaged in a loud and animated social discussion. There was no fear of our conversation being overheard.

"Mademoiselle," I said, in Italian, "I am not to see you so gay. Pontremoly was a near lover—yet you smile, you sing, you dance! Must I believe that you are heartless? Must I believe that, without guilt, you can torture? Pardon me, mademoiselle, if, as the friend deputed by Pontremoly to watch over you, I speak out the thought of my heart, though all the while I must give you pain."

She looked me with all the pathos of her sweet eyes, her lips trembled, her dimpled cheeks grew pale; and, bending low, she whispered with apparent effort:

"Oh! monsieur, do not judge me yet. Have patience: trust me a little longer. I am indeed not to him."

"And have you any hope?" I asked.

"How can I despair?" she said. "If he were dead, I know I should die; but I could not dwell apart from mine. He believed that too."

"You will be happy till then?" I said, for the time possessed by the young girl's strange fancy.

"I shall hope till then; and even this silence, worse than death, does not divide true lovers," she answered, passionately. "What, indeed, is separation in the letter, since in the spirit it can not exist?"

More of this strange talk we held that night, and then I learned, for the first time, how thoroughly Pontremoly had imbued the fresh young nature with his fatalistic notions and dreamy pantheism. Theresine, who looked and seemed so childlike, could understand better than any of us the exquisitely harmonious and gifted being whom we all loved and mourned so bitterly.

For the first time Theresine's actions became transparent to me as the waters of a brooklet bubbling over pebbles. She believed too strongly in the supernatural doctrines with which Pontremoly had inoculated her despair, or even doubt as yet. Thus explained, her cheerfulness no longer heartless, her belief in the future no longer incredible.

But for us, who could not cherish the same hopes, courage could awaken with the same assurance of revelation by-and-by, the mystery became as a nightmare, and time did not remove it from our souls.

IV.—THE LAST MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

Tears passed—years on; and if we did not grow reconciled to the mysterious loss of our comrade, at least we began to look upon it as inevitable, and consequently to be endured. Any thing like a vestige of evidence never appeared. Gradually the police ceased to grumble, and the public to make inquiry. A young medical student had disappeared—an Italian—given to queer hallucinations and somewhat unorthodox notions about the social destiny *with tout*. The Parisian world has too much on its hands to concern itself beyond the moment about a single man.

Exactly a year after the rueful day on which we had lost sight of Pontremoly, Mademoiselle Euphrosine gave a reception on Thursday than usual. In the first place, the courtship of twenty years seemed likely to come to an end; for, in consequence of which I received a small legacy, Monsieur Lagueuse had made our hostess an offer of marriage; in the second, our term of study was drawing to a close, and Mademoiselle Euphrosine Krebs should have reopened her *école* as Madame Lagueuse, to save us to be leagues away from Paris. Krebs was about to return to Stuttgard. Alick had accepted the post of engineer and draughtsman in the Messageries Imperiales; I, too, reluctantly saw myself drifting into that most stagnant of respectable careers, a commercial life. With regard to Theresine, our feelings remained much the same, excepting that Alick grew more hopeful as the time of separation drew near.

"There is no accounting for the ways of women," he said to me one day, confidentially. "Theresine has given me a promise."

I looked up in amazement.

"You may well want to know more," he said; "but I have promised to tell you all, if ever Theresine accepts a second lover, I am he."

This hope, which I could but regard as deceptive as the shadow of a flying bird, lightened on to the last. He paid court to her with a persistency that would have been ludicrous in another man, but was pathetic in his. He endeavored to make money, so that the wooing, if ever it came to that, should be done in a shower of gold. But Fortune was in the bounds either to his infatuation or his blindness.

On this last gala evening that we were all to spend together, Alick had come to Krebs on a bouquet of exquisite roses, which he presented immediately on entering the room. They were hardly decked in their brilliant colors. Theresine that night. She no longer wore a child's stuff frock, and secluded herself in her own chamber, of the room. Her beautiful hair had been plaited braided about her exquisitely shaped head, and adorned with a wreath of blush roses, a transparent silvery scarf falling over her shoulders, her lips, cheeks, and eyes aglow with excitement—the whole effect was all which Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays but just begun!

Doubtless Theresine's piquant beauty and naive character had much to do with her success that night; but to us the child seemed to have merged into the maiden as if by magic. Where had she learned this new art of repartee, that delicate, full art of pleasing and tormenting in a breath? Who had taught her the woman's way of delicacies coupled with coquettish coercion?

"What fools you and I have been?" whispered Krebs as we elbow. "The race is the swift, and the battle to the strong." My uncle have stepped into Pontremoly's shoes had we set our minds to it."

He joined the whist players. I sat down at the piano, and turned over Mademoiselle Euphrosine's music-book, alas! for the last time. Alick had to see his cab at the door, and ten o'clock little Antoinette prepared tea, and the vociferation was hushed for a while. Mademoiselle Euphrosine was the most patiently gallantly divided a *plaisir* biscuit between them, and sat munching it, with sentiment, side by side with Theresine, who had completely occupied the sofa, sipping tea and talking scandal. Krebs and Alick had been summoned to the whist table by cups, and stood apart contemplating every one by turns. Theresine, for the only time that evening, sat alone, and especially in the same spot where we had first seen her sitting months and months ago. I remembered how Pontremoly had taken the covered basket beside her, and sung as so boyishly jealous, and then the great mystery of our poor friend's disappearance forced itself upon my mind as if it were the thing of to-day.

Must it remain forever unsolved? I said to myself, with fierce impatience. Must we go on and on our way, down to our graves, and never unriddle the awful game that Fate has played with us? If this is so, then indeed are the fatalists to be envied, who console themselves with the assurance that all is foreclosed from the beginning of time; one thought, aphilosophic, generous thousands: and as I stood thus, thinking so little of the scene and the life present with me, launching so recklessly into irreparable circumstances, many minutes had passed.

When this mood of intense retrospection was over, I looked up involuntarily. The women coquetted, the men flattered, the lights gleamed; but Theresine was no longer alone.

Was I dreaming, or was it indeed Pontremoly who sat beside her, his face intent, his slight figure bent forward, his fingers toying with the flowers that lay on her lap, his whole attitude recalling that evening on which he had first taught me to cry?

I felt as if turning to stone; I could not utter a word; I could not lift my hand; I could only gaze and gaze with increasing bewilderment. How came he there, and thus? Why had he entered secretly? Why did no one notice his presence?

A voice at my elbow refreshed my clouded senses, as cold water rouses the swooning. It was Alick who was speaking. Pale, his hair bristled, his eyes dilating, he lifted an unsteady finger in the direction of Pontremoly, and whispered:

"See, he is going—he is gone! Oh! Lightfoot, what has been my own seen to-night?"

I looked up. The chair beside Theresine was vacant. She sat gazing at it, pale but calm.

"Do you think she saw—it—him?" asked Alick, under his breath. "Speak to her, Lightfoot; I can not."

I drew him a little aside, and tried to reason away our strange hallucination. The empty chair, the unconcerned faces of the guests, Theresine's evident calm, all went to prove that we had been the victims of our own excited fancy. I did not wish to believe myself nor any one else subject to the agencies of supernatural; and it is not a well-known fact in physiological history that the brain in a diseased state of activity can produce the strongest *whatsoever* of the unseen spiritual conception?

"My dear fellow," I said, "granted that we have both been under a delusion—what more likely?—but do not magnify the delusion into a supernatural manifestation. Doubtless you were thinking, as I was myself, intently. Was it not natural that imagination should do the rest, and seem to present him in living reality before us?"

He shook his head mournfully, and was about to answer, when Mademoiselle Antoinette coming up with bonbons for us, we were compelled to accept it, and her company also. When we were released the party had begun to disperse. Theresine sat on the sofa alone, and, after lingering in the deserted *salon* for some time, politeness bade us to depart.

"Theresine is gone to bed, somewhat overcome with the evening's excitement, *pauvre enfant*," Mademoiselle Euphrosine said, apologetically "and she has made your adieux to-morrow, gentlemen; we must not spoil such a pleasant evening by making them now."

We went away, and Alick and betook ourselves homeward along the still brilliantly-lighted Boulevards. For a time no one spoke, neither Alick nor myself feeling disposed to allude to the crowning event of so many strange ones linked with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays. We noticed Alick's hat and cane, seemed equally abstracted. At last he said, speaking with considerable effort:

"I wonder what you two will think of me when I tell you that, if ever I saw any one on any thing in my life, I saw Pontremoly, or Pontremoly's ghost, sitting by Theresine's side to-night. I couldn't be drunk on *sirop à groseilles* and weak tea. I do not turn mad all in a moment. I—I saw him! How I wish that some one else had seen him too!"

We stopped short and looked into each other's anger faces.

Krebs read our secret at a glance.

"You saw him—you!" he cried, turning from Alick to myself. "Are we all mad alike? Are we to believe that there are *doppel-gängers* in the world? Are we dreaming?"

We tried to compare our experiences soberly, and they coincided with almost complete exactness. Each of us had been lost into a long train of reflections, beginning with the first evening of Theresine's appearance in Mademoiselle Euphrosine's *salon*, and ending with our present friend's strange fate. Each had felt the same impatience at the mystery enshrouding it; each had recalled Pontremoly's words of happy abandonment, while we stood looking on, so foolishly envious!

Krebs was fain to accept the supernatural interpretation, and to look forward toward his way of thinking; but I combated it with all the force of which I was capable, and succeeded in wholesome horror of mystic and spiritual influences, and would not confess to the somewhat shock that had in the first instance taken possession of me.

"You must remember," I urged, as we talked over the matter for the last small hours, "that we have all been working with abnormal activity during the past week for our examination. If we were to go to the police in such hunger we should be in a high fever, and my only wonder is that Pontremoly's apparition is the first we have seen."

"I have not a shadow of doubt," Alick answered, "that Pontremoly is dead, and that this was the warning. Treat the matter lightly as you will, Lightfoot, I think my own thoughts about it. When my father died at the taking of Schastopol, my mother was him unlatch our garden gate and enter. When my great-uncle—"

"Settle it between you as you like," I said, taking up my bedroom candle, "but for Heaven's sake don't ask me to be umpire."

And I went to bed, heart-sick and heart-sore with the events of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays from first to last.

V.—THE THREADS UNRAVELLED.

The next day and the next we called at Mademoiselle Euphrosine's, but Theresine did not appear. The poor child, said the hostess, had been suffering from feverish headache ever since their last soirée, and could not be induced to rise from her bed.

"My own idea," Mademoiselle Euphrosine said, lightly, "is that the child is suffering from *mal de pays*, and, if so, the sooner we send her back to her parents in Italy the better, though it would be a thousand pities to leave off cultivating that fine voice of hers."

Must we, then, leave Paris without seeing Theresine for the last time? Alick recklessly threw up his appointment at the eleventh hour, determined to have his promised word of adieu. Krebs put off his journey to the Vaterland for a week or two, gallantly bent upon acting the faithful knight to the last. I was in no particular hurry to get back to England, and thus it happened that Mademoiselle Euphrosine's wedding drew near, and found us still in Paris.

Theresine continued to remain invisible, and our messages, flowers, and other attentions brought nothing but a word or two of thanks by way of return. One afternoon Alick came back from his daily visit of inquiry with a white face.

"She is very ill," he gasped out. "Even Mademoiselle Euphrosine acknowledges it. They have got a doctor at last."

We were all anxious enough, but Alick's misery was too deep to witness. He could not sleep, he could not eat, he could not rest any where. His time was spent in hovering about Mademoiselle Euphrosine's apartment, doing little errands for the troubled ladies, fetching Theresine's medicines, etc. At this time poor Alick himself looked like a convalescent, so gaunt, pale, so attenuated, so hollow-eyed was he; and we were all too much absorbed in Theresine's illness to think of the strange events that had gone before. Pontremoly's memory ceased to trouble us for a while.

At last the crisis came. Theresine died. Of Krebs's distress and my own, of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's and her sister's concern, of poor Alick's misery, I need not speak. These critical catastrophes darken every life by turns, and are mercifully softened by years of fate and effort which, or would be too hard to bear. We do not cease to suffer, but by God's goodness, as time wears on, we cease to despair.

Alick's state of mind became so terrible that, to prevent him from being taken off to a *maison de fous*, our kind friend Krebs carried him off to Central America instead.

A gigantic scientific expedition, under Imperial auspices, was about to start, and the surgeon selected to accompany it fell ill. Krebs obtained the appointment, coupled with the privilege of taking a friend who would be of himself useful. The two departed. When opportunity offered Krebs sent me letters, which, as time wore on, became satisfactory. I learned that Alick would come home, if not a happy, at least a resigned man, and spoke of the expedition as one of great excitement and adventure.

For myself, I remained in Paris, determined to make a last effort on behalf of the mystery so vital to us all. Circumstances had occurred in my family affairs which improved my position, and rendered the so-dreaded country practice no longer obligatory. In a word, I had inherited some money. My efforts, and consequent success, will be best told by the following letter which I wrote to Krebs and Alick about six months from the time of their departure.

"DEAR KREBS AND ALICK,—I have at last something to tell you which can be believed. I have seen Pontremoly and Pontremoly. As soon as Mademoiselle Euphrosine married I gave up my flat, and took a lower to possess myself of Mademoiselle Antoinette's confidence. I have gained your friend and my own by describing the artifices and enumerating the shifts to which they have been reduced by your strange disappearance. Make love to her I could not do, but I hit upon a happy expedient. I proved myself to her as if I had been a lover, and took her to sights and spectacles as if I were her brother. From the contrivance to the last I had my reward. She told me under the Artistes's vow of secrecy, which, for you, neither will nor can I break, the facts concerning our poor Theresine's death.

"The day after the ball at which we sent Alick she had been persuaded of Pontremoly's presence during the whole evening, and that the ghost of her friend had convinced her of his death. Being pressed further on this point, she told me that the last time any of us was most likely to be accounted for by the fact of our having been in the secret of Pontremoly's flight. And all of her own relations belonging to the Italian party at the time of the flight, she had been summoned on some secret and dangerous mission of a political character, and had left Paris in a state of terror, and had, to convert others to the good cause.

"Pontremoly had promised to either of two conclusions. Theresine was to accompany him on the journey by the police, or he had fallen a victim to some political outbreak while fulfilling the mission of his secret.

"But how to arrive at any thing like ultimate truth? To go to Italy seemed the only rational plan: yet it was not without dangers and doubts. The most conscientious person would hardly fail to be caught tripping in the labyrinthine mazes of that Italian Tyburn, and months and years might elapse before any result were obtained.

"I started for Italy, however, and after many fruitless journeys to Theresine's old haunts in Tuscany, and to the little country town where resided Pontremoly's old friend, Jacinto, took myself to Rome, and there, as conquer, pursued my inquiries as circumspectly as I could.

"When we meet I will tell you all; till then it suffices to say that Pontremoly met with death while fulfilling what to him was a sacred errand. It is a consolation to me, though his fate was a cruel one, as he used to say, so prematurely, and from the hand of an assassin, he died for the cause he loved so well—namely, Italian freedom.

"Poor Theresine! and poor Theresine! I have today placed some wreaths of immortelles upon her lonely little grave in the Cimetière Montmartre. You can safely deal it if you inquire for the grave of Mezzpre, Theresine's name in full. I am the only mourner.

"And, now, good-by! I am off to England at last. I can afford to ask you to come and see me now, being comparatively a rich man. Come as soon as you can, and, over our cigars and coffee, we will talk over old days and old friends. Yours always,

"HARRY LIGHTFOOT."

With this letter properly ends my story. I add, however, that my old comrades are both prospering, and that even Alick is able to recall calmly the strange events connected with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays.

INTERIOR OF A PALACE HOTEL CAR USED ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

WORK ON THE LAST MILE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—MINGLING OF EUROPEAN WITH ASIATIC LABORERS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE P. 341.]

BURNING OF STEAMERS ON THE OHIO RIVER AT CINCINNATI, MAY 12, 1869.—SKETCHED BY W. W. HOWARD.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

BURNING OF STEAMERS AT CINCINNATI.

We illustrate on page 349 the disastrous conflagration which took place on the Ohio River, at Cincinnati, on the morning of May 12. A little before two o'clock a fire broke out in the *Clifton*, caused, it is supposed, by the upsetting of a lamp. Five steamers were laying in close proximity, and above these six others. In less than half an hour the six steamers below were destroyed, nearly all of them being burned to the water's edge. Those on board the *Clifton* were just able to escape with their lives, so rapid was the conflagration. Before the earliest engines could reach the scene four of the boats were already in flames. The heat was so intense that they could only approach the boats with the greatest difficulty. Not for many hours was the fire under control, and they fought their fierce foe at close quarters. Some of the boats had on board a large quantity of oil, and as the barrels caught fire they floated out into the river, and then down the stream, making it a stream of burning fire. The Kentucky shore was lighted up, and the flames showed its banks filled with spectators drawn from their beds by the magnificent spectacle.

A deck-hand was burned to death on the *Clifton*, and it is reported that five persons on the *Cheyenne* suffered a similar fate. Three or four men from the *Darling* were drowned in their attempt to get ashore. The loss of property amounted to nearly $1,000,000, exclusive of cargo.

CORAL.

The part played by the coral animal in the history of the world is so great and important as to astonish all but those who know and understand the power of Him who ordains strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, and comprehendeth the dust of the earth in a measure, and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Whether we look backward or to the present time, we see how great a part has been assigned to the small creature of whose characteristics and works it is proposed to say something in this paper. In the depths of the limestone and tertiary formation of the earth's crust there are substantial proofs of the long duration and the laborious energy of the coral animal; and if we look abroad at the present day, and see the magnificent results which the united toil of the creature's industry are producing upon the face of the earth—rather of the ocean—we cannot but equally wonder at the wisdom and the might of that great God who makes all His creatures subserve the grand scheme of creation, and employs in some of the most insignificant among them the task of constructing "continents to be."

With the works of the *coralline*—for by this name it will be convenient to call the coral animal—in the past, we have here no concern. Suffice it to say that a peculiar formation, known to geologists as *coralline rag*, is called after the little creature, and establishes the nobility of its pedigree. But the coralline's wonders of the present is still more important, to judge by what one sees of it in actual operation. Four distinct forms of dry land does the coralline contribute to appear, though the material with which it builds is the same in all. There are, of course, several styles of building, some of the animals choosing to build elaborate and splendid work, while the great mass of this simple operative class, without much taste, are with only a general design, built up a fabric more remarkable for its solidity and strength than for its beauty. The same sort of creature, however, is employed, the only difference being that with the coralliun, as with the human beings there is skilled and unskilled labor in the market, each doing good service, and neither being quite independent of the other. Before describing the little creatures itself, let us take a glance at its productions, which have been spoken of as so vast and so important.

The works of the coral are known as *lagoon islands* or *atolls*, *encircling reefs*, *barrier reefs*, and *coral fringes*. The first-named are rings of coral, varying in diameter, and sometimes in section of the sea. They are rarely higher above the level of the sea than from six to twelve feet: and though some of them are large enough for thousands of the solid coral rock forming the ring is not more than a quarter of a mile. In consequence of this, they are frequently not visible from seaward until the spectator is close upon them, and generally therefore within their dangerous influence. Sometimes—that is to say, when the atoll is not a very recent one—they are conspicuous by the cocoa-nut and pandanus trees, of which the seeds, brought from a distance of many hundreds, it may be thousands, of miles, by the great current of ocean, have taken root and formed a covert for birds and insects, which assist materially in welding the crude coral mass, and in making the soil of the mean that which by nature could yield him no comfort, though it might do him infinite harm.

The size of these atolls varies considerably, the largest known is in the Maldive Archipelago, and is eighty-eight miles in length and nearly twenty in breadth; others, again, are not more than three-fourths of a mile across from edge to edge. The Pacific and Indian oceans are, par excellence, the homes of lagoon islands; but they they flourish in countless multitudes, and form one of the chief difficulties to navigation, because of their treacherous character, lying as they do almost *perdus* a little above the surface of the water. In many cases, however, it is quite possible for ships, even those of large size, "out of this nettle danger to pluck the flower safety;" for if the channel by which the communication is kept up between the surrounding sea and the interior of the atoll can only be discovered, and be deep enough for the passage of the vessel, there could not be any safer hiding-place from the wind, or surer covert from the tempest, than a lagoon island. Yet the sea never so troubled outside the magic circle, roll the surf never so fiercely up and over the outer sides of the island, within the precincts of the lagoon itself all is calm and quiet; and not only so, but there is anchorage as well, though outside the line of the deep-sea lead may show no bottom. Fifty fathoms would show a deep lagoon, twenty would be a more common depth, and the bottom at that depth affords good holding for the anchors. On the seaward side the coral shelves gradually to about twenty-five fathoms, which is the depth at about two hundred yards away from the outer edge; beyond that the soundings suddenly cease, and the lead at three hundred yards away from where soundings were struck at twenty-five fathoms. Upon this gradually sloping side the sea-water breaks in a perfect fury of surf, with a roar so loud that it is often the first indication to the mariner of his approach to the neighborhood of danger. The sound of it may be heard many miles off.

How are these atolls formed? At one time it was supposed that the *coralium* selected some site at the bottom of the sea, on which, with an infinite array of its fellows, it worked and piled up the structure, like another Tower of Babel, reached that height which, for wise purposes, it was not allowed to exceed—that is, three hundred feet, upon which other rocks of a like nature moulded themselves, the mass growing until an island was formed. But the principle of agglutination was but understood, and there was nothing but conjecture on which to base the first part of the theory, which is now quite exploded. The belief now entertained by scientific men is that lagoon islands are but the crowned heads of submerged mountains, or, to speak more correctly, of mountains the plains to which are the bottom of the ocean. The coralliu, for reasons to be explained presently, have chosen to build on the sunken mountain-head; it is established as a matter of fact that they can not live, much less work, at a depth of more than 150. Darwin, who went as naturalist in the scientific voyage made by the late Admiral Fitzroy in H.M.S. *Beagle*, has describes what he considers to be the true process of formation of an atoll: "An island mountain, closely encircled by a coral reef, subsides, while the fringing reef, that lay many with it is constantly recovering its level, owing to the tendency of the coral animals to reach the surface by renewed superstructure; these constitute first a reef, encircling the island at a distance, and a considerable lagoon. The inclined island has wholly subsided, an atoll."

It has been said that these lagoon islands are to be found in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Why not in the Caribbean Sea and the West Indian waters? It is said that the West Indian islands are the mere summits of a great district of country that once filled the Gulf of Mexico, that the land slipped, or was forced down by some convulsion of nature, and was buried—all save the mountain-tops, which were precipitous, and so high as to show far above the waves of the sea. But if the Bahama Banks and atolls in the West Indian seas, where barrier, fringing, and encircling reefs abound? The reason given is, that where the boundless depths in the Pacific and Indian Oceans are still subsiding, there is reason to think that the mountain-tops, or Islands, in the Gulf of the Caribbean Sea are continuously, though slowly, rising. Submergence is an essential condition to the development of the lagoon island, just as the contrary process is most favorable to the formation of other kinds of coral land; and if the appearance of the rising of the West Indies be correct, it will be sufficient to account for the absence of atolls in their seas.

Barrier reefs, which are the work of the same animals, are thus formed. At a distance of forty fathoms under water-level, sometimes less, it has been ascertained, at which the coralliu can live—the animals begin to build the first story of their house upon the sloping mountain of some island's side. They work onward and upward, till, by the upheaval of the land, or other causes, they come to a depth at which above the surface of the water. The atmospheric air is so much poison to them—they die when they breathe it, and that is the end of them. Then an additional though tiny brick in the structure which during life they contributed to rear. In the course of years a considerable mass of coral gets thus exposed to view, the birds and the waves bring seeds and plants to clothe it, and the new land becomes a geographical entity in the world.

Sometimes these barrier reefs encircle a place, and in course of time get joined on to it; when they are not so joined, it is probably due to the varying action of fresh-water streams, the wind and fluvial salts of which are, together with the atmospheric air, fatal to the coralliun. Another cause at times operates to prevent the junction of the greater with the less; the hardihood of the coralliun is such that it selects the outer or seaward side of the reef as the most favorable, once to the less troubled quarters on the inner side. The violence of the sea, though it will occasionally break down the outer reef, only lets little creature's masonry, and fling them high and dry on the rock above, not only does not frighten the coralliun, but actually encourages it. "Contra audentior ito," is the creature's motto when waves roll roughly and tempests roar, and in the action of the sea-water the coralliun finds a tonic and an incentive to exertion which it would lack in a calmer berth. The retired places are for the delicate and the artistic among zoonlia, who in them lead a luxurious, lazy sort of life, contributing ornament rather than substance to the upbuilding of the building on which the more rugged and hardy are employed as ordinary masons.

PEARLS BEHIND THE RUBIES.

When rosy lips part, pearls should glitter behind them. To preserve and beautify the dental enamel, there is no preparation like Sozodont, a compound of the most wholesome vegetable antiseptics, among which the Bark of the South American Soap-Tree, known to the natives as *Quillay*, and used by the Spanish Americans for cleansing, without impairing, the most delicate fabrics, is the most important.—[*Com.*]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 649.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

"FIRST TIME OF ASKING."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. HEMSLEY.—[SEE PAGE 354.]

"THE FIRST TIME OF ASKING."

The chief interest of the picture given on our first page lies in the humor of the situation, and of the characters and expressions, which, though sufficiently developed, does not reach the point of irreverence. The simplicity of the betrothed parties; the awkwardness of this first audacious avowal before the assembled village of their private love-making and their determination to take the awful step, reckless of all consequences, of being joined together in holy matrimony, are very amusingly expressed. Irresistibly droll is the gaping, dumfoundered astonishment of the lover at suddenly hearing his name announced before all the world, and realizing that he is now a hero of public interest; while equally pleasant is it to mark the mingled pride and blushing shamefacedness of this sweet-faced, but by no means downcast look, and nervous knotting of her handkerchief. Ah! it is for Lobbin and Lucy a moment of purest, supremest romance. For such an occasion well might Lobbin attire himself in his Sunday best, in colors various as the gayest of the birds in patriotism, those colors brought to a focus by that splendid flowered crimson-velvet waistcoat, and foiled by the full-blown black-cravat; well might Lucy don the mattiest of bonnets and the neatest of brand-new cotton prints!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has proved his friendly feeling for this country and his faith in the principle of our government too often and too well not to be sure of a most attentive audience whenever he speaks of subjects in which we are mutually interested. During the late rebellion no man in England more plainly denounced the sympathies and the hopes of the aristocratic party in that country, and no one more vigorously stated the real grounds of the conflict in this. A personal friend and devoted admirer of RICHARD COBDEN and JOHN BRIGHT and JOHN STUART MILL, Mr. SMITH is a most ably educated statesman with them the cause of liberty and civilization common to England and to this country, which was desperately assailed by the slave masters here, supported by the aristocracy there. His recent discourse at Ithaca will therefore command the most interested, as it certainly deserves the most candid, consideration from every loyal American.

Mr. SMITH speaks always very plainly and very strongly. He did so at Ithaca. He showed with a just pride that his country was a changing, if not a changed, country. He insisted upon the undoubted fact that there are two Englands, the England of the people and of the aristocracy; and he declared that the sympathy of the former was with us during our war, although the unwonted dearness of the cotton supply would have been their utter ruin. But while this is true, it seems not to be sufficiently considered by Mr. SMITH that it is not with those who have chosen to say, but with those who controlled the government in England that we had to deal. It is true again that the Government might have done worse. It might have recognized the independence of the rebels, and have made a treaty to furnish aid against us. This is what the London *Times* says. But is a valid defence of a public enemy to say that he might have been a murderer?

The action of the Government of England, we think, demonstrably showed an unfriendly spirit, and we do not believe that any thing is gained in the discussion by denying it. It may be in vague and sentimental charge, but individual and national judgment is profoundly influenced by sentiment. If it can be shown that the feeling of the controlling class in England was hostile, that was not strictly neutral, even without asserting that there was intentional breach of faith—then certainly it is very natural that the public mind of this country should be exceedingly excited, and it becomes more probable that actions were tolerated which would otherwise have been prohibited.

The Government was Whig or Liberal. Lord PALMERSTON was notoriously not friendly to this country. The Duke of Newcastle had been gratified by his reception here. Lord RUSSELL was an old Whig and a reformer of '32. Mr. GLADSTONE was undoubtedly a Liberal. But there was nothing in this Cabinet to make a presumption in favor of freedom here. With the three noblemen the Patrician instinct was certainly stronger than sympathy with a republic. Lord RUSSELL was an antislavery man, indeed, but not only was he an aristocrat, but we had officially disclaimed that the war was an anti-slavery movement, and he did not hesitate to say that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence. These are not the words of a friend, nor of a minister of neutral sympathies. And, indeed, at the GARRISON breakfast Lord RUSSELL confessed that he was wrong. Mr. GLADSTONE was plainly indifferent. Certainly it was not a Cabinet that represented the sympathetic feeling of men like GOLDWIN SMITH, and CODDEN, and BRIGHT, and CAIRNES, and MILL; and the action of a Cabinet in which the Foreign Secretary spoke and acted as Lord RUSSELL spoke might justly be regarded with suspicion.

We have no intention of multiplying presumptive proofs of this unfriendly disposition. The London paper and Mr. SMITH lay great stress upon the fact that we do not feel so angrily toward France and Spain and the other powers that simultaneously granted belligerent rights to the rebels. The reasons seem to be evident. England is our mother country. England was the chief anti-slavery nation; and although that might not have prevented her from making a league with us against the rebels; and although we had officially put slavery out of the question, yet at least the sympathies of such a nation would not have precisely followed against us. Moreover, the political sympathies of the Union party in this country were, as we supposed, shared by the Liberal party in power in England, and were therefore expected nothing more for the rebels than the strict letter of the law, certainly we did not anticipate favor for them. And above all, England and France was the chosen and successful base of the hostile expeditions against us on the seas. And the French press constantly slandered us, but the French press generally cheered the depredations upon our marine, had the French foreign minister openly sneered at us, and had privateers escaped after our official and diplomatic remonstrance, and ravaged our commerce, we should have the same conviction that France was not an impartial neutral that we now have in regard to England.

There is one striking evidence of this unfriendliness which was mentioned in a very able pamphlet by CHARLES SUMNER, of Boston, upon the neutral position of England, which was published in 1863. When the rebels were recognized as a belligerent power it must have been upon the implied condition that they would conform to the laws of nations. Now, if any thing may be considered established in international law it is that piracy, declared at sea remains in abeyance until condemnation by a competent court, which must be held in the country of the captors. But the rebels never had any prize court, and they never pretended to have. The rebel captor scuttled and burned his prize and appropriated the cargo. This was not once, but always. It continued for four years. It was in effect sheer piracy. It was a defiance of one of the most sacred laws of war, by a belligerent seeking to establish a sovereignty upon the ruins of the government; and England, in whose ports the ships had been built, manned, and equipped, and who, as "mistress of the seas," should have been especially bound to prevent the prostitution of international law to protect piracy, did not even shrug her shoulder, and of course did not protest. If the Yankee ships had burned every thing they took and appropriated their cargoes without even a pretense of prize courts, would England probably have remained passive? Was it not the plain duty of a sincere neutral to remonstrate with the belligerent whom it had recognized, and threaten to withdraw that recognition unless the offender conformed to the laws of nations?

How this subject was viewed at the time by our friends in England may be seen in an extract from an article by EDMUND ROBERTSON, in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1864. "Let us endeavor to represent to ourselves this episode in our history as it is regarded by an impartial posterity." During a great civil strife between two branches of a kindred nation—into the merits of the cause at issue we, for the moment, forbear to enter—the one party is said less to observe a strict neutrality, three formidable vessels, in defiance of our authority, and in disregard, at all events, of the spirit of international law, have issued from our ports. These vessels, built in English dock-yards, equipped and armed by English artisans, paid for by a loan raised in the English money market, in part manned by English sailors—an English navy in all but the name and the flag—now roam the ocean, plundering and destroying the property of their adversaries, and, in some instances, our own. The English Government, by simply asserting an unquestionable right, has let in its power, if not to arrest their career, at all events greatly to curtail their capacity for mischief; but this assertion of its right it omits to make. When with these exceptions we coupled the facts that a portion of the English people has loudly proclaimed its sympathy with the cause of the Depredators, and that English shipping is largely a gainer through its comparative immunity from the risks incurred by the belligerent marine, and, lastly, that shameful incidents—the chief among them the English Parliament greeted the announcement made by the principal violator of the law, of the magnitude of the depredations—when these facts are placed on the impartial record of history what will be the judgment of posterity?—will the page be one whilst future Englishmen will read without a blush?"

With these unquestionable facts before them, is it not evident why Americans believe the neutrality of England to have been unfriendly, and why they are unwilling to consider the ravages of the *Alabama* and the Fenian raids upon Canada as matters that may properly set off each other?

A NEW LAW IN NEW YORK.

The late transactions in the court of Judge CARDOZO should be more intelligibly explained than they have yet been, or they convict him of the most extraordinary abuse of his position. The Judge very naturally and properly was afraid that if a child of a divorced woman, who had been made its guardian, lived with the mother in the house of its own which it never knew or owned, the child would go astray. He wished to save the child. He stated, we believe, that he had had awake at night troubled in mind because of the child. But when the mother should have appeared before him she had fled out of the State with her child, and, as was charged, with the connivance of the aunts. Upon this mere thereupon arrested for contempt of court and for keeping a house of ill-fame. They naturally sued for a writ of *habeas corpus*. But they were imprisoned for five days without being examined at all. How much longer they might have been held at the pleasure, or the displeasure, of the Judge, it is impossible to say.

When a lawyer appeared for the prisoners and asked for an investigation, he was warned by the Judge that if he engaged in the case he would make a personal enemy of him for life. But the lawyer was apparently undismayed even by this appalling prospect, and persisted. Whereupon the Judge adjourned the hearing for a week because he was so busy. When it was suggested that the law demanded an immediate examination of the writ, of persons charged with crime, and that if he were so busy there were other judges, the Judge, armed at all points, announced that he had the promise of the other judges that they would not hear the case, but would refer it to him. That is. Judges SUTHERLAND and CLERKE had promised that the imprisonment should be investigated only by the Judge who ordered it, although Judge CLERKE, as is stated, had issued the writ.

The reputation of the judiciary of the city of New York is familiar. If it were not for processes for contempt of court it might be said to be a by-word. But we advise nobody to go to test by his arrest and imprisonment, and the fellow-judges of the imprisoning magistrate agree to leave the whole subject in his hands. If the facts are stated and published in the newspapers, are correct, Judge CARDOZO has abolished the writ of *habeas corpus* that he may try to save a child from the chance of a disturbed life. And this is certainly good, but the means unhappily imperil the liberty of every citizen. A possible combination between Mr. FISK and a Judge would be frightful to contemplate. Some daring offender would make an observation upon the Fiskian character, and, presto! he goes to Ludlow Street Jail by order of a Judge. When he attempts to appear to have the matter investigated his lawyer is solemnly warned that he is making the Judge an enemy for life, and that applying to other judges they have promised not to interfere; and, finally, Judge CARDOZO is so busy by day, and his awake so exhaustingly, a prey to morbid sensitiveness, that really he has not the time to attend to the matter. In this manner Mr. FISK's offenders would learn the full cost of his displeasure.

Seriously, the facts as reported are such as should excite the strongest public feeling and expression. The two women are shameless, as was told; but the law is for their defense as much as for that of the most eminent and spotless citizens—for a CARDOZO or a M'CUNN. The object of the writ of *habeas corpus* is that the medium shall be known who may be unjustly imprisoned. The law demands that the examination be immediate. If Judge CARDOZO was so busy that he could not hear the case for a week why did he persuade the other judges to promise that they would not hear it? We distinctly aver that in these remarks we have included no contempt of Court. How could there be contempt for such administration of justice? It can only excite the profoundest admiration and inspire the utmost confidence.

THE ST. THOMAS TREATY.

An article from the chief Copenhagen journal, published after the return of General BLASTFORD to Denmark, states very strongly and lucidly the feeling of that country in regard to the St. Thomas treaty. It is written in a fair and temperate but dignified spirit, and presents considerations which should be thoughtfully weighed by the people of the United States. They are regarded, the article says, as the freest in the world, unlimited masters in the management of their commonwealth. For this very reason other powers should be able to feel confident that all dealings with them justice and honor will alone prevail. "It is not right that Denmark should be sacrificed because Andrew JOHNSON and WILLIAM H. SEWARD have given dissatisfaction." The journal is of opinion, and there can be no doubt that it expresses the sentiments of the Government, that if the agreement should now be pushed aside, suffered to drop without any further consideration, or be peremptorily rejected, the insult to Denmark would be so great that that country will refuse to believe in its possibility as long as there is the least hope left.

General RASTOFF, the Minister of War in Denmark, and for many years Danish Minister in this country, is fully aware of the constitutional requirement of the assent of the Senate to a treaty; and so indeed the existence of the Danish Assembly was necessary before the King could ratify the treaty. But, on the other hand, the Senate is unquestionably bound to an honorable action after the Constitution. The Danish treaty was signed in October, 1867, and submitted to the Senate in December, a month before the measures taken upon the islands. If the Senate had refused to ratify that would have been the end of the matter, and certainly Denmark would not have complained. But neither the newspapers, nor individual members of the Senate, seemed to be opposed to the confirmation of the treaty, and the vote of the islands was taken and was virtually unanimous in favor of union with the United States. Still the Senate did nothing. The time for assenting to the ratification was extended to February 29, 1868. The time passed, and nothing was done. General RASTOFF came to Washington, and urged, with great ability and unforcem courtesy, the confirmation of the agreement. But all in vain. The Senate has done nothing whatever. Two sessions have passed. Denmark has been placed in a very anomalous and almost humiliating position. While the treaty is apparently pushed aside to disappear.

Should we do this if Denmark were a great and formidable power? The country has a right to demand the grounds of the inaction of the Senate. No self-respecting American wishes to be forced into the appearance of contemptuous and ambiguity to a friendly and modest state like Denmark. It is asked, who gave Mr. SEWARD authority to buy land for the United States? Mr. SEWARD had no authority. Denmark does not claim that he had authority. Denmark did not ask him or us to buy the islands. The transaction was forced upon her by the official representative. The treaty was made. The vote of the islands, which is an exceptional point in the matter, was taken. Still the Senate will neither ratify the treaty nor ratify it, and will not say what principles does it proceed? That is a question which we have a right to ask. It ratified the Alaska treaty which the country generally has ratified it promptly. Why? To maintain our honor with Russia. But who gave Mr. SEWARD authority to buy land, or to bind the honor of the country?

Do the United States have honor to maintain only with great powers? The pride and honor of Russia could not have been touched by the refusal to ratify the Alaska treaty as those of Denmark by the contemptuous and total disregard of the St. Thomas treaty. Russia offered; Denmark was entreated. Russia took no vote; Denmark was relinquished by the islanders. If the treaty is defective, if it ought to be rejected, the Senate has still failed in its duty in not rejecting it. The reasons for rejection were no more evident before the vote was taken, or before the specified time for confirmation expired, than they are now. And we can not think that the *Dayblader* is right in saying: "If there have ever been international relations in which a party could be said to be bound by honor, this is really the case with the United States in its relations to Denmark regarding the West Indian islands." If we do not wish a naval station in the West Indies, if the area suggested is too large; if we do not wish to buy at any rate whatever, the Senate knew it as well a year ago as now. Why did it not give any reason while action within the specified time, or before the vote was taken, and so have spared the feelings of a friendly little ally?

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Appalled by the venality of some of the members of the last Legislature of this State, we observe some of the Republican journals are in favor of leaving the city of New York to itself. The feeling of some is, that the city can make as good a government for itself as the State gives it. That of others is, that if the people of the city wish dishonest men to tax and govern them, they ought to be left to suffer the consequences. That of others still is, that the Capitol is as corrupt as the City Hall. The reasoning of this last party is, that there are always enough honest men in the Legislature who can be bought, and that therefore designing men can work their will with the city as well in Albany as in New York; while there is a certain odium arising from the present system, and resting upon the Republican party, of denying to the city the right of local self-government.

It seems not to be remembered that all the rights of local self-government in the city are derived from the State. In our system this right is asserted of the whole political community, not of any part of it. When the rebels alleged that to oppose them was to deny the original American principle of self-government they very ingeniously begged the whole question. Government, says that principle, is justly derived from the consent of the governed. But who in the United States were the govern-

ed? Obviously the whole people. If a majority of them had been shown, there would have been at least consistency in the secession argument. But what was really asked was that a majority of the people of any State should control the people of the United States. Now in this State the division into counties, cities, towns, and villages, and the powers which are attached to each division, proceed from the State—from all the people. A uniform system of municipal, or village, or town government is wholly a matter of expediency, not of right in the American sense. This expediency is of course determined by experience. It is not settled *a priori*.

It was the evil experience of the old system in this city which produced the exceptional one under which it has lately been governed. And if the people of the State believe that the order and health of the city would be as well managed under authority of a strictly local appointment as under those which have been named by the State, they will undoubtedly restore the old system. The Central Park is the work of a Board appointed by the State. So is the Croton Aqueduct. Whether it would have been better for the State or for the city to intrust them to the hands and chances of a local appointment the people of the State, who are familiar with the city and its ways, must decide.

They must not, however, forget that the city is theirs as well as ours. It is their mart, their port, their metropolis. They are directly interested in its health and its order. If the city becomes "a sore" it is they who will be infected. To those who urge the extraordinary argument that if the people of the city wish to have it a Pandemonium they ought to have it so, it is enough to say that the argument is equally good for Mackerelville. The denizens of that quarter have as much "right" to a government independent of the city as the city has to independence of the State. The simple truth is, that every American community has a "right" to good order, and that must be secured by the wisest application of the American principle.

THE GOLD SPECULATORS.

As soon as it was announced that the Secretary of the Treasury would sell only a part of gold per week, and that he would apply the proceeds to the purchase of Five-Twenties, a speculation was set on foot in Wall Street to carry up the price of gold. The policy of purchasing the Five-Twenties rather than to purchase or pay off the outstanding three per cent. certificates was viewed by Wall Street, whether justly or not, as a decision against contraction, and as rather favoring expansion. The three per cent. certificates outstanding amount to about fifty-four millions, thirty-one of which as it supposed are held by the National banks. They constitute part of the reserve of banks, and thus pursue the nature of a currency.

National bank officers in Wall Street were understood, some of them at least, to have earnestly recommended to Mr. BOUTWELL to do as he has done. Half the three per cent. certificates been paid off to the extent of a million a week during this plethora of gold in the Treasury, the speculators in gold, who became purchasers of it simultaneously with the promulgation of the Secretary's views, would have been afraid to do so to any great extent, or at the sum price which it reached on the 20th May the quotations reached 144‡. This was the highest point, although it was said that sales were made at 145. The lowest point this year officially reported was about 131, at the time of Mr. BOUTWELL's advent into office.

Such violent fluctuations have always a very damaging effect. The house of SCARSDALE & Co., a firm of long standing and large means—composed of one or more Russians, and once connected with business in Russia—failed on the 24th May, when gold was at 140, after having sold large amounts at every successive advance from 133 upward. The market turned downward on the 20th, immediately after the difficulties of another operator for a fall became the subject of discussion.

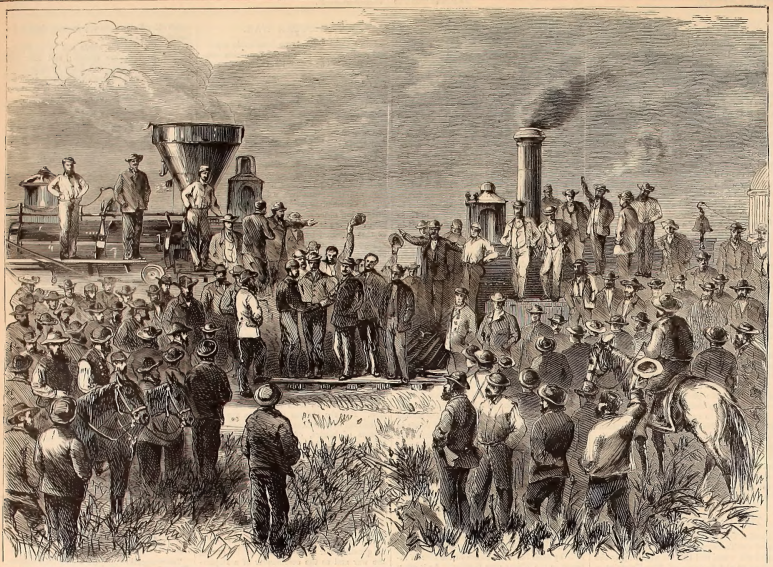
Some Germans and other bankers in Wall Street, caught by the high price of gold, sold exchange largely, drawn against bonds, which bonds went by the steamer of the 22d May. The bonds were sold in London on the 20th and 21st by means of the cable telegraph, and part of the exchange drawn against them was disposed of in like manner. Bonds are sold in London deliverable twice a month (1st and 15th, as near as may be), and they are consequently sent for delivery accordingly. The bankers who dealt largely in bonds in London there and here, and direct a delivery on the other side to complete the sale, by telegram, and remit others to take their place.

The sale of exchange through means of the cable is conducted often in this manner. A person here, having funds in London, directs his banker or principal there to transfer a given sum to the banker of the New York purchaser. The party who receives the transfer in England notifies the New York purchaser of the fact, and the latter thereupon pays the seller the price of the exchange in gold or its equivalent. The day in England being five hours earlier than here, when noon arrives in New York business is over in London. So that these telegrams received in a transfer are ordinarily sent from New York in the afternoon, and it is usual to answer them in London at early business hours the next morning. A message sent from London at ten o'clock in the morning announcing the completion of the transfer reaches New York before business commences on the same day; and when a banker goes to the office of Wall Street at ten o'clock he finds the message on his table. Both parties use the cable, and the rule is that the seller pays for the message over, and the purchaser for the answer. Large amounts have been sold in this manner, arising out of transactions in bonds. Parties whose credit here is too small to get exchange in the ordinary manner find it a great convenience to sell through the cable, as they are put in funds in about twelve hours; whereas, if they had to wait for telegraphic notice of the acceptance in London of regularly drawn bills, a fortnight or more would be consumed; and if notice by mail were required double the time would be necessary.

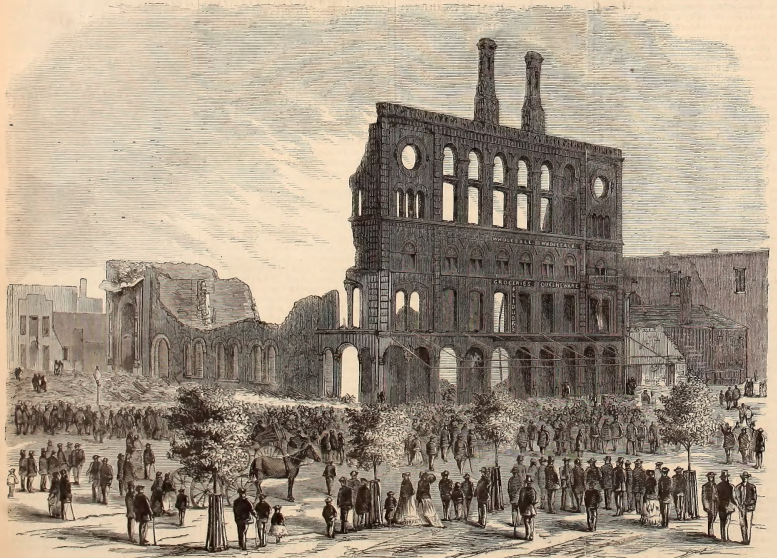
The break in the gold market on the 20th and 21st May was due, it is said, to a great change in the Treasury policy. It was stated in Wall Street that, instead of selling only one million of gold per week, the Secretary intended to sell two, and that he would apply the whole or part of the proceeds to the purchase of the three per cent. certificates. It appears, however, that while the sales of gold are increased to $2,000,000 per week (half on Monday and half on Thursday) the purchase of $1,000,000 of bonds continues. Bonds in London did not decline to correspond with the fall of gold here, and consequently the sale of bonds abroad at a profit was possible. This sale of bonds to the extent of several millions, of a description founded upon it, had a powerful effect to lower the price of gold and to postpone its shipment.

The advance by the Bank of England in the rate of interest to five per cent., and the rapid and large advance in the price of gold here, have created a profound impression at Washington and in all financial circles. The policy of the Bank of England was not a matter of choice; it was due to the financial situation, and will unquestionably be followed as soon as possible by such further increase in the rate of interest as the object may require. As it arose from financial pressure, which was felt also in Frankfort, Hamburg, and Paris, it will be in effect on our securities? Will it prevent the absorption of more bonds? and if so, will it induce a return of them to our shores?

The act of March, 1867, which authorized the creation of fifty millions of three per cent. certificates, directed that they should be made payable in *lawful money on demand*, and be issued in the manner prescribed in the 4th section of the act of February 25, 1862, which provided that the interest on the notes thereby made payable



COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—MEETING OF LOCOMOTIVES OF THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC LINES; THE ENGINEERS SHAKE HANDS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAVAGE & OTTINGER, SALT LAKE CITY.]



GREAT FIRE AT DAYTON, OHIO—DESTRUCTION OF TURNER'S OPERA-HOUSE.—PHOT. BY T. W. CRIDLAND.—[SEE PAGE 358.]

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—RUINS OF GENERAL CESPEDES'S PLANTATION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.]

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

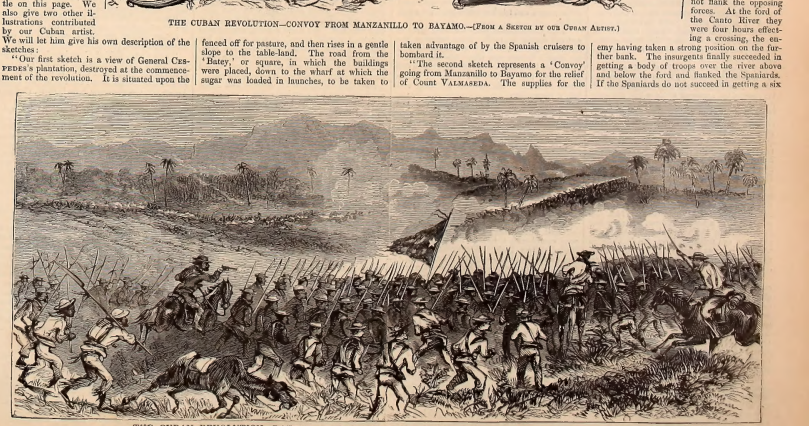
THE Cubans have had a great success in the field, the first of any importance in their revolution. The engagement was fought in the district of Puerto Principe. Generals QUESADA and CAMILLO had gathered together over 4000 of their best troops at a point beyond Las Minas and intrenched themselves. This position was assaulted, May 3, by the Spanish army under General LESCA. The assault would have been successful had not the MARQUIS OF SANTA LUCIA, who had been some miles off, hurried to QUESADA'S assistance. His forces, united to those of LOPEZ PEDALTA, charged the Spaniards on the left flank; this movement decided the action, the enemy flying and leaving his convoy in the hands of his pursuers. Three seven hundred Catalan volunteers were beaten by a band of Cubans armed with *machetas*, or cane-knives, only. This success inspires the insurgents with fresh vigor. It is certain that at the battle of LAS MINAS the Spaniards suffered a loss of life far greater than the Cubans, and they were driven from the field.

We illustrate the decisive point of this battle on this page. We also give two other illustrations contributed by our Cuban artist. We will let him give his own description of the sketches:

"Our first sketch is a view of General CESPEDES'S plantation, destroyed at the commencement of the revolution. It is situated upon the coast, a few miles above Manzanillo, and has a fine view seaward. There is a narrow belt of mangrove on the adjacent shore, from which the land extends some distance in a level plain, about half of which, not being good sugar land, was fenced off for pasture, and then rises in a gentle slope to the table-land. The road from the 'Batey,' or square, in which the buildings were placed, down to the wharf at which the sugar was loaded in launches, to be taken to Manzanillo, can still be traced. The alleys and cane pieces can scarcely be traced, and the blackened ruins of the building are almost overgrown. The whole scene is one of complete desolation. The proximity of the estate to the coast has been taken advantage of by the Spanish cruisers to bombard it.

"The second sketch represents a 'Convoy' going from Manzanillo to Bayamo for the relief of Count VALMASEDA. The supplies for the interior towns have to be taken from the coast at immense trouble and expense, besides the risk of losing them by the way, as in that department the government holds no ground except that upon which the troops for the time being may be standing. By their own confession some of the towns have been four and even seven months without supplies or communication of any kind with their countrymen. The garrisons began to believe themselves abandoned and forgotten by government and friends. The expedition represented was composed of over a hundred of the clumsy carts of the country, drawn by two yoke of oxen each, and a large number of pack mules, and guarded by nearly two thousand men. The distance traversed was about 16 leagues, partly through dense forests, with an almost impenetrable underbrush of rank vegetation, offering every advantage to the insurgents for ambuscades, while the rest of the road lies over the arid savannas, without food or water for man or beast. Advantage was taken by the insurgents of all favorable positions to molest the troops, who were obliged to clear the road with artillery where they could not flank the opposing forces. At the ford of the Canto River they were four hours effecting a crossing, the enemy having taken a strong position on the further bank. The insurgents finally succeeded in getting a body of troops over the river above and below the ford and flanked the Spaniards. If the Spaniards do not succeed in getting a SIX

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—CONVOY FROM MANZANILLO TO BAYAMO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.]



THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—BATTLE OF LAS MINAS, MAY 3, 1869.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.]

months' supply at all their military posts before the rainy season fairly sets in, they must abandon them or endure great suffering."

In connection with the battle of Las Minas it should be noted that the Spanish colored troops passed over to the Cuban side, and thus materially contributed to the success of the patriots. The force of the Spaniards engaged is estimated at 3500. The insurgents, from first to last, had engaged about 7000 men, a large proportion of whom were poorly armed.

General CESPEDES, in a proclamation, has assumed the title of President of the Republic, and has appointed to that the Secretary of War, AGUILERA Minister of War, and MANUEL DE QUESADA, General-in-Chief.

THE FIRE AT DAYTON, OHIO.

THE fire at DAYTON, OHIO, on May 16, of which we give an illustration on page 350, was the most disastrous in the history of that town. It consumed TURNER'S beautiful Opera-house, and almost an entire square of pleasant dwellings. The loss of property is estimated at $250,000, on which there was insurance for $125,000—the Dayton insurance offices suffering to the extent of $110,700. The fire is supposed to have broken out in the property or green room of the Opera-house. The Dayton Journal gives an account of the occasion. The water in the cisterns was exhausted in fifteen or twenty minutes, and wholesale ruin by some mad element cut six sections of the town, causing calamitous delay. There was no hope at any time for the Opera-house, but the burning of adjacent property might have been prevented with abundance of water and good management. It is considered doubtful whether the loss of the Opera-house can be repaired. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid in 1864, and the building was completed and opened by EDWIN FORREST in the play of "Virginius," on the night of January 1, 1866. Its total cost was $225,000. A chime of Dayton was cracked and burned to death while endeavoring to carry out some valuable goods from a store near the Opera-house.

TWO LIVES.

TWO names upon a yew-tree rudely cut,
Two lovers whispering by the church-yard wall,
Two children gayly round the solemn graves,
Give call for call.

Two lives that run so near in other years,
Two hands now locked in desolate love-taking,
Two lovers giving passionate kiss for kiss
In wild bewitching.

One life full up with crowded years of toiling,
One patient life with nothing day by day,
A world of hopes in one brief moment shattered
By life's decay.

Those names upon the yew-tree slowly fading,
Those dates long stolen by the cruel years,
That grave where the church-wall shadow glimmering
With heaven's tears.

LOOSE REINS.

DR. GILBERT was a man of honor and sense, of wit and position. And he was in love with a girl of seventeen! A very pretty girl, and yet more willful than pretty! For she was a man of honor and sense loves such a girl the odds are terribly against him, and his wooing is likely to prove uphill work. For he is apt to undervalue himself, and sure to shrink with positive nervousness from a weak-minded lover. Her unstructed imagination is continually furbishing up a hero or a knight, without fear and without reproach, one of a well-cut coat or a curling mustache, and she is filled with a noble scorn of everyday people who eat their dinners and commute on ruinous trains. And so we see every season the desirable men thrown over for the scrap-graces, and very likely the truest gentleman of your acquaintance rejected for a dancing master.

But besides these normal and legitimate disadvantages, GILBERT labored under one of the other. Mrs. Joignet, the aunt and guardian of his Hesperides, approved of his suit. Not only that, she approved of it noisily, and in as many ill-imagined ways as could well be devised urged it upon her niece. His praises were on her tongue, and his virtues were the burden of her song always. As was to be expected, Nellie detested Gilbert, never spoke to him, if she could help herself, did whatever she did, studied to. Many men would have abandoned such a suit in despair, but Gilbert never even considered such a course. He was very much in love, and he had a habit of success. He waited patiently, and at the end of a reasonable opportunity, as that he had found his opportunity. Mrs. Joignet was ill of a beneficent fever. She was not in danger, but she was bed-fast. As the family physician, and neighbor, it was his duty now to visit at her house twice a day. And with the field clear, he reasoned, what might not be accomplished?

So, though always alert, he came up the walk on his third visit to Mrs. Joignet with a step so elastic that you would have said the man had come into a fortune. And as often happened, he was kicking his heels in the hall, when, he had set his foot on the lower step, Nellie's little maid came hastily out of the door, changed color on seeing him, cast a quick glance at the baker's man, and slipped a letter that she was swinging between her fingers into one of her little apron pockets.

Now the envelope was dainty, and bore a monogram. Gilbert had a hawk's eye, and was sure of that. This fact pointed straight at Nellie as the only creature in the house capable of such eagerness. Then, on the other side, he had often heard it distinctly stated that Nellie had no correspondents, and the maid's manner was half defiant and wholly contraband. She came on toward the Doctor demurely enough, only one corner of the note showing above her ruffles, and looked at him with a bashful and innocent eye till she was well past, and then she nudged the baker's man, who dawdled interminably, as if though it was done so quickly that Gilbert never could have sworn to it, he knew well enough that the letter had slipped into her pocket in a sham's; and it might be the most commonplace note ever written. But his lover's instinct told him it was something of the sort, but a love-letter, a surreptitious letter, and a direct blow at him! He waited for the girl to come back, but she avoided him, going around by the shrubbery. Gilbert was a man not to be easily balked and quick to decide, and he held council with himself then and there over a twinkling honeysuckles. The letter was Nellie's; and it was sent slyly, not by any of the channels that might be called legal—the gardener, the coachman, or any tried and trusted servant. Mrs. Joignet was ill in bed, and Nellie was a romantic child, educated in seclusion, whose first independent move was about sure to prove a mistake. He would have that letter! Sam was preparing a pair of horses to drive to catechism, but running after him, Gilbert ordered him to stop.

All this happened on a pleasant May morning, while Nellie was twittering about in her room overhead, not ready yet to leave her nest. She heard Sam's wheels roll away, and congratulated herself with heightening color, "He has got my letter. Then she tried one how and another that, but could not succeed in getting her feet among her braids. Dr. Gilbert would be at breakfast, but that was no reason why one should look like a fright. And then she remembered, with a lower, her little slippers glancing in and out, on purpose to bewilder Dr. Gilbert, I suppose, who was the lover and the only man under the sun to entirely reverence, passed into the breakfast-room. She had always the advantage! Even the disciple of iron had melted at the sight of her. She could never be master of himself in her presence. Even with her letter in his pocket he must stop and catch his breath and recall to his own weakness before he could follow her.

There are dining-rooms that look as if dining were thrust upon them, and others of which dinner or any other good meal seems only the natural consequence. Mrs. Joignet's was the latter. Gilbert's dinner room. It looked over a lawn, it caught glimpses of a flower-garden, it had a wide view of country, and it was the coolest room in the morning sun; and on this day, as balmy as June, it was full of the fragrance of apple-blossoms, and vocal with the low of cattle coming up through the open glass doors, as though it were midsummer. How full of delicious sweetness might the hour prove! Gilbert had been accustomed for the first time he was alone with the woman he loved, and she sat as he hoped to see her one day sit at his own table. Then his heart always swelled at the thought there laid upon it, like a stone, that letter addressed to REED WILLIAMS—a college student, a new arrival, a man of reference to Nellie's friends, shallow-eyed, thin-legged, trustless, faithless, a puppy! That was how Gilbert, a judge of men, described the offending note. And with this puppy corresponded in secret, through the baker's boy, that pink and white piece of innocence opposite whom he wished to make his wife.

Gilbert sipped his coffee in solemn silence, and revolved to think of it.

Nellie, who had expected that Gilbert would resume upon their breakfast, and had prepared to repulse him with great dignity, now that he did not presume was offended. She looked at him from time to time, but kept her eyes on his plate. She trifled with her chop, and sipped at her cream, and felt her wrath grow too much for her.

"I am sorry to leave you," she said; "but if you will excuse me I think I had better go see my aunt;" and on this she pushed back her chair. Gilbert rose also. He had studied for the last hour for a way to tell her what he had discovered, and he had not found it. How should he begin? He took out her letter and held it toward her.

"Stop," he said. "I wish to speak with you —about this. I have not read it. Is this your letter?" Somehow, he had cherished an impossible hope that it was not hers, after all.

"My letter!" echoed Nellie. At first she was positively terrified. She had never broken out of bounds before. She had always been kept under Gilbert's eye. But to this instinctive terror succeeded instantly bitter disappointment and more bitter anger. "It had not got her letter after all, and thanks to Dr. Gilbert." She drew herself up and eyed him with a kindling glance. "Yes, it is my letter! What have you to do with your hands?"

"What a dagger which you aimed at your own breast would be doing there," answered Gilbert, huskily, feeling that now only had he got full force of the blow.

"A fine phrase!" cried Nellie, turning away with a little scornful laugh. "And it means, I suppose, that you are going to read my letters and enves-dropper. Well, I do thank you. It was gallantly done, and like a gentleman!"

Gilbert stared, and waited, but she made no answer. To the woman who called him spy he could offer no other reply than silence. Nellie went on toward the door, and then stopped suddenly and came back.

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked, in a hurt, angry voice. "Had you not better show it to my aunt? The prevention of her sermons most always be Dr. Gilbert's virtues, but she will have a new text. It will vary the monotony at least."

A slight curving of upper answered her as he held it burning at arm's-length. Involuntarily she exclaimed; and then, furious with herself, bit her lips while she watched it burn.

"I never intended to show it to your aunt," he said, quietly.

Nellie looked up at him with a cruel smile.

"Thank you. It is an ill wind that blows no one good; and though it is not pleasant to have one's letters burned, I think I should be grateful to you—for giving me such good reason to hate you. Before—I felt—that it was a little unreasonable."

Gilbert gather'd his charred ash in his hand, and let it float out of window, as if he had not heard her.

"So far," he said, "your fair name is safe."

"My fair name!" she repeated, coloring. "But I can write more."

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders.

"And I give you my word that I will, and that I will send them if I can."

"And I give you mine," he rejoined, as cool as she was vehement, "that I shall try to prevent you."

"Do I?" flashed Nellie; "and where I would have sent one I will send a dozen."

Gilbert took up his hat.

"That must be as you choose, Nellie; and that you may have time to begin, good-morning."

Then he went away with some small show of victory, knowing well that his temper, and the feeling that a defeat would have been much more desirable. The woman he loved had called him spy and enves-dropper, and he told himself that he had brought it about by his brutal blundering. No sooner did Fate show an intention of interfering than he was about to make a fool in the matter, and where he was at least tolerated get himself detested. In short, Dr. Gilbert arrived at the conclusion that he was a donkey and an idiot, and deserved what he got.

Meantime, what with the impetus that Gilbert had lent it, and with its own natural progression, Nellie's little flirtation had blossomed into a romance. It was generally understood between these two young people that they were the victims of a Causless Tyranny, in large capitals, and felt for each other an Unfailing Affection, in the same type. As others were accustomed through the butcher and the baker, though there was no reason why they should not have written the post-office. All through that beneficent fever, from which Gilbert had hoped so much, they met, in the village store, on the bridge, in the orchard, at last, grown bolder, in the library itself. All the village was in the secret, though these young people were convinced that they were managing their affairs with consummate prudence. All the village, except Mrs. Joignet herself, for Mrs. Joignet was not a gossip, and she had no hint of it. No one would have ventured to tell her except Gilbert; and for certain reasons, which he knew clearly, he had preferred to keep his discoveries to himself.

But Dr. Gilbert's grounds adjoined those of Mrs. Joignet's, and he was ready, or his patient, one twilight after another, he had watched the lovers walking in the orchard, or paced his own fields near enough to catch the murmur of their voices in the library; and one evening, walking in this way in bitterness of spirit, an idea came to him. I say more than he became I do not believe that we manufacture ideas, and it was as if some one had whispered to him the suggestion which he had been searching for hours to find in vain. He went to the back of Mrs. Joignet's house where he saw one of the maids.

"Tell Mrs. Joignet," he said, "that Dr. Gilbert would like to see her in the library." Then he went around the house, and instead of going in at stationed himself under the window where Nellie and Mr. Williams were sitting.

Mrs. Joignet came down to the library, and opening the door found the niece and a stranger. A dim-legged young gentleman, with black mustache and eyes, and a fashionable coat. Nellie just observing that "she heard a noise, and supposed somebody should come," looked up, saw her aunt, and presented her guest; and Mr. Williams, just about to reassure her, seeing Mrs. Joignet rigid and glaring at him, began to feel that he should be the one in need of reassurance him.

Just then stepped in Dr. Gilbert, and Nellie concluded that her hour had come.

There was a strange observer, of the avenger in Dr. Gilbert's manner. He saluted Mrs. Joignet in the everyday fashion, and then, as if first observing the young gentleman,

"His Miss Nellie not introduced Mr. Williams? But I dare say she hardly has his name in mind, so much has she had to occupy herself and pronounce me, meaning to follow almost directly, but I was detained on the way. Permit me? Miss Joignet, Mr. Reed Williams, son of my old friend Dr. Williams of Providence."

Nellie, who had shut her eyes tight when Gilbert commenced speaking, now broke. Was she man crazy, or was she? She looked at Williams, a pitiable spectacle, as he subsumed before Mrs. Joignet. He was evidently the son of Gilbert's old tutor, and had a speaking acquaintance with the Doctor; but he had avoided him, as the prince naturally avoids the tutor's relentless ogre, who is trying to rob him of his princess. And he had believed Gilbert was an ogre. It was impossible that he intended in honesty and kindness to rescue him from the consequences of his own folly. Gilbert was over-trap hidden, and was listening for the snap while he was trying to smile on Mrs. Joignet. He had neither the pluck nor discovery to see the trap-hidden, and seized the opening offered him. He sat there gasping, and red, and at all possible angles, before Gilbert, sensing at his ease, and I dare say not sorry to show the girl who had thrown him over for a neat little nose and a trim coat, of how much use was a nose and a coat in an emergency that needed wit and spirit. Nellie reddened, and came herself to the rescue. If Williams could not fill the gap she could! But then why does a woman think afterward of the lover whose retreat she is obliged to cover? And she was obliged besides to confess to herself a certain angry admiration for Gilbert, though she looked dauntlessly into his eyes, as who should say, "Strike when you please; I shall not ask for mercy."

Gilbert only smiled back at her. He might mean to crush them ultimately, but no thunderbolts were in that night. To the last he was jesting and genial, and Reed Williams and Dr. Gilbert went away together.

Now when these two gentlemen stepped out into the night together, came, I dare say, the most difficult moment of either for the unhappy Williams, who felt that he must say something, more especially as Gilbert was silent. They walked in this manner a street or two, and that necessity for saying something increased. Williams began:

"Dr. Gilbert, I don't understand the part you are playing; but I am very much obliged to you. I was in a deuce of a scrape."

Gilbert took him up promptly.

"Mr. Williams, if you do not understand the part I am playing, you should do so. You are interested in Miss Joignet. That is of very little consequence to me. But Miss Joignet is interested in you; that is of very great consequence to me. And your interest in her is disinclination, because I dare say she has told you that her aunt will oppose you; which is probable also. The matter is delicate and delicate to handle, because Miss Joignet is willful and ignorant, and with the best possible intentions her aunt is the last person to whom intervention it can be confided. I have taken it in my own hands. Miss Joignet will see you. If prevented she would conduct herself by ekpe with you. She shall see you; but as her well-wisher, I choose that it shall be in her own drawing-room and under the observation of her aunt. To that end I brought about your intruduction, and by introducing you made myself responsible for you. Having done so much for you, as far as your behavior to Miss Joignet is concerned, responsible to me. Good-night, Sir."

This was completely all and then the gentleman went on his way. But Nellie's active imagination pictured to her a very different denouement. She saw Gilbert, before the house window, craning her pretty little head out into the darkness, she listened breathlessly for sounds of a scuffle or a struggle. Gilbert, she told herself, was a terrible man: and she had been blind indeed when she thought him conquered. He had not made his revenge easy. It offered itself. Might it not be that he waited for a more terrible revenge? If she heard any thing she should rush out. Aunt Joignet could not keep her. If Williams should be killed for her sake, she would fall on her knees beside him, and kiss him, if the trouble vitals were there; somewhere that Catherine Glover, you know, when she rushed to the house of Hal of the Wynd; and as she pictured the tremendous scene to herself she heard herself trembling very much, and holding hard by the window-sill. But when half an hour passed and she had heard nothing more alarming than the croak of an occasional frog, she began, if the truth must be told, to find herself very sleepy, and decided to go to bed. And though she expected to be restless and anxious, her seventeen years were too much for her, and she slept, not the sleep of the just, for saints often enjoy nothing better than "cat-naps," but the sleep of a good digestion.

But in the morning she was prepared again to do herself and the occasion justice. Her eyes were heavy and red when she woke herself, speechodically, "Oh, has he killed Reed?" and, by dint of supposing various horrible possibilities, worked herself into such a true state of nervousness that, meeting Gilbert in the hall, she felt her worst fears confirmed by his early presence.

"You have killed him," she exclaimed, faintly; "and you have come to tell me of it."

Gilbert looked astonished, and then his eyes glanced with fun.

"Killed who, Nellie? I am here because your aunt had a slight relapse and sent for me; and if you must be told, I would say that Reed Williams was about to say Snap; but feeling that would jar on his melodramatic little listener, changed his tune.

"My poor child," he said, taking her cold hand; "why do you imagine terrible things and frighten yourself with hobgoblins? Have you never understood me? It is true," and his eyes grew dark with feeling; "I have loved you, Nellie, and I cannot help think I could have made you happy. Some men love a woman for her bloom, and some think it desirable to take a wife, and I do one. Not many women are born as I loved you, wholly, truly, tenderly—for yourself."

His voice trembled, and he waited; then went on more calmly:

"But you have made your choice. No matter what I think of it, it is your choice. And now, what can one do for the dearest friend who is dead, Nellie? Wash over those he loved? That is what I have undertaken to do. To guard the object of my dead love. You are all unconscious of the perils you are in, but I am not. I know that honorable men do not visit the women they love by stealth. So I have opened the way for your lover, and will try to keep the foes both with your aunt. And now that I have laid away my presumptuous hopes, can we not be friends?"

He held out his hand. Nellie hesitated.

"First, I should like to say something to you," she said, blushing deeper and red. "When I was so angry the other day, I called you spy and enves-dropper. I did not think you were—in my heart—and I was sorry afterward. And now—I think you are noble, and—I should like you to forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," answered Gil-

bert, but he said it a little coldly; and though he pressed her hand, it was in a lukewarm fashion; and then he went away and left Nellie with a sense of mortification and discomfiture strong upon her. Perhaps she had felt hitherto that she had inherited Gilbert's love, and was sure of it. And now he talked of his "dead love;" and was not she who dismissed him, but he who relinquished her to a rival he disdained; and just as she had commenced to entertain for him a had desired a hero, and a romance, and here was a hero who was going to do "what he could for her;" and a man whom he had never even called by the nose the night before. I am afraid that Nellie was capricious.

Still Gilbert was proud also, and when the prince came, with the full approval of every body, she did her best to play her part; but the effort forced her. The spirit and interest of the affair was gone, and it was flat, and wearied her. It was the mutual fright, the quiver, lest they should be discovered, that made those meetings so delicious. Now that there were no interjections and listenings and bird twitterings to fill up the sentences, Mr. Williams had little enough to say. In short, the stupidity, if I must write the word, of her heart's treasure, drove Nellie beside herself; and then she burst out on him sharply, and instantly repented and tried to be patient, and then was sharp again, till Mr. Williams began to think her temper at least uncertain. He grew sulky, retorted, they quarreled, and parted; and Nellie had never been happy or happy to do what came as when he left her forever.

But the nervous worry of it all had been great; and between it and a cold Nellie fell ill. She was not violently ill, and yet she did not rally. Gilbert was very solicitous, necessarily, because they had promised friendship, there was something very like coolness between the two; for, seeing that it was mental trouble that weighed on and weak, he concluded, with some secret anger, that she pined after Mr. Williams for all. While she lay ill, she had heard that Mr. Williams visited Betty Payson—the worst temper and the finest complexion in the county! So she fretted for Gilbert's coming, and when he came she only spoke to him. His first and last thought was of her; yet he treated her with distance.

But nothing is here one day by habit that she had been crying. He was very conscious that he had engineered the catastrophe that had befallen her in the affair, and the tears of pity for her poor pale cheeks smote him to the heart. If she was worrying for that puppy she should have the puppy back again, cost what it might, he said to himself, and he taxed her with crying. "But no; she had not been crying. There was nothing the matter," and he began to chatter and laugh. Gilbert was not to be fooled.

"Nellie," he said, seriously, "why will you not trust in me? You are miserable, and medicine can not help you. Tell me your trouble. It is—Gilbert was going to say his love, but he preserved bravely. "It is it—about that man?"

Nellie looked up at him with a quick, startled glance, and there are looks that speak more than words. And the unconscious reproach in which her head was bent and her hand was laid upon her brow, and his own look lighted. He came to her and took her hand, and she did not try to withdraw them, though her cheeks glowed with a deep blush.

"My darling," murmured Gilbert, "I told you once my love was dead. That was false. Will you have it now, dear? I never loved you so well."

Nellie made no audible answer; but entering a moment later, Mrs. Joigest saw a wonderful tableau—Mr. Gilbert with his arm around Nellie, and her head nestling confidingly on his shoulder!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MEETINGSOS and extraordinary events are becoming so common nowadays that we almost cease to wonder at any thing. Still belief is sometimes scarcely possible. A singular case is reported in the Spanish journals, which is exciting much attention. There is a young girl twenty years of age living in Cuenca-thenshire, Wales, who has taken no food since October 20, 1867; nor has she swallowed water or any other fluid since December of the same year. She is, at least, are the statements made concerning her. She was a healthy girl until February, 1868, when she had an attack of *scarlatina*; since then she has been confined to her bed. For a few weeks she took some light food, but of late her desire for it gradually left her. Occasionally a little water is applied to her lips; but often many days pass without this being done. During her illness she lost her hair, but it has since grown long. She is not emaciated, and looks healthy, though delicate. She sleeps well at night, but does not sleep during the day: is cheerful in disposition; but is subject to occasional attacks of unconsciousness.

A Paris paper has a new column headed "Broken English." Japanese who get "mashed" on the Atlantic coal collisions, or who financially come to grief, are placed in that column.

Reporters and gossips disagree. Some say reciprocidonamia is spreading; others declare the fever has had its run. On the one hand, a quantity of discarded bicycles have been sold for a song; there was a boom in Nassau Street; on the other hand, a party of Prince Napoleon's side-de-camps have come back from Nice to Villafranca on water velocipedes. So each one may draw his own inferences. The instrumentand machines, by-the-way, consist of two miniature parallel canoes, which support a sort of chair; the paddle-wheel, placed between the canoes, is propelled by the feet only, and is covered like the paddle-wheel of a steamer, to protect the driver from the water it throws up.

Several new inventions in the velocipede line are announced; the "rocking-chair" velocipede, a three-wheeled vehicle, whose name is indicative of the requisite propelling motion; a one-wheeled affair, propelled by five men, who occupy comfortable seats on the automatic horse; a four-wheeled machine, which will carry a lady and her carpet-bag, in addition to the driver; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The new Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate is distressed—so "they say." His feelings are "kept on edge," and this is the direct reason why every time he discharges an official woman come to his office and "cry." Sets the dogs to barking, and so again. They cry in relays, taking turns for each other.

In "The Maxy Archipelago," recently published by Carter & Brothers, the author describes a novel fruit, called the Durion. It is about the size of a cocoanut, green in color, and the thick rind covered with sharp spines. On being cut open, the fruit is disclosed, filled with a cream-colored pulp, the flavor of which is indescribable. Arthur Helps discoursed highly of and with almonds gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it some waffs of flavor that call to mind cream-cheese, pineapples, brown sherry, and other incongruities. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor spicy, but combines the want of none of these qualities, so it is perfect as it is. It possesses no sinews or other bad effect, and the more you eat of it the less you are inclined to stop. Yet under the durion is an excellent vegetable. It is preserved in large quantities, salted, but then it acquires an odor disagreeing to Europeans, although the Dyaks appreciate it as a relish with their rice.

Very sad was the death of Mrs. Stillman, wife of the United States Consul at Crete. She has been living in her devotion to the cause of suffering Crete during the recent insurrection, and her son and her husband were regarded with the deepest affection by the Cretan families. But a strange, melancholy malaria overpowered her, and she died suddenly in April she was found in a retired part of her house, wrapped in a shawl, lying upon the floor, dead, but yet warm, and the fatal cup at her side, whose contents had caused her instantaneous death. A few lines written by her revealed the fatal secret—it was the felt she was useless, an injury to her friends, and had better die. A dreadful suspicion and a tragic ending to a life which had been full of blessing to others. The funeral services, conducted by Dr. Jonas King, were most impressive, and the sympathy of another was borne to her last resting-place on the shoulders of the Christian Cretans, Greeks, Americans—and none more truly so than the crowds of Cretan refugees.

Last week a convention of the working-women of Boston and vicinity met in the vestry-room of Tremont Temple, under the auspices of "The Working People's Industrial Club." The object of the meeting was closed in regard to the difficulties women experience in obtaining employment, and the wages they receive in many cases. One chief object of the convention was to use all lawful means to obtain for laborers unexpected and honest reward. It is to be regretted that the name of the "Industrial Order" be changed to "The World's Land, Labor, and Liberty League."

Don't jump with your neighbor. If you have just been published to prove that this habit is a fruitful cause of disease, idiocy, and death. The author asserts that an open mouth during sleep lets in an envoy that chills the lungs, racks the brain, paralyzes the stomach, and heralds the approach of headache, toothache, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and the gout!

The Neapolitans were rather shocked a few weeks ago to find their streets covered with red, and their garments spotted with sanguinary looking drops. A shower of red dust specks had been drawn up by the hot from African deserts, borne with it by the wind across the Mediterranean. This is not an unprecedented phenomenon. Another shower of insects fell at Ancona, in Savoy, last January, which, upon examination, proved to be of a species peculiar to the forests of Central France; and a few years back Malta was visited by millions of avers of a fly found nowhere but in the island of Sicilinda.

When the new hospital is completed which is now being erected on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street and the "Old Ladies' Home for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled," two hundred crippled children will be received as in-door patients, medically treated, educated, and provided with all essential comforts free of charge, although many will require for their treatment expensive surgical appliances. There, it is hoped, however, will restore them to self-sustaining ability in the future, and save them from a life of dependence upon charity. Those who will also be dispensed to the indigent afflicted adults all the requisite surgical appliances, thus enabling them to labor for the support of themselves and their families.

The *Sun* tells a very good story of Judge Francis, editor of the Troy *Times*. As he was sauntering down Broadway one afternoon he was suddenly accosted by a black-haired gentleman, who grasped his hand warmly by the hand and said: "General, I do assure you, Sir, before God, that this is one of the happiest moments of my life. My heart is filled with gratitude to Him that I am permitted to thus grasp you by the hand. God bless you, Sir! I pray that you may continue to live!"

Judge Francis was slightly staggered at this salutation; but before he could express his thanks the fervent gentleman continued:

"You can not conceive, Sir, the warmth of my feelings toward you. I do not know, Sir, that ever we met in the city of New York, and if I dared do it, I would tear the hot from my head, and give them room to throw flowers for old General Lee—the grand old 'Uncle Robert' of the Army of Virginia. Yes, General; yes, Sir, I would—before God, I would!"

So saying the enthusiastic Confederate wound his arms about Judge Francis, and kissed him twice on the right cheek. He then grasped the General by the hand, and swept up Broadway with tears in his eyes.

The Judge looked like one bewildered for some moments; then, turning to a friend, he said: "Well, I declare this beats all. I have frequently been mistaken for Edwin M. Stanton, but never before for General Robert E. Lee."

Francis II., ex-King of Naples, has rent Prince Louis de Bourbon an apartment in his palace. The latter has accompanied by a threat of excommunication from the family of somewhere who bear the name of Bourbon. It will be remembered that Prince Louis came to this country not many weeks ago for the purpose of consummating his marriage with Miss De Hamel, and that after some difficulties the young couple were pronounced man and wife. Prince Louis is said to be very well able to manage his own affairs, and is not likely to be disturbed by the protest.

It is related of Lord Brougham as an inveterate smoker, as well as exceedingly wanting in punctuality in meeting his engagements. He often ordered a cup of tea and smoked a cigar after the audience, who were waiting for him, had become impatient. One day Liszt was to play at a court concert in Vienna. He went to the imperial palace and was told the performances would commence at once. He took a cigar and lighted it, but was informed that no one was ever permitted to smoke in the imperial apartments. "Then," said Liszt, "I shall go down to the courtyard and smoke my cigar there." He soon, however, had no heard that this was forbidden also than he went down to the carriage and took a drive through the streets of the city. In the carriage he smoked three cigars and forgot all about the concert. Upon reaching his hotel he was waited on by his excited manager that the whole court had been waiting for him for over an hour.

Young ladies in Minnesota "seem to have entered into a new business. A St. Paul paper says that the other day two young ladies from the country brought to market thirty thousand frogs which they had themselves taken. They sold them for fifteen cents a dozen.

It is reported that the village of "Yon Bet," in California, has been destroyed by fire. It is to be hoped that when the "Yon Bet" people locate themselves again they will have the good sense to choose a more reasonable name for their abiding-place.

Missionaries in China conduct religious services under difficulties of a peculiar and oftentimes a ludicrous nature. One of the people come into the meetings, go out during services, and full asleep under the most impressive discourses, but they interrupt the exercises in a manner that may be safe and sure in their directions. Not long ago a man came running into a religious meeting with a solid expression on his countenance, and the minister who wished to make room for a man who had been frightened to death. The interrupted preacher took the necessary directions, and proceeded with his remarks. Before the sermon was out the military marshals of the province happened to pass along the street in front of the chapel, and the congregation tumbled pell-mell into the street.

Mr. Stewart's new model hotel for working-women is to contain a library, a reading-room, and a large parlor for social uses. The food furnished in the restaurant will be at the cost price, and it is estimated that an inmate may live abundantly well—washing, room rent, and food included—for about two dollars a week. The enterprise, if successful, will be followed by the building of a similar dwelling for young men.

The busy city of Lynn made during the year 1868 about nine millions of shoes. The great majority of the shoe business is the isle of Lynn: and in a recent number of the Lynn *Reporter* a correspondent desires liberty to lower his prices! He says that if the manufacturers are allowed to reduce the wholesale cost of their shoes twenty-five per cent. the fortunes of their citizens will be secured, and the working people of the country will be the gainers of their hard wages from six to eight millions of dollars a year. This seems an extravagant statement; but the writer goes on to state that if the duties were taxes on leather and not on goring were reduced, manufacturers would be able to put good shoes into the market at a lower price.

CAN NOT

I.

You can not do it. Take the Turner there,
The costliest treasure of your costly walls,
Where, through the pearly veil of mountainair
The cheesy radiance of the rainbow falls,
Carry it to your "artist" and bid him force
The very sun his cunning work to do,
And bid him, for your pleasure and ease,
Again the lovely wonder to renew.

II.

Nay, for he can not do it. What avails
That every month in rushing order stands?
Each cosy flue of graceful form is there,
Vivid and fresh, as from the master's hands?
The glow and life of it all is gone,
The tender instre of the tints is fled;
Dumb and dismayed we look, as those who gaze
On the pale features of their darling, dead.

III.

And so we can not do it. What avails
The loving tone to woody grouse fled,
The long familiar clasping of the hands,
The gracious head in sweet old fashion bent?
The voice rises jarred and strained, the brilliant smile
May light the lips, but never reach the eyes;
Broke the old chords as deftly as you will,
In hollow dissonance the echo dies.

IV.

Ah, leave the place hanging in its niche,
Leave the last passion in its nameless grave,
Though o'er the canvas Time's slow rain creep,
Though on the sunlit sward the henlocks wave,
Better forgetfulness than empty misses,
Attempts that nothing but decay can prove—
The ghastly mockery of a thing that were.
The cold blank photograph, the ghost of love.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WAY TO OBTAIN A CHEAP BATH—Stand in a shower of rain.

About twelve o'clock one night recently a solitary individual stood upon the banks of the Mississippi River, opposite Edgeworth, in the outskirts of that remantic village, the late terminus of the Missouri Valley Railroad, commonly called "Hoboken." Practically did he shout till the owner of a small skiff was aroused from his slumbers, and seating a big flask dressed himself, manned his skiff, and rowed over to the Missouri shore, where the following conversation took place:

BOATMAN. "What do you want?"

MAN ON SHORE. "Want to get across."

BOATMAN. "Who are you?"

MAN. "Want to go to Kansas City."

BOATMAN. "Who are you?"

MAN. "Railroad contractor."

BOATMAN. "What's your name?"

MAN. "John Brodder."

BOATMAN. "Then you are the man who laid the track on the extension of the Missouri Valley Railroad to Kansas City."

MAN. "Yes."

BOATMAN. "Well, there is an engine just fixing up to go down. Why don't you go on that?"

MAN. "No, Sir! I laid that track; and I'm d—d if I am going to be the first man to ride over it."

He was fished over.

PSYCHOLOGICAL. The state of mind that man is in who risks largely in a lottery, and does not draw a prize, may be described as Blank Despair.

LEGAL WIT.

Q. How can a man be legally delivered from his debt without paying it?—A. By marrying his creditor.

Q. In what class of personality by the common usage of society does mere possession without right draw to it the right of property?—A. Umbrellas, over-coats, and law-books.

Q. Why is repeated cursing a good defense in an action of debt?—A. By reason of the rule of law "that a man shall not be twice vexed for one and the same cause."

Q. Why may lawyers always be indicted?—A. For the reason they are property to be classed as Suspects (Sus. per coll.), together with highwaymen, thieves, etc. "Stand and deliver."

Q. What is the office of Estoppel the worst foe to the profession?—A. Because it puts an end to litigation.

Q. Why is there substantial reason to believe that the Atlantic Cable to make effect in a short time will lead mournful lives?—A. Because from the Cymbals will be heard their doleful sounds.

A very base old maid who always knew every body else's business better than her own, although she by no means knew enough of that, was at last upon a dying condition. At this stage she articulated to her maid, who was in attendance, "Give me a drink." Then a knock was heard; the maiden lady was forgotten in a very sound in the neighborhood—"Who's at number thirty." "A woman setting pipe," replied her sister. "Yes! yes!" gasped the expiring virgin: "what do they want with pies?—they had pies Sunday yesterday." With this the maiden drew her last breath.

Paris has in her midst a generous miser, about whom the *Figaro* relates the following anecdote: He met the other day a little street-harper, who begged him to give him something. "Give me a sou, my kind Sir!" "I have no change." The little harper regarded the miser sadly. "Let me see, could I owe you something?" After a moment's reflection his face brightened, and he said joyously: "Nobody shall say that I allowed a poor boy to pass by without giving him something." So saying he offered the boy a pinch of snuff.

"ANSWERS TO A LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

How long have you known John Jones?—Since two years after I was born.

Had are his general health?—Pretty good, until he got his head broke in summer, a straw fell across it on one side, and sunburn tweezers, very loose in the jaw.

Do you regard him as temperate?—Nobody shall say that I allowed a poor boy to pass by without giving him something." So saying he offered the boy a pinch of snuff.

Has he ever had any serious illness?—Yes, he had a fever and ague.

How long since?—Let me see, it was before I was born.

Has he ever had fever and ague?—Had a fever last summer when he was teething, and a chest.

Do you call his lungs sound?—No, I call them inflated air tubes.

How old is he?—Old enough to know more than he does.

Does he smoke or chew?—He smokes when he chooses.

Is he of steady habits?—Yes, he is agent for Fairbanks's scales and balances.

What is his height?—That depends upon the thickness of his boots.

Has he children?—Yes, two nephews.

Epitaph on Professor Walker, who wrote a treatise on English Particles:

"Here lies Walker's Particles."

On Dr. Fuller:

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

On a dustman:

"Come to lament his change, ye Just,
Who deal of worthless things in trust,
Here lies two bales of dust."

The following is a quaint mixture of specific information and comfort:

"Here lies two babes as dead as life,
Who died of opposite diseases;
They were too good to live with we,
And too bad for heaven to please."

A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

Is there a lady in the land
That's ashamed to own a' that?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
And little care for a' that;
For Nature's charms shall bear the palm—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with snow she deck,
With folly's gear and a' that,
And put to rout her virtuous pride:
We can dispense with a' that;
An honest heart can act a part
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The noble dame we proudly scorn,
A lowly lass and a' that;
A pretty face has more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that:
A bonnie maid needs no such aid—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
And I will for it a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the truth—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

There is something naive in our countryman's reply to the European traveler when asked whether he had ever crossed the Alps: "I can not tell you off hand; give me a minute to the circumstance, I believe I did pass rising" ground a good deal."

When the "pledge" was being circulated at a temperance meeting a decidedly inebriated individual presented himself and affixed his signature with the chairman remarked, "This is a very important step, my friend, and I trust you realize it." "Perfectly well you are assuming." "Oh, I can stand the (hic) pressure," was the response; "I've done it lots of times before."

SHE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

She never smiled again! Her love
Were never wreathed with dimples merry;
Her pretty mouth and cheeks would move
And she looked melancholy—very.

She never smiled again, her face
From that sad hour was cold as grimly;
Nor sign of joy yet there could trace,
But sigh and sorrow shadowed dimly.

She never smiled again: beneath
Their cruel power what griefs restrained her?
She'd been a martyr to—toothache—
But oh, it was not they that pained her.

For she had lovers not a few;
Ay, one by one her joys they quitted;
'Twas then her heart was broken true,
She went to get her mouth refitted.

And certain wicked dentists had
(I think it right the world should know it)
Put in a set so false and bad,
She never smiled at all, poor poet.

Some old bachelor who, no doubt, had a "flat" in his ear, thus speaks of a pretty woman's "laughing eyes:"

"Of all the devils under the skies,
Deceitful and false and bad,
Devils clothed in angelic guise,
A genie woman with laughing eyes
Is the greatest devil of them all."

FRESHETS IN THE WEST—GREAT JAM OF LOGS AT CHIPPEWA FALLS BOOM, WISCONSIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY N. A. PRESTON.—[SEE PAGE 365.]

"ERROR WOUNDED WRITHES IN PAIN."

JOHN BULL. "Did you mean to step on my Corns?"
BROTHER JONATHAN. "YES, SIR. And if you don't pay me what you ought I'll grind your Corns for you, and swell that other Foot bigger yet!"

REMEMBERED.

Have you forgotten it? I never can!
One blessed night in June,
How bright the sky, how pale your face,
In the wan light of the moon.
Do you remember it? For, oh, I do!—
The scent of flowers there:
Was it the buds upon the trees,
Or the great rose in your hair?

Have you forgotten it? I never can!
Something I risked that night;
Something I scarcely dared to speak,
Though my heart said I was right.
Do you remember it? For, oh, I do!
The first, sweetest kiss;
Lift up your face, look in my eyes,
It was such as this—and this!

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER II.

AZALEA IS TRANSPLANTED.

"Go away from father! leave Topaz behind her! leave the garden, and her rooms, and the apple-loft!" For a while Azalea's heart seemed convulsed with sorrow, then succeeded rage. She wouldn't go away and leave dear father. She hated the strange man who had brought her such woe. She would kick and scratch him next time she saw him." But when she met him again her heroism had evaporated, and she merely stood and glowered sullen defiance.

"You shall ride a pony, and have new books." Azalea's face softened imperceptibly. "You can come home when you like." She sobs checked, and only a convulsive gurgle was left agitating the throat. "And you will have my little girls to play with."

Azalea thought for a little while, with her finger in her mouth; then, with a dumped, smeared face, she confessed: to George Moore that she *should* like to see the little girls; and so Lord Orme was victor. For another half-day passed away it was settled that she and her new preceptor should leave Essex, on that same evening, on their way to Lord Orme's house at Brighton.

It was with a bitter pang in her heart that George Moore watched the two depart. When he turned to re-enter his now solitary home he felt solitude for the night of the first time, the tendence of which had given him so many happy hours. He looked with yet more intense distaste at the shabby room—the vacant chair where Azalea usually sat. Now that the house was void of her dear presence a solemn pathos seemed to be attached to the several evidence of her childish occupations. If Topaz had only been left to blink on the worn-out hearth-rug, and bark mysteriously at nothing, he would only be human. He would have been some comfort; but Topaz had accompanied his small mistress, and George Moore was in his present very sad and lonely mood, hating the silence of the night, but still more hating the thought of the next morning, that would have very little to him, since will in life might not greet Azalea's little face.

Azalea was very silent during her journey to London. She wept at first when she thought of daddy, with no one to make his tea; and then she assisted her conscience by vowing she would perform acts of unusual tenderness and devotion to him when she returned home.

"I'll look after my new books, and I'll tell him all about the little girls," she thought. She thus partially quieted her conscience, but not entirely; for with all her tears she felt quite of a little secret joy in this expedition, and she was clever enough to know that the pleasure with which we propose to compensate our loved ones for the pain we cause them is generally more agreeable to ourselves in reflection than it is consoling to them.

Lord Orme was also silent. He was an odd mixture of decision and indecision, and he was just now suffering in consequence of his despicable phase of his character. Jonathan Wild bids a man to be wholly good or wholly bad: he asserts that there is no happiness, no peace to be found in the middle road. If Nature, when moulding Lord Orme, had not formed him with a pliant conscience he would have been a happier man.

As he now sat in the railway carriage, with one long companionship with memory, all his girl by his side, he felt just a little doubtful of the success of his project. Rosa and Amelia had never looked so neat in his eyes; their governess, Miss Slater, had never seemed so rigidly particular about hands and feet and general deportment as now, when he was inwardly contrasted them with this unkempt, weird-looking child.

He had written to Miss Slater on the previous day to warn her that the orphan daughter of his old nurse would accompany him on his return home. "The child is living in a lonely house in the country, and I wish to give her a little pleasure for her mother's sake, who was a most attached and faithful servant," he wrote.

Lord Orme had not yet grown strong enough in the exercise of his new-found courage to tell the truth even to his servants. "We'll see how she gets on," he said, apostrophizing Azalea: and while he meditated, and Azalea stared, the train rolled into London.

It was quite late at night when the two arrived at Brighton.

The mysterious moon of the sea, hitherto unknown to her, filled Azalea with a vague sense of awe. "What is it?" she asked. "Why does it hiss so?"

She put her head eagerly out of the carriage window, and looked at the wave rippling in the silver moonlight. "Oh, it is beautiful!" she cried, with a deep indrawn breath; "It's like ever so many moving, shining meadows!"

Lord Orme had ridden and walked for so many years on the cliff that he had forgotten the sea's existence. It was always there, and so he never thought of it. He had thought of many things during his lonely perambulations—of his wife's temper, of his multifarious bills, of his dinner, of his horses, but rarely of the great breadth of waters before him; consequently he was a little disconcerted when Azalea turned on him suddenly with, "Do you ever see Christ walking on the waves?"

"N-n-n-o; what do you mean?" Lord Orme asked, with a slight start.

The child did not answer him; she had turned her face seaward again, her eyes drinking in the wondrous beauty of the scene before her. At Azalea she said to watch the great cloud clouds until her vivid imagination peopled the rosy vapors with bright faces. She had seen Peter the Apostle with his fish-hook bowed on his knee, Mary Magdalen lying abashed in masses of her own fair hair; and through the crowd of spirits came One whom Jonathan Wild still distinctly saw walk on Peter until the shame passed away from his countenance, and who held out His hand to Mary till she rose joyfully and trailed her last tresses after Him, with her hands clasped in adoration. If Azalea had been asked to put these fancies into words she would have been much puzzled. She could not even express to Topaz, who was her usual confidant, all the lovely things she thought she saw, or why they were lovely.

Lord Orme, not yet accustomed to the child's odd questions, looked at her uneasily during the last part of the drive. "I wish she wn't mad," he murmured.

The carriage stopped before a handsome portico, and a stream of light came through the open door of Lord Orme's house as he led Azalea up the flight of steps.

She was dazzled by the light when she got inside the door, and a little scared by the sight of so many tall men with white waistcoats with stockings looking about. When she had space to look round her she could see no little faces, could hear no sound of childish voices.

Lord Orme interpreted rightly the look of disappointment on Azalea's face.

"Come with me, dear," he said, despairately; and taking the child's hand he led her up the richly carpeted stairs into a handsomely furnished room, in which, on a mahogany table with silver and glass, two little creatures seated round the table in high-backed chairs—little creatures who seemed to Azalea, with their white frills, stiff, baby advancing to meet them, a boy standing by the fire swinging a whip in his hand: such was the view picked up by Azalea's observant eyes.

The little girls descended from their seats and tripped gracefully across the room to their father. "Good evening, papa," they said, each, and "Evening, dear papa," echoed the other. The biggest girl looked askance at the battered hat, and the ragged jacket, and the dirty face of her plate, as though fearful that the strange arrival looked no good to the one withered-looking piece of cake left in the dish. Amelia, with her head in answer to Lord Orme's bow, and then looked patronizingly at the hat. For a moment there was no recognition between Azalea, who, not knowing why, felt inclined to weep, Lord Orme pulled his ear—a sure sign that his mind was in a perplexed mind. Miss Slater broke the silence.

"The little girl would like to have some tea, I dare say," she suggested. Azalea eyed the tea-table hungrily, but said nothing.

"I suppose the little creature would prefer her having it in the housekeeper's room."

"I should prefer nothing of the sort," his lord ship said, sharply. "I want the child with me here, or in the drawing-room with me if she will inconvenience you too much here."

Miss Slater looked at Lord Orme's face, noted that the blue eyes met hers with decision, and that the mouth, usually so sweet and irresolute in its expression, was firmly compressed. "Certainly, my lord. Perhaps it would be better," she added, glancing at the empty tea-pot, "to have some fresh tea." The governess's handsome remark was a better-aimed shaft at the new arrival than the first one. Like all his other qualities, Lord Orme's generosity was of a lordly nature. Liberal to extreme on occasions when his generosity was largely roused, he "had a frugal mind" in respect of trifling sums. One of the little peculiarities was an objection to having overmuch tea, sugar, or cream consumed at his table. He would limit them to certain small modicum of these luxuries, and fondly hoped his example was followed by the other inhabitants of Orme House, who, in fact, wasted these articles as lavishly as every thing else. My lord stepped gayly up to the table, poured out a libation for a cold, sullen drop or two of liquid that oozed from the spout as he tilted the tea-pot over it. "Will you have some tea, my dear?" he said. "We shall only require some hot water."

Azalea sat down at table, and was watched with great interest by Rosa and Amelia, who ultimately by Conrad. The latter had nearly made up his mind that the new-comer was "jolly," and was entertaining a high opinion of tavity of communicating to her that conviction. When tea was over, Lord Orme invited Miss Slater to accompany him to the drawing-room.

"I dare say the children will get on better alone," he suggested; "besides which, I should be glad to have a little private conversation with you."

Miss Slater fluttered and smiled. Prim as she was, she could not forget the fact that Lord Orme was now a widower. The door closed, and the brother and sisters were left alone.

Conrad was eleven, Rosa one year older, Amelia was the youngest, and her youthful plumpness of outline contrasted quaintly with the prim dignity displayed in her every-day manner.

"Now, girls, put off your stuck-up airs," Conrad said, rudely. "She's gone, and it's no go humbugging me. Let's have a game with the new girl."

Azalea advanced toward Amelia. "Do show me your dolls and books," she said, eagerly. "Lord Orme tells me you've got such lots of pretty things; and I've never seen but two dolls in my life.

Amelia had a short consultation with Rosa, when Rosa spoke:

"We will show them to you, but you mustn't touch them."

Azalea gave the required pledge, and all four children advanced toward a cupboard where the toys were deposited in order, by command of Miss Slater, who did not permit unseemly confusion to exist even among the dolls' legs and arms.

Azalea sat still for some little while, content to look at the wonders of civilization with which the cupboard was stored; but after a while she found it irksome to see the outside of books she was not allowed to touch, and trying to her feet was not allowed to touch, and trying to her feet-ings to watch the consumption of bonbons which were never offered to herself. Her dullness was broken up, not by the arrival of a winning card side the door, accompanied by a vigorous scratching against the panels.

"Oh! it's my darling! It's Topaz!" cried Azalea, with a gush of tenderness, which was perhaps greater because she was feeling disappointed by her companions. She ran to the door and admitted the terrier, who leaped round her, barking with delight at the reunion. Azalea took the opportunity to hug and pour out some milk for him. Milk was a favorite beverage with Topaz at Auriel: his tail wagged, and his eyes glistened with delight of anticipation.

"Oh! crikey, won't she catch it, just?" cried Conrad, as he watched the unconscious Azalea's proceedings. Rosa frowned, assuming an air of authority, which was in ludicrous imitation of her governess, walked up to Azalea.

"You must not do that—it is very ill-bred."

"Why not?" said Azalea, simply.

"It is not allowed, and, indeed, no dogs are allowed here at all."

Azalea looked at Topaz, and saw that his tail was quivering more than ever.

"I can't desert him," she said.

"He *mustn't* have it," Rosa repeated, sharply.

"Mustn't he?" retorted ill-bred Azalea, with a sarcastic grin; and the offender instant Topaz was lapping up the contents of the saucer.

"I shall go and complain to Miss Slater," Rosa said, with dignity.

"Pray do," Azalea answered, coolly: "I don't mind what you say to Miss Slater; I don't like her."

"You *are* a jolly girl," Conrad said, admiringly. "I don't like Miss Slater; she's a beast. Rosa and Amelia like each other, only they're sneaks, and daren't say so. Girls always are sneaks," he added, reflectively, as he flung the lash of his whip at the fire. In the direction of Topaz's tail.

"Don't do that," Azalea said, hastily; but she was too late, for the terrier, receiving an accidental cut on his hind legs, turned round with his black and tan face, a perfect spark of anger, and bit at the offended legs.

There was an exclamation of pain and rage from the little girls, a sharp cut to a high range of sofas on the part of Rosa and Amelia, and an ineffectual attempt of Azalea's arms to secure Topaz; and then Conrad, covering the terrier, regained his hold of the whip he had dropped in the surprise of pain, and in his blind rage lashed Topaz and Azalea's legs and the chairs and tables indiscriminately.

For an instant the girl stood panting with rage, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, and then she flung herself on to Conrad, and attacked him in a manner unscientific but effective, i. e., with crooked fingers.

"How dare you!" she gasped, between the scratches; "you nasty cowardly little brute. Ugh!"

By a violent effort Conrad disengaged himself; then he stood up with hands clenched.

"Come on, you girl, glowered. He had been taught to box by a professor of the noble art of making our fellow-creatures flesh and jelly, and he was proud of his skill in what that before *science* brute strength "was as nothing." Strongly imbued with this idea he felt that the very attitude he assumed would be crushing to his small antagonist. When suddenly, with a mighty rush, Azalea dashed at him, and with her fingers, gloveless, He had been taught to box by a professor of the noble art of making our fellow-creatures flesh and jelly, and he was proud of his skill in what that before *science* brute strength "was as nothing." Strongly imbued with this idea he felt that the very attitude he assumed would be crushing to his small antagonist. When suddenly, with a mighty rush, Azalea dashed at him, and with her fingers, gloveless, and reducing him to fear his head with a loud yell, and to rush round the room in full flight, crying, "Pax, pax!" He stopped when he found that Azalea, in lieu of pursuing him, was caressing the object of his strife, and was pouring out words of affection to spare his arms once more, and to dance about on his toes in feeble imitation of the professor.

When the excitement, which did not last a minute, it disclosed an appalling sight to the eyes of Miss Slater, who entered with Lord Orme. Amelia, with her frills rivaling the snow, and prickling down his face, stood in attitude of defense, facing Azalea. She, with flushed cheeks and ruffled hair, was eying him vindictively, and the glance she turned on Miss Slater was so menacing that that lady involuntarily recoiled with a vague sense that she had left the drawing-room, and had sent its imps to desecrate her orderly apartment. She turned her appealing face and clasped hands toward Lord Orme, but that gentleman's eyes were riveted on Conrad.

"Good Heavens, Sir!" cried the father, harshly. "Why no you stick out your elbows like that?" and walking up swiftly to Conrad, with a vicious grip he flattened the boy's arms into their right position. "If you're mean enough to hit a girl," he continued, "at least do it in proper style."

"Oh, I say dear children," Miss Slater said, in an agitated tone to the Misses Orme, who were piping little shrill cries of alarm at a safe distance from the combatants, "*what* has happened to cause this dreadful scene?"

"I think they had better all go to bed," said Lord Orme, despairingly.

Miss Slater folded her arms round her charges impressively.

"My dears," she murmured, as she gave them a parting salute, "let this be a warning to you."

"No need to warn them!" cried the incorrigible Conrad; "they've got no lark in them."

"Won't you shake hands with your—with Rosa and Amelia?" suggested Lord Orme to Azalea.

The latter hunched her shoulders unconvinced.

"I don't like 'em," she said, impressively.

"Azalea!" cried Lord Orme, sharply, "show Miss Slater that you know how to behave as a lady."

The child hung her head with shame and rebellion in her heart; then, with a great gulp, she steadied her voice and looked up.

"I am sorry to have given so much trouble; good-night, Miss Slater."

In spite of the cotton dress and the rustic voice there was a dignity in the child's manner to that she her auditors by surprise. Lord Orme was inwardly pleased. "Race always peops out somewhere," he muttered to himself. He was thinking of his own aristocratic lineage. By the time Azalea reached the door the vulgar element (derived perhaps from the mother's side) was held in check once more; for when Miss Slater suggested benignly that she was glad the little girl was ashamed of herself—" and poor child, how was she to know better?—Azalea was heard to murmur to herself, "I ain't a bit ashamed, and I hate 'em all."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST MORNING AT BRIGHTON.

The next morning Azalea awoke as the day was dawning—awoke with a strange wonder at missing the familiar sounds and sights of entering birds outside her window. She rubbed her eyes, and then thrust her little white feet out of bed and stared out of the opposite window. She sat and watched until all the gray shadows in the air melted away before the new-risen rm. There was a sea; yes, there was a sea: waves were rushing and tumbling over each other in mighty volumes of hissing foam. Just where the wan light in the east touched over the burning anger beneath it, Azalea could discern a troubled sail dipping and rising with the alternate speed and sullenness of the waters.

She sat and looked until she was filled with restless longing. She must go down to get nearer to the bubby ridges of water. She thirsted to breathe that stormy wind, to plant her feet on the shining heaps of shivering foam. She rose in the early beam and fluttered hat found their way down stairs, and Azalea, mounted on a high chair, was making desperate attempts to slide the heavy bolts of the front-door. A good-natured char-woman, hired to obviate the necessity of disturbing the servants rising too early, came to her assistance.

"You want to get out, dear," she said, kindly, and then she looked after Azalea, astonished at the novel importation into Orme House. The latter ran swiftly down the road until she came to the esplanade wall. Underneath it the sea there were winding paths that led down to the beach, and creeping under the shelter of the wall to the groove-way, she could see one of these, and ran down the slopes as only a child can run with all her heart in her legs.

How glorious it was! The sun was brighter now on the water; all along the coast the sea seemed alive in its light; the heavy shoes dashed recklessly through the wet shingle, and Azalea pounced on to every clump of shining weed she saw, and trailed them up to her nose with the expression of mingled ecstasy and disorder. The cross, white faces of Rosa and Amelia; the prim outline of Miss Slater—all faded away before the immensity of the new experience. She could not define them; she only knew that she was inhaling with her breath, devouring with her eyes, and tasting with every instinct of her living frame a wondrous exultation. She clapped her hands in the foam that broke in her glowing faces; she shouted out with delight, and did not heed how lonely her voice sounded, opposed to that heaving mass of water, or how small and glory of the early morning, as yet unbroken by any other human disturbance. At last, breathless, and with arms filled with treasures of sea-weed and sea-worn pebbles, she sat down to rest under the shelter of a boat that stood on a high mound of shingle.

Unfortunately, when she had begun again to paddle in the humid shingle, she had kicked her shoes off that she might the more unreservedly plunge her feet into the rippling eddies of foam that kept circling up near her; now when she drew on her flannel socks, she searched in vain for one of the shoes.

Not wishing to wet her socks, she hopped up and down for some few minutes—a somewhat engaging spectacle—and peered into the shingle —and then she stopped short; for, bobbing on the crest of an advancing wave, she saw a black object unquestionably like that she sought. She made a desperate plunge, and very nearly succeeded in catching hold of the leathern boot, which floated tantalizingly approximately for her hand, and then out it was borne by the waves receded.

Azalea stood breathless and despairing: "How am I ever to catch it?" she cried, piteously.

"Hallo! have you come to grief?" said some one behind her, in a cheerful voice.

Azalea turned round, and recognized her antagonist of the night before.

"They're in a dreadful state about you—at least ps is; they think you're lost, you know—ran away, or something. Miss Slater's been every where for you; and Miss Slater said it was providential, and told Rosa and Amelia to

pray for you when they said grace over their breakfast. I guess she'll pray to a different tune when she finds you're all right," the ingenuous youth added, with a grin.

"How can I go home like this?" urged Amalee, pointing downward to her shoeless foot. "Oh, do help me to catch it!" she cried, as once more the waves brought the black speck nearer to her.

"Catch hold!" he cried, flinging off his velvet jacket on to Azalea's arm; and in another instant he was wading valorously into the waters.

Unhappily, the length of his legs was not proportionate to the greatness of his courage, and the latter seemed nearly to evaporate when he suddenly found that he had lost his footing.

"I'm carried off my legs!" he began to shout; but a hand was placed him in mouth to stop it, his head, and the latter dragged him on terra firma.

"Pray don't try any more," she said, hastily; "I had much rather lose the shoe than see you do that again. Thank you, all the same," she added, gratefully.

"Oh! it was nothing at all: I can do much more plucky things than that," the young hero said, magnificently waving modesty, as he did not offer to repeat his experiment, and Azalea turned away from the sea, casting one wistful look after her lost property.

"I'm going another way," Conrad said, suddenly, when they reached the cliff. He had not minded the risk of losing drowned, but it was impossible that he could walk up to the house in company with this shabby little girl.

As she entered the house she saw Lord Orme standing on his threshold, looking anxiously in a different direction from that whence she came. "Mr. Conrad is only gone on before. He saw me!" Azalea murmured, nervously. She was not struck by the fact that Lord Orme was the only man of those in the house who cared to watch for the truant. It is sad how little we prize anxiety which is likely to entail reproaches on us from the loving.

When Lord Orme did turn his eyes on Azalea he hurried back to the house, hugely ashamed whether to rejoice or scold. Relieved of his anxiety, his first impulse was to curse the cause of it; but his attention was diverted away to a smothered laugh, as he noted the supreme absurdity of her appearance.

Hopping along the cold pavement like a dejected bird in winter time, that carries his leg in his feathers for warmth's sake; her face downcast, her ruffled hair the wind's prey; and not a hat fluttering like a dismal pennon behind her; her hands rosy with cold, stiffly clenched on long trails of shining sea-weed; a few pebbles hugged up in her lap, Topaz glaring under her arm, two little toes peeping out from the exposed gray stocking!—positively that picture presented to Lord Orme and the two spotlessly-attired little girls who, with their governess, looked from the window on whom Miss Slater termed "the disgrace to Lord Orme's door-steps."

CHAPTER IV.

A GLIMPSE OF LADY DIANA.

LORD ORME, for he followed Azalea through the doorway, looked round involuntarily to see whether any one was observing the child's unseemly appearance.

For an instant he saw nothing but the long row of lemons, gleaming white in the morning sun, the empty parade, and the flutter of the sail which Adam had previously unfurled, followed in his wake, he was about to re-enter his house, when a slight gust of wind wafted past him an almond scent of flowers.

"Heliotrope," said Lord Orme, inhaling its fragrance with satisfaction; "how sweet it is! that must come from the balcony next door."

He looked at the balcony in question, and there his glance fell on something even more lovely than the sweet bud that had been taught to writhe round and clamber over, in wanton profusion, the harsh lines of iron bars; something sweeter to a man's eyes, than the summer-like breaths that came from the boxes of mignonnette, and the purple bloom of the heliotrope. There, with her face averted, her gaze turned seaward, her arms crossed on the balustrade, her whole attitude indicative of voluptuous repose, stood a lady, who appeared quite unconscious of observation.

Apparently she had stepped out from her dressing-room to breathe for an instant the fresh morning air, and found her eyes on the waves, tumbling in sun and shadow against the coast. The wind lifted the warm-colored auburn hair, which floated over her shoulders, and fluttered the lace sleeves that hung loosely about her round white arms. The face was veiled, but only the edge of one pink cheek was visible; but the plenteous hair, the bared arms, and the delicately outlined figure, round which the velvet robe fell with such exquisite harmony—all indicated that the name of the face, whose that fairest of God's works, a beautiful woman. The face that was averted from Lord Orme was as charming as those lineaments left by her little ear, bright cheek, and brighter hair indicated. Rims-gray eyes, heavy lidded; a delicate nose; a rose-bud mouth; lips curved for classical perfection, but not for man's worship; a dimpled chin, and round throat. For her faults; the eyes were too close together; the face, when closely examined, showed certain weary lines; the eyes wore an anxious expression: but it not been for the infantine dimpled chin, you would have said that the first bloom of youth no longer rested on this charming countenance; but when the face became animated—when the eyes glistened, and the lips smiled—then men were ready to swear that Lady Diana Merton numbered, not thirty-five, but twenty summers.

She moved presently as if to re-enter her chamber, and as she turned she lifted her arms slightly and yawned, as though the languor of sleep still hung over her: the movement flung back the lace sleeves yet further, and sent a great float of warm hair down to her waist. The purple robe, the red flowers that clustered near its hem, the bright face, the grace of her movement, all combined to form a lovely picture, a charming bit of color for a painter's eye, a lovely sight to any man.

Lord Orme glanced once toward the balcony, and then his gaze lowered, and he looked steadfastly at another object which was coming rapidly down the cliffs.

"By G—! I think she goes a little short on that near leg. Nicholls' (this was to his groom), "take that horse, please. I shall be out to look at her directly." Then dropping his voice mysteriously—for he was as tender of his horse's reputation as he was of his daughter's—he added, "I'm afraid there's something wrong with that leg."

Lady Diana trailed her rich robes back through her window without perceiving her successful rival, the mare, and went to her breakfast with a diseased mind disposed to her dimples.

Lord Orme shook his head sadly as he turned to re-enter his house. "I gave a hundred and fifty for her," he murmured.

It was afternoon; the sun was hot on the sea, and the morning work of the morning had entirely subsided; the air was now too languid to ripple the edges of the waves; all the moving shadows in the sea, houses, and rocks, sparkles which had danced innumerable in the wind's strong face, had died away in the hot, indolent calm of noon.

It was three o'clock; the Misses Orme had finished their lessons, and were preparing for their afternoon promenade on the cliff.

Lord Orme had directed the housekeeper to provide some clothes for Azalea when the young lass went with town fashion than the print frock and flannel socks.

"What difference dress *do* make, to be sure!" Mrs. Benson said, admiringly, when her task was ended, and Azalea ragged and Azalea comfortable was transformed into neat and uncomfortable Azalea.

She led the child to a mirror and bid her look at herself. The reflection represented a young lady habited in a neat blue cloth suit; her short, boy-like curls were disposed in smooth, glossy order under a beaver hat. The coarse pair of ankles were done justice to by fine silk stockings and close-fitting kid boots.

"Now, miss, you are to go out and walk with the governess and the young ladies: and oh! here is a muff. What is that for? Why to put your hands in, to be sure—rather too much to-day. I'm sure you look as nice as a new sixpence, *(aside)* much nicer than those pasty-faced wenches down stairs."

Azalea looked pleased. "Yes, I look quite as nice as they do," she thought. She thanked Mrs. Benson, and left the stairs with a very dignified trip, which had something of Rosa Orme's manner in it.

She felt strong in the possession of stiff skirts. Inwardly she said to Rosa and Amelia, "I can look out as well as you."

Miss Slater and the young ladies received her with grim silence when she reached the sitting-room. Only once did the former lift up her voice as the party quitted the house.

"*Not* that dog, I beg, Miss Moore."

Topaz was puttering about the room after them with a speed which threatened to break his thin, spidery legs.

"I will go out by myself, if you like," Azalea said, politely; "but, of course, Topaz wants his walk."

She walked on, Topaz trotting contentedly by her side. Her companions had no option but to follow her, for Lord Orme had cautioned the governess not to leave the child alone when outside the house.

The four walked on in silence for a time, making part of a procession of human creatures that shifted to and fro by the side of the gray sea-line. Miss Slater and her charges were endeavoring to detect individuals in the faces and the vanities of the crowd. Azalea had no one at whom to make stiff bows or little false smiles, so she turned her eyes outward.

Nowhere are nature and art brought face to face in such marked contrast as at Brighton. On the cliff above is the town, with its fashion and low imperishable mutability. The old sea can his scorn up to the streets of pygmies that make a narrow line of color between earth and sky, crying, "Oh, miserable pigmies! cease to scan the traces of passion, and your unmeaning laughter and hopeless tears will no longer echo over my vast loneliness."

Some dim sense of the contrast between the gay flutter of the crowd and the sullen grandeur of the steel-gray waters below reached Azalea.

"Do you ever feel afraid of the sea?" she asked Rosa Orme.

"I'm afraid when I'm on it—I'm so afraid of being sea-sick," was that young lady's prosaic answer.

"You have been on it!" Azalea said, in an awe-stricken tone. "What did it feel like?"

"First your head goes round and round, then it seems to swim up to the top of a wave and down again to your shoes, and then—oh, it's dreadful!"

"I think I should love it," Azalea said, dreamily.

"Wait till you're on it," was the significant rejoinder. The conversation was interrupted by Miss Slater.

"Rosa, dear; hands up—toes down."

Rosa obeyed, and tripped on with increased haughtiness of aspect, while Azalea dropped her head in involuntary rebellion to that harsh, untender voice.

Meanwhile various little annoyances incidental to her assumption of new attire began to trouble Azalea.

Her shoes, new and stiff, already girded her over the instep. Her feet, numbed and compressed, seemed to be dissolved in one aching toe. She thought remorsefully of that clear old comfortable shoe resting under her dressing-table, and of its companion, now probably full of seawater, softer and more comfortable than ever. She hated her gloves too; they seemed to tie up all the fingers of her fingers; and most of all did she loathe a certain ruche of lace which formed the collar of her dress, and which was drawn together by two strings, one of which dangled down her back, and irritated the wearer to a sort of fidgety frenzy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at last, turning, and desperately facing Miss Slater, "I can't bear it any longer; I shall go mad presently."

Miss Slater, who had from her little enemy with angry and distrustful eyes, sought to hear her into silence; but Medusa would have had no effect under the circumstances, unless she had first flung one of her snakes down Azalea's back, and commanded it to swallow the offending string.

"Oh!" she cried, tearfully, "do put your hand down my back and pull it away."

The little girls giggled. Miss Slater gave the child a rough shake. Azalea stumbled in the impetus given to her steps, and at the same moment dropped her muff. Ere she had time to recover it Topaz's quick eye noted the fallen prize. It was a glorious plaything for a light-hearted, active dog. He scampered up the streets, then back and down the pavement, then across the cliff, and every time he dropped it he growled a menacing defiance to all comers; until he had managed to fix again the fur securely between his sharp white teeth.

"Oh, dear!" cried Azalea, dismally; "how can I get him to stop?"

Then she suddenly, to the horror of her companions, gave utterance to a succession of shrill sounds.

"Your papa never could have foreseen all this," Miss Slater began, with not unnatural indignation. "To be seen in company with a girl who stands still in the middle of Brighton, whistling like a ploughboy—I rather too much to endure. I have no control over that vulgar little creature; but I must beg you, Rosa and Amelia, to walk on."

Azalea did not see that her party had deserted her; her eyes were fixed on the movements of the favorite. The dog, suddenly alive to the fact on the other side of the cliff, and incautiously chose to sit down and regard his prize in the face of an advancing pony-chaise, drawn by two ponies little fretting bay ponies, and his mistress perceived that, with the mental activity very quality, he would infallibly be run over in another moment.

The lady who was driving the pony-chaise (we have seen her charming face before) was turning her little reins and dreamy gray eyes toward the sea, when her ponies' hoofs clattered in dangerous proximity to Topaz's head. Then she looked languidly toward the cliff, and was curving her whip-lash through the air with the intention of stimulating the ponies' speed, when a white, desperate little face rose up suddenly in front of them. A child's hand clutched hold of the reins, and then the ponies reared up. There was a sound of a yelp. The child's face disappeared, the lady bowed forward, and Lady Di Merton understood from the exclamations of the crowd round her that she had driven over a child.

MARRIAGE DAYS.

MARRIAGE is the only ceremony that in some form or other is universal all over the habitable globe; the most highly civilized and the most savage tribe alike appearing to recognize the necessity for the union of one man and one woman, that the purpose of their creation may be carried out.

In "The Marriage Day in all Ages and Countries," just published by Harper & Brothers, New York, the author has entered in a very full and interesting manner into the subject of marriages as celebrated all over the world, and from his book we make a few selections for our readers.

Among the Romans the nations great importance is attached to the day of the week on which a marriage takes place. In former times the Jews found many days for the respective ceremonies of betrothal and marriage; thus, the fourth day was appointed for virgins, and the fifth for widows. Similarly, the more modern Hebrews fixed Wednesday and Friday for the former, and Thursday for the latter. At the present moment Wednesday is generally the day on which the Jew sponsors and bachelors celebrate their marriages, and the following day is a ball concludes the affair; but if either of the parties has been previously married the Sabbath is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The original reason for selecting Wednesday was because the Sanhedrin held its sitting on Thursday, and therefore the newly married man could immediately after his wedding bring his wife before the meeting, *if he found any reason to accuse her.*

The belief is very general that Friday is an unlucky day for marriage. In Barbary no marriage is permitted on that day or on Tuesday and Wednesday.

In Norway and Sweden Sunday is the favorite for bridals, while Thursday, the day of Thor, is looked upon as a Pagan day on which no Christian ceremony ought to be performed.

In Scotland the upper classes affect Monday for their weddings, while the lower classes generally select Tuesday, perhaps because in 1711 it was enacted, for the better observance of the Sabbath, no wedding should take place on Monday.

Another peculiarity of the Scottish people is, that they much favor the last day of the year for celebrating marriages. There are more weddings on that day in Scotland than in any week of the year, except, of course, the week in which that day occurs. When the new year and the last day of the year are coincident the time is considered very propitious. In Wales Saturday would appear to be the great marrying day. In England there are yet extant many superstitions about the wedding-day. "Marry in Lent, and you'll live to repent," is a strong still current. Innocent's day, 28th December, is considered particularly unlucky. A popular rhyme in English country places gives the folk-lore relating to the days of the week on which weddings ought and ought not to take place:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

In Roman Catholic countries the Church forbids marriage from the first Sunday in Advent until after the fifteenth day of the Feast of Circumcision, and from the beginning of Lent until Low-Sunday.

The stage of the moon has more influence with semi-barbarous peoples than the day of the week in fixing the date upon which marriages. The ancient Greeks married either at the full or at the new moon; the Romans paid less attention to the former, and more to the particular month, although they considered the Calends, Nones, and Ides of every month unsuitable for marriage, and universally disliked the whole month of February and the blooming month of May. In many parts of England and Scotland a superstitious feeling against May marriages still lingers.

So important was marriage considered among the Spartans that celibacy was one of deemed infamous; and, by the laws of Lycurgus, criminal proceedings might be taken against those who married late or unsuitably, as well as against those who did not marry at all. An old bachelor was stigmatized, and obliged to walk naked in the Gymnopædiæ through the market-place, singing a satirical song on himself.

In 1636 the local authorities of Eastham, in Massachusetts, decreed that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three crows yearly while he remained single, and that, as a penalty for not obeying the order, he should not get married until he had destroyed the requisite number in arrears. In 1756 the Assembly of Maryland laid a tax of five shillings a year upon all bachelors above thirty-five years of age who were possessed of one hundred pounds; and of twenty shillings a year upon all bachelors and widowers, without children, who were above that age and possessed of three hundred pounds.

In very few countries does affection appear to enter into the question of the marriage. To purchase would appear to be the more common method of acquiring a wife over the greater part of the world. In Siam, the price of a wife would not appear to be heavy. In Syria the father receives for his daughter five special articles, namely, a mare, a camel, a gun, a yataghan, bracelets, and a camel-bag, whatever the latter may be. These articles, however, are made over to the bride herself.

The Babylonians, like the Assyrians, held a kind of market of their females at certain times every year. They were assembled in a public place, where they were exposed to general view, and disposed of to the highest bidder by the public crier. The money given for the purchase of the handsome ones was applied to portion off those who were deficient in personal attractions.

The quasi-Christians of Georgia and Circassia entered frequently into their matrimonial negotiations, and treat them as mere matters of purchase and sale, according to the value of the woman.

In China, among the respectable classes, the husband gives the wife a dowry, and in fact, from the moment of it, and from the number of valuable presents which he makes her, he may be said to purchase her.

In Java, as in common marriages, a price is always paid by the husband for his wife.

Upon the west coast of Africa, when a girl is of a marriageable age she is conducted about the village by her friends, in order to advertise the fact; and her hands and arms are adorned with gold trinkets, as lures to the young men. In South Africa a woman is invariably sold into matrimony, sometimes as many as twenty dollars are given for her. In case of separation the husband receives back from his wife's relations the price that he paid for her.

Dr. Clarke, in his "Travels," says: "The ceremony of marriage among the Kalmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her she becomes his wife, and returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued; in this case she will not suffer him to overtake her. We were assured that no instance occurs of a

GOOD ADVICE.

Kalmuck girl being thus caught, unless she have a partiality to the purser. If she dislikes him she rides, to use the language of English sportsmen, 'neck or nought,' until she has completely effected her escape, or until her purser's horse becomes exhausted, leaving her at liberty to return, and to be afterward chased by some more favored admirer.' This ride is not undertaken until after the price for the girl has been agreed upon between the would-be bridegroom and her friends, he thus having to pay for as well as to capture her.

In Lapland, if one asks the father of a marriageable girl to take a drink, and the offer is accepted, it is understood that the person standing treat is accepted as a son-in-law. Such a custom introduced here would be a heavier blow to bar-rooms than any excise law ever framed.

There was anciently a fallacious notion prevalent among the ignorant in England that a man, by setting up his wife to public auction, and parting with her for a price, dissolved the nuptial bond, and escaped from all its obligations. Frequent instances of the sales of wives in open markets have occurred, and one happened so late as 1859.

Perhaps the following may be novel to many of our readers: "If a gentleman wishes to make known his desire to be married, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the little finger if he is a determined old bachelor. The same rule applies to the ladies. A ring worn on the first finger is a silent advertisement for a husband; on the second, a token of engagement; the third, matrimony; and the little finger, the gentle intimation of the wish to die an old maid." According to the author of a book called "Love's Telegraph," the above is a modern American fashion.

"THE UNWELCOME VISITOR."

THIS picture is from a painting by MR. ASSELT, an English artist, who is well known as a skilful animal painter. This subject, however, is somewhat out of his beaten track. Here, besides the examples of the way in which the artist has "many a time and oft" represented sheep —rams and wethers, ewes and lambs—in all situations, including that of the parents defending their young, we have a specimen of the painter's ability in depicting Monsieur Reynard, under circumstances advantageous for the display of his vulpine, slinking, cunning, and cowardly cruelty. The situation represented may appear to some readers as rather forced and questionable: but we can assure them that in parts of Scotland the foxes are very large and powerful, and correspondingly audacious, and that often they are very destructive to sheep. And with this assurance we may safely leave the picture to tell its own tale to those who may see it merely through the medium of our engraving.

THE LOG JAM ON THE CHIPPEWA.

We illustrate on page 360 a characteristic incident of the late freshets in Wisconsin. The piers shown in the picture were put in by FOUND, HALBERT, & CO. to protect their works below from damage by the heavy ice freshets in the spring, and also to detain temporarily the logs, to prevent them from running into the river until they could sort out their own logs from the general drive. Some of these piers stand in forty feet water, which is quite deep for a long distance above the piers. There was a much larger amount of logs put in during the last winter than ever before, and probably about sixty million feet were put in on the ice, so that when the latter went out this large body of logs moved together and choked up the river. Immediately behind this came the general drive of probably ninety millions more. The jam formed something more than half a mile above the piers, and extended up the river more than a mile and a half—one solid mass of logs, and there they stuck, refusing to move.

A large number of men were set to work to break it up, which they finally succeeded in doing, when the entire mass moved together for half a mile, presenting one of the grandest scenes ever witnessed, although attended with some danger to those who remained on the mass while it was in motion.

The piers proved strong enough to stop the logs, else every thing below in the shape of piers, booms, and logs would have been swept away. The logs are in many places piled twenty feet above the level of the water.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

BIRDS, as regards structure, are perhaps the most perfectly endowed, as they are certainly the most beautiful and interesting, of all the lower animals. In birds there is an admirable mechanism and adaptation both for gliding in the air and swimming in the water. They surpass all other animals in the faculty of continuing their motion without resting, as well as in its rapidity. The fleetest courser can scarcely ever run more than a mile in a minute, nor support that speed beyond five or six such exertions. But the joyous swallow does this tenfold for pleasure. In his usual way he flies at the rate of one mile in a minute; and WILSON, the ornithologist, ascertained that the swallow is so engaged for ten hours every day. So can the bluebird of America, for a space of 600 miles. Carrier-pigeons move with half that celerity; one flew from Liskeard to London, 220 miles, in six hours. The golden eagle is supposed to dart through the fiercest storm at the rate of 160 miles an hour; but one of our smallest birds, the swift, can even quadruple the most excited quickness of the race-horse for a distance. SPALLANZANI thought that the little swift traveled at the rate of 250 miles an hour.

Inquiries into the phenomena of the flight of birds would lead us far beyond our limits. The subject is beset with error. Thus, we read: "Every one has remarked the manner in which birds of prey float, as it were, without any effort, and with steady expanded wings, at great heights in the atmosphere. This they are enabled to do from the quantity of air contained in the air-cells of their bodies, which air being taken in at a low level in the atmosphere, of course rarefies and expands as the bird ascends into higher regions. Their rapidity of descent must be accomplished by the sudden expulsion of this air, aided by their muscular efforts."

Now DR. CRISP has read to the Zoological Society a paper "On the presence or absence of air in the bones of birds," for the purpose of showing the prevailing error upon the subject—viz., "that the bones of the bird are filled with air." Of fifty-two British birds recently dissected by him, only one, the sparrow-hawk, had the bones generally perforated for the admission of air. In thirteen others, the humeri only were hollow, and among these were several birds of short flight. In the remaining thirty-eight, neither the *humeri* nor *femora* contained air, although in this list were several birds of passage and of rapid flight—DR. CRISP's conclusion being, that the majority of British birds have no air in their bones, and that, with the exception of the falcons, but very few British birds have hollow femora.

MR. GOULD records a most remarkable instance of rapid and sustained flight, which he witnessed on his return from North America, whither he had proceeded for the purpose of studying the habits and manners of the species of *trochilus* (humming-bird) frequenting that portion of

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.—[FROM A PAINTING BY R. ASSELT.]

America. Having remarked that he arrived just prior to the period of the migration of this bird from Mexico to the north, and had ample opportunities for observing it in a state of nature, he noticed that its actions were very peculiar, and quite different from those of all other birds: the flight is performed by a motion of the wings so rapid as to be almost imperceptible; indeed, the muscular power of this little creature appears to be very great in every respect, as, independently of its rapid and sustained flight, it grasps the twig, twigs, flowers, &c., to which it alights with the utmost tenacity. It appears to be most active in the morning and evening, and to pass the middle of the day in a state of sleepy torpor. Occasionally it occurs in such numbers that fifty or sixty birds may be seen in a single tree. When captured it so speedily becomes tame that it will feed from the hand or mouth within half an hour.

THE TRUE SYSTEM OF TRADING.—CHICKERING & SONS.

PIANOS, as an article of luxury, have always been held at fancy prices—marked up to figures which none of the makers ever expected to realize, except in a few cases, where the free-handed, careless rich man gives a check without questioning the price. Such instances are remarkably rare, for the great mass of purchasers search out, with inveterate persistency, that store where they can get a good piano at the lowest possible price.

But how is the lowest price obtained? By bartering for half an hour, and then out to some other store to compare notes; returning for another bartering palaver, and securing a further reduction in price; another trip to piano-stores where the discount offered at last store is mentioned, whereupon each maker goes a little better, until the lowest point—say 15 or 20 per cent.—is obtained, and the customer returns to the first place, gets the piano at the lowest price offered by all competitors, with perhaps a stool and cover thrown in, to clinch the bargain. This is the style of trade upon the fancy-price system. It is a system of diamond cut diamond; one in which the most persistent or the most unscrupulous will win; one where the buyer believes that the seller is going to cheat him, if he can, and so is ever on the defensive. A system, in short, which blunts the fine sense of honor and self-respect both in the buyer and the seller, and destroys all confidence between them.

The fancy system has always existed to a certain extent, but now that pianos are no longer luxuries, but necessities, a new and less wealthy class is brought upon the scene, and the "knocking-down" system has increased in vigor and magnitude, from the fact that, while formerly with the rich it was a matter of principle, with the less rich now it is a matter of necessity.

CHICKERING & SONS, who have for nearly fifty years ranked as the leading manufacturers of the country, and whose position has naturally brought them into connection with the finest classes of society, conscious of the great power and demoralizing influence of the system, determined to abandon it, and to adopt in its place the one-price system—a price that should be invariable, that should give assurance to the public that a Chickering Piano can be purchased at prices uniform with those of Boston and New York in Portland, Chicago, St. Louis, Charleston, New Orleans, or any other place where a Chickering agent exists, the difference being only that of boxing and transportation.

The system has been tested upon a close calculation of the cost of manufacture, with a fair manufacturer's profit added to it. By abolishing all discounts, and while making exactly the same superior piano, Chickering & Sons have concluded that they can sell to the public to-day for $475 the same instrument which the discount system compelled them to charge $600 for last year, and the same scale of reduction in all classes of their instruments, up to the Concert Grand Piano.

These pianos are no cheaper to the makers than before, nor are they no cheaper to purchasers who persist until they have beaten every thing down to the very lowest point; but they are to the fair customer, who, believing that reputable houses are honest, used to pay what they were asked, but can now gain the same amount with the discount-bargainers, without the trouble of asking for it. There is no variation in the prices named; but just so much money as is marked in the price-list can buy just such a piano as is named opposite to it.

This is as it should be; it is a movement which affects favorably all classes throughout the country; and there can not be a doubt but that Chickering & Sons will be fully and heartily indorsed wherever the knowledge of their one-priced sterling pianos extends, and it *will* travel fast enough and far enough, depend upon it.

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Gents' Solitaire Pins, $3, $8, $8, $10, $16, $20; Gents' Solitaire Rings, $8, $10, $25, $30; Cluster Rings, $6, $10, $12, $20, $30 each.

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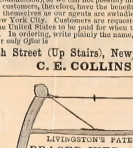

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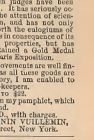

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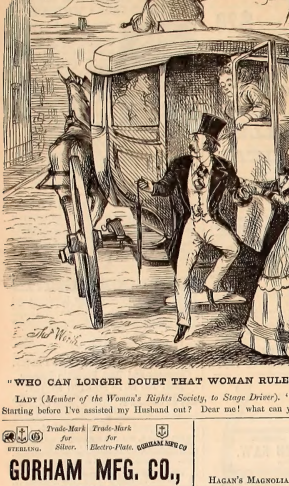

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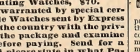

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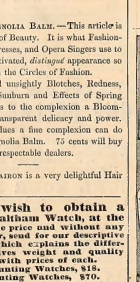

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 650. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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A SEAMAN'S GRAVE.

INDEPENDENTLY of any personal interest, sailors are always very desirous that no one should die aboard their vessel; or rather, they have a great objection to the body of any who has died remaining among them. This is a superstition easily accounted for with men whose entire lives are passed, as it were, on the very edge of the grave, and who have quite enough, as they suppose, to remind them of their mortality without the actual presence of the effects.

An idea prevails among them that sharks will follow a ship which has a corpse on board for a whole voyage; and the loss of a mast, the long duration of a foul wind, or any other inconvenience, is sure to be ascribed to the same influence. Accordingly when a man dies on board ship there is an obvious anxiety among the crew to get rid of their late shipmate as soon as possible.

It need not be mentioned that the surgeon is in constant attendance upon the dying man, who has generally been removed from his hammock to a cot, which is larger and more commodious, and is placed within a screen on one side of the sick-bay, as the hospital of the ship is called. It is usual for the captain to pass through this place and to speak to the men every morning; and I imagine there is hardly a ship in the service in which wines, fresh meat, and any other supplies recommended by the surgeon are not sent from the tables of the captain and officers to such of the men who require a more generous diet than the ship's stores provide. The restoration of the health of the invalids by such supplies is perhaps not more important than the moral influence of the attention on the part of the officers.

Every captain ought to be seen, no matter for how short a time, by the bedside of any of his crew whom the surgeon may report as dying. Not occasionally, but uniformly, in the quiet sobriety of real kindness, as well as hearty consideration for the feelings of a man falling at his post in the service of his country. The *éclat* of such a death is inferior, no doubt, to that which occurs in battle; but we should recollect that on this very account the sacrifice deserves more attention at our hands. The merit is not less when the soldier or sailor dies in a distant land, his story untold, his sufferings unseen.

As soon as the surgeon's ineffectual offices are at an end he walks to the quarter-deck and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately acquainted with the circumstance. At the same time the master-at-arms is ordered to take charge of the dead man's clothes. Very shortly after poor Jack dies he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sail-maker, in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock, and having placed a couple of shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding is usually made up so as to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft and placed between two of the guns on the starboard side of the half-deck, with the union-jack thrown over all.

Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half-hours are struck is tolled for the funeral by one of the quarter-masters of the watch below, or by one of the deceased's messmates, and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, boome, and around the main-mast, while the fore part of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers.

While the people are repairing to the deck in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed is taken on deck by the messmates of the man who has died, and made to rest across the lee-gangway. The body is still covered by the flag, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope which is kept out of sight in these arrangements is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be hereafter explained.

When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or if not the captain, or officer he may desire to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck, and commences the beautiful service, which, though but too familiar to most ears, never fails to rivet the attention even of the most rude and least reflecting.

The bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. There can be no more attentive and apparently reverent auditory than assembles on board a ship of war on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

At the words, "we commit his body to the deep," one of the seamen stoops down and disengages the [illegible] from the remains, while the others project the grating right into the sea. The body, being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and,

"In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land, but still there is something solemn as well as startling in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating as it is towed along under the main-chains.

On a fine day at sea, in smooth water, and when all the ship's company and officers are assembled, the ceremony just described, although a melancholy one, as it must always be, is often so pleasing, all things considered, that it is calculated to leave even cheerful impressions on the mind.

CITY MISSIONS.

WITH the rapidly increasing wealth of the metropolis there has been a gratifying advance in the scale of benevolent giving, and in no direction is there better evidence of this than in the large and well-appointed buildings for missionary purposes which have been erected by our charitable citizens within a few years past. Many of our readers are familiar with the operations of the New York City Mission, the oldest union organization in the field, and know in general that the band of missionary men and women who

THE SEAMAN'S BURIAL.

are constantly going their rounds of love and mercy are accomplishing a vast amount of good. But not many of our citizens know so well that the friends of this cause, being desirous of giving to the poor more commodious and attractive places of worship, lately commenced a building fund for the purpose, and have already raised $100,000 and upward, one-half of which has been expended in the erection of Olivet Chapel and Parsonage in Second Street, and the Lebanon Chapel in Columbia Street. The real estate now held by the society is valued at $250,000, and is entirely free and unincumbered. The Executive Committee, of which Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY is Chairman, composed of active pastors and influential business men connected with eight different religious denominations, are desirous of securing a permanent location for the oldest mission of the city, in the First Ward, and also for promising missions in the Fifth, Sixth, and Fourteenth Wards; but the very high prices asked for property have delayed these enterprises.

Other missions in the city have been pushing forward in the same line, as the Methodist City Mission, the Howard Mission, the missions of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, the Collegiate Reformed Church, the Wilson Mission, the Young Guardian Mission, and others. If any of our men of wealth will look into this mission work, and see the practical philanthropy at work in these mission stations and chapels, we are sure they will be well satisfied with the character of the ventures that have been already made, and will be encouraged to give still more liberally for the extension and growth of these most indispensable and worthy objects.

MR. JACKSON, the Secretary of the City Mission, has, in his valuable reports, given all particulars of the various operations of these city missions and their valuable results; and any of our readers desiring further information of their plans and purposes will do well to call at the Room No. 30 Bible House.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

A NECESSARY REFORM.

THE unfortunate situation in which the St. Thomas treaty has been left, and the rejection of the Alabama treaty, have shown in the strongest light a defect of our constitutional system. The Ambassador of the United States, it now appears, may not in the least represent the Government of his country; and the inevitable result is, that no other country will care to treat with him hereafter unless it is known to be backed by a representative. Look at the two instances of which we have spoken.

The Secretary of State, who has no seat in the Senate, and who acts independently of it, instructs the Embassador whom the Senate has confirmed to propose a negotiation to the Danish Government. He says, indeed, that the treaty must be finally ratified by the Senate, but the Danish Ministry knows that it must be ratified also by the Danish Assembly; and as the Minister has no representative, no statesman considers the Embassador to whose appointment the Senate has consented as the representative of the Senate. The negotiation proceeds. The terms of the treaty are finally adjusted. The Danish Minister signs, the United States Minister signs. The Dane is in the confidence of the Danish Assembly, and his signature binds that body, except for reasonable cause. The United States Minister is in the confidence of nobody but the Secretary of State, and his signature binds nobody whatsoever.

Or take the case of the English treaty, and let us put it in the most plausible way. The claims for settlement arising from the *Alabama* and other ships have been for a long time before the English Government. It knows that the subject is a very one, but must nevertheless be settled. The United States Secretary of State has suggested arbitration, but nothing has been settled; that remains for a new Embassador. Now the British Government may be presumed to be aware of the conflict between the President and the Senate. It sees that the quarrel is bitter; and again it may be supposed to prefer a treaty to leave the negotiation to the Administration about coming into power as really representing the will of the people. But the President one day nominates to the Senate an Embassador or Minister to England whom the Senate unanimously confirms. It is the same Senate which has already rejected other candidates—the Senate which will pass upon all the nominations of General GRANT, and whose unanimous voice must be interpreted to mean that in the sentiment of the nation for which mainly the new Minister is sent he represents the authority that will finally decide. It is perfectly well known who will be the Minister is to undertake; on it be supposed that the Senate would unanimously confirm him unless it acknowledged him as its representative?

The Minister reaches London, and negotiations begin. The proposal for arbitration came originally from the United States, and England accepts it. The Minister, unanimously confirmed by the treaty-ratifying authority, proposes the terms of a treaty; and England accepts them. The Ministers sign the treaty; and what is the necessary presumption? Certainly it can be nothing else than that as Lord STANLEY, representing the final authority in England, speaks the will of that authority, so Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, representing the same authority in his country, and by express election, also represents the will of that authority. But the fact is as in the case of Denmark. Lord STANLEY is overborne by Lord RUSSELL, and DISRAELI a binds nobody. The treaty which the unanimously-appointed agent of the Senate has proposed, and which had the Senate's serious ratification, accepted, is thrown by the Senate contemptuously out of the window with a loud cry of something very like bad faith against the power to which its agent proposed the treaty.

Can any situation be more absurd? Can any self-respecting nation treat at last with the agent of which the United States until it knows whether the principal is in the least bound by him, and whether the principal will consider himself at liberty to vote against the treaty of his fully-authorized representative? Would not Lord CLARENDON, for instance, be justified in saying to Mr. MORLEY, if he should find in saying to Mr. MORLEY, if he should find in saying to Mr. MORLEY, if he should find

the process will be slow. That severe calamity is now showing its results. The large population of Great Britain is partially withdrawn from the consumption of English manufactures, and the excess of production has been thrown upon other countries at reduced prices. The drought has been met by strict economy, and now, as it becomes more severe, by extensive emigration.

England unquestionably desires to hold her population, and particularly her skilled population, for the purpose of augmenting her own productions; but she can not help the drain which is now enriching the United States.

CANDOR WANTED.

We can certainly never arrive at a fair settlement of any international difficulty if we permit ourselves to indulge in the kind of imputation which the London correspondent of the *Tribune* bestows upon Senator GRIMES, and which appears in so many of the comments upon the recent address of GOLDWIN SMITH.

Senator GRIMES being in London, and reading the daily articles of the London press upon Mr. SUMNER'S speech and the *Alabama* difficulty, very properly writes to the *Times* a letter in which he calmly states the facts of the case as he understands them. Mr. GRIMES says, first, that he does not now see how opposition in this country to go to war with England than now; that the Senate merely agreed to the conclusion of Mr. SUMNER'S speech that the treaty should be ratified, not to the arguments by which he reached that conclusion; that Mr. SUMNER himself asked that the injunction of secrecy from the debate be removed; that the conduct of Members of the British Legation, coupled with the proposed method of arbitration, gave at least an appearance of probable unfairness in the decision; that the desire of the annexation of Canada is by no means universal in the United States, and that there is no party which would think for a moment of a resort to force; that Mr. MOTLEY will bring instructions of the most pacific character only; and, to quote the words of Senator GRIMES:

"That the offense in the eyes of Americans is not 'that she conceded belligerent rights to the Confederacy at a time when the Southern States had apparently proclaimed themselves an independent Power,' or that she recognized their belligerent rights at any time, but that we did not accept the full validity of her citizens during the rebellion. Their real grievance is that the *Alabama*, built and fitted out in an English port, never ran into a Confederate port so as to acquire the legal character of a Confederate belligerent, but only or otherwise; that she was in truth an English vessel, sailing from a British port under the British flag, manned by British seamen in every where cordially received, supplied, and coaled at British ports, with each hospitality usual to vessels of American cruisers; that she never had any other home than that of Liverpool, from which she was originally departed, and remained, in law and conscience, a British vessel until she sank beneath the waves. This is our grievance. All else is the embellishment of the advocate and orator."

In writing this most temperate and candid letter, in which, as is seen in the extract which we quote, the positive claim of the United States against England is clearly and admirably stated—the only claim which can be the reasonable basis of a treaty—the London correspondent of the *Tribune* attacks Mr. GRIMES in these words:

"Mr. SENATOR GRIMES is at his old work of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Is there any being in this case not Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, but the party in England that hates America."

Is every body who does not implicitly accept slanders giving aid and comfort to the enemy? Is nothing but a stout and persistent assertion that our own view is in all its details the only just and conceivable and patriotic view to be regarded as treating the subject in the "ANDREW JOHNSON vein?" Is it necessary in order to be an honest American to be a credulous partisan of a country, or the diligent promoter of bitter hostility? President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, a recognized authority upon international law as it is called, says that Mr. SUMNER is remarkably well-informed upon this question, "he is not a wise man, though of excellent intentions." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH differs with Mr. SUMNER. Has he therefore been bought with British gold? Is he in dark and secret conspiracy with the LAIRDS? Or is he possibly as honest and as patriotic American citizen speaking upon a subject in which he is especially learned, and upon which he has the best right to speak with authority?

So with GOLDWIN SMITH. He is a man as fully in sympathy with the best spirit and the highest aims of this country as a native born. He is thoroughly familiar with the facts of the case, and as an Englishman he most warmly deprecated the escape of the *Alabama*, and deplored the inevitable consequences that must follow. Drawn to this country by a real sympathy, and seeking convenient opportunities for certain literary labor, he attracted visitors to the youngest and one of the most promising of our schools of learning. He gives his experience, his accomplishments, to its service. He engages in the course of instruction without any remuneration whatever, and he presents to the library of the university his own large and admirable and valuable library. In every way that a man can prove the sincerest sympathy and the most unselfish interest in a country GOLDWIN SMITH has shown them, and when he speaks to avoid a complication which every wise man ought to deplore, and speaks in the most honorable and candid manner, he is saluted with a loud jeer as a man utterly ignorant of America and the American people, and his patriotism and his candor and the critics coolly tell him that he had better go home at once. But which is the more worthy of a man, and which shows a knowledge of the true American—the tone of GOLDWIN SMITH or the tone of the remarks attributed to General BUTLER? Whose spirit tends to honorable peace? Which speaks as a civilized statesman?

We have always said in these columns that the British recognition of rebel belligerency seemed to us needlessly hasty, and that the haste showed an unfriendly feeling. But Benjamin WOOLSEY—quite as patriotic and quite as well-informed upon the subject as any journalist can justly claim to be—says that at the time the recognition was issued a neutral might conclude without malignity or warped judgment that a state of war existed in this country. And President WOOLSEY agrees with Senator GRIMES and GOLDWIN SMITH that the substantial question of the controversy is whether due precaution was taken to arrest the Alabama. Here if we enter upon the discussion of the subject by declaring these men, as in the one case, to be foolishly frightened, and in the other to be malignant, we are glad to do at the beginning, there can be no satisfactory end to the debate. The case demands arguments, not epithets.

THE JUDICIAL ERMINE IN NEW YORK.

Jesse CHOATE, to whose remarkable conduct in a recent case of fraud we called contempt of court we alluded last week, has discharged the prisoners that he held, and upon the same affidavits that originally offered. The prisoners, by advice of counsel, abandoned the writ of *habeas corpus*, having ascertained that it would not hasten their examination. Indeed the purpose for which the writ of privilege of the writ was abolished by the Judge. Denouncing counsel for supporting prostitutes against the courts, and treating prisoners who had taken out a writ of *habeas corpus* for more than a fortnight in jail without examination, and arranging with his fellow-judges that the writ should be returnable only to him, the proceeding seems to be one of the most utterly absurd, if it were not so grave an outrage upon the guarantees of personal liberty, that in the unsounding record of the proceedings of modern New York courts presents.

Another glimpse at the administration of justice in the city is given in this report of a scene in the Court of Special Sessions, his Honor Justice DOWLING upon the bench. There is a boy of fourteen pleading guilty to a prisoner for a petty offense. Justice DOWLING took a sharp look at the prisoner, and then at the docket his name. "ANDREWS," replied the lawyer.

"Yes, I thought so. You are as much altered with your whiskers shaved off that I hardly recognized you." Then, raising his voice, Justice DOWLING continued in a very severe manner, "Well, Sir, you can't practice in this court. I have told you a dozen times. Now, what is your plea?"

"But, Sir," put in ANDREWS, "I am a member of the bar."

"I don't care whether you are or not," thundered the Judge. "I say you can't practice here, and that is enough."

"Will your Honor then please remand the prisoner and my partner can be ready for the defaul him?"

"I don't want your partner here. I say that I will not allow you to practice in this court. Now go!"

The lawyer, amazed, hastily made his exit.

"Prisoner," continued Justice DOWLING, "seeing that you are your own counsel, the Court discharges you."

ANDREWS is the Virginian who harangued a crowd of rioters in Lexington Avenue in July, 1863. He was tried for this crime, and sentenced by Judge NASH to three years in State Prison. Somehow he obtained a pardon before the expiration of his term of imprisonment and managed to get himself admitted to the bar. We never heard of him again until yesterday.

GIFTS AND OFFICES.

We are sorry to see some foolish insinuations in regard to the President's gifts, not openly expressed, just after the inauguration, by the papers which are hostile to him, recently revived in a journal which we had supposed to be friendly. Certain gentlemen of the late General M'CLELLAN and highly valued his services to the country gave him a house. It was a very honorable gift both to the giver and to the receivers. Certain other gentlemen give a house to General GRANT, and the same thing was true. It was a tribute of admiration which it was most proper for them to offer and for him to accept. Certain other gentlemen still, gave a house to General SHERMAN. Has General SHERMAN forfeited in any degree the confidence of his countrymen by accepting it?

Now in the case of General GRANT, is it not plain that the circumstances very naturally threw him into relations more or less familiar with those who had been so interested in him, and so desirous to show their grateful sense of his services as to make him the gift? And when he came to select persons for offices he chose from the men whom he knew, whether they had been made known to him by intimacy arising from military association in the field or in other ways. Mr. STEWART, for instance, knew GRANT well before he gave a house to General GRANT. He had also interested himself in an early designation of the General for the Presidency. They were naturally brought together. The General when in New York was much with Mr. STEWART, observing his business methods and his ability. When he nominated Mr. STEWART for Secretary of the Treasury did any man who was not determined to carp seriously suppose that the nomination was made in settlement of the house question? Because the President believed that Mr. STEWART would make a good Secretary?

So with the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. BORIE was known in a similar way to the President. The latter wished to take a member of the Cabinet from Pennsylvania who was not a politician in the usual sense, and who was not recommended by politicians for a party purpose. This may have been an unwise course, but it certainly was not a dishonest course, and it was exactly what a majority of the best men in the country hoped that the President would do. He therefore selected from Pennsylvania a gentleman whom he generally knew and trusted. Does any body again seriously suppose that General GRANT appointed Mr. BORIE because Mr. BORIE had been one of several to present him a house in Philadelphia?

Of course the coincidence offers a fair chance for an enemy, but not for a friend. The presumption is simple enough. A gives B a valuable present. B gives A an honorable office. *Argal*, the one is a consideration for the other. But such charges against such a man, or rather such insinuations, do not deserve to make a column, are surely unworthy honorable journalists. The exigencies of party, especially in the case of the present organization, are stringent that honor and common courtesy are not to be expected. But from those who do not believe General GRANT to be a knave we have a right to expect a very little charity and criticism. Is it fair to insinuate such a charge? Is it manly by such pretenses to destroy confidence in an honest man?

SCHOOLS AND RELIGION.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing in the interest of the Roman Catholic movement against the free-school system of this State, says that he does not object to the claim that the State should educate the children in all that makes good citizens, but that he does assert that the State refuses to take the necessary measures to make them good, that is, and good Christians, and therefore that it can not make them good citizens. This means merely that only religious men are good citizens, and that the State does not provide religious instruction.

Now the State does not claim that it ought to provide religious men at all, but makes good citizens, for that is wholly impracticable. If it did make christians, however, there could certainly be no ground of argument for sectarian instruction; for if they would surely make bad citizens it would be a system of education that by isolation deepened sectarian lines, and divided society into a multitude of hostile religious camps. The claim of State education is that a certain amount of practical knowledge, not of theological dogma, nor of moral specials, but of morals and the good order and economy of society. Education, in the view of the State, belongs to the Police Department. The State is interested that every citizen shall be orderly, not that he shall be *Jew*, nor Baptist, nor Presbyterian, nor Unitarian, nor Roman Catholic, nor Episcopalian, nor Universalist in any way whatever. The State is not sectarian, but it protects all sects. It builds court-houses and jails, but not churches. If you are an orderly man you may believe what you will, so far as the State is concerned. Formerly, and in other countries now, as recently in Austria and in Spain, and in England, the present time, the State has a religion, and undertakes to promote religion by the influence of the State. And to that very action the degradation of the mass of the people in those countries is largely attributable; while in England it has been only successfully resisted by the sturdy good sense of the people.

To ask in this country, as the Roman Catholics do, that their share of the school-tax shall be given to them to be expended as they please in schools of their own, is simply to ask that the whole body of tax-payers shall not decide in what manner the common good can best be promoted. It is to ask substantially, and at last, that each tax-payer shall decide how his tax shall be expended. It is, moreover, to demand that the State shall maintain and fortify sectarian dissension. This was plainly seen some years ago in Michigan, when this favorite project of the Roman Catholics was introduced into the Legislature of that State. The Bishop of another Church highly approved the plan, and he arrived at the capital with his proposition that his church also should have its share. The Legislature paused and asked, "Why not the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists also; and if these also, then what?" And the Legislature very wisely declined to adopt so foolish a measure.

NOTES.

We gave in our issue for May 15 an illustration of the Sunday School Convention held at Newark, New Jersey, April 28, 29, and 30. Our illustration was from an excellent photograph taken on the spot by E. F. CRANE, of Newark. Accidentally the proper credit was omitted at the time. We regret the circumstance, and cheerfully take this opportunity to give the photographer the mention which he deserves, and to call attention to the very excellent photographs which furnished the basis of our representation.

The comfort and pleasure attending a visit to our Central Park this summer will be much enhanced by "the New Central Park Pleasure Carriage Service," which has been inaugurated under the auspices of Controller A. H. GREEN and the Commissioners of the Park. The regular business of this Service commenced June 1, and furnishes a ride over all the carriage-ways of the Park for 25 cents, in a carriage "of exceeding elegance, adapted to all weathers."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves took place May 30, and was universally observed. In the evening especial memorial exercises were attended at the Academy of Music by Major-General Sickles, Commander of the Army of the Republic in the State, and by many distinguished citizens. An address was preached by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. As on the day previous the decoration in Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. At Cambridge, Massachusetts, General Butler delivered the memorial address.

As the steamer *Russia*, from Liverpool, was coming up the bay on the morning of May 26, the latter was run down by the steamer *Hyde Manor*, from Marseilles, which struck the *Russia* on the starboard side, just abaft the bulk-head. The ship was struck on the port side, and was left in a few minutes, and was also submerged in water reaching up to her lower yards. The steamer was in charge of a pilot at the time. No lives were lost.

The Senate Committee met in Washington May 26 to organize and prepare for their work.

The two hundredth anniversary of the old South Church in Boston was observed on Sunday May 23.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned December to Boston.

During the last year the divorces in Connecticut numbered 491, or more than one-tenth the number of marriages.

The Republican Congressional Convention for the Fifth District of Indiana has nominated Gen. Lew. Wallace, three hundred and fifty-third ballot, H. Barnhard, 347, Pierpont, 1. Wallace is a Democrat, and lives at Crawfordsville, Indiana.

A half-dozen villages in Calhoun County, Virginia, on May 8, were all but ruinous that fell weighed eighty three-quarters of a pound.

The mother of Stephen A. Douglas died at Clifton Springs, New York, May 30.

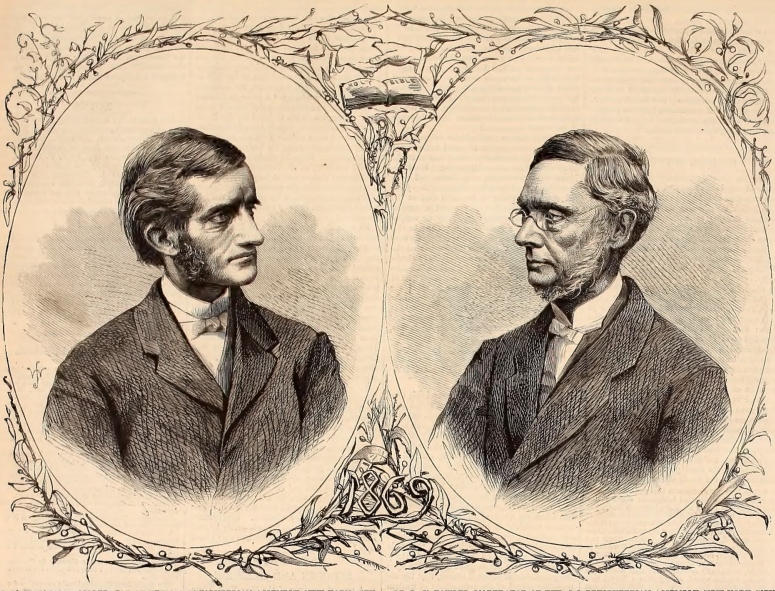
The following-named gentlemen have been appointed a board of visitors to the Military Academy at West Point: General David Hunter, United States Army; General W. Q. Gresham, Indiana; General John Eaton, Ohio; Governor Hon. H. R. Gamble, Missouri; Judge C. H. Warren, Massachusetts; M. B. Anderson, D.D., President of Rochester University, New York; Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., President of Miami University, Ohio.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company has completed with the act passed at the last session of Congress, requiring the deposit of a security for the completion of a section of the Pacific Railroad, and taking the junction of the Central with the Union at or near Ogden.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Two elections in France have as a rule resulted in the victory of the Government candidates. The official papers proclaim it a triumph of intelligence, the old parties, and leave the Liberal Empire opposed by only a few revolutionary candidates.

The Spanish Cortes has lately been debating the Cuban question. Señor CASTELAR declared that the great Republican orator, and if Spain had followed the example of England in the settlement of Ireland, by granting the liberties which the Colonies now claim for themselves, Cuba would in all probability have been preserved. Marshal SERRANO replied that Captain-General DULCE was doing everything in his power to secure upon the Government of Cuba, but party-spirit divided some of the inhabitants in their opposition to the Home Government. By the recommendation of the regional decree of 1868 had been granted, "the moral disorder was disappearing very rapidly." That would be carried out. Cuba would remain where it had



DR. M. W. JACOBUS, MODERATOR OF THE O. S. PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK CITY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

DR. P. H. FOWLER, MODERATOR OF THE N. S. PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK CITY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

CITY MISSIONS—INTERIOR OF OLIVET CHAPEL, SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."—FROM A PAINTING BY E. J. POYNTER.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HETTY AT LAST.

So Rebecca hung on, doing the work which God in his kindness had given her. Waiting by the tide, month after month, for a message from the sea.

When the wind was very wild, and the rain beat upon the glass, she would get up, and do as she had now so often seen the sailors' wives do, walk up and down the room with her arms tightly folded; thinking of the man she loved at sea.

It was a very wild furze night six months after she came home, and was very late. She had not long come in, after making one of some eighty women who had been out in the rain and the wild harbour to see an accident. Captain Moriarty had driven from his moorings in the gale, and caused an alarm as great as if the Houses of Parliament were afire. Rebecca had ended with a hearty laugh when all things were put straight, and had come home to her unwary supper of bread and cheese; and the wind was very wild, and her heart was very heavy, and she sat her supper walking up and down, and, I am very much afraid, crying.

The door was opened, and a voice coming from a figure which she could not see, said, "If you please, Miss, old Job Partridge, of the *Mary Ann*, is much worse, and wants to see you immediate."

"I will be with you directly," said Rebecca; "how far is it?"

"About a mile straight in the teeth of the wind, and it is raining cats, dogs, marlin-spikes, and copper sheathing," said the voice.

"I will be with you in two minutes," said Rebecca. "I have been out and got my hair wet, and have been drying it. Mr. Moriarty has lost his moorings, but he has been brought up by a hawser from the *Elizabeth* now. I will not detain you an instant."

The voice, in the most emphatic manner, "You will do," and out of the darkness came a young woman, who introduced herself, who put two hands on Rebecca's shoulders, and looked up, and Rebecca knew in an instant that she was looking on a most handsome splendid Hun her own.

She was perfectly amazed, and stammered out, "Is it, is it—"

"Of course it is, my dear soul."

"Is it *Hetty?*" said Rebecca.

"Of course it is, my dear. Who else did you think it was? Have a good look at it then. Look at me," said Hetty; and Rebecca did so, with fixed eyes and open mouth, for this mysterious long-expected Hetty was the strangest creature she had ever seen in her life.

She was dressed in close-fitting sailor's blue, and had just taken off a sailor's tarpaulin hat off her head, and shaken out her hair; it was a crown of dark chestnut. In features, more particularly in the original beautiful nose, turned lightly back up at the corners, she resembled very closely Sir Joshua's Muscipula; as she shaded her great hazel eyes with her hand, to get a good look at Rebecca, Rebecca saw that she was like her father, but also like some one she had never seen.

Rebecca was dazed and stunned at the apparition. She had loved beauty deeply, and been told that Hetty was beautiful; but she was not prepared for *this*. And where did the girl get that wondrous, tender, pathetic *expression* from, almost as strange as beauty? Rebecca soon knew whence came that look.

"Rebecca, dear," said Hetty, "God is sending Jack and I a little one. Will you nurse mine until it is born, and I am fit to go afloat again?"

That was all she said, and Rebecca said exactly nothing at all; but she laughed such a long, long laugh that Hetty laughed again; and kissing her, and shaking the rain-drops from her hair, sat down upon her easy-chair and demanded tea.

The semi-time of Rebecca's life had been hard and bitter, but the harvest was beginning now. Judgment, grief, trouble, anxiety, but in deep glorious happiness. She was getting a share in the great life which was moving about her. The arrival of this strange, beautiful mountain-lass, for the wild sea was now, to her, a deeper, more intense pleasure than all the castles, boroughams, opera-boxes, and diamonds that any lady ever had in this world.

"I think we shall be very fond of one another," said Hetty.

"That is quite my opinion," said Rebecca. "Where have you been, Hetty?"

"Slopping round," said Hetty. "I am perfectly sick and tired of these clipper ships; and I declare most positively, that when we get a-going to happen has happened I will never put my kit on board of another. Jack, thank Heaven, has got one of the old sort."

"Has he got a ship?" said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Certainly he has," said Hetty.

"And where is Jack gone?" asked Rebecca.

"Callao, for orders," said Hetty; "that, he says, expresses sailors' language, Greek Kalends. Ships cleared for Callao never know where they are going: it may be Melbourne, and it may be Hong-Kong, or as likely as the other. I shall not see him for a year."

"Are you not impatient?" asked Rebecca.

"My good soul, if sailors' wives were to get impatient they would go mad. I have had my heart and soul at the feet of one sailor, and you have laid yours at the feet of another. Sailors' wives must know how to wait and suffer. And if you have a common religion, if you believe that there is no cloud at death between you and your husband, you can get through any thing. That is the only link between Jack and myself."

"Yes," said Rebecca, and there was a great deal in her Yes.

"Now," said Hetty, "I am going to tell you a thing which will make you very angry and make you hate me. Jack has openly joined the Church of England, and I have gone with him."

"Why not, Hetty?" said Rebecca, turning her face to Hetty.

"Why not?" said Hetty. "Why, of all the indiscretions I ever committed, this is the worst. I hope you will not be so foolish as I have been."

"Why not?" said Rebecca.

"Because you would cut the last ground from under my father's feet. Rebecca, you have a noble soul committed to your care, for which you will have to answer at the Day of Judgment. Follow him—do not lead him. A lad man is an ill thing. I have been to sea, and I know."

Here there was an interruption: Mrs. Tryon stood at the door.

"Now then, Miss Turner; you are talking her to death. Het, old girl, how are you? You did right to come home to Miss Turner and I, though Miss Turner is a fool."

"I have known that for a long time," said Rebecca, quietly; for Mrs. Tryon had called to a fool in a way which did not give offense. There are different ways of calling people fools.

"Where is your man gone?" said Mrs. Tryon to Hetty.

"To Callao for orders," said Hetty.

"He is a fool, and you were a fool for letting him go," said Tryon.

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear soul," said Hetty. "You may think it so, but we do not."

"Is he going through the Straits or round the Horn?" asked Tryon.

"Round the Horn," said Hetty. "His ship would never beat through the Straits, she is bad to get about. I did not like his crew myself, for many Malays. I like the ship altogether, and the ship is, I doubt, wet; and in my opinion, Mrs. Tryon, she is extremely over-spread. Why, Jack told me that she would carry a leader her main-yard lift by sheer rolling, and dropped it on to the slings."

"Those lifts are all rubbish," said Mrs. Tryon.

"I know that," said Hetty; "but that does not make amends for Jack's carrying on round the Horn with iron lifts. And his ship's bows are too fat at the load-line, I doubt, though she would lift well with a reefed foresail, when she is going before it. As for laying her to in a gale of wind, she will be a handful if ever he when Jack proposed to do it I should get out and walk."

"Look at her," said Tryon, quietly.

It was Rebecca to whom she called attention. She had gone to sleep on the floor with her head in a hassock. "Poor child," said Mrs. Tryon. "Have you heard any thing of Morley, dear?"

"Speak very low," said Hetty. "Pa has gone on to Plymouth to see the mail, and the *Sydney Herald* says that they are all dead."

"You don't believe it, dear?" said Mrs. Tryon.

"Of course I don't," said Hetty. "Jack says that he don't believe a *thingamy* of it."

This is the way sailors' wives talk: confidentially, ladies and gentlemen. Of course they ought not to do so, but they do it.

"I don't believe it, Tryon, more of it," said Tryon. "But that Patagonian coast is a awful bad 'un. Look how sweet she sleeps, pretty love, pretty dear!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

There came a long time now while Rebecca and Hetty abode together like Ruth and Naomi. And all dangers, sorrows, and cares was the presence of a necessity greater than her own. Her own self was dead and ended, and she had three others, Morley, Hetty, and Hartop; not to mention three dozen others in the swarming, seafaring population all around her.

To lose sight of self absolutely for one moment is to have lived for one moment.

Rebecca lived much now, for she never had time to think about herself. She was the very person who took her away from herself most was that bonny, shrewd, beautiful Hetty.

Mrs. Tryon had a fight with Hetty about her treatment of Rebecca; but after a long engagement of an hour Tryon retired, with all her breasts shot away (for Tryon *colors flying*), leaving Hetty the victor. As I can not, from want of space, give an account of the whole of this great battle, I will give the score of it, so that *ex pede Herculem*, the reader may judge what the beginning of the fight was like.

"You worry the girl to death," said Tryon.

"I want to," said Hetty. "I want to take her out of herself, and make her think of *me*, not of my father."

"Why?"

"Because I am beginning to believe that my father is in heaven," said Hetty. "The Society are getting very anxious."

"But making her fetch errands in such weather," said Mrs. Tryon; "you will kill her."

"She is not made of sugar," said Hetty.

Rebecca was in at this moment, and as an illustration of how much Hetty meant to attend to Mrs. Tryon, she said to Rebecca, coolly:

"I want sardines for my supper. I am to have every thing I fancy, and I fancy them. And the sardines at the corner shop are no thing but pilchards, and taste of hair-oil. Go up the street, and get a box of the small ones at Elmes'."

And Rebecca went out into the rain again, without one word.

"I call it shameful usage," said Mrs. Tryon.

"It is the system I mean to pursue with her, said Hetty, coolly."

When Rebecca came back with the sardines Hetty called her to her.

"Rebecca, Mrs. Tryon has been saying that if I try you as I do you will lose your love for me. Is that so?"

"She must be perfectly foolish," said Rebecca, sharply. "I wish you would try me more. You don't think it, Hetty?"

"Not I. I will tell you the whole truth. If sailors' wives brood and think of nothing but themselves and their husbands they will go mad. Unless you try and think you will never be happy. I have no letter from Jack, from Valparaiso."

"And I have none from Alfred."

"Self again. You should think of me, not of my father. I told you that pa was gone to Patagonia, and you don't suppose that there are letter-boxes there. You should think about *me*."

But Rebecca cried very much indeed, and Hetty let her alone for a little.

"Becky, dear," she said at last, "I got me to bed, and sent for Samuel Warnford. I am going to be ill." And Rebecca got her to bed and sent for the doctor.

Meanwhile Hetty had leaned her face to the wall, weeping silently. "Father and Jack both together. O God, in thine infinite mercy, judge me not too harshly!"

On the morrow, Hetty, lying in the same bed where Mr. Turner had died, and watching the ships pass and repass on the river, lay with a brave loy on her bosom, and was quite quiet and well, saying very little indeed.

Presently there came to her eyes with a piece of news which she imparted to Rebecca. "Jack Hartop has lost his ship."

Rebecca was startled by the news that she found herself wondering whether Jack Hartop had dropped his ship down an area railings, or lost it at cards, or left it accidentally in a railway carriage, or gone on shore forgetfully and let it sail away by itself into unknown seas; when Mrs. Tryon, shortly, sharply—

"You are wool-gathering. Don't do it. He has lost his ship on Cape Northumberland, and his certificate with it."

"It will kill her," said Rebecca.

"Yes, it will kill. But she must not be. *Now* you understand."

"Yes, *I* understand," said Rebecca, and Mrs. Tryon withdrew.

It was a long time before Hetty was well enough to be told any thing about Hartop's misfortune. It was a still longer time before Rebecca said one word to her about it.

She did not know what to do. God solved the problem for her, however, in this way:

Hetty had got about, on the wharf, and by the river, with her baby, impressing on the newly-formed mind of the young gentleman the images of ships. Otherwise the life went on among the sailors wives left waiting for some who came home, and some who did not; for some who came back broken, though as dear as ever; and for some who never came back at all. It had come on a fine morning, and Rebecca had caught Hetty on the wharf, and pulled her into the house.

"I have news," said Rebecca.

"You need not trouble to say that, Becky," said Hetty. "Is it pa or Jack?"

"Jack," said Rebecca. "He has lost his ship and been court-martialled."

Then he is not dead?" said Hetty.

"Not that I am aware of."

"Has Jack lost his certificate?" asked Hetty.

"No, Hetty. Hetty, be quiet and I will tell you every thing. Be quiet, Hetty, and be quiet."

"I am quite quiet," said Hetty. "If Jack is alive and well, what care I? You say that he has not lost his certificate. If they had dared to take it away I would have tweaked Dr. Keane's nose as he presented it."

"But I have to read you something," said Rebecca.

"You had better read it then," said Hetty.

Rebecca read, in a very fluttering voice, from a newspaper, *The Melbourne Argus*:

"The Bonrd which sat on Captain Hartop, of the ship *Flying Cloud*, have reported.

"It appears that Captain Hartop was keeping his due course, when, being warned by the sudden fall of the mercury, he made for sea, but in consequence of the calm which preceded the hurricane which has devastated our southern shores, he was unable to get way on his ship. After the cyclone (or whirlwind) came there was no possibility of saving her. Up to this point the Board consider that Captain Hartop's conduct was most seamanlike."

"Thank you for nothing, quoth the gallipot," said Hetty, quietly. "If Jack could not fiddle his ship out of it by any other reason, I should like to see the man who could."

"After the ship struck on the reef under Cape Northumberland the conduct of Captain Hartop was beyond all praise for which they can find words. His personal prestige among his sailors seems to have been so great that on this terrible night they passed quietly into the boats, in the inlmer water to the lee of the reef, without noticing that he himself had remained with his first mate, Green—"

"I shall remember that young man," said Hetty, with a slight flutter in her voice; "go on, Rebecca. Jack, Jack, you are a sailor!"

"—In which position he was under some any chance of saving any thing for the underwriters in case of the gale moderating, taking his chance of swimming on shore. The Board wish it to be distinctly understood that their opinion is that during this unhappy wreck, and in the long march between the place of the wreck and the nearest settlement, Captain Hartop conducted himself from first to last like a splendid British sailor."

"Of course Jack did," said Hetty, quietly. "Do not I know him? Jack is a man of pluck and energy. Jack is a sailor, every inch of him. I suppose his owners will give him another ship at once, after that report. If they don't, I will spend a little time at their office not very pleasantly for them."

And she looked Rebecca straight in the face as cool as a cucumber. And Rebecca was deeply puzzled.

"Well, and so that is the whole of it, is it?" said Hetty. "I am glad that the best of a ship is at the bottom of the sea without drowning Jack or any of the men. Is there any thing more to tell?"

Rebecca was getting more and more puzzled. "Has she a heart at all?" she said to herself.

"Yes, Hetty," she said; "but I do not know how to tell it." 'The Panama route—"

"There was no need to say more, or to question whether Jack Hartop had a heart. The door opened quickly, and in the open doorway stood Jack Hartop.

Hetty stood up and spread out her ten fingers toward him. In less than a second her pretty arms were round his neck, and he was hugging her like a bear. She said, "Love, love, love, it?" and he said, "Darling, darling, darling," which is folly the most incurable. But if you will bring me any gentleman who will affirm on his oath that he has never made a fool of himself to the same extent, I will politely decline that gentleman's acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

The life thus enriched by two whom she loved went smoothly for Rebecca. Not cheerfully, for there came no word of Mr. Morley at all. Hetty and Hartop spoke continually about him, always planning for him when it was her, Hetty would say, "I doubt he is cold, poor dear, there where he is;" and Hartop would say, "Ay, it is winter there now." At dinner Hetty might say, "I doubt he has no lamb and green peas to-day, poor man;" and Hartop would say, "No, he will be having fish and salt beef for his dinner. It is not bad, but not so good as this."

So they would talk to her, keeping his image perpetually before her mind in their both having given up all hope.

They kept from her the news that the missionary ship had been lost, but that a few of the missionaries were heard to be alive three months after. They kept from her their knowledge of the bitter, desolate coast of Patagonia, and Hetty had so persistently forced on her the maxim that sailors' wives must not fret, that she believed her, and abode in quiet, busy, and not unhappy, ignorant of the chances of the sea.

But it is to be feared it became evident that Jack Hartop was growing to be a person of great consequence among a certain great and powerful society. He had been long absent from Plymouth, and she had been to a May meeting of it, presided over by a certain great earl; and one day in these times she found this society's whom she knew by sight, talking eagerly and familiarly with Jack Hartop.

She found him say, "It is certainly a splendid offer—a splendid offer. And as a sailor, Mr. Hartop, you think that the yacht is big enough."

"Bless your lord, I should sail her any where! Two hundred and eighty tons!—why, she is a frigate."

"It is somewhat singular that Lord Ducetoy, who is not even a subscriber, and a—"

At this moment Rebecca passed with a slight bow and went on.

"Who is that young lady?" said Lord S.

"Miss Turner."

"Oh; I was saying that it seems singular that a mere sportsman like Lord Ducetoy should interest himself so deeply in a mission like this, as to lend his yacht on short notice, and offer to pay a picked crew out of his own pocket, on condition of your commanding the expedition."

"My lord," said Hartop, "it is easily accounted for. Lord Ducetoy is cousin to Miss Turner, and Miss Turner, and Lord Ducetoy was under the deepest obligations to her father for saving his property from the Philpott smash."

"But what has Miss Turner to do with it?"

"She is engaged to be married to Morley, and she does not know what you and I do."

"God help her in her grief!" said Lord S., rising his hat solemnly.

"Amen," said Jack Hartop.

"When can you sail?"

"Well, in consequence of this offer of Lord Ducetoy's, I can get to sea in a week. If they are alive, they are there by Lord Ducetoy's directory."

"Under God," said Lord S.

"Under God, I mean," said Jack. "But he has saved his own way or another two months of valuable time."

"It is odd to me."

"By-the-by, my lord, Miss Turner is to know nothing of Lord Ducetoy's gift."

"God go with her!" said Lord S., and so they parted.

"Rebecca," said Hetty to her, next morning, "Jack has got another ship."

"A good one?"

"A *splendid* one. A missionary ship. United Missionary Society. The U. M. S. have picked him out. And I am going too."

"I wish I was," said Rebecca; "but I am so glad for Jack. I can not go, for Alfred might come while I was away, and would be very sorry to miss me."

Hetty went quietly out of the room, humming

a tune, as if to fetch something, went up stairs, and threw herself on her bed in a fury and tempest of tears. She believed—as we all did—that she was bound on a quest for some relic or remnant of the dead, left carelessly by wolf or the hardly less cruel savage.

Jack, however, had given his orders that Hetty was to be ready in six days, and so there was fine stitching, and sewing, and snipping, with not much talk to take about matters. The yacht had come round from Cowes. It was to sail on Saturday, and on Friday, all day long, Rebecca was working in Hetty's cabin. She thought to herself, "What a beautiful place!" Indeed it was, for it was the cabin which Lord Dacotey had decorated for his young wife.

She heard Lord Dacotey's voice in the main cabin, and Hetty's voice who talked to him. She could not help hearing.

"My love," said the lady, "I quite agree with you; by giving up our cruise the society gets two months. I do not regret."

"But I had her decorated for you, love—with for Channel work: and she is going to the ocean."

"Well," said Lady Dacotey, "I frankly and freely give my decorations to the ocean. My husband has done a generous and a beautiful deed, for the sake of a noble woman; that is worth all decorations to me."

They did not know she was on board, and they did not see her; but she heard them, and after a time understood what Lady Dacotey meant. She hid from them, and it was only after the schooner had sailed that she knew that the noble woman, spoken of by Lady Dacotey, was no other than her own wife.

Hetty dismissed her very early on the Saturday morning. On the wharf was a group of the strangest people—a bishop, Lord S., and Lord Dacotey foremost—to see the schooner depart. The tug caught the schooner's hawser, and she went out through the mist into the Kent and Essex sunlight. And *that* was over.

Dacotey and the bishop were with Rebecca as the vessel rounded the turn in the river. "Rebecca," said Lord Dacotey, "could we have sent two better people to seek him?"

"To seek whom?"

"Morley."

"Is he dead?"

"They are gone to see," said Lord Dacotey; "it has been kept from you."

Rebecca was amazed, but quite quiet.

"My dear lady," said the bishop; "this matter has been kept from you by a consultation of many men. I was very anxious to shoot Morley, and some of us believe that there is no hope. I am not of those who think there is no hope. For I most entirely think that God has a great work in hand for Morley, and that Morley has not been taken to his rest yet. I may be wrong—who can judge God's ways?—but, my dear young lady, I believe that you will live to see Morley by your side again, doing God's work with your assistance."

"Meanwhile?" said Rebecca, calmly.

"Meanwhile," said the bishop, calmly, "do as you are doing. If you are going to meet him again on earth, you are rendering yourself more fit to meet him in heaven."

For the next nine months the inhabitants of Limehouse got familiarized to a tall and splendidly beautiful young lady, always dressed in black, who walked perpetually about among the poor, followed by a little withered lady in gray, who carried her basket, and did what the tall young lady told her with never one murmur. These two were Rebecca and Miss Soper, for Rebecca had conquered and vanquished her Soper.

Said Soper to Rebecca once, in these times, "Becky, I've tried to find out the secret of living to God; and I failed, until you showed it to me. Who showed it to you?"

"Morley," said Rebecca.

Nine months; and hope growing dead as time went on. Hope of Morley utterly gone now to her, but not to others.

She was sitting in her class of girls one day, when the bishop came in, and touched her on the shoulder. Rebecca, although unsuspecting, had that love and reverence for this bishop which, I believe, is common to all sects in the Church of Christ. She rose from her seat with her black lace shawl drooping from one shoulder, and bowed deeply. And the young creatures stared open-eyed at the spectacle of a real bishop talking to Teacher.

"I have news from the sea," said the bishop; holding out his left hand.

"Good or bad, my lord?" said Rebecca.

"That is what I can not make out," said the bishop. "We have heard from Hartop. He has recovered two, but believes Morley to be alive ten miles to the northward. Until we get his letter we know nothing."

"And when shall we get his letter?" asked Rebecca.

"Well," said the bishop, "he only allows himself ten days for exploration; and so it comes to this that he will bring his own letter."

"Then the news about Mr. Morley will be brought by Hartop and Hetty?" she said.

"That is exactly the case," said the bishop.

One summer's night—it was half past eleven —Rebecca was sitting up at some of her charity accounts, when she heard a step on the stair and sat rigid.

She knew it was Hetty's. Hetty came very quickly up the stair, threw open the door in all her full beauty, fresh from the sea, bareheaded, with the very salt on her hair. And Rebecca gave a loud wild cry, inarticulate, yet meaning much, *for she saw that Hetty was not in mourning. Not one solitary scrap of black was there.*

A great deal of pink ribbon, certainly; sailors love it, and so their wives wear it.

"Becky, my sweet-heart," she said, "you must keep yourself cool."

"Is there news?" said Rebecca.

"I do not know what you mean by news, Becky," said Hetty. "But if you mean that we have found pa, and got pa, and brought pa home, and that pa is standing outside the door waiting to come in, why I say you are right." And she sat down on a chair by the door, and beat her knees, and cried.

It was certainly true. From the lonely cavern on the ocean shore, death, in whose jaws he had lived so long, had given him up to love. In a moment Rebecca, even in her joy, was at her thesis. Was her frizzled hair smothered in Rebecca's, and she laughed and believed.

The news of the safety of Morley had been known in London before Rebecca knew it. The Society had met, and it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Morley should be summoned to accept the mission to Honawora as soon as his health would permit. The offer came to him the day after his arrival. He refused it, and when the health was in perfect order, and that the sooner he went the better. He waited three weeks to be married in, and then he was ready.

One day, three weeks after this, Soper, Lord Dacotey, Mr. Sperry, Lord S., the little Polish doctor, Mrs Russel, the two Tibbeys, Mr. Akin, Mr. Haghut, and Carry, and one hundred and fifty more friends, assembled in this story, went to see the great missionary ship, *Ericcus*, pass by out on her glorious expedition. As she passed them cheered, and they cheered her, and waited before, for on her quarter-deck stood Morley and Rebecca, Jack Hartop and Hetty.

They went away to the work which God had found them to do. Whether they lived long and died long, whether they were rich or poor, or whether they had many children or few, is nothing to us. God fitted these four people for certain work in this world, and three of them had to wait till the fourth was fit to join them. I have tried to show how Rebecca was made ready for her work. Rebecca's difficulties have been so continually before one, that some might think I ought to call my story "The Trials of Rebecca." I think, that in honor of the young lady, the reputation of whose deeds kept Rebecca firm, I will call my story Rebecca's real heroine, Hetty.

THE END.

THE MODERATORS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES.

THE two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, now sitting in this city, are presided over by the most prominent clergymen whose portraits we publish on page 372. They are the Rev. MELANCTHON JAMES JACKSON, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis in Allegheny Theological Seminary, and the Rev. PATTESON H. JONES, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Utica, New York.

Dr. JACKSON was born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1808, graduating in the classical course in Princeton College in 1831, and was graduated with the highest honors before he was eighteen years of age. After his theological studies he remained a year assistant to Professor ADDISON ALEXANDER in the department of Hebrew. He was then called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, where he built up a strong congregation. In 1859 he took an executive tour through the East, from Egypt to Egypt, and through the Holy Land and Syria to Damascus, thence to Constantinople and Greece, carrying the Bible hands to the Bible lands. He has published commentaries on the Gospels, the Acts, and on other Biblical books, which have been published in Great Britain. During his tour in Europe he was elected by the General Assembly Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at Alleghany, and he is also pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He presided over the Old School Assembly with dignity, and has been exceedingly happy in the various professional labors which, as Moderator, he has been called to make.

The Rev. Dr. FOWLER, Moderator of the New School Assembly, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of Utica, New York, one of the largest and strongest churches in his denomination. He has been Moderator before, at the same time with Dr. JACOBUS, and began his ministry in 1836, at Washington, D. C. Most of his Christian and literary life has been spent in Central New York.

Dr. FOWLER occupies a position of great influence in his Church as a Trustee of Hamilton College and of Auburn Theological Seminary, and as a corporate member of two religious societies, and a Commissioner for Foreign Missions. As a member of the Joint Committee on the reunion of the Presbyterian Church he has given wisdom and good sense, combined with courteous manners and a catholic, Christian spirit, made his services of great value. Dr. FOWLER is also laboriously engaged for twenty years in the care of his large congregation, has been spared from illness for a European trip on two occasions. During the last summer he represented the New School Presbyterian Church in the Assemblies of the Free Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, of which mission he presented to the Church a highly suggestive report. He is a native of Albany, New York, and is fifty-four years of age.

The two Assemblies represent an aggregate of 4186 ministers, 4300 churches, and 421,486 members, while the number of worshipers in their congregations is not less than 600,000 persons.

In 1837 these branches of one family were separated, chiefly by a different opinion was to the question of slavery; and for some years it seemed as though they would never again become one. Even then, however, there were some who deplored the schism and sought to heal it. Both bodies met one year in Philadelphia, in a personal came from one to the other for joint religious services. Instantly there rose one of the strongest contestants: "Mr. Moderator, I oppose this movement. It's only *an entering wedge for union.*" Instantly a squeaking voice was heard exclaiming from another part of the house: "Mr. Moderator, this is the first time in my life that I ever heard of a *wedge* being used to effect a union."

But now the wedges are all gone. The more than five hundred delegates of these two Assemblies have come from every one New York to Northern. They have enjoyed repeated devotional services together; they have eaten salt together at the table of a common friend, one of the Moderators said at the hospitable reception arranged by the citizens of New York; they have celebrated the communion of the Lord's Supper together; and they have arranged those articles of compact which are to make them hereafter one undivided Church.

Nothing with reference to these two great Assemblies has more interested the public mind than as the prospect of this union. And we are informed that during all their sessions the delegates' entertainment was free, and constantly progressed toward this desirable consummation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We are always glad to give our readers any specific details respecting new enterprises which may be set on foot in our country. A few months ago a new and circulating library was opened in the city by Messrs. Brotherhead & Co., in the building of the Building Association—129 East Seventeenth Street—the general arrangements nice and tasteful, and the library commodious not for from 20,000 volumes. We received at a recent visit a very pleasant impression of the plan and purpose of the Brotherhood Library. The conditions are that libraries is intended, for in such a great city as New York there is a demand for a yet more extensive series of this kind.

The selection of books is choice; not only a good supply of standard literature, but the best current literature, both American and English, is found there. The popular American and English periodicals are upon the reading-table for the use of subscribers. When these periodicals are a week old they circulate as books. Many persons will appreciate the convenience of having their own selection of books from the shelves. Each subscriber is entitled to draw two books at a time—one of old and one new one—a book being considered old six months after publication. The actual subscription is six dollars; but a ticket which is valuable for a year and three months, or books will be issued at five cents a day by the volume. Ladies, we think, will be especially attracted by the quiet aspect of the library room, which will incline them to select at their leisure the books which they wish to sit down to while they examine the latest periodicals.

The Harvard rowers are expecting to spend a few weeks in England before the international boat-race comes off, and have planned to sail in the *City of Paris*, on the 16th of July. The *Boston Post* in commenting on their preparatory training says that "the old silly plan of limiting a man to raw beef and bread crusts, with an hlaphalf of water now and then, has at last died a natural death at Harvard, after struggling for several years, and now a rower, like a farmer or hay-maker, can eat what he set before him, asking no questions for conscience's sake."

The Cuban Fair, at Apollo Hall, has been a success. Many valuable contributions have been received from various parts of the country and from Europe: and the rich and unique tables and good music have made the whole entertainment an unusually attractive one.

West Point will be a great centre of interest for the coming fortnight. The examinations commence this week; and there will be a host of anxious cadets, and many who secretly fancy they may some time be "at" secure one of the vacancies, as well as scores of butterflies who only want to have a good time somewhere, are turning their faces thitherward. West Point is looking charmingly, and green just now. We mean nothing personal toward the cadets by the remark. We are only speculating in the remembrance of the magnificent view of the Hudson, as seen from Roe's Hotel, and the soft, rich green which carpeted the parade-ground a week ago.

The Croton Department recently awarded contracts amounting to nearly $200,000 for constructing works and laying fifty miles of pipe around in this city. The streets will be in dire confusion during the summer, if those who have contracts to execute do their work well. But how delightful it would be if our metropolis did not require such continual repairing!

A few years ago a number of portrait painters in Boston, finding business dull in midsummer, migrated to a village about half-way between Boston and Lowell, and factory portraits on large sheets of printing paper, and hung them around the walls of a room, they exhibited them as splendid portraits of persons who had died in that vicinity within the previous twenty years. Friends and relatives of the deceased recognized more than two-thirds of the "charcoal portraits," and purchased them at two dollars each!

Frenchmen have often demonstrated by experiments in Africa, that soldiers wearing their beards are much less liable to diseases of the eye than others. This is said to be due to the intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes.

There is a young American lady in Naples—a recent arrival—who has the misfortune to be sought in marriage by two Italian noblemen. One of them has offered himself to her father, lying like princes, counts, fortune, and titles at her feet. The style of courting is especially Italian. The suit was rejected, he still pursues. Every morning he sends in a costly bouquet. The young lady dare not walk out, for she is immediately pursued. When the young lady rides out with her parents, the Duke pursues, up hill and down, in the city and out. The Italian servants, who knows their young lady only occupies. When not assisted to the house, though he seeks admission at night, he still pursues. Agreement till the Duke are put out in the room. He is an officer in the Italian army. Wherever his command moves, it goes by the mansion, and is given strict orders that every officer and soldier shall salute the house when he passes. He threatens to shoot his rival: renews his offer every day; and can't understand what an American girl can want more than to have a coronet placed on her brow.

Washington relaxes itself a little when Congress is not in session. Residents who rented their best rooms to members and others, now remove their articles and basements, and spread themselves in more commodious apartments. Every body is "taking things easy," and having a quietly good time. Travelers, also, who happen to go to the Capital, now can get good accommodations, good seats at table, and good attendance at the hotels.

English engineers are turning their attention to under-sea tunnels. Recently they made plans again to look forward to a tunnel under the English Channel, between Dover and Calais, when it is proposed to make an Anglo-Continental Railway. A tunnel, running from a point on the north coast of Antrim, Ireland, to Glenstrom, Scotland, passing through Islay, rocky peninsula called the Mull of Cantyre. The total length of the tunnel is estimated at fourteen miles three furlongs. It is estimated that it will require about six years to construct the tunnel, and that it will cost $21,000,000.

A good story is told of a mocking-bird of great accomplishments, who could sing and whistle wonderfully. His name was "Sir Jocko," and he was valued at $200. The bird was drawn as a prize in a raffle in a gentleman of this city who knew his accomplishments, and though his musical powers would be a delight to the home circle. But, strange to say, after his removal to his new home, he took a notion of coaxing, not chickadees, or threats, or any thing that could be said to "Sir Jocko," was sufficient to open his mouth in song. He sat in all the victuals, but never a word, in the way of music, would he say in response. Things went on thus for a month, when, at the end of that time the bird was sent back to his former owner. He arrived there almost a wreck. The gentleman who had given him away in getting himself in proper array, and at the end of that time "Sir Jocko" commenced his performances, and has continued them until he has sung every note of every song he ever knew a dozen, dozen, dozen times over.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

INQUISITIVE, BUT LAME!—A man was tried, some little time back, for stealing several clocks. The defence set up was that the prisoner's gentleness was appeared for his wife's sake. That, after the prisoner had taken the clocks to his own house, he *put 'em all back!* The jury didn't see it!

DEFINITION OF AN ELEPHANT BY A FRENCHMAN.—An animal to whose nature has given the privilege of being unable to sex himself.

When is a newspaper the sharpest?—When it is filed.

On vertical limb my Katie sat,
Mid matter-cap and dulcy,
While I reclined, without my hat,
And felt subsided, but not flat,
Simple, yet o'en sublime our fare—
Home-cooking, Mother Nature's fair:
Cape-sherry too, my love had there—
She *Slid* it—Hall and Rucker!

Stern fate! As thus, in calmest bliss,
My love and I sat eating,
She paused—what! what had I for this?
My heart *'gan* wildly beating.

Breathless I sat, and what was that tear?
That cheek so deeply blushing?
That clouds brow so white and clear,
That eye so full of loathing?

"Tell me, oh tell me quick, the cause!"
Not long *were* kept I in doubt;
With deep drawn sigh she said, "Oh lawn!
It was the mustard did it!

EPITAPHS.

On a person named Chest:

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest,
Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest,
We says so of the chest!"

On a very old man:

"He lived to 103 because he was strong;
If he'd lived to be 104
He would have been older."

The extensive authority of parents under Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese son, who had been flogged by his father, ran away for four years, shed tears in the company of one of her friends. "Why do you cry?" said the friend. "I am not at home to-day to-day. The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

There was a boy of the name of Cuba, whose father died so long ago that nobody remembers him; and whose mother, Mrs. Cuba, died not long ago ever since, no one knows exactly how, partly upon odds and ends of fish and flesh. Her eldest son named Little Cuba has sent her out of his wages. Cuba has been a good deal on the whole, and has done a good deal for his mother. Lately the old lady has married again, myself and family, and has gone to settle up in the world. Now Cuba says he wants to work for himself and so he is going to buy a farm. That is all right. Let the boy have a chance.

The following lately appeared in a country paper: "Wanted, a steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

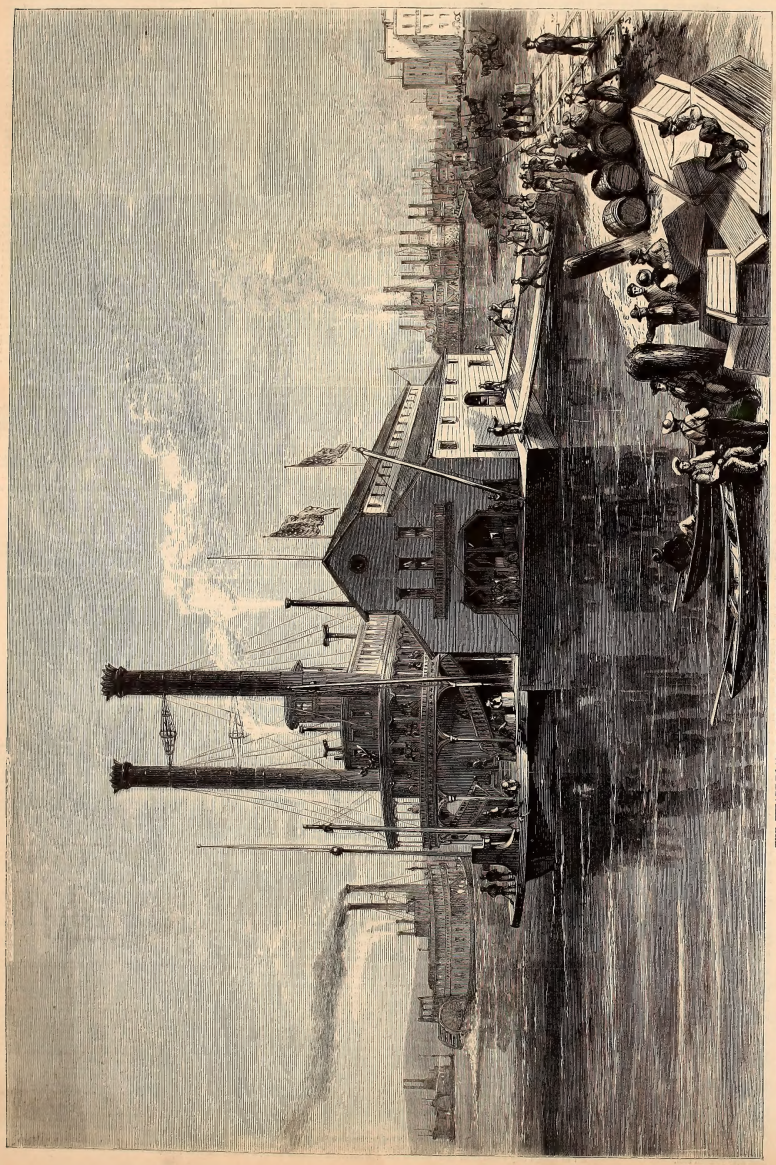
Why is Canada like courtship?—Because it borders on the United States.

An infant prodigy of the male genus, after watching a fisherman for a short time yesterday one day, and hearing the ordinary sort of remarks about it, naturally started the theory that it was a "fish-worm." "Will, I don't want to be the last angel God makes?" "Why, what do you mean?" cried an astonished relator. "I don't care, I don't," insisted the boy, "because I want to see how he makes 'em!"

A traveler says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride, he would say, "Take a music stool, a rocking chair, and a step-ladder, and would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and drive it over the cart ruts through a stubble field, and you will then form some notion of the terrible sensation you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I saw a model husband in a dream;
Where things are not exactly what they seem:
A mortal man, to sacrifice he is known!
And with his wife he lived and cherished was his own!
And for the testimony, my husband will
Be found in these few minutes at the gate,
While Jane put on her bonnet, for I must not wait
Or latter would, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to and found a button gone.



THE WHARF-BOAT ON THE OHIO RIVER, AT CINCINNATI.—SKETCHED BY JACOB GEYER. — [SEE PAGE 379.]

PILGRIMS ON THE PLAINS.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A THOUSAND cups are filled for him;
He only pauses on the rim
A second, then away!
Balanced on tiny wings about,
His slender bill darts in and out;
In dewy freshness, white and blue,
The morning-glories blow;
He can not drain them half, I know—
Too rich to make possession true,
As only using may.

We, wanderers too, by thirst constrained—
Which of these fountains have we drained?
Make Pleasure's covalette
We miss Content, the sweetest rose.
Oh, humming-bird! if flowers were few,
And there you need to seek in each
All sweetness that might be,
Should we not joy more perfectly?
And all the heart and life to reach,
So deeper, if less wide?

Poor as we call our world, I trow
There is more sweetness in it now
Than we can enjoy.
The old has always something new;
In winter-days, when friends are few,
And there is need to search in each
All sweetness that may be,
Some depth undreamed of sympathy
May Sorrow's patient wooing reach,
Unknown to fluttering joy.
CARL SPENCER.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

WHEN Azalea next awoke to consciousness she was lying in her bed at Orme House, and saw that the dingy picture which hung on the opposite wall was suffused by the light of the setting sun.

As she raised herself on her arm she was surprised by feeling a sharp flash of pain in the limb. Then she remembered with sudden clearness all that had passed—remembered first Dupas's danger, and instinctively thrust out her hand to see if he were safe in his usual place at the foot of the bed. Relieved on this score by hearing an ominous little growl indicative of his discontent at being disturbed, she withdrew her hand and began to investigate her own injuries. She found one arm very stiff and painful, but with that exception she was unhurt; she thought she would get up. It was very dull there. The room seemed more lonely as the light faded, and the roar of distant waves could be heard, but no longer now through the gloom of night.

"I wonder if they have had their tea," she said, her thoughts reverting rather wistfully to the idea of a bright fire and a hissing urn.

She had some difficulty in dressing herself, owing to the impracticability of moving her arm quickly, and in the confusion of the darkness she reassumed her old ragged dress instead of the new blue one which was placed in order in a drawer.

When dressed she propped Topaz under her unhurt arm, and crept slowly down the stairs.

She found her way to the school-room, and, pushing open the door, found, to her relief, that Conrad was the only person present.

That young gentleman was seated in an easy chair by the fire, his chair tilted, his feet resting at a convenient angle on the chimney-piece; he held a sporting paper in his hand, and was looking intensely sagacious over the intelligence it contained. He turned his head as Azalea entered, and cried, with genuine pleasure in his tone, "Hallo! you ain't killed after all, my hart, nor any thing!" You wait some time, he added, on seeing her eyes stray toward the empty chair by the other side of the fire. "He rang the bell in his grandest manner, and with dignity, which would have been impressive had it emanated from a less diminutive figure, ordered "Some tea for Miss Moore."

Azalea looked astonished. King Log was evidently ruled by King Stork for his money. Where was Miss Slater, with all her dignity of office; and where were the Misses Orme?

"Isn't it jolly?" chuckled Conrad. "We've got the school-room all to ourselves. This is a company day."

"A what?"

"A company day, you know. People to dinner, and the girls in stiff curls and stuck-out bagbies going to dance at Admiral Leigh's or Jones's, but as I don't have my hair pinched or my bows pulled out I don't take two hours over dressing. And now you've come we'll be jolly, and I'll put you up to a thing or two."

Azalea drew by the fire and watched her companion with interest as he pulled a small cane from a cupboard and began to cut it with a penknife.

Topaz also watched the proceeding furtively out of the corner of his eye. Experience had taught him that a boy with a stick was the natural enemy of a dog. But Conrad's intentions on this occasion were of the friendliest description; for after cutting off two pieces from the cane he offered one to Azalea, saying, with solemn kindness:

"Have a weed?"

"I don't know what you mean," Azalea said, looking at it doubtfully.

"Oh, what a muff! Well, have a smoke, then? Look. Do as I do. Light it at the end, and then suck in the smoke with your breath and puff it out again."

"And what's the good of that?"

"Good? No good; but it's such fun. Wouldn't the old girl be in a rage if she could see us! The gov won't allow real smoking, you know; but one day I did smoke a real cigar."

"Did you like it?"

"Well, no: it made me a little sick; and that was how the gov found it out. And he said if ever he caught me with such nastiness in my mouth again he'd give me a licking."

"But you shouldn't do it, if he don't like it," said Azalea, with a qualm of conscience.

"I won't hurt him if he don't know, will it?" answered the young philosopher. "Now here's the tea-things; I know where they keep the jampots; and we'll have a regular tuck-out."

The children sat down, and, despite her bruised arm, Azalea really enjoyed herself.

Conrad made a capital host. He dispensed Miss Slater's good things with generous hospitality. He did not mind how many of other people's jam-pots he opened, nor how much he consumed.

Presently he put down his spoon and sighed heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked Azalea.

"Oh dear!" groaned her companion. "I've been stuffing myself out with a lot of raspberry jam, and I quite forgot to look for the apricot. I know there is some, for I saw Ross cribbing the almonds out of the top one day. I say, her mouth looking sticky, and taxed her with it. She confessed because she couldn't help it, and on condition of my not poaching she promised to show me where it was."

"And did she?"

"No, the mean little beast," said Conrad, gloomingly; "she didn't. And now I've eaten the other and don't care a look for it."

Azalea sighed faintly. She had not eaten much herself, and would not have objected to apricot conserve.

"What selfish things girls are!" Conrad observed, pushing away his plate. "But I must leave you, Azalea."

"Pray don't," Azalea urged, dismally. "It will be so dull to be here alone."

"I must go and dress, you know. It don't take me so long as it does the girls; but a gentleman must wash his hands and put on a clean collar." Then, Azalea, what is the matter with it is!) I wish you'd come with me to-morrow to the downs and have some pea-shooting. My boots are no good for it, and I think I might make a handy little thing of you."

Left to her own resources, Azalea sat on the rug and pondered over the situation. She was very dull, and her arm pained her; people were unkind to her, and instead of being happier than she was at Aunt Jane's, she thought she was happy.

Down stairs she could hear the clatter of the dinner-things and the hurried movements of the servants going to and fro. Then, unexpectedly, then she thought she detected the patter of the children's feet outside; she felt her way to the door, and, opening one, saw Ross and Cecil, radiant in shiny curls, in pure-hued muslins, and glistening sashes, walking slowly up the stairs, to the very fancy basket which had evidently been filled with bonbons from the dessert-table.

The children passed on; Miss Slater's tall, thin figure preceding them, and Azalea returned to her seat by the fire. She grew tired at last, tired of the pain in her arm, tired of her upright posture, and, above all, tired of her own weariness; and so, leaning her head against the chair, she crouched down on the floor and went to sleep. She awoke to find the fire dead in the grate, Topaz shivering on her lap, and herself stiff and cold. She looked at her watch with some difficulty. It was an unusually loud burst of music up stairs, announcing the recommencement of a dance after the dinner-interval; and as she felt her way across the room she could hear the ceiling vibrate to the footsteps of the dancers.

"I'll go up and look at them," she said, desperately. "I can't stay here any longer."

She accordingly went up the staircase, where she was nearly blinded by the glare of lamps, and crept up the grand staircase which led to the drawing-rooms. She paused at the great door, and went to a small one which she remembered communicated with a sort of recess formed near a huge bay-window; then she opened it gently, and ragged, disheveled, shoeless Azalea passed into a chamber, resonant with music, radiant with light, rich with perfumes of exotics, and filled with the *élite* of Brighton.

CHAPTER VI.

AZALEA'S DEBUT.

"HERE'S a go!" were the first distinct words that followed the burst of music which greeted Azalea's entry into the drawing-room.

Need I say that the exclamation proceeded from Conrad, and that, pithy as it was, it expressed very tolerably the general sensation of surprise and discomfort?

Miss Slater made a dive at Azalea, catching hold of her by the arm, and with outward amiability but suppressed fury, urged her instant departure. It was a mistaken move. Azalea was scared, sleepy, and non-combative when she entered the apartment; but the touch and presence of Miss Slater's face roused all her dormant energy.

"Let me go!" she screamed, "or I'll make you!"

"Go away, Azalea!" Lord Orme said, angrily; "go away, directly, do—"

"You hear what Lord Orme says?" interposed Miss Slater. "Come with me, directly, Azalea."

She did not, however, venture to touch the child this time.

"I shall not go for you!" she said, looking defiantly into the governess's face. Then her whole manner changed, and she went up timidly to Lord Orme. "I am going," she said, in a choked voice.

She lifted up her face, and Lord Orme, glancing round at his guests, saw the keen observation which was following her movement, and heard, in imagination, the surprised murmur which would follow his caress of this beggarly-dressed child. He hesitated. Lord Orme always hesitated whenever he had a chance.

His eye and his lip formed "no," when a passer-by accidentally pushed against Azalea's injured arm, causing her to utter a sharp cry of pain. In an instant a shielding arm was round her, and she asked for kiss descended as a quick consolation to her lips. Then a richly-dressed lady who was standing by Lord Orme's side (will Lord Orme ever cease to bless Lady Di Mount-orme for that kindly tact?) took hold of Azalea's little hands, saying—

"Let the poor child come with me and get something to eat before she goes away, Lord Orme: and do come, too, and tell me how this little Cinderella got here, and all about her. I see the prince has already stolen both her shoes."

Lady Diana was unconscious that this was the child who had fallen under her wheels in the morning; had she remembered her, it would have been with the half-sick aversion she might feel to some hapless beggar who had been so far trodden on by the cruel to its death under her hoofs. She hated all ugly images of death or suffering, and she had more than once given advice at the poor-to child, contenting herself with directing her servants to make all necessary inquiries.

Talking and laughing, Lady Diana moved on with a grace all her own, enveloping nearly the whole of Azalea's little person in voluminous folds of silk.

Lady Diana paused before a buffet on which stood fruit and wine, and seating herself before it, took the child on her knee.

"How beautiful you are!" Azalea said, looking up reverently at the lovely face bent over hers.

Lady Diana laughed, not ill-pleased. The humblest offering to her vanity is ever welcome to the true queen.

There was a pause. Azalea seemed lost in meditation, and Lady Diana did not know what to say to her. She was used to feel uncomfortable—she generally did feel uncomfortable with children and dogs; it puzzled her to accommodate herself gracefully to the artificial manners. But in her face to face with a court lady or a foreign diplomatist, and who so perfectly at ease as she? Her tact, her quickness in dog's mysterious-worded greeting perplexed her immeasurably. Fortunately, she carried a small looking-glass in her pocket, and she stabbed to solace herself with the assurance of her own perfection while she awaited Azalea's next remark.

"Why do you wear these things?" the latter asked, softly touching with her finger one of the richly-worked bracelets which clasped her round throat. "Don't they make you cross? things round the neck worry me so." This was said with a lively recollection of the discarded lace frill.

"I wear them because they make me pretty, and other reasons also," Lady Diana answered, with infectious candor.

"You have not told me who Cinderella is yet," she added, hastily returning to Lord Orme to occupy a neighboring chair. "What is her name?"

"Azalea Moore," he answered, shortly.

"Azalea! what an odd name; it's a flower, isn't it? one of those yellow things that grow in pots."

Lady Diana's knowledge of flowers was chiefly confined to those specimens furnished by Hardy for her bouquets.

At that instant Lord Orme leaned over Azalea and made a gentle effort to lift her away; but Lady Diana detained her fair arm round the child's waist, and looked at both the opposite faces. A sudden suspicion lit up her grey eyes and dispelled the expression of languor. Almost as quick as her glance was the certainty of her conviction.

"Blue eyes, fair curling hair, delicate nose, short upper-lip, rather full delicate chin. Umph! Lady, of course, but how different in many wrinkles and dimples, between morning and twilight, thirteen and forty odd; but they are as like as two peas, only one's green and the other's shriveled."

It was not a poetical comparison to come from such a lovely mouth; but then we do not always talk blank verse to ourselves.

Azalea slipped down on to a stool at her feet, and looked up at the lady's face with shy and reverent eyes.

"I wonder if people who live in the stars are like you," she said, softly.

"I'm sure I don't know," Lady Diana answered, somewhat startled by the novelty of the supposition, "and how can you suppose those sort of people are like?"

"I never fancied I saw any thing more than blue eyes—they have lovely eyes."

Lady Diana smiled a conscious little look into Lord Orme's face.

"This little girl has been to star-land," she said, gayly.

"Indeed!" Lord Orme answered, absently.

"Yes," continued the lady, with a slight touch of sarcasm in her voice; "but her education has evidently been neglected. How is it that little Rosa had taken such a flight heavenward, she would have noted a variety of interesting things—new constellations of new names, and worn, for instance; whether the little girls she met moved in the first circles of the star-world, whether their sashes stood out and their hair curled properly, whether they were High-Church or Low-Church, et cetera; but this narrow-minded little creature's dreams of new stars passed down on her, which, for beauty, she says, resemble my own. There was a touch of pathos in the tender tone of self-love in which the lady spoke, and the appeal was too direct not to penetrate even Lord Orme's somewhat obtuse faculties, and he smiled in spite of himself.

"It is evident that a perfect taste is not necessarily the result of culture," he said, gallantly. "I shall think very highly of the judgment of visitors to the stars in future."

"You are looking tired," Lady Diana said, suddenly addressing Azalea. "Poor little thing, I must not keep you up too late!"

Azalea looked up to object that she was not at all tired, but something in the lady's face told her that her absence was desired.

"Thank you for being so beautiful and kind," she said, earnestly; then she slipped away, not venturing to ask another caress of Lord Orme. She had seen the hesitation in his manner on the previous occasion.

She felt very small and shabby indeed when she was removed from her temporary throne of glory on Lady Diana's knees, and cast a wistful look behind her, as though retreating some friendly hand to plies her through the long line of those glittering rooms.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY DIANA.

SHE was a coquette from the glossy crown of her warm-colored hair to the tips of her pretty feet. Natural coquetry is as instinctive to her as walking sideways does to a crab, singing to a lark, or the love of tormenting to a school-boy. She could no more resist the impulse to conquer than she could refrain from satisfying hunger or thirst when they came. She was a widow, and she believed that her husband had died without finding her out, and the memory of his obtuseness was the unmitigated satisfaction to Lady Diana, for she had a kind heart, which was frequently a prey to remorse and tormented by keen regrets.

It was the power of feeling so much of what she feigned that made her doubly dangerous.

She loved with enough passion to make fire in men's hearts, and when she found the flames she had kindled becoming dangerous in their unruly keenness, she retired from the conflagration with infinite tact and grace.

It is a wonder that she had not grown tired of her play, and wearied of the cold reception of the same thing; but does the keen sportsman ever fail to bear his heart throb, his blood rush, when the gallops up and in the track of the hounds? Does not a cat, even when she is sick and well-fed, pounce on the mouse she is not going to eat? So devoted, panting is the deadly, watching its frantic gyrations with blazing eye and curved claw, enjoying its terror, and mainly finishing the matter with a decisive crunch?

Lady Diana, too, was a victim to her passion for sport—a victim, for have I not said that she suffered at least half of what she inflicted? Notwithstanding that she knew her pleasure was one with bestowing her soul, squandered her reputation, and degraded her womanhood—notwithstanding that she repented much, was often unfortunately in love, more often inconveniently beloved—notwithstanding that she was now thirty-five, and no longer prized her sport for twenty years—she still watched with interest for the first careless look of admiration from a stranger's eyes, who happened to be the privileged glance which spoke of a deeper sentiment. She knew how to interpret every symptom of her increasing influence. She liked to see the bright face grow pensive, an easy manner constrained, a prompt tongue incoherent and clumsy of speech. She liked to watch the hesitation, approach to the wound she had dealt creep through a man's system until it culminated in delirium, until love chased in the eyes, and choked his breath, wrenching like a torrent over every obstacle that strove to stem its fatal sway. Her eyes looked innocent enough for her to know, and her face herself did not think that their sweet, gray lights would ever shine in the world of pure spirits. She knew that she was wicked. She thought she would be very likely punished in a future state for her moral obliquity in this, but still she did not change her ways. I am not quite certain that by this time it would have been possible for her to change them. She was "fooling to the strong pillars she, Samson-like, delighted to hurl from their high estate?

It was long past midnight when Lady Diana returned home from Lord Orme's ball.

She unloosed her hair until it tumbled in rich warm masses over her shoulders, unfastened the glittering ornaments which were adorned by her beauty (I am not quite sure that the natural living loveliness of a beautiful woman is adorned by the hard glitter of unpliable gems), and putting them and her slender bracelet and watch over her, enveloped herself in the soft folds of a cashmere dressing-gown, kicked off her little boots, dived her round white arms on the table until they found and took refuge in padded depths of her slippers, settled herself in her chair, and betook herself to perusing her letters and sipping her chocolate.

Once she found her eyes resting on a miniature portrait of her late husband. Stuart Mervale's wife grew ashamed of her widow in a bland unconsciousness of her proceedings as the original had apparently been during life.

"Poor Stuart!" sighed Lady Diana; "he

had his use; he put a certain limit to unreasonable demands." She sighed again as she looked down at a letter she twirled between her fingers, a thick double sheet, covered with great black scrawls—a letter in which the pen was speeded by the passionate haste of the writer's heart—the characters blurred by laying incoherence.

"Marry! of course I can't marry. Smothered with debts as I am, how can I marry a poor man? But I must put an end to this at once—it is only honorable not to keep him in suspense." (Lady Diana actually had a code of honor in these matters.) With the pen in her chair and writing for three or four pages with rapid fluency, although, as she said in the commencement of her letter, she "hardly knew how to fashion words that nearly broke her heart to write!"

Her face expressed real emotion at that portion of her letter where she prayed forgiveness for all the bitter pain she had caused him whom she addressed. She was sincere in this prayer. She would have liked human hearts to accept and acknowledge compensation for injuries done them with the same benignity with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer receives the penitence of recusant tax-payers.

"That's done," she said, with a sigh of relief as she sealed her missive; then she finished her chocolate and sauntered to the window which faced the street. Was it by accident or design that she clasped her hands above her head in a languorous movement which sent floatest her sunny brown hair in tumbled masses to her waist?

"My face is rather faded," was Lady Diana's candid reflection as she stole a glance from between her hands, as she looked in the mirror, "but no one can deny that my figure is lovely."

It is to be supposed that so accomplished an actress was aware of the fact that a blaze of evening sun, or a heaving mass of waters. Standing near the wall that skirted the opposite cliff was the form of a man. As if

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

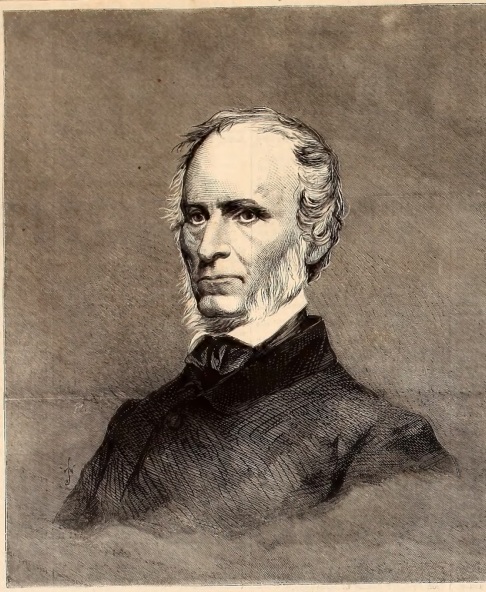
IN a secluded vale on the eastern border of Haverhill, Massachusetts, not far from the line of West Amesbury, nestles an old brown farmhouse, which has been made famous by the New England idyl, "Snow-Bound." In this rural home JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, one of the three leading American poets, was born in December, 1808. His parents were of the Society of Friends, and young WHITTIER was strictly brought up in the tenets of that denomination. To-day the followers of GEORGE FOX have not a more consistent fellow-member, albeit large-minded and broad in his Christian sympathies, than the "Quaker poet." He belongs to that branch of the Friends denominated "Orthodox."

The boy WHITTIER, passing his early years amidst the picturesqueness of his New England home, seems to have been very deeply impressed by the scenes of nature around him. In his "Barefoot Boy," the "Last Walk in Autumn," the lines on "Burns," and "Snow-Bound," we have glimpses of his personal history so vivid that we can not doubt that he "lives in them his boyhood o'er again."

Not a hundred yards from the doorway young WHITTIER heard the music of that clear brook that still goes dashing over its pebbly bed to the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond, "where the whitest lilies blow." The elms around the house were peopled with the homes of swinging orioles. The woods where the boy wandered, the ferny dells, the hedges, and meadows, out of which came the odor of wild flowers, "and clover bloom and sweet-brier smell," all existed, as he tells us, for one whom, in that "boyhood's time of June," nature answered all he asked. He speaks most charmingly of these glorious days when all the world seemed fashioned for him:

"Whom all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees.
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine, the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
Mine, the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hesperides!"

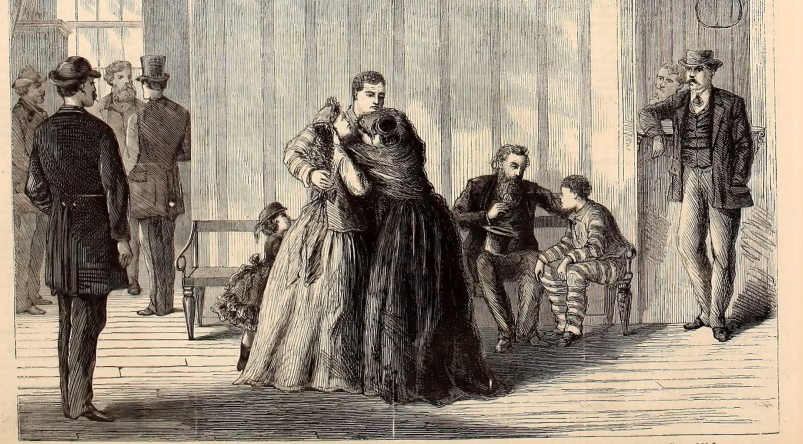
His horizon was not, however, limited to the view from the dooryard of his home. New scenes, and of wide extent, met the early gaze of WHITTIER. To-day, if we climb the hill behind the old farm-house and look eastward, we shall see the broad blue Atlantic rolling its waves along a picturesque shore, save where the silver Merrimac cleaves its way to the ocean between the white sands of Salisbury and Plumb Island. Turning to the northwest the hills of New Hampshire (the Kettingham and Deerfield mountains) are near at hand, while, on a clear day, the Grand Monadnock, the azure peak of Kearsarge, and the dim outline of the Green Mountains, seem as if we were having glimpses of distant Alp-land. Living amidst such scenery, and having a mother of poetic temperament, as is evident from the description of her in "Snow-Bound," we can easily see how a lad of ardent imagination could very early become steeped in the sentiment of poesy.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The round of common duties on his father's farm was varied by the winter's school, by reading, and, as he grew space, by two years at the "Academy." He read every thing he could lay his hands upon. The delight and avidity with which he read his first copy of Burns (which poet, by-the-way, he resembles in his hearty independence and keen observance of nature) are beautifully depicted in a poem, oft repeated in the English and American press, entitled, "Burns: On Receiving a Sprig of Heather in Blossom."

At eighteen he taught the Common School in West Amesbury. When he was twenty-one he became the editor of a journal in Boston, whose aim was protection to American industry. In 1830 he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and edited the *New England Weekly Review*, which was once edited by the Connecticut poet, JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, for whose "Remains" WHITTIER wrote the memoir in 1832. WHITTIER'S immediate predecessor in the Hartford editorial chair was GEORGE D. PRENTICE, of the Louisville *Journal*. It is curious to note the fact that BRYANT'S earliest published poem (when BRYANT was only thirteen) was a political composition entitled "The Embargo," and that the poet henceforth eschewed politics, as such, in verse, but has been for more than thirty years a vigorous anti-tariff prose-writer, and a stanch defender of the rights of man; while WHITTIER'S earliest printed efforts were arguments in prose in behalf of a tariff, the advocacy of which he has not addressed himself to for many years, but in verse he has done vigorous political battle against social wrong, and in favor of the Republican party, from the time it clearly stood on the platform of anti-slavery. His prose compositions have been more considerable and more widely circulated than is generally supposed. In 1831 appeared his "Legends of New England," and afterward that charming work, in the style of "Lady Willoughby's Diary," "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," a story of 1678. In 1850 he published a volume of essays on BUNYAN, BAXTER, ELLWOOD, ANDREW MARVELL, LAUGHTT, and others, under the title of "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches."



WARDEN'S OFFICE AT THE STATE PRISON, SING SING, NEW YORK—VISITING DAY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

THE NECESSITY OF THE PERIOD—"EIGHT-HOUR MEN."

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As early as 1836 he had published "Mogg Megone," a spirited poem of considerable length, in which he depicts the scenery of Maine, and paints the Indian, not in the false and romantic colors of COOPER, and some other writers both of prose and verse, but as the brute, wild redman of the forest really is. "The Bridal of Pennecook" appeared at a later period, and contains some of WHITTIER'S most vivid descriptions of nature. In 1836 he became the very active Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and also edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman* in Philadelphia. He fought, either in prose or verse, with zeal and courage, coupled with common-sense, for the slave, until no unpaid menial could be found on the broad surface of his country.

In 1840, the old farm having been sold, he took up his residence at Amesbury, in which large manufacturing town his influence for good has been felt in the promotion of education, agriculture, and social morality. He has represented Amesbury several times in the Massachusetts Legislature, but other proposed civic honors—as the unanimous nomination of his party for Congress—have always been promptly declined. For several years he was corresponding editor of the *National Era*, of Washington, the journal in which MRS. STOWE'S "Uncle Tom's Cabin" originally appeared. From 1843 up to the present date his muse has been prolific; and while he has written much to effect a temporary purpose, yet during these years he has produced much that will be an enduring monument to his name, as "Maud Muller," "the Last Walk in Autumn," "Snow-Bound," and "Among the Hills." His controversial writings, in prose and verse, on the subject of slavery, are thus described by a most competent critic, Mr. GEORGE S. HILLIARD, of Boston: "His writings are characterized by earnestness of tone, high moral purpose, and energy of expression. His spirit is that of a sincere and fearless reformer, and his fervent appeals are the true utterances of a brave and loving heart."

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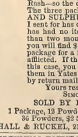

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE.

A FEW weeks ago we gave an illustration of the grand Coliseum in which the Boston Peace Jubilee is held. The building, which was then only partially constructed, is now complete, and we give on page 389 a more perfect representation. MR. P. S. GILMORE, whose portrait we publish on this page, was the originator of this jubilee. He has shown wonderful tact and skill in the preparation of his programme, as well as in organizing and bringing thus far toward completion the grandest musical enterprise the world has ever witnessed. He has provided music which will meet with the approbation of every taste—the popular as well as the classical.

The building has been pronounced safe by competent engineers, and arrangements have been made in the event of a fire breaking out.

The immense chorus is to consist of 10,000 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 1000 instruments.

This tremendous affair has weighed so heavily upon the brains of our clever artist, MR. BUSH, that he has only been able to find relief in a double-page cartoon, which we publish in this Number. The cartoon tells its own story, and we shall make no comments.

P. S. GILMORE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON.]

DECORATION EXERCISES AT CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.

THE day appointed for the decoration of the graves of Union soldiers (May 30) was universally observed. We give on this page an illustration of the decoration at Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York. The procession started from Union Square in this city about noon. The First Division was headed by Major-General ALEXANDER SHALER and his staff, mounted, which comprised four companies of United States Marines, accompanied by their famous band, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel BROOME; a squad of the Washington Gray Troop, commanded by Major KENT, and a troop of the Third Cavalry. Following in the rear of the division was General VARIAN and General BURGER, accompanied by several officers of their staffs. In the Second Division, seated in carriages, were the officers of the Memorial Executive Committee, and the orators of the day, Major-General DANIEL E. SICKLES and Grand Commander Colonel EDWARD B. LANSING. The catafalque used at the obsequies of President LINCOLN, decorated with flowers in monumental form, was drawn by eight white horses furnished by Dodd's Express Company. Seventy-five boys of the Union Home and School, orphans of deceased Union soldiers, were in uniform, under the command of one of their own number. Fifty girls from the same school were in three of the large Erie Railroad express wagons, which were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. One of the wagons was drawn by ten black horses. There were also two wagons filled with flowers.

For a long time before the head of the procession reached the portals of the cemetery the grounds were alive with people. Many had brought carriage-loads of flowers with them to decorate the graves. Many who had come afoot brought their modest floral offerings too, and more than one narrow grave was beautifully decked long before the hour for the ceremonies had arrived.

When the different organizations composing the procession had been properly disposed about the mound overlooking the soldiers' graves, the services were opened by the singing of a hymn. After which a prayer was offered by the chaplain of the G. A. R., and a beautiful hymn sung by the soldiers' orphans from the Union Home at Carmansville.

General SICKLES then advanced and addressed the assemblage. He said: "We stand where more than 3000 soldiers of the Republic are buried. We come to scatter upon their graves the mute but eloquent tributes of our gratitude and

DECORATION OF THE GRAVES OF UNION SOLDIERS AT CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1869.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

affection. We bring with us the standards under which many of them fell—and here, too, are many of their children, whom it is our duty to care for and to cherish. Soldiers are here, merchants, men of all walks in life, all united to-day in asserting their sympathy for the object which has called us together. Our Memorial-day is of special interest to us, whose comrades be buried here. We mourn the loss of friends who have fought side by side with us, our tears below the former we lay upon their quiet graves, but our grief is mingled with the pride we feel when we think of the noble services of those who did not die in vain when struggling to aid in the salvation of our country. The magistrate who enforces the laws, who wields the sword of justice to the end that the welfare of society may be preserved, is a benefactor; but the men who fill these graves are greater benefactors by far. They fought that the law might be observed. They gave up home and life for country, and we enjoy to-day the fruits of their exertions, and may we ever hold them in grateful remembrance."

General SICKLES closed with an eloquent appeal in behalf of the soldiers' orphans, claiming that there can be no more grateful or grateful service than to care for these children of the Republic, whose fathers died that the Republic might live.

The following is the hymn sung at the opening of the exercises:

Love nothing else for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep.

Wreathe we bring that ne'er shall fade,
Greens for the passing years,
Brighter for our sorrow's shade,
Jewels for our fallen tears.

Dying that the truth might live,
Here lies each in Freedom's name,
Giving all that man can give—
Life for life's deathless fame.

Bend in love, O nature sky!
Shine, O stars! at evening-time!
Watch where heroes calmly lie,
Clothed with faith and hope sublime.

God of nations, bless the land
You have rested to make free!
Guide us with thy mighty hand,
Till all lands shall come to Thee!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

IT is a pleasant duty to record a much better feeling in regard to the English difficulty. Indeed, it would be preposterous that a Republican administration in this country, and an English ministry of which JOHN BRIGHT is a member, should come to loggerheads upon a question arising out of the war. Shall we add that it is fortunate also that Parliament has not taken up the matter, and that Congress is not in session? because in the warmth of debate it is very easy to say what it is not very easy to forget, and what wounds and rankles in a degree quite disproportioned to the real weight of the words.

Mr. MOTLEY'S friendly little speeches in Liverpool, and the conciliatory comments upon them of the London journals; the speech of Mr. W. E. FORSTER, one of our most faithful friends during the rebellion; and the letter of Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, also among our friends, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are the most important contributions to the debate in England as we write, with the DUKE OF SOMERSET'S declarations showing that Governor MARCY of New York recognized the Canadian rebels as belligerents in 1837, and that he was virtually supported by the National Government.

Upon our side the publication of extracts from the diplomatic correspondence showing that at the time of the proclamation of neutrality by the European powers the United States Government was satisfied and so expressed itself; the speech of General BUTLER at the graves of the Union soldiers in Georgetown which inculcated undying hatred to England; the articles in the newspapers which are of a softened tone; a reported conversation in which Mr. SUMNER in which the Senator is represented as saying that the fluttering in England is a sign of coming peace, and that JOHN BRIGHT has about done his work, are the noticeable events.

We hope that Mr. SUMNER is misrepresented. The report places him in a very unpleasant position toward Mr. BRIGHT, and apparently upon no other ground than a report by telegraph of something Mr. BRIGHT is said to have said in an informal conversation at a public meeting. We have not supposed that the members of the British Cabinet were in the habit of reporting remarks of any kind that may be made within the official circle, and something more than a story by telegraph is necessary to change that belief. The "interviewer" also reports Senator SUMNER as differing with the President upon the course which the United States should adopt. The Senator, he says, is in favor of opening negotiations upon the new basis of his speech, and would have instructed Mr. MOTLEY accordingly. The President prefers to leave the matter without positive directions, and to follow the lead of circumstances.

General BUTLER has also been "seen" by a reporter, and says that we have no case against England upon the grounds alleged by Senator SUMNER, but only upon the general ground of her desire to break down our government: that we had better do nothing but wait until a fitting opportunity, and then, as England was a robber, we can be as assassin by way of keeping the balance of morality. There is a tendency to this view in many other minds, and in some newspapers, and we consider it elsewhere. The General's speech at Georgetown was an exhortation that the Union soldiers, although dead, will yet serve their country by keeping alive in the hearts of the people the remembrance of the injuries inflicted by England. A more unpardonable insult to the character and memory of the Massachusetts boys, in professed honor of whom he spoke, is not conceivable.

The speech of Mr. WILLIAM E. FORSTER in a reply to that of Senator SUMNER is, and presents the English view in a conciliatory and clear. It is indeed the best speech by Mr. FORSTER that we have seen. He defends the issuing of the neutrality proclamation, and says that although the European Governments were awaiting the arrival of Mr. ADAMS, yet that many of the most ardent friends of the United States were anxious that neutrality should be proclaimed, and that he himself was among the number. Mr. FORSTER questions the soundness of Senator SUMNER'S claim in this case of a distinction between belligerents and rebels, and because the blockade was an act of war, and of necessity implied maritime opportunities and rights. He denies that England is flung from the wave the scale of Slavery. Certain classes in England undoubtedly did so; but the friends of America in England, whom Mr. FORSTER thinks that Mr. SUMNER is inclined to forget, "kept the Government" straight, and prevented it from throwing its force for Slavery. Moreover, Mr. SUMNER, as Mr. FORSTER said, in the course charges half of the cost of the war to England, because that if England had accepted the invitation of France to recognize the Confederacy, the cost of the struggle to us—for he does not think that we should have won—would have been quintupled. To refuse to take such a step was certainly, he says, not to show unfriendliness.

But Mr. FORSTER, and no other honorable Englishman, so far as we know, defends the *Alabama* escape. "There was great mistake," he says, "of the *Alabama*." Englishmen are willing to submit to arbitration, and to pay damages if the arbitrator—as I dare say he would—decides against us." The tone of Mr. FORSTER'S speech is very manly and conciliatory, and his conclusions are doubtless those of the Englishmen who are and always have been friendly. Indeed, we may say at once that the question of feeling is one that can not be settled by any other arbitration than that of war. The American mind is probably decided upon that subject, and the American people and the British Government under the laws of nations is a question for investigation, and with it the damages for the escape of the *Alabama*. The impression of regret for the escape of the *Alabama* would, under the circumstances, probably be proffered, and the damages willingly paid. But no one will for one moment doubt that we have our opinion that a general apology and moral damages would not be made or offered by the United States were the case reversed.

COURTESY AND CONFUSION.

THE country has hardly sufficiently considered the responsibility of the Senate for the complication arising from the unfortunate performances of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON in England. As we remarked last week, the Senate is known to foreign governments as the treatymaking power; and it is of course assumed that a Minister who, with the view of a certain negotiation, is unanimously approved by the Senate, represents its views upon that negotiation. Indeed any other assumption would be ridiculous. When, therefore, Mr. JOHNSON arrived in England, and it was known that he was not only unanimously confirmed by the Senate but that he was himself a Senator at the time of his appointment, there could be but one impression, and that was that he was peculiarly the representative of the Senate's opinion. The British Government was under a misapprehension for which the Senate was responsible.

Indeed, so strongly did we feel at the time that Mr. JOHNSON was not a representative of the opinion and spirit of the country with which England had to deal that we said so with some emphasis, and were censured for doing so. But we did not directly censure, as we should have done, the action of the Senate in confirming him. There was no doubt of Mr. JOHNSON'S general ability, as it is called, nor could there be any doubt that he was in sympathy with the Senate in its political views; but because he was a Senator, and because there is some kind of courtesy, so called, which compels the Senate to confirm the nomination of one of its own members, there was no protest; it was considered fortunate that President JOHNSON had made such a nomination, and Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was confirmed. Yet if he had been a candidate for the Presidency, and had been defeated, the President he would direct the *Alabama* negotiations, or was the Republican Senator would have voted for him. By confirming him as Minister to England, the Senators placed him and themselves and their country and England in a false position, and are really responsible for a great deal of the present situation.

If the Senate had refused to fill the English mission until it was really satisfied with the nomination, it would have done its duty. It did not hesitate to reject General M'CLELLAN when he was put before the Senate to overthrow one of General M'CLELLAN'S most strenuous supporters, and the one whom, had he been elected President, General M'CLELLAN would probably have made Secretary of State. This was done, as we say, as an act of courtesy. But is it not now tolerably evident that such a reason should no longer be allowed to complicate public affairs, and even, possibly, to imperil the peaceful relations of the country? If President JOHNSON should nominate Senator SUMNER as Minister to England or to any other country, or to any office of responsibility, would the Senate have felt compelled by courtesy to confirm the nomination? But if the reasons which would probably have prevailed in his case were sufficient to secure his rejection, certainly those of another, which existed in the case of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, were equally sufficient. We trust that this kind of courtesy will not hereafter procure important confirmations.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

THE recent news from Cuba is favorable to the revolutionists. It is mainly of progress and intention rather than of performance. General CESPEDES has sent to the Minister of the Republic of Cuba in the United States, Mr. LEMUS, a statement that fourteen representatives, elected in the insurrectionary districts by universal suffrage, met as a Congress in Guimaro on the 10th of April. This Congress adopted a Constitution based upon the recognition of the equal rights of all men. It divides the three powers—legislative, executive, and judicial—into distinct departments, and the island into four States, each to be equally represented in a House of Representatives, in which resides the legislative power, and which is elected by all citizens over twenty years of age. The executive power is lodged in a President elected by the House of Representatives and responsible to it. There is also elected a General-in-Chief. The President names four Secretaries of Departments with the approval of the House. There will be a Supreme Court, the Judiciary Department by-and-by; and meanwhile the right of petition, freedom of worship, liberty of speech and of the press, are declared inalienable rights.

On the 11th of April the Congress met again, and unanimously elected CESPEDES President of the Republic and General QUESADA Commander-in-Chief of the forces. The Secretaries were nominated and approved, and entered upon their duties. A national flag, the same that was unfurled by AGUERO, was also adopted. This frame of government the revolutionary leaders had already declared to be temporary and provisional only, as they have declared for annexation to the United States. There are no facts given, except that the election of the fourteen members, but they are undoubtedly accepted as representatives by the revolutionists, who are probably the great body of the native Cubans. Meanwhile friendly expeditions have landed upon the island with men and arms. General DULCE is going home to Spain, and General CALLEJA, of Key West, is coming in his place. This appointment is a mistake upon the part of the Provisional Government of Spain, for DULCE is known, chiefly by his bloody suppression of a Republican movement in Malagas and other cities last year.

There is, however, the old want of accurate information of facts. Rumors of engagements, of captures, etc., resound in the correspondence, but as yet there are no authentic accounts. Delay is favorable to the revolution. Spain certainly can not spare more troops, and those on the island are apparently unable to subdue the spirit and endurance of the Cubans. The civil government is as yet very shadowy; but the undeniable fact is that the revolution began last October, and is, so far as can be seen, as vigorous as ever.

LEX TALIONIS.

PROBABLY no intelligent man doubts that England will pay for the losses by the *Alabama*, and pay by her own consent. But during the discussion, and indeed ever since that ship, which we must insist was by her practices at sea a mere pirate, sailed gayly away from Liverpool, it has been darkly reiterated with a grim smile: "We are in no hurry: when England goes to war again or falls into trouble, we can then see how she likes her own pills." This feeling was recently expressed by General BUTLER, as we have elsewhere mentioned, in an "interview" which has been duly reported. The General, according to the report, said: "Now as to the remedy. We need not go to war. We can afford to wait. England took her chance to cripple us when we were in trouble. We can wait till some fitting opportunity enables us to repay her in kind. We can easily find means, whenever she gets into a war, to sweep her commerce from the ocean, and substitute our own in its place. We can afford to wait."

Certainly we can afford to wait, but we can't afford to be rascals. We can afford to pay the *Alabama* claims out of our own pockets, but we can't afford to steal. We can afford to do any thing honorable and just, but we can not afford to do what we have denounced as villainy and immorality. For eight years we have steadily declared that the conduct of England was indefensible; that it was both an offense against humanity and against international law; that it was the end of harmony among nations; and that if other countries should follow it we saw an example every war that began would involve the whole world in hostilities. We have, moreover, with just pride pointed to our own precedents. We have always declared that the proof of our international obligation was without a spot; and when we surrendered the rebel emissaries captured upon the *Trent* we did so in express obedience to our own precedents, and not to the demand of Great Britain. And now because, as is alleged, England has behaved like a barbarian, we will throw our civilization, our history, our honor to the winds, and servilely imitate an example that we despise!

A savage who has those cities have been scalped and disemboweled may execute vengeance upon an enemy in kind; but how are we ever to emerge from the savage state if we do not even try to be civilized? Could we, for example, the Spanish General in Cuba, issues a proclamation denouncing fire and slaughter against the enemy as ordered by BEAUREGARD in "Booty and Beauty" order during the rebellion.

honest man feels that if the Spaniards resort to such a policy they deserve defeat, whatever their plea. But when it is known that the Spaniards has done the same thing, whether in retaliation or not, the revolution instantly loses the immense aid of the indignation and sympathy which VALMASEDA had aroused. Retaliation is the warfare of savages, but not of civilized nations. The best public opinion would not sanction the scalping and burning of Indians because they might have scalped and burned our soldiers whom they had captured; nor ought we to eat the prisoners whom we might make among a cannibal enemy because the cannibals would eat us.

It was our pride, when Canada calmly saw the rebel cruiser Florida and other piratical vessels of Vermont villages, instantly to send a military force to prevent the Fenian raids from the United States. And if there is to be any progressive civilization, if the ravages of war are to be diminished and the peace of the world to be promoted, it is to be done by insisting upon the highest law not by yielding to it and to condemn as the lowest rule of international conduct. International law, as it is improperly called, is, indeed, substantially the law of might. A strong maritime nation does what it will, makes a precedent and calls it law. But the true fraternity of nations can be promoted only by that appeal to the common conscience and good sense which lies in clinging fast to the justice and honor which that conscience recognizes. It would certainly be rather mortifying if we should ourselves have to descend to all the reproaches that we have heaped upon England during the eight years just past.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

IT is contended in support of Mr. BOUTWELL'S policy of purchasing the Five-Twenties under date of Three per cent. certificates thus the Act of February 25, 1862, authorizing a Sinking Fund, and the Act of January 25, 1868, forbidding any curtailment of the currency, are in their joint effect imperative in requiring that the duty shall not only be performed, but in that manner.

There is undoubtedly much force in this ground. The purchase or payment "of one per centum of the entire debt" was to be made "in each fiscal year after the first of July, 1862;" but the late Secretary of the Treasury failed to obtain and set apart any portion of the debt as a Sinking Fund, and Congress made no provision of the question.

The Act above referred to of January 25, 1868, which prevents any "reduction of the currency by retiring or canceling United States notes," does not apply to any other legal tender per cent. certificates, as they are not strictly *notes*; and hence, if a rigid interpretation were followed, those certificates might be obtained and set apart for the purposes of the fund.

Mr. M'CULLOCH had other reasons for omitting all compliance with the Act than the existence of the power to prevent contraction, for he would neither set apart the Three per cent. certificates nor the Five-Twenties. What reason governed him? There is some ground for the pretense that the Sinking Fund Act vests some discretion in the Secretary of the Treasury as to whether or not one per centum of the debt shall be obtained and applied in that manner; but the words, "as the Secretary of the Treasury shall from time to time direct," contained in the second subdivision of the fifth section, apply only to the investment of the sa-

tenest earned by the fund as to which discretion may be used. No discretion on the other point is allowed.

That Mr. M'CULLOCH had a surplus of gold, and that it was sold for the purpose of obtaining currency to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government, is well known. The necessity for this was unquestionably due to the failure to take the necessary means for collecting the Internal Revenue, and particularly from whisky —an omission which was allowed to gratify the personal ambition of the late President, whose adherents consisted principally of the Whisky Ring, and of those who derived profit from the irregular action of the Government. The calamity to the United States of being obliged to pass through nearly four years of maladministration is now over; but although the influence of it will be felt through years, the Government is still able to perform its guarantees to its creditors.

On looking at the terms of the numerous acts passed during the war it will appear that our resources obtained from *duties* were to be applied to the interest of the debt, and the residue to the creation of the Sinking Fund; and that those resources which are derived from Internal Revenues were to be applied to the ordinary expenses of the Government, and to the purchase of gold for the purpose of payment of interest. The creditors of the United States, holding the debt created under the act of February 25, 1862, and subsequently, have an undoubted right to call for the application to the Sinking Fund of such proportion of the Customs receipts as the Act of February, 1862, specifies. The public faith is pledged to this, as the creation of the fund constituted one of the inducements for taking the bonds.

The first question to be determined in considering the question is, whether any surplus of gold over and above what will be required to pay the interest for the fiscal year actually exists. Mr. BOUTWELL has been in office only three months, during which time no considerable part of the present accumulation of gold could have arisen. All of the revenue from imports continues on the scale of present receipts; it may fairly be assumed that at least the one per cent. of the debt (say $26,000,000) which the Act authorizes to be set apart in each year will safely be done, but a diminution of these receipts is not improbable—a fact which should be carefully weighed.

In constituting the fund, the question whether to use the Five-Twenties or the Three per cent. certificates is not free from difficulty. If the Three per cent. certificates are used in large amount in effect to contraction, as they constitute part of the reserve of banks, and they would need to be replaced with legal tenders; which contraction Mr. BOUTWELL supposes would, by the late the spirit of the Act of January 25, 1868, which suspends the operation of the law to authorize contraction. If, on the other hand, the Three per cent. certificates are not used in the Sinking Fund, the Government might exhaust all its surplus means in constituting the fund, and be exposed to a demand for the payment of the Three per cent. certificates at a time when the Treasury was weak. The amount of those certificates outstanding on the 1st of May last was $53,240,000, upon which there was then accrued interest amounting to $931,700. The principal had been reduced $165,000 up to the 1st of June.

During the pinch last year caused by locking up legal tenders about $12,000,000 of such certificates were disposed of to have been present to meet the pressing necessities of National banks. The happening of a similar contingency under a like money market is not improbable. If the Treasury were weak those certificates which are payable on demand would be presented without doubt. The strength of the Treasury is an inducement for allowing them to remain where they are.

It has been suggested that Mr. BOUTWELL intends to apply the surplus, one per cent. of the whole debt to the Sinking Fund, but not what Mr. M'CULLOCH omitted. This is scarcely possible, as six fiscal years have already elapsed since the first of July, 1862, and the amount would be larger than could be spared, especially as the Three per cent. certificates might be demanded.

There is still another embarrassment in forming the Sinking Fund out of the Three per cent. certificates. They are payable on demand; and although it is competent for the Secretary of the Treasury to stop the running of interest under the 4th section of the Act of February 25, 1862, which section governed in creating the certificates, it would be difficult to find the fund it might not suit the interests of the holders to expose their customers to the serious contraction which their withdrawal would occasion. By stopping the interest some portion of them would doubtless be presented, not enough to produce severe contraction, but yet possibly enough to save himself from the dilemma which might be caused by the presentation of too large an amount after the Treasury had been severely depleted by purchasing the Five-Twenties.

We present these matters from no feeling of hostility to the management of the Department, nor with a view to propound any theory. Mr. BOUTWELL undoubtedly feels confidence in his ability to keep up the Sinking Fund to what was intended in 1862, from the determination evinced by General GRANT and his Cabinet not only to collect the whole revenues with promptitude and vigor, but also to apply them with all possible economy and integrity. In this contrast to the policy of President JOHNSON is comprised nearly all that is required for success; but, as it would appear that we are about to enter upon a career in our finances more difficult than the one through which we have passed, it will need to be considered whether efficiency in collections will enable the Government to meet all the contingencies of the new station.

The question whether it is politic to create a Sinking Fund does not now arise, as the Act of February 25, 1862, remains unrepealed and unaltered. There is great force in what General GRANT said in his inaugural that if an act of Congress is impolitic it should nevertheless be rigidly enforced, for then the proper remedy would be applied. Mr. BOUTWELL finds the Act on the statute book in full force, and no complaint can be made of compliance with its provisions. But whether to construct the Sinking Fund wholly of Five-Twenties, and to remain exposed to a sudden demand for the Three per cent. certificates at a time when the money market is tightened up by the periodical transfer of currency to the interior, owing to the simultaneous action of speculators, must be decided as exigencies arise.

PARTY "CAPITAL."

We have said elsewhere, in speaking of the English question, that it is perhaps fortunate that Congress is not in session, for it is very certain that there would be resolutions introduced more rhetorical than wise, and every honorable gentleman who could express a warm hostility to England would doubtless do so without regard to adjectives. Public opinion would be excited, and emphatic resolutions, introduced and passed by the Republican majority, would be regarded as a kind of party platform upon which every faithful member would be required to stand.

Indeed the obvious difficulty with any such question is, that, while it demands cool and careful treatment, it is likely to be caught up by many excitable and ardent gentlemen. CUBA, for instance, there were those who thought it necessary to do something to restore the prestige of an administration of their party, and who saw an unsettled foreign question upon which a very strong public feeling existed, nothing is more probable than that they would instantly make it a party question. And as they would take a positive position, not for the purpose of procuring a just settlement of the question, but for party effect, nothing is clearer. This is what every sensible man must feel to be the real peril of the English complication. "Fifty-four forty or fight!" was the cry against England in the time of POLK. And there is no such a cry justly there was necessary a knowledge of the facts which could not be generally assumed.

We observe a report that certain Pennsylvania politicians propose to "make capital" out of the *Alabama* question, and to impose it as a test of the Republican party issues to be made at the next election. "Those," says the report, "who are directing the movement feel positive that it will prove eminently successful in strengthening the Republican party, and produce a good moral effect." It is further stated that Mr. CURTIN, the new Minister to Russia, Mr. FORNEY, and Mr. COLFAX, and probably Senator SUMNER are interested in the movement. An effort is also to be made to persuade the Pennsylvania Republican Convention to "take high ground" upon the subject.

In this country the people are the government, and the policy of the administration will naturally represent the will of the people. But the people are morally bound not to insist upon any policy which they have not carefully considered, and the understanding of which they do not fully understand. Those who in the press or from the platform, or in other ways, lead or influence public opinion, are equally bound to the candid consideration of every subject. Now, to treat the Cuban question, or the English question, or any foreign question whatever, purely as a party question, to make it a party, without regard to the real merits of the dispute or to the honor of the country, is a proceeding which no honest man and good citizen can approve. Our party friends will remember that there was a very strong pressure privately brought to bear upon the Chicago Convention to adopt a resolution which would have committed the Republican Senators who voted against the conviction of ANDREW JOHNSON—a judgment in which a majority agree with them. But the effort had been successful, and the party had gone into the late election with such a plank in the platform, would the position of the party have been higher or the chances of its success greater?

If the attempt shall be made in the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, or in any other, to commit the party to any Fifty-four-forty-or-fight doctrine, we hope that those who propose it will be compelled to show how much they know of the subject. The mere passage of a stringent resolution without debate may help to perplex the situation, but it can not have any moral weight. Vehement expressions of hostility to any foreign country with which there is some difficulty, or toward which for any reason the public feeling is not kindly, are always received with acclamation. But it is not so that a great nation treats itself or other nations justly. The maxim, "Our country, may she be always right, but right or wrong our country," is interpreted by another, "My purse, may it be honestly full, but a full purse any how." And when, as now, the best friends of this country in England so cordially agree upon the indefensibility of the escape of the *Alabama*, what we most need is not party heat, but patriotic wisdom.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Cortes has adopted a liberal monarchical constitution, and the Republican members have apparently decided not to secede nor protest. This decision has probably been anticipated, and will therefore occasion no surprise. But the immediately interesting point to us in the Spanish situation is its treatment of Cuba. Signor ESCALAR asserted the Administration principle so boldly that it was to be hoped the Cortes would agree to try its operation in America. That every people shall govern itself without foreign interference is the American principle; and when a foreign country, however imperfectly and traditionally related to Spain, plainly wishes to govern itself, the opportunity of permitting it to do what Spain is herself doing, would seem too remarkable not to be eagerly embraced if the Cortes were really persuaded of the expediency of the principle. That the offer has not been made shows that the real revolution is like many others. Those who took part in it passionately desire their own liberty. BURKE says that shareholders are peculiarly sensitive and brave in defense of their own property.

The Provisional Government of Spain plainly intends to retain Cuba if it can. But in sending a new Governor-General with the representation of CABALLEROS DE RODAS it does what ISABELLA might have done. It seems a mere continuation of the BOURBON policy. Its tendency can only be to make the new regime in Spain as hateful as the old. Meanwhile the counter-revolution in Havana, the forced repression of the Cuban Junta, and the unbridled severity of the Volunteers, is of the worst promise. With a Governor of the reputed character of DE RODAS, and a general in the field like VALMASEDA, and with a military force like the Volunteers, a conflict of the most sanguinary kind seems to be impending.

The conduct of the Spanish Government at home is meanwhile rapidly destroying all sympathy that might justly be felt for it. At the moment of writing there is practically no civil government in Cuba. The Republic, of which we speak elsewhere, is of course only an army in the field; the Spanish authority is mostly that of the army in the north. Without moneys troops from Spain the mob, or the Volunteers, can not maintain themselves, and Spain has no more troops to send. Whether the new Governor arrives he must be either the master or the slave of the Volunteers; and he will find more contests than those with the Cubans. Spain seems to be unequal to the emergency.

THE DEAD SOLDIERS.

GENERAL LOGAN, as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued an order explaining why the graves of the rebel soldiers are decorated with those of the Union soldiers. He says that it is from no vindictive emotion, but from the wish to distinguish the feeling with which the nation regards devotion and bravery. The politician regards only those of a slave-holding oligarchy. Chief Justice CHASE has also written a letter in reply to an invitation to attend the ceremony of decoration in Charleston. He asks, "May we not indulge the hope that ere long we who adhered to the national cause will be prompt also to join in commemorating the heroism of our countrymen who fell on the other side?" It is a pity that the career of the Chief Justice suggests the suspicion that his motives are always written with one eye upon the White House. Certain it is by this letter has the distinction of suggesting a reconciliation which is not equal to the festival of decoration by making it worse than meaningless.

General LOGAN'S order states the case truly. The gallant rebel soldiers are decorated, not because they are dead and were brave, but because they gave their lives and their heroism to the rebellious cause. CHASE was undoubtedly honest in his convictions. Is he therefore to be equally honored with ABRAHAM LINCOLN? That the rebel soldiers were sincere and fought bravely has never been questioned; but they spent their lives and their valor for the most inhuman and detestable cause in history. Mr. CHASE entirely misconceives the case. It is not heroism that is honored in the decorations of the graves, it is humanity and justice. If he will go to Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill he will find monuments to brave men who fell in the earliest battles of the Revolution. Does he think that they are commemorated for their bravery? No; it is for defending their country against unjust aggression. The tall gray shaft on Bunker Hill does not chiefly say, "These were brave men;" it says, "This was a great cause."

Undoubtedly General GAGE was as sure of his cause as PUTNAM or PRESCOTT or WARREN. Does the Chief Justice think his name should be carved upon the monument? Large PERCARIN at Lexington was as brave and sincere as the farmers upon whom he fired; shall he too be honored by a grateful America? Or is it a greater offense for an Englishman to assert the authority of the Crown in an English colony than for an American citizen to attempt to overthrow the Government and rend his country in order to perpetuate human slavery? There may be a question of the wisdom of the festival which the Grand Army has established, but there can be none that General LOGAN'S order of it is correct. It is intended, by refreshing the sweet memory of the brave boys who died for liberty and justice, our brothers whom slavery slew, to renew the national fidelity to the eternal principles of liberty upon which alone human society can be firmly founded. It may be doubted whether the method is wisely chosen. There can be no doubt that the object is as lofty as any that the American heart can cherish.

NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

We learn that the next Annual Meeting of the National Teacher's Association is to be held at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th days of August. Many arrangements have been made that a warm and hospitable welcome can be extended to all who attend the Convention. Papers have been promised upon important educational topics by the most prominent delegates of the Convention.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Kansas Pacific Railway was attacked by Indians at Fossil Creek Station May 28. Two men were killed and two wounded. The station was also burn up and thrown a considerable distance from the railroad.

Ole Bull has accepted the invitation of the Executive Committee of the Boston Peace Jubilee to take part in the great musical festival. A dispatch says that he has written a waltz in the "Cotillon," and pronounces the acoustic qualities excellent. He is to play his own compositions, and will be backed by a corps composed by the orchestra of one thousand pieces.

A statement presented at the Treasury Department reveals the fact that since the year 1861 there has been paid into the Treasury, as interest on bonds, $1,000,000. The amount paid in each year is rapidly growing larger. In 1861 only $200 were paid in, while during the five months of this year over $18,000 have been paid in.

The diminution of the public debt during the month of May was $3,000,000. The debt since March 4 last has been over twenty millions.

Mr. Corcoran, the well-known banker of Washington, who recently donated his Art Depository to that city, has just made another benefaction—a home for the indigent widows of Washington—which is to be called after his wife. Provision is made for sixty widows of officers, clerks, and other worthy public servants of the poor. The institution to be under the direction of the Washington ladies. The buildings and grounds will cost $30,000.

It is reported that ex-Secretary Seward, accompanied only by his wife and his son, FRANCIS, has started upon a steamer trip to his Sitka estate, *via* San Francisco.

General C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota, who was appointed and confirmed Minister to Sweden, has been transferred to Sweden, vice J. J. Bartlett, recalled.

Mr. Sanford, appointed Minister to Belgium, has resigned, and J. Russell Jones, of Illinois, has been nominated to fill the vacancy.

The recent massacre by the Indians in Kansas was a horrible affair. It is reported that after the massacre "the tongues and hearts were cut out of the dead soldiers; the bowels of their legs were cut open and tied under their chins; pieces of flesh were cut from the bodies, and the fingers, and fingers and toes cut off, and the ears cut off and heads scalped." Further, that the fiends "boiled the hearts of their victims for delicacies."

FOREIGN NEWS.

NOW that the Suez Canal has been so nearly completed, Ismail Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, is making to secure the pledge of European governments to the neutrality of the Canal. He has sent a special envoy to set upon a European tour for that purpose.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, accompanied by their children and suite, arrived at Venice, including representatives of all the chief cities of the kingdom, on the 5th inst. They were received at the Royal residence by the Municipal authorities, and a deputation to return to the Roman Church. The Emperor delivered a brief letter and a speech.

The Spanish Cortes has passed the new Constitution, and the Republicans have announced their intention to support it. The new Constitution was recognized by the Queen of Holland. An elaborate dinner in the afternoon the members of the Executive Committee of the Cortes, and the Ministers, visited the Chambers to a platform which was erected in front of the Cortes House. There the Ministers of the Cortes read the Constitution. It was received with loud cheers by the immense assemblage of people gathered in front of the platform.

Dates from the Spanish colonies have been received one-half, and a small export duty on sugar, which is expected to be collected soon.

Captain General Dulce sailed from Havana for Spain on the 5th, accompanied by four officials and the Bishop of Cuba. The Volunteers appear to have forced him to resign against his own wishes. They have removed the Governors of Cardenas and Colon, and proposed to establish a Triumvirate, consisting of prominent Spaniards, to govern the island till the Home Government is settled. The Governor and Chief Justice of Havana have resigned.

We give on page 388 an illustration of the landing of an expedition in the Bay of Nipe, on the Cuban coast. A recent semi-official from Havana reports that the "filibusters" have come to grief. They were, it is said, surprised and dispersed by one of the Spanish military columns. Three or four of the invaders, designated as foreigners, the only prisoners taken, were summarily shot. It is added that the cargo of the vessel in which the filibusters landed fell into the hands of the Spaniards. It consisted of twelve pieces of artillery, 1,000 rifles, with other ammunition, and a large number of barrels of hard bread and potatoes.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

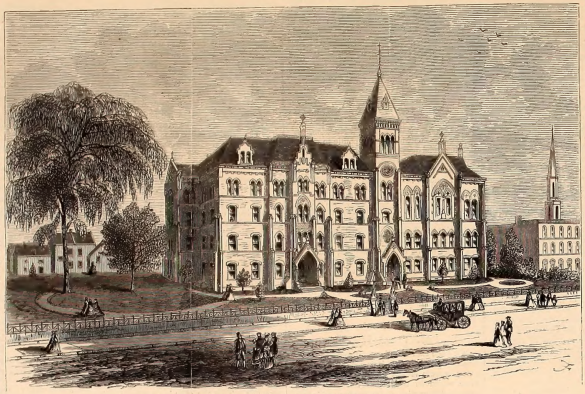
THE Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati was founded in 1842. Its origin was humble and unpretending. But it did good, honest work; and in a very few years came to be regarded as one of the best educational institutions in the city. And from that time forward, through a period of over twenty years, it held a position and wielded an influence rarely attained by any institution, however munificently endowed. Its halls were filled to overflowing — nearly four thousand different individuals having been enrolled as students down to 1866. Its patronage was drawn from all parts of the land, not even excepting Oregon and California. The number of graduates bearing the diploma of the institution is three hundred and sixty.

The introduction of cheap scholarships led the institution to the brink of financial ruin. For a little time hope as to there being any future for the institution seemed to have altogether expired. And we have no hesitation in saying that but for the noble generosity of three Christian churches (Wesley Chapel as principal, and Morris and Trinity as partners in interest) the Wesleyan Female College would have been ruined.

Under the inspiration of this munificent donation, comprising the lot on which this building has been erected, and the adjacent lots now covered with elegant and costly dwellings, a new Board of Trustees was organized. They took time, proceeded cautiously, surveyed every step as they advanced. The public were disposed to complain of their tardiness; but they had fully determined that they would build on a solid foundation, even if it took them a generation to do so. They issued no scholarships, incurred no claim for stock, but asked from each and all the benefactors of the institution a free-will offering, given in the name of the Lord, for the Christian education of woman.

The result is before the public in this grand building, dedicated and set apart for the purposes of its erection. The valuation of the entire grounds and building, completely furnished, is $200,000.

The College opened for its new career September 30, 1868, under the presidency of Rev. LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, A.M., known as an educator of years' standing. The different professorial chairs are ably filled by gentlemen and ladies of experience and recognized ability. The register will show an attendance of some two hundred and fifty the current year. The instruction of the College aims to give a high and solid culture to young women, as an examination of the courses will indicate.



WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE HAYES MEDAL.

We give herewith an engraving of the gold medal recently awarded to Dr. I. I. HAYES by the Geographical Society of Paris, which is the sixth compliment our countryman has received from foreign governments and societies for his Arctic explorations and services — the former ones being the British "Arctic Medal;" a special medal from the British Government to the members of the Kane Expedition for their "generous services" in the search for SIR JOHN FRANKLIN; the PATON'S Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London for 1867; honorary membership of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin; and the decoration of Officer of the Order of Guadalupe from the late chivalric though unfortunate Emperor MAXIMILIAN of Mexico.

OBVERSE.

REVERSE.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO DR. I. I. HAYES BY THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS.

The ceremony of the presentation of the French medal appears to have been attended with all that delicacy for which the French are so eminently distinguished. It took place in a full meeting of the society April 30, to which the American Minister, General DIX, was specially invited, with the assurance of the members that it would be very agreeable to them if he would receive the medal in behalf of Dr. HAYES.

The reply of General DIX on this occasion, made in French, which the General speaks with the ease of a native, was peculiarly happy, and was received with great cordiality.

The following is a translation of it:

"M. le President,—I have listened with the greatest interest to the account given by your secretary of the discoveries made by Dr. HAYES in the Arctic regions, and it will afford me much pleasure to place in the hands of my distinguished countryman the medal which your society has been pleased to award him. The solution of the problem of the existence in the

LANDING OF MEN AND WAR MATERIAL FOR THE CUBANS FROM THE STEAMER "PERRIT" IN THE BAY OF NIPE.—SKETCHED BY ONE OF THE CREW.

[SEE PAGE 389.]

Polar regions of an open sea, which can be reached by navigation—a problem which DR. HAYES endeavored to solve, and in which he made such remarkable progress—is reserved for other enterprising and scientific individuals; and it is to be hoped that the French expedition now fitting out under the direction of M. LAMBERT, will lead to still more satisfactory results. It is possible that these researches may enlighten us in regard to a question like that which has existed in regard to the summits of the highest elevations on the face of the globe: that we may learn on what conditions human life may be preserved in the presence of such extreme severity of temperature; or whether nature had locked up the secrets of organic existence in chambers of frost into which man is not permitted to penetrate. In these researches, as in all other pursuits of science, it is a great good fortune (as you have said, M. le Président) that her empire is without bounds; that her votaries acknowledge no national demarkations; and that the sole object of her labors and her triumphs is to carry the victorious arms of knowledge and truth into the dominions of ignorance and error. Permit me to add, M. le Président, in response to your opening address and the friendly sentiments you have expressed to my country, that it is a source of sincere satisfaction to me and my fellow-citizens to see France and the United States co-operating, as befits their ancient friendship, in these questions of science, and I beg you to be assured that your society, in distinguishing the labors of two of my countrymen, Dr. KANE and Dr. HAYES, by such honorable testimonials of its approbation, has a just claim to our warmest acknowledgments."

This speech of General DIX, which was followed by warm and hearty applause, closed the proceedings of the Society, so far as affected the presentation of the Medal.

THE NIPE EXPEDITION.

THE Bay of Nipe on the Cuban coast is a grand natural harbor. Its entrance is half a mile in width, and there is no bar. Inland it widens out into a broad, deep, landlocked bay, penetrating far into the island. It was in this bay that, on the 11th of May, in broad daylight, the steamer *Perrit* dropped anchor with arms and munitions of war sufficient for the supply of a force of 5000 Cubans. Notwithstanding the fact that there was a Spanish redoubt in plain sight the steamer entered without molestation, and before 3 o'clock P.M. on the 12th had landed half her cargo. She had on board a detachment of Americans and Europeans—men who not long since were engaged in fighting for another cause. These supplies, landed from time to time by steamers at various points on the Cuban coast, are of the utmost importance to the Cubans. It rarely happens, however, that a ship is so fortunate as the *Perrit*, which landed her cargo under the very guns of a Spanish redoubt. Our sketch on page 388 very truly represents the occurrence of which we write.

EUROPEAN VINEYARDS.

THE most interesting work ever issued on the vineyards of Europe has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. It is from the pen of Mr. William J. Flagg, a son-in-law of the late Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati. "I think," he says in his preface, "my work will be found, in some degree, interesting to the general reader, if he have curiosity, which Hume defines as 'the love of learning.' I think, too, it may prove instructive to the general drinker as well, inasmuch as it relates to his daily beverages, and their effects on his health and happiness. But my chief aim has been to convey information, both practical and theoretical, bearing on the important matter of wine-growing in America." In connection with this, his principal object, the author especially calls attention to the following points:

1. Long pruning, which, as commonly practiced in America, I deem to have been an efficient cause for the decay of our vines.

2. Mildew, the want of which, especially in the Ohio Valley, I feel quite certain has been equally injurious.

3. The advantage of growing wine on plains rather than on hills, except where the quality obtained from hill-grown vines is such as will compensate for their larger cost and smaller yield.

4. Cooking in unglazed vessels without stoken, as probably better adapted to our warm summers than the expensive methods handed from countries where peaches can only be ripened on trees flattened and fastened to the south sides of houses.

5. Red wine, as preferable to white, for the future beverage of Americans.

6. The sulphite-cure, as entirely efficacious against the disease of the vine in all its many forms, if only well applied.

"Probably"—as the writer justly claims—"no other American has made near so thorough a pilgrimage among the vineyards of Europe..... and certainly not among those of France."

We will give a few extracts from this instructive and entertaining work:

FOG MEDICINE.

A fanciful theorizer has said that all good English comedies were written before the time of the Methuen treaty, which was about a hundred and fifty years ago, arguing thence that only pure wine can inspire pure wit. It is very true that both England and America mostly import their good plays from France, in shape of translations or adaptations; but I can hardly believe it was ever possible to import them in the form of casks of Bourdeoux or bottles of Burgundy; and think, with Sir Emerson Tennent, that British palates have always craved what was mixed, muddled, and strong, which, he says, is because of fogs. If so, then so much the worse for the British, I say, and all the more shame for us, who, with no fogs to excuse it, have, from mere force of example, learned to love fog medicine—port, sherry, Madeira, whisky, and rum—which, in our dry climate, rend us as they never do a Briton in his home.

HOW BURGUNDY GETS ITS BODY.

Often it is necessary to resort to artificial heat in aid of the fermentation. One way is to heat a portion of the must to the boiling point and then return it to the vat. A good temperature

GRAND COLISEUM IN WHICH THE BOSTON PEACE JUBILEE IS HELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, 297 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.]

for the must to show when a thermometer is introduced is from 80° to 90° Fahrenheit. The experiment has been tried of adding a quantity of white wine, itself in an active state of fermentation, to serve as a kind of yeast.

So long as things work well in the vats nothing of the kind is needed. But there is another mode of rousing up the slackening process, and at the same time bringing the skins and seeds which have settled to the bottom into contact with the new-made alcohol, so that the latter may combine well with the coloring matter they contain. This consists in stirring up the whole mass from bottom to top. It is done twice during the process of fermentation. It needs a good one hour's hard work each time. It is done by men. It takes four men to do it well. They all strip naked—naked as Adam when he was good—and then they go in—into the wine-vat—chin-deep they go in, and there, with feet and arms, fingers and toes, turn over, stir about, and mix the liquid that was getting clear with the pomace that was depositing itself, and

"Make the gruel thick and slab,
And like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

The nice, sweet Bordelais man only puts his foot in it, but the Burgundian goes the whole figure.

It is done to give the wine a full body. They call it fermenting on the skin.

He who explained all this to my astonished mind avowed with the simple frankness of a Feejee cannibal, who admits his fondness for what he calls "long pork." But the Feejee people are only heathens.

JOLLY NUNS.

It rained continuously. No vintaging could be seen, and attention soon tired of the look-out at the window of the coupé, so I looked in. Two nuns were with me—not handsome, of course, for in France beauty is too precious a commodity to shut up in convents—but very jolly and talkative, and better company than the holy women I had met in America; and, though their ideas were limited enough, still a seeker after wisdom could learn a good deal from them. When I told them the great majority of my countrywomen esteemed it a sin to drink a drop of wine, they were astonished, and one nearly asked, "Must they drink only beer, then?" adding, "I drink no beer." But when the last beer too was forbidden, they fell to pitying the poor Protestants, whom they had not thought were so austere. "But," I said, "we are free." "Yes, must do penance; it is for the safety of the soul; but the good God does not require his creatures to injure their health by their abstinences."

Abstinences! Poor girls! If a marquis with 200,000 francs income, young, handsome, and agreeable, were to offer himself, a either of them, she would abstain from him teetotally with might and main as if on peril of perdition, yet she could put her quart of wine daily under her corsets and thank God for it in her prayers; while many a Protestant dame on our side, taught from childhood to believe it "liquid poison" to body and "liquid damnation to soul," thinks it a sin and a shame to moisten her red lips with one drop of parent Margaux, on whose conscience a hundred warm kisses accepted by those same lips would rest as lightly as a thistle-down on Plymouth Rock.

A VINTAGE DANCE.

Near the close of the day we arrived at Pauillac, and I found out and entered a little old inn in the heart of a labyrinth of narrow streets, where a tough, chirpy old woman received me as if she had always known and long been expecting me. She showed me into just what I wanted to learn, and, having shown me the chamber where I was to lodge, and the parlor where I was to eat, took me to the kitchen, and displayed the preparations she was making for a band of vintagers soon to arrive from their work in the vineyards—for she was herself a proprietor, it seemed. Sitting the lid of a large kettle, and letting me see of a sucrose vaporous cloud, she told me it was the vintage broth, a dish of great antiquity. Judging from the preparations, the vintage broth was a large one. In the inn she had a farm of no small value—was rich, in fact, but it was her humor to keep tavern. The proprietors, she said, always fed the band of vintagers, and gave them three repasts daily: the first, at eight o'clock, consisted of only bread and grapes; the second, at the field, at noon, of soup and soup-meat; and the last, in the evening, of soup and a ragoût of meats. Bread and wine were supplied "ad libitum," which means without stint. The wine is made of inferior grapes, gathered from young vines usually crushed and put into a barrel with the head out. As soon as fermentation has well begun a certain quantity of water is added, the cask is nearly filled to foot, and the liquor placed at the discretion of the drinkers. One franc a day is paid to the vintagers, and those are called who are picked from the vines, and for such as carry them to the wagon a franc and a half. But a few years ago wages were one-fourth lower.

After my dinner I had grapes for dessert, and they were choice bunches, and good as any I afterward tasted at Médoc, but I cannot call them delicious. Nor did I ever taste a vintage in Switzerland, or Germany find any to equal the Catawbas of the Ohio Valley in their prime.

In the evening I went to see a vintage dance at a château just outside the town. Under a shed, lighted with a single candle, twenty or thirty of the younger vintagers were dancing in wooden shoes on the bare ground. The figure was simply the old pantaloon cotillon of "forward two," "cross over," "right hand left," "do si do," and "balloe" chain, the couples were placed in two opposite rows, as in a contra dance, and not as in a quadrille, so that the dancers were continually in motion. Occasionally this was varied by a few rounds in waltzing order, performed with a kind of balance step, the partners holding hands and facing each other. They did not hug, as fashionable people do, nor was there any rudeness, or romping, or boisterous conduct of the men, and far less any sign of drunkenness.

A burly gentry, played by the overseer of the troop, was all the music they had. The overseer is a kind of middle-man, who recruits the band in the neighborhood of large estates, and conducts them from place to place while vintage lasts, sub-letting them at a price which yields him a profit of two or three cents on the labor of each person.

I had seen vintage dances before this, at the theatre; here there was always a row of brilliant foot-lights, and a large orchestra, and the dancers wore blue and red bodices, with close sleeves, and broad white ruffles around their gay ribbons, and had neat slippers on their feet, and pink stockings on their legs, quite unlike any thing in the way of dress to be seen at Pauillac. One of the wooden shoes, flung from a maiden's foot as she whirled by in a waltz, struck my knee with centrifugal force. As the Cinderella who owned it kept on with her dancing, I had time to examine the "sabot." It was nicely made, of good shape, and light, furnished with a simple leather "upper" nailed to the edge of the sole. The foot was only covered with a thick hose. Many people in France, who live in the country, wear this kind of shoe in muddy weather from choice, and three sixths of the whole army. An American, with common-sense enough to adopt them for himself and family, could save sufficient income the birth and coming of age of his oldest child to buy a farm.

"Here is where they sleep," said my guide, as he stepped from the carriage. He looked in and saw merely a large room in an out-building, the floor of which was covered with a comfortable thickness of clean straw mixed with straw some forty vintage youths and maidens were to sleep that night. This, they told me, was the usual mode of lodging laborers. They seemed very happy—and why should not they be? those foraging hands, tramping from one merry harvest-field to another, leaving the world for nothing, free for the time from home restraints, fed and lodged in fine country as well as fair, earning wherewith to buy clothes for the year by light, social, and agreeable labor in the day, and enjoying a vintage supper and vintage dance in the evening, eating "a discrétion," drinking "à discrétion," and sleeping "à discrétion."

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff! There are no Fenians."

"Oh, must be. Stephens, Kelly, Sy, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses, too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him—hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, Sy says there are lots of them."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the whole country to raise or bring like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come my way with a horse-whip."

"Misguided young man, farewell. If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow! That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence!"

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one of the last days of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, where the ghosts of the Roses of Addison and Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley; of Ruth, Peckaniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Esmond, still linger.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Gerald. Both were young barristers, and both as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, by military known as the "Devils' Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall, athletic young fellow, who delighted in the athletic and the riflesh oting, and the privilege, new, strange, and dear to young lawyers, of wearing the mustache. He it was who on the eve of a visit to Ireland was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had been born in that island, and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumors of projected Fenian insurrection. Just before parting from his friend, about to place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old friend and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, as a student of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was hoping to see Ireland: longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality: longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Spalding was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, southwestern county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatter-box and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him, with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Irishmen, and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, extremely sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been discanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple upon the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his natural generosity presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble, queenly figure, and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in Dublin for a long, half the winter of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavor of her own rare nationality. She was the only motherless girl, and ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry and the whole district generally. Like many other true Irishwomen who have not seen other countries besides their own, she scoldher compatriots a good deal for their own peculiarities, but would be the first to resent against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all of "the place people" against making themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of any Englishman but herself, but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a certain Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two of these days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. Three days more of three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Every where they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "every day" the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and every thing else that could be thought worth having. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence," said Barrymore, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighborhood they say things are serious. Rumor was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in any thing unusual until they see it, who rule out from belief in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless of danger in times of anarchy, bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of almost suicidal folly.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they proceeded for a short while. Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong, sinewy horses. The driver and the attendants were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish you had one at home. Mastber Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Mastber Gerald!"

"Thrue for you, boy!" growled the postilion, in assent.

"The whole side of the country is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to it, boy," growled the postilion.

"What nonsense," laughed Laurence, and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe in this talk as bad?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know my thing of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to form a disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence still settled himself down by process of intimation—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was occasionally casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile, a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we would be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough!" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding," said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic," was the reply. "Look at our flag." One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and Gerald with characteristic vehemence. "*Hurrah for us! Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with strait cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postilion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. You have had shot one of our men I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"You are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cut-throats, what the devil are you?"

"Feinans!"

"Feinans be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, Sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage moved on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like the victim of a nightmare. He gazed at his friend, who sat silent and calm, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly his elbow struck against something hard. It was the driver, which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"I'm the same as the devil, Gerald, and Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "that is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a preposterous joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille*?"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with exceeding accent. "He understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the ambition of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and declined. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. They did offer him a command, and Barrymore, really? Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—I am quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Where is standing the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence awoke from a dull fast sleep to find awoke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the top of a grassy lawn or field in the area of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and there was a flag. It was the flag. Near was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at once," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No: the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airly, I'm tould. But she's here—and she'll be mighty angry with some people. I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands here. For your own sakes I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. A space was cleared near the gates, divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, some, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep-blue, lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full, noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Co-

miqne?' Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, Sir, is, that I am at present in command of the rebels and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"They excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, Madama, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, Sir—the blind, perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question, but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now, we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud, clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy: to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I owe little or nothing even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and bowed into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic arguments. What his appearance before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Choate, Webster, and Jule Favre, all in one. Forgetting his private interests and his personality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually brought the Judge-Amazon not only the noble fire of his eloquence, but to bring dishonor on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honorable warfare. He thought only of addressing expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief to hide her emotion—not to weep, but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone:

"It is well for your friend, Sir, you forget yourself. You forget that we have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!"

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to speak simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short:

"Save your eloquence, Sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks and pledge your word of honor to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot as one of a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join them. Come! After all you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honorable enemy, and touches a sensitive Irishman his pledge. You are prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that I think is your name?—you will do me the honor of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honored, I am sure," faltered Laurence; "but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command. We dine at seven."

She bowed, one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle: a table was laid for two even where; at seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well lit and lighted. A table, placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening *toilette*, a large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank Burgundy and Champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this strange age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty — not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow and tell people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people!" said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavor to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested kindly upon his. Ah, Lily, this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better."

"To-morrow," said the lady, with another half-sigh, "you shall have a decisive answer. Should my father drive the enemy from the field we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly dishonorable for Englishmen to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Covenanters do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, where was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course if he joined the Fenian ranks Barrymore would be the same, and he could not do it. Still, the only disagreeable thing would be that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Fenianesses! Laurence thought of this, and saw in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death-sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and tender expression—"you are a brave and generous enemy, and I can not allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Accordingly, I have made up my mind your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsentient English. You shall go to-night, safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Now, then, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence, passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce every thing for you! I am a Fenian for your sake. I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from the table and pinned a shamrock upon his non-lole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his lips, kissed it with her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed perceived that his friend Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to his poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian Volunteers!" And the uproar once schooed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of mercy laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke, played upon Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry, and even even the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of Grace, who looked the very heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon pinned to his coat-lapel!

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his self-imposed task of being the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has become a captive of his fair captors, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

UNTIL recently the French Custom-house has prevented any foreign vessel from going up the Seine farther than Rouen; but lately, under the auspices of the Ministers of Marine and Interior, this has removed every impediment, and thrown open the port of Paris to the English ships, provided, of course, that they pay the amount of water required by the navigation of the Seine. At the last accounts the first English vessel that had ever entered Paris was moored at the Quai St. Nicholas, opposite the Tuileries. She is a sailing barge, sixty tons register, and is from Dundee. Of course the English colors attract crowds of Parisian and English visitors.

Some weeks ago the Czar of Russia was crossing a bridge in an open carriage with his son when the horses took fright, and, dashing across the foot-path, were only prevented by the parapet from falling into the river. The shock, however, was so great that the carriage was overturned, and broke from it. Indeed, so serious is his indisposition that his medical attendants are anxious in regard to his recovery.

A novel method of "dishing fire" was practiced at the recent great fire at Hunter's Point. Thousands of gallons of burning oil were spread over the surface of the water endangering a new bridge. There seemed to be no chance of saving it as the tide was setting in, although a multitude of people were on the banks witnessing the spectacle. By chance a by-and-by threw a stone into the water, by which the burning surface was broken and a clear space made of two or three yards. Instantly the idea was seized by bystanders, lines were formed to a brickyard, and several thousand bricks were thrown into the water, which checked and soon entirely extinguished the flames.

Tennyson is said to have a printing-press of his own at home, and to amuse himself with its hands or with his head. His copy comes to the publisher in type.

An interesting report has just been submitted to the Pennsylvania branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, indicating the progress of the work. Last year 90 schools were under the supervision of this Commission; but the freedmen contributed little or nothing toward the support of the schools. This year there have been 103 teachers in the field, and the freed-people contribute largely, and unanimously appreciate the advantages now offered to them. They are willing to work that their children may be educated.

By a recent act of the Legislature, several wealthy and public-spirited business men of New York have been made trustees of a corporate body, to be known as the "American Museum of Natural History." This society is organized for the purpose of establishing in this city a Museum of Natural History, to encourage the study of natural science, and kindred subjects, and to furnish popular instruction and recreation. Nearly $50,000 in subscriptions have already been raised by enterprise, and the Central Park Commissioners have generously offered a part of the fine ball in the Arsenal Building as a place where the collections may be deposited, and exhibited to the public until the erection of a permanent edifice.

On the day when Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit" was published in Paris, no less than eighteen translations of it appeared in various parts of the world. The translation for America had previously appeared.

A bird's nest was recently found in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, which was duly protected by a onecent revenue stamp, regularly canceled, and thoroughly attached to the nest by the builder.

A writer in the *Springfield Republican*, describes the monument to Secretary Recordon Day at Mount Auburn Cemetery, remarks that the most touching spot in the Cemetery, to those who know the story of it, was that where Dr. Lincoln and his daughter are buried buried. It is a small plateau, from one side of which spring a few sturdy oaks and cedars, and from the back and the direction of three flags marking the graves of General Charles Russell Lowell, Captain James Jackson Lowell, and their comrade, Lieutenant William Putnam, all grandsons of Dr. Charles Lowell, and nephews of the poet, all of whom were killed in battle. They were young men of great promise, and had distinguished themselves as officers. Long before the procession arrived at the grave, it was covered with flowers of purest white, to which the soldiers added their evergreen tributes.

The secret spies employed by Napoleon III. infest every street corner in Paris. A stranger will not assault, but a stranger will be watched. A correspondent *absent* in the respectable-looking man who is seated quietly in a cafe, or sauntering through the streets. The secret police are divided into brigades called Barcopres; the *police de sureté*, or bona fide detectives, who have extensive powers, and are under the safety of the community; the police who superintend the bureaus of health; and the political spies. To the first corps, which is very large, the uniformed policemen of various costumes, is added a body of 765 civilians, nearly as many uniformed officers of police, and a uniform a species of body-guard to the Emperor. When the Emperor goes out on foot bocquille, close behind him lurks one of the *police de sureté*; and when he rides out the chief of this corps always follows him, in an unostentatious carriage. The *police de sureté* comprise about one hundred special officers, who use their authority to prevent immorality from becoming too notorious, though not to punish moralists as men of bees. The political police in Paris consists of five hundred and fifty agents. From all considered to be both sexes. Many of them are Corsicans, who develop a remarkable talent for intriguing in politics.

A Parisian paper publishes some recollection with Victor Hugo by publishing "L'homme, qui baille" the man who yawns!

The Century Plant, or Striped-Leaved American Aloe, was raised to flower at the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, New York, is about seventy years old. It was purchased by the late Hugh Grieg, of Canadaigua, New York, in the year 1810, from Princess Caroline, Naples. Long before, and at last time was supposed to be nine or ten years old. Owing to its large size, and being so unwieldy, it was left in the garden when removed to Front de Cu's present house, about the year 1836, and has been to their possession ever since. In the 30th August last the flowering of its flowering were first observed, and the flowerstem has since grown nearly three inches a day, on the average. The number of leaves on the plant is thirty; each leaf is six feet six inches in length, the greatest circumference of the plant is thirty feet. The roof of the green-house has been raised thirty feet, to allow of the excessive growth of this majestic plant. It is a native of Mexico, and specimens in a platform has been erected, from which a better view of the flowering can be obtained when in bloom.

In 1826, De Vaca set out to cross the Continent, and spent eight years and endured great hardships in reaching the Pacific. In 1788, Jonathan Carver accompleted the passage further north, but failed. He, however, predicted that a route would be made some day over the same line by a great nation. Almost a hundred years afterward, one of Carver's descendants made a great effort to accomplish what he foretold, and in a Pacific railroad, and all in vain. But the wild dream of 1847 is realized in 1869. Now the traveler can go from the City of New York to San Francisco in about a week. At present the fare for the entire distance is nearly two hundred dollars, but it is believed that in the course of a year it will be reduced at least one quarter.

The smallest steam-engine in the world is now in the possession of John Penn, of Greenwich, England —the eminent maker of *great* engines. It will stand on a shilling, and weighs only three ounces, for its bore-plate measures only 3-8th of an inch by about 1-10th. From the extreme smallness of the model a few minutes—such, for instance, as the sit-pumps—have necessarily been omitted. Still, so small are some of the parts that they require a powerful magnifying-glass to see their form. The screws are only 1-50th of an inch diameter, and these are all duly furnished with hexagonal nuts, which can be loosened and tightened by a lilliputian spanner. The whole weight of the model is less than a threepenny-piece. It works admirably, and when working its crank-shaft performs from twenty to thirty thousand revolutions in a minute.

One of the latest sensational stories brings in a cat and a dog. An old lady in this city had long cherished a favorite cat, which evinced the same affection shown her in many ways. The two grew old together, and when a lingering illness attacked the old lady, puss watched by her bedside with all the sedulity of a well-trained nurse. But the old lady died. During the funeral services, while the corpse was being removed from the house to the hearse, mysterious sounds were heard within it. Services were suspended, and the coffin-lid opened, but the consonance of the deed was undisturbed. The entire top of the coffin was then removed, when, lying at the feet of the corpse, was discovered the dead body of the poor old cat. She had crawled under the coffin, bid the previous night, and the noise which alarmed the pall-bearers was her death-struggle. She had smothered in her close quarters.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old bachelor says:

"Domestic happiness be very sweet, but when I look at my brother's family it strikes me that it is also very sticky.

"The complexion of a girl of the period differs from a railway accident—in the one it is, in the other it is not, transferable.

"Married life woman when, when a glass of wine is split over her dress, smiles, and says it doesn't matter.

"Curious how little information Mr. Darwin's classes and misers are generally found near together!

"A cramped mind generally has cramped brains in a similar condition.

"When I think upon a party of young people I console myself with the thought that, after all, my skull is as good-looking as any of theirs, and that's what it must receive itself in at last!"

"Where did you get that turkey?" said a colonel to one of his officers, after having eaten the tough bird the other day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic reply. "Ah!" said the colonel, "that's unlucky, to a by-stander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

THE CHIGNON.

Horrid stories now are going
About a Chignon's dreadful curse;
And, ah me! it's worth the knowing;
What it is that one carresses.

After such revelation,
Think me not fastidious grown,
If I'm not fond of caressing,
Darling, are those locks your own?

AN EGG STORY.

"I do assure you, Mr. Jones, you know how fond my brother is of eggs?" Well, he was driving me once to the country to secure county votes, and he stopped at a little public house on the way to lunch. Bess said he believed he had been born with an egg-cup in his hand, and he sat by the window calmly eating, and throwing the shells out of the window. At last I got tired of waiting, and said:

"My dear, why don't you ask to sit there all day calling for more eggs?" 'Do let's go.'

"And when we got into our carriage, as he turned it around, he drove one wheel over the pile of eggs and shells. I said to him, my dear, that we were actually upset?"

A MODEL WILL.—The following is a copy of a will left by a man who died in Ohio a few years ago: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my children, to be divided among them the best way they can. N.B.—If any body thinks my property is worth more than mine, I'm willing to let him have any thing. Signed by me,

"JOHN THOMAS."

WHO WOULDN'T BE MARRIED?

There exists not a shadow of doubt in my mind That my wife is the very best wife I can find: For she's always good-looking, handsome, neat, With the daintiest hands and the tiniest feet.

She prefers to stay at home of evenings, And my wife you must know is no more than a woman;

She's kind-hearted, loving, painstaking, and zealous, And then the dear creature's a splendid cook.

If I happen to glance at the cook's rosy face, At the end of her week cook is out of a place; But she's a treasure, and has a value not priced, She is thrust, bag and baggage, right into the street.

And their place is supplied by the ugliest creatures, With hideous features of colors and shapes; Who misshapen in limb and so hideous in hue, They are regarded by me with a feeling of horror.

The nurse-girl's a bright of the very first water: For I've heard her, I'm sure, a thousand times over, And 'tis perfectly true, though it sounds hyperbolic, That I look at the cook without feeling a chill.

We have visitors few, and their calls far between, Save sundry oil spinsters, tough, scraggy, and lean: And some gentility girls, who, when they're asked here Were the death of their lords, if the truth were but told.

If I thought 'twould conduce to my wife's peace of mind,

I would fervently pray to become deaf and blind; For as long as I'm able to make my own way, There's no peace for my wife and no comfort for me.

An old farmer in Ohio, having read that the State Fair Ground covered seven thousand square feet, and the last year by the labor of the convicts, sat some of the ground to rights, wrote the governor that "he'd better turn our Legislator into a penitentiary, by jimmy!"

A student at the Cornell University, in rendering an account to his father of his last term's expenses, closed his letter with, "Class," $35." His father wrote back, "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

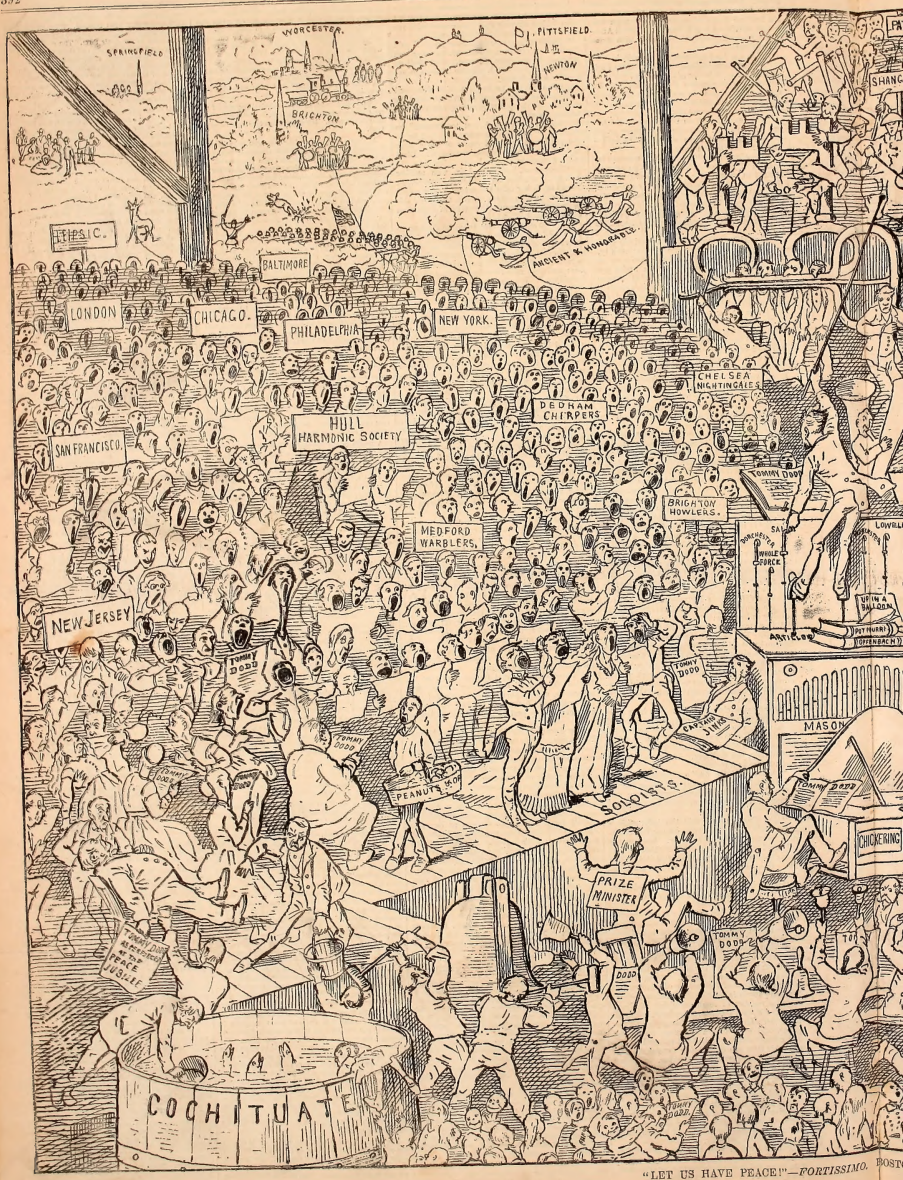
A young lady at Troy, while engaged in conversation with a gentleman, heard him a few days after a boarding resident in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native city?" inquired the young lady. "Well, yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

PASSING THE TIME—Going by a clock.

"Prisoner, why did you follow this man, and beat and kick him so shamefully?"

"I am sorry, your Honor; I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife."

The other day a little girl presented a letter at the post-office. There being no stamp on it, the postmaster inquired why it was so. She had not brought three cents. "No," she replied, "father has put the stamp inside."



"LET US HAVE PEACE!"—*FORTISSIMO.* BOST

O. BOSTON, JUNE, 1869.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER X.

AZALEA'S LETTER.

"I SAY, there's a letter for you," said Conrad, nudging Azalea, to call her attention to the fact.

"Oh," she cried, eagerly, "it *must* be from daddy! Where is it?—oh, where is it?"

It was just before the breakfast-hour: the children were gathered in the school-room, and the morning letters were lying in a salver near Miss Slater's hand.

Azalea opened hers with trembling fingers, and face in a glow of delight; but at the sight of a few straggling, crooked letters inscribed on the summit of the page her face changed woefully.

"Master Moore was tuck very bad this morn-in'." Such was the postscript old Betty had got her son, a "fine scholard," aged twelve, to add to Moore's letter to Azalea.

Poor Azalea read the rest of the letter through a blinding mist of tears. She quite missed the point of the deliciously limited temptation of puffy white rubbits. She remembered, with a pang of remorse, that it was a long time since the irregular verbs had assumed any shape or order in her mind.

"If you intend to have any breakfast you had better commence it once, as the things will be cleared away presently," Miss Slater said, harshly; and Azalea gulped down her tea, and tripped tears on to the bottom moiety of bread-and-butter; for the severest grief can not wholly do away with the instincts of hunger in a growing child.

When breakfast was finished, she arose and confronted Miss Slater.

"If you please, ma'am, I want to go home."

"Do you?" was the dry response; "and why?"

"Because my father is very ill," Azalea answered, with unusual humility in her shaking voice, "and I want to go to him directly."

"That is quite impossible," Miss Slater replied, calmly. "Lord Orme has gone to town for two or three days, and until I receive his instructions it is impossible that I should permit you to leave the house."

Azalea sank thoughtful and silent for a few minutes; then she walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" the governess asked, sharply.

"I am going to get ready to start," the child said, gravely. "I am going home to my father, who is very ill, and I want to go, and I will!"

She left the room as she spoke. Miss Slater was silenced, and somewhat taken aback by the child's grave decision of manner. Conrad whistled.

"Go it, ye cripples!" Tally-ho the grindery! how she screeches: and with that triumphant but mysterious mode of expressing his delight.

But Miss Slater was a woman prompt to determination. She went to her own room, without having put on Topaz's collar and chain, and her own hat and cloak, essayed to leave her bedroom, she found that the door was locked from the outside. She felt sick with anger and distress as the conviction that she had been trapped flushed on her. She beat the door with her hands and feet, and cried aloud in the hope of attracting some friendly assistance. Conrad, who was her sole auditory, explained to her in a gruff whisper that "Slater had got the key in her pocket."

He evidently did not feel equal to extracting it from that sacred refuge; but he was not unmoved by the vehement distress of his playmate. After a little deliberation the oracle spoke:

"It's no use trying the poker, it's grown thin from taking out grease-spots on the carpet. You must wait until the afternoon, and when Slater is out walking I'll bring the kitchen poker, which is a whopper."

Conrad apparently had the last sacrificed enough to friendship.

"It is no use feeling about here," he continued. "If Slater nabs me there'll be a row; and I don't want to quarrel with her to-day, for there's plum-duff for lunch, and she'll split me in my help. You keep quiet until I come back." Saying which, the heir of Orme whistled himself off, and Azalea was left to her own resources.

"I should like to kill her!" she said, with morose emphasis, but thoughts reverting to Miss Slater. "I should like to blacken her filthy blue eyes, and pull her long, thin nose!" which aspiration, if not heroic, were perhaps natural.

Seized by a sudden inspiration, she walked to the window and looked out. To her surprise she found that she overlooked the balcony of flowers that belonged to the next-door house, the fact being that the premises had formerly belonged to one owner, who had made communicating doors on the upper floor for the accommodation of a large family of children; and when Lord Orme rented his house he succeeded in persuading his fair neighbor, Lady Diana Merton, to allow him to retain, at a costly rent, the upper suit of rooms which belonged properly to herself.

The balcony was at a distance of about six feet from the nursery window, and she imagined that she would have but little difficulty in climbing over the iron partition that marked the line of separation between the balconies, if she could only succeed in getting down to their level.

She decided that it, and by way of preliminary commenced tying Topaz to her breast, swathing him in her old thin shawl, which, fortunately, had been left in her bedroom. Topaz struggled desperately in angry rebellion at this invasion of his rights of locomotion, but his mistress was firm, and as soon as she secured him she crawled on to the ledge, and let herself drop her full length on the other side. For one brief, agonized instant she thought she would give worlds to be back on the window-sill, and then she fell into the middle of some heliotropes and scarlet geraniums, and in a moment was on her feet again, a little shaken and bruised, but happy in Topaz's safety (he had given one angry astonished yelp, but was not hurt) and her own success.

She was over the iron railings and through the open window of Lord Orme's drawing-room before the owner of the balcony of flowers had recovered her surprise at the unexpected apparition which had so suddenly descended in a hollow and overturned the flower-pots. Azalea in her flying descent had unconsciously disturbed a very coy *Lady-a-Bye*.

Lady Diana was sitting by her window, looking lovely in a flow of pure-hued drapery and a flutter of fresh ribbons. She was revelling in the faint sweet odors the wind blew against her face, and enjoying the balm of the sunshine with a sense that the condition of a cripple was very sleepy content. On a low chair near to her sat a man, whose face was bright with the beauty of youth, and tender with its passion—a man who seemed to have little to say to the woman by his side, but who expressed volumes in the fervor with which he bent over and caressed the little hand which drooped near his own. He was lowering his lips to close upon it with a kiss, when he was interrupted, when he and his companion were awoke from the soft torpor of that pleasant moment by Azalea's unexpected appearance.

The gentleman started, swore under his breath, and blushed. The lady started a little, but did not blush. She withdrew her hand and helped her hand into the intricacies of a piece of crochet-work, and for a few minutes knitted diligently. Finding that no further invasion of her privacy was attempted, she resumed her old attitude, and did not rouse her companion from the trance of happiness in which her tender words enthralled him until she heard the clock strike one. Then, despite his pleading eyes and restraining hand, she rang a small bell, and commissioned her maid.

"Annette," she said, "please to send round to Lord Orme's, and ask the governess, with my compliments, not to let any more of the children tumble down in front of my window. Then bring my lunch. And, oh, Annette, you can show Mr. Mowbray out."

Lady Diana enjoyed her luncheon to-day. The chops were tender, the pastry light. "It melts in your mouth," she said, referring to the crust of the tart. She also thought the wine nice, with a pleasant expression of content in her face. "Boys are very nice and ingenuous," she mused; "not oh, what a bother they are! But he could have had his way every thing would have been cold. I dare say the stupid fellow never thought of my lunch. Men are so selfish when they're in love!"

She sipped some iced Moselle, and enjoyed the fresh sparkle and coolness of the wine. Then she dived her round fingers into dewy clusters of grapes, and ate them with sleepy appreciation of their delicacy. Apparently her thoughts again reverted to her lover.

"There's a bloom about them at that age" (a stranger might have imagined that she referred to the dun-coated grape she poised on her finger) "which you never see afterward. I wish he were not so fond of smiling when he says; they turn and tremble; they hope and fear; in fact, they love at one-and-twenty as they never do again. After that the poetry is gone from their hearts; all the sweet confusion is swept away like a silver mist, and they become dry, tough raisin. I much prefer them young—but then Lord Orme has thirty thousand a year."

She sighed a little, and then stood up stairs again to the drawing-room. She sat down on an easy-chair, and, taking up a large book, began to search for a name. "Conrad—"

"Here it is. 'Mowbray of Auriel, born 17—. Let me see. That makes him about sixty-five. He may have twenty years longer. Only son and heir Thurstan Mowbray, born 18—; residence, Auriel Court, Essex, etc. So Thurstan is just twenty-four, and may by no means be worth taking. Now for the Peerage. 'Baron Orme is of Orme House, Sussex; of 160 Grosvenor Square; of Kerrydale, Ireland; and Shelleston, in D—shire,' etc. That's more satisfactory, excepting that the son and heir is already provided."

She put down the book, and as she did so a page fluttered back, and she caught sight of her own name. A cloud passed over her face as she recognized the familiar entry: "Merton, the Hon. Stewart, born 18—, second son of the late Lord Clanbrassil, and wife Lady Diana Torlan, only daughter of the late Earl of Plaishire. Mr. Merton is author of the well-known 'Essex Snakes, in his passage from Calcutta to England." We had only been married a year, Lady Diana mused, when the *Sea Serpent* sailed, whenever she wanted to make capital of this affliction of the past. "He was going to England in six months, and I was left to go aboard at the same time of the death of my poor father-in-law and my dear husband." A few lines were written in ink under the formal record of Stewart Merton's birth and death, saying that the deceased was only thirty years of age at the time of the disastrous wreck of the *Sea Serpent*, that he had been seen exerting himself to the utmost to secure the lives of others, but when urged to the boats refused to leave the ship until the last steps to do so, "which was the more extraordinary as he left a young and beautiful bride inconsolable for his loss."

These were the lines at which Lady Diana's brow clouded as her eye fell on them accidentally.

"It was very strange," she murmured; "I never understood it." And she sang over several times thrilled her heart when she remembered a certain flirtation she was indulging in at the time of her husband's death; but she consoled herself with the reflection that, "as he never knew it, it couldn't hurt his feelings." That was fifteen years ago.

"If he had lived he would have been forty-five now. Ah, well, perhaps it is better as it is. He was a stern man even under the softening of the first twelve months of matrimony. I dare say he would have led me a life. There can be no doubt about it, I suppose," she continued, as she flung down the book and lounged back in the sofa. "But I have been sure, quite sure, to have put in an appearance or have been heard of before now—fifteen years—of course it's certain. It's only the pleasant people who stay away so long. Milliners' bills, country cousins, insolvent lovers, and ungreeable husbands are not to be so easily got rid of."

"Nor boy lovers either," she added, with a smile, as the flush of broken flowers brought back her visitor to her mind.

"I wonder what he is doing now; thinking of me, no doubt." So saying Lady Diana curled herself round comfortably on the sofa and fixed her gaze on a buzzing blue-bottle until the fly seemed blotting ghost of a fly, as her eyes closed in sleep.

As for Thurstan Mowbray, he was sitting on a mound of turf in the sunshine, his sunning fiercely on his head, the foam splashing to his feet, and he was whispering his heart's secret to the incoming tide, and wondering how it was the waves appeared to be so exultantly, so madly glad, and the wind so ineffably sweet; how it was that the elements seemed filled with glim, mysterious hints of happiness. In one instant he drew in all earth's gladness with his breath, and was not that life and love immortality; in another he pined to die, to sob out his last sigh on that hand whose remembered caress still thrilled his breast.

In a word, he was four-and-twenty, and in love for the first time, and so thought of any thing but his luncheon.

CHAPTER XI.

THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE.

AZALEA was fortunate enough to find Conrad the only tenant of the drawing-room when she entered it through the window. His nerves received a shock at the unexpectedness of her appearance. He was stroking his nose with a ruler, and hit himself severely in his agitation. Then, with tears of pain and enthusiasm, he solemnly pronounced her to be "a brick, a first rater, and the right sort."

"I've often thought of doing it," he said, looking anxiously at the scene of the exploit, "but was afraid of Slater coming down.

When his excitement had subsided, Azalea found him a most useful friend.

"Have you any thin' in my tin?" he asked.

"Any *what?*" said Azalea, mystified.

"Any tin; any money. I've none for money. Dear me, you *are* a muff in some things, Azalea."

He lent her a sovereign of his own money on the security of a note of one pound, to be payable two days after date.

"If you were to play my tricks, now, I should quod you," he said, gravely. He examined *Great's show*, and told her what trains she was to catch. "I'll see you off from the station myself," he said, "and shall be down by two."

Azalea thanked him gratefully.

"I shall never forgee it," she murmured, with emotion.

"All serene," was his indifferent response, and then they started for the station. On arriving there Conrad found that many officials about in the most lordly manner, and as he was very well known from his frequent expeditions on the line to Brighton for his father, he was treated with respect and attention.

He gave Azalea directions what to do when she got to London, and one of the guards promised to see the little girl ("who was going home to see her sick governor") safely transferred to the cab which was to despatch her to the other terminus.

"Now can I thank you enough, Conrad?" the girl said, gratefully.

Conrad winked.

"Stand me a dozen woodpeckers' eggs," he whispered. "They're thought no end at school; they're awfully difficult to find down here, and consist of putting their hands in the cherry-trees, 'cause of snakes."

When Lord Orme heard of Azalea's flight he was extremely angry and mortified. True, he had several times condemned his own folly for bringing her to an atmosphere so uncongenial to her nature and education; he had sworn that between the secret love he felt toward her and his sensibility of the awkwardness of the position in which he had placed himself, he had considered a hundred schemes for placing her in such circumstances that her happiness might excuse his deception; he would cover her handsomely, although money was not more plentiful with him than it is with many other reputed possessors of thirty thousand a year; he would see that she married well; he would, in short, do any thing but what was right: it is not so easy to do right when the proceeding necessitates the confession of a long course of wrong.

As Lord Orme was driven down to Auriel to ascertain her safety and see how matters stood he felt himself strangely drawn toward Azalea. He felt more like going home as he got nearer this neglected child than he ever did when about to re-enter his own luxurious house.

The memory of a tender voice and ever-loving face made a welcome for him in Azalea's greeting of which she was totally unconscious; indeed, her heart sank with something like a qualm of fear when she heard the wheels of Lord Orme's carriage drive up to the house; but she put aside her own emotions to soothe those of her foster-father. The exquisite pain with which she had first witnessed and understood the extent of his illness had not been unmixed with remorse. She felt, if she had not deserted him, perhaps this dreadful calamity would not have fallen on him.

"I am not going to leave you, dad," she said, in quick response to the expression which troubled his eyes, when they heard the approaching carriage-wheels. "Nothing in the world could make me leave you."

The paralytic looked more satisfied; but the anxious expression recurred as Lord Orme entered the room and embraced Azalea, with evident emotion. Azalea, who had expected a scolding, hung her head, abashed.

"I was very sorry," she stammered, "to come away like that—but he was so ill, you see."

"Yes, I see," Lord Orme said, gravely.

He sat down by the sick man's side, and watched him with pity and concern; then he turned to the child and drew her toward him, Moore following the movement with jealous eye.

"I'm going to talk to you very seriously, Azalea," Lord Orme said. "I can only spend a short time here, as I must catch the next train to London; but I want to take you with me."

Azalea shook her head, but Lord Orme checked the impending refusal.

"Stop! Just listen to and then consider what I say. The doctors tell me that my little Rosa is very delicate, and that for her health's sake I must spend the winter abroad. I shall leave England next week."

Then he explained to Azalea, in simple and explicit terms, what his wishes were concerning herself. He wanted her to go abroad with him, to be educated like one of his own children; he would give her every advantage they possessed. She should be independent of Miss Slater; every pleasure that wealth could obtain should be lavished on her. She should be initiated in almost all the beauties of the strange countries she should visit; he made her see hundreds of snow-hills flushed by sunset, and hear the babble of waterfalls that rumbled down their clefted sides: he pictured grand old cities, rich with the beauty of their decay, and enumerated the wonders of perfect art. He represented to her how different would be her life should she elect to spend it with this invalid in this dull old mansion. "You will be sufficiently refined to feel pain in associating with peasants," he urged; "but if you grow up in the neighborhood no other society, it will then be too late to take your place among your equals." He promised that if she consented to leave him, the invalid should be surrounded with every comfort that money could procure. "He will be better off than he is now; he shall have the best medical attendance, and nurses to wait on him day and night."

Moore and Azalea had gone to George Moore's side and was looking at him with her violet eyes brimming over with tenderness.

"He will be very miserable, dear child," she said. "I am holding your hand tight. I shall not leave go of it." Then she looked up shyly at Lord Orme. "You are very kind," she said, "and I should like to see Conrad again and the beautiful hills of grass; but, you see, when I was ill you were so handsome; daddy took such care of me; and it wouldn't be fair to leave him now he is helpless, and I can be of use to him. I love him better than any thing in the world—indeed he is the only thing I have to love, except Topaz. I shall never leave daddy again as long as I live."

She spoke in a tone so unaffectedly sincere and firm that Lord Orme felt it would be useless to urge further persuasion. He turned his head away from her.

"She forgave me before she died," he thought, "but her child cancels the forgiveness." He then walked up to Moore.

"You see she is faithful to you," he said, bitterly. "I will not let me atone for the past. You, who can neither move nor speak, have more influence with her than I, after all my concessions. I offer her a home and her good-by forever. I could not endure to meet her in the future and see her preferring me to that, should she survive you, she will have no difficulty in drawing the money. I hope you will get better and live to enjoy many happy years. You are a richer man than I, Moore; for if I were in your state, I don't believe a single creature would care by my will whether I lived or died."

So saying, Lord Orme left the room, and was descending the broad oak stairs, when he felt a little hand glide into his own, and said:

"You didn't say good-by to me?" pleaded Azalea.

"But you have said good-by to me for good and all," Lord Orme said, with suppressed passion. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Oh, child, child!" he cried, "I once knew a face like yours—but it never turned away from me as yours has done to-day!"

"Miss Zalea!" called old Sally, from the top of the stairs, "master seems mighty uneasy without you! Won't ye come back?"

Azalea disengaged herself rapidly from Lord Orme's grasp.

"Good-by; I must go to daddy," she said, hastily. "Please give this packet to Conrad."

She turned away as she spoke, and Lord Orme gave a last look at her fair head as it flashed

post the oak balustrades, and then re-entered his carriage.

George Moore heard the wheels rolling away, and his eyes twinkled brightly as they fell on the little figure by his side.

"I should have been miserable without you, dad," Azalea said, interrupting herself in the middle of a little song she was singing to amuse the invalid. "Why, I'm wretched if I'm not looking at you."

The old man looked a blessing at her with his eyes, and the child sang the summery carols near his silver ones, and finished the song in low soft tones which lulled the invalid to sleep. The sweet gloom of the afternoon crowding in on them thus, and when, after a short slumber, George Moore awoke, it was to the happiness of knowing that, waking or sleeping, that little face would henceforth keep constant watch over him.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT DOUGLAS.

AUTUMN grew older and deepened in warmth and color: the ripe berries dropped thickly round the barberry-trees, and faint-scented ridges of clematis blossom lay on the Auriel window-sills. As the red glow faded from the earth, cold hints of winter began to blow through the warm scented blaze of color; touches of storm moaned in the restless sea, and the cry of the boughs, and the winds were full of the freshness of angry curling seas and raining clouds.

At Ardcarne the boughs, drifted leaves, and bruised fruit were the only victims to the wind's equinoctial madness, but round the rough edged coast the cries of wailing followed the track of distressed vessels and submerged boats. On the roughest of oft-trodden highways, the British Channel, the passage of a less tragic character, was scarcely less intense in degree.

On one of these restless September nights the packet from Boulogne to Folkestone only carried two passengers who were not in a state either of incipient seasickness or utter collapse. One of these exceptions was the captain of a merchant vessel, and he viewed the sufferings of his fellow-passengers with a benign contempt which would have been hard to bear had not misery made them reckless.

He was a bluff hearty man, and trod the heaving deck as gayly as if it had been a level meadow. He enjoyed his cigar, and he whistled tunes to the wind, and altogether treated the elements as old friends should be treated, with cordial ease and fondness.

He cast many a look at his vessel, full of self-possession, expecting every moment to see him prostrated as ignominiously as the other victims to the rough passage. He was even malicious enough to puff a puff of smoke in the direction of his companion's moody face, but so far from being discomposed, the latter kicked up his head and said,

"Can you give me a cigar?"

The sea-captain stared through the gloom at the tall figure before him, answering with mechanical politeness,

"With pleasure, Sir."

The stare was given to the poverty-stricken aspect of the speaker—the courtesy to his gentle high-bred voice.

"Thank you," the owner of the shabby clothes said, bowing. "One doesn't feel so hungry after smoking."

"We shall get a jolly supper at the Pavilion," the captain said, comfortably. "When I'm aboard and feel easy the empty fellow can carry away from the d—d thin dinners, I sit and plan what I'll have when I get to cozy England again. Last night I've planned to have roast mutton and butter-pudding. I dare say it's roasting now," he added, meditatively.

"That sounds very nice," the smoker said, moving away, for he was now puffing his cigar vigorously and felt disinclined for conversation; but the captain came to the end of his, and followed him up the deck.

"Isn't it jolly getting near the home lights again?" he said, pointing to some not faint yellow specks that could sometimes be seen between the cleft of the waves.

"Well, yes, particularly, I think," the smoker said, indifferently.

"Think of one's dinner, to say nothing of one's wife," the captain suggested, with his rubicund face soft with sentiment. "Perhaps you haven't got a missus?" he suggested, presently.

"I don't think so."

"Well, you are a rum 'un," laughed the seaman. "Perhaps you don't look forward to your dinner?"

"I can't say I do."

"What do you look forward to, then?"

"Nothing."

"Then why the dickens do you come—I mean, Sir—I beg pardon for being so cheeky"—checking himself; "but you quite take the wind out of my sails. I can't understand a man not knowing whether he has a wife, and not caring about English fare."

"I have been away from England a long time," the other observed.

"Ah! that makes a difference; dare say you don't know what tricks your wife's been up to. There was Bill Somers, of my crew; he was very unfortunate in his partner: went abroad six times, found her married to a Queen's man each time he came back, and the double family came very hard on him. She was a handy woman, though, hard-working and industrious; and a handy woman, whether she's married to one man or six, ain't to be sneezed at."

For a moment a gust of wind carried some other of the seaman's philosophical doctrines to leeward; then he returned again to the attack. "Are you expecting to meet any friends there?" he asked, observing that his *companion* was looking toward the fast-nearing shore.

"To the best of my belief I have no friend," the latter said, slowly. "There is one man in England who should be glad to remember my face; but I dare say he will fail to recognize it."

"Going on to town to-night?"

"Yes, I think so."

The boat stopped at Folkestone Pier; the seaman looked again at the disreputable hat and shabby coat.

"I've a great mind to ask him to dinner," he thought; "but he looks such a queer cadger: I'll keep the gentleman in his ways, though, and seems so lonely, too."

Feeling bashful with his good intentions, the merchantman cleared his throat and stammered,

"I say, Mr.—"

"Douglas," supplemented the stranger, quietly.

"Mr. Douglas, will you come and have a snack with me? I'm at the Pavilion, and you know what I've got to expect—roast and d—d: there'll be plenty for two."

"If you are very kind, Mr. Douglas said, pleasantly; "but, my dear Sir, there is one thing an Englishman can never forget, however prolonged his absence may have been from the land of his birth."

"And that is—"

"The impurity of the British hotel-keeper. I wouldn't for worlds be the cause of doubling your remorse when you come to pay the long bill that will be presented to you to-morrow morning, when you're in too great a hurry to catch the train to do more (or less) than curse and pay. Good-night, and many thanks for your kindness, but I was very grateful to you for that excellent cigar; it will be quite as good as a dinner to me. Good-night."

"Good-night," the seaman said, regretfully. "I'm sorry you can't come."

"Good-night, and thank you."

The man who called himself Douglas disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the railway station. He finished a comfortless meal; he got into one of the second-class carriages of the London train; and while he sits there, the lamp-light shining through the dirty glass on head and crossed hands—delicate, blue-veined hands, they are—the appearance of which contrasted oddly with the coarse material of the sleeve that circled them—let us give a few words of description to this man whom no one welcomed back to his native land after an absence of nearly fifteen years.

He was a man of some forty odd years of age, and he looked even older, for his hair was gray and his features sent, like a mirror, every cloud what harsh and strongly-marked; his eyebrows shaggy and iron-colored, like his thick, waving hair; his mouth full and sensual, the jaw massive, the eyes deep-set and thoughtful. Power dwelt in his broad, wrinkled forehead and pensive eyes—such subtle, mysterious power as one sometimes endows men with, making them royal in a kingdom where to be supreme is to be immortal.

But if the grand brow and searching gaze betokened the mind's subtle triumph over matter, the sensual mouth asserted itself in the animals. Some would have called it a sensual mouth, and imagined that the brain had found it difficult to keep its ethereal supremacy over the grosser elements hinted at by full sensual lips.

I do not wish to indicate that Robert Douglas was the slave of his senses; all his life he had been their master; but his intellect, too proud and mighty to be abused, was not in sympathy with them. He had drunk, loved, and laughed in his youth, and had reached enjoyment's sweetest and most perilous heights. Love, and fame, and fun, his refined palate, his passionate richness of emotion, had wondrously intensified the glory of youth's existence. Unhappily the capability to enjoy keenly implies the power to suffer greatly.

Robert Douglas had lived to loathe his life as much as he had once reveled in it. He had rejoiced as few men can rejoice, but he had suffered as few men have suffered. The fiery fever-period life's prime the days were no longer bright with. Hope's allurements for him; his heart might not throb with pleasure, glow with anticipation. The past was his future—not the past of his blithe youth, but the past of his manhood's prime, when life ceased to fear, and stagnant waste. He rarely smiled now, and never wept; he neither hoped nor feared; he only feared to forget. The years of suffering that had once convulsed his soul had passed away, leaving nothing but the dull ache of its memory.

I have said that he had ceased to fear, and I was wrong in so saying. He had one terror, and that was the apprehension of aught occurring that might again make the flame of pain leap in his breast. He would have dreaded equally any return of his old happiness. The very vastness and greatness of his joy had aided to break his heart, and henceforth he shrank from the scent of the roses as from the poisonous air of their decay. For sweet treachery and the sharp wound were inseparably connected.

As we gaze on him his mind was as great as his heart. An ordinary man might have succumbed to fatuous self-indulgence, might have sought compensation for his disappointments in one sense in reckless prostitution of another; but the sorrow that had dulled the one great joy of his life roused lesser pleasures to appear tasteless and insufficient.

Such was he whom the train was hurrying through the tempestuous autumn night on his road to London. He knew that no face would brighten at his approach, no outstretched hand meet his at his journey's end. The quick rain and the bleak wind, the outside of unfriendly doors—these were all that awaited him as he left the shelter of the railway terminus. On the whole, Robert Douglas felt more utterly desolate on this first night of his return to his mother country than he had ever done in solitudes where the savage jaguar lurked in dense shadows; where the cries of wild animals shrilled over a lonely but luxuriant world of tropical vegetation; where strange-faced beasts looked at him through the leaves, and the red man's shadow flitted dark against the sun.

As whatever art of story-telling I care to pursue is not of the sensational order, which delights in dead secrets and living surprises, I must say one word more of this Robert Douglas before I proceed. Perhaps the reader has already guessed who he is: I think I can guess it soon; and in any case, I do not affect to conceal that he is Lady Diana's husband, supposed to be drowned —Stuart Merton.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHE IS FOOLING HIM.

LADY DIANA MERTON never looked more attractive than when attired for riding. Her warmhued hair was massed in compact and glistening folds high at the back of her shapely head. The throat underneath was fair and round; delicately-tinted rose glowed through the dark shadow of the riding veil, and the smooth, close-fitting cloth habit showed the full, lithe outline of her figure to perfection. On the morning succeeding the stormy night we have described, she was standing in her little drawing-room in London awaiting the coming of her horses. She had been waiting some little time, for her grooms were insolent and ill-paid, but it never irked Lady Diana. She was in a place where there were mirrors; and for the last few minutes she had revealed in the self-content with which the reflection of her beauty inspired her. Captain Mowbray was presently announced, and the lady greeted him with a tender clasp of her newly-gloved little hand.

"How nice you look!" he said, simply.

"How very inadequately he expresses it!" Lady Diana said to herself, with a covert glance at the mirror.

Thurstan bent his handsome head low near the lady's cheek.

"Did you hear the storm last night?" he murmured.

"No," she answered, unsuspiciously; "I slept very well."

"Not I," he said, reproachfully. "I never do sleep now."

She looked up at him with her gray eyes sparkling. "Poor gentlemen in the army are not celebrated for keeping good hours," she observed, sententiously.

"It is not that," he said, with agitation; "it is—"

But what it was must remain a secret in Captain Mowbray's troubled mind for the present, for a servant opened the door and announced the horses. Lady Diana followed quickly down the stairs.

"I'm glad he didn't say too much," she thought, as she looked down with a sweet smile on Captain Mowbray's somewhat lingering endeavors to arrange her little foot in the stirrup. "When they ask me to marry, it's all up with me. It brings things to an unsatisfactory conclusion; for I am obliged to say no, and then they find me out."

Thurstan Mowbray did not gain another opportunity to-day of saying more than a few words to Lady Diana. She was joined by a lady friend immediately after, and the three cantered abreast under the pleasant shade of the Row, Thurstan riding only just behind the ladies, for his mistress. Town was nearly empty—that is to say, in a fashionable point of view—and Captain Mowbray thought it a little cruelty of the gayly-dressed country women, where gray partridges were falling like hail under the aim of one or two of his friends, and who were fortunate enough to own good shooting quarters. "Denzil asked me down to his father's to shoot," he observed presently to Lady Diana, who was always quick to detect and condemn any one's selfishness but her own, said, scornfully,

"And you didn't go, I suppose, to me?"

"You know why," he stammered; "you know that I can only get a few days' leave now and then, and I wanted to spend those days where you are, and—"

"It was too short a time to make it worth while to go to your friend's?" Lady Diana suggested, dryly.

"Not at all. I might have got two clear days' shooting at Denzil's place, and I am a good shot, though you mayn't think it; and I do wish you would go, my dear, for a little change," Thurstan spoke on, "Captain Mowbray said, in an injured tone.

"I had staying at other people's houses," pawned Lady Diana. "One never gets one's comforts attended to. It has taken years to educate my maid's household to my wishes. I am old enough not to like being crossed in my little requirements. I like to be sure that my tea is good, my tea strong, my bed a mattress, and my letters certain to go to the post. On those points one is always helpless, and generally ends in a total disappointment."

"I wonder if I could make you happy in a house of mine?" Captain Mowbray murmured, edging nearer to her side.

Lady Diana's mare balked out at this moment, and Captain Mowbray's horse prudently sidled away.

"I think it was a fly," the lady said, innocently; and the three cantered on the faster from the temporary excitement of the horses.

"Confound the fly," Thurstan muttered, moreover, as he rode with a cloud on his brow. He had been baffled several times lately in his efforts to make Lady Diana understand his sentiments: in his ignorance he was not aware how little so practiced a coquette required any such enlightenment; and the struggle between the eloquence of his feelings and his difficulty in expressing them frequently made sore confusion in his mind.

"He looks handsomest when he's sulky," Lady Diana thought as she noted Captain Mowbray's air of depression. "It is a pity one is too tenderhearted to keep him so. Men who are in love look such fools when they're pleased."

Thurstan was not in love, as Lady Diana's dear by this time; she looked with satisfaction at her lover as he swung himself lightly off his horse.

"Such a perfect figure!" she murmured to herself. Captain Mowbray, you can not drink tea with me to-day. I expect my aunt." (Oh, Lady Diana!) "—She's a Quaker, and has an abhorrence of dragoons. Good-by, and—" the rest of the sentence reached only his ear as her figure swayed forward into his arms and he lifted her to the ground. He looked at her, his face flushed with pleasure.

"You make me so happy!" he stammered, under his breath. Lady Diana smiled a divine smile of pity and tenderness, and felt herself to be performing with the nice skill of human kindness.

There was a witness to this little scene which no one took any notice, but nevertheless he appeared to be much interested in the group assembled round Lady Diana's door. This was a man who leaned against the area railings, and looked at the lady as she dismounted with a gaze so fixed, intense and searching that she noticed it even in all the flutter of gratified vanity. It was her own husband, and she knew him not.

"What do you want?" she said, pausing on the steps and gathering up her skirts that they might not come in contact with the man's coarse-looking garments.

"Nothing," he answered, shortly, and turned away.

"Mad! poor creature," Lady Diana said, compassionately, watching the tall ill-clad figure as it disappeared down a by-street. Then she went on slowly to prepare herself for a new visitor—not a Quaker aunt, but a dignitary of the Church.

"I am never yet seen a spooney bishop," she said, meditatively, as she put on a fresh muslin robe, and fastened starry blossoms of Cape jasmine in her hair, and in the bright folds of her hair. "I wonder what his lordship will think of me, and if he will find his knowledge of the Thirty-nine Articles of any use to him?"

LITTLE MAY.

Oh! empty is her little bed
And useless stands my darling's chair,
That sunny face, that golden head,
Shall never more be seen there!

Oh! silent is the little room
Where once her childish voice was heard;
No sunlight ever breaks the gloom;
The blinds are never stirred.

For little May, fair as the light,
Fresh as the flowers that bloom and die,
Is singing with the angels bright,
In lands beyond the sky.

JOHN BULL AS A BARKING DOG.

THE English correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, May 30, writes:

"In the Charing Cross railway station, and on the approaches kept by a Belgian establishment, may be seen to-day an exhibition of fine arts considerably more interesting, for the moment, than any of the crowded galleries in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. A series of four cartoons is displayed, the authors of which have done us the honor to select America for the subject of their illustrations. The four cartoons are published in four different papers by courtesy called comic; and, whatever may be the merit of them as an artistic point of view, they illustrate very well the popular feeling about the American claims.

On page 397 we give copies of the four cartoons referred to by the *Tribune* correspondent. As they illustrate a pleasant phase of John Bull's character, it will be scarcely fair to withhold them from our readers.

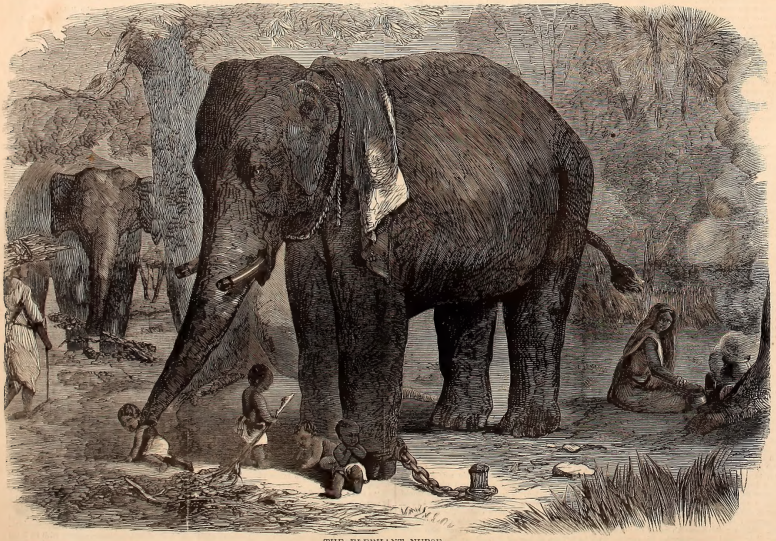
AN ELEPHANT NURSE.

We have seen the elephant engaged in many occupations that would seem to require a quality of instant humanity upon mere—such, for example, as laying water-pipes of great weight in their respective trenches with wonderful precision, lifting great over bad roads, and punishing their brother elephants, when directed by the mahouts or drivers, by thrashing them with a heavy chain made for the purpose—with trunks effect by their long trunks. But the scene depicted on page 396 shows it in a character which will be novel to most of our readers. The sketch was taken at a halting-ground on the high-road to Candahar, where a party of merchants, with their families, had encamped for the night. The wives, engaged in preparing the evening meal, had confided their offspring to the care of one of the huge quadrupeds of the party, and it was curious and interesting to observe the anxiety of the brute to perform the office intrusted to it conscientiously. Two of the babies, more nimble than the others, caused it great anxiety, for they were constantly trying to crawl beyond the limits of the chain tether, and more than once had nearly succeeded; but the watchfulness of the nurse was soon to be equal, and with the utmost gentleness it would lift its tender charges with its huge proboscis slowly within the limits assigned for.

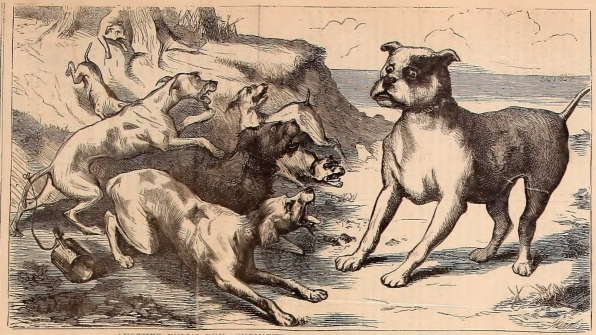
A GROUP OF CATTLE.

them, generally between its fore-legs. The mothers the while seemed perfectly confident as to the children's safety, seldom turning their eyes from the pot of rice bubbling in the chula.

An elephant has just been imported by Mr. J. M. FRENCH, which is the largest specimen ever seen in this country. It was presented by the Russian Emperor to Mr. ROSENBACH, and was brought here by Mr. CHARLES RICE, of London. She is 11 feet 6 inches high, weighs 12,000 pounds, and is 30 years old. She is represented as being kind and docile.

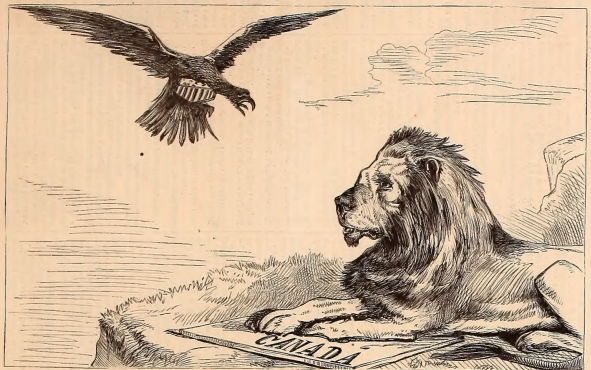


THE ELEPHANT NURSE.



ANOTHER BULL'S RUN.—SUBMITTED FOR A MERRY CUR'S CONSIDERATION.
"ONLY, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU MAKE THIS BULL RUN, IT WILL BE *AFTER YOU!*"

THE MOTLEY CREW.
Brother Jonathan. "WA'AL, MR. BULL, I GUESS WE'VE DROPPED IN TO GATHER HOW YOU MEAN TO SETTLE OUR LITTLE BILL."
John Bull. "IN THIS MANNER, BROTHER JONATHAN, IF NECESSARY."



"COME, IF YOU DARE!"
DEDICATED, WITH THE VERY WARMEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION, TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE, BY HIS LOVING COUSIN, THE BRITISH LION.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.
Jonathan. "WA'AL, JOHN DON'T SEEM MUCH SCARED, ANY HOW, ABOUT FITIN'. WONDER HOW MANY DOLLARS HE'LL SHELL OUT TO SATISFY OUR NATIONAL HONOR?" [*Quite as much as it is worth, depend upon it.*—JUDY.

JOHN BULL AS A BARKING DOG.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

THE ILLEGAL MARRIAGE;

OR,

CECY MORGAN'S TRIAL.

BY HON. EVELYN ASHBY.

[NOTE.—Thousands of our readers, residents of Central Georgia, will thank us for placing before them an accurate narrative of the Echaconnee Tragedy. When this case was under judicial investigation, as the residents of Bibb County are well aware, it was surrounded by a halo of mystery which the most experienced detectives failed to penetrate or dispel; and although the person accused of the murder was released for want of sufficient evidence to convict, to this day many Georgians doubt the innocence of the suspected party. Fortunately, the mystery which occasioned these doubts is now explained, and the narrative will be perused with interest, not only by Georgians, but by the public generally; for, although a record of real life, it possesses all the elements of a romance.—ED.]

CHAPTER I.

THE ECHACONNEE TRAGEDY.

About the middle of autumn one can find few climates more agreeable than that of the middle counties of Georgia and Alabama. During the day the air is warm and pleasant—a soft purplish haze hangs over the landscape—and the evenings are superb.

Italy can boast of more gorgeous sunsets than those of the Georgian middle counties. The twilight is long, and blends slowly with the moonlight, which is softer and shady sult, and sets out the dark plane la bold relief.

Near the swamps which border upon some creek there is a peculiar and indescribable charm in these moonlight evenings. The senses seem steeped in the perfume of roses and magnolias, while from the dark woods come the songs of the mocking-bird, as weird and varied as those of the European nightingale.

But here, as elsewhere, Nature has various moods. Sometimes the sun goes down in blood-red disk behind a veil of haze, in which, an hour later, the sombre crescent moon is seen above the pines. The air is heavy and oppressive; while the wild songs of the mocking-bird are exchanged for the piping of frogs and the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill.

This state of the atmosphere is particularly observed along the Echaconnee—a stream bordered with dank, heavy swamps, home of the alligator and deadly moccasin—which runs through and forms a part of the dividing line between the counties of Bibb, Crawford, and Houston. At such times a presentiment of trouble—a nameless dread—is weighing ill—seems to pervade the atmosphere, having a wonderfully depressing effect upon the mind.

On a night like this, some few years ago, Mr. William Stannard—a man of five and thirty, and a large planter in the County of Houston—sat on the veranda of his house, slowly puffing his Havana in the shade of a large magnolia. Very quiet he sat, moving only now and then when he indolently took the cigar from his mouth and blew out a long cloud of smoke.

Perhaps Mr. or Colonel Stannard was not a "very handsome man," yet there was something very striking in his appearance. Tall and slight as he first appeared, it was muscular and compact, while his shoulders seemed to grow in breadth upon you. Great muscular power was concealed beneath the lazy grace of his manner.

His hazel eyes were placid and kindly, his brown moustache and imperial filled all defects of outline, and his hand was small and white enough for a lady. Sitting there under his own vine and fig-tree, he looked exactly what he was—a man of travel and of culture—a wealthy planter—a man satisfied with himself and the world.

But on this night his mind was unusually depressed. A mist was gathering over the valley, and as his eyes turned toward the belt of woods marking the Echaconnee he, too had his half-discovered view moving slowly drooping behind the pines. The stars were hidden, and in the dim light the fire on his cigar threw fitful circles about his face.

Presently the cigar was forgotten, and fancy carried away his soul. A vision had come to him—a vision of the sweet girl, loved. Cecilia Morgan! Beautiful Cecy Morgan! Why had she come to haunt him when nearly overpowered in his struggle to forget her? He had given her up to another! Why was he not reconciled to the thought of her being Alfred Gourry's wife? No: it was useless to deceive himself—he loved her still. It was madness to think of her.

At that very moment was another in agony of doubt and fear. At that moment Cecy Morgan was kneeling beside her bed, in the cold house beyond the creek, clutching the coverlet in her hand, and—thinking of him. But, just parted with her betrothed, she had come to pray away her doubts. She wished to love Alfred Gourry, who had promised to be his wife; but she knew that she loved another. Stannard could not love her, she thought, and she would make Alfred a good wife.

Still Stannard wondered at his depression, but at length rose from his chair. "Pshaw!" he muttered, "why should I bother my head with thinking. It does me no good. Sir Philip Sidney was right when he said, 'Reason can not show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.'"

The air grew damp and heavy. A southerly wind was rising, which, sighing through the trees, made the night still more uncomfortable. Throwing away his cigar after one long puff, he paused to watch the parabola of light until it ended in a bed of garden violets, and shone like a glow-worm among the leaves.

He retired, but only to find his slumber broken and uneasy. A sense of impending ill hung heavy on his mind. Throughout the long night, it seemed to him, he was rolling and tossing about, but near morning he was suddenly roused with a vague consciousness that somebody was calling him.

That it was not a dream he soon learned, for he sprang out of bed at the heard a sharp "hallos" at the gate, and a quick "rat-tat-tat" upon it with a stick.

Throwing up the window, he saw through the darkness of the morning the dim outline of a man on horseback.

"What is it?" he called quickly.

"Please go up to Echaconnee, sir. The old man is—"

A gust of wind slammed the blind in his face, and he barely caught the word "doctor," as the horseman disappeared.

"That was Morgan's man," he mused, hurriedly throwing on his clothes: "it was Ogletree's voice—I wonder what is wrong on the hill."

In less than half an hour he was galloping down the road. Passing the last patch of woods, his horse shied, and, on looking around, he caught a mere glimpse of the man sticking down behind a fallen tree. In a second the names of Alfred Gourry and old Abner Hawks came into his mind. Was it really they, and at such an hour, in such a place? He turned his horse quickly into the wood, but saw no one. It was daybreak, but still dark and stormy, when he arrived at Morgan's house. Half a dozen hounds answered his call, and amid their noise a negro spoke.

"What's the matter?" Stannard asked quickly.

The yelp of the dogs prevented him hearing the reply. Two negro men were by the door, but too terrified to speak. Stannard pushed open the door to the left, and entered a small room. It was empty.

Lying upon the bed shouting or talking incoherently, and wildly swinging his arms about, was old Morgan, the ruddy face covered with blood, his hands gashed and bleeding.

With a quick glance Stannard took in the details of his room, observing many signs of a struggle. One window was broken, the chairs were in confusion, the inner door hung by one hinge, while spots of blood were plentiful about the floor.

Squatted in the corners were the house-servants, wailing loudly; and at the foot of the bed kneeled the old man's daughter, Cecilia—a girl of one and twenty, and of uncommon beauty.

Stannard was shocked at her appearance. She did not seem to recognize him.

"Oh, Cecy! for Heaven's sake tell me—tell me, Cecy —who has—has—"

He could not finish, for she bowed her head on his words. Seeing the terrified condition of all, he caught one of the old man's hands.

"Why, Morgan," he said, holding firmly upon the hand, "what is the matter? Be quiet, won't you?"

At the sound of his voice Morgan ceased struggling, and turned his head a little on one side, as if trying to catch the tone again.

"Don't you know me, Morgan? Speak to me. Look up a little."

Slowly the wounded man opened his eyes, but it was some time before he seemed to be conscious. Stannard spoke again:

"My dear old friend! Do look at me a minute. Don't you know me?"

The veil eyes turned full upon him now, and a look of recognition was apparent. With a few convulsive pushes Morgan bared his breast, displaying a mass of bloody wounds.

"See, boy—see, my boy—"

He gargled out the words, and looked at Stannard, who started back at the horrid sight.

"Good Heaven, Morgan! who has done this? Who could have done it?"

Grasping his throat with one hand, and gasping for breath, the old man pointed to his daughter.

"She—my boy—she—"

A cry of blood choked him for a moment, and Stannard's eyes followed the gaunt finger. Miss Morgan watched intently.

"Cecy, you know. Ike been—my—death," the old man, with great difficulty.

With a wail of despair, Miss Morgan fell to the floor, and, turning to her side, pushed away against Doctor Tripps, who was just entering, after being a short witness to this painful scene.

"Ogletree, you know. Ike—"

Another flood choked him for a moment, and Stannard's eyes followed the gaunt finger. Miss Morgan watched intently.

"A bad business," said Tripps, who was examining the wounds.

"Horrible! horrible!" Stannard replied, throwing himself upon a lounge. In a semi-comatose state he oughowed the physician and the unmoved the wounds. At length Tripps turned from his work.

"A sad case, Stannard," he said, stroking his beard; "but I found it'll long case."

"It is sad, doctor, but I can not believe it."

"Believe what, Stannard?" Tripps asked.

"You know what I mean and? I can never believe she—that Miss Morgan—"

The sentence was not completed, for Stannard sprang to his feet, and hobbled about the floor. Tripps watched also, and there, before them, looking like a ghost or a marble statue, stood Cecilia Morgan, accused of murder.

CHAPTER II.

With open eyes, which seemed to look through them rather than at them, and the steady gaze of a somnambulist, Miss Morgan turned to the doctor, and gently passed her hand across her forehead.

"Will he die, doctor? will he die? Oh, doctor, please tell me!"

"My dear Miss Morgan, this is no place for you now; come, let me help you back."

"No, doctor, you need not touch to know, for I have a particular—a particular—"

Once more she paused her hand slowly across her brow, a gesture that was inexpressibly painful to the men before her.

"Doctor," she continued, "do tell me: I've a very particular reason for wishing to know the truth."

"Poor girl" said Trippe, in an undertone: "the shock has been too much for her. Her mind is wandering."

They took her gently by the arms, and, half supporting her, walked toward the door; but she saw the body, covered over with the sheet, and knew the worst. With a touching cry, she sank unconscious at their feet.

Once more Stannard carried her out in his arms, and, leaving the doctor by her side, ran for water. Crowding about the doors were the plantation negroes, uttering their peculiar wail—as terrible as that of the Greek weepers—while down on the hearth, almost in the ashes, the house-girl crouched like a frightened hare.

It was with difficulty that the water was obtained; but, snatching the bowl from a mammy's hand, he ran back to Miss Morgan's side. He was about to sprinkle her face, when Trippe checked him.

"Never mind that now, she's reviving a little. Come here; I want to—to—" Trippe started on, Stannard following, and passed by Morgan's body.

"I want to explain to you," Trippe begun, "that—that—"

Ogletree, the overseer, interrupted the explanation.

"I came in to see if I could help you any."

"I don't know about that, Ogletree; not just now. Have you sent for any one?"

"I saw one of Carrol's boys, and told him there's been an accident at our house. I didn't like to tell him the truth."

"You are right. On second thought you may send for Simmons. He'll have to hold an inquest; and you might—"

A noise at the gate interrupted the doctor's remark. Stannard rushed to the window.

"I believe Raborn is here, Trippe. Yes, here comes Carrol, too. Bad news travels fast in the country, doctor. I don't think you'll have to send for any one."

"Perhaps not," Trippe answered, thoughtfully. "On the whole, Ogletree, you may go for Simmons. Ask him to stop at my house when he comes by."

Ogletree went out, showing in the newcomers. Stannard joined them in the dining-room. Suddenly Trippe broke in upon his story.

"Carrol, do you know if Simmons is at home?"

"I believe so, doctor: he was yesterday. One of his boys was sick at my place, and when he went home this morning he seen you riding by at the crack of day. I suspicioned that Morgan was sick, so rid over, and—"

Trippe turned his back to cut short the story. Stannard was again beginning to tell all he knew, when the doctor called him aside.

"I forgot to give you a word of caution, Stannard. There's no curbing gossip, you know, so we must say nothing about the—the—and toward Miss Morgan's chance completed the remark.

"Certainly not, doctor—by no means."

"I only forced the unfinished remark which a word might prevent."

The neighbors came in rapidly, the women taking possession of the house. Leaving the first to repeat the story, Stannard went to the fatal room and sat by the fire. Despite the hard character Morgan had borne, he was deeply moved by all. He had seen a second father to Stannard. Presently Trippe touched his shoulder.

"I'm obliged to go home for a time, Stannard; you can stay?"

"Yes—that is, I'll ride home and come back."

"Don't be long, Stannard—we must see to Miss Morgan, you know."

"Of course, of course," Stannard answered, absently. "She's better, doctor?" Trippe continued: "keep the negroes quiet and we'll fix it all right."

"Yes, we'll fix it—all right: all right!"

Trippe said at Stannard's abstracted manner.

"I believe he is wandering, too," Trippe said to himself, as he crossed to the group of men.

"I'll see Simmons when he comes by," he began abruptly, "and we'll fix the inquest at two o'clock."

"Suppose you make it twelve o'clock, if it's all the same to you," Ogletree replied, fire.

"Very good; say twelve, then. I said two because I wanted to take a bit of sleep meanwhile; but no matter."

"Is the settlement unhealthy, doctor?"

"By no means, Carrol; on the contrary, it is uncommonly healthy. I was up with Roper's wife—she has a fine boy."

"Thus it is," mused Stannard, as he sat with folded arms by the smouldering fire. "Thus it is that the young come on the stage and the old step from it. Who can tell the future of this young actor, whose crying is the announcement?"

His reverie was broken by hearing Trippe mount his horse. He run out in time to see the doctor's thoroughbred gallop gracefully over spirited bounds, then strike away in a swinging gallop.

"That horse is too wild for a doctor—even a heavyweight like Trippe," he said, mounting his own filly and starting after his friend.

Down the hill, along the muddy bottom, across the bit of cordurory road over the bridge, he slowly rode, checking his horse still more as he came to the bridge itself.

"The creek must be rising," he thought, as he noticed the little pools around the cypress roots; and, turning his horse to the right as he came to the stream, he almost backed over to see how high the water had already risen.

As he did so, he started back with horror; for down there, some few feet below, was his foot in the water and his body lying across a cottonwood log—was Doctor Trippe.

In spring down, to raise the wounded head, to find the heart throbbing feebly, was the work of a moment. Then he turned his horse's bridle away. Pulling the body from the creek, Stannard wrapped his own cloak about it, then rode back for help.

Just as he reached the gate, negroes and blacks were hurrying down the road. They sprang from the bridge, and again Stannard bent over the body. The men gathered around in silence and awe.

"I found him so," said Stannard, pointing; "his feet in the water—his head down upon that knot."

"There's no signs of a fight here—his horse must have shied and pitched him off."

"Probably you are right, Barton. Wonder what could have started him there?"

"Are there any nothing. The devil's in that beast, my how. Aiken, that, here! me tell the doctor on'y t'other day that that horse 'nd be the death of him. Don't you remember what I said, Ira?"

"Yes: you said you knew him of old, and—"

"Told him about the brute's throwing a man in Macon, killin' 'im's dead's a—door nail."

"Broke his neck short off," muttered Aiken in reverse.

"Come, come, boys—bear a hand, now," said Stannard. "Let's get the doctor to my house. You must say nothing of this, for I'll run send back blankets."

They raised the heavy body above the rail, the unconscious head rolling from side to side.

"Easy with him, boys—easy," said Stannard, as Trippe's head struck the rail. "Take care there, Aiken, that's a nice fence are you doing?" he continued, in no gentle tone.

Just then a negro stripped off his own coat and tore it to shreds, who was shaking with cold.

"No, no, Aleck, keep your coat."

"I do take it, Mars' William. I kin strike de cold fetter'n you kin."

The boy's earnest face touched him. Stannard was ever conscious of the feelings of the negroes, and a kind master. He saw a refusal would be misunderstood, took the coat, and rode quickly home. In a moment a boy was riding back with blankets, one pair being for the black shoulders of Aleck.

It was easier work with strong hands for a little, and in a short time Trippe was lying in bed. They poured a few spoonfuls of brandy down his throat, and but the satisfaction of finding that his heart beat all the stronger for the the stimulant.

"Will the doctor recover ourselves, presently," Stannard said, "but first let me think about getting a doctor. His wife must be sent for, too. Barton, where can we find him?"

"Mason's nigher; but the train has just gone up. You must catch the down train for Fort Valley."

"That's true. Barely time for it, though," he answered, looking at his watch. "I'll send for Doctor Flores."

Hastily writing the notes, two boys were sent off on three steeds.

Breakfast was ordered, and the negroes sent to the kitchen.

Aleck lingered behind the rest.

"Well?" Stannard interrogated.

"Here's your blankets, marster," the boy said, extending them.

For the first time Stannard remembered that he were the boy's property, and promptly said:

"Thank you, Aleck; you did me a service."

Aleck took the gift, and still held out the blankets.

"Keep them—keep them, Aleck. You shall have them for being so thoughtful and kind. You see one of your masters is dying so, Aleck."

A look of pride passed over the boy's face, but he loquened it by reluctantly. Stannard read him in thought, and stood stroking his moustache when the boy again spoke.

"Mars' William, I'd rather you wouldn't give 'em to me for that."

"Why, Aleck; why not? You earned them fairly. Remember that one never loses by being kind to others."

"I want to be that, Marster, without loses of gains."

Stannard looked up in surprise.

"My boy," he said kindly, "you rebuke me justly, and I beg your pardon for uttering an unworthy sentiment. Take the blankets, Aleck, for no reason you have given me; and if ever you need a friend, come to me."

Puzzled a little, and a good deal alarmed at his own boldness, Aleck went out quickly.

"Who would have thought that he was such a gentle?" Stannard said to himself. "He surprised me, really. He has shown me how true is the saying that nobleness of soul may often be found with an uncomely body. There's real stuff in that boy—pity there not more of it in those men of higher position."

He looked at them scornfully, but still went in to them.

"You must make yourselves at home, and call for what you want. I can not stay with you, but will send you at the earliest. Excuse me, please."

Stannard went into the room where Trippe was lying, and soon fell into a reverie over these sudden events. He was aroused at length by a woman's shriek, and turned to see the doctor's wife throw herself upon the insensible body of her husband.

Bad news does travel fast in the country. It was some time before Stannard could get Mrs. Trippe calm enough to hear the story.

"What do you think of him, Colonel Stannard? Do you—don't you think he'll die?" The poor wife could barely sob out the words.

"I hope not; indeed, I hope not" Stannard said, warmly. "Keep up heart, my dear madam. Doctor Dr. Ham. Pierce will be here in an hour or two—"

"Not sooner?"

"He could hardly get here before the train—it will not be long now."

"Who could have injured him?" she again sobbed, kissing the limp hand in her own. "Who could have injured him? It is not an accident, but him—"

"It may have been an accident, you know. We must not judge too hastily," he said, with an attempt at consolation; "but let us pray that he may, and saw no one. I thought I saw old Hawks this morning, but—"

"*Old Abner Hawks?*" asked Mrs. Trippe, energly.

"Yes, I thought I did; but it was a mistake.—"

"It was *he*," said Mrs. Stannard, in a voice that she could wretch. He has a grudge against my husband, I don't know why, and has threatened him. The doctor always laughed at it."

"But I was mistaken in—"

"Oh! I am sure, Colonel Stannard—very sure. This is the work of old Abner Hawks. And Mr. Morgan? Have you thought of that, also?"

"Heavens!" thought Stannard, as this new revelation burst upon his mind; "Heavens! can old Hawks have murdered the two? I did not think of this connection! And Alfred Gourry?"

They were quickly made think of this connection! And Alfred Gourry?"

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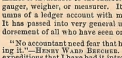

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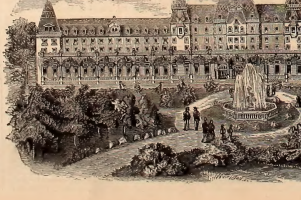

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At the close of the season they began to rebuild it, and make extensive additions and alterations. They have more than doubled its size, now having accommodations for three hundred guests. They have introduced all modern improvements—Gas, Bells, Water, &c. The hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished. The hotel opened for guests on the 8th day of June. Over two hundred persons have taken rooms for the summer, and every thing denotes that this will be the most fashionable season Lake George has known.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 652.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off on the 10th of June. The weather was unfavorable for those interested in the race as well as for the spectators. But there was a good wind, and from the right quarter. And what more does a yachtman desire than a favoring breeze? The spectators, however, look upon the matter from a different point of view; and for them it is not at all pleasant to be compelled to remain in a close cabin. And when the fleet is beyond the bar there is added the additional and disgusting horror of sea-sickness.

Our illustration on this page shows the lady spectators on the *Middletown* with members of the Yacht Club. "A band of music," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "charmed her listening passengers; long tables spread with china, waiters dodging about the passages, and baskets of Champagne heaped in the corners, all hinted at the luxurious gratification of another sense; and the rude, cold wind and [illegible]ling rain did not apparently dash the spirits [illegible]ven the tenderest of the curled darlings of [illegible]on that thronged the upper saloons."

The *Idler* and the *Wh[illegible]* were the winners in the race. The yacht [illegible], of the Atlantic Club, was capsized, but [illegible] on board were rescued.

THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 10, 1869.—ROUNDING OF THE LIGHT-SHIP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1869.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD CAIRNS, the leader of the Tories in the English House of Peers, is a man of great ability. He is not a dull and blind Conservative mastiff; and when he proposes to throw down the glove to the House of Commons he sees, of course, the consequences, and must be supposed to have weighed the risk. If the Lords should persist, the risk is evident enough; it is a conflict between the Peers and Commons, in which, equally of course, the Peers will be defeated, and in which also the fate of the monarchy itself would be involved.

There is probably no sagacious thinker in England who does not believe that the House of Lords is doomed. It continues upon sufferance, and upon condition of its merely ceremonial character. In the present political condition of England, amidst the radical democratic changes which are occurring there, the House of Lords is an anomaly, and is fast becoming, in the general apprehension, an absurdity. The government of England is really a popular government, except that the suffrage is not what more restricted than with us. The restriction, however, is constantly loosened. The House of Commons is elected by this general, although not universal, suffrage. The Ministry is a committee of the leaders of the majority of the House, and of Peers who are in political sympathy with the majority. This Ministry is practically the Government, and is immediately responsible to Parliament, so that if any important proposition of the Ministry fails to receive the support of the House, the members resign, and a new selection is made of persons who can count upon such support. The Crown has, theoretically, a veto. But it has not been exercised for much more than a century, and its attempted exercise would endanger the throne. The House of Lords is a concurrent chamber; but upon any vital measure, if it should presume to defy the will of the Commons, with the majority of the voters behind them, the consequence would be incalculable.

In 1832, when the part of England was not upon the passage of the Reform bill, the Lords undertook to resist. Earl Grey was Prime Minister, and he loved his order; but he was sincerely interested in the reform, and, in the instance, the King would have "swamped the Peers," as it was called—that is, he would have created Peers enough to make a majority for reform, if the Lords had not yielded. That was the last struggle between the Houses. Since then the House of Lords has been a dull, decorous assembly, whose resources have been about as influential as those of Mr. Toots. The best Liberals in England, who wish for no rupture, no violent change, but that events may proceed as smoothly as rapidly, foreseeing the necessary fall of the Peers, have lately proposed a system of life-peerages. To this the Lords have strongly assented. But the effort seems to have occasioned a reaction toward the assertion of ancient privilege; and the mere possibility of the course suggested by Lord Cairns has produced the utmost excitement.

Indeed, the proposition alone has been sufficient to overturn a very general expression of opinion upon the position of the House of Lords under the Constitution, and of its relation to the sense of the English people; and the universality and unanimity of this expression shows how entirely the institution has lost its hold. Even the *Times* says—a paper which says nothing that it does not believe to be the general solid opinion of the country—"The result of the struggle is not doubtful.....The only question is, whether the power they have they possess is to be proved non-existent, but whether the power which they can exercise will not be so irrevocably broken as to vanish out of existence." The Liberal papers use stronger language, which, however, does not reveal any stronger conviction of the necessary issue of the contest. The *News* says that the House of Lords stands outside the present system of government. The *Star* says that it is an obsolete thing, an undisguised anachronism. The *Telegraph*, with indicrous explosion, says of the popular wrath that would explode in case of such action by the Lords that "the country has spoken unmistakably and loudly. If forced to speak again its accents will no longer be free from indignation or preserve the mood of calm reason."

On the day following Lord Cairns's proposition in the caucus of the Lords, the Earl of Harrowby gave notice of a motion to postpone the reading of the Disestablishment bill for six months. This looks as if the matter were to be seriously pressed; and Lord Derby, the late Tory leader and Prime Minister, at the Informal meeting seriously urged the rejection of the bill. It would seem that the Lords can not be so dull as to invite a struggle in which they must inevitably be worsted, if experience had not shown how utterly stupid an aristocracy is. It is only within a few months that the voters of England were asked whether they wished the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The subject was thoroughly discussed by them, and by a tremendous majority they said they did. They sent up to Parliament more than a hundred and twenty majority for the disestablishment. Their will is plain; and now a club of rich old gentlemen have a fancy to thwart the popular will. M' luds, it was at Taunton that Mrs. Partington valiantly attempted to mop up the Atlantic Ocean.

THE MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

THE various thrusts at State legislation contained in the Message sent to the Common Council on the 8th of June by the Mayor of New York deserve to be met by a full answer with those tax eaters who would have no check applied to expenditure, and none upon local misgovernment.

Its speaks of "legislative legerdemain," and of "the recklessly partisan or ignorant influences which were brought to bear against city authorities by rural legislators." But the majority of the Message is best determined by the question which the Mayor submits to his constituents: "Has not too much regard been paid to the claims of individuals, and to those of some rich men who have cared more to amass family wealth than to invite metropolitan grandeur?"

The offense of the Legislature consists in the creation of the Board of Health, of the Croton Board, of the Police Commissioners, in exempting from our city's levy of taxes a very large amount which the city government would otherwise have handled, and, though not named, in the establishment of the commission which controls Central Park on a basis of independence of the local city government. The officers of "the various State commissions which are scattered throughout the city," the Mayor says, "are allowed to receive their appropriations in an aggregate amount, and to discretionally spend it in detail, entirely exempting them as dog-in-the-manger legislation that yearly afflicts the local government."

That the Message is wholly in the interest of the tax eaters against the tax payers, and that of misgovernment instead of good government, will readily appear from the contrast which the acts of the various commissions present with those of the local boards and officials.

We can point with just pride to Central Park for good management. No complaint is made of corruption there, no waste of expenditure, and every citizen feels, what can not be said of other expenditures, that there is something to show for it. The Park is not only kept with good judgment but with refined taste, and it is kept in very high order, and under the most perfect control. Imagine what would be the situation if it were given up to those who manage the Battery, Tompkins Square, or the City Hall Park. The grass on the small plots in Union and Madison squares, instead of being closely cut, was allowed the season to become suitable for hay, and was cut only a few days since, doubtless as part of the policy which neglects every thing that it can entrust to officials down to the lowest grade. The sale of the grass for private benefit constituted the motive for not gratifying the public taste with grounds in high order.

As to the Board of Health, every good citizen knows that it is managed with judgment, economy, and honesty. Its whole power is devolved on officials responsible to a majority of city voters, the tendency to uncleanness which is manifested in many portions would assert itself with great injury to the public health, and consequently to the business of the city. This Board performs its duty fearlessly and firmly, and has not suspected of favoritism or corruption.

It is very certain that in the introduction of the Croton into the city the work throughout, from the Croton River, forty miles distant, to and including the reservoirs, has been conducted with the highest engineering skill and solidity, and with a freedom from jobs and dishonesty never surpassed in the management of any expenditure. The work was done under a commission appointed by the State, which was presided over by Stephen Allen, whose associates partook of his unsullied reputation. In order to have the distribution of the water into houses, its distribution through proper sewers, managed with the same spirit, the Legislature was appealed to for a law creating a similar Board; and although the criticisms of the Mayor against the use of vitrified stoneware pipes in place of the brick sewers, may be sound, except for me in unimportant localities, we yet have confidence in the way the Department is wisely managed. There is a large revenue to collect and disburse; there are immense contracts to make; and a large discretion to be exercised in adjusting the payments for water, and yet there is no pretense of unfairness, favoritism, or want of integrity in the performance of these delicate and important duties. We shudder to think what would be the state of things if this great interest, so intimately connected with the domestic comforts of every household, were subjected to the sharpers who will perform no duty of legislation without pay, and who subject all not subservient to the prevailing ring to be preyed upon by the officials whose revenues were diminished by "rural legislators," when they showed mercy to the "clamor of tax-paying cliques" by expunging the worst items of the tax levy.

Nearly all that there is of good government in the city we have derived from the Police Commissioners, who, although embarrassed severely by a judiciary which favored the criminal rather than his victim, and by a population whose violations of law and right had the sympathies of municipal government, had in the main performed their duties with credit and usefulness. A powerful effort has been made to subject this valuable machinery to the control of that same interest, which has prostituted all within its reach to a discouragement of misgovernment and vice. Some apprehension is felt that this object may be accomplished, and that the small force which stands in the way of disorder may turn its energies in the opposite direction. Every citizen should watch this tendency, and oppose every effort to break down this only remaining safeguard.

The city of New York is a part of the political machinery of the State, through which the State carries out its policy in public powers. It is the gate through which a vast emigration enters and at which much of it loiters. In this respect the city is peculiar, and as we know from recent experience that the new-comer is immediately transformed into a citizen in fraud of our system of naturalization, and that he is excluded in a great measure from the whole Union, it will readily be seen that the State has an important and delicate duty to manage in this respect.

The last Legislature, in addition to curtailing the pecuniary means by which this object is expected to be accomplished, passed an amendment of the Constitution, whereby the expense of these emigrants might be a little hindered in prematurely depositing their fraudulent votes. But although from twenty to thirty thousand votes of this kind, as we have been given at the recent election for President of the United States and Governor of this State, and not only the means of emigration still reaches us with great breadth and velocity but also the repetition of this fraud is an object which criminal ambition is certain to accomplish, even at the expense of the safety of the Republic, the Governor of the State—the predecessor of the present Mayor —vetoed the bill.

The tone of the Message, corresponding with the veto, foreshadows the conflict and its character in November, 1872. If the "several State commissions which are scattered throughout the city" shall include the head of the amendment to the Registry law, the same interest which tramples every vestige of good government in this city under foot will triumph in the State and nation, and deliver them over to the tender mercies of those who ought to know government in its terrors rather than in sharing its honors.

There are strong reasons for the apprehension that, although much good has been done by the commissions appointed under State authority, the system itself is subject to all from the pressure of corruption. For many years past the number of members has at Albany increased who avowed legislation for sale, and their oaths as a farce. Whoever treats this to its source will find that it was coeval with the passage of State laws confirming or creating city railroads in New York, and that efforts to establish new lines, and particularly the Broadway railroad, have greatly increased this tendency. In advance of any action by the Albany legislature, the Common Council of New York, in the creation without legislative authority of prominent lines of city roads, and the attempted establishment of one in Broadway, had won the applaudation of the "Forty Thieves," and it was doubtless through those lobbyists who brought this stigma upon the name of State legislation has reached the point of degradation which exposes it to the censure of a city official.

But it is proper to acknowledge the good which has been done, and never fears the future may awaken. If the rural and interior districts can not send honest men to the Legislature, not only will this evil continue, but through the commissions perish, but free government will also perish, through the hands of those chosen as representatives.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD FEELING.

THE debate upon the *Alabama* question has become much less excited and very reasonable. There seems to be a well-founded impression that Mr. Sumner's speech, if it expressed the official feeling of the Administration, did not indicate its probable policy; while the remarks of Mr. Motley at Liverpool, and of Lord Clarendon in Parliament, show a friendly and conciliatory spirit which forbids the expectation of any thing but the most intelligent and honorable mutual understanding between the two countries. Upon surveying the discussion, which has been both able and warm, it is remarkable that the expression of English Liberals has been with them, although wholly uncontested. Mr. Goldwin Smith at Ithaca, Mr. William E. Forster before his constituents, the *Spectator* and the *News* and the *Star* and the Liberal English press, Mr. Justin M'Carthy in New York, all agree in two fundamental points—that there was a most hostile feeling toward this country upon the part of the English aristocracy and middle class; and that that feeling, which the Liberals all deplore, is not an international crime.

The recognition of belligerent rights to actual belligerents they all think to be a matter wholly within the discretion of any Power, while they all agree in regretting that, as a matter of courtesy, the ministry had not awaited the arrival of Mr. Adams. In this view they are sustained by President Woolsey of Yale College, an authority in international law. Moreover, while claiming that this discretion must be left to every nation subject to question only as to the method of this exercise, many of the English Liberals assert, and none expressly deny, that the Government of Great Britain might very properly express its regret at the escape of the *Alabama*, whether it should prove to be technically a breach of international law or not, upon the general ground of the natural feeling in this country, and of the desirability of maintaining the most friendly relations.

These positions also, all by great stress upon one of these points which we have not properly considered. They insist, and with reason, that we have no right to assert that "England" favored the rebellion. They declare, and warmly, that "England" did no such thing. The clubs, the aristocratic journals, papers like the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, and "society" in general, did undoubtedly feel and express sympathy for the rebels. But are such men as Richard Cobden, John Bright, Lord Houghton, Goldwin Smith, and John Elliot Cairnes, with all the working classes to whom cotton was literally a necessity of life, but who did not falter in sympathy, not to be counted in the England of to-day? As Mr. M'Carthy says, there were more people in the city of New York who sympathized with Slavery than could be found in the John O'Goat's House to Land's End; and certainly nowhere was our cause presented more boldly, more brilliantly, or more consistently than by the men whom Mr. M'Carthy named, and by the London journal of which he was an editor during the war.

What shall we Republicans in this country think if, because of the sneers of Democratic journals as equal liberty and political rights, Cassius M. Clay, John Bright, and their friends should vehemently declare that America sympathized with the British aristocracy? We should certainly be of opinion that these gentlemen had a very mistaken opinion of their best friends. Yet in one breath we declare England sympathized with the rebellion, and in the next we sneer at Goldwin Smith for total misunderstanding us. Of course, as we have before said, we deal with the Government of a country, and it can not be said that the action of the British Government was friendly. But we ought not to forget—as we confess we have sometimes forgotten when discussing the subject in these columns—that there is an England most just and most friendly to us in our darkest hour.

We are inclined to believe that the discussion will lead to greater cordiality than ever before between the nations, because it will imply an impress upon the mind of this country the conviction that there is a great party in England—a party which fairly controls the British Government—whose political philosophy is that of the great party which controls the Government of the United States; a philosophy which not only recognizes the rights and interests, but the necessary conditions of national welfare, but which substantially agrees as to the methods by which they may best be secured.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

WE are very glad to see that Colonel Degarmo, at a late meeting of the Radical Republican General Committee of the city, denounced in the strongest terms the plan of besieging every Governor-elect with claims for office. He is reported to have used the expression, "miserable crew of beggarly office-seekers;" and if strong, we do not suppose that it is an expression which will be regarded as inappropriate. The excellent gentlemen to whom the Colonel addressed himself seem, so far as we can gather from the reporter remarks, to have themselves, in some inscrutable way, the masters of the officers whom the President and Senate have appointed in the city. They seem to suppose that those officers are responsible to the Committee, and that not to do what any member of the Committee, or its representative, may demand, is to incur the severest censure and removal by the President. One of these official delinquents was represented by a member of the Committee, who required the appointment of one of his friends to some position in the delinquent's department, as "tossing his head as haughty as the Great Napoleon;" and when the member of the Committee asked the delinquent whether he meant "to ignore the Republican organizations of the city," the offender, with the haughty Napoleonic tossing of the head, that if "not giving office to you is ignoring the organization, then I ignore it."

For the honor of the other excellent gentlemen we are glad to record that these remarks were received with loud laughter. But it is not to their honor that Judge CULVER denounced, with applause, the remarks of Colonel DUGANNE. The officers of the United States in the city of New York are, strange as it may seem, not responsible in any degree whatsoever to any committee. They are responsible only to the President of the United States. For it is the most honorable man, who regards the continued predominance of the Republican party, who will not agree with Colonel DUGANNE that "it would be better that the organization if honest and bold words like those he had uttered were spoken often, instead of covering up the rottenness and iniquities of the party by silence or denunciation."

THE "OLD MOLE."

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is the political resident legatee of Mr. JOHN C. CALHOUN. To read Mr. STEPHENS's late letter is like reading one of Mr. CALHOUN's old speeches. He propounds the doctrine of State sovereignty as Mr. CALHOUN used to propound it, and insists that it is the orthodox doctrine as established by the Kentucky Resolutions of '98. "A nation is a "nation of nations," the Union is a Confederacy, and nothing but calamity and catastrophe await us until we return to the philosophy of Calhoun and the practice of the old Confederation. Meanwhile, we are drifting toward the overthrow of liberty.

Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who gloried in an empire founded upon the corner-stone of Slavery, has, of course, a lively conception of Liberty. There was never, in fact, a man more amusingly unconscious than he. At the beginning of the war he was gravely thought to be a "Union man." But those who have followed his career will certainly relieve him of all suspicion of ever having valued the Union except as the fortification of the sheerest despotism. When he made his speech in reply to Mr. Toombs, at the beginning of the secession movement, it was reprinted and extolled in all the loyal States as indicative of the existence of a sound conservatism in the rebel leaders. But it is only just to Mr. STEPHENS to say that he has been always consistent. He has never been a Union man except in the old Southern sense. He has not had the least faith in the American doctrine of liberty. He was as hearty a rebel as Mr. Toombs, but his policy differed radically from that of the dominant secession leader.

In 1858, when Mr. STEPHENS retired from Congress, he made a speech at Milledgeville in which he stated the reasons of his retirement. They were substantially that the victory of the South—that is, of slavery—was secure. It had been decided by the Supreme Court that slaves could be carried into the Territories and held there as property. In other words, slavery was the national law, and liberty a mere local provision. This great principle, the most conservative of all conceivable in a system of confederated sovereignties, according to the Democratic party, being fully and finally established, he felt justified in withdrawing from Congress, but held himself always in readiness to maintain "the rights of the South" in the usual way. In the same speech Mr. STEPHENS said that the fathers of the Government undoubtedly held anti-slavery opinions. But they did not understand the subject. Their successors did understand it, however. They knew that it was the bulwark of religion and the foundation of freedom.

When Mr. LINCOLN was elected, and the secession movement began, Mr. STEPHENS thought it would be the wiser policy for slavery to remain in the Union, and to count upon the timidity of trade, the obscurity of the actual provisions of the Constitution, and the determination which the long dominance of a party which had no policy but the perpetuation of slavery had worked in the public mind. He was therefore opposed to secession. It involved war, and the issue of war was necessarily doubtful. The better course, in his judgment, was to remain in the Union and confirm the Southern control of it. But the more violent men had their way, and the movement began. Mr. STEPHENS opposed it not in the interest of the Union, but of Southern supremacy in the Union.

In his lately published letter he gravely says that the war was "inaugurated" by the authorities at Washington, while the Confederate Commissioners, with the olive branch of peace in their hands, were at the seat of the General Government." This is a sufficient illustration of the character of Mr. STEPHENS's view of our government and of the value of his suggestions. We are drifting to a despotism, because each State is not allowed to leave the Union at its pleasure. This fundamental principle of our institutions must be restored, he says. But Mr. STEPHENS conceals that the return to the right path is not to be effected by force; it must be accomplished at the ballot-box.

His letter shows that nothing whatever is to be hoped from the disciples of the old Southern school of State sovereignty, and it is curious only as a last illustration of the purely visionary political philosophy of CALHOUN, which contains nothing but exuperience, humanity, and justice from its consideration.

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

The result of the late election in France, which the London *Times* sums up by saying that three and a half millions voted for the empire and three millions against it, is certainly very significant. The plan of Paris followed are not less so. The circumstances show conclusively that the empire is not a success. With all its prosperity it increases in has not established itself in the confidence of France, and the result at the polls must be interpreted as a virtual condemnation. It was upon "the glory of France" that LOUIS NAPOLEON depended. He meant to increase its prestige, and to appeal to the Celtic love of renown—a certain refined national vanity. Personal prestige he had none; but he inherited a name flattering to Frenchmen. A sincere desire of really elevating his country he has never shown; but he has constantly displayed a willingness to appeal to the old methods, which are in themselves insulting, as implying a nation of children.

The humanities of every kind are foreign to the empire. Literature and art have languished, and their most illustrious representatives, if not exiled, have been in the Opposition. Of the great events of the reign the Crimean war was the most soothing to French feeling. The Italian campaign ended fatally by the alienation of Italy, and of all those at home whom it should have been the imperial policy to conciliate. The Mexican enterprise was an unspeakable humiliation, and the position of France during the war between Prussia and Austria covered the empire with ridicule. France helped to keep Europe from making Italy free. France bustered against a united Germany; Prussia humbled Austria, and is making Germany a unit. Meanwhile the empire has beautified Paris. But its domestic policy has been merely bread and games. It has done nothing to elevate or strengthen the people. It has treated them as a lion-tamer treats his wild beasts—apparently their master, but conscious of their blood-thirsty hostility. "When the Emperor and Empress drove through Montmartre yesterday they were entirely unattended," says the telegraph. But there is not an intelligent man in Paris or elsewhere who does not know that every other time the crowd was probably a gendarme in plain dress.

The obvious course for the Emperor to pursue is one that is not agreeable to him, and which he will probably not adopt. It is to accept a responsible Ministry; to show some kind of deference to the popular will; to reveal some little comprehension of the age in which he lives, and of the irresistible influences that surround him. LOUIS NAPOLEON has been playing a part in which his uncle could not succeed, although he may very safely be considered more in history. His empire has been a game of personal aggrandizement. It has been ignoble and selfish; and at the end of seventeen years, with all his despotic power, he can not prevent a virtual verdict of the people against him and his rule. LOUIS NAPOLEON has been unequal to one of the greatest opportunities in history.

RHODE ISLAND FALTERING.

It is mortifying that the stanch little Republican State of Rhode Island, whose conduct in the war had just been so triumphantly vindicated against the aspersions of her Senator, Mr. SPRAGUE, will be carried away by Mr. ANTHONY, is President *pro tem.* of the Senate which passed the Fifteenth Amendment, should have been the only Republican State to falter in the adoption of that Amendment. The assent of twenty-eight States, we believe, is wanted, and twenty-four have already ratified. Rhode Island was considered as not less sure than her neighbors Massachusetts and Vermont. But if Vermont should imitate Rhode Island and postpone action until next winter, it might be justly argued that the Republican Congress had proposed an amendment which the Republican party in the country did not approve.

The action of the Rhode Island Legislature is a censure upon the vote of her Senators; and although it may be only temporary, it is a low an displeasure with Mr. SPRAGUE for maligning the courage of his fellow-soldiers, does it also wish to declare that in voting for the amendment Senator ANTHONY and Mr. ANTHONY misrepresented his State? The explanation volunteered in some quarters that the laws of Rhode Island were unjustly upon the foreign-born voters, and that the amendment would abolish inequality, is ludicrous. That is the very intention of the amendment. It certainly did not originate with the inequality from one class of voters to another.

In this State of New York the suffrage laws are unjustly unequal in other way, and our Legislature promptly ratified the amendment. The naturalized foreigner now votes in this State upon easier terms than the colored native. This, of course, is the work of the Democratic party—a party steadily hostile to equal rights. But there is no party example so much to be avoided as the Democratic. We hope that our Republican friends in Rhode Island will reflect upon the extraordinary position in which they place their Senator, whom they have not censured as well as the great mass of their party comrades in the country, by refusing a prompt acquiescence in the amendment which formally closes the great political controversy of this generation.

FROM GEORGIA.

We learn from Georgia that our Southern brethren are much interested in the chances of a war with England. The tripartite treaty has been heard of in that part of the country, and a contest with England, France, and Spain is, as we are informed, regarded as "a big job." The proper commercial class, therefore, is not favorable to the CHANDLER policy. Another and a large class is, however, anxious for the fray. Those who compose this class are of opinion that a foreign war would relax the cruel hand of "the North" in its relentless crushing of all the rights of "the oppressed, peaceable, and law-abiding, yet chivalric and long-forbearing South." Still another class, small and heroic, "sticks to the flag" pure and simple.

Our correspondent speaks rather contemptuously of the colored citizens, remarking that "they know not what a war than they. It is one side shooting guns at the other side." He should touch the point of ignorance gently, however, for ignorance in our correspondent's region is not confined, we believe, to the colored race. It certainly is not in ours. We value his representations, which are made in excellent humor, because he has a man of experience. He served four years as a soldier—in a gray uniform—and is now wholly in favor of peace.

His letter serves to suggest once more that what this country needs is repose, that it may be healed. Every thing that distracts the public mind from tranquil industry, every delicious speech and article, kindles hopes as false as foolish. The little events constantly reported from the Southern States are indications which should never be forgotten. If a series of elections should give the Democratic party to be strong again, we should hear once more the voice of "the South," as we heard it a year ago in Tammany Hall. We must not suppose, because WADE HAMPTON and TOOMBS and their friends are not making speeches, that there is a profound love of the Union and respect for loyal men in the South which awaits orators reporters. We are not, indeed, to assume that they are plotting new rebellions; but we are to assume a state of feeling which any proper occasion would develop into hostility and act accordingly.

EDMUND TROWBRIDGE DANA.

No one who knew Mr. DANA will be surprised to hear of death, for he had been during many years a grievous sufferer with hopeless disease. His fine abilities, his careful and thorough training, his wit, his wisdom—whatever promises in a man noble employment—were for all permanent outward results baffled by that relentless foe. But, conscious both of his powers and of his doom, he was always steadfast and serene. Firm, generous, and just —of an antique sense of honor, and of a truly chivalric because most humane temper—EDMUND DANA lived and died in a kind of heroic silence, and will be always tenderly recalled by his friends as one of the loftiest influences upon their lives and characters. Mr. DANA died at the house of his venerable father, RICHARD H. DANA, in Boston, on the 18th of May.

NOTES.

A FRIEND reminds us that Mr. HARDING, the English law counsel of whose "stomach-ache" at the time of the escape of the *Alabama* we spoke derisively the other day, was really seized with insanity, and died without recovering. The fact had escaped us, or we should certainly not have spoken of the illness in so light a tone.

GOVERNOR CURTIN, in his speech at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, wisely forbore to indulge in any remarks upon the general foreign policy of the country, and confined himself to some very natural reminiscences of the conduct of the war most gratifying to Pennsylvanians. The State sent more than three hundred thousand men to the war, and upon the soil of Pennsylvania the decisive battle of Gettysburg was fought. Governor CURTIN claims, also, that his State was foremost in humane care for the soldiers in the field, and he hopes that it will continue to care for them liberally hereafter. The Governor's speech was discreet, which is high praise in these days.

The New York *World*, whose correspondent at West Point informs us that the chapel at that spot will be hallowed by the fact that its floor has been trodden by the feet of BEAUREGARD and LEE, among others, finds in the presence of General GRANT there only an occasion of sneering; and the paper publishes with relish the remark of a Canadian journal of rebel sympathies that GRANT merely commanded the armies of the United States when "the South yielded to sheer weight of metal." The man who if he could not chastise his neighbor could at least make faces at his sister is the type of the friends and abettors of a rebellion who, now that it is unconditionally subdued, sneer at the General who did the work. If the country had only had that "great statesman," HORATIO SEYMOUR, in the White House, and that patriotic warrior, General BUELL, at head-quarters, what a glorious triumph we should have had!

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Ever since noon have the clouds, deathly white
With the brooding heat, veiled the summer sky,
And the sweet glare of the sun's fierce light
From the reapers, reaping the bearded rye.

Now they pause in their work and look to the west,
Where, far in the distance across the wide plain,
The mountain line beyond his dense wooded crest,
And round it the dark clouds heap heavy with rain.

Abroad in the fields and the meadows close by
The cattle are huddled in groups 'neath the trees,
Some pawing the ground, some, with heads lifted high
And nostrils dilated, stand sniffing the breeze.

The dust from the highway is every where blown:
The poplars' green leaves, as with terror, turn white;
And the air with straws from the gleaning is sown,
Scattered wide by and fast from the wind in its flight.

The stream, that a moment ago was like glass,
Is wrinkled now like a face full of pain;
And the feathery tops of the tall meadow grass
Bend down with the weight of the fast-falling rain.

The reapers come running in haste through the rye,
Up the lane, past the house, where I stand at the door;
Heavy loaded and dripping the teams hurry by:
Then I mark the first flash and the thunder's dull roar.

And the clouds of a sudden seem riven in twain;
The rain comes in torrents the mad, gusty skies;
The parched earth sends up from the hot steaming plain
A thick vapor veil that envelops the hills.

All at once from a rent in the vast dome of gray
A sunbeam shoots out like an arrow of fire,
Gilding farm-house and river and hill in its way,
And spanning the east bangs the bow in the sky.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE assessed value of real and personal estate in the city of New York is estimated by MAYOR HALL at $1,000,000,000. But every body knows that the assessed value does not amount to one-third of the real valuation of property. If our Government and that of New York it would therefore have in hand a property really somewhat more than the entire public debt.

Preparations are being made for a semi-centennial celebration by the Alumni of Union College.

The President has made inquiry into the reports of abuse of the Indians and natives of Alaska, and of a lack of discipline among a portion of the troops, and has decided to remove the whole commander.

Advices from Arizona report that 160 Indians had attacked a party of Government employés at work for Camp Grant. They killed three men and wounded three others, and, having run off a number of the herders over 200,000 persons were present. At Liverpool $6,000 was the highest premium.

In the Spanish Cortes, June 12, Navarre advocated the election of Don Carlos Montpensier.

In Cuba a heavy engagement has occurred at Puerto Padre. The Spaniards admit a loss of 80 killed, and wounded. The insurgents acknowledge a loss of 1200. The insurgent General Marmore was killed.

The Austrian General at Lechrun was assassinated there on the night of May 24, while walking with the Austrian General Gablenville. The latter was also wounded.

The principal shops in Paris are henceforth to be closed on Sundays.

The rural Corps Legislatif of France will be composed as follows:

Government	213
Independent	42
Radical	7
	260

Serious riots occured in connection with the elections both at Madrid and Paris.

The Bishop of Canterbury has consented the Bishop in the House of Lords on the Irish Church bill.

A telegram from Liverpool, June 9, states that 4000 emigrants had left that port for the United States during the preceding week.

General Caballero de Rodas left Madrid for Cuba June 10.

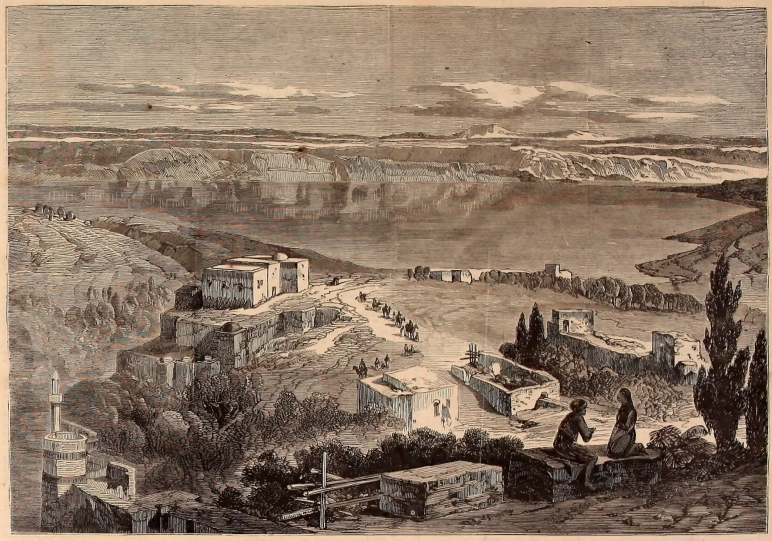
During the past year several disastrous explosions have occurred in British collieries. Another occurred on June 15, at Wednesbury, Staffordshire, while the men were at work. Few of the miners escaped, and 26 reported dead. Fifty were killed.

From July 26, 1856, to May 31, 1869, the receipts in the Art Schools of Kensington, England have averaged about £600 per day.

At one of the May meetings in Exeter Hall, London, Lord Lawrence, late Governor-General of British India, said, "I have known the American missionaries in India for upward of thirty years, and I know that to the influence of their presence the Government of India with which they have been nobly occupied, has been of a most beneficial character. I have seen one illustration of that. Fifteen years ago the American missionaries had not set up schools in the town of Lahore, and within a year or two they had gathered together a dozen or a hundred scholars. When I left the Punjaub, in 1859, the schools then contained five hundred scholars: when I returned to India as Governor-General, I found that the number had increased to 1900. It must be remembered, too, that not only are these missionaries in no way connected with the Government of India, but they belong to a country which is quite distinct and separate from England; and, nevertheless, they have taken their labors, and so important were the results which attended them, that a large body of Englishmen in the Punjaub and the northern parts of India zealously and effectually supported the American Mission in that part of the country."

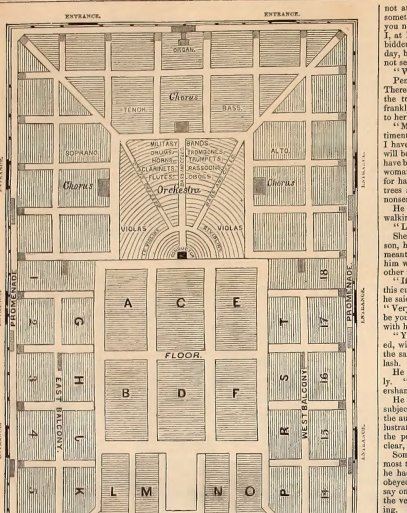
PALM-HOUSE IN THE BOTANIC GARDEN, FOOT OF CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON, D.C.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

MOB IN FRONT OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA, CUBA, JUNE 1, 1869.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



THE SEA OF GALILEE.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING AND MISSION BUILDINGS, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 407.]



EXPLANATION.—The Letters and Figures denote the Sections, and the lines of the Sections denote the Slips. Admission Tickets specify Section and Slip, thus: Section C is reserved for invited Guests; and Section D is appropriated to Season Tickets. Sections A, B, C, D, E, F, have 29 slips each; Sections 1 and 16 have 27 slips each; Sections A, M, N, O, have 33 slips each; all other Sections have 32 slips each. The top part of each Section, Letter, and Figure is toward slip No. 1. The short lines in the passage ways indicate stairways.

THE PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON—GROUND-PLAN OF THE COLISEUM.

GOLDEN-ROD.

It was the very last day at Seaview. On the morrow there was to be a general flitting. Trunks stood in the halls, locked and strapped, though every body had kept some last box open, saved out some decorations for the evening. They were going to dance, and to make the affair as gay as one ever can make a *last* evening, with the subtle, prophetic sadness which always seems to haunt the air.

Lucy Haversham had hurried through her packing, and two hours after dinner she went down into the hall, where she knew well enough some one waited for her. A handsome man looked up from the newspaper he was making pretense of reading, when he heard her foot on the stairs, and came forward to meet her. A tall, noble-looking fellow, with a fair Saxon face and clear blue eyes. John Pembroke was a man whom all owned liked. Miss Haversham had meant to be an exception, and had carried herself distantly when the first came to Seaview, but had ended by something a little more than a flirtation, a little less, perhaps, than a love-affair with him. She had a good deal of worldly wisdom. She knew that she needed money, and had no certain prospect of it. Her uncle had brought her up as liberally as if she had been his own daughter, but if he should die to-morrow she was not sure of money enough to keep her in gloves. He might have willed her something, or he might not. He had never told her, and she knew that to make a brilliant marriage had been the object and end of her social training—the one thing her Uncle and Aunt Haversham expected of her in return for all their outlays in her behalf.

It was a strange oversight on their part which had allowed her to come to Seaview, and be left there to her own devices. Mrs. Haversham had been in mourning for her sister, and, of course, out of society. She did not care to let her niece go to any very gay place without her; and, just as they were settling their plans, some friends had begged for Miss Haversham's company at Seaview, and her aunt and uncle had consented.

To be sure, they might have been justified in trusting something to the common-sense of their niece. Lucy was in her twenty-fourth year, and had already proved herself to be any thing but an easily impressed young lady; and then, she had been well instructed as to what the other high contracting party in any matrimonial contract she might form was expected to bring. Miss Haversham was accustomed to reason about it very coolly and clearly.

She had known from the first that Mr. Pembroke was poor; that he had nothing but his old name, his handsome face, and fascinating manner, and a certain amount of talent for drawing, which always made his illustrations in demand, and on the proceeds of which he lived. This knowledge made her very distant toward him at first, and she was utterly at a loss as to what had brought about the change, and established their more than friendly relations. She knew well enough that he meant to ask her before they parted for some pledge of constancy, and she had settled her own course in her mind. She did not ask herself how much she cared about him, or whether she was likely ever to care as much for any one else. She preferred to put those points out of sight, and consider only the manifest impossibility of her making *plus* nothing, being equal to the demands of fashionable life. In those days she had never thought of any other kind of life as possible. So she had a purpose this afternoon. She meant to make him see the matter as he did, and she meant to make him see it before he had subjected himself to the pain of hearing, or her to the pain of saying, "No."

She nodded gayly as she met him, and said a few merry words as they went down the steps together; but he was in no lively mood, and her gay smiles provoked no rejoinder.

"It is so good of you," he said, at last, "to give me one more walk, busy as I know you are to-day, among these dear old scenes. I believe every one of them is photographed on my heart and brain. I think I shall never forget one tree, or one of these old rocks, or just how the tide comes up among those crags, or the sunset that flushes sky and sea. There is only one thing makes a man's memory so clear—one thing which I have learned this summer, for the first time."

Lucy Haversham trembled a little. She felt a mutinous longing to hear what he had to say—to let him go on. Something told her that her whole life would hold no sweeter draught than he was offering her just now. She must have cared for him more than she had known, or these low words, this tender, pleading tone would not be so dangerously sweet. But she had traced out her course beforehand, and she would not be lured away from it by false lights.

"Don't be sentimental," she rejoined; "it is not at all becoming;" and this time there was something hollow in the gayety of her tone. "Do you not know that sentiment is out of fashion? I, at least, was brought up to look on it as forbidden fruit. Of course I am to marry some day, but that will be an affair of common-sense, not sentiment."

"What do you mean?"

Pembroke's voice was low and a little hoarse. There was an earnestness in it which compelled the truth in her lips. She answered him as frankly as she would have acknowledged the facts to her own soul.

"Merely what I say. Not that I despise sentiment, but that I am too poor to indulge in it. I have nothing of my own. When I marry, it will be a man rich enough to give me all that I have been accustomed to. I shall not be a happier woman, or make my husband a better wife, for having talked sentiment with you under the trees at Seaview. Let us confine ourselves to nonsense."

He stopped right in the path where they were walking, and took both her hands in his.

"Look at me," he said, almost sternly.

She looked up at him; her dark cheeks crimson, her great brown eyes telling him what she meant he should never know, her lips tempting him with the ripe sweetness that some day another man's money was to buy.

"If it were not for the one lordly wisdom, this cursed prudence, you would have loved me, he said, after he had read the story in her eyes.

"Very well—I shall not envy the man who will be your husband. I would not exchange places with him."

"Your words are not choice ones," she retorted, with an indignant tone and glance, but, at the same time, a grieved quiver of lip and eyelash.

He released her hands, and bowed courteously. "If I forgot myself, pardon me, Miss Haversham. It will not happen again."

He commenced at once to talk about other subjects: of the following morning to change the autumn flowers adorning the paths; some illustrations he was making for a book of poems; the people they had met at Seavirw: steering clear, very carefully, of all dangerous themes.

Somehow Miss Haversham had succeeded almost too well for her own pleasure. She wished he had not understood her so quickly, or not obeyed her so readily. She longed to hear him say once more that he loved her, though that was the very thing she had prevented him from saying. She was too proud a woman, however, to make any steps backward; besides, she understood perfectly that she had done the only wise thing. So she joined in his converse upon indifferent matters, and ever all the time more vexed to see how easy he seemed to find it.

On the way home he gathered a handful of golden-rod, selecting carefully the richest and fullest blossoms.

"Will you wear some of these to-night?" he asked her. "The flower should suit you, for there is no sentiment about it, and its name suggests the quality which must commend objects to your taste. I shall never see this splendid orange hue will look in your dark hair."

"Yes, I will wear them," she said, putting out her hand for the blossoms. "I will wear them—they are royal. I wonder who will gather golden-rod for me next year?"

"*I* will, if I am alive, and you are not married."

She had made the remark in a half nervous strain, not expecting any answer. His words, so earnestly spoken, half startled her.

"You will forget," she said, trying to be carelessly gay.

"You will forget," he would surprise me so much as that a man should have a memory a year long."

"Perhaps, then, I shall have the pleasure of surprising you."

She laughed and shook her head, as she rang up the piano with the flowers in her hand; but, once in her own room, she felt no inclination to laugh. Something in his tone had been wax in her heart. She felt as if in some strange way hope had been swept out of her life; as if she cared not what might happen to her in future, since one star would rise for her no more.

She roused herself at last to dress for the evening. She selected with much this last night. She put on a thin black dress, through which her neck and arms gleamed, polished and perfect as marble. She fastened among the long sprays of golden-rod in her heavy falling hair, and shaped the wreath like a coronet above her brow. The effect was splendid. She looked like a princess with a crown of dusky gold.

John Pembroke's eyes kindled a little as he came to meet her. It was a surprise to him. Beautiful as he had always thought her, there was about her this evening a queenlier grace, a subtler charm, than he could nothing. If was not his way to pay compliments, except with his eyes; and he certainly, that night, did not pay them with his lips.

It was midnight when Lucy went up stairs, with some vexation that Pembroke had been singing ringing in her ears:

"My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves dross which I counted gold;
I watch in vain for the curtain's folds—
The window is dark, and the night is cold,
And the door forever told."

Was the story forever told? Had she lost something she might yet seek for vainly and with tears? She looked out of her window toward the sea that lay tossing beneath the September moon. She had chosen her room for this same glimpse of that wide waste of waters. It meant Eternity to her, because it stretched away into a boundless mystery which seemed infinite. She approached her window once more and more searching than any preacher's voice would ever utter. Her worldly aims, her petty cares of this life, always shrank into insignificance when she looked from that window. Gazing out, now, it seemed to her as if this world were done with; and, standing on the shore of some other life, she could measure calmly what she had done in this. And she asked herself had she done well?

There might be greater and better men in the world than John Pembroke; but she had lived twenty-four years without ever finding one whose heart made answer to her heart as she knew that his might. She knew there were things she could say to him that she could never say to any one else. Apparently light fellow that he was, she knew his nature was honest, and fearless, and reverent—that he looked toward eternity with a straightforward, earnest-purposed, unshrinking gaze; and she saw what she had lost. From the unquiet, glistening sea a voice seemed to come, whispering, as he had sung, of a "story forever told"—her life's story, of which she had made a failure so soon.

The damp chill of the night was penetrating her veins, saturating her garments. She got up, shut her window, and, in shutting out white moon and tossing sea, seemed to have shut out with them part of her pain.

She got down to a late breakfast the next morning. Her train did not go until eleven.

"So Pembroke is gone?"

Some one said this as she was descending the stairs. Miss Haversham felt her heart stand still as she waited for the answer.

"Pembroke? Yes. He said he had business to see to which wouldn't let him wait. He was off at eight o'clock."

She was thankful that she had heard the news, and got over the pang it caused when no investigating eyes were taking note of her. When she joined the group at the door she was able to hear the same tidings over again quite unmoved, and answer gayly, as her wont was, to all sallies about him.

She had not been back in town more than three weeks before she saw in the columns of a literary paper an announcement that the publishers of a certain poet, desiring to issue a volume with illustrations, had arranged with Pembroke for the designs, and he had gone abroad to confer on the subject with the author, and to study the poems at his leisure among the scenes where they were written.

She either did not feel any thing, or she would not let herself know that she felt it. She read the passage as she would have read a similar item of news about any other artist; and that was all.

Miss Haversham had a gay season that year: it kept her too busy and too tired to think much. Fortunately, in the set in which she moved Pembroke, for the present, was little known, and there was not much danger of her hearing his name mentioned. She had one trunk into which she never looked. So it she had thrust hurriedly, the last day of September, all her tokens of Seaview—a carved box, among other things, that held the withered sprays of golden-rod, the fanciful crown, which had been his last gift to her.

Summer came round again. Lucy Haversham had grown more tasteless, and she suspected how restlessness might easily degenerate into crossness. During August and September the family were in Europe. They had a carriage there, and meant to stay as long as the weather was pleasant and there was any thing going on.

Soon Miss Haversham began to see that for there was something very special going on. She had met a few times in society, during the last winter, one Reginald Gore, a man in whose veins flowed the purest of blue blood. A fine, cool dignity pervaded his manners. You know without being told what his features were—the high head, the delicate nose, the thick, long hair, the thin, passionless, proud lips. He was a man whom the world delighted to honor; wealthy, and of good descent. His attentions conferred honor, like a patent of nobility; and Miss Haversham began unconsciously to set a higher value upon herself when she found that she was singled out as their recipient.

He did not make love to her at all. For lovemaking, as he generally practiced it, he was quite too cool and too dignified. But he sought no other woman's side—he drove and rode with her; his mother and sisters drove with her, and showed themselves ready to make her welcome at the cottage where the Gores had held summer festivals for so many vanished years. Mrs. Gore and her daughters were not handsome. There had been something very charming in the mother's face long ago, but she was as lifeless and proper now as a lay figure hung with cachemires, and glittering as proper jewels with diamonds. Miss Gore and Miss Margaret were like their brother—like him in pride and in dignity, as far as their inferior natures allowed.

They were not of Lucy Haversham's kind. She felt chilled when she sat with them in their very proper, well-appointed rooms, or drove with them, at sober pace, in their faultlessly well-appointed family carriage. To say that her uncle and aunt were gratified would be to put it very mildly indeed. They had social tact enough not to display any undue exhilaration; but their niece, if no one else, understood it perfectly.

"Has it occurred to you, my dear," said Mrs. Haversham, one day, attempting extreme dignity, "that Mr. Gore's attentions are very marked, and that you are likely soon to be obliged to answer to him the most important question of your life?"

"The importance of the question depends on my reply, aunt," Lucy answered, perversely. "A woman's rejected suitors are not of any especial consequence to her."

Rejected! Mrs. Haversham put up both hands, as if to ward off a blow, and a look of blank horror crossed her face. "Have you been *flirting* with Mr. Gore?"

"Hardly. I think the affair has been rather too cool and stately on both sides to be called a flirtation, aunt. Mr. Gore is not given to sentiment: and I don't think I am now."

"Mr. Gore's attentions are an honor—and you will do well to estimate them at their value, Lucy. How many such opportunities do you think are likely to offer themselves? You are not an heiress, and not a great beauty."

A glint like steel came into Lucy Haversham's eyes, but she controlled her temper perfectly. It seemed as if her uncle and aunt were growing tired of her. The tears filled her eyes, her face turned white.

"I will not disappoint you if I can help it, dear aunt," she said, in a low, tremulous voice; and then she went out of the room.

The 29th of September came round, and old memories were haunting her like ghosts. Just one year ago that day she had walked with John Pembroke at Seaview, and he had gathered the golden-rod for her hair. He had promised to gather it again for her this year, if she were not married still. Then she thought bitterly what wastes of waters rolled between them—what oceans, bitterer and yet more impassable, swept them apart.

That afternoon, when upon the beach with Mr. Gore, he asked her to be his wife. His manner never varied from its cool, calm dignity. His words were admiring and respectful, rather than fervent. If they had come yesterday she might have said yes; for in this offer the very things she had coveted, position attractive, the man she had once set before herself as the only things needful, were laid at her feet—all of them, and more. But, even while Mr. Gore listened to Mr. Gore's courtly words, her mind had been roaming with John Pembroke among the asters and golden-rod at Seaview; and the dear life she could not bring herself to make him the promise he asked. But neither did she refuse it.

"Let me give you my answer to-morrow," was all she said. "It is a momentous question, not to be decided hastily."

And Mr. Gore, sure of his triumph in the end, admired her sense of dignity; and talked tranquilly about Ruskin and Turner as they went home through the crimson sunset.

When Miss Haversham opened the door of her room she saw a box upon her table strongly tied, and with express labels on it. Her heart gave a great bound. She wrenched at the cords and tore them off. When the cover was removed she saw a moss basket, neatly packed, filled with sprays of golden-rod; and, lying on it, a little note, which she opened and read. It contained but a few words. "I promised you golden-rod on the 29th of September, this year, if you were still unmarried. I came back from over the seas to keep my word, and show you that one man has 'a memory a year long.'"

She would have known the handwriting, even if she had not been remembering all day the promise which seemed so impossible of fulfilment. *Was* it possible, also, that the old story had not been "forever told"—that for her there was still "place for repentance?"

The next morning she gave Mr. Gore an answer that surprised him. There was a new and sweet humility in her manner, which almost charmed him into forgiving her, in spite of his anger.

"Perhaps you will despise me," she said, after telling him that she could not be his wife. "After having been so much together you may have had reason to expect a different answer; and I believe I should have given a different one had you asked me before yesterday. But I have been searching my own heart, and I have found that one old memory had power enough to keep me from being to you a loyal, loving wife, and you are too noble to be deceived into marrying any other."

Mr. Gore forbore entreaties or reproaches. He was too proud for the one, too truly a gentleman for the other. He did not refuse, either, to take the little hand put out to him so pleadingly. Lucy Haversham had done him good, though as yet he might know it not. He would have more faith in love, henceforth, more respect for all women, because this one had been true to herself.

Lucy went from her interview with him to one scarcely less trying with her aunt. In it she told the truth, and the whole truth. Mrs. Haversham found it in vain to blame or to remonstrate. The next day she took her niece away.

It seemed as if some fairy kept John Pembroke advised of Miss Haversham's movements. She had not been at home a week before, one evening, his card was brought up to her room, as he happened to be dressed as he had seen her last, in black. She waited a moment to put the golden-rod, which careful tending had kept fresh, in her hair. Then she went down, looking again a radiant queen, whom the crown of dusky gold suited well. When the first greetings were over he touched the blossoms in her hair.

"Did you wear them to give me courage?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"I wore them," she said, softly, "because I loved them—because I have found they are the only gold with a heart-beat—that the things I used to think necessary were only pleasant, not vital."

"And you are ready to do without them, and trust to me to keep want and care away from the woman I love? Are you mine, now?"

He was holding her close, and looking straight into her face, where the blushes burned. She gave him a smile, in which her soul was fused like a pearl.

"If you want me, yes."

"You shall never be sorry, while God gives me life to love you."

And she never has been.

PALM HOUSE BOTANIC GARDEN, WASHINGTON.

THERE are few places in Washington city more interesting to visitors than the Botanic Garden at the foot of Capitol Hill. We give on page 404 an illustration of Palm House, situated in this Garden, and designed as a conservatory for tropical plants.

The Botanic Garden lies between Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues, on the north and south, and First and Third streets West on the east and west, with the main entrance on First Street, opposite the middle gate of the Capitol grounds, and another entrance directly opposite on Third Street, the two entrances being connected by a main avenue, which is paved with broad flag-stones. On the south side of the main avenue is the green-house, consisting of a central circular building, sixty feet in diameter and fifty-five feet in height, east and west of which are two smaller octagonal buildings, each connected with the central building by a parallelogram, the whole having a length of three hundred feet. The eastern octagon and parallelogram are built of cedar and glass, and have been occupied ten years. The central building, which is the one shown in our cut, and the western octagon and parallelogram have been recently completed; they are constructed of marble, iron, and glass, at a cost of $45,000.

Here, side by side, may be seen the true and bastard cinnamon, whose mixture in the cinnamon of commerce so often defrauds the consumer; and here the delicious vanilla attains a high state of perfection. Here are twenty species of palms, every one of them graceful, and a large variety of the rarest ferns—a single plant of one species of which sold, at a recent sale in Baltimore, for ninety dollars. Here is the curious date plant, which the imaginative and superstitious Spaniard has called the *Spirits Sacata*, or Holy Ghost plant. And here imported from the Holy Land) is Christ's thorn, the same species from which came the thorns that crowned the Martyr of Calvary. Here is a bamboo-tree, which has already attained the height of eight feet; and it is hoped that experiments prompted by this establishment may result in raising this valuable tree flourish in some of our Southern States.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE scene selected for our illustration on page 405 is from a painting by MR. WILLIAM SELMS, an English artist. A view of the Sea of Galilee (connected so closely with the Saviour's ministry), looking southwest from the highest point of the Castle of Safed, which, like the town, was crumbled almost to dust by an earthquake. In the extreme distance are the mountains of Ajlun, following the course of the Jordan on to the Dead Sea. At the farther point of the land, on the right-hand shore, is the town of Tiberias. On the point nearer the spectator, on the same side, is the village of Magdala. Still nearer, under the cliffs and consequently out of sight, is the place where Capernaum once stood, and part of the flat, on the margin of the sea, known by the name of Gennesareth. Safed, in the fore-ground, is one of the holy places of the Jews, many of whom repair to it from all parts of the world to end their days; and a more forlorn, sickly, squalid—not to say dirty—set of melancholy ghosts it would be difficult to find.

METHODIST PUBLISHING AND MISSION BUILDINGS, NEW YORK.

On page 405 we give a view of the new Methodist Publishing and Mission Buildings in this city, corner of Broadway and Eleventh Street. The lot occupied by these buildings has a front on Broadway of 76 feet 7 inches; on Eleventh Street, 103 feet 3 inches. A massive building, five stories above the basement, with iron fronts, and of superior architectural design, covers the entire lot. The ceilings are lofty, so much so that the edifice is nearly an entire story higher than the surrounding five-story buildings. The extensive area of each floor is without interior walls, the ceilings being supported by numerous iron columns. This will render it convenient to erect partitions at pleasure. The basement room and entrance are under Broadway, and 14 feet and 11 inches under Eleventh Street. This contains an area of 20,114 square feet; the first story floors above 15,665 square feet each, and remaining three floors 10,959 square feet each, making a total area of 84,421 square feet—a number nearly equal to two acres. The basement floor covers nearly one half acre. The building is entirely new (now nearly completed), constructed in the most substantial manner, the ironwork having been put up by MESSRS. J. B. and W. W. CORNELL. Good judges pronounce the front one of the finest and the most imposing on Broadway. The cost of the building is $900,000. The yearly rental value of the Book-store alone is set at $50,000. The Missionary Society bears one-fourth of the expense of the whole property.

HOW AUTHORS ARE PAID

IS days now happily gone by an author had to write a fulsome dedication to his book, hoping to get a good present from his patron; but now authors write for the public, and the publishers take good care to cater to its taste. The same publishers pay authors now for their works are wonderful—a striking contrast to those paid in former times. Scott, even after the failure of Ballantyne & Co., retained their debts from £117,000 to £55,000, which latter sum was paid by his executors out of the moneys arising from his life insurance, copyright property, and other literary remains. With respect to living writers, we have only the authority of the newspapers for what follows; but even if they magnify in some cases the exaggeration is significant. It is stated that Lord (then Sir E. B.) Lytton received £100 for each week's installment of "A Strange Story;" and that Mr. Wilkie Collins received £5000 for a novel contributed to the *Cornhill*. Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are said to have paid Miss Evans £3500 for "Silas Marner;" £4000 for "The Mill on the Floss;" and £7000 for "Romola." The *Literary Budget* stated that in 1862 Mr. Coventry Patmore was paid £2000 by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for his "Victories of Love," contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*—or about a guinea a line. Messrs. Strahan & Co., the publishers of *Good Words*, placed £5000 to the credit of Dr. Guthrie, for the purpose of his going to the Holy Land and there writing a Commentary on the Bible, to be published in monthly numbers. The same publishers paid £1000 to Mr. Millais for twelve illustrations to "The Parables read in the Light of the Present Day," by Guthrie. Messrs. Lacroix & Co., of Brussels, stated that they paid Victor Hugo £16,000, or 400,000 francs, for "Les Misérables," but the author was for twenty years engaged on the work. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the same publishers have just signed a contract with Victor Hugo to purchase, for the sum of £12,000, the right of publication for a limited term of all historical novel, in four volumes, entitled "Par Ordre du Roi" (By Order of the King), the scene of which is laid in England, at the close of the seventeenth century, together with a volume of poems, entitled "Fin de Satan," and a volume composed of three dramas not intended for representation, and entitled "Théâtre en Liberté."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

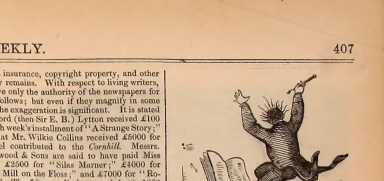
A FACT.—The Laws of Natural Philosophy are invio-lable. You can't even pick up any thing at an auction unless it has been first knocked down!

What reason is there to suppose that frost has an interesting effect on flat fish?—Because in frosty weather we so often see soles and skates "screwed" together.

A wealthy merchant, who had become a bankrupt, was met, some time after his misfortune, by a friend, who asked him how he was getting on. "Pretty well," said he. "I am upon my legs again." "How, indeed?" "Yes; I have been obliged to part with my carriage and horses, and must now walk."

A witness being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately—"he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horsewhipped him."

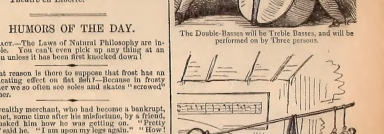
BOSTON MONSTER PEACE FESTIVAL.



Enthusiastic Attitude of the Conductor.

The Double-Basses will be Treble Basses, and will be performed on by Three persons.

Portion of the Great Kettle-Drum, and the way it is to be Beaten.



This Gentleman has resolved to throw a Monster Bouquet to Madame Rosa. He is hesitating as to the proper Moment: meanwhile he Staggers under its Weight.

A WHEELCOUPEDE.

It has only one wheel,
Neither treadle nor saddle:
It is built in such fashion
That you don't have to straddle.
The man who propels it
Takes hold with his hands
Of two parallel bars,
And on the ground stands:
Puts his feet in motion,
One after the other,
While the wheel goes,
Without any bother.
This funny machine
Has no painting or gilding:
It is useful to carry
Material for building—
Shingles and shavings,
Brick, lime, and plaster—
And the lighter the load,
It can travel the faster:
It is better than a bicycle,
For it isn't so narrow;
And our wheelcoupede
We will call a wheel-barrow!

Type-setters should be careful to dip their fingers into the right boxes. Our Ward an editor has been sued for libel, in having published that a certain Mr. Harrison was a well-known horse-breaker. The offense of the editor is that he wrote horse-breaker, which the plaintiff is by occupation.

A gentleman of Rochester saw an advertisement that a cure for dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage-stamp to the advertiser. He sent his stamp and the answer was, "Dig in your garden, and let whisky alone."

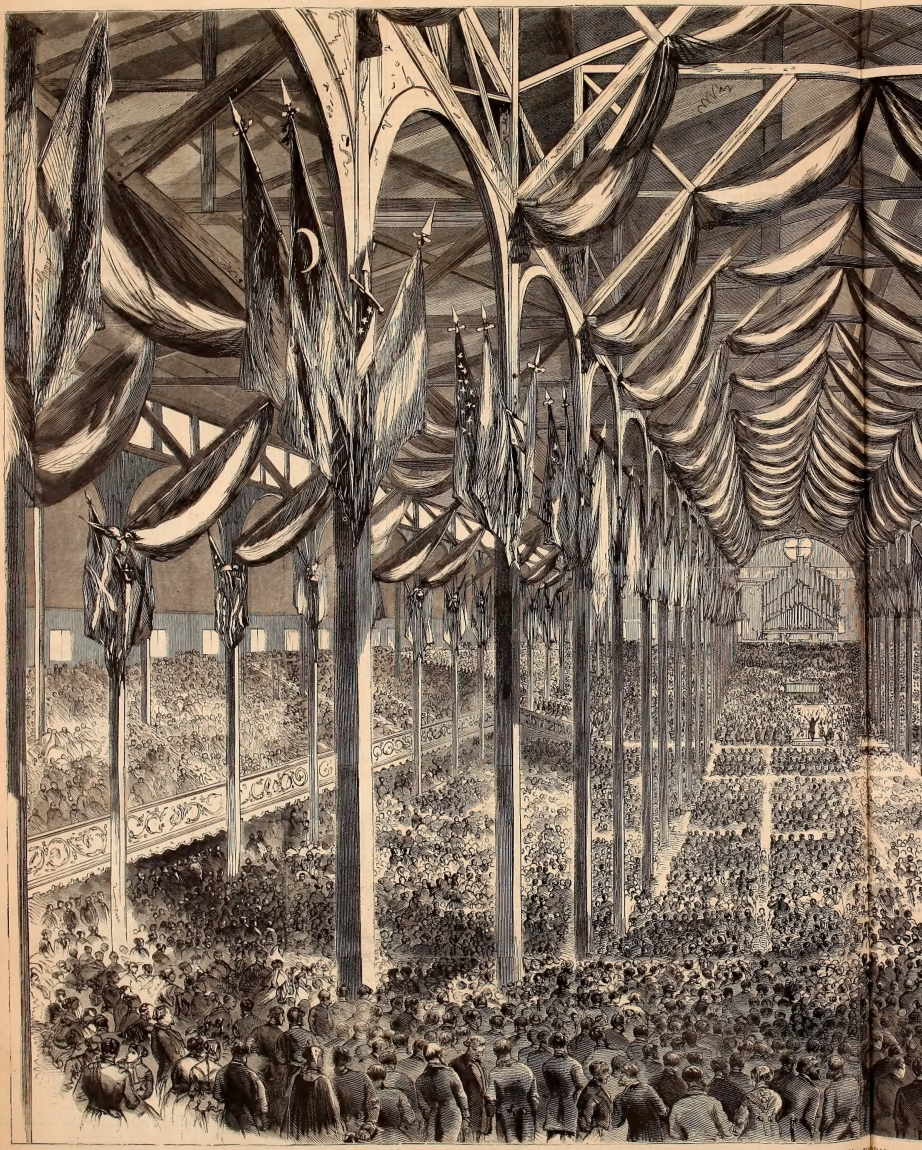
If a leaden bullet hits a man, what striking metamorphosis takes place?—The leaden bullet becomes fit.

"Jim," said one youngster to another on the Fourth; "Jim, lend me two cents, will you? I got up so early that I spent all my money before breakfast. I don't think the day was going to be so long."

New Style of "Sound" Steamer.—Patent applied for.

Pandean Pipes and Steam Whistle combined.

Details of "Sound" Steamer.



THE PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON—INTERIOR OF THE GRAND COLISEUM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY

UM.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 411.]

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMELESS AMIDST A THOUSAND HOMES.

WHEN Robert Douglas walked away from the vicinity of Curzon Street he turned his steps in the direction of the Park; he walked quickly, as one who is spurred on by a pursuing pain—a pain which threatens to shrivel the soul with its sharpness, should its victim pause to *think*. When he relaxed his rapid pace it was to cast himself down on one of the park seats; and then he shielded his sun-burnt face with his hand that none might note its utter forlornness.

"She looked me in the face and she did not know me. She heard me speak and my voice was unfamiliar as a stranger's," he whispered. "Fool that I was to subject myself to this last humiliation!"

Two young lovers nestled down on a seat near him, and were telling each other of their passion's infiniteness, when they were disturbed by a harsh laugh resounding near them. They drew themselves away with scared, angry eyes, and Robert Douglas was left alone to stare at the red leaves fluttering slowly through the warm September haze, and to wonder whether this great City held a more desolate wretch than himself.

He was beginning to feel faint from hunger. His journey to town and the subsequent night's lodging had exhausted his last few shillings; and he had been unable to afford himself a meal for the last two days. He turned out his pockets and smiled drearily as he found that nothing but them from but a few dried crumbs, which, with great, impudent sparrows took immediate possession of. As it grew dusk the paths became deserted; the bands of children and nursery maids went and nearly all were leaving the Park. One kindly loiterer touched Douglas on the arm.

"It is getting late for sleeping in the air," he suggested.

"I am not sleeping, thank you," Douglas said, courteously, and the other passed on, thinking, "What a nice voice that tramp had!" In reality Douglas felt the drowsiness of exhaustion creeping over him, but he did not care to enter himself to leave his present position. He was at least secure of a seat here, and the City's multitudes repelled and became converted in him in sense of protection or comfort. "Who should know me there?" he thought. "What greater chins have I to dread? I remembered him as the man who broke up my life, and yet am I so dead in her memory that the sound of my voice does not even bring her to her?" It was strange that in all the various shapes her face had taken before him in his wanderings he had never pictured this one perfect unconsciousness. He had seen it gentle and scornful, quivering with passion, and cold as stone. He had seen it adherent with all its bright beauty thwarted by treachery. He had remembered its dishonour long smile turned to another, and turned to his guile, while his heart was sore with ruined love. He had forgiven it, and prayed that it might clear itself for him even the night had dropped to dust, and the poor sinning soul was called to hear its unchanging doom. He had once recalled it, fair and innocent, as it was when they first met as boy and girl. It was the recollection of her pure-seeming eyes—it was the sound of her childish voice, heard in a dream, that persuaded him to forgive her; but he never contemplated that the countenance he knew so well would cease to know him. He had once hoped to meet her face again; it was by the merest accident that he had rested by those arm-chairs, when a voice had given him the sweetest delight of his life, and who had caused him intolerable anguish, caused by him with the cruellest regard of a stranger. He cursed the necessity that had brought him to England, and the chance that had brought her before him. Her love was dead; but he was still vulnerable to mortification and outraged pride.

The glitter that stepped from the land of spirits to look once more on a dearly-loved face on earth, saw what caused it to veil its shadowy eyes, and to weep that eternal unpunished sin torture which might insure eternal forgetfulness. Surely the spirit's suffering was incomplete, for it only wrought remembrance. As we pass away and it might have presented itself in the flesh without being recognized by the fickle lover!

"What I to do—where am I to go?" Douglas asked himself, as he looked blankly into the gathering darkness. "There isn't a tramp in London who isn't better off than I am to-night. I don't even know the sheltered corners in the arches."

For two days he had tasted nothing but an unsavory roll at Folkestone, and his brain reeled when he endeavored to walk away from the loitering-place. He sank back wearily on the seat.

"It's no good; I must stay here till morning." He felt very weak and ill as he laid his head on the wooden bench.

"I wonder why *He* did not let me die, when all happiness left me. Why was I kept back in the wreck? and for what have I been reserved?" He lifted his large eyes wistfully to a misty galaxy of stars overhead, as if seeking there the answer to his question. Then he dropped to sleep in a shroud of mist, and with a rising wind shivering down the moist leaves on his face, and penetrating the thin worn cloak he had pulled tightly round him.

Lady Diana was smiling softly on her pillow at the reflection that bishops did not wear bonds any more gracefully than laymen, but were to the full as awkward and uncomfortable when confused by the tender trouble of love.

When Douglas next awoke the dawn was creeping up the east. The cold stillness of the night still held the town in check; it would be four or five hours before its gaudy babbling life poured down the long vistas of streets; before the shining quays would be thronged, the river shudder under the quick sails, or the pavement echo to the restless beat of innumerable footsteps.

Cramped and shivering, Douglas longed for the sun to grow warmer and the day to come in its completeness. There was a terrible pain gnawing his stomach, which he knew that unless he could quickly obtain the aid he had come to England to seek it would be too late for him to benefit by it. He asked himself if he was the only one man on whom he felt he had a claim, and had been told that "Captain Mowbray was out; was not expected home until late; would he call again to-morrow?" He consented to this, and had just left Thurstan Mowbray's lodging (which was very near Douglas's lodging to Curzon Street), when chance brought him before the object of his search. He knew Mowbray instantly, although it was a few years since they had met; but Thurstan, with his heart drunk with the joy of his approaching wedding with Lady Diana with his glance until she had disappeared within her doorway, and then he rode away with his eyes still full of her, never seeing the man who had once saved his life at the risk of his own.

"I must find him to-day, and get him to redeem an old promise," Douglas thought; then he remembered the look that had passed between Lady Diana and the young man, and smiled bitterly.

"The leopard can not change his spots, or the light woman her nature. I do not blame the boy, poor fool!"

As it grew later the Park became more frequented, and Robert Douglas's appearance soon attracted by a bevy of rosy-faced children running down to the shores of the water

was to find myself (very much to my own surprise) alive at Fort Beaufort, and to learn that a troop of our own people had reached us just in time to prevent the final blow being given to my friend's head."

"It was *grand!*" Lord Clairveaux broke in. "Who was the fellow? A gentleman, I'll be bound."

"Yes, he must have been a thorough-bred—it was good form—very!" chimed in Carden, draining off his wine.

"Who was he?" "Is he alive still?" "Where is he?" the others cried, infected by Lord Clairveaux's enthusiasm.

"I thank God," Captain Mowbray said—his handsome face bright with the memory of what he had just done, "that he does live, and that I see him here now—a bit older, perhaps, but still the same man who set himself between me and what seemed certain death. Look here!"

Thurstan caught hold of Douglas's wrist, and, before the latter had time to resist his intention, pushed up the cotton sleeve, and, pulling forward the arm, cried,

"There's the scar of the first wound you got, Douglas. I never saw the last inflicted, for I was insensible when those black devils closed on you. This is the man who saved my life, Clairveaux. I've told you the way he did it."

"Will you honor me by shaking hands with me?" Lord Clairveaux said, turning his gleaming eyes on Douglas. "It is one of the shuckliest things I ever heard of."

"It is nothing to be proud of," Douglas answered, quietly, as he accepted the proffered courtesy. "I had no particular pleasure in my life, and was ready to risk it for the sake of a younger man who might have more than mere existence at stake."

"Say what you like, you won't get me to underrate what you did," said Mowbray. "Let us fill our glasses and drink Robert Douglas's health."

For a moment Captain Mowbray's guests forgot their reserve (even in little Mountjoy's breast the man got the better of the Guardsman), and cheered like noisy, fresh-hearted school-boys. No one wished to hold aloof now from the hagyard man whose bearing in his rough way, so incongruous with them in appearance, so grandly superior in experience.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

DOUGLAS was too fatigued to appreciate the rest he so much needed that night. All night long his slumbers were troubled; and he arose early, giving a sigh of relief as he opened his window and drew in breaths of fresh morning air. It was pleasant to see the gray still morning broadening into day, and to hear the active signs of life begin to echo down the streets. He was too restless to attempt to resume his slumbers; so he dressed, and went down into Captain Mowbray's sitting-room in search of a book to while away the hours until breakfast. It was the same room Thurstan and his friends had occupied after the dinner of the previous night. It hardly seemed a chamber likely to furnish interest or occupation for a studious mind. The scent of cigars still lingered in the muslin curtains; the centre-table was stained with fruit and covered with empty tumblers; errant papers had fallen on to the rugs, and there been immolated under men's heels; uncorked soda-water bottles rolled listlessly on the marble chiffonier, and cigarette nubes had burned white patches in the rose colored carpet. On the sofa, lying on a crumpled heap of sporting papers, was a little terrier, who kept one eye fixed on Douglas's movements with a wary scrutiny suggestive of sheriffs' officers. Dumb-bells and moogdars, single-sticks and bulbous-looking boxing-gloves, occupied the corners of the room; pipes-stands of favorite burlesque dancers were heaped in the card-dish, the confusion of legs somewhat resembling Doré's various illustrations to Dante where the soles of sinners protrude from the infernal lake. Queens of song smiled on the walls in juxtaposition to remarks of the turf. Patti looked blandly at Melbourne, and Melbourne smiled meditatively at his cat; a mahogany-colored portrait of Goodwood hung over the mantelpiece, and the crook of a hunting-whip clung for support to the slightly rounded arm of the Parisian Venus which stood on the shelf underneath the book-shelves. Douglas could find nothing but little prose literature in the room, except the *Turf*, heaped over the more solid shapes of *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, *Handley Cross*, *Mannel of Cruelty*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and an odd volume of *The Crescent and the Cross*.

Douglas turned from these to look at a highly-finished colored lithograph of Epsom set in an open case on an adjacent table. It was a portrait of Captain Mowbray, and had been done for Lady Diana Mowbray, the lady's greatest desire. The pride which some savage tribes feel in collecting their enemies' scalps Lady Diana experienced in the accumulation of the portraits of those who had fallen victims to her charms. Douglas, all unconscious of the portrait's relationship, looked at it with interest. So his fatigue of body and mind on the previous evening had scarcely observed how much his host had altered since that hot day of peril on the Cape. He saw in this well-executed likeness how handsome Captain Mowbray had become in the years which had deepened the furrows on his own brow. Large, deep-colored brown eyes, crisp, short swarthy curls, ruggedly over a square, somewhat low forehead, a nose aquiline but delicate in outline, lips somewhat full, covered with a gold-brown mustache, a chin and throat round and firm as that of the Antinous—a figure in which power showed itself in graceful rather than in unwieldy outline; such was Thurstan Mowbray at the age of twenty-four.

"It is a fine thing to be young," Douglas thought, as he looked at the face which had youth's roundness in the chin and brow, youth's bloom in the shining eyes and dewy red lips. "The boy has grown older in beauty since I saw him fronting those black fellows with such determination on his boyish face, while years with me have deepened every uncouth trace of time and toil-worn hardening. Mowbray, it was admiring your portrait. I wonder if it is!"—for Captain Mowbray had just entered the room, and looked rather consciously at the photograph as he returned his friend's greeting.

"Yes; it is done by the particular wish of a friend of mine," he answered, quickly. "Will you come to breakfast, Douglas? after which we will come back here and have a smoke; there are no end of books and papers to talk to you about."

"In the first place," Thurstan began, when the two returned to the sitting-room, "let us make ourselves comfortable. In process of which objects he placed himself in an easy-chair, and his legs on the mantle-piece, put a cigar between his lips, and called to the terrier "to come and be cosseted."

Douglas sat by the open window, looking at his companion with that thoughtful, intent gaze which had for years past been his habitual expression.

"You said last night," Thurstan pursued, when the terrier had curled itself round in a ball on his knees, and the cigar was lighted to his satisfaction, "that you were going to give me a chance of being of use to you; and I wish you to understand that there is nothing in the world I wish to do for you if I have the power. So now go ahead."

"What I have to say is simple enough," the other answered. "I shall not tax your kindness very heavily, although I know I might do so with impunity. Is not your father a country gentleman?"

"He was," Thurstan admitted, "until the force of circumstances compelled him to go and live abroad."

"Do you often see him?"

"Not unless some place give you much leave, because of the Commander-in-Chief's annual breaking out in field-days; and in the winter I can't make up my mind to face the native foxes; but when the season is late and the fences blind, I generally contrive to get to Italy for a few days."

"It is through your father that I must chiefly hope to attain my object," Douglas said, "and I wish to live in some place or country where my manner of life will be as simple and retired as possible. I expect in a few days to receive a little money from an agent in London; it will not be more than enough to clothe me decently and to start me in a very humblest description; consequently I must adopt some means of supplying my wants in future. I want to take to a few pupils."

"Won't you let me—" Thurstan began, eagerly, his face flushing a little.

"No," Douglas answered, divining the meaning of the blush and hesitation. "My dear boy, you must remember that I am a Scotchman; and, as my old countryman Burns says, 'The pride we're verra grand.' It would be impossible for a Mer—for a Douglas, I mean, to live on his friends: you must help me my own way, or not at all."

"As you will," Thurstan said, rather vexed; "but C——— will always let me have an advance."

"At sixty per cent., you mean? I didn't save your father's life that you should be my harpies. What I wish is, that you should get your father to exert what influence he may yet retain near Austin to procure me a few pupils —public-school boys, whom I might prepare for the university."

Thurstan stared wonderingly at the speaker. "You a coach!" he muttered; "you don't look like it. And you won't let me help you in any other way?"

"I'm sorry if my appearance is against me," Douglas said, smiling; "but, indeed, care smile of his which lit up his face with an expression charm which was almost beauty: "you can help me in no other way."

"Would you not like to live in some more civilized place than Auriel?" suggested Captain Mowbrey. "I should think you not prefer some appointment in town?"

"No," Douglas answered, emphatically; "I should not. I have tried both. The life of the I have lived surrounded by the culture of civilization, and I have bivouacked where the gibberish of wild savagery was the only sound which broke the silence of the primeval solitudes; but I have never found a tiger-cat so cruel as a woman, nor any colony of malignants so base as a town mob. Since I have been in England I have felt more than ever what I have done for years. When I was abroad I used to dream of those that loved me brightly at me; of voices that welcomed me back home, and I wondered why I remained away. I was dissevered from all the old social ties until I returned to a world where I am as one dead. If I lived in London I should be in my own country. Never ask me to come back to London. Peace is what I seek; and I shall find it best in some quiet country house, where I can write the story of my life to literary pursuits. I shall hope to increase my income by my writings. I should have lived abroad a few years longer to finish my work on Brazilian forests, but I found my money and health failing me, so I brought my notes home with me; and these, and similar memoranda on other subjects, will assist me considerably in my task. I have by no means spent it, Mowbray, this is the only sort of life I shall find tolerable to me."

"If you must put music," Thurstan Mowbray said; "but I should think you would find it awfully slow. I will write to my father to-day, and at the same time I wouldn't advise you to produce me as a show pupil. Do you remember how, at the Cape, I used to write spooney notes to the brigadier's daughter, and cause to you to know if I was to spell eternal with one 'l?' I'll look out an offensive, but I haven't forgotten how to spell eternal. Will you, remind me, Douglas, I want to ask your advice."

"About spelling?"

"Oh no; I always carry a pocket-dictionary about with me now; but it is about a letter that took here."

Captain Mowbray drew a small, delicately-tinted photograph from his breast pocket as he spoke and handed it to his friend.

"Well!" he said, impatiently, after a few moments' silence, "what do you think of it?" He looked at Douglas's face, anxious to read there the sympathetic admiration he sought; but the latter was covering his eyes with one hand to shield them from the glare of the sun.

"She is very pretty."

"She is more than pretty," Thurstan answered, with some impatience: "She is the loveliest creature I ever saw."

"What is she?"

"She is the lady those fellows were speaking of last night, Lady Diana Merton. She is a widow, you know."

"No, I did not know," Douglas said, quietly. "Who was her husband?"

"Oh! he died years ago, and a good thing too. I do not think she was very happy with him."

"It is his fault?" Douglas asked, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"She says so. He was a hard-headed Scotchman, given to drinking, older than herself, and unwilling to make allowances for the freaks of a pretty, spoiled child. Besides, he was very learned, and she says she knows books wrong."

"So she has come to you for contrast," Douglas suggested, a little maliciously.

"I think, you know," Thurstan hesitated now puffing vigorously at his cigar, "that—as she really likes me, you know, better than she ever did the old fellow."

"Then I am to congratulate you?"

An indescribable expression passed over Douglas's face as he asked which Thurstan, occupied by his cigar and his embarrassment, did not notice.

"Well—so, not exactly," the latter said, ruefully. "The fact is, whenever I press for some decided answer—since I left her that I wish to make my life hers, and that—"

"Excuse the interruption: but what are your prospects?"

"They lie in a nutshell," Thurstan admitted. "The Queen's pay and an allowance of three hundred pounds, which we are annum. I can't offer her my commission—that's mortgaged."

"And how much do you suppose you own?"

"Somewhere about fifteen thousand pounds."

"Is Lady Diana aware of your circumstances?" Douglas asked, fixing his keen eyes on the youngger man's face.

"Yes; but that makes no difference. She is not mercenary."

"Has she ever given her any presents?" Douglas said, carelessly.

"Only a bracelet or two set with brilliants, and a locket containing my hair. The locket was the most valuable, and it only cost a hundred and fifty pounds. She said she would never part with it."

"I once he sworn she was," Robert Douglas remarked, with a grim smile. "And are you quite sure that she is sincere with you?"

"No man but yourself should put such a question," Thurstan said, with a hot gleam of anger in his brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon," Douglas answered, meekly. "I am certain that there is no woman like her."

"She has one fault," Thurstan admitted, mollified by his friend's apology. "She won't let me speak out. When I'm with her she nearly drives me mad. I want to tell her what I feel. The words rush hotly up from my heart to my lips, and then, just as I summon up courage to bear the sound of my own voice, she gives me her pretty hand to kiss, or sends me veil by bringing her pink lips and sweet eyes close to my face, saying, with an innocent air of meditation, 'Of what are you thinking?' And then—'Hallo! Douglas, what are you about?'"

For Robert Douglas had accidentally upset the small table on which he leaned, and with it a large bottle of ink, which sent quicksilver-like rivulets of sweet flowing under the ball-rosewire's feet, causing him to lift up his milk-white toes with a look of intense disgust.

"I beg your pardon," he suppose I moved too suddenly. What sort of advice is it you require of me?"

"The best you can give."

"My advice is, then, that you should insist on having some definite answer."

"I am sure not to be able to get it out when it comes to the point. I had better write it," Captain Mowbray said, thoughtfully. "She is going down to her Brighton house to-morrow. I will write first, and then follow my letter down; but I shall say nothing of this to-day. I am going to call on her. My home is at the door. Will you excuse me a little while, Douglas?"

"Certainly."

"Then good-by until dinner-time."

"Good-by."

Captain Mowbray turned round when he got to the door.

"You don't know how beautiful she is, Douglas," he said, enthusiastically, "nor how good."

"No, I do not," Douglas replied, dryly, and the door closed on the departing lover.

THE REVOLUTION IN HAVANA.

The Cuban revolution reached an important crisis when Captain-General DULCE was compelled by the Spanish Volunteers to relinquish his command. The Volunteers had been for a long time dissatisfied with the Administration. Under the pressure of this influence DULCE tendered his resignation through a telegram to Madrid, stating, at the same time, that his action was compelled by force. The Spanish Provisional Government at once appointed CABALLERO DE RODAS; and it was supposed that DULCE would remain until the arrival of his successor. But he did not remain. Last after his resignation he ordered DON GONZALO CASTAÑON, editor of *La Voz de Cuba*, to leave the island. This displeased the Volunteers, who immediately took measures to secure the revocation of the order. Their demands were granted. Just at this time General PALEZ arrived from the field of operations in the interior. This officer was accused of making money out of the troubles of his country, and he took refuge on board the iron-clad *Victoria*.

The Volunteers were determined to have the head of PALEZ. They gathered in the plaza, and DULCE was obliged to send for the cavalry, the guardia civil, and a guard of marines for his personal safety. But the Volunteers held their ground, forced the resignation of DULCE, removed the governors of Cardenas and Colon, and at the present time, through their Committee, rule the Spanish portion of the island. DON F. G. ROMERO DE LA PEÑA is the plaza DULCE upon the resignation of the latter. PELAEZ, however, escaped. Our illustration on page 404 represents the scene of Volunteers gathered in front of the Captain-General's palace on the evening of June 1. They demanded that DULCE should deliver PELAEZ or resign his command. The first condition he would not submit to, and he protested against the second, but in vain. He was forced to abandon the island. What the result of this *émeute* in Havana may be, as affecting the suppression of the Cuban insurrection, it is impossible now to say.

CLASS RINGS.

THIS year the graduating classes both of the Annapolis Naval Academy and of the Military Academy at West Point have procured class-rings. That being designed for the West Point class of 1869 was made by TIFFANY & CO., of this city; that for the Annapolis class was made by BALL & BLACK, also of this city. The ac-

NAVAL RING. MILITARY RING.

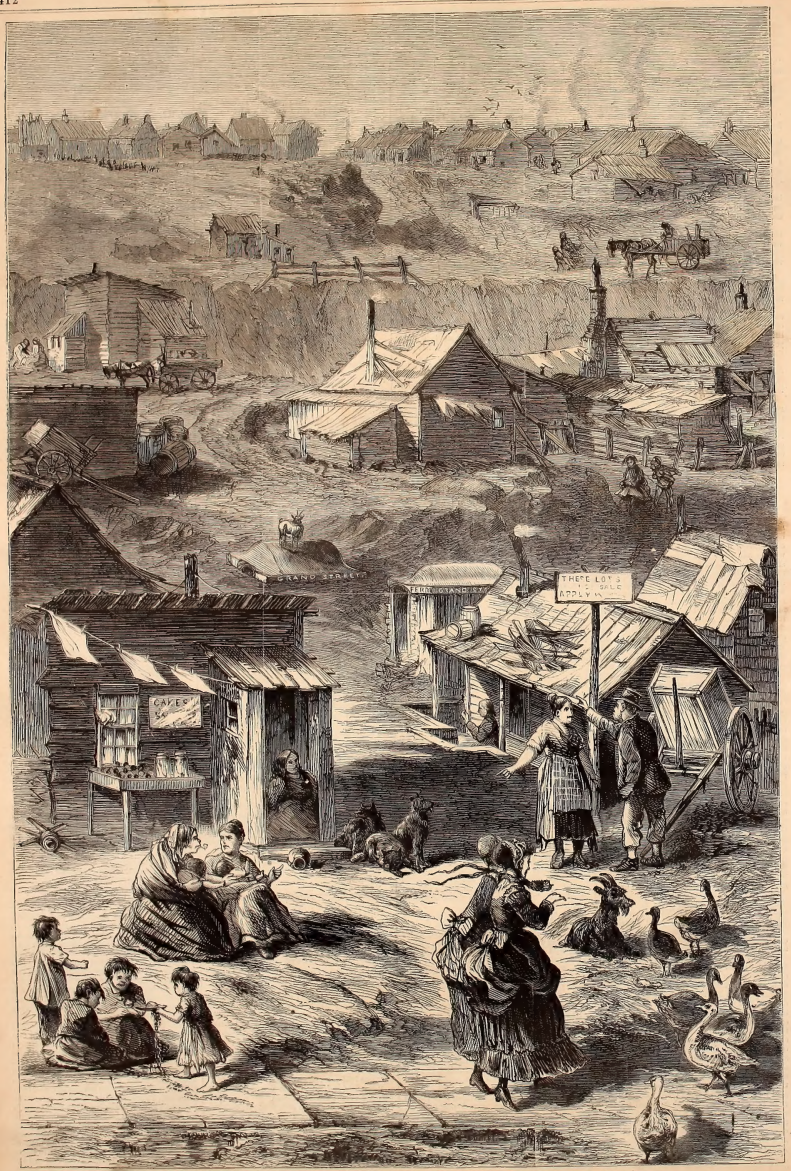
companying cut shows the design of each. These rings cost each about $40, and are intended to answer as a sort of distinctive class badge.

PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON

WE give this week a double-page view representing the interior of the grand Coliseum, used for the Peace Jubilee in Boston. This building will hold 50,000 people, which is nearly twice the capacity of the largest amphitheatres in ancient Rome and Athens.

Our illustration is from a splendid photograph by JOHN A. WHIPPLE, of Boston. This artist, who has for twenty years had a national reputation for the excellence of his photographic portraits, has here shown, in a view which for perspective could never be surpassed, the possibilities of his art for the perfect representation of the vast interiors of public buildings. Among the many attractions of Boston for the thousands of visitors during the jubilee week, perhaps none will will prove of greater interest than MR. WHIPPLE'S immense and commodious establishment at 297 Washington Street. MR. WHIPPLE was the first to successfully introduce photography into this country, and the surprising progress of this art is no small measure owing to his enterprising study and labor.

The Peace Jubilee in Boston is an important national event. It is not only the grandest musical exhibition ever given in the world's history; it is the consummation of all the musical progress to the entire country after years of intestine conflict and civil commotion. It is an occasion which does honor to all of the men engaged in planning and carrying out the enterprise—to MR. GILMORE, its originator; to the musical associations who have voluntarily offered their valuable assistance to secure its success; to the committees in charge, who have made the fullest possible arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of visitors; and to the municipal authorities of Boston, who have done so much to insure facility of transportation by the city railway lines, and to provide the Coliseum with water by the extension of their water-pipes.



THE SQUATTERS OF NEW YORK—SCENE NEAR CENTRAL PARK.—[SKETCHED BY D. E. WYAND.]

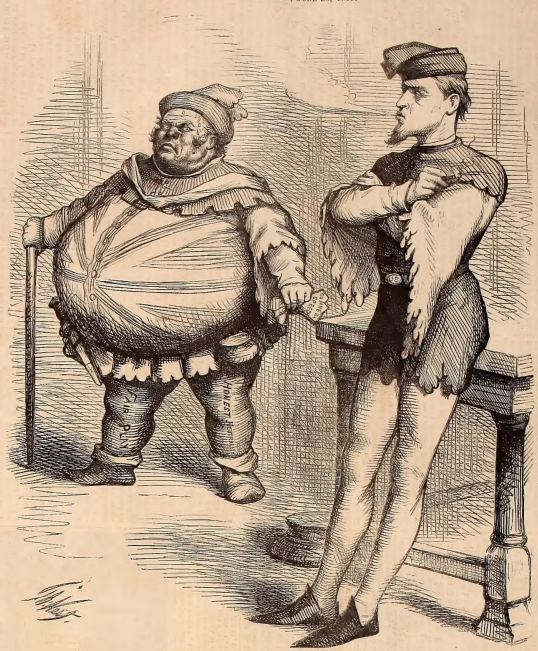
NOT "LOVE," BUT *JUSTICE.*

FROM LONDON *PUNCH*, MAY 29, 1869.

SIR JONATHAN FALSTAFF.

PRINCE OF WALES. "SIRRAH, DO I OWE YOU A THOUSAND POUND?"
SIR JONATHAN. "A THOUSAND POUND, AL'?—FOUR HUNDRED MILLION! THY LOVE IS WORTH FOUR HUNDRED MILLION: THOU OWEST ME THY LOVE."—SHAKSPEARE *(slightly altered)*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 26, 1869.



SIR JOHN BULL FALSTAFF.

PRINCE JONATHAN. "HERE COMES LEAN JACK; HERE COMES BAREBONES! HOW NOW, MY SWEET CREATURE OF BOMBAST? HOW LONG IS'T AGO, JACK, SINCE THOU SAW'ST THINE OWN KNEE?"—SHAKSPEARE *(not altered)*.

LEGEND IN ALSACE.

Know'st thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in his garden
While the sun shines high:
In that garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight:
If he marks one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will smile, and look upon it,
Full of tender care:
And the beauteous rose he gathers
In his bosom lies
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one dies!

HOW NATIVE AUSTRALIANS SECURE WIVES.

In that very entertaining book, "The Wedding-day in All Ages and Countries," just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which is replete with curious information, is found the following account of the marriage customs of the Australesians, which must be novel to most of our readers:

In New Zealand, the Fejiee, and other islands of the Pacific, the custom of capture of women for wives has prevailed from the earliest times of the known history of those places. The native Australians also practiced the system of capturing their brides, and their primitive usages make frequent allusion to the custom. Turnbull, writing in 1805, says that, among the Australians, "when a man or a woman be liked he told her to follow him, and if she refused he forced her to accompany him by blows, cutting by knocking her down and carrying her off." Sir George Grey, writing in 1841 of the Northwestern Australians, says: "Even supposing a woman to be under no engagement to her admirers, many plots are always laid to carry her off, and in the contests which result from them she is almost certain to receive some violent injury, for each of the combatants orders her to follow him, and in the event of her refusing throws a spear at her. The early life of a young woman at all celebrated for beauty is generally one continued series of captivity to different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females, among whom she is brought a stranger by her captor; and rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of old wounds; and many a female thus wandered several hundred miles from the home of her infancy, having carried successively to distant and more distant points."

A writer in 1864 says of the Australian blacks: "Courting, as the professor of marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible female disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers around the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their cubans, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the general corroborees. His mode of making his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his nulla-nulla (war-club) he stuns the object of his affections, and then rings her insensible body away to some retired spot, whence, as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require they wait for a dark, windy night; then, quite naked, and carrying only their long 'gispeares,' they stealthily thread through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp-fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of those cubans; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts the barbed point among her thick, flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of the hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her cries ring out on the night air one of the other weapon pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest struggle or escape on her part will cause her instant death; so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to examine their other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honored for their gallant exploit. Occasionally an alarm is given, but even then the intruders easily escape amidst the confusion, to renew their attempt at some future period. When a distinguished warrior carries off a lubra from a strange tribe he will frequently volunteer to undergo 'the trial of the spears,' in order to prevent the necessity of his people going to war in his defense; then both the tribes meet, and ten of their smartest and strongest young men are picked out by the aggrieved party. These are each provided with three reed-spears and a womera, or throwing-stick; and the champions armed only with his bellima (a bark shield eighteen inches long by six wide), is led out in front, and placed at the distance of forty yards. Then, at a given signal, the thirty spears are launched at him in rapid succession; these he receives and parries with his shield, and so skillful are the blacks in the use of their own weapons that very seldom is any wound inflicted. Having successfully passed through this ordeal the warrior is considered to have fairly earned his cubra, and to have atoned for his offense in carrying her off; so the ceremony generally concludes with the two tribes feasting together in perfect harmony."

The native Australian women are all usually betrothed immediately after birth, the men of a different tribe to their own; so that all women are wives: and the stealing of them leads to continual warfare between the tribes. No woman can be betrothed to a man of her own stock.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE half of the entire population of New York city are said to dwell in tenement-houses, and the many wretched underground cellars are homes for many thousands—if such desolate holes can be ostentatious names. Enormous rents are exacted from these for unventilated, inconvenient, dark, damp rooms. Any method of counteracting buildings, which will tend to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes in this respect will be a blessing to them; and we are glad to learn that such tenements are being tried with this end in view. A model tenement-house has been built by Mr. Thomas W. Lowry, of this city, which promises to be a complete success, both in a benevolent and in a financial aspect. The building is on West Thirty-second street, between Sixth and Seventh, and contains forty distinct tenements, each accommodating a family of average size in comfortable style. Water and gas are carried through the building; and a janitress has charge of the door, keeping the halls in proper order, and one of the general wants of the tenants. The system is not unlike that so common in Paris, of providing for apartment upon the ordinary way of managing tenementhouses, and is found to be a good investment for the landlord.

West Point was last week crowded with fashionables who went thither to—blow themselves, and to see the cadets and the President. Thursday was the day the President was expected, but a most uncomfortable day it proved—and Thursday was the day the visitors to the Point not only were dump and chilly, but disagreeable also; for in consequence of an accident to the train on the Hudson River Grand traveled from Washington he did not arrive at West Point until evening. Every body had therefore leaped, and not a few complaints were uttered: and when news of the accident was circulated, and the escape of the President was known, the fault-finaining changed to thoughtfulness. Friday was a glorious day. With the cadets there was the cavalry drill; by way of the examination of the gorgeous display of fire-works in the evening; with the President and Cabinet there was the grand dinner traveled from Washington he did not arrive at West Point until evening. Every body had therefore leaped, and not a few complaints were uttered: and when news of the accident was circulated, and the escape of the President was known, the fault-finaining changed to thoughtfulness. Friday was a glorious day. With the cadets there was the cavalry drill; by way of the examination of the gorgeous display of fire-works in the evening; with the President and Cabinet there was the grand dinner, a cigar, few words, but plenty of office-seekers hanging around.

Now that the "heated term" may be at any time expected the luxury of public baths will be appreciated by many. The tax was in this city, as passed by the last Legislature, appropriated $50,000 for the purpose of erecting and maintaining public baths for the use of the people at large. The money is to be made to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, who have control of the wharves and piers of the city, for two piers, one upon the East and the other upon the North River, to be set apart for the purposes of these baths. The building is to contain not more than two baths immediately, so that they may be in readiness for use at an early day.

A statue of Humboldt, modeled by Professor Bissener, of Berlin, is to be erected in Central Park next September. The Park has already some fine specimens of art, and very rare additions are being made. Indeed the citizens of New York may well be proud of this beautiful pleasure-ground, so well laid out, and outstanding so many artistic structures. Very convenient arrangements have recently been made for visitors to use the Park by means of omnibuses and by a private carriage. A new kind of carriage, accommodating twelve persons, has been put on the road: one can make the round trip of the Park for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents.

In the Freshman class of the Cornell University there are this year two students from England, one from Russia, and one from Brazil. This institution promises to take a high rank in a short time. During the present term George William Curtis has been lecturing upon "Recent English Literature," and James Russell Lowell on "Early English Literature."

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The Courrier de San Francisco uses a French invention, known as the Lenoir engine, as a motive power in running the press upon which that paper is printed. The machine resembles the ordinary steam-engine, but is more bulky, having two cylinders—one for the introduction of gas, and one for air (each being six wide), is led out in front, and placed at the distance of forty yards. Then, at a given signal, the thirty spears are launched at him in rapid succession; these he receives and parries with his shield, and so skillful are the blacks in the use of their own weapons that very seldom is any wound inflicted. Having successfully passed through this ordeal the warrior is considered to have fairly earned his cubra, and to have atoned for his offense in carrying her off; so the ceremony generally concludes with the two tribes feasting together in perfect harmony."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE ASSOCIATION,
BOSTON, May 31, 1869.

DEAR SIR,—I take great pleasure in advising you officially that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of this Association, held on Saturday evening, it was, on motion of MR. E. D. ADAMS, unanimously voted,

That, if any pianos are to be used in the performances at this Jubilee, they shall be the grand orchestral pianos of MESSRS. HALLET, DAVIS, & CO.

I remain, yours, &c.,
Respectfully your ob't servant,
HENRY G. ALLEN, Secretary.

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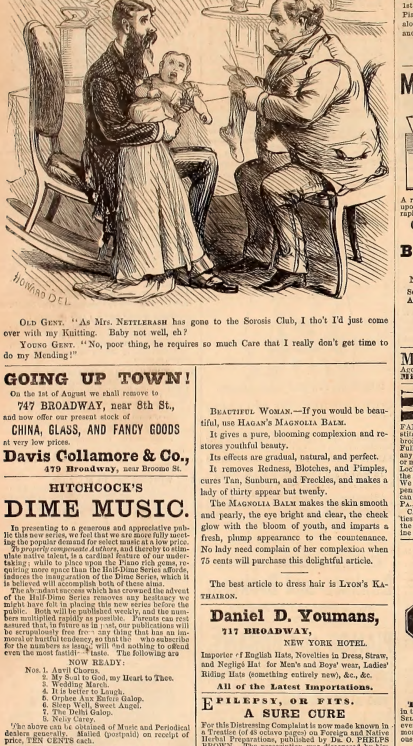
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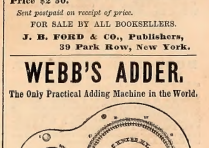

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HENRY J. RAYMOND.

On Friday, June 18, we were startled by the sad intelligence of the death of HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND, the founder and editor of the New York *Times*. He had died suddenly that morning of apoplexy. Thus passed away in the prime of life—for he was only in his fiftieth year—one of the four most eminent journalists in this country, and also one of the most prominent politicians of this State.

HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND was born in the village of Lima, Livingston County, New York, January 24, 1820. His father, who died only a few months since, was a hard-working farmer of moderate means and of sound integrity. His mother—a woman of strong character—encouraged his early tendencies toward a life of study. After a short period of education in the district school during the winters of his boyhood years, he continued his studies at the village academy, and in 1833 commenced Latin and Algebra at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. He entered the University of Vermont in the summer of 1836, and there was graduated in 1840 with the highest honors of his class.

The youth of twenty then came to New York city, where he entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. E. W. MARSH. But he had his living to earn, and the only prominent men of the city with whom he was at all acquainted were Mr. MANN, then a law-student in Wall Street, and HORACE GREELEY, then the proprietor of the *New Yorker*, a weekly newspaper, to which Mr. RAYMOND had contributed during his college course. He still wrote for that paper, and also earned $5 a week by daily news-letters to the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, then edited by E. D. MANSFIELD, since known as the "Veteran Observer." Meantime he received an offer of a school in North Carolina at $400 a year: but as Mr. GREELEY offered him the same for his services on the *New Yorker* he declined the first offer, and remained in New York.

In 1841 Mr. GREELEY established the *Tribune*, and retained Mr. RAYMOND'S services as assistant editor. In this position he demonstrated his ability as a journalist. No one could make so rapid or so accurate a report of a speech; and he was also equally prepared to write a leading editorial. Whatever he did he did well. His report of WEBSTER'S speech at Bunker Hill was a memorable event in those days when short-hand writing was unknown.

Mr. RAYMOND accepted an editorial position on the New York *Courier and Enquirer* in 1843. It was in this paper that his part of the celebrated controversy with Mr. GREELEY on the doctrine of Fourierism was published. It was during his connection with this journal that he became a reader in the publishing-house of HARPER & BROTHERS, a position which he held for ten years.

Mr. RAYMOND'S political life began in 1849, when he was elected a member of the New York State Assembly by the Whigs. He was re-elected the next year, and was chosen speaker. In 1851 he started the *Times* newspaper. In 1852 he went to the Baltimore Convention to report the proceedings for his paper, but was given a seat as a delegate, and made an eloquent speech in exposition of Northern sentiment. In 1854 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of this State, receiving 157,166 votes, a majority of 28,333 over LUDLOW, his principal opponent. As an organizer of the Republican party Mr. RAYMOND was an active worker. The "Address to the People," which was issued from Pittsburg in 1856, was from his pen. He was a supporter of FREMONT after the meeting of the first National Convention. In 1857 he refused to be a candidate for Governor of this State. The next four years were devoted to his profession. In 1858 he sided, apparently, with the supporters of Mr. DOUGLAS, but in the end resumed his relations with the Republican party. In 1860 he was a warm supporter of Mr. SEWARD for the Republican nomination, and he was peculiarly satisfied that Mr. SEWARD was placed in the Cabinet of Mr. LINCOLN.

In 1861 Mr. RAYMOND was again elected to the Assembly and was chosen Speaker. In 1864 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives from the Sixth District of this city. His career in that body, during a critical era of our political history, will be reviewed in another column.

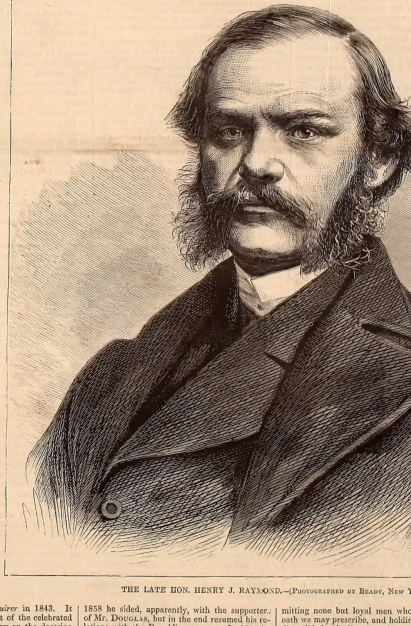
His speech on the 29th of January, 1866, was his first elaborate effort in Congress. It was upon the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment. In concluding this speech Mr. RAYMOND thus expressed his views as to what the Government ought to do:

"In the first place, I think we ought to accept the present *status* of the Southern States, and regard them as having resumed, under the President's guidance and action, their functions of self-government in the Union. In the second place, I think this House should decide on the admission of Representatives by districts, admitting none but loyal men who can take the oath we may prescribe, and holding all others as disqualified: the Senate acting, at its discretion, in the same way in regard to Representatives of States. I think, in the third place, we should provide by law for giving to the freedmen of the South all the rights of citizens in courts of law and elsewhere. In the fourth place, I would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State. In the fifth place, I would make such amendments to the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and the States, acting freely and without coercion. And, sixth, I would take such measures and precautions, by the disposition of military forces, as will preserve order and prevent the overthrow, by usurpation or otherwise, in any State, of its republican form of government.....Above all, I beg this House to bear in mind, as the sentiment that should control and guide its action, that we of the North and they of the South are at war no longer. The gigantic contest is at an end. The courage and devotion on either side which made it so terrible and so long no longer owe a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American name, the priceless possession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a common country and under one common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achieved. Let it be our task, as it will be our highest glory, to make the vanquished, and their posterity to the latest generation, rejoice in their defeat."

On the expiration of his term Mr. RAYMOND, having declined the renomination that was pressed upon him by prominent men of both parties, withdrew almost wholly from public life, and devoted all his energies to the conduct of his paper. He was offered the Mission to Austria by President JOHNSON in 1867; but his name was sent to the Senate without his consent, and after he had notified the President that no considerations could induce him to accept the position. The last article written by Mr. RAYMOND for the *Times* was an editorial on Mr. SEWARD, which appeared on the morning of June 17.

"A remarkable instance of Mr. RAYMOND'S working ability," says the New York *Tribune*, in an obituary sketch, "occurred on the occasion of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, a statesman for whom he had the greatest admiration. The news of Mr. WEBSTER'S death reached here on a Saturday afternoon. Mr. RAYMOND wrote an admirable biography, which appeared in Monday's paper, covering twenty-six columns of the *Times*, and in addition he wrote three columns of editorial on the same subject. Of this extraordinary biography Mr. RAYMOND wrote sixteen columns without stopping a moment for rest. As a feat of editorial labor we doubt its ever having been equaled."

Mr. RAYMOND passed the afternoon previous to his death in Greenwood, making arrangements for the interment of his son WALTER'S remains, and called at the office of the *Times* about six o'clock in the evening. After a few minutes' talk on matters pertaining to the business of the paper he returned home. After dinner he sat with his family and some friends who came in until between nine and ten o'clock, when he left them to attend a political consultation; and his family saw no more of him until he was discovered, about half past two next morning, lying in the hall-way unconscious and apparently dying. He had locked the outside door and shut the inner one, and was then apparently stricken with the malady that closed his life. The most eminent medical aid was at once summoned, and the utmost that science and skill could do were done,



THE LATE HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.]

in vain. He remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about five o'clock in the morning.

Soon after leaving college Mr. RAYMOND married a most estimable lady, whose acquaintance he had made in Vermont. By her he had several children, of whom a son, who graduated recently from Yale College, and two daughters, we believe, are now living. His wife is at present in Europe, where one of his daughters is being educated, and we understand that he was to have visited them this summer. As a husband and father he was kind and affectionate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

THE CALM.

FOR the first time within this generation there is political peace in the country. The most vital debate in our history, which in its progress became the most sanguinary civil war, has ended in the absolute triumph of the party that held the true American doctrine of equal liberty, the party of humanity, justice, and civilization. Indeed, fierce as the struggle was, involving private griefs too deep and sore ever to be wholly assuaged until the lapse of many years, the advantage to the cause was worth it all; and it is impossible even now to think without dismay of the issue of the contest that was sought by the present opposition. The Republican party was organized as a national election in 1856, when the Democratic party was apparently immovably intrenched in power, and when the Administration seemed almost complete. In 1860 the Republican party succeeded upon the question of the non-extension of Slavery. In 1864 it succeeded upon the issue of Emancipation and unconditional suppression of the rebellion. In 1868 it again succeeded upon the question of a Reconstruction policy adapted to secure the national victory.

The Fifteenth Amendment, which guarantees equality of suffrage, and which strikes color out of politics, is the formal end of the party strife of many years, and it is undoubtedly to be adopted. There is, therefore, at this moment no domestic political question upon which parties divide. The Democratic party returns to our politics, whose organization is known as the Democratic party, of course continues to assert an reconstruction and the policy of equal rights; but it has not undertaken to open reconstruction as a practical issue. Upon the financial question there are as many theories as talkers on the subject; but there is no distinctive policy known as Republican and Democratic. Republicans are not agreed in praise or blame of the Secretary's present course, and Democrats condemn and approve it while denouncing taxation and revenue swindling, without proposing any system of improvement, or any change whatever except their own return to power. Neither party, as such, is a Protective or Free-Trade party.

If the Republican party were to hold a convention to-morrow it could congratulate the country upon the return of peace; upon equal suffrage; upon the long roll of illustrious and disinterested services which the party has rendered to the public welfare; upon the honesty and economy which it is its aim to introduce into the administration of the government, and of which the character of the President and his Cabinet is the surest guarantee. It would declare its sympathy with all people struggling for liberty, and that the difference between England must be settled consistently with the evident justice of the American feeling upon the subject. If the Democratic party were to hold a convention it could not accuse the Republicans of delaying and embittering reconstruction; of aiming to destroy the local self-government, which is an ancient bulwark of freedom; of plunging the country into a frightful debt, and of providing for its payment the most unjust, onerous, and partially administered system of taxation; of wantonly and wickedly economy and a reduction of burdens; assert the failure of the new Administration; and pronounce for the independence of Cuba and for summary measures with Great Britain.

Under the circumstances every intelligent voter would ask himself whether, in the absence of any immediate issue upon which he must support one of the parties, there were any reason to suppose that the general administration of affairs would be more honest and judicious if the dominant party were overthrown. Indeed, unless something wholly unforeseen occurs during the next two or three months, that is the question which must be answered in the autumn elections. And there are several things for Republicans to remember. Among them is this that the party strength is never better known except under pressure. In dull political times the party is usually defeated. As it comprises the mass of the intelligent voters, there is of course more independence of action than in the Democratic party. Another important fact is, that the reputation of the last New York Legislature, which had a Republican majority, was so bad as vitally to injure the party. Those who vote with the party that seems to them upon the whole the most honest and public-spirited, look at the conduct of a Legislature for which the Republicans are responsible, and decide that it is a choice between pot and kettle; and they either refrain from voting, which is a Republican loss, or they vote for a change, which may be a Republican defeat.

Besides these facts there are the heavy taxation, the uneasy suspicion of immense frauds in the revenue department, the widely-ramified personal disappointments that always accompany a new administration, and the inevitable reaction that follows the beginning of an administration of which the most impossible reforms and an ideal policy were vaguely expected.

For all these the Republican party, being in power, is held responsible, and its position is therefore precarious, and requires the utmost skill and care of every one who would deplore the renewed ascendency of the party which has been the chief source of all the national woes that the country knows, and the demoralization which is plain to every observer. If the character and purpose of the President and the Cabinet could be diffused through every branch of the administration the simple question for decision would be, whether the Democratic party gave promise of such superior honesty and capacity as to make it more to be desirable. That is a question which we shall not consider.

LOOKING AT SOME.

IT it is desirable to have neutrality laws, as the United States has recommended, it is also desirable that they should be executed. And if laws are bad, as the President sagaciously hints in his inaugural address, there is no surer means of procuring their repeal than to execute them stringently.

We have been lately engaged in this country in a somewhat sharp debate with England, in which we charge the loose execution of the British neutrality laws as a very serious offense against us; as showing, in fact, an unfriendly disposition, a willingness to see our Government overthrown. Is it not desirable, therefore, as good policy and for consistency, to say no more, but rather to exact shall allow our complaint to be at least sincere? If an expedition fitted out in England against the United States, in defiance of neutrality laws, is, as Mr. SUMNER asserts, virtually an act of war against a country with which England is at peace, is such an expedition any less an act of war if it is not British, but American; not fitted out in London, but in New York; and not against the United States, but against Spain? Yet we read in the *Widow*, which is very emphatic upon the British offense, that the execution of the neutrality laws of the United States merely gives "great delight to that small but malignant party" which is opposed to the liberties of Cuba. And again, in the same number of the paper, that "the Cuban cause loses naught in sympathy and support by each check it has met with, because it proper to put upon its agents here in recognition of international law."

Now if our neutrality laws interfere with the just claims and hopes of liberty now, let us have them repealed. But if they are essential to the general welfare of nations, let us have them enforced. In any case, while we are upholding the English statement that "malignant" because they would not enforce the laws, let us refrain from branding those of the United States with the name of what because they do enforce them. Meanwhile there is no prouder page in our history than that which records the sincere neutrality of the United States, however the sympathies and feelings of the people with either side; and when Mr. FISH assures the Cuban revolutionary delegate that whatever may be his own feelings or those of the Cuban movement, the national good faith requires that the United States do not make war upon Spain to liberate Cuba, he reasserts the policy of WASHINGTON.

In 1793, when the great war was raging between England, our then late enemy, and France, our ally and friend, the British Government feared that hostile expeditions would be fitted out from the United States; and, although no enlistment act had then been passed, President WASHINGTON issued a proclamation forbidding all violations of neutrality, and stating that instructions had been given to the officers of the law to arrest and bring to trial all offenders. The Governors of States were asked to arrest suspicious vessels, which they did, and prizes which had been taken from British owners were restored to them, the Government of the United States holding itself responsible for indemnification. In the next year, 1794, Congress passed a law to secure entire neutrality; and immediately after the application of the British Government upon the subject, Mr. CANNING stated in Parliament that that which creditably contrasts with Lord PALMERSTON'S declaration in Parliament, in 1863, that England could not alter her municipal laws to suit other governments. So, at a later day, during the Russian war of 1854–55, the seizure of the bark *Maury* in New York, at the instance of the British Consul, and upon the foreblest and, as it proved, wholly erroneous suspicion, maintained the traditional good faith which the United States in the observance of international obligation.

Is there any good reason why we should depart from this excellent course? Because we are no longer the weak nation of WASHINGTON'S day that we should less regard for the enforcement of a municipal law of our own, enacted in furtherance of international comity? "The rule, therefore," says CAIRNES, "which prohibits the using of neutral territory as a position from which to attack an enemy is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world. The British Parliament elected Mr. LAIRD for boldly evading the British neutrality laws, the indignation of this country was inexpressible. But is it not precisely the same thing, so far as those laws are concerned, to insist that their enforcement merely gratifies malignant persons?

NATIONAL FINANCES.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Some discussion has grown up in the public press upon the question of the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to fund the greenbacks into bonds, and the following letter, which I addressed to Mr. SHERMAN, on the 7th of June, 1865, will show that I was then of opinion that he had the power, and that it was his duty to exercise it. I am still of the same opinion, and I think that the Secretary has the power to fund the greenbacks into bonds, and that he ought to exercise it. I am also of opinion that he has the power to fund the greenbacks into bonds, and that he ought to exercise it. I am also of opinion that he has the power to fund the greenbacks into bonds, and that he ought to exercise it.

Make there notes convertible in the manner essential to the proper working of the system, or by the act authorizing their issue, and our currency would be equal in value to Government bonds; and those bonds would themselves be worth more abroad, from the removal of the only failure of our Government to meet its obligations. Instead of the discount on the Five-Twenties in the foreign bond markets in gold is the measure of the premium which they would command on our demand notes.

A like opinion was expressed by me in my testimony before the Committees of Finance in both Houses sought last August and since to apply the very obvious remedy of assenting to the convertibility of the greenbacks into some class of time bonds, with privilege of reconversion at the option of the holder, consistent with the National banks, who appeared to understand the subject better than they, induced them to leave the currency to take care of itself.

The example of Austrian paper florins retired at 40 per cent. below par, rubles at 33, and French assignats repudiated entirely, should warn us against this leaving an ever-due matter of choice to grow after. Interests combine to depreciate them for profit. Newspapers and the public mind are very apt to be retained in the country," which means that they would make the currency still poorer.

Will it not be the National banks to have the "legal tenders" so poor as never to be demanded in exchange for bonds, and thus, at the same time the bonds which they have pledged at the Treasury are so much depreciated as to make it profitable to retire their notes when gold is highest?

Will the American public endure the loses incident to the depreciation of currency and private obligations without injury to the prospects of bond-holders?

We give our correspondent a hearing, as he touches upon subjects of great importance, which must soon command attention.

The acts of Congress of February 25, 1862, and of June 30, 1864, out of which authorized the issue of $150,000,000 of legal tenders, provided for the funding of these notes, at the pleasure of the holder, in six per cent. bonds. They were declared to be exchangeable for United States six per cent. bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years.

The act authorizing the creation of National banks was passed subsequently, on the 25th of February, 1863; immediately after which, on the 3d of March, 1863, another act was passed, which provided that the holders of notes thus issued "shall present the same for the purpose of exchanging for bonds, as therein provided, on or after the 1st day of July, 1863, and not thereafter the right so to exchange the same shall cease."

As but six days intervened between the act authorizing the creation of the National banks and the repeal of the law for the exchange of legal tenders for bonds, and as about four hundred millions were for their conversion before the repeal took effect, it is scarcely proper to say that it was done by National banks, or that the prospective change amounted to repudiation.

During the passage of the banking act it was foreseen that a continuing power to fund the legal tenders would render the profitable or safe existence of the National banks, as the latter were to redeem their obligations in those legal tenders, for interest purposes of mischief, might be subserved to an extent inconsistent with safety. The time allowed for foreclosing this privilege, four months in the midst of war—an age, counted by the rapid passing of great events—must be deemed reasonable, especially when we reflect that the life of the Union was staked upon the legislative power to hang upon the success of the banking project. The State banks, whose position was deemed secure, would not have left it and adopted the National plan, if this power to overwhelm them had remained. Some of the State institutions here aspired to become the fiscal agents of the Government on the basis of an unredeemed issue of their local paper; and the real issue was between the adoption of such a plan and the one proposed by Secretary CHASE and made free of that objectionable feature.

We must transfer ourselves back to that dark period, with its painful doubts and imperative necessities, to arrive at the rule by which these measures should be judged.

We have arrived, however, happily to the enjoyment of peace, and, looking back upon the grave mistakes made during the conflict and since—chief among which were the extravagant issues of paper made with a view to float the debt, and the failure of President JOHNSON, on the happening of peace, to call an extra session of Congress to provide instantly a financial policy suitable to the new situation—we are to consider what remedies are required.

And here we agree with the tone of our correspondent, that the National banks, with few exceptions, are opposed to what has now become essential, an improvement of the currency. The debtor interest, which these corporations in the main represent, with all its speculating tendencies, is against contraction and against weeding out and thinning off these institutions. It would not be expedient to re-enact the original plan for funding, as it would apply to $300,000,000 of the $355,936,431 50 of legal tender notes in circulation on the first of the present month, of which the great bulk have been reissued without the convertible clause. The process of improvement must be gradual, as we to permit preparation and prevent a shock. Various modes are presented, most of which would accomplish the purpose.

The three per cent. certificates amounted, on the 1st of June, 1869, to $53,075,000, on which interest had accrued to $1,061,500. This paid off, or purchased to go into the sinking fund, would amount to a contraction, as it substitutes part of the reserve which the National banks may hold instead of legal tenders. The issue of compound interest notes, at 4½ to 6 per cent. interest, would in amount to as much as might be absorbed without too much rapidity, would surely accomplish the work of contraction sufficiently if carried out with firmness, a corresponding amount of legal tenders to be simultaneously destroyed, and the new interest notes to have the function imparted or rather transferred to them of being a tender. This transfer would not be a new execution of the power, but would be merely a continuation of what was already done, and the legality of which is protected by the vital necessities of an unparalleled conflict.

Other schemes for returning from a debased to a sound currency have been proposed, but their discussion will be of little avail at present. It may be that a majority of the people, debauched by the use of depreciated paper currency, will by disaster to themselves in their financial affairs, to be stimulated to a return to the recognized metallic basis for such issues. If they do the present will be one of fruitful of trouble, and it may not be until they adopt the plan of a currency redeemable in the precious metals that our country will be restored with the power to compete with foreign people, and be on the road to the commercial supremacy which the future will unfold, if in this vital matter we are true to ourselves.

NATIONAL DISCRETION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

In the discussion of the *Alabama* question it should not be forgotten by our friends in England that the American objects to the principle that every nation must reserve to itself the discretion of conceding belligerent rights to actual belligerents. This is a principle of international law which is in the nature of revolutions or freedom. If a strong and well-sustained popular movement against a despotic government in any country, every free government will, of course, exercise its discretion, and will both concede belligerent rights to the revolution and recognize its practical independence, at once, and, of course, at the risk of consequences. This was distinctly stated by Mr. WEBSTER in the HULSEMANN letter. No statesman in this country understands the subject will object to this principle.

It is, therefore, not the exercise of this right, but the time and circumstances under which it is exercised, that determine the loyalty or hostile disposition of another power. If, for instance, when the revolution in Cuba began last October, before any serious blow had been fought, before, indeed, there was more than the evident intention of war, the United States had issued a proclamation of neutrality, might not Spain justly be complained of that it was unfriendly as giving the revolution respectability, and would not all other powers have been sure that it was intended to help the revolution and secure the separation of Cuba for our own purposes? And if Spain emerged triumphant and powerful from the contest and in a condition of ability to cope with another nation, should we not, of course, expect a very grave demand for explanation?

This is the substance of our feeling of unfriendliness in the British concession of belligerence. It was both hasty and unnecessary. The war in Cuba has now lasted nearly ten months, but the United States have not found it necessary, even with all the sympathy which is not concealed for any such movement toward independence, to recognize the belligerent rights

of the revolutionists. Why, then, did the British Government before a single great battle had been fought, when there was nothing but the apparent intention of a war, and before the arrival of the American Minister, hasten to invest rebels against a friendly government with all the rights of belligerence? Why should the proclamation have issued at all? Mr. Forster says that, if it had not been issued, privateers would have sailed from English ports under letters of marque. Very well; they would have sailed under a flag not acknowledged, and would have been mere pirates. Moreover, in 1856, Great Britain, as a member of the Congress of Paris, proposed to do away with privateering. Before the proclamation issued we had professed our willingness to accede to that document, and the offer failed because Great Britain wished to except the actual operation from its operation. The people of this country do not deny the right of England to determine when belligerent rights shall be conceded; but they feel that the circumstances under which the right was exercised in our case showed a disposition which raises a presumption against a vigilant observance of neutrality.

Mr. Seward, who has been blamed for his instructions to Mr. Adams upon the relation of slavery to the war, was at least very explicit upon this point at the earliest moment. His apprehension was that England would recognize the Confederacy; and in one of his earliest dispatches to Mr. Adams, No. 10, dated on 31st of May, 1861, before the news of the proclamation had reached this country, Mr. Seward wrote:

"British recognition would be British intervention to create within our territory a hostile state by overthrowing this republic itself."

And again:

"A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them [ambassadors, agents, &c.]. *Any of these precedents will pass unquestioned by the United States in this case.*"

Indeed, it is very plain from the letters of Mr. Adams that the general opinion of the country when he arrived was that the rebellion would probably succeed. That the proclamation was issued to help it is certainly not evident. But that it was hurried with a conviction, on the part of the Government of the probable success of the rebellion can hardly be denied. Add to this the fact that the escape of the Alabama, facts so notorious, so indisputable, so shameful that Earl Russell himself declared that the escape was "a scandal and a reproach;" and we do not see why the British Government should not frankly say to Mr. Motley: "We waive the exact legal points, and we accept the responsibility. We admit the escape of Alabama through the negligence of our agents." Such a hearty overture could not be misunderstood. Nobody believes that Englishmen are cowardly; and every act would prove them to be magnanimous, while it would do more to cement the intelligent friendship of the two countries than twenty volumes of diplomatic correspondence and legal hair-splitting before arbitrators. We hope, at least, that Englishmen will understand that there is an intelligent and honorable public opinion in this country which can readily distinguish between a general desire of real amity and cowardice—an opinion which instantly understands and heartily despises those in either country who perplex an honorable settlement by the tone and conduct of bullies.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Secretary of the Treasury has again been aided in his desire to put down the price of gold by the action of the German bankers in selling exchange founded on fresh sales of our bonds in Europe. The speculation for a rise in gold has once more been checked by this influence.

There is, however, a want of spirit on the side as well of those who operate for a fall as of those who operate for a rise in the gold market, which is unquestionably founded on the singularly unnatural situation. Still between one and two per cent. under this influence, although up to this time our exports continue to rise and show our impetus.

The problem which confuses Wall Street and indeed all business men is this, at what precise time the balance against us on the trade between us and the foreigner will be more powerful than the effects produced by the sale of our bonds in foreign markets. No one can fail to see that a turn must take place attended with more or less of severity in individual cases according to the amount of imprudence which has been indulged in. While this state of things has a depressing influence upon trade, there are other causes now at work which aid in stimulating it.

The recent advance in cotton will give to the Southern States a considerable addition to their pecuniary means, which now will be distributed among the planters, the reverse of what took place last year, when the advantage of a rise was divided between the foreign manufacturers and the cotton brokers. The policy which has governed in the sale of this year's crop has been extremely sagacious on the part of those most deserving of advantage—its lately unfortunate producers. It was founded on a careful estimate of the wants of manufacturers and their diminished means of satisfying them.

But the most important element in imparting strength to the United States is the starting of new streams of emigration to our shores. The skilled laborer of England is settling the question of an insufficient supply of food by coming hither to eat of our abundance. The sophistry of those English writers who, in the face of a continued slaughter of untold cattle, maintained that the domestic supply of food was equal to what was usual, has been penetrated by those who find that their wages have been diminished, and the load flowing, as they eagerly suppose, with milk and honey rises with hope to their view. It is this which informs the capitalists of Europe of our great future. The people are willing to pay twice as much for a price of cotton, who have food to spare to satisfy the demand from any quarter, and who can thrash without knowing if the population that crowded states can not feed, and consequently eject, must be regarded as the coming power. That credit should be given carelessly in the face of an undoubted balance of trade against us might for a time be expected.

The advance in cotton has been attended with an advance in gold, which has unquestioned article, both as the mills and in the hands of city jobbers, but not so as to produce an equalizing price. The mills which stopped, and those which are on short time, cannot, it is as they suppose that no profit can be made by the resumption of ordinary work. The increased price of breadstuffs has led to the action of jobbers more than to the operations of country distributors. It is part of the preparation for the fall trade soon about to open, as his purchases apparently reasonable basis of a greater advance in raw cotton than of the manufactured article. The policy may encounter difficulty from the want of confidence of money among the Western people, and a consequent unusual economy, augmented by the expectation that raw cotton will fall as the dimensions of the new crop come to be understood.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

In the midst of the general regret at the death of Mr. Raymond, the tone of tenderness expressed in all that has been said of him is remarkable, and well interprets the man and the impression he made. From his early youth, and his professional demands, he was engaged in every kind of public debate and controversy. Yet although before he died a certain weariness and disappointment were unquestionably to be observed in intercourse with him, there was often apparent a youthful freshness of feeling which endeared him to all who knew him well, and a boyish charm of surprise in a man whose experience was supposed to be of a kind that strips life of its illusions, if not of its ideal.

Mr. Raymond was called a man of generous impulses rather than of strong convictions; but it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that he was of that temperament which sees the reason of both sides, and is plainly of vehement assertion seemed false and warm partisanship folly. The *Mail* says of him that he told a friend he never finished a sentence without a profound feeling that it was false and foolish. It is a quality of many of the finest natures. Louis Blanc remarks in that Gladstone. But to prudence and diplomacy which is incompatible with leadership, both by preventing entire self-confidence and by begetting distrust in others. Consequently it was said of Mr. Raymond that he was a trimmer, as it was said of Mr. Gladstone that he was a prig.

But he smiled at the charge, and declared that every truly wise man was necessarily a trimmer, as it was called, in politics. Party politics, he insisted, were not morals. They involved morals only as they were methods of reaching results; and the highest duty of the statesman, he thought, is to discover in what way, under the circumstances of the particular situation and hour, the greatest good is known to be, the good result is to be worked out. This feeling explains Mr. Raymond's fidelity to Mr. Seward. It believed that Mr. Seward's objects were humane and wise, and was founded in his practical political sagacity, and Mr. Seward spoke for Mr. Raymond, as well as for himself and those who are accustomed to politics, when he said: "I early learned from Jefferson that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would." It is a specious but perilous maxim, for it beguiles a man not only to lower the standard of action but of thought, and serves the purpose of the rascal equally with that of the statesman. It is "the cant of fate for human nature," is the most subtle of Mephistophelian counsels.

We met Mr. Raymond just four years ago, a day or two before the Fourth of July, 1865. The joy at the end of the rebellion and the horror of the assassination had both passed away, and Andrew Johnson was still trusted by Charles Sumner and Major Stearns. We stood talking upon Broadway, and Mr. Raymond never seemed more buoyant and hopeful. "Well," he said, "how about reconstruction?" To the reply that equal suffrage must be the corner-stone, he said, "Undoubtedly; but how shall we get at it?" And in a few words he stated the position that he afterward elaborated in his speeches in Congress and in the columns of the *Times*. Politics with him was a question of how to get at it; and his sense of the injustice and even absurdity of an unconditional assertion of one side, and of the folly of denouncing a mere difference in the judgment of methods as moral guilt, inclined him to a gradual, as opposed to the "thorough," policy, and prevented the spirit of courtesy which always distinguished his discussions. This last was not politeness merely; it resulted from that fine sense of propriety which concedes that, as the question is open, no opposite argument may be the soundest after all.

Unfortunately with this temperament was joined a very decided political ambition. We say unfortunately because the time in which Mr. Raymond lived demanded the most positive political faith and conduct, while the character of his mind and his temperament forbade that unquestioning confidence which is essential to leadership, and with any thing less than leadership he could not be content. His remarkably serviceable, if not genuine and brilliant, by quickness, available knowledge, facility of speech and writing; his astounding capacity of labor, his quenchless ardor and cordial manner constantly preferred him to conspicuous positions, which he filled always with credit, and never with that kind of superiority upon which his heart was set.

Mr. Raymond was one of the early Republicans, and wrote the Pittsburg address. In 1856-60 he supported first Mr. Fremont and would take a course in which moderate Republicans could support him; and his political philosophy prevented him from seeing that a man so wholly without political neutrality as Douglas must be destroyed, as he was destroyed, in an actual crisis. During the war Mr. Raymond was uncompromising in his support of the Union. "Through Baltimore or over it," we heard him say on the 20th of April, 1861, in a public speech. He wrote the Baltimore resolutions of 1864, and was made Chairman of the Republican National Committee. But the old despondency occasionally mastered him, and his sometimes gloomy view of the political horizon. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Raymond were mutually attractive. The sweet inflexibility of the one was gratified by the cheerful good sense of the other: and Mr. Raymond's only book is the "Life of Lincoln."

Long before this time his genius as a journalist was fully developed and acknowledged. Mr. Greeley, himself an amazing worker, has recorded his admiration of Mr. Raymond's industry; and while he was still connected with Mr. Greeley on the *New Yorker* and *Tribune*, he was engaged as literary adviser to the Harpers. He was the first editor of *Harper's Monthly* magazine, and the original prospectus which appeared in the first Number. He made the selections for the *Magazine*, and prepared the "Monthly Record of Current Events," as literary adviser or "reader," his just statements were so sound that the gentleman who succeeded him when he became editor of the *Times* used to say that his own opinion differs from that of Mr. Raymond, I should like to reconsider it; but if any one else has read the book, and his view differs from mine, I will let my opinion stand. Raymond's opinion is worth more than mine." The last paper which he wrote for *Harper's Magazine* was the "Work of Apologizing," which appeared in the Number for January, 1854, the month following the fire in which the buildings of the Harpers were destroyed. His relations with the house continued for its early years, during his legislative career, and while he was Lieutenant-Governor, and until after the establishment of the *Times*, and the mutual friendly regard was never interrupted.

The versatility of Mr. Raymond's gifts, and his instinctive knowledge of what a newspaper should be, made the *Times* an eminence as a technically "well-edited" journal, which it has never lost. The strictly professional qualities of a journalist we need propose to discuss; but no man in the country has probably ever possessed them more fully than Mr. Raymond.

His personal character, did not satisfy him as we have seen, and he passed from one official position to another—from the speakership of the State Assembly and the presidency of the Senate, in which places his parliamentary knowledge and skill are traditional, to the Congress of the United States. He appeared at a time when only the most popular policy was practicable. But Mr. Raymond's intellectual temperament again warned him of all that was to be said upon the other side.

"Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still a while the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!"

It was the spirit of Falkland in the English civil wars. But, however sincere, it was perilously untimely. It could not have saved liberty in England, and in America its results would have been disastrous.

The Philadelphia movement of 1866 was naturally full of promise to Mr. Raymond as opening that moderate way in which alone he thought the country could safely move. It was, however, really an invitation to the republican party to break ranks in front of the foe and before the battle was decided. Raymond's earnestness led him to take a prominent part not for his personal advantage only, but undoubtedly to show that it was not a masked Democratic movement, as was alleged. He was, however, still Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and his action was a fatal political mistake—how fatal the New Orleans massacre only too plainly revealed. From that time Mr. Raymond seems to have been a changed, perhaps a disheartened, man. He owned his mistake with a most generous frankness. But he was really too candid and perceptive that it undoubtedly showed him the futility of his political hopes, and his incapacity for the leadership for which he desired. Thenceforth he devoted himself exclusively to the conduct of the *Times*; and although he became Chairman of one of the Republican organizations in the city, it was in the hope of effecting a reconciliation, and finding that it was not practicable he very recently resigned.

He died undoubtedly of overwork. His capacity of labor, as we said, was prodigious; but he had been twice warned by failing health that he was straining his powers, and twice he fled to Europe to obtain permanent recuperation. The suddenness of his death, although a grievous shock to those dearest to him, is for himself not to be deplored. He was never unkindly regarded than when he died, and in the natural reaction of the intense political excitement of the last four years his character and his services were more justly estimated. No man in the editorial fraternity will be personally remembered for more friendly acts, for a more constant kindliness of nature. He was served in manner, but the courteous tone of his paper was only the reflex of that of his social intercourse.

Undoubtedly, as his name is kindly mentioned, there is a half feeling which is always inseparable from a man of his peculiar temperament, of lost opportunities and wasted powers. But it is a feeling of fate rather than of censure. And so we are sure it seemed to those members of the old Press Club of sixteen or seventeen years since who stood by the coffin of their comrade. Remembering the gay and brilliant Saturday feasts long ago at the Astor they recall so bright a companion, so friendly and cordial, no truer master of his craft, than HENRY JARvis Raymond.

NOTES.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the New York State Library Association will be held at Ithaca in "Library Hall" (Cornell University) July 27, 28, and 29. The opening address will be made by Mr. Justice Miller, the Vice-President. Lectures and papers are also expected from B. Waterhouse Hawkins, the eminent artist; Mr. Marshall, Professor Charles Davies, and others.

An efficient Committee in Ithaca is engaged in providing entertainment and lodging for all who may attend the Association; and the hotels have consented to adopt special reduced rates of charge for the members in attendance, not to exceed $2 per day.

The telegraph made Mr. Goldwin Smith's stay at Toronto that "the American press was deeply interested in his intelligence." Mr. Smith of course denies in a note to the *Tribune* that he ever made any such remark.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Boston Peace Jubilee closed June 19 with the concert by the children of the public schools. The closing piece was "Old Hundred," and was sung by the audience and children together. After the concert the Mayor gave a public reception, which was likewise with a gold watch and chain.

The funeral of Henry J. Raymond took place at 5 P.M., June 21, at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Fourth Street and Washington Square, in this city.

Over 1200 Chinese arrived from Hong-Kong at San Francisco on the 15th inst.

The body of John Wilkes Booth is to be placed side by side with those of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, and sister, in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore.

The Allen Mania, the most eminent case of lycanthropia of Albany, died in that city June 17.

It is announced as an official statement that on an average about seventy-five persons annually fall victims to the street cars of this city, nine-tenths of whom die.

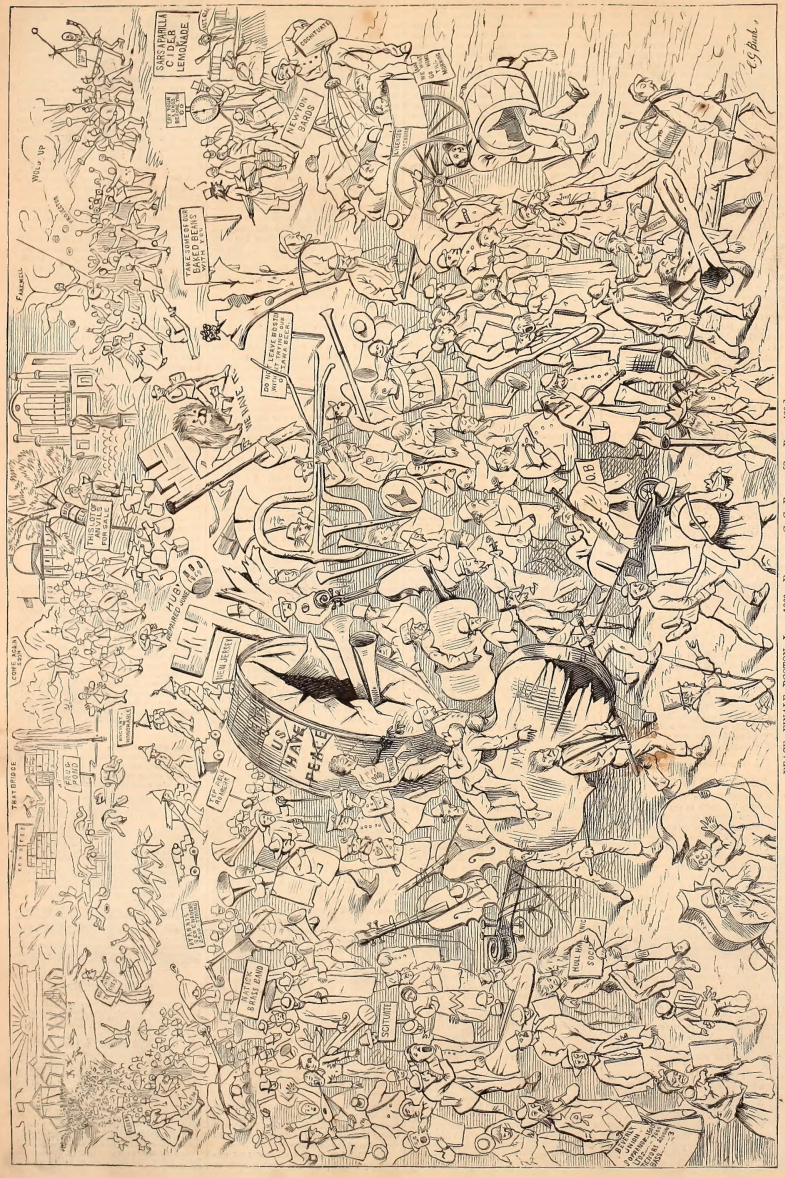
FOREIGN NEWS.

The British House of Lords passed the Irish Church bill at three o'clock, A.M., on the 19th of June, amidst great excitement, the vote standing 179 in favor of the bill, and 146 against it. The Archbishop of Dublin and fifteen Bishops voted.

Serrano took the regency oath at Madrid June 19. General Prim announced at the same time that he was President of the Ministry: Silvela, Secretary of State; and Herrera Grace, Justice. The Republicans in the Spanish Cortes have not succeeded in their attempt to secure the banishment of the Duke de Montpensier. The Cortes has passed a bill giving the acts of the Provisional Government the force of law, and confirming upon it the power to carry them into effect.

The resolutions passed by the Repeal League at Halifax, Nova Scotia, declare that every legitimate means shall be used to sever the connection of Nova Scotia with the Dominion, and bring about a union, on fair and equitable terms, with the United States. Leagues are to be formed throughout the Province for the purpose of defeating the annexation scheme.

The *Great Eastern* has gone to Brest, France, from which she will shortly sail on her cable-laying expedition.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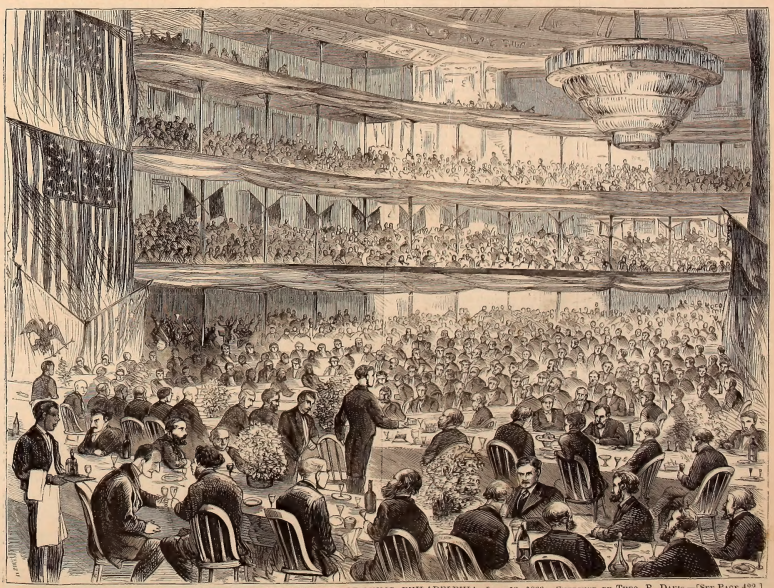
PEACE
US HAVE PEACE
PEACE—FINALE, BOSTON, JUNE, 1869.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 429.]

THE PICKED NINE OF THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—PHOT. BY F. L. HUFF, 244 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



FAREWELL DINNER TO HON. A. G. CURTIN, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 12, 1869.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

FAREWELL RECEPTION OF A. G. CURTIN, IN PHILADELPHIA.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, Philadelphia, was tendered to Hon. A. G. CURTIN, our Minister to Russia, by the municipal authorities of that city for a farewell reception of the citizens on Saturday, June 12. We give on our first page an illustration of the dinner given on the evening of that day at the Academy of Music. Over five hundred guests were present. The building was beautifully decorated with American and Russian flags. Mr. CURTIN made an appropriate speech, recounting the memorable events of his career as Governor of Pennsylvania, and alluded to his mission to Russia in the following language:

"It is somewhat anomalous that the freest and the strongest government in the New World should have maintained the most amicable relations with the most absolute monarchy and the strongest government of the Old World. America and Russia have never had an interruption of their friendly relations. It is my earnest prayer that, during my residence at the Court of the Autocrat of all the Russias, nothing will occur to break these relations."

Other speeches were made, in response to the various toasts of the evening, by prominent individuals.

THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI.

We give, on page 421, portraits of the picked nine of the "Red Stocking" Base-Ball Club of Cincinnati, Ohio. On the 16th they beat the "Mutuals," of the next day the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn. The latter game was won 32 to 10. If the "Red Stockings" keep on and hold their own, they will be the champion club before the summer is ended. Hurrah for the Porkopolitans!

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

We give on our double-page opening this week an illustration representing the Harvard crew in training on the Charles River, as a preparation for the international race, to be rowed race with the Ford crew, which is to come off in August on the Thames, upon the Putney Course. Harvard gave the challenge, and Oxford accepted.

The rowers selected by Harvard are MESSRS. LORING, SIMMONS, BASS, and RICE, forming as good a crew as can be selected. LORING, who has the charge of this crew, is 25 years of age, but a remarkably mature one. RICE is a polished oarsman; he is the "finishing stroke." SIMMONS is "stroke oarsman," and is the strongest man of the crew. The ages of the four average 24 years each. The crew proposes to sail on the 10th of July, so as to spend five or six weeks in England before the contest.

MY GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

I.

I HAD been less than three months in New York, and if I was not actually already in love I was quite ready to affirm as much, if the occasion should be given me. Moreover, with a worldly wisdom beyond my years, I had suffered my young affections to go out toward no less a personage than Miss De Silver, the banker's daughter. Fortune and my aunt's respectability had even so far favored me that I felt myself at liberty, with a little extra courage, to call on her even at her own lordly home.

The determination to call was a thing by itself, however, as an examination of my wardrobe revealed the unpleasant fact that my present supplies would hardly serve me in keeping with what might there be expected. Solomon could have beaten me entirely. So could the lilies of almost any valley.

My slender salary as yet offered me no resources, and could it for another month. I was at my wit's end, or thereabouts, when an idea struck me. The Cheroots were always fertile in ideas, and was not I, Richard, the best of all the Cheroots? And had I not inherited my grandfather's watch? Did it not, even then, tick drowsily in its swollen fob?

Now this chronometer was of the ancient style; made in a day when the precious metals seem to have been of no account whatever. It was a sort of gold mine, with a time-piece hidden away in the heart of it. Small it may be for a gold mine, but decidedly large for a watch. It was one of those watches which impart an air of antique aristocracy to old gentlemen with good clothes, and reflect back by them for the most part that the "shabby genteel" families purchase only like old furniture.

"Sell it?" No, by no means; but I thought of Miss De Silver, and of her father, and determined to employ it as a collateral. I could redeem it at any time. Some one had explained to me the meaning of "three golden balls together," and I fortified myself with that meaning to assure for the dangling arms of the old Lombard usurers.

They were conspicuously large and bright over the door to which they attracted me, but the musty old gentleman in a square velvet cap, who took my gold mine in his fat and dusty fingers, did not realize my ideal of a Lombard. From the appearance of the crowded shelves around him, however, he was clearly prepared to realize on any thing else. Such a museum of incongruous commodities I had never seen before. Surely he was a social wrecker, and these were the spoils and waifs of unmarketable human craft that had gone ashore upon the shoals of New York life. Describe them? No, for language has limits to its powers, and so has even imagination.

I was not the first customer attended to, however, for a fair young girl before me was waiting anxiously while "my uncle" balanced in his hand what seemed to be a brooch of some beauty and value. I thought that it contained a tress of dark hair; that or something else of the keepsake kind.

"Ten dollar? Not so much as dat. Five dollar ish all."

"Only five dollars? Why, it is worth forty, and I *must* have at least ten!"

"Must is a pig vot, my tear. I gives you but five."

The girl's face was very pale, and her thin lips closed with an expression almost of agony, as she sighed her final assent to the amount of the proposed loan. Her ticket was quickly made out, and I could but note, as she turned to go out with that and the money grasped tightly in her little hand, that for all her poverty and her sorrow she was indeed fair, very fair.

"How mosh you vant on dis vatch?"

The hand of the pawnbroker on "my uncle" did much to dispose of a certain tingling sensation, as of many blushes, with which I had passed under the golden balls. I therefore boldly replied:

"About a hundred, I reckon."

"A hundard dollar? Oh, vell, dat ish nonsense. Ve only lends so mosh as twenty-five. Dat ish de law, my poy."

"Bother the law!"

"So shay I; it bodders me ve' mosh indeed, but I dosh not ever break de law."

"How shall I work it, then? There must be some way."

"Dere ish many vays, but dish concern minds de law. I tell you—I lets you have twenty-five on de vatch and twenty-five on de chain?"

"That won't make it up."

"Den I lets you de chain for de twenty-five, an' you takes de vatch to de *diamond brokers*."

A few moments' consideration, during further enlightenment as to the meaning of "my uncle" the Lombard, I took my ticket and my departure, leaving the chain with him, and in that I was, to a certain extent, a wise Cherson.

I must have been five minutes about this business, for the young girl was gone when I turned, was startled to notice, standing with her face unconsciously turned toward its almost ghastly radiance, "my uncle" with the gold chain, and I could distinctly hear her mutter to herself,

"It *must* be ten! What shall I do?"

Yeath, if you will be it should be good impulses, is ever inclined to benevolence, and with a sudden and reckless forgetfulness of Miss De Silver, now of the banker, I turned to the girl, toward the pale unknown and said, with hardly my customary ease of manner, "Here is five more, Miss. Don't say a word."

There was a sudden start, and a painful flush in the pale cheek, but my voice and manner were to be respected to admit a suggestion of intentional offense, and I added, quickly,

"You can pay me whenever you choose—interest, too, if you want to."

"But you are a stranger."

"So I hope is old Moses What's-his-name over there."

"Ah, I saw you there! But then, you too are poor, and I can not consent to take—to owe."

"No; I'm not poor. I'm only a fool, that's all. Please take the money. I know you want it. You don't take it you will be a bigger fool than I am."

Almost a smile struggled with the keen pain in her face, but there was no more trouble seemed fairly forced from her lips—and they were pretty if they were thin. It was nothing sensational, no sickle marker, slay or bloody bone, rent due, had landlord—just an everyday and commonplace sort of an affair. It did not sound very compassionate, as I look back to it, and—well, I crushed the five-dollar bill into her little hand, and ran as the Congressmen did at Manassas, declaring that by so doing I made the all prospect of ever being repaid.

I was anxious to get to the broker's office, however, and my watch felt heavier without its chain than it ever did with both. I must say that my heart felt not a little relieved when I left the pawnbrokers' shop. Not that I was especially fond of following morning, and my next attempt at the employment of my watch was made by the early daylight, with my brain cool, and clear of everything but Miss De Silver.

The office of the diamond broker I found the kind of sign described by "my uncle" was eminently respectable, and fronted on the busiest part of Broadway. It was a very quiet-looking building, and that was any evidence of its character, nothing could have helped it better than the aristocratic air of the elegant youth who politely greeted me as I entered. No need, certainly, of any qualmish feeling at having to do with such a gentleman as Mr. ROOS, the "diamond broker."

Rather old-fashioned watch, but the cases are heavy. Seventy-five dollars? Let me see!

The office grew balanced for a moment adroitly in his jeweled fingers, and the works scanned somewhat disdainfully.

"Seventy-five? Yes, I guess it will bear that. Thirty days only? Longer if you want it. Well, all right. Nice day, isn't it?"

Entries were made in a book or two, the watch carefully deposited in a drawer, my "ticket" was made out and presented in a neat little envelope; my money was counted out to me with an exceedingly pleasant smile and bow, and my object was attained without the slightest ripple of any thing disagreeable, unless it was the hallaughing insinuation that my impecuniosity was the consequence of recent bacchinalian excesses.

That, however, I took in good part, for I now felt sure of appearing in proper style at the De Silver mansion. My thoughts ran wholly on apparel, and the probable effect to be produced thereby.

II.

I MUST say that when my new array did come home I looked remarkably well in it, and, of course, I put it at once in service. But notwithstanding my nearer approach to Solomon or the lilies, I felt more nervousness on the De Silver door-step than even under the dangling balls of the "Lombard Arms."

As I stood, a moment later, in the frescoed vestibule fumbling for a card, I could not help overhearing a sequestered conversation which seemed to be going forward at the lower end of the hall.

"Indeed, Miss De Silver, I would not have asked, only we do need it so very much."

"Pshaw, Miss Payne! That's always the story. I won't be saucy, though, really; and if you will come in to-morrow I will try and have it ready for you. Of course you will throw off something for cash payment?"

"Oh, Miss De Silver!"

"Well, well—somebody's come, and mamma is working for the poor."

I heard a door close, and then—for somehow I was quite slow and clumsy about finding that card—the hall-door opened through the hall toward me but my fair acquaintance of the five-dollar loan? If I did not blush she did; and right before the astonished flunky she reached out her hand for the bit of pasteboard which I had just discovered, saying, in a quick, curt tone of voice,

"Your card, Sir, please!"

She was gone, and she got it, like a figure in a dream, and I was ushered into the drawing-room, staggering under a vague feeling that there was nothing else for me to do, or that somebody had asked me what time it was.

There was certainly nothing like flattery—hardly a flash of recognition—in the manner of my reception when the banker's heiress at last sailed into the room. I could not help wondering if Miss Payne was to call that stately creature "Matilda." Still, I made the best of my conversational powers, and was really making some headway, I think, in my unutterable dismay, the sliding-glass which concealed an inner parlor was drawn gently back in its noiseless grooves, and I was duly presented apparently out of the elegant "diamond broker" came gliding over the carpet, "to present his adieus to Miss De Silver," and, with the color did come to my face, but the excellent young man relieved me in the kindest manner. Nothing could be more cordial or friendly than his recognition.

"Ah, you know each other, then?"

It was the voice of Miss De Silver, and there was a tremor in it which called my attention to the fact that if I had blushed she had not—on the contrary, quite the reverse.

"Oh, indeed, every body knows Mr. Cherson. Glad to meet him. Opera to-night, Miss De Silver?"

"Ah, yes. I was about—"

How I thanked the tact of De Roos in thus giving me an opportunity to cut my call short and find my way into the street! I went in his company, of course; and certainly I could not misunderstand the cordial sociability with which we were both invited to call again.

Once in the street, however, De Roos laughed a silvery, musical laugh, and said you,"

"I see, my dear fellow, you understand business. Rather think you have put your foot in it, hey?"

"I should rather say I had," said I, though not exactly comprehending how. "Confound my stupid blunder!"

"I should say so; but then there's no harm done. Her paleness was as unlucky as your colors. Not a man of honor though, and you'll keep mum?"

Mum as the grave. Do you do much of that sort of business? I shouldn't have thought it just there."

My venture in this remark was a good one, for it implied infinitely more knowledge of the world than I possessed.

"Why, it's a perfect run of up-town trade," replied De Roos "and they're no worse than lots of other women whose husbands and fathers draw their purse-strings for them close. They're going for a party just now, and if the diamonds won't go far enough I guess the carriage will have to be mended."

"I don't take. Can't you do the carriages?" said I.

"Oh no; that's in the *auctioneer* line. I reckon they've never spouted any furniture, and maybe not the carriage. The old lady owns her jewels and furniture, and as for her own right; only it wouldn't do to let the old man know what she does, you know. Sometimes the auctioneers are awkward about their questions on stock in the house, too, and that's bad where it won't do to move it."

"I see. How do they take their interest?"

"Oh, only the legal, you know; but then there's commissions and a whole dictionary of charges. Average to fifteen per month."

"Profitable, I should say. I never knew about that. Excuse me, I'm dished there now, any way."

"Not by no manner of means! Safe for a perpetual invite as I am myself. Couldn't afford to make an enemy of you—don't you see?"

"Do you go there often?"

"Not very. This party, any how, for the old man's away, and I expect to be a tip-top affair. You'll be there, of course?"

"If I get my cards in time.

"Oh, no fear of that. Let's go to Delmonico's."

I went, and certainly I did learn a good deal that evening. Such men as De Roos are capital instructors, and he seemed fairly to have "taken" to me.

III.

MY card for the grand De Silver party came quite as promptly as the diamond broker had predicted; but before the arrival of that auspicious occasion I received a neat little note inclosing a five-dollar bill, and thanking me, in terms of most lady-like and sincere gratitude, for the opportune benevolence which had prompted my quixotic loan. The note was signed, plainly, "Clara Payne." The circumstance gave me no pain whatever, but brought vividly to my mind the conversation which I had involuntarily overheard.

The party was every way worthy of the efforts and expenditure which I was the brilliant and successful fruition.

I met De Roos there, and was certain pause in the rush and flush of the festivities something prompted me to whisper him: "Not much falling off in the diamonds of the family. On my word, they look as well as the rest."

And he replied: "We have to be up to that, my dear fellow—trick of the trade, you know, wouldn't do to be detected."

And then he whirled away; but on a closer examination, as she stately Matilda whirled away with me in the subsequent "German," the idea became strangely fixed in my mind that the imitation was altogether too good, and that the diamonds worn that night by the heiress of the De Silvers were *real*. It puzzled me, but it only led me to the utterance of a remark in praise of their brilliancy, which was rewarded by a sweet smile and an increasing pallor on the cheeks of my lovely companion.

I called most assiduously after that, with a vague idea that my deficiencies in my wardrobe were quite likely to be kindly overlooked, and found, to my unspeakable delight, that I was beginning to be received on a most confidential footing; in short, quite in the character of a friend of the family. I even met the banker himself once or twice, but could not plume myself on the success which attended making him. Meantime De Roos assured me that the carriage had not required "mending," and that the diamonds of the fair Matilda and her duchess-like mother stood in no immediate danger of forfeiture.

As for myself, my employers rather liked the idea of my circulating among the "upper ten," and I awaited with the next installment of my insignificant stipend with serene indifference to any thing but the fact that it would enable me to redeem my watch. If not my chain, however I wanted to be square with De Roos at the earliest possible day.

It was by accident a trifle over a month, say a day or two, when I presented myself at my friend's office, money in pocket, with intent to bargain possession of my pendulous and somewhat cherished heir-loom. Who so polite as De Roos!

"Chair, my boy. Have a cigar? Been up to the country? Ah! You seem to be in very good headway there, ha? Serious intentions, eh? All right—lots of tin one of these days."

Before I had explained the object of my visit, and even the imperturbable De Roos changed countenance somewhat as he replied, rapidly,

"Watch? Why, I'd taken your watch to—to—to—"

"Month! Melting-pot!" I almost shouted. "I don't know any thing about a month. He's my pet—every pawnbroker in the city gives a year!"

And I whipped out my envelope, and tore from it the receipt of my property and the loan thereon. In fact I myself read it for the first time, while De Roos responded,

"Ah, my dear boy. I'm not a pawnbroker. I thought you understood these things. Read it through."

I did; and, surely enough, it was by no means a pawn-ticket, nor was there on it any mention of any loan at interest. It was simply an agreement to *sell* to me, on the day which had just expired, a watch whose number and description I knew only too well, at a price specified, and which was nearer ninety dollars than seventy-five.

For a moment I was fairly furious, and even uttered vague threats of vengeance; but De Roos never lost his equanimity.

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm sorry, and all that sort of thing, but I want to make a point out of you. 'Tisn't likely it's melted yet; and if you really want it, I'll send down and get it back for you. Come in to-morrow at three. Now, don't get mad. Be decent, and have another Havana. Thought you knew what you was about, you know."

So I consented to smoke and be pacified, and finally went away in the full assurance that I had really ever met a better fellow than De Roos, the fashionable "diamond broker."

Faithfully to the hour, I was at his hand the next day as the clock struck three. Having now no time-piece of my own, I had learned to appreciate clocks, both public and private. A lurking feeling of uneasiness my account for the fact that I had not called on the De Silvers during the previous evening.

I was prompth on hand, as I said, at the door of the elegant office of my elegant friend, the diamond broker; but, somewhat to my astonishment, that door would by no means yield to my repeated attempts to open it. In short, it was locked.

"Gone out for a moment," I muttered. "Well, I'll wait."

I was quietly proceeding to do so, when I suddenly found myself roughly collared by somebody in a state of excitement, while a trembling voice demanded,

"You scoundrel! You are one of his set. I've seen you with him! Where is he, and where is Matilda?"

After a moment of utter bewilderment I managed to recognize in my unlooked-for assailant the parental De Silver himself—the banker—and stammered out a half-choked declaration of my utter ignorance.

"You lie, Sir! He's gone! Matilda's gone with him! He's got all the money! You come with me to the house! Come right along now!"

Any lily of any valley could have offered more resistance than I did, for I felt that I was acquiring valuable information, and I went along with the banker. He talked incessantly, and I silently because aware that the money used by Dr Ross in his extensive transactions as a "diamond broker" had been furnished from the very respectable coffers of Matilda's father. Business had been good of late, and both bonds and deposits had been quite large enough to suggest to the elegant young financier a master-stroke in his own private line. Beyond doubt a small amount of "interest" would now suffice to redeem that precious jewel of a daughter, and De Roos had taken care to secure her portion in time. After all, he had only, in reality, married the daughter of his partner in business—a somewhat quiet way.

I remembered about the diamonds at the party, and was now quite persuaded that they were real.

When we arrived at the house we found it in a certain degree of well-regulated confusion, and Madame, the mother of the vanished Matilda, in a very impressive state of weeping and distraction; but what interested me most was a pale face that I met in the hall. It was that of Clara Payne; and I heard her mutter, in a voice whose half-despairing tone I well remembered:

"Gone? And I had so counted on her promise!"

It flashed upon me that another month's rent was overdue. The money that should have been deemed my grandfather's watch was burning in my pocket; and as I thrust it into her hand I said to her:

"You have proved yourself good pay, Miss Payne; you won't run away with any body. Just take that and run up-stairs and pay it."

This time she actually did smile in my face, but she hurried away without a word.

It took some time to convince the old banker that I was not an accomplice of De Roos; and, though he had to pay too much money on the "failure" of the sudden son-in-law ever to pardon *him*, he seemed to pardon me very readily when he found that I had not done any thing. In fact, the shape his pardon took was some work something to me. As for Clara Payne, I have seen her several times. In fact, I see her every time I go home.

SEEING BY LIGHTNING.

IN the Polytechnic of London some curious and interesting experiments are being made with a monster "induction coil," which produces, during in a remarkable manner. In the darkened theatre of the Institution the long flash lights up the room and the audience with the peculiar lurid glare so well known as an effect of brilliant lightning at night, and displays the features and action of every one present. But we have to note that, the flash being of instantaneous duration only, it allows no *motion* to be seen. We should think it guided by our unconsciousness alone, that the flash lasted an appreciable time; but this would be an error, due to the persistence of the impression on the eye after the object itself had ceased. If the room be made perfectly dark, and if the spectators all raise their arms and wave their hands to and fro as rapidly as they can the flash will display the position of the arms, but not the movements of the hands. *While the flash lasts the hands do not move*, and is consequently seen, as of motionless. In the position in which the flash finds it. But in contemplation to exhibit the same effect in a more complete way by affixing a picture to a revolving disk. When the disk revolves so rapidly that no outlines of the picture can be distinguished by means of any ordinary light, they will be perfectly seen in a darkened room by the aid of the flash. It lasts so short a time that the revolving disk does not change its position in the brief period.

OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Putnam's Magazine for July contains an elaborate article showing the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in this city and State. The facts presented in this article are so startling that we reprint a well-digested *resumé* of it recently published in the New York *Evening Post*:

Putnam's Magazine for July contains an article entitled "Our Established Church," which will be, we suspect, very much read. Its aim is to show that the Roman Catholics have to a considerable extent succeeded in making them the established church of this city and State.

The writer estimates that the real estate owned by fee by "one or other of five ecclesiastics in this State," Roman Catholic bishops, is worth over twenty millions of dollars. He remarks that the Irish (Protestant) Church was to be disestablished over an annual five millions of property; and he proceeds to give some examples of the private and public property and real estate made to the Roman Catholics in this State.

STATE MONEY TO ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

Not far from the year 1847 the diligent explorer of our annual statutes will find, almost for the first time, a few donations for charitable purposes quietly stowed away in the depths of the "Act making appropriations for the support of the government" for the current year. Here and there will be found certain special statutes for like purposes—as, for example, the Act of 1848 (chapter 170), appropriating $500 of money raised by general tax to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Buffalo. From the year named, when the honorable rivalry of parties was producing a like result to that which attends the not dissimilar emulation of a public auction. The bids rose one above another with a boldness which possibly was not diminished by the fact that the bidders were offering what did not belong to them. From year to year, more and larger beneficiaries of this class were found necessary to "the support of the government," until in 1866 they had multiplied sufficiently to be collected into a distinct "General Act," which has been annually passed ever since, as solicitously as if, like the English Mutiny Act, all our liberties depended on it.

At the same time, and by a movement almost precisely parallel, the yearly statute-book has been encumbered annually to a greater degree with the enactments which authorize the one for the city of New York, the other for the precisely contermineous county, the levy of such sums as the State deems adequate for municipal governance, and which prescribe the general objects for which they may be expended. Exactly in like manner, there begin to be discovered in these "Tax Levy" bills considerable sums for twenty years ago, the same germs which have fructified so bountifully in the present "Charity Bill" for the State at large. By virtue of the enactment last mentioned the State paid out during the year 1868 for institutions under religious control, $129,023 46. Of this a certain section (chapter 170 of the laws of 1868) gives of the Protestant sects but $2367 62; while the trifling balance of $124,174 84 is assigned to the various purposes of the Roman Catholics.

Looking, for the sake of variety, at the following year for data regarding the strictly municipal gifts for like purposes, we find from the report of the Comptroller of the city, that during 1867 there was paid to Catholic ecclesiastical institutions the sum of some $90,000, aside from what may lie hidden in a vast total of more than a million, of which the city pays the annual rent in the report of the Department of Public Charities and Correction. While the sums of other institutions in the list, hardly any are for objects having even remotely a religious character, and all are for a secular education. And if the proportion thus indicated hold good for the State, the Catholic appropriation, of which exceeds, we can hardly say by how much, the princely sum of half a million, will be found to exceed that the Church is in a fair way of obtaining its own, with perhaps a trifle of which to endow a Papal Nuncio to claim to.

But these figures do not fully indicate the favor with which the Catholic Church has been treated by her children in official station, co-operated with as they have been by the well-disposed outside the pale.

The last Comptroller's report contains, with regard to certain real estate in the city of New York over the head of Manhattan, some interesting avowals, by which the city government has come to the light a shine before men that they may see its works, and glorify its father, which is—Catholic. Such is the schedule of city property, subject to the payment of ground rent (pp. 464-465), which is described as one "Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue" are leased to the Archbishop of New York (Roman Catholic); that the lease is dated April 1, 1857, is perpetual, and for the annual *rent of one dollar*; that the value of the ground is arrears. That the property on "Eighty-first and Eighty-second streets and Madison Avenue" are leased to the "Sisters of Mercy;" that the lease (the date of which is not given) is perpetual, and the annual rent is one dollar, which, however, had been paid until within a few days of the report. That on the block of the first and Fifty-second streets, Fourth and Fifth avenues," was leased April 1, 1857, to "the Archbishop Bishop Acheson, "perpetually, for the annual rent of one dollar," which rent was paid up to the date of observe, has been fully paid to the end of 1867.

Upon some part of this block, and upon another tract, held *by a title title and upon similar terms*, is in course of erection a large and costly edifice, which is intended to be worthy of its proud rank of metropolitan church of the new archdiocese.

From estimates of those competent to appraise land in New York, it appears that this property alone is worth not less than $3,000,000. It may be considered, therefore, that the city owns a large part of this property, if it applied every payment upon the principal, including the building fund, to the purchase of years.

It is no extraordinary a ratio has this devout allotment of the public revenues increased that what in 1849 was about $15,000, or less than one-seventieth, is grown to not for from $800,000 in 1868, bestowed with the blank generosity of the present day of grace.

Thus having begun with the demand that public schools be under sectarian control, and having obtained that sectarian schools be supported by the State, the only remaining one of the principles of sectarianism in education is now vehemently urged, that all *secular education be withheld from the common schools of atheism.* Then, and then only, in the view of the *Catholic World* for May, July, will public education be put upon its true ground—the ground upon which so much has been said and so little understood in Italy and Spain, and from which that service has lately been abridged with violence in Austria and in Ireland.

Nor is the step a long or a difficult one which separates the actual condition of things from that so belonged for as an ultimate settlement. Even while we write, the bill which shall do away with "sectarian" has been maturely considered by the Committee of the Senate on "Charitable and Religious Societies." In some reported favorably to that body. Its first section, which contains its essential feature, is in these terms: that "whenever there shall be or has been established and maintained in any city of this State, by any school or schools in which not less than two hundred children have been or shall be taught, gratuitously, it shall be the duty of such city or of the Board of Supervisors of such county, if the same exist as a whole or a part, to make provision from year to year for the expenses of such school or schools."

It is not as deep as a well, nor as wide as a door-mat is to enter. Only let Catholic Ireland be taught to ask for its vain in Ireland, what it has had wrested from it in America—and it will have. Let Catholic Italy be taught to believe that *the discrimination which prevails in the United States between secular and sectarian education constitutes a majority of Catholics*, small as was that majority in the Senate, and it will be provided in the present Senate that *a majority should be made up of Catholics*. Let Catholic Italy and Protestant *name* who are ready to maintain the great system of Catholic education in the United States, on condition that their own little scheme of sectarian education may be carried out in Italy, and they will find their master's table; that such discrimination will see that the interests of Catholics have not been, and whatever may be the difficulty and expense of passing the bill, it will be passed in Italy.

THE OFFICES AND ROMAN CATHOLICS.

It might perhaps be worth while, if any one should prefer more minute information than we have given, to notice a few such as may be found in the city of New York itself. Not many a state church in the present age imposes the test of membership as a condition of holding civil office. The Church in Austria does not; in England it has not for forty years; in France not for eighty. It does not yet in New York. How near it comes to it may be partly guessed by any one who will look into the list of "Heads of Departments" officers with the discriminating sense of him "who can see stranger things than either Cape Cod or O'Flaherty." If the inference from nationality should be deemed liable to misconception in the instance of police, let it be remembered that the Catholics who are not Irish will far more than make such an error good. Such researches would show a judiciary adorned with the names as Shandley, Cowell, Hogan, and Donnie Quinn, and would lead us into very green fields of nomenclature: but some one else has prepared, from better data than mere names, the following summary of Irish office-holders as they were at the end of 1867:

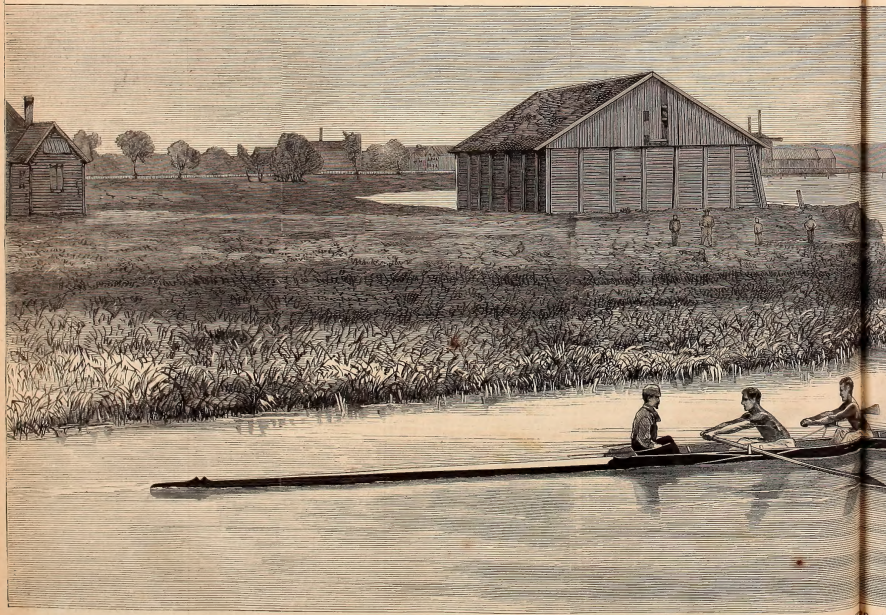
Sheriff,
Justice,
Comptroller,
City Chamberlain,
Corporation Counsel,
Police Commissioner,
President of the Croton Board,
Clerk of the Board of Aldermen, of the Board of Aldermen,
President of the Board of Councilmen,
Clerk of the Common Council,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors,
President of the Board of Supervisors,
Five Justices of the Courts of Record,
All the civil justices,
All the police justices,
All the police court clerks,
Seven out of four coroners,
Two members of Congress,
Seven out of ten State senators,
Eighteen out of twenty-one members of Assembly,
Fourteen-sixteenths of the Common Council, and
Eight-tenths of the Supervisors.

I am thoroughly convinced, we say it with some confidence, has the circry of a Catholic establishment in it which more nearly closed upon the whole system of public education than here in New York. Nowhere in Europe is the hierarchy of an established Church pointed by the Papal See to such independence of the civil government as here.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

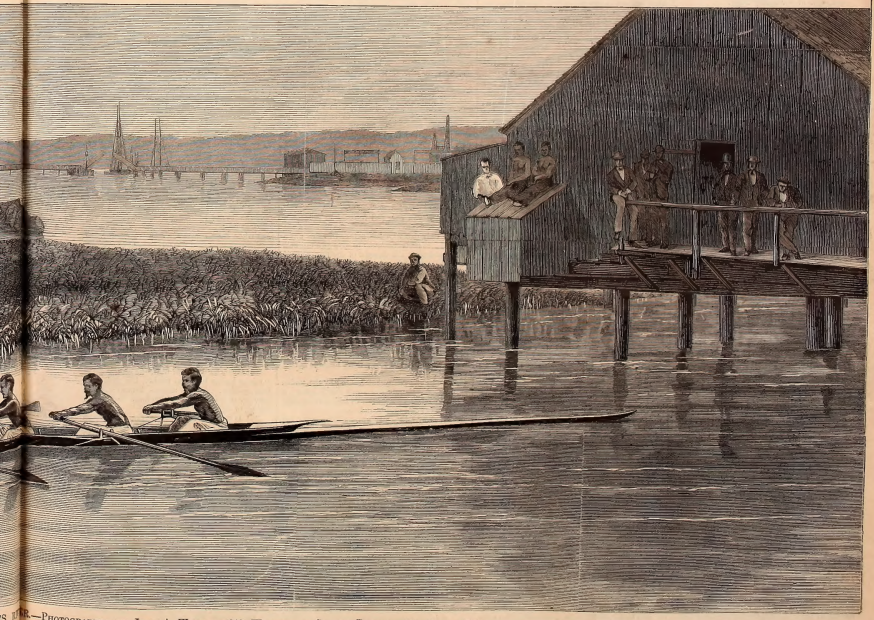
HARTFORD is a city of delightful residences; and a stranger who visits it is made at this season by boat, leaving the city at 4 P.M., arriving at Hartford next morning. Or, more fully to enjoy the suit on the charming scenery, they we say it with some confidence, has the cir

VIEW OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, FROM THE S



INTERNATIONAL REGATTA—THE HARVARD CREW TRAINING ON THE CHARLES R.—Ph

FROM THE SOUTH.—Photographed by John A. Whipple.—[See Page 429.]



S PIER.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 422.]

PEACE.

"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SERENE in her youthful beauty
To-day Columbia stands,
She has beckoned Peace to attend her,
The sword has dropped from her hands.
She sees her flag unsullied
Waves proudly o'er freeman's dome;
All her weary toil is ended,
She is calling her children home.

For the mystic cord of the Union
Man strove to rend in twain,
Long silent to all entreaty,
Responds to the touch again!
Responds, as if God's own Spirit
Swept over the outstretched cord,
And thrills the heart of the nation
As 'twere the voice of the Lord.

Hands that were clasped in battle
In friendship now are pressed;
Lips that once breathed out slaughter
Their error have confessed;
Eyes that flashed hate and vengeance
Their angry lustre cease,
Feet shod swift for destruction
Now tread the paths of peace.
The ears of the deaf are opened,
Unsealed the voice of the dumb,
As millions arise together,
And answer, "WE COME! WE COME!"

Oh! day of joy and gladness,
When thus the States agree,
From shore to shore uprising,
To keep the Jubilee!
Our fields with grain are ripening,
Our barns with plenty stored;
The wealth of a hundred nations
Pour in the tide of our bids is poured!
Rivers glint in the sunlight,
Insects chirp and hum,
Trees bend with their lesty verdure,
And the Summer of Peace is come!

The laborer seeks his cabin,
From his daily toil to rest;
And the rich man has no power
The poor man to molest.
On the soil to Freedom given
No slave can bondage lag;
And the Old World's despots tremble
At sight of our Starry Flag!

The Northern Lights are blending
With the stars of the Southern Cross,
And the gulf is bridged between them
By a common sense of loss.
Over the ocean wafted,
Where our loved ones were lain,
Who walked through the fatal valley,
Brothers and brothers slain,
Bloom the flowers, God's angels,
Speaking of better things—
Of endowing strength from sorrow;
Forgiveness, from death that springs.

Never was wrong so hidden—
Never the dead so dear!
Many a mound is watered
By the stranger's loving tear.
And the roses smell as sweetly
That strangers' hands have grown;
And the harvest never faileth
Where Love the seed hath sown.

Cling-cling! the bells are singing;
Boom! 'tis the cannon's notes;
The songs of peace are ringing
From a hundred thousand throats!
Glory to God! in the highest!
Amen! let the people say;
Oh, the very stones would rebuke us
If we should be mute to-day!
Glory to God in the highest,
Who hath formed the earth and sky;
Who wields over the nations,
And maketh his throne on high!
Who keepeth watch over from falling,
And sideth our weak endeavor
Who saveth our life from destruction,
For his mercy endures forever!

To Him, oh ye ransomed people,
Be praise and honor given,
For the blessings He hath sent us,
And the bonds His hand hath riven!
For He looked upon our affliction,
And hath taken away the sword;
He hath ended our days of mourning,
And peace to our Land restored!

BOSTON, June 15, 1869. SUSAN J. ADAMS.

POPE PIUS IX.

IT is not generally known, I believe, that Pope Pius the Ninth was in his youth prevented from entering the guard of honor of the Viceroy of Italy in consequence of his being subject to attacks of epilepsy. He came from Sinigaglia to Rome, and entered the priesthood in 1814, having then in his twenty-seventh year. The infirmity to which he was subject was as great a bar to his advancement in this profession as in the military, and it is said that his admission was granted by Pius the Seventh only on the condition that, when he celebrated the mass, he should be assisted by another priest. He officiated for the first time in the church attached to the orphanage in which he had for some time instructed the children, on Whit-Sunday in the year 1815. The attacks of epilepsy to which he had been subject became less and less frequent; and four years after entering the priesthood he was appointed by the Pope attaché to an ecclesiastical and political mission sent to South America. On his return from this mission to Rome he was appointed Archbishop of Spoleto, by Pope Leo the Twelfth, and was consecrated in 1827. It is considered doubtful whether his real age is seventy-seven or seventy-nine, the register in which the date of his birth was entered having been destroyed during the revolution. The Pope has been years preceding the last three or four it was repeated almost daily in letters from Rome that he was suffering from gout or some other which could not fail to kill him, it was affirmed by those who had good opportunities of judging of the matter that, both physically and mentally, he was as sound as a man could wish to be. He has not attained what are known in Rome as "Peter's years;" that is to say, he has not occupied the papal throne twenty-five years two months and a week, as the tradition runs that Saint Peter did. Nevertheless, he comes nearer that limit than any other Pope who has ever reigned; for though the popes kings have ruled during more than a quarter of a century, no Pope ever has, unless we accept the Peter tradition. The nearest to the present Pope was Pius the Ninth is Pius the Seventh, who died fifteen weeks and two days before the charmed day arrived.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT IS NOT WORTH THE KEEPING."

"WHAT was all over, then?" "Not the murmurous kiss of the waves slipping up the ridges of warm gold-en shingle; not the bright sunshine that found them with the shadow on the sea's mutable breast; nor the beauty of the woman who sat leaning against the side of a jutting rock. Her sweet languid eyes cast downward to avoid the glare of the sun, her listless hands crumpling notches of dried sea-weed, and her heart beating as calmly as whis faster than the cool pulses of the drowsy sea. That which was over was Captain Mowbray's hope of winning the woman he loved. He had taken his friend's advice, and now he had his answer—not a straightforward one, for Lady Diana had the courage to be a coward, and decided in these surgical operations of cutting away hearts she had taught to cling to her. She sought no healing for the wound she knew was particularly tender and gentle in her manner when her victim was young and handsome.

When Captain Mowbray found that "No" was to be the end of all his longing hopes and angry fears, he felt faint and sick at heart. He could not look her in the face; for a while he could not speak to answer her soft words. They seemed to him to be saying from a long way off, and "No, no," was lisped to him in countless ripples as the waves surged up near his feet. He had waited for it, but he could not find force to decide his fate. "If your answer be unfavorable, I do not know how I shall bear it," he wrote. "Unfavorable" was given in the study to have thrown at your feet. Do not trample down my life. If I lose you I believe it would drive me mad."

"They all say that," Lady Diana thought, as she looked at the letter tenderly; "but dear me! most of them get over it much sooner than they think they will."

"I must take your answer from your own lips," he concluded. "Will you meet me on the beach of the East Cliff this afternoon?"

"If I name five I shall get it over before dinner."

At four o'clock she strolled down to the seaside, and seated herself in the broken shadow of the rock, having just time to assume a graceful posture when she heard the quick, impatient steps of her lover crashing through the shingle above. Now, as he lay by her feet, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes turned away from her, with his whole energies bent on disappointment, she felt very sorrowful for him, and again wished that he had not forced her to this painful interview. But she had determined so briefly and determinately that she had not much scope for evasion. Still she did her best. She surrounded her refusal with such a sweet confusion of regret, remorse, and reciprocal passion, that any other less acute than a lover might have been beguiled by the softness of her eyes, Captain Mowbray read the word death; and as the sense of his future grew upon him, he felt sick because white, and his eyes dark with pain and anger. Death to love's thrall, love's fire, and love's hopes—that was the purport of what his head dealt out on this slumbrous afternoon. When a ribbon fluttered from the woman's hair over Thurstan's head, he caught it in a sudden rage, and kissing it passionately, wept a few hot, still tears, the sight of which filled Lady Diana with remorse and compunction. She had often seen men weep, and she always suffered pain at the sight. On this occasion, as on many others, she vowed that she would never again commit an experiment fraught with so much grief of heart to others.

"You will soon get over this," she said, gently; "you will soon forget me."

"I do not believe now that I ever can forget either you or this hour. Oh, Diana! my darling! my darling! why will you not marry me?

I would love you so, you could not help being happy with me."

She looked at him with a sort of tender envy. "I wish I could feel like that," she thought. Aloud she answered, softly, "You forget, Thurstan, that I am ten years older than yourself."

"What does that matter?" he said, simply. "You don't look it; and, besides, if a fellow loves a woman, what matters her age, if she's the only one woman that can make him happy?"

Lady Diana glanced stealthily around. There was no one in sight but the distant figure of a man who stood on a far-off headland, peering through a telescope.

"I wonder if it is a good glass," Lady Diana said to herself. Then she looked at the handsome face turned in the pain of her anguish, and she decided to risk the telescope's having a long sight.

She drooped her head on to his shoulder, and the silky burden of hair which crowned it swept his lips.

"I can never be," she murmured; "but I do love you, Thurstan: never believe that I don't love you."

His face flushed as he felt her touch; his heart's-blood was a flame that blazed and ebbed as her breath.

"Then why not—?" he began.

"Do not go into that again: it can not be. It hurts me as much as it can you to refuse you!" she cried. "I can not tell you now all the reasons that make our union impossible. You must trust me. I would marry you if I could, and that I do like you above all other men."

He looked at her face now, and saw that it was working with emotion. He seized her by her hands, and looked steadfastly into her eyes.

"Oh! I will wait, with something like a prayer, can such a face lie?"

"I do not lie!" she went on, passionately. "I swear that I love you!"

"Then marry me!"

For a few seconds the lap of the waves was all that broke the brooding silence of the noon.

Should she end it now?—all the degrading trickery by which she was ever shaming her nature? Should she let all the small meannesses of coquetry be merged in one great honest love? Should she lay by her vanity and self-indulgence, and put away all those lusts of the flesh and the devil against which her godfather's and godmother's pious lips grits of liver mugs and infantile spoons had made so poor a defense?

She heard the slow rush of the waves as it were in a dream; saw in a dream the glow of the day, and her lover's face looking yearningly in hers, as the sun shone down on their clasped hands. She felt in my room the whisper of a passing angel, who swept the pure light of his wings over her soul, as he counseled her to accept the good angel as a gift from heaven.

Then she looked up at Lord Orme's house, which was visible from where the two stood. If I put what is before me at all, it must be for that, said such as that." The generous, half-formed, half-murmured yes, which had leaped to her lips, died away. The treasured regret passed away from her eyes, and the beautiful face was once more impassible with denial.

"No, it all," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily. "You are weary of me. I have loved you too well, and shown it too plainly. You have played with me as a human toy to whom the Creator has given capability to suffer, which renders the amusement more poignant and exciting. You are tired of the game, and now I may go to the devil my own way."

"I do not know how you will go to the devil," Lady Diana replied, quietly; "men inclined to traverse that road rarely retard or accelerate their progress because of a woman's love. You will be no worse for this brief sharp pain in future."

"It shall be no better."

"And if you ever feel inclined to judge me harshly," she pursued, "remember that you are not the only one that has suffered in this hour of parting. It costs me much to give you up, and I shall sicken at the thought of the future spent without you. Good darling!" she added, softly, with a sudden outburst of candid feeling, "I shall miss you terribly for a long time—for a long time!"

He looked at her longingly; but he did not speak. It is not easy even for the most consummate and experienced coquette to make love to a man believe that, while throwing him over, she is heart and soul his own.

"It is to be good-by, then?" he said, gloomily.

"It must be so, I fear; don't make it harder to me."

In truth she felt rather injured by the undue amount of pain this scene was causing her; it was very difficult for her to feel so much, and to make her feel that he did so.

"Good-by, then," and he flung away her hands and turned to go.

She caught hold of his arm, pleadingly, and said one more quick look round her.

"Kiss me once before you go."

It was weak of him to give way to the temptation, to grant her the foreign triumph of feeling that he would be haunted by the memory of that kiss so long as he remembered her, and how she had wrenched him. She had never given him her lips before; and she did so now that his heart was sore with provocation, because the cold-hearted woman could fain administer a little honey with the sting; because she liked both him and herself so well that she wished to yield him balm for the wound, and to give herself such comfort as Anne Boleyn's executioner felt when he recalled that he had handled the queen's neck "full tenderly."

"Won't you kiss me?" she said, piteously.

He was only four-and-twenty, and so much of a philosopher as a dragoon at that age ordinarily is. He was insulted and angered by her conduct; he suspected her of flirtatiousness, and had felt inclined once or twice to-day to curse the lovely face which held him in such thrall.

But none the less did he feel the thrall; none the less was his heart drawn toward her every movement, her every trick of voice and gesture; and when he heard those faint beseeching tones, and saw the face he loved so near his own, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her in such fashion that she somewhat repented herself of her gentle advance.

"Go!" he said, at last, pushing her from him. "Go! I have got to feel very old in this hour: that pain and anger have made me look youth out of me: perhaps one day you will be sorry that you threw away my love. Meanwhile you had better keep yourself out of my sight, for after having once touched your dear mouth I should find it hard not to repeat the offense, though you should have married a worthier, and, what is better, a wealthier man."

But although he hurled this last reproach at her, he did not walk together before he left behind. Lady Diana's blandishments were rarely thrown away on the weak, vain natures of men. Captain Mowbray had acquitted her as he anticipated the rapture of that last caress.

They parted with one lingering clasp of hands at the foot of the slopes; and Lady Diana trailed her cool-hued draperies away in the direction of her house.

"Poor darling! how he felt it!" she thought, sadly.

But she smiled through her tears at a good-looking officer from the cavalry barracks, who was calling at her door as she arrived there, and begged that he would come and "cheer her solitude" to-morrow.

Then she entered her drawing-room, where a certain sheep-dog—a Miss Jones, a half companion of Lady Diana's, generally only produced on state occasions, like the family plate—was knitting away time with various devices in crochet.

"Miss Jones," Lady Diana said, impressively, "do you think you could so give others the joy do not boil the sweet-bread to rags to-night."

"Yes, Lady Diana."

"And all I am going to start for Italy in a few days, and hope for the pleasure of your company."

Lady Diana walked pensively out of the room.

"I shall find the Ormes at Spezzia," she said to herself, "and I shall sometimes row on that lovely bay with Lord Orme, whom the eternal boatman who is always the only one who rowed Milor Byron up and down the gulf, and I will see Miss Shaw about the girls at the bottom of that gulf before I permit them to join the expedition. Heigh-ho! there goes the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

MEANWHILE Captain Mowbray was still left standing by the rocks; and when the gloom of night crept over sea and land, and no faint tinge of sunset was left to flush the purple-gray cliffs with evanescent glory, the young fool cast himself down near the place where she had sat, and raised the deep-edged cliff as though it had possessed the softness of woman's lips.

Among the great and little mysteries of this world of ours, which many-day by many-day clear to man's perplexed eyes, I wonder if he will learn the secret of the fascination which a flame of death is permitted to have for the harmless moths of night.

When Captain Mowbray returned to his lodgings in town Edgelo quickly perceived that his friend's manner was that of a man who has been foiled in his desire. Thurstan swore at the bullterrier because he stumbled over it, and then gave the injured-looking, wrinkled face such caresses as people sometimes lavish on dumb creatures when their hearts are aching from the unkindness of their own species—a kind of cynical, Byronical "I never had but one" (friend) and "I have no love, sir" style of feeling.

Then Thurstan could not eat his dinner, but sat and stared moodily at the wax candles on the table, and begged that Douglas would take care of himself and "not mind him." When the meal was over, and the table in the mornin room, smoking their cigars, Captain Mowbray could no longer keep the pain of his secret to himself, but burst out suddenly with—

"By G—, she's jilted me!"

Douglas looked sadly at the boy's downcast face.

"It seems hard to bear now," he said, gently; "young hearts bleed so freshly, but then they heal quickly. Time, months hence, and the memory of this will be nothing more than a dull feeling of discomfort to you."

"It is all very well to say that," Thurstan cried, petulantly; "you don't know what it is to love a woman as I did this one, or you would understand that such pain as mine can not be forgotten."

"And yet I once loved a devil in the guise of a woman so well that her loss made me a murderer and an outcast."

"Good God, Douglas! what do you mean?"

"Hear my story before you condemn me by my own words," Douglas said, quickly; "and then, if you have heard it, tell me if you don't think the love of a woman has laid a heavier burden on me than you are ever likely to be cursed with."

"When I was about five years older than you are now I was married to one of the prettiest creatures you ever saw."

"You married!" echoed Mowbray, with astonishment.

"She was as lovely as that portrait you showed me yesterday," pursued Douglas; "more lovely, because she was younger."

"She was my cousin, and I had loved her ever since she was a child and I a great gawky school-boy. I used to spend my midsummer

holidays at her father's place; and in the evenings, when he and his guests were at dinner, we wandered out by ourselves through the cool shadows of the park, and conjectured of the glorious far-off future. Ana would wear royal robes, and a gold crown round her brighter hair. She would eat off beds of slaves, and I should be her chief and most favored servitor. She would live surrounded by homage and adulation. She would have no nurses, but always milk-baths for dinner. She would wear red shoes, and build a room lined with mirrors. I used to think that she seemed very lovely as she sat with her little red mouth pursed up, and her eyes looking gravely blank at the contemplation of her future glories. I, for my part, intended to travel. I wished to penetrate in the more desolate portion of the far East; where I could see the wild silvery-trees force their way through the old Asiatic temples, and hear the parrots chatter round the ruined towers. Above all, I wished to kill a tiger, and to be gifted with strength that would enable me to thrash Tom Spenser, the big bully of our school. If at fifteen I had possessed half the intuition a girl has at ten, I should have already detected the coquettish propensities of my little ally. She nearly moved without a sobbing glance to see who was observing and admiring her pretty face; and at eleven years old she could fix a knot of ribbons or a flower in her hair much more becomingly than could the old nurses who had attended her from her birth. Time passed away quickly and delightfully in those days. I was very successful at school, and used to bring piles of prize-books to Ana and write her name inside them; announcing in crooked characters that they were given "to her as keepsakes by her affectionate friend." She smiled pleasantly at the gifts; but she generally gave me to understand that a new sash or a trinket would be more acceptable; and once she cried with rage and vexation when I presented her with my last schoolfellow, a copy of the Odyssey. I was innocence; for, as she said, 'Of what use was the nasty thing to her when she couldn't read it, and who business had I to be able to read it when she could not?

"This is the pleasantest part of my story—the rest I will tell as briefly as possible. When Ana was seventeen and I eight-and-twenty we were married. I was always a grave, quiet man and perhaps she never knew how gayly my heart used to beat as the sound of her laughter floated pressed I felt if the slightest cloud of discontent passed over her dear face. We were not very rich, and my father's interest obtained me only a lucrative appointment in India I was glad to accept it. We lived in India two years, blessed to me by the perfect fullness of gratified love, and by the society of the creature I prized most in the world. One day I was summoned home to England. My father was in a hopeless state of health, and he was loth to die without once more seeing the faces of all his children. I could not resist my own wishes, but I felt very sad at heart when my beautiful wife hung round my neck, giving me her last kiss.

"She had resigned herself to not accompanying me, she said, knowing that it was best so; but I must not suppose to be, or her heart would break under the weight of her loneliness.

"As I was leaving the door she ran up and asked me for one more caress. I gave her not one but many, and then I went on my way, observing with satisfaction that she watched me from the window as long as I was in sight.

"When I had gone about an hour on my journey I was seized with a terrible longing to see her again. I yielded to the impulse for a few seconds, called myself a fool, and went on a few steps further; then I thought of Ana's face, from which I was going further and further every step in the blackness, and turning my horse's head round, I galloped back toward home, and in less than three-quarters of an hour I was again at my own door. I dismounted and walked softly toward the window of our sitting-room. 'How glad she will be,' I thought, 'how the dear face will beam at the sight of mine!'

"My heart beat but with pleasurable agitation as I pressed my face close to the window. I was on the point of calling her by her name when I saw—Oh hell! I saw her sitting with her face turned away from me, her hands clasped in those of another man, her lovely head drooping languidly on his shoulder.

"I recognized the man at once; he was an officer of artillery who had been a frequent visitor to my house, and to whom I had always believed to be the soul of honor.

"There are certain flowers of a remembered odor of which one is sicken me; for that still summer night was steeped with their fragrance. There are voices to recall which sting me with remorse; she appeared in the voice of my wife and her lover, murmuring low, through the twilight, their joy in each other's society, their delight in my presumed absence.

"I can not dwell on the wreck of that moment. I dare not remember all the storm of horrible feelings that surged up in my breast.

"I did not pause to ask myself whether she were or were not guilty to the last extremity. From what I have since heard of her, I believe she was practically innocent; but were it so, I hold her to be more mutually criminal than if she had erred through an excess of illicit passion. Her heart was full of dishonor; her mind must have been very foul, if for mere vanity's sake she could so wrong me and herself.

"At that moment, when I saw her thus, I felt that I could sooner hold the vilest wretch that walked the streets to my bosom than the woman with whom I had lived for the last two years in happiness as beautiful as paradise.

"It was well for the grace of their parting that they did not perceive the pale face glaring against the window-pane. I can see now the smile with which he said, '*Au revoir!*' and her answering gesture, kissing her hand as he drew near the door and *me*, and her light laugh as he stooped to press his lips on her hand.

"I concealed myself in the shrubs until he had passed out of sight of the house, and then I followed him until he reached a secluded portion of the road.

> 'And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
> I'd lay me down and die,'

he sang as he went, in a rich, clear voice.

"'God, how pretty she is!' I'll light a cigar.'

"He stopped by the side of a broken bit of rock to search his pockets for a tinder-box, whistling gayly, he met me face to face.

"I had my traveling pistols with me, for some of the wilder districts through which on my journey I was bound to pass, were infested with robbers. Without speaking, I showed these to him, indicating that he was to select one. He took the pistol mechanically, and then fell back with a face white as death.

"I gave him a few seconds to recover himself, and then I broke the silence.

"'Sir,' I said, 'you have ruined, by your treachery, the happiness of my life. I am a hasty and unforgiving man, and I am not made sorry by the reflection that I am about to kill a fellow-creature. I am not sorry, but I am sad, when I remember that the sister of my wife, the daughter of my father's friend, has been dishonored as an adventuress. Above all, I wish to kill a tiger, and to be gifted with strength that would enable me to thrash Tom Spenser, the big bully of our school. If at fifteen I had possessed half the intuition a girl has at ten, I should have already detected the coquettish propensities of my little ally. She nearly moved without a sobbing glance to see who was observing and admiring her pretty face; and at eleven years old she could fix a knot of ribbons or a flower in her hair much more becomingly than could the old nurses who had attended her from her birth. Time passed away quickly and delightfully in those days. I was very successful at school, and used to bring piles of prize-books to Ana and write her name inside them; announcing in crooked characters that they were given 'to her as keepsakes by her affectionate friend.' She smiled pleasantly at the gifts; but she generally gave me to understand that a new sash or a trinket would be more acceptable; and once she cried with rage and vexation when I presented her with my last schoolfellow, a copy of the Odyssey. I was innocence; for, as she said, 'Of what use was the nasty thing to her when she couldn't read it, and who business had I to be able to read it when she could not?

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CHAPTER XIX.

AZALEA'S PERPLEXITY.

"WHAT'S to be done about your learning, Azalea?"

George Moore had recovered the power of speech, and the partial use of his limbs; but his language was often confused, and his face looked more troubled than it had done in the days before his seizure.

"What about my dear?" Azalea said, anxiously; "I am sure I learn all you tell me to."

"But, do you know, Azalea?" the old man answered, impressively, solemnly. "I'm not sure I always tell you right; my memory is gone, and sometimes I wake up in the night, and am frightened to think that I may have put you wrong and then I want you to know how to do needlework, music, arithmetic, and painting, and all such sort of things."

Azalea looked perturbed.

"I know a little arithmetic," she said, "from counting the apples. I do it all on my fingers."

The old man shook his head. "That isn't the right way."

"Any way's right which you can do quickly and best," Azalea observed, with conscious self-complacency. "I can draw much better than Rosa or Amelia Orme; but then they're duffers."

"What!" Moore said, with a puzzled expression.

"Oh! that's one of Conrad's words," Azalea answered, laughing.

"I don't believe it's in the dictionary," the old man said, gravely: "I'll hope those little Ormes haven't been taught to be bad words."

"I won't say it again," Azalea answered, seriously.

And Moore felt gratified both at her obedience and the reflection that he had snubbed the unconscious rival, of whom he was sometimes jealous; Conrad being the only person Azalea ever mentioned with affection when she referred to her visit to London.

Moore looked with despair at the tattered Virgil, feeling how uncertain a tenure his wavering mind held of its contents. "I want her to hold up her head with the best of them when she grows up, so that he can't taunt her with not having been educated like his."

Speech of Lord Orme's, implying that Azalea would be degraded by the life she had elected to lead, was ever present in the old man's mind.

How to secure the requisite accomplishments without putting from his treasure was the problem over which he pondered night and day.

Azalea confided the difficulty to old Sally: "If I'm so much trouble more; it seems to vex daddy so much," she said.

"I'm sure you know as much as is good for you. I don't know how much learning a sewing and writing only lead honest folks astray," Sally remarked, sententiously. "There's my eldest boy made a good deal of boasting-schule, and was took so much count of he was made clerk in a bank, where he made use of his larning to forge in the master's name, and wrote courtin' letters to his missus; and of course his master was much put out about it, and poor Sam was sent over the water. Do learn nothing by Sam, my dear, in case you should be tempted and fall like him."

"Who teaches at the school now?" Azalea asked, disregarding the moral warning; "is there a big and strong old lady and long bonnet?"

"A stuck-up thing who don't know B from a bull's foot," Sally said, contemptuously; "only the little chaps go there whose mothers want to keep 'em out of the way. Schule is handy in keeping time if they ain't good for nothing else."

"Is there no one else who teaches?" Azalea inquired, thoughtfully; "isn't there a school where I could learn singing and dancing, and those sort of things?"

"They haven't got further than the *Old Hundredth* in the Sunday-schule; they try *Hallelujah* sometimes, but it sounds very comical."

Azalea pondered for a time against the pane, and looked dreadly at the red leaves whirring past.

"What's to be done?" she said; "daddy frets so over my book and needlework, and then when he is restless, he stammers, loses his words, and cries. I quite forget my lessons."

"Mr. Douglas teaches the Squire's son," suggested Sally. A gleam of hope lit up Azalea's face.

"Who is he?" she asked. "Where does he live?"

"Oh! he's a mighty unsociable sort of man, who has come to live at the little house in the lane at the back of the church. He never will take a comfortable cup of tea with a neighbor, and thinks that he can keep the gentlefolk as well as the farmers; but he must be a wonderful clever man, for the Squire and the parson are going to send their lads there for a little while every holiday time, just to prevent their larning from slipping out of their heads like."

"If he can't teach me, why shouldn't he teach *me*?" Azalea suggested.

Sally shook her head doubtfully. "I don't think he's much wropped up in gals; he won't have no one but an old woman to do for him, and they do say he's wonderful ugly temp red."

Azalea then fell upon Topaz, and bestowed many caresses on his wrinkled chin and smooth head, all of which the terrier received with an air of blinking condescension. Having soothed her mind by this proceeding, she put on her hat, and took the path that led to Church Lane, as that grassy shadowed road was called on the borders of which Robert Douglas's cottage stood.

FAILURE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But in a more pathetic sense are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
Their comfort be for work that will not speed,
And life—itself a failure. Ay, his deed,
Sweetest in story, who the dusk profound
Of Hades flooded with entrancing sound,
His much love's tears, was failure. Doth it read
Therefore the worse? Ah no! So much to dare.
He fronts the regnant Darkness on its throne.
So much for love, that love might prove.
He pours out love's disconsolate sweet moan.
His wins, his see for that his deed was done.
His power is in the look which casts him all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOING TO EXTREMES.—A friend of ours is so humane that he can not even bear to drive a long hearse.

HYPOCHONDRIAC REASONING.—Why is horse-racing a necessity?—Because it is a matter of course.

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "you left your only trousers——" "Yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up to heaven."

Not long since an elderly lady entered a railroad carriage at one of the cities situated on Lake Superior, and the passengers a good deal with complaints about a draft of air from the window. That she was troubled with a gentleman present, who had himself been a victim of rheumatism in the same condition, and said: "I can tell you from my electricity, Madam? I fried it, and in two minutes I had a short line it cured me."

Immediately, exclaimed the old lady: "yes, I've tried it myself, Doctor. Indeed, I took a box of Brandreth pills a year ago, but it didn't do me a single morsel o' good."

In a class of little girls in one of the schools of Boston the question was asked, "What is a fort?" "A place to put men in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress?" was asked the teacher. This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of timid manners answered, "A place to put the women."

Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complaining that he felt the rain—"Never mind, brother," said the other, "there are plenty of trees when this is wet through we can go to another."

At the late meeting of the Presbytery, when the subject of ordination was under discussion, Dr. Hall said early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was a large religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy so exuberantly, and continued it until he began to interrupt the services. Brother H—— said to Brother ——, "Can you not shut that man up?" The word to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man left the house. "How did you do it?" asked Brother H——. "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so effectually?" Brother —— replied, "*I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions.*"

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country seat near Boston, has a son who has fallen in love with the dress through his estate. He announced the narrow escape of his son from matrimony, and was congratulated by one of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that ever was too handsome."

"My friends," said a returned missionary at a late anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The Lord is full of His blessings. I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that, through good and evil report, I have held on my way in spirits, you can not get the crook out of it." Now that is a good story, but it is simply the crook to dog's tail, which can not be eradicated: and I hold that every man be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" said a visitor to Sandy. Sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree."

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where she was born, replied: "I was none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

An extraordinary instance of the power of sleep on the animal economy occurred the other day in Texas, who was a great sleeper, was thought by his family to be dead. He was waked and upon itself was found that they found nothing in the bed but his night-cap. Some certain circumstances connected with his sudden by a medical gentleman gave it as his opinion that he had slept himself away.

"If we go to war, father," said a bright-eyed boy, the other day, to his clerical parent, "from what part of the Bible shall we get the text for a new sermon?"

The good minister being taken by surprise at the question, looked for a moment, and then shook his locks of the child with a sort of paternal pride, answered that he believed it would be from *Lamentations*.

Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man was a big fellow, and the tailor very timid, that he could not bear to see him. He said the tailor "had a good deal of cheek, but would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit."

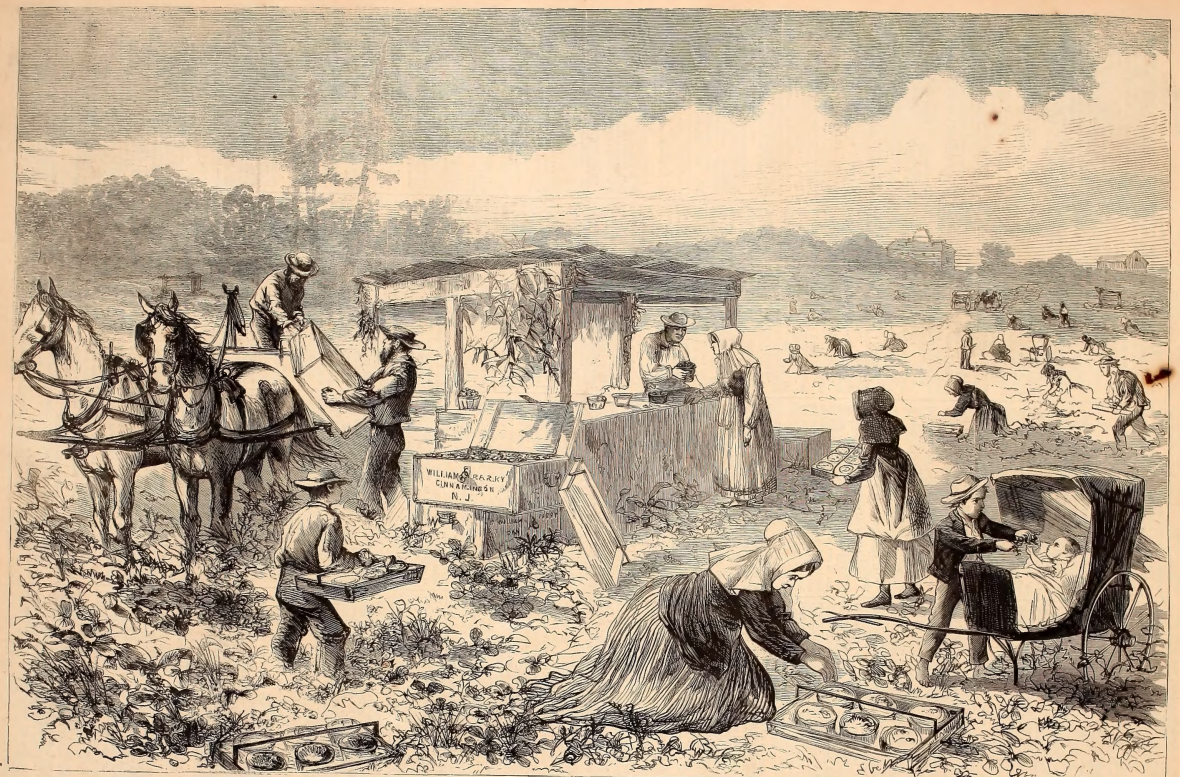
A lady, proudly conscious of her dignity, while descending on the steps of a steamboat, which belonged to a large company of visitors that the three classes of the passengers, which the boat was accommodated, might be well compared to china, delf, and crockery. A few minutes after they saw she had left her little girl to the nursery. John, the footman, was dispatched with the message that she was left in the cradle.

The following replies were given to the question, "Who has lost his mind?" "Please, sir, Ike has lost the horses."

The following morning a trass of straw was left at his house, with the message that "it was the new servant who had come to fill the vacant place."

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinions and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity its weak and contemptible influence;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.



STRAWBERRY CULTURE, NEW JERSEY—PICKERS IN THE FIELD.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 429.]

BOSTON AND THE PEACE JUBILEE.

WE publish this week several illustrations connected with Boston, to which attention has lately been attracted by the mammoth Jubilee. Not the least interesting of these is the photographic view of the city reproduced in our double-page cut.

Boston, the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the chief city of New England, is situated at the western extremity of Massachusetts Bay. The first settlement was made there in 1630. Boston was named after an English town founded by the Saxon St. BOLPH, A.D. 654. The capital of Puritanism thus derives its name from a Roman Catholic saint. The progress of the city was slow. In 1638 it was called a hamlet, and had but 20 or 30 houses. In 1671 there were three meetinghouses, and the town was considered rich and populous, containing about 1300 families. In no part of the British empire was the revolution of 1688 more warmly supported than in Boston. In 1692 the witchcraft delusion raged as in other parts of New England. An Englishman who visited the city about that time spoke of the buildings being like the women, neat and handsome; and of the streets being of pebble, like the hearts of the men. In 1708 a list was made of all the streets, lanes, and alleys, which were found to be 110 in number. Long Wharf was commenced in 1710, running 800 feet into the harbor. In 1740 WHITEFIELD preached in Boston to immense crowds; his farewell discourse was attended by 20,000 persons.

In the opening scenes of the Revolution Boston took a more prominent part than any city in the Colonies. After the establishment of Independence Boston had a commerce extending to nearly every part of the world. It was made a city in 1822. Its population then numbered about 45,000 souls. In 1850 it was 61,392; in 1840 it was 93,383; in 1830 it was 136,884; and in 1860 it had increased to 177,840. This number would be nearly doubled if we add the population of Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Cambridge, Dorchester, Somerville, North Chelsea, and Winthrop.

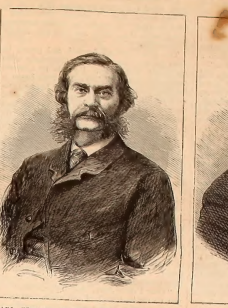
The position of the city is highly favorable to commercial pursuits. The harbor contains 75 square miles, and receives the waters of the Mannatticut, Neponset, Mystic, and Charles rivers. The harbor affords ample advantage for 500 ships of the largest class.

The city is supplied with water from Lake Cochituate, 20 miles west.

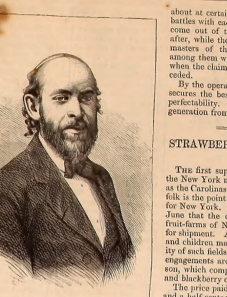
Boston has made more noise than any city of the Union. It is the first article of the creed of Boston thinkers that that city is the centre of human civilization—that Boston is the "hub of the Universe." Now that she has had the biggest concert of all history—we refer to the recent Musical Jubilee—she will henceforth consider herself as the centre of the "music of the spheres." We expected to hear the "anvil chorus" in New York, but were disappointed. Still, the Jubilee was a great success. The programme was carried out without difficulty. The rendering of the symphonies and oratorio music was excellent, and the grand chorus was a remarkable success. We give portraits on this page of CARL ZERAHN, conductor of the symphony and oratorio music, and also of EBEN TOURJEE, the organizer of the choruses.

In connection with this Jubilee one thing is noticeable—and that is the death which occurred on the 17th. In the ancient theatres, where over 30,000 people were assembled, both births and deaths were of frequent occurrence. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in an assemblage of sixty thousand there should have been a single death.

Well, the Jubilee is over. It is now a part of the history of noise-making Boston. Our artist, Mr. BUSH, has on page 420 illustrated the *finale* of the whole affair.



CARL ZERAHN, MUSICAL CONDUCTOR OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.—[PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]



EBEN TOURJEE, ORGANIZER OF THE CHORUSES. [PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]

GOVERNMENT AMONG SWINE.

THERE IS no confusion in the wide domain of organic life, although the short-sighted in Philosophy may fancy that nature conducts her affairs as much by hap-hazard as by orderly displays of controlling wisdom.

Domesticated hogs are proverbially stupid brutes. Their unsatisfied appetite, omnivorous taste and sluggishness when food is abundantly provided for them, are the secrets of their utility, because through these perverted instincts they can be fattened into monsters. Left to themselves, however, excessive multiplication has a tendency to shorten their rations, so that wild hogs are usually tall, lank, lean, and ferocious. Under certain conditions wild boars become formidable animals. Their tusks project like sharp hooks, enameled at the points, and keen as chisels, which they use in defense of themselves or companions when menaced by man or beast, exhibiting in fight boldness and skill that often drives mounted sportsmen from the field.

Undisturbed by foreign foe, ranging freely about at certain seasons, the boars have fearful battles with each other. One or two of a herd come out of the conflict victorious; and ever after, while their vigor remains, are undisputed masters of their subjugated rivals, mingling among them without danger of further collision when the claim of supremacy has once been conceded.

By the operation of this universal law, nature secures the best standard of health and animal perfectability. She forbids the propagation of a generation from a feeble ancestry.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE IN NEW JERSEY.

THE first supply of strawberries that reaches the New York market is sent from as far south as the Carolinas. As the season advances, Norfolk is the point from which the fruit is shipped for New York. It is not until the first week in June that the choice berries, grown upon the fruit-farms of New Jersey, are sufficiently ripe for shipment. At this season numbers of women and children make their appearance in the vicinity of such fields as the one shown in our sketch; engagements are made to pick through the season, which comprises the strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry crops.

The price paid to pickers is usually about two and a half cents per quart; the pickers bounding themselves, but receiving quarters and fuel from their employers. Many women earn as much as two dollars per day, the children not quite so much, owing to their lack of physical strength; for strawberry picking is not so easy a labor as might be supposed.

Many of the women bring their babies with them into the field, and the little covered carriages are to be seen in all directions. Each picker is supplied with a tray and a number of baskets. When these are filled they are carried to what is termed the picking-shanty, where a new supply of baskets are received; also tickets giving credit to the bearer for picking one quart of strawberries. As these "singles" accumulate they are changed for tickets representing twenty quarts; they may be cashed each evening or not, at the pleasure of the holder. As fast as the filled baskets come in they are packed in crates and loaded upon wagons for shipment to the nearest depôt or market.

The scene shown is upon the fruit-farm of Friend WILLIAM PARRY, located in the Township of Cinnaminson, Burlington County, New Jersey. It is said to be, and probably is, the most complete farm of this kind in the State. Mr. PARRY has fifty acres in blackberries, fifty in raspberries, and a large number in strawberries.

The soil is sandy, and for corn would be un-

SIX DAYS WITH THE DEVIL AND ONE WITH GOD.

BUSINESS MAN TO CHRISTIANITY. "I am too Busy to see you Now. Wait till Sunday."

profitable; but the yearly revenue from the present crops is many thousands of dollars. The favorite varieties seem to be the "Wilson's Early," "Agriculturist," "Romeyne Seedling," "Jack Downing," etc. The "Romeyne" and "Jack Downing" (the latter a new variety from Kentucky) are late berries, and particularly admired by marketmen for their solid flesh and full flavor. These are the last berries that reach our New York market.

THE UNDERGROUND KING.

A Slavonic Legend.

I.—THE WHITE DUCK.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain country a great king named Tsar Berendi, who had such a long beard that it hung down to his very knees. He had been long married, but had never had any children, and this vexed him very much; till one day he was so distressed at the thought of having no one to succeed to his throne that he determined to set out and travel over his whole kingdom, in the hope of diverting himself while hunting, or simply off he started, and having traveled about for a long time he turned his fore homeward, and was nearing the town in his capital, when, one terribly hot day, he found himself in the middle of a great wide plain with not a drop of water but in his flask to quench his thirst. He was dreadfully thirsty, began to look about in all directions for a stream or spring wherein he might quench his thirst, and at last, to his great delight, espied a clear springing well. In a moment he had jumped off his horse, and was running full speed toward the well, and when he reached it the first thing he saw was a golden goblet floating on the surface.

"Not a bit!" thought the king, and he stretched out his hand to take it; but the goblet was too quick for him, and slipped through his fingers. He clutched at it again and again, now with his right hand, now with his left, and then with both at once, but the goblet still glided away, and at last dived, like a fish, right down to the bottom, and then came up again.

"Why," said the king, somewhat angrily; "I'll have a drink for all that, without asking your help!" and with that he threw himself on his knees beside the well, and put his head down and took a long draught, not observing that the whole of his long beard was hanging down into the water. But this was drunk enough, and as he wished to rise again, he suddenly felt that something had caught him by the beard, and would not let him go. He pulled and tugged, and attempted to get away—but all in vain; the thing, whatever it was, held him fast. He was caught, and could not move at all about it.

"What's that? Let go!" cried he. There was no answer, but all at once, as he looked into the well, he saw in its depths a huge face, which grinned and put out its tongue at him. At the same moment he caught sight of several enormous crab-like claws, which were clenched on his beard, and held him down.

"King Berendi," said the face, "if you wish me to let you go, you must promise to give me *that thing which you possess without being aware of it.*"

"What can that mean?" thought the king; "it seems to me that I know all my possessions—he must be joking!" "Very good," cried he, aloud, "it's a bargain!"

"See that you remember your promise, then," answered the face, and disappeared.

The king, rejoiced to find himself once more at liberty, mounted his horse and set off homeward at full gallop. When he reached the palace the first thing he saw was the queen standing on the great steps, looking eagerly for his coming; and beside her stood the Lord Chamberlain, holding a cradle covered with cloth of gold, in which lay the little baby. Then the king guessed the meaning of his strange bargain, and gave a deep groan. "That, then, is the possession which I myself have knowingly!" thought he. "You have destroyed me, you villainous sorcerer!" and he was sorely distressed; but, putting a good face on the matter, he took the child in his arms, carried it into the palace, petted it for a while, and put it carefully back with his own hands into the cradle.

King Berendi said not a word about his adventure, but set himself to rule as before, considering his little son as his own child; but that promise was ever in his mind, and he lived in constant dread of some one coming to carry his son away. However, time went by without any thing of the kind happening; the prince, to whom his father gave the name of John, grew up into a very fine, handsome young man; and every thing went on so well that at last the old king quite forgot all about Nicholien him.

Now it chanced one day that Prince John, while out hunting, lost his way, and at last found himself in a circle of gloomy-looking pines, in the midst of which stood a vast lime-tree, with a huge, broad trunk, down the middle of which ran an immense chink. As the prince stood gazing, out of this cleft came creeping a strange-looking, ugly old man, with a bright green beard, and eyes greener still.

"Good-morning, Prince John," said the old one; "I have already been waiting a long time for you."

"And who are you?" asked the prince, very much astonished.

"You'll find out before long," answered the other; "but now go back to your father, give him my compliments, and tell him that it is high time to remember and fulfill his promise to me. Good-by—*au revoir*."

Back went Prince John, not a little puzzled at this adventure, and he told his father the whole story. Then the poor old king, in his distress, forgot himself, and let out the whole secret; but the prince did not seem much troubled at what he heard.

"There's no great harm done yet," said he, "but it's time to be doing. Give me a horse and let me set off, and mind you tell no one what has happened; but if I do not come back within a year, then be sure that I am no longer alive."

So Prince John got ready for his journey, and bade every one good-by. The king gave him a suit of golden armor, a sharp sword, and a raven-black horse; and away he went merrily enough. For three days he traveled onward, and on the evening of the fourth he came to a broad, smooth lake, the clear water of which mirrored the green banks that everything it. In the lake were swimming thirty white ducks, and on the grass lay thirty white dresses. The prince heard them talk home, and, creeping softly to the bank, snatched up one of the dresses and hid himself behind a thick bush. Meanwhile the ducks went on swimming and diving and plashing about in the cool clear water, till at last they all swam up to the bank in a row, and, throwing off their skins out upon the grass, and hurrying up to the dresses put them on; when they suddenly changed into pretty girls, and vanished. But the thirtieth duck remained in the water, flapping about the edge of the lake and crying out piteously, as if in search of something which it had lost. When the prince saw this he was sorry for the trick he had played, and came out of his hiding-place. The duck flew to him, head and all, and, with a human voice, "Prince John, give me back my dress, and I will be of service to you;" and he had no sooner obeyed her than she took her beside him stood a beautiful young lady, robed in pure white, and with long ship's in her hair, and her silken eyes. She gave him her hand, and said to him, "It is well for you, Prince John, that you have known me in my true shape, and let me ungrateful. Know that I am Princess Mary, one of the thirty daughters of the Underground King. My father has always been my enemy for you, and is very angry; but you need not be afraid of him, only mind what I tell you. As soon as you enter the Underground Palace, on your knees and crawl right up to him. He will begin to scold and make a great to-do; but never mind him, go on crawling, and you will see what will happen then."

Princess Mary stamped on the ground, and suddenly the earth split open and appeared before them, and they descended together into the Underground Kingdom, and stopped in front of a palace, which was all built of red garnets, and sparkled brilliantly.

II.—THE THREE TASKS.

PRINCE JOHN went boldly into the palace and saw the Underground King sitting on his throne, with elows on his hands instead of fingers, and small green eyes that glittered like emeralds. Down went the prince on his hands and knees. The king stamped, and screamed, and scolded at him; but he, remembering the counsel of Princess Mary, kept crawling on till—bump!—he ran round it, and ponds, minnows. If you can do it, I'll give you best thanks; but if you fail, I'll cut off your head off. Now be off with you, and good-night; it's already late."

"Ah! the old wretch!" thought Prince John; "see what a plan he has hit upon!" and he went into the room which had been given him in the palace, and sat down very dismally, not knowing what to do. Suddenly a bee flew up to the window, buzzed against the glass, and cried, "Let me in!" Prince John did so; but instead of the bee, in floated Princess Mary.

"Why, Prince John, what are you looking so grave about?" asked she.

"It's not my fault if I'm grave," said he; "do you see what a piece of work your father has set me? And what is more, if I can't do it, he's going to cut my head off!"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my dear prince," said the young lady; "just go to sleep, and the palace shall be built all right. All you have to do is to get up early, and give a tap on the wall with this little hammer."

And sure enough, every thing happened just as she had said it would. The tap of the hammer threw stock the new palace all complete; and the Underground King, when he came back and saw it, was not a little astonished.

"Well, you're a clever fellow, without joking," said he. "However, let me see how you are as sharp at guessing as you are skillful at work. To-morrow I'll range my thirty daughters in a row, and you must softly put your hand upon, and the third time point out my youngest daughter, Princess Mary. If you can't do it, off goes your head."

Prince John went to his room, and sat down to think. "Come," said he, "the old scarecrow has contrived to himself this time! what difficulty can there be in pointing *her* out?" Then in fluttered the princess again, and said, "Just *this* difficulty, that the whole thirty of us are exactly alike; my father himself can only tell us by our dresses, and to-morrow we shall be all dressed alike."

"And what am I to do, then?" asked Prince John, dolefully.

"I'll tell you; I shall be that one on whose cheek you see a small fly. Good-night—*au revoir*."

The next day, when Prince John was sent for, there stood the thirty princesses in a row, all dressed exactly alike. "Now, my clever friend," cried the king, "be so good as to walk past these young ladies three times, and then pick me out Princess Mary."

The prince stepped forward, and passed by them the first time; a curious promenade, upon my word! But no fly. He went by a second time—still no fly. Prince John's head began to feel very loose upon his shoulders; but he gathered all his courage, and passed for the third time. And behold! there was the fly sure enough, though he could only *just* see it. He pointed to the beauty with the fly, and said, "This is she—Princess Mary!"

"Oho! there's something wrong here!" grumbled the king. "You have found her out, it's true; but I suspect foul play somewhere. Now be off, for you'll be wanted again before long. I'm going to cut the hay in the meadow, and while it is burning you must stitch me a pair of boots with a braid, without stirring from the spot. If you can't do it, off comes your head!"

The prince went back to his room more dismal than ever, but Princess Mary was already there, and inquired the cause of his trouble. "Cause enough," he replied; "your father has devised a new piece of work for me—I'm to stitch a pair of boots while he cuts the grass. *I* a cobbler, pray? I am a king's son, and would rather die than go stitching boots for him!"

"Dear Prince John," said the princess, "will you be my husband? I will try to save you—are you willing? We will escape together, or perish together!"

Prince John thought this a very good idea, and agreed at once.

"We must fly instantly," said the princess; and leading Prince John out of the room she locked the door, and put the key ever so far off. Then, taking the prince by both hands, she rose up in the air with him, and they found themselves in the same lake whence they had descended into the Underground Kingdom. Prince John's horse was straying about the meadow; and when the prince and lady came to prance and neigh, and came gallloping up to him. The prince wasted little time in thinking, but leaped on the horse, as the young lady behind him, and went off at full gallop.

Meanwhile, at the appointed hour, the king went to call the prince. The servants found his door locked; and when they tapped at it, a voice like the prince's answered from within, "I'm coming, I'm coming." They went to tell the king, and he waited and waited—but no prince. He sent again, and again there was the same answer; but still no prince did not appear; till at last the king got angry, and bade them drag him out by force. The servants broke open the door, and found nobody there, so they went and told the king that Prince John was nowhere to be found. The king was so much out of all the news that he all died of vexation. "Quick, and pursue him!" roared he; "if he escapes, it shall be the worse for you all!" So his men started in pursuit.

The fugitives were still galloping along, when the princess said, softly, "I hear a trampling." The prince leaped down, put his ear to the ground, and cried, "Yes, here they come, and close after them I see—there's no time to be lost," quoth she; and forthwith she turned herself into a river, Prince John into a bridge, and the horse into a fish, and away beyond the river the highway split into three roads. The king's men followed the fresh hoof-marks, making sure of overtaking the fugitives; but at the bridge they stopped short, for there the traces suddenly ended, and the road split in three. There was nothing for it but to go back and tell the king of their ill success. The king flew into a worse rage than before. "Donkeys!" roared he, "don't you see that *they* were the bridge and the river? How was it that you didn't find *that* out? Off with you—and bring him back, do you hear?" The messengers started again.

"I hear a trampling," whispered the princess; and Prince John, after listening a moment, replied as before, "Yes, here they are close upon us!" Instantly the pair vanished, horse and all; and in place of them appeared a dense forest, through which ran roads and paths innumerable; and in the midst of the forest there was, as it were, the gate of a palace carrying two riders. The king's men reached the wood, saw (as they thought) the two runaways, and made all speed to overtake them. But after the pursuers, and you would have thought that in another moment they must seize the unlucky pair; but no such thing. The horsemen looked about them and found themselves at the entrance of the Underground Kingdom, in the very place whence they had started. Here they had in a moment every thing had disappeared—horse, riders, thick wood, and all.

The pursuers returned empty-handed; and the king, when he heard what had happened, went into a worse passion than ever. "I'll give it to you, you lubbers!" screeched he. "My horse, quick! I'll go after him myself and see whether he can give me the slip!" So the Underground King himself started in pursuit.

A third time the princess whispered, "I hear a trampling;" and Prince John dismounted to listen.

"They're coming," said he, "and pretty close, too; but somehow the trampling sounds much louder than it did before."

"Oh dear!" said she, "this must be the Underground King himself who is coming after us; but, at all events, yonder is the boundary of his kingdom, and beyond that he can not go. Once we get past it we are safe."

The moment they reached the boundary line Princess Mary changed herself into a cave, Prince John into a hermit, and the horse into a post, on which hung a little bell. At that minute the Underground King and all his men came galloping up.

"Have you seen any one pass this way, my good old man?" asked the king of the pretended hermit.

"To be sure," answered the hermit; "just this minute a young man and woman came riding by, both upon one horse. They came into my cave to rest, and when they went away told me to swear I hadn't seen them in case I happened to fall in with you."

"Well, there's nothing to be done," said the Underground King, seeing that by this time Prince John was fairly out of his reach, "my daughter may marry him if she likes. There's no denying it, he's a fine lad of a prince." And he turned his horse's head, and rode home again.

In the mean time Prince John and Princess Mary, having no longer any pursuit to fear, went quietly on their way to the country of Tsar Berendi, where they were received by the king and queen with such joy as neither had ever felt before. There was no time lost in declaration; first came a grand feast, and after the feast a wedding. Prince John married the lovely Princess Mary, and they lived thenceforward happily and prosperously. Prince John helped his father to govern the kingdom. Every thing went smoothly and well—and that is the end of the story.

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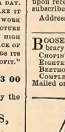

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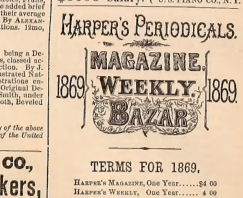

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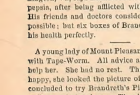

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MEMORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.—Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 434.]

THE MEMORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.

PAEONS an old man who was a soldier in his youth—
Who fought in Seventy-six—he thinks that he lived,
In truth,
In the Heroic Age of the Nation. For he knows no time so grand
As that of the Revolution—the Seed-time of the Land.
In his thought no later heroes have such bright laurels won,
That they should stand by the side of his peerless Washington.
No! The old battles were the greatest—the old heroes were the best!
So he clings to his rusty rifle, and recalls the martial zest
That moved him and his comrades, at Concord and Bunker Hill,
To meet and fight the British with firm, undaunted will.

His children have heard the story, and now *their* children hear—
One sits upon his knee; the others are gathered near,
One little maiden wearing the Continental hat,
While Charlie, thinking of "the Fourth," is pleased by Grandpa's chat,
Fashions his wooden sword—the ferocious little wight—
He wonders if the British would stand another fight!

It is a long, long story that the old soldier tells:
But the period upon which most lovingly he dwells
Is not that of Saratoga's victory, but those hard days of the war—
Before the French came over, and when hope seemed very far—
The days of Seventy-six that tried the sternest men.
When the British were triumphant, beaten again and again,
Driven out from Long Island and beyond the Delaware,
And encamped at Valley Forge in that winter of Despair.

"But what was the old war for?" asks Charlie, wonderingly.
"I will tell you in a word," answers Grandpa: "Liberty and Independence—harsh words to tyrants' ears—
At least to King George and his Lords they seemed so, for they inspired
That the lazy old Lords wasted so much of the people's moneys,
That they had to oppress their poor and e'en to tax the Colonies.
They tried to write stamped paper, but their agents we sent home;
They voted a tax on teas and the products of the loom:
But the teas which they sent over were in Boston Harbor thrown,
And our citizens grew content with suits of plain home-spun.
Then the "Red-coats" came, and were quartered in the homes of the free-born,
And the blood of New England rose up, and her face was flushed with scorn.
It was not money we cared for, laid, we fought for the sacred truth:
And what like British insolence can touch the strength of youth!
The English were not all against us in this field of bloody work:
We found champions in brave Barry, in Chatham, and in Burke:
These were leaders of the people, to whom Liberty is dear:
And they helped us by their courage, speaking words of cheer.
But Yorktown and Saratoga, and other victories won,
Taught Britain more than her statesmen, and so the work was done.
We gained our Independence by deeds and not by words—
Not through compromise, but courage and the strength of our brave swords."

This is the old man's story; its moral is never too late:
That of LIBERTY, HONOR, COURAGE we should ne'er quench our hate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

THE PARTIES.

THE Republican Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Pennsylvania have lately made their various State nominations, and their action was of the kind that shows great party unanimity. The present Governors of the three States were renominated, and the manifesto of each Convention is mainly a resolution to hold fast by the same principles as the pending Fifteenth Amendment the Ohio and Pennsylvania Conventions are very emphatic, urging its ratification; while Maine having already ratified has sufficiently expressed its opinion. The other resolutions are very much what we suggested last week they were likely to be. The Maine Convention pronounced especially for the Legislative care and development of the resources of the State, and particularly of the ship-building interest, while Pennsylvania reaffirmed its adhesion to its protective resolution of 1866. The Ohio Convention forcibly arraigns the late General Assembly in which the majority was Democratic. But none of them take any foolish position upon the English or Cuban questions. Indeed, the platforms are very discreet, and rather unusually free from Bancombe.

Simultaneously with the wise action of the Republican Conventions we have the pathetic hope from the Democratic journals that the managers of their party are about to show that sagacity which for many years they have not shown, and the prayer that some things may be considered settled even by a Democratic Convention. In the light of experience such a hope and prayer are wholly unreasonable. The instant that the Democratic party dares to appeal to ignorance and prejudice which the agitation of the negro question furnishes, the simple inquiry for every voter will be whether the Democratic party is likely to offer a more faithful treatment of the reconstruction policy, and a more generally economical and discreet administration than the Republican party. This is a question to be decided by experience and comparison, and it is one from which the Republican party will certainly not shrink.

It is difficult to speak of Democratic principles and policy; for what are they? Kentucky is a thoroughly Democratic State, because of the disfranchisement of part of the population, which is indeed a Democratic policy. But is there any thing in the condition of Kentucky that is so superior to that of Ohio, for instance, that the people of Ohio should wish to exchange? New York is an overwhelmingly Democratic city, and Chicago is Republican. Is Chicago anxious to fall into Democratic care? Do the people of Ohio and the citizens of Chicago suppose that their taxes would be lighter if they were delivered over to the supervision of Tammany and of Messrs. SWEENEY, TWEED, and HALL? Has the Democratic party, as such, ever been renowned as for superior honesty and economy? Is the character of the great mass of its supporters such as to promise a higher tone in politics? Are the antecedents and training of the party such as to inspire confidence in its devotion to the principles that have triumphed in the war and at the polls?

The very appeals to which we have spoken answer all such questions. The most strenuous and excited exhorter to a change of the tactics of the Democratic party is the New York *World*. Yet, for obvious reasons, that paper is not a fair representative of the party, and is therefore not trusted, except with great reservation. However clever and amusing its treatment of political questions may be, it is felt not to express the average feeling of the party. But its position is stronger than it was a year ago. Then the entire possession of certain settled points and the nomination of Mr. CHASE, with an anti-repudiating platform. In every point in which the Democratic party is the steady old managers, and the *World* had its revenge by seriously urging the party to change front at the very moment of the final charge. That and, of course, rested upon it in the curses of its party leaders and associates; but as the rout of its party at the polls was prodigious, despite of the diligent fraud in this State, by which its candidate for Governor was apparently elected, the *World* had clearly gained the advantage of the position of I-told-you-so.

Nevertheless, the New York *World* this year goes no further than it went a year ago. It advises its party to assent to the colored vote since it can not prevent it, and to try to persuade some of the new voters to its own side. And it says that if the party can only gain power under the present system it can probably maintain it. But, even with a national victory, *the party may not deem it expedient to derive the negroes of a franchise* which is found to be not incompatible with Democratic ascendancy." It then proceeds to speak of overturning hosts of former Republicans. But is there any Republican who supposes that the country, under the present circumstances, will tolerate in any decidency of a party which "may not deem it expedient" to undo the whole work of reconstruction? Is there any conceivable advantage in intrusting the Government to the hands of a party which opposed the war and reconstruction upon the principle of equal rights, and which will base into consideration whether that principle shall be set aside or not? So uncertain is this Democratic guerrilla of the sentiment of its party that it merely hopes the managers will not harness dead horses to the Democratic coach.

But if this party can not even now be trusted not to respect the whole process of reconstruction, is there any especial reason why it should be trusted even if it declares in its Convention that it regards the question as settled? Is it, as we asked a week ago, essentially true? Is the character of the men whom it has trusted with office hitherto such as to inspire confidence in those whom it may choose to call to position hereafter? Is the political career of Mr. HOFFMAN, for instance, from his proclamation as Mayor of the city making election frauds impossible to register as Governor of the State to the Erie bill, such as to persuade any voter who has hitherto distrusted him that he is worthy of confidence? Has any man in the party has the least part of that firmness which can resist questionable counsels? Or what is the Democratic financial policy except an outcry against taxation and incessant gibes at the Secretary of the Treasury? What is its position upon Free Trade? Wait, and see if the Democratic Convention does not commit itself upon it; or whether its cry is not still substantially "FOLK, DALLAS, and the tariff of" any convenient year.

If the most elaborate slanders against every word and act of the President; if the most amusing air of affected pity for the weakness of the Cabinet, in which one member alone, the Attorney-General, outweighs in real force most of the latter Democratic Cabinets together; if the most industrious perversions and smears could bring the Democratic party into power, its advent might be near. But it is only necessary for all honest voters to reflect that the leaders and the mass of that party are what they have been since 1860, and are the heirs of the old traditions, changing their expressions a little to suit the changed exigency of the times, to retain the dominant party in the ascendency which it has so lamentably won, and which, upon the whole, has thus far justified. Not in this generation can the great principles for which three hundred thousand brave men died upon the field of battle be safely committed to the hands of those who denounced the war, encouraged the rebellion, and supported the dogmas by which it was excused. Parties have deeper roots than temporary policies. But since immediate issues and considerations are always persuasive, let every earnest Republican take care that the character of the party does not suffer by any connivance of his.

THE CUBAN CLOUD.

THE vigorous and decisive action of the Administration in dealing with the attempted violations of the laws of the United States meets with general approval. Indeed, the spectacle of the Government idly folding its hands and smiling at the fitting out of hostile expeditions against a friendly power while it was demanding compensation from England for doing the same thing would justly make us the scorn of the world. The fact of the question of the justice or injustice of the relative position of Spain and Cuba. If we are to enter into every war upon the side which we consider just, we must withdraw from all the courts of amity and good neighborhood with other nations. But if, having neutrality laws, we propose to enforce them honestly wherever they are violated, the Government is pursuing the course which is alone consistent with the honor of the nation.

One further step, however, should be taken. There are many who think that intense efforts made in the city of New York and elsewhere to defy the authority and laws of the United States by fitting out hostile expeditions against a friendly nation. It is the duty, therefore, of the President to issue his proclamation warning offenders that that authority can not be defied with impunity, and encouraging all good citizens to vigilance. To recognize the independence of Cuba would be at least manly. To connive at the revolution, while professing regard for the faith of treaties and for international comity would be contemptible. The Administration by its local officers is diligently maintaining the authority of the United States, but there should be no opportunity left for cavilers.

Meanwhile there are two facts to be remembered; one is the continuous success of all intelligence from the island of Cuba, and the other is the evident want of active sympathy in the public mind of this country. That Cuba has been shockingly misgoverned, and that if she can secure her independence she may justly do so, is universally conceded; but that the condition and character of the people inspire any fervent confidence or active improvement in the island can not be asserted. Indeed, the original conviction that the movements of the people would be against the party of annexation, and that the consequence of Cuban independence will be annexation and a very needless and perplexing addition to our own cares and problems, generally chills the public sentiment in regard to the Cuban revolution. To this must be added the density of the cloud that envelops the island. An expedition arrives upon its shores, and we hope that intelligible communication is established, when, lo! it vanishes, and we are left to rumors no more satisfactory than before.

There is some kind of Cuban military headquarters somewhere, at which there is apparently the utmost confidence. It appears that a large part of the island is undoubtedly in sympathy with the revolution; and in that part, outside of the larger cities and towns, there is probably no government. Taxes are not collected, probably, either by the Spaniards or the Cubans, except in the form of forced loans. Courts of law of course there probably do not administer justice. The country is practically without civil administration, overrun by bands of guerrillas and marauders, which scatter at the approach of regular troops. Both parties are, of course, bitterly exasperated, and the war is really to the death. The Provisional Government of Cuba-Libre will soon yield to that of the new Governor-General; and we presume that foreign governments will take no action until that officer arrives and develops his policy.

The demand for recognition of the revolutionary government by the United States is plainly premature, for nobody will pretend that it exercises the functions of a government at any point accessible to us. Should the operations of the new Governor be baffled and the situation remain as it is, it would, however, become a question whether the concession of belligerent rights to the revolutionists might not be a duty as tending to a solution of the difficulty without involving our own neutrality. It is, however, a question. We have never thought it necessary to inquire into the merits of Mexican revolutions and to pronounce for one party against another; or even to recognize equal belligerent rights, although we were quite sure that a positive position might have enabled a result to be reached. The position in Cuba is, indeed, different, because it is not a civil war but a colonial revolution. But unless the United States intend to become a party to it, whatever their wishes and sympathies, they will prefer to await events. To concede belligerent rights to the revolutionists in Cuba would be, of course, the first step toward the recognition of Cuban independence. It is a concession which every nation reserves to its discretion and for the common welfare of nations. It is not to be made until the belligerent has acquired some kind of *de facto* sovereignty beyond mere control within its military lines. It is, indeed, a question of discretion in its truest sense, and will be so regarded, we may be sure, by the Administration.

COTTON SUPPLY.

THE returns which occasionally reach us from the Government of India impart information of the difficulties attending the cultivation of cotton which is of great interest to the growers of it in the United States. The dream has been indulged in abroad that portions of British India are capable of producing an inexhaustible supply of cotton at prices which defy competition. Recent experience has shown that the Southern States of the Union, with a climate favored by sufficient heat to bring the seed to maturity, and with cold enough to destroy the root, and in their freedom from a regular rainy season, and from long continued and excessive heat, as well as their soil and exposures, possess advantages far superior to those of India.

The cultivation of cotton in the northwestern provinces of India derived its chief stimulus from the recent war in this country. Agra, one of the most important cities of the region, never had a cotton-press until the winter of 1862–63. Now seven wooden presses was there erected; and the newness of the cultivation in that district may be inferred from the fact that a Parsee merchant of Indore, nearly four hundred miles off, carried his unpressed cotton to Agra, and after it was formed into bales, had not only to retravers the road, but in order to reach Bombay to cross the Nerbudda by a three hundred miles farther. Now, however, there are twenty-eight presses with iron screws in Agra alone, and they are scattered also in all important centres.

In 1862–63 the cotton grown in those provinces amounted to 114,000,000 pounds. In 1863–64, during the great crisis, year, the quantity rose to 132,500,000, but in 1868–69 it fell to 44,137,840 pounds. The reason for this variation is thus given: "In 1867–68 prolonged and untimely rain injured the plant and destroyed the pods. In 1868–69 an opposite, but more fatal influence, prevailed.... the long suspension of rain." In 1867–68 the quantity of land thus cultivated in those provinces was 1,286,817 acres, and the yield only 58,115,129 pounds. In 1868–69 the number of acres under this cultivation was 890,388, and the yield only 44,137,840 pounds, or say 50 pounds per acre. The disparity between this yield and that of the cotton lands in the United States is very large, as our production from 6,600,000 acres, the supposed area under cultivation, is about 190 pounds per acre.

The cause of the great portion of India of which Agra is now the commercial centre calls upon Great Britain for a railroad to connect Agra with Bombay, which is well situated on the western coast of the peninsula. With this aid successful competition with the United States is promised, notwithstanding the great distance of the Indian cotton-fields. The length of road to be built on an air line is about 670 miles, but as it deviates into Rajpootan and extends through a difficult country it will be long and expensive. A chief ground assigned for its construction is that most of the cotton raised in the northwest provinces now goes to Calcutta, which is nearer to the cotton-fields, and that it needs to be transported by a long voyage around Cape Comorin; whereas Bombay lies on the west coast, and has between it and the Red Sea but one expanse of water, which is traversed by a straight line and at half the expense that attends the transportation from Calcutta. The opening of the Suez Canal, likely soon to take place, is urged as an additional motive for constructing the road to Bombay.

We lately showed that the region which sends its cotton by way of Calcutta called also for more railroad accommodation; and it is very evident that an enormous outlay is required to enable Great Britain to proceed satisfactorily in the policy of setting up a serious competitor of America. But the recent cotton speculation—action which was pressed upon the Government of India was that of constructing wind-mills for purposes of irrigation—the southwest monsoon to be relied on as the power. It was expected that wells sixty feet deep would be dug on the high elevations intended for this purpose, and that water would be drawn from this depth and delivered into canals directed toward the cotton lands! This is part of the scheme for meeting the competition of the United States, which is favored with adequate rains, which knows no

parching of the surface, and which is well traversed with railroads. We are able to supply Great Britain with better cotton than India can produce, and at lower cost, and her efforts in that direction must result in failure, and particularly when the cotton district in the South comes into full harmony with the situation which the war produced.

Competition in the United States, except when peculiar circumstances exist, will ever keep the price of cotton sufficiently low to meet all the remunerative requirements of the English. Although the English manufacturer is now paying a high price for American cotton, it must be recollected that last year much of the English supply was obtained at half the present price, and that when the price rose last year the advantage was not at all shared by the planter, but by the others. There is much justice in the remuneration which the planter now enjoys. It covers his losses on the crop of 1867–68, and enables him to supply all the material which is required for an increased cultivation this season. The true interest of England lies in abandoning the vain attempt to build up a powerful competitor against us in India, and in increasing the crop in the United States up to the full measure which the manufacturing industry of the world requires. The cotton region of the United States is fully equal to this necessity, and wants only encouragement to accomplish the object. It will undoubtedly ultimately grow to these proportions without foreign aid.

The cotton season, which will terminate on the 1st of September, has undoubtedly been thus far unsatisfactory to manufacturers at home and abroad, and although cloth has been lower in proportion than raw cotton, and the most interested efforts have been lately made abroad to lower the price of American cotton, the effort has entirely failed; and hence the English Cotton Supply Association has been stimulated to renewed activity.

But although the planting interest in the United States at the opening of the season was advised to hold back the crop, as to avoid the losses of the preceding year, and this policy has been adhered to, the combination of circumstances which made it successful will seldom occur. The demand, measured by the most annual consumption of cloth, was small; but although the consumers are, as stated in a recent English circular, "careless and indifferent buyers," as they always are at high prices, "the purchases of cotton, knowing the supply to be limited, are careless and indifferent sellers," and particularly as they know that it was extremely difficult to stop the work of mills. The consumption of cloth has been limited on account of the drought abroad, which impaired the means of extensive populations, and partially in the West from diminished sales of grain in expectation of a foreign demand.

This limited consumption, coupled with a high price for raw cotton, has compelled many mills, both in England and in this country, to stop work or work on short time—a measure which could not be avoided; and hence the recent rise in cotton goods of this country. Bleached goods of low and medium grades advanced about three per cent.; unbleached goods and sheetings and shirtings about 15 per cent.; while at the same time raw cotton has advanced here about 14 per cent. The question is deeply interesting how the future will operate upon these points. It involves the extent of the new crop of cotton abroad and at home; the effect of the stoppage of numerous mills upon the raw material and upon cloth; and the power of consumers to purchase which depends on the success of all great industries, and upon the condition of the money market. It is proper to wait for events instead of attempting to indicate the future of this trade.

One reason why the duality of England to control the price of our cotton this season is undoubtedly due to the powerful efforts made by her to put down the price of grain—an object which, temporarily pursued, had withdrawn attention from cotton in which, in previous years, her victories have been easy. The benefits which the result derives from the increase of cotton will be in time shared by the whole country, which ought to rejoice in the return of that section to increased prosperity.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

IF the Fourth of July is not celebrated in a more agreeable manner than usual the fault will not be that of Superintendent KENNEDY, who issued an order requiring every member of the police to be on duty for the day, and to enforce the laws forbidding the discharge of fire-arms and the use of "snakes," "chasers," and "Roman candles" in the streets. We heard, indeed, one young gentleman remark upon reading the Superintendent's order, that "presently there won't be any Fourth of July at all" if such prohibitions are to be allowed; but we suspect that the disappearance of the festival is more likely to be hastened than retarded by the free use of "double-headers." Instead of being the pleasantest, the Fourth of July is now in the city of New York the most intolerably disagreeable day in the year. It is the day which every body escapes who can, flying into the country to avoid the universal pow wow which it appropriates. But it is also the day when every body would prefer to remain quietly at home and enjoy the festival after a fashion suited to the season; and the order of Mr. KENNEDY adds to some such happy consummation.

This year the anniversary should have an especial interest, for the country is more profoundly at peace than ever before; a peace founded upon the great principles of the Declaration. Last year the day was desecrated by the assembling of the Convention of those who hoped to paralyze those principles a little longer, and to postpone the practical acknowledgment of the equal rights which the Declaration proclaims. And one of the chief causes of national congratulation at this time is that the American people rejected those reactionary counsels, and tranquilly persisted in the path to justice and liberty. While Mr. JOHNSON was President the contest was not decided. Indeed, had he been a man of any ability, he would most seriously have perplexed the prospects of peace in the country; for it has been evident for many years that there could be no peace until the government was justified by the acknowledgment of the truth of the Declaration. Fortunately Mr. JOHNSON'S mischievous hopes and intentions were wholly baffled by the organization served to arouse the people thoroughly, and when his political allies met to contrive the success of his plans, the response of the people was so vigorous and conclusive as to relieve them and quiet them their acceptance not only of the truth, but of the immediate practicability, of the great principles of the Republican party of independence.

For the first time, therefore, since the Declaration was published, it can be truly said that the American Government is fulfilling its intention. That it has reached its full scope we do not say; but it has now accomplished what makes the rest merely a question of time. For the first time we have a President who, Mr. EDWARD EVERETT tried to prove on the 4th of July, 1860—a year before Bull Run—the "success of our Republic." His oration is now but one of the literatures and monuments with which our history is strewn. Mr. EVERETT proclaimed the success of the Republic at the very moment when the fundamental Republican principle was flagrantly violated, and on the very eve of a contest in which that success was to be vindicated at an appalling cost of life and money. In his whole discourse there was not a single word that indicated any consciousness of the actual situation; and in enumerating our weaknesses he does not even mention slavery. Mr. EVERETT lived to see the probable success of the Republic, and to help it during the tremendous struggle; but he died before the political victory had secured that of the battlefield.

But we who salute the rising sun of this Fourth of July have lived to behold the success of the Republic. We live to see it struggling at the same moment with military fury and party hate, and emerging reasonable and resolute. We have lived to see it establishing peace, not by proscription and vindictive severity, but by universal amnesty and the enlargement of liberty. And when the centennial anniversary of the Declaration comes, may it be upon a land whose prosperity is as permanent as the justice upon which it is founded!

FRENCH CÆSARISM.

THE letter of M. DE PERSIGNY upon Cæsarism as the security of liberty is entirely French and very droll. Like every argument for deception it assumes the question throughout. The late signs of disaffection to the empire are not due to the liberal concessions of the Emperor in allowing a questionable freedom of the press, but to the inconceivable weakness of the government, "which allowed a young lawyer to defy the empire." The tongue of a young lawyer then, by a powerful accident, upsets the empire. Is that not a dangerous admission for our Cæsar? To allow free speech is weakness. If the empire is strong, free speech, of course, is repressed. But is that a strong empire in these days which endures only by imposing silence?

Without the terrible severity of BRUTUS and the indomitable courage of PUBLICOLA Roman liberty would have been stifled in its cradle, says M. DE PERSIGNY; and Rome became the greatest people in the world would have remained forever ignored by History." This reminds us of our old Southern orators who, in the most absolute day of slavery, were constantly appealing to Roman and Greek precedents of liberty. M. DE PERSIGNY'S argument is equally absurd. He says that liberty of freedom is to be a counterpart of that of Rome. The republican liberties of Rome were very different from modern republican liberty; but whatever they were they are certainly no precedent for an empire; and the imperial liberties of Rome are tolerably well understood. M. DE PERSIGNY thinks that France is the easiest country in the world to govern upon one condition; namely, that authority is always ready to repress the license that endangers liberty. The criticism or defiance of a young lawyer, for instance, is license which must be instantly repressed by authority. That is to say, whatever the Government does, it is also the Law. NAPOLEON, does not like, is license; and license endangers liberty.

This is the mere repetition of the Austrian story of the last generation. METTERNICH had every advantage. There had been desolating wars, and Europe wanted peace. The Republican experiment in France had been a ghastly failure, and Republicanism had to bear the burden. The United States were obscure. England was still reactive. The Austrians were utterly priest-ridden. The liberal sentiment in politics was never more depressed, and METTERNICH did what he would. With M. DE PERSIGNY he remembered Saurez and PUBLICOLA, and he firmly repressed the license that threatened the liberty of his doing what he chose. But in another world in which LOUIS NAPOLEON undertakes to play METTERNICH'S game. There are those who call him a sagacious man. But do such persons suppose that his dynasty is secure, or that his son will peacefully succeed to the crown? For seventeen years LOUIS NAPOLEON has contrived to balance himself upon the throne he erected. Has it any foundation in the faith or regard of the people? Marshal BAZAINE declares that the army is devoted to the interests of the Napoleonic dynasty. But does the Emperor's commission authorize him to speak for the army?

What is sagacity in a man who aspires in this age to govern a civilized people as their Emperor? Is it not such a comprehension of the character of the people and the circumstances of the nation as will enable him to endear himself to them or to a powerful party of them as the best security of the liberties and interests of their country? No one will pretend that LOUIS NAPOLEON has ever held such a view. He made himself Emperor by the army. His policy has been that basis of the army and support of the mob. This is the very essence of Cæsarism in its lower form—of Cæsarism without a Cæsar. His imperial tenure is as sure as that of any of the Emperors of the Roman Decline, and no more. It is not a proof of sagacity in a man to hold a throne with an army, and in such a way that at the death of servants his most devoted friend must say with DE PERSIGNY: "Nothing in the actual situation should disquiet a government firm and resolute." Such words at such a time are the sense, sense, of the empire.

NON-AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

WE have received a memorial addressed to the State Legislature and the school authorities by the Irish-American citizens of the city of New York; and we observe that there is to be a Convention of Irish-American citizens at Chicago on the 4th of July. There are many very excellent suggestions in the memorial, and the Convention, we trust, will acquit itself creditably. But what are the English-American citizens, and the French-American citizens, and the Spanish-American citizens doing in the mean while? Have they no suggestions to make or resolutions to hold? Mr. JOHN M. MORIARTY, of Philadelphia, says that the independent Irish voters must look to the honor, the liberties, and the industries of America. But, pray, what has independent Irish honor to do with the liberties and industries of America? Those are the concern of American citizens, and should not be become as an American citizen has any thing whatever to do with them. But when a man becomes an American citizen he is no longer an independent Irish voter—he is simply an American voter, and need not be ashamed of the name.

One of the most humiliating and ridiculous spectacles ever seen in this country was that of the Mayor of New York masquerading in a suit of green clothes upon St. Patrick's Day. It was "wearing the green" to please the "independent Irish voter." It was the worst kind of demagogy. It was pandering to a feeling that should never be officially recognized. For when the natives of other countries have renounced their political relation to those countries and have become Americans, it is their duty to accept their new political nationality, and to merge their political feelings and interests in those of the country they have chosen. It is an insult to the American people to attempt to influence a part of them as Irish-Americans or German-or English-Americans. What we most need is homogeneity; and if the American people are to be drawn up into various camps of those of English descent and of Irish descent, of German descent and of all other nationalities, that cohesion and identification which are essential to a genuine American national life will be indefinitely delayed.

Moreover, the distinction is meaningless for any good purpose. The fact that certain citizens are of one or of another nativity does not make them a class with peculiar interests in this country. A man is not of liberal or reactionary tendencies in American politics because he was born in Ireland or Germany. All men born in France and naturalized in the United States are not, for that reason, Bonapartist sympathists. The interests that affect American citizens are independent of their birth-place. If an Irishman is naturalized here, it is his duty no longer to regard Ireland from an Irish or English but from an American point of view. His Irishism is an impertinence. If he volunteers advice as an Irishman he should be summarily reminded that Americans can manage their own affairs. If he is not willing to be an American—very well, he may do as he will: but, although born in Ireland, he certainly can not be, like Mrs. Malaprop's Nation, three gentlemen at once. A convention of "independent Irish voters" sitting in Chicago and discussing American politics is preposterous. Why don't independent Irish voters discuss Irish politics in Ireland? When independent American voters wish to confer upon subjects of common political interest they will meet somewhere in Europe, but in America; and we advise Irish voters to reflect upon the great advantage of such a method.

Indeed, until an Irishman or any body born in another country is not willing to cease to be an Irish voter and become an American voter, why is he naturalized in this country, and why does he become an American voter? For social and sentimental purposes he may very well retain the habits and associations of his native land, as for charitable purposes there is a Society of the Sons of New England in New York, and a Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and a St. George's Society, and a St. David's Society in the same city. But the Sons of New England are not known as New English-American citizens. If they were they would laugh at themselves. Politically they are American citizens only; and that is a name which needs no qualification.

WE TWO.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
We will be safe we two, and kind we two in our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was made once, with five by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love, what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine, life is sweet and new.
If the world should exceed the sea, let it and fret.
For a laverock in the leaze lead, once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy we two side.
Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins.
All is made perfect for us, and the leaves have wings.

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Then shall I, my dear, love, be kind to thee and mine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden shealves on our wedding-day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

ADOLPHE BOARS, the Secretary of the Navy, has resigned, and Governor M. Robeson, Attorney-General of New-Jersey, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

General Butterfield has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of New-York.

Governor Chamberlain, of Maine, was, June 24, renominated by the Republican Convention of that State for a fourth term.

Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, has also been renominated.

The Stanford Record of the Government Bureau shows that in thirteen years, ending June 30, 1869, one and a half millions of Europeans emigrated to this country, the greater number coming from the British Isles.

The receipts for the five days of the Boston Peace Jubilee were $611,000, the expense was $212,400 the profits amounted to $116,000, the latter has been invested with a house and lot worth $26,000, and a purse of $50,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WARSZE operations, at least on a large scale, even if they have been suspended in Cuba. The ranks of both armies have been strengthened by recruits from the cholera and dysentery. The Volunteers have of their own accord left the Moro Castle and the Havana Cabanas to the naval forces, and propose to render allegiance to the Captain-General DE LA CONCHA, who was expected at Havana on the 27th of June.

The Spanish Cortes, June 24, by a large majority, decided that their presence in the Chamber was permitted as an act of politeness, but they could not be tolerated as the accomplices in a scheme for building up a republic. The Cortes, therefore, declared that it would only continue, as it would become necessary to repress the people, as anarchy was sure to follow.

Count Von der Goltz, the Prussian Minister to Turkey, died at Constantinople, of cancer in the stomach.

In the Royal Thames Yacht Club race from Dover Pier to Chapman, the schooner Gwendoline, of the Earl of Yacht Squadron, gained the victory. The course was over 160 miles.

The French soldiers at the Camp of Chalons celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Solferino on June 24. Marshal Bazaine, in presenting to the Emperor the colors which were taken by the troops at Magenta and Magenta, said: "Your soldiers recall the glorious days of victory. The glory of our ancestors may shall never be effaced from our hearts. Under the circumstances they remain devoted to your dynasty." The *Journal Officiel*, in its report of the Emperor's speech, gives the following version of the concluding words: "Continue in the same course, and you will always be worthy of your fathers at Solferino, and will maintain the military spirit necessary for a great people."

The *Great Eastern* has had uninterrupted success in her trip across the Atlantic. She left Valentia from Dunsa 26 it was reported 377 miles from Brest, and 406 miles of which had been paid out.

Advices from Port-au-Prince, Hayti, report that on the 12th of June President Salnave, after bombarding Aux Cayes forty-eight hours, landed 800 men, and assaulted the fortifications. He carried the forts, but the insurgents rallied, recaptured their works, and killed or captured over half of Salnave's force.

Fourteen English artizans have recently sailed to this country to enter Cornell University. They were given a public breakfast at London before their departure, and many speeches.

Katakazi has been appointed Minister from Russia to the United States, and has been selected to convey to President Grant the Emperor's congratulations.

"ALL HAIL AND FAREWELL TO THE PACIFIC RAILROAD."
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OUR full-page cartoon on the Pacific Railroad, by Mr. THOMAS NAST, is based upon a philippic recently uttered by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. The best explanation which we can give of our illustration, perhaps, is to give a copy of this philippic:

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

All Hail and Farewell to the Pacific Railroad! The telegraph tells us that the Indians have begun to tear up the rails, to shoot passengers and conductors on this road. We see great good in this. At last the poor victim has found the vulnerable spot in his tyrant. "Thank God America has resisted," cried LORD CHATHAM. Our feeling is the same. For seventy years and more the Indian has begged this great nation to attend to his wrongs. His cries have been unheard. Ruthless and unheeding we have trampled him down. To-day the worm turns and stings us.

Last year Indians destroyed locomotives and shot conductors. Timid DENVER forbade the telegraph wires to report the fact. He trembled for his trade. To-day fifteen thousand warriors on the war-path—a thousand miles of exposed road; this railway the pet plaything of the American people! Would our words could reach every Indian chief. We would tell him, lay down your gun, but allow no rail to lie between Omaha and the mountains. "The accursed code" is O'CONNELL'S best weapon, said SHEIL. The Pacific Railway is the *Indians' Alabama*. Every blow struck on those rails is heard round the globe. *Haunt that road with such dangers that none will dare use it.*

Some men may think us needlessly aggressive. No, citizenship they may say, would be a better remedy. Yes, by-and-by. At present citizenship means little. Heaven forbid we should betray the Indian to such protection as "citizenship" gives to the Georgia negro and loyalist. No, we are thankful the Indian has one defense that the negro never had. He is no citizen and has the right to make war. Well may he use that last right, and never yield it till "citizenship" means more than it does now.

An Abolitionist may well glory in these Red men. When, in 1865, General SAXMAN carried to the Seminoles the news of emancipation, they instantly set their slaves free. But, more yet than we, they proceeded at once to divide their possessions with them fairly; shared with them their provisions-money, and, last winter, in Washington, were specially earnest to secure such a teacher as these emancipated men would prefer. When two or three years ago SHERMAN'S Commission met the Indians, the Navajoes refused to come into conference unless their women could be admitted on equal terms with themselves to share the debate. Could these men be persuaded to undertake, for a few years to come, the task of reconstruction? What a saving of time! What a saving of honor!

Earnestly do we wish that this nation could rise to the level of once doing an act of justice from pure and single motives of honesty and duty. But it does not seem as if this level would ever be reached in our day. In default of that we rejoice to see the nation scourged to its duty. Long and weary were the years of blood and misfortune that finally broke us into willingness to emancipate the black. May our stubbornness yield sooner and easier in this matter of the Indians! It seems probable. By the time Congress assembles again we think its members will be ready—as they never have been—to *listen* on this topic. The sad and ponderous documents stored in the Capitol will at last be read; and we shall learn that a nation, *by its own confession* always in the wrong, must seek some other path out of its troubles than by sending butchers to waste treasure and blood in the vain effort to "exterminate" a braver race than ours. We spent a hundred millions really—fifty confessedly—to "exterminate and remove" the Seminoles from Florida. But there are everglades in Florida to-day where no white man enters, and which the Seminole still holds. If this be the case in Florida with a thousand Seminoles, how likely are we to "exterminate" twenty thousand such, spread over the boundless West? SHERMAN is inventing the glories of Atlanta for defeat, utter and shameful and well-deserved, on the prairies.

"LIBERTY BELL."—(SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.)

"LIBERTY BELL."

THIS bell originally hung in the belfry of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is still in that Hall, but not in the steeple; it rests upon a dais, as shown in our cut. BENSON J. LOSSING, in his "Field-Book of the Revolution," thus describes this sacred relic:

"It is four feet in diameter at the lip, and three inches thick at the leaviest part. Its tone is destroyed by a crack which extends from the lip to the crown, passing directly through the names of the persons who cast it. An attempt was made to restore the tone by sawing the crack wider, but without success; the melody of the 'glory-breathed tone' that thrilled the hearts of the people on the birthday of the nation could not be reawakened. The history of this bell is interesting. In 1752 a bell for the State House was imported from England. On the first trial-ringing after its arrival it was cracked. It was recast by PASS & STOW, of Philadelphia, in 1753, under the direction of ISAAC NORRIS, Esq., the then Speaker of the Colonial Assembly..... Upon fillets around its crown, cast there twenty-three years before the Continental Congress met in the State House, are the words of Holy Writ: 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof.' How prophetic! Beneath this bell the representatives of the thirteen colonies 'proclaimed liberty.' Ay, and when the debates were ended, and the result was announced, on the 4th of July, 1776, the iron tongue of that bell first 'proclaimed liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof,' by ringing out the joyful annunciation for more than two hours; its glorious melody floating clear and musical as the voice of an angel above the discordant chorus of booming cannon, the roll of drums, and the mingled acclamations of the people."

We give, on the same page with our illustration of "Liberty Bell," a representation of the

BRITISH TROOPS FIRING ON THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1775.—[FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING BY PAUL REVERE.]

firing of the British troops upon the citizens of Boston, early in 1775. Our illustration is from a picture drawn and engraved by the illustrious PAUL REVERE, who has been made immortal in LONGFELLOW'S celebrated poem.

The scene occurred in what is now known as State Street, Boston. The British soldiers had conducted themselves with insolence, and had killed a number of citizens; and a mob had gathered together to avenge themselves upon the troops. In the conflict which followed ATTUCKS, a mulatto, was killed. Three other citizens were killed, also, five dangerously wounded, and a few slightly hurt. This was before the Revolution had fairly been entered upon; but it furnishes an indication of the excitement which prevailed in our large cities on account of the uncalled for presence of foreign troops sent from England to insult and oppress Americans.

AUNT MONEYPENNY'S WILL.

I.

ONE sultry August evening, not many summers ago, a young man leaped from the train at Scantleton, and started with a brisk step for the house of his aunt Griselda Moneypenny, which stood upon the hill overlooking the village. Being compelled to cross a stile and take a short cut through a strip of woods, our young traveller nearly alighted upon a bunch of adders, which in the freshness of this sombre glade bloomed thus tardily in the season. He instinctively shrank back, as he saw them, up and trod upon the other side, then, stooping, picked up the trailing branch and sniffed it gently. Not that he was very fond of nature, or for that matter knew one plant from another; but he took a sensuous delight in any thing beautiful in itself, and admired the hues of the faint breeze that rustled the leaves over his head; and the birds twittering melodiously about him delighted his eye with their color, his ear with their song.

And yet to look at him you would not believe he would care for flowers or birds. He was tall and rather ungainly; his hands and feet were large and not particularly shapely; but his face, in spite of his bushy eyebrows, broad mouth, sunburned and freckled skin, was a winsome one—for under the eyebrows gleamed a pair of blue eyes, honest and clear as the sky, and at times singularly like a woman's. Then the lips were well-cut, the teeth firm and white. Descriptions are lame in a case of this kind; but I still maintain that, even in outward appearance, there was something very winning about Arthur Moneypenny.

It was about the time to walk through the old orchard on the left of the house, and skirt around the kitchen-garden to the path that led by the porch. By this means he could avoid the dust of the road, and revel in the sweet breath of the clover, and the knee-high in tried to pick known from his earliest boyhood. Then it was something delightful to see the gnarled old branches, laden with their knotty load of green fruit, and gather in with huge draughts all these delights to cheer his city-burdened soul.

But in all this rich vagabond pleasure he found himself suddenly under the bay-window, and heard distinctly his name uttered in a tone of concern that arrested his footsteps.

"John Moneypenny!" said a fresh, girlish voice. "A red-haired monster! An awkward, freckled lout! You can not be in earnest, Aunt Griselda—you can not mean what you say!"

"But I do, my dear," replied a voice, harsh and unmusical, that John knew was that of his aunt. "It has been a perfect nuisance for years. However, I have always carried perfect liberty for myself—it would therefore be inconsistent to deny it to others. Act your pleasure, my dear; and if you'll take the advice of an old woman you'll 'make hay while the sun shines.' I feel premonitory symptoms in the back of my head at times that will trouble me in my turn, and you know they said another stroke would finish me."

"But, aunt," cried the young girl, and John climbed upon the lower branch of a tree that commanded a view of the sitting-room, "it is possible you may be at least as much upon the world penniless because I refuse to marry a man that is repulsive to me!"

John now could gaze into the room at his ease, and remarked that his cousin Isabel, who had grown out of all reason, and ripened suddenly into a wonderful theatrical creature, was tearing into atoms a lace handkerchief, beating upon the carpet impatiently with her little, arched foot, and darting lightning glances from her brilliant eyes upon the composed figure of his aunt, who, seated in her rocking-chair, purred with the air of an exceedingly ripe and luscious peach, and smiled aboundy upon her agitated niece.

"Could I suppose," repeated Isabel, "after rearing me for a life of luxury, condemn me to drag out my days in poverty, without a friend in the world?"

"No, Isabel; if you were not so impatient you would recognize the justice and forethought of my decision. I would secure you such a friend, girl, as is seldom given to a weak, vain creature like yourself."

"But suppose I refused such a friend; suppose I even hated the sound of his name?"

"Well, considering his name is the same as mine and your own, my dear, I think your remarks are, to say the least, offensive."

"I do hate the name of Moneypenny, despise it, loathe it! To marry a creature like that, without even changing one's name—oh, aunt," she added, pleadingly, "I will not believe you—you surely care a little for me!"

"I have told you," replied her aunt, coldly, "it is my own wish to impale me to the end. Besides, I have a little fondness for the name you mentioned, and naturally desire that what little I have shall be used for its benefit. But you must do as you please, Isabel. I am used to disappointments—only improve the present."

"But how?" asked Isabel, raveling the very threads of her handkerchief. "I know what I can not and will not do; but after that I am powerless."

"Well," replied her aunt, draining the nectar from her peach, "as far as an old woman's assistance can be of any avail, you may count upon mine. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you might make a more agreeable connection; there is young Lascelles!"

A vivid blush burned upon Isabel's cheek.

"Aunt Moneypenny," she cried, suddenly, "how can you torment me so? You know he is perfectly indifferent to me."

"I know the very time I have been able to get to the church young Lascelles has devoured you with his eyes. God forgive me for telling these things at such a time; but old Newell is so dreadfully proxy I was compelled to do something. Why don't you get a crick in your neck and turned it to get a little ease I found Lascelles's eyes riveted upon you!"

"But, aunt, he hasn't been here for a month."

"You mean inside the doors. He has fairly haunted the grounds; and really, Isabel, I think he's afraid to come to the house—he manages in a little repelling, and you are not outwardly the timid, gentle creature we know so well at home."

"You think, then," said Isabel, "that if—" She hesitated.

"I think," interrupted her aunt, abruptly, "that if you manage your cards properly you may be mistress of the De Vigny estate. Now, your eyes will not do it. Mine is a mercenary creature you are, Isabel!"

"It is not his fault if he's rich," said Isabel, demurely. "I will confess that his delicacy and refinement are pleasing to me. I have a fastidious horror of any thing coarse in a male."

"They do not remarked her aunt, "that he puts his hair up in papers every night. You see, he can't have it frizzed with a curling iron, because it injures the hair; and after all the young man is right, for baldness is in the family."

Perhaps that was one reason why young Lascelles's brains were so completely addled. I do not say, Isabel, that idiocy is hereditary in the family; but what I alluded to was baldness.

At that moment a heavy step was heard upon the porch, and the door shook in the grasp of a large and awkward hand.

"There's John," said the old lady, eagerly extending both hands to the new-comer. "Why, you are late for tea, John. Do you recognize your cousin Isabel?"

John grasped warmly the whole hand of his cousin, who had risen hastily to her feet, into the tips of her fingers, and with one fleeting glance devoured the face of the young girl. Hair, eyes, nose, lips, all the components of the face sprang from his blue eyes. Then he turned to his aunt.

"I came through the orchard," he said, "and stopped to look at the old pippins. Do you remember how many pantaloons came to grief in my climbing that tree?"

"Ay, John," replied his aunt, while Isabel, dismayed at this vulgarity, glided out of the room. "But you are late, indeed, have you? I gave you up at half past six."

"If you'll let me help you eat a few of those peaches, I can go back along the pippins."

"Help yourself," said Miss Moneypenny, pushing the fruit toward her nephew, and looking thoughtfully after the retreating form of Isabel. "My idea of what a man should look like," she added, with an emphasis that John well understood.

"Chacun à son goût," said John, burying half of a peach in his huge mouth; "it's not every one that can please you, aunt."

"No," replied Miss Moneypenny, with a frown; "I suppose you haven't the least idea what I would like you to be."

"Well," to tell the truth, aunt, I thought that in your dear old heart you felt that I needed a holiday; and just now they are having a seducing enough to keep me here for a while, if you could only get me away from this city."

"You have got nothing of the kind, John Moneypenny! You know I never shilly-shally about any thing. I'm a few of the old pippins creeping over me, and thought there might be such a thing as my giving out."

"God forbid!" cried the young man, earnestly.

"And I wanted you to come out and make love to Isabel, so that you could marry her immediately! Is that plain enough?"

"Why, Aunt Griselda, do you remember a conversation we had before Isabel came back from her schooling? I told you if I could ensnare the affection of my employer's daughter my fortune would be made."

Miss Moneypenny burst into a sardonic laugh.

"I may as well keep quiet," she said, "and die as soon as possible. You wouldn't suppose love, John, would you, that old parallel like me could cling with such tenacity to a few notions of honor and sincerity?"

"I know," replied John, coming around to her chair, and taking her withered hand in his, "that you will trust your boy to do what is right, and not believe him capable of a meanness."

"You love this woman, then, John?"

"I fear I do, aunt."

"Fear! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I love her against my reason; I love her, though I know it is simple madness to do so."

"Well, at all events," said the old lady, with a contented sigh, "I'm glad you love her—glad to hear something in the foolish, old-fashioned style of romance. I like it in her, never fear, if you've made up your mind to it."

"But I don't know that I have made up my mind to it, aunt.

"Thou do so, at once. Poor Isabel! I'm sorry for her, I am indeed. That fascinates such an empty-headed ass; but she's prejudiced."

"Against red hair and freckles, aunt?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I thought so from the way she looked at me." John looked a little sad and grave, but Miss Moneypenny answered, abruptly:

"What matters it, if you love the other woman?"

A clear, sweet note fell upon their ears, then a few chords upon the piano—Isabel had commenced to sing in the drawing-room.

You can wheel me through the hall into the drawing-room, John, if you will. I always listen to Belle a while at night. I find I sleep the better for it. Stay, you are sure you love this woman?"

"Yes, aunt; but why?"

"Well, I had decided to send you away by the early train in the morning—but in that case you may as well stay."

If Miss Moneypenny slept the better for Isabel's singing, it seemed that her nephew slept the worse; for long after his aunt was snoring, and Isabel wandering in dream-land, poor John paced and re-paced, and finally arose, dressed himself, and looked out of the window at the stars. Star-gazing and John Moneypenny! Singular conjunction!

II.

A FEW weeks after John's arrival at his aunt's house at Scantleton Isabel arose rather early and assisted her aunt in the morning toilet.

"Isabel, my dear," said the old lady, continuing a conversation which had evidently ruffled a little the temper of the niece, "don't tear the few wisps of hair I have left out by the roots; you can not drag the realization of your hopes from my poor scalp. I tell you the man is simply lazy."

"And I tell you," replied the girl, touching more lightly the gray hairs of her aunt, "that he is an idiot!"

"Oh, I hope not!" interrupted her aunt, seriously.

"How literal you are, aunt," said Isabel, brushing again vigorously. "I don't mean, of course, that he is absolute fool; but yesterday we went out to the summer-house, and he begged me to bring a book and read to him, speaking in the most elaborate manner of my talent in that way. I commenced 'Elaine,' and he threw himself at my feet in the most graceful attitude, with his great head upon my knee, as if drinking in every syllable that I uttered. I became interested in my reading as I usually do in the delights interview with the queen I raised my voice; a movement at my feet arrested my attention. De Vigny was just opening his eyes—he had been asleep!"

"Well, in this case," said the old lady, "I can't say I blame him. Any one whose wits sleep or reading is the most soothing thing in the world—there is a sort of magnetic power about it."

"An excellent soporific!" said Isabel, sarcastically.

"A very good quality for a voice," replied her aunt. "When you have learned the value of sleep you will appreciate the compliment. I know a woman who will sleep leaping it sets my teeth upon edge to think of it."

"You mean De Vigny's, aunt; and as I am compelled to remain here you might make it as pleasant for me as you can."

The old lady cast an appealing glance upward.

"How unreasonable you are, Isabel! Didn't I been a martyr to your interests? Haven't I sat hour after hour and listened to his description of his estate in Italy? Haven't I even endured the twang of his guitar? and upon that night you and John pretended to get lost I fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion and weariness; and just when my poor tired brain began to get quiet, young Lascelles would break into a shrill remark, at most considerate to leap out of my chair. At last I begged of him to go in search of you, protesting I was dying with sleep. The moment he was gone I fell back, completely worn out, and never moved till you returned. Soporific! It's the very thing for insomnia, and you'd be in your grave a twelvemonth after you were married to Lascelles!"

"I had a delicious night that was!" murmured Isabel, a soft dreamy light stealing into her eyes. "John and I had been walking—miles, I think—through the grounds of the water. Climbing over rocks and hollows, through bushes and briers, we made our way. When we reached a little knoll on the summit of the water. Climbing over rocks and hollows, through bushes and briers, we made our way. When we reached a little knoll on the summit of the water. John fairly picked me up in his arms and carried me over—"

"Hum-m!" murmured the old lady.

"He is the handsomest man in the world!" said Isabel, boldly; then added, plaintively, "You know, aunt, I never had a brother."

"Ah, child, child!" said the old lady, "I don't believe you remember your mother; why not mourn the loss of your female relatives?"

"Because, aunt," replied Isabel, coaxingly, "you have sufficient me for all of these; and then, I was so young when I lost my mother that I were the only one that loved him in the world. I think," added Isabel, scornfully, "that young lady must be very difficult to please."

"Because she don't get enamored of 'a red-haired monster,' an 'awkward freckled lout!'"

"You know when I spoke in that hateful way I hadn't seen John for years."

"Oh, then, he ripened into an Apollo while you were separated!"

"No, but he is so brave and yet so gentle—so winning and genial. There is such a touching, childlike confidence in his manner, like one of the old knights we read about. And then when his face is lighted up by that rare smile of his, it becomes almost handsome—"

"Hum-m!" murmured the old lady. Isabel started; a bright color mounted to her brow, and having finished her aunt's toilet, she went out of the room.

The evening of that day John returned from a fishing excursion; and as he passed the drawing-room window the tableau within caused him to pause and glance again. Isabel, dressed simply in white with a single rose in her hair, played a little symphony upon the piano. By her side, and bending a little over her, was the slight figure of Lascelles. Dressed immaculately, his hair parted carefully down the middle, a soft flush mantling in his cheek, he would have made quite a pretty woman. His foot, beating the measure upon the floor, scarcely looked larger than Isabel's, and his little white hand fluttered over the music incessantly. Presently Isabel threw her head back and gave a little preparatory cough; then young Lascelles, taking a languishing attitude, and planting his foot into a mincing expression, which caused a wrinkle of merriment to linger about John's lips, sang in a shrill tenor, which sound far above Isabel's contralto:

"My bonnie has she sweth
When she my heart beguileth,
Fa, la, la,
Smile less, dear love, therefore,
And you shall love me more,
Fa, la, la."

At the conclusion of this verse of the madrigal John cast his eyes upon the figure of his aunt, and the wrinkle of merriment expanded into a smile. She had sat perfectly erect in her chair by the window, and held, with untiring tenacity, a hand upon each ear, while an expression of exasperated exhaustion shadowed her face.

John leaped upon the portico, and, before rising the French window, he heard Miss Moneypenny's eyes lighted up when she saw her nephew, and she held out her hands entreatingly.

"Wheel me out upon the balcony," she whispered.

John did as he was requested, and gave but one little glance at the further end of the drawing-room, where Isabel, unconscious of John's arrival, sat upon the piano-stool and listened, with bowed head and fingers hesitating in picking the rose to pieces, to the shrill whisper of Lascelles:

"Cruel charmer! Had you given the rose to me, I would have cherished it forever."

"Shut the window, in Heaven's name," cried Miss Moneypenny; and John pulled down the sash, catching one lightning glance from Isabel's eye.

"I can't stand it," said the old lady. "I'm not so strong as I thought; and that Lascelles will be the death of me. I feel it in my bones."

"He seems a good-natured little chap," said John, condescendingly.

"Oh, I don't know what he means well," replied Miss Moneypenny; "and for Isabel's sake I have endeavored to do my best; but endurance has its limits, and Lascelles is one whom singing of the things that I can not stand. It's bad enough when he talks; but when he sings it really is the most penetrating, rasping thing imaginable! They are quiet now, thank God, or that glass window would no more keep out sound than a sheet of paper. There, it's exasperating to me to look at him! He's commenced to wear a cambric handkerchief around his neck—he'll soon wear a gibbon about his curls."

"I'm afraid you'll take cold out here in the night-air," said John; and, taking off his linen coat, he wrapped it around his aunt.

"And you never take cold!" she said, grasping his hand affectionately by her side.

"You know nothing of sickness, great, strong giant that you are."

"I have known sick sometimes," said John, with an involuntary glance at the window.

"Your skin used to be as black as a berry's when you were quite a lad," murmured the old lady, stroking his brow.

"I'm not thinking of the obnoxious freckles, aunt?" inquired John, a little bitterly.

"If I could only have prevailed upon you to wear a veil—you know I offered them—" aunt added, abruptly, "if you'll wheel me in, I'll go to bed!"

"And so will I," said John, wheeling his aunt through the hall and into her sitting-room.

"Now, if you'll call Abigail," said the old lady, taking John's hands again in her own, and pressing them warmly, "you may go where you please."

"God bless you, dear aunt!" said John, going out upon the hall-door step. "It is time to see Lascelles kiss Isabel's hand, and declare that she had rendered him very happy. Turning suddenly, he threw back his head, and raising an animated, beautiful face to his.

"We have did we get all those splendid fish?" he said. "I wish I had gone with you."

"Weren't you better employed?" said John, with a sarcastic smile.

The color deepened in Isabel's cheek.

"I suppose it would be troublesome to take a woman with you," she replied, with dignity; "and I wouldn't, of course, wish to intrude in that case."

"You might take Lascelles along," replied John, without looking up.

"That would be as bad as another woman," said Isabel, and turning abruptly upon her little heel, she went into her aunt's sitting-room and astonished that old lady by throwing herself down by her side and bursting into a passion of tears.

"God bless me!" said Miss Moneypenny, "what's the matter, Isabel? Has any thing happened to John? I told him to call Abigail, and I've been waiting ever since to be undressed."

"It's nothing about John," sobbed Isabel: "or if it is, he don't care—he's too selfish to care about any thing or any body."

"Hush, child!" said the old lady, smoothing

the beautiful hair of her niece; "you know I'm very fond of John."

"And so am I!" cried the young girl; "and yet I've promised to marry Lascelles, and I hate him! I could n't him!"

"Isabel," replied her aunt, "you are very inconsistent. A little while ago you hated and loathed John, now you are fond of your cousin and hate the other man. Wait a little while, and it 'll come right again: girls are like weathercocks at your age."

"Aunt," persisted Isabel, "I can not marry Lascelles! I will not!"

"Well, you see, Isabel, I don't know how to advise you in this case. John confessed to me he was mad about this other woman."

A hot flush mounted to Isabel's forehead.

"If he asked me this very night to marry him," she interrupted, proudly, "I would refuse him!"

III.

JOHN proposed upon one Wednesday evening a fishing excursion for the following day. Lascelles agreed to the proposition with enthusiasm.

"I never catch any fish, but I like the fun," he said, enigmatically.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear, and our fishing party were up betimes, and on their way to the little branch of the river that ran at the foot of Da Vigny pasture grounds. At every step of the way the young proprietor regaled his companions with interesting accounts of the vastness of his property, the fertility of his land, the fine condition of his live-stock, and seemed in an excellent humor with the world and all it contained. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a curiously wrought fishing-basket. Upon his left arm rested a hat of the finest straw, with a prodigiously wide brim; a brown veil was fastened securely about his neck, and his hands were covered with a pair of ornamented buckskin gloves.

"You wouldn't believe," he remarked, as, reaching the river, he seated himself under a tree, "that I shall be burned to a crisp if I go out of the shade. Positive fact, I assure you—but I don't care," he added, hurriedly, "I don't matter if I am."

But Mr. Lascelles, however regardless of receiving himself from the sun's rays, insisted that Isabel should remain under the shadow of the tree, and, adjusting her line gallantly, he led her to a seat under a projecting limb; then rearranging with great precision his rod, they commenced to fish under very comfortable circumstances.

John declared he would try the stream further down, and disregarding an appealing glance from Isabel, proceeded upon his way. Impressing himself upon a rock that completely hid him from his companions, John went earnestly to work. By the absorbed expression of his countenance, and the rapt attention with which he gazed upon the water, he would have supposed he was devoted to the piscatory art; but presently a sudden substance shot out of the stream, and John's line whirled flestly from the reel—our fisherman drew in his prize, but seemed not at all interested, and his face wore the same rapt, care-worn look when he again threw out his line.

An hour or two went by, and the sun was climbing high over his head, when John fancied he heard his name called in a loud, agonizing tone. He dropped his line, started to his feet, and listened:

"John, John!" cried a voice he well knew even when it was strained with agony. "Oh, John, save me!"

With one bound he cleared the rock, and leaping over stones and brambles, soon reached the spot where he had left his cousin and her companion. Isabel was sinking in about eight feet of water under the projecting branch, and Lascelles, in an agony of terror and dismay, stood wringing his hands upon the bank.

"She would get upon the limb," he stammered, "and she fell in. I can't swim a stroke, or I'd jump in; I would indeed!"

John pushed him aside before he had said two words, and throwing himself in the stream, succeeded in reaching his cousin as she was again borne down by the water. It was the work of a moment to swim with her to the shore, and leaving Lascelles to follow as he could, he ran with the insensible form of Isabel homeward.

When he saw the house his heart gave a leap of relief, and he dashed through the hall where his aunt sat dozing in her chair. The old woman fixed a petrified gaze upon John as he hastened with the lifeless form of his cousin up the stairs, and watched him hurry off again, drenched as he was, for the doctor. When John returned with the village Æsculapius, Isabel had already changed her young mistress's clothes and restored her to consciousness.

Then John went to change his dripping garments. Presently Mr. Lascelles came panting up the garden-path, and the doctor spoke like a brute.

But passing through the hall the attention of the physician was arrested by a motionless figure that lay huddled upon the floor.

"God bless my soul," he cried, "it's Miss Moneypenny!"

"O Lord!" said Lascelles, fanning himself with his hat, "she's got a fit! What a day of disasters!"

"Oh, aunt! dear aunt!" cried John, leaping from the stairs, "what is this?" He took the helpless form in his arms and carried it tenderly to his aunt's room.

"Another stroke of paralysis," said the physician, "and I fear it will go hard with her this time. My horse is at the door, I'll go procure something for her relief."

"I'm completely done up!" said young Lascelles. "I think I'll retire also. I'm glad to hear Miss Isabel's better. Call in the evening."

And John was left alone with his aunt.

"Live!" he cried, kissing and caressing her cold and withered hands; "for whom you I am alone in the world!" She opened her eyes, and, gazing upon John, strove in vain to speak, while drops of futile agony stood upon her wrinkled brow.

A light step descended the staircase, and Isabel approached slowly the door of her aunt's room; but John, overpowered with remorse and grief, thought of nothing at that moment but his aunt. He fancied her eager eyes were filled with reproach, and he burst into a passion of regret.

"I might have known it would have killed you to see Isabel half dead in my arms; but I could not speak, for my heart was full. Oh, aunt, I love her! I love her!"

Isabel sank back, half fainting.

A ray of absolute joy shone in the old woman's eyes, and her brow became instantly calm and cool.

"I know it is madness, dear aunt. I was there, outside the window, that night she called me a clumsy lout, and declared she hated my very name; and yet, despicable wretch that I am, I love her!"

A look of great content crept into the eyes of Miss Moneypenny when she heard this old-fashioned burst of passion from John. She closed her eyes, and fearing to disturb her he remained quiet.

Isabel crept softly up the stairs, holding her hands tightly over her beating heart, and battling against the happiness that she felt surging within her.

"And my aunt dying, perhaps!" she murmured, indignantly. "Ungrateful wretch that I am!" Steadily keeping this thought before her, she succeeded in banishing the joy from her eyes, and when she joined John by her aunt's bedside she was as sorrowful almost as he.

All that night and the next day the old lady remained the same—motionless, seemingly lifeless, but for the vigor of the dying eyes, that seemed almost to speak in the intensity of their expression. Isabel, now fully recovered, watched with John, and one vied with the other in lavishing sad and sincere caresses upon the dearest friend they possessed upon earth until Friday evening, when the old lady died.

IV.

THE funeral was over, the will was read, and it was discovered that "Griselda Moneypenny, being in full possession of her faculties, and of sound and disposing mind," etc., etc., willed and devised every thing she possessed to her nephew, John Moneypenny, and her niece, Isabel Moneypenny, and their children, to the exclusion of that the said John and Isabel Moneypenny should become man and wife thirty days from the time of Griselda Moneypenny's decease; failing this, her property, personal and otherwise, was to be divided among a host of greedy relations, and as for Lascelles, he was requested to make his connection with her a profitable thing, she hoped he would do the same by her heirs." And there the will ended; not another word, one way or the other. So Isabel counted the days as they went by, as the Eastern gentleman did his beans, and in spite of the twinge of melancholy that shadowed her face, she became more and more beautiful every day. John scarcely could linger near her, and roamed about the grounds, gaunt and pale as a spectre. Isabel's persuasive tenderness he mistook for pity, and rejected her timid advances indignantly.

What was the poor girl to do? The days were passing, and soon he would be robbed of his inheritance. She would willingly have been dutiful and obedient to her aunt's desire; she would almost welcome it as a pleasure, so sacred did she consider these last requests; but John was so—so—stubborn; and here her rhetoric became sadly mixed up, and a tear or two fell upon her black dress, the first of a shower that rent her heart without consoling it. In the interest of all parties Lascelles, and one morning John Moneypenny, walking up and down the garden-path, heard the sweet voice of his cousin raised in remonstrance:

"It is quite impossible!" cried Isabel; "I am very unhappy, Mr. Lascelles. I beg of you to relieve me from my engagement. I can not marry you!"

"Of course you can't now!" said the shrill voice of De Vigny. "I don't expect such a thing, but you can not surely mean to throw me over altogether; why you can't be in earnest! Just think of it, Miss Moneypenny! A man madly in love with you. I worship the very ground you walk upon, and there isn't a girl for miles around that I'd look at such an offer."

"Then you are at liberty to throw your handkerchief to any of them," replied Isabel, "you couldn't be freer as far as I am concerned."

When John saw the slender form of the young landed proprietor retreating slowly toward the De Vigny by-path, he turned his steps homeward, and turning suddenly a corner of the balcony, found Isabel leaning on the step in such a pretty attitude of despondency that he could not, for his life, pass on.

"What is it, Isabel?" he said, seating himself by her side, and finding a tumultuous passion raging within him as he touched her little hand. "Why are you in tears?"

"I am so wretched and unhappy," sobbed Isabel. "I haven't a friend in the world!"

"Have you got any thing to say to me?" stammered John, not knowing exactly what he was saying.

"Why do you avoid me then?" continued Isabel.

John hesitated a moment—his lips trembled, and he grew pale. Then he cried, boldly,

"Because I love you!" dropping her hand and shrinking back a little from the rebuff he feared; "because I dare not be near you lest I should forget that you hate and despise me."

"But I don't, John; I love you dearly," said Isabel, lifting her head shyly, and raising two beseeching eyes to his; the tears lay upon her long lashes, and a sweet, almost infantile expression of joy shone in her face. John caught her in his arms, believing it all to be a deceitful, fallacious dream; but determining to enjoy it as long as possible, he did not speak for fear of awakening.

The house upon the hill at Scatterton is the cheeriest domain for miles around; and spending a few happy weeks there last fall, I determined to let the host of relatives (who consider themselves defrauded, and stigmatize my old friend John and his charming wife as mercenary wretches) know what a disinterested thing the marriage was, in spite of Aunt Moneypenny's Will.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUESTION IN ASTRONOMY.—People speak of the sun's breaking out. Will this account for the spots on its disk?

FAIR FRIEND.—As you are strong be merciful. Beat your carpets if you like, but don't *hit* 'em when *they're down!*

At school one day, when the lesson was the table of ratio and hear measure," a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said all his lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use, Sir," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the master.

"No, Sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

I answer it's ale and beer measure," said the master.

"Well, Sir," said the little boy, "father and I both think it is of no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink them."

SWEET CHILDREN.—Lavender kids.

I have a lingering love, I own,
For an old doctrine, held by some,
That woman's truest sphere is home;
Within the hallowed walls of home;
But when the babe alarmed the house
By railing headlong down the stair—
"Where's Mrs. Jones?" I cried to Ann,
With hands upraised in bleak despair.
"She's at the rink," replied the maid,
"A-ridin' the velocypedes!"

A resident of one of the suburban towns found the service at church very exciting, and full asleep. He was finally disturbed by the touch of a contribution-box in the hands of one of the deacons, who was taking up a collection; but, without opening his eyes, in a sleepy manner exclaimed "Season," and sank back to resume his nap. It is unnecessary to say that he was a season-ticket passenger on a railroad.

A countryman who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition went to view the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister, I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

Recently a lady residing in Boston had occasion to correct her little girl, and was somewhat astonished and amused a few hours afterward, when putting her daughter to bed. After her usual prayer she added, "God bless good papa, and God bless nanania, and *make her a good mamma.*"

JOHN CHINAMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

What will Bridget say when this person looks after our Linen?

Are good Ironers and Laundry-men

Will the Chinese adapt themselves to our Footing, or shall we take the Queue from them?

They make excellent Nurses.

MR. C——, of Boston, has justly a great reputation for wit. At a supper given after the success of "the Spirit of '76" the subject of play-writing came up. A conceited, would-be author remarked that in his opinion it was difficult to write a play. He himself would write one—a farce, that kind would take best, etc. There was somewhat of a smile of incredulity among his hearers.

"Oh, I mean it; you needn't laugh."

"I don't expect it," rejoined C——, good-naturedly.

Men of mark—chalk manufacturers. Men of check—the well-rounded. Men of conscience—those who don't say any thing about it. Men of parts—slaves. Men of consideration—those who are trying to shave others. Men of will—lawyers when indicting clients. Men of means—a great many mean ones. Men of interest—note-brokers, when figuring on the principal. Men who go it strong—those of weak minds.

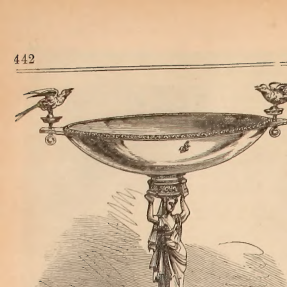
"WHERE ARE MY SHIRTS?"—A certain Princess is now trying to obtain, in Paris, a separation from her lord and master on a most extraordinary ground. It appears that the Prince, on arriving, after two years' service in Mexico, telegraphed to the partner of his bosom no fond words of delight at coming back to his native shores, but simply the laconic and sorrowful query, "*Where are my shirts? I can not find them!*" Hence the application for a separation. Should the Princess succeed in obtaining one, her husband will, for the future, not only have to look after his shirts, but also to *shift* for himself in other matters as well!

A traveler in Pennsylvania asked the landlord if they had any cases of sun-strokes in that town. "No, Sir," said the landlord; "if a man gets drunk here we say he is drunk, and never call it by any other name."

Highly probable development of the "Hack" under Chinese management.

FIRE-WORKS IN THE COUNTRY.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



CUP PRESENTED TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN., OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE IN THE YACHT "DAUNTLESS."

TESTIMONIAL CUP PRESENTED TO JAMES G. BENNETT, JUN.

We give above a representation of the cup presented lately to JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., by his personal friends on the occasion of his departure for Europe in the yacht *Dauntless*. It was expected that MR. BENNETT would set sail on June 22; hence the inscription. He sailed on the 20th. MR. BENNETT is the Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and has for years been at the head of those interested in yacht racing. His yacht *Dauntless* is considered the finest specimen of naval architecture yet produced in this country.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XX.

But the saber sat remote from all,
A melancholy mute.

AZALEA's heart throbbed fast, and her lips whitened at the thought of her own design. Not that her nervousness checked her determination. She was one of those who carry a beautiful and serene courage in their hearts, which does successful war against the most timid terrors, the prescient alarms of a sensitive and vivid imagination. Ephemeral doubts and fears might flout through her mind as sea vapors steal round a rock's crest; but her purpose remained stanch and unshaken as the granite itself.

I feel much commiseration for my poor little heroine. She has genius and she has beauty. What more fatal provocatives to man's dislike and woman's hate could Nature have given her? Madame de Staël remarks somewhere that intellect for a woman is a magnificent morning robe. Faith that grows confused with much questioning; love that overreaches itself; hope that foresees its disappointment—such are the gourdons of intellect. Those whose minds are confined to peaceful levels, if they miss the glory of ascending the heights, at least evade the painful vibration of passing through the air, and the clouds of doubt that choke aspiring souls ere they reach the summit. Neither will her courage be a recommendation in the eyes of the superior sex. Men, as a rule, pity and love the creature that droops to them for protection; the woman who faints has the first claim to sympathy; the woman who shrieks is infinitely attractive: the woman who can accomplish a judicious combination of both is irresistible. I do not blame my brethren, for this sentiment of their originates in a natural and heroic vanity: they like to be called on to prove their own superiority—the superiority of muscle and form which Nature has given them—the superiority of mind to which educational training has assisted them. It is sweet and pleasant to protect a creature whom they love; and they can scarcely pardon an independence which dispenses with a parade of manly supremacy.

The Iphigenia that ran past the Auriel shrubberies was a portion of Church Lane, and so Azalea was not more than a mile from Arvel when she came in sight of the house which Sally had said was Mr. Douglas's. She walked up to the garden gate, and began to frame a few words of inquiry by which she might indnce Mr. Douglas to see her. Mr. Douglas, however, had little choice in the matter, for his door was wide open; and when Azalea stood on the threshold she saw an oldish man writing at a table, with his face partially averted from her. The only mode of introduction she dared to venture on was a small apologetic cough, Topsa walked on boldly and sniffed the stranger's legs with an air of suspicion, and Robert Douglas put down his pen and looked at the intruders.

Was it a fly tripping over his page, or a bird flopping against the pane—was it the old women tossing hats for orders, or the squire's son come to announce a holiday in place of a task? Something had disturbed him, and for an instant Douglas ascribed his sense of discomfort to some familiar petty cause. Then his glance fell on a fair-headed little girl, who might have been blown in with the sunbeam that streamed through his door, so noiseless had been her approach, so sunny was her aspect. He looked at her wonderingly.

"What do you want?" he said.

His tone was harsh, and Azalea pulled a rose-leaf to pieces between her fingers before she could find her voice.

"If you please, I want—" she began.

"Yes."

"I want—"

"Won't you sit down?" said Mr. Douglas suggested, pushing a chair toward her.

Azalea accepted the courtesy gratefully. She was not tired, but she was shaking with nervousness. Unfortunately the change of position did not bring increase of courage.

"Yes; what is it?" Mr. Douglas demanded once more. This time his tone softened, and he glanced at his open book. Azalea saw and interpreted the look aright. "He wants me to go," she thought, "and I shall not," she said any thing yet." In her perplexity and confusion she kicked her chair vigorously. Mr. Douglas searched under the table, and perceiving that the irritating noise was caused by her legs, he looked at them imploringly and said:

"Don't."

They stopped immediately, and Azalea muttered sullenly: "I want to learn something."

"Yes."

"I want to learn every thing," Azalea went on, in desperation. "I want to learn reading and drawing, arithmetic and French, and Latin, and Greek, and I want you to teach me."

"I do not teach girls," Mr. Douglas said, briefly.

"But I wouldn't be any more troublesome than a boy," Azalea pleaded. "I do want to get on so; for it breaks my father's heart, he says, to think that I am not to be taught like other children."

"What are they taught here excepting to hoe and to glean? and why does your father want me to be brought up differently from other children in your rank of life?"

"I don't know," Azalea said, simply, "excepting it is that I am different, you know."

Mr. Douglas, looking at the delicate feet and hands; the refined contour of the head, and the face bright and mutable with expression, resolved in himself that this child was very dissimilar from the red-cheeked, heavy-faced girls who shouted up the lane every Sunday from the door of church.

"Do you know any thing already?" he said.

"Not much," Azalea said, humbly.

He pushed a book toward her. "See if you can learn half a page while I write a letter to your father. Now, don't talk, but do what I tell you: if I find you to be intelligent, I may consent to help you; but another word, and I shall send you me." With which compliment to his absent pupils, Mr. Douglas bowed his head again over his book, checking with a gesture Azalea's effort to explain to him that she had got far beyond the first page of the Latin grammar, and that he was not testing her capabilities when he requested her to learn the primary rules. She repeated her task mechanically to herself to be quite certain of her perfect acquirement of it, and then she watched the shadows blowing along the hedgerow opposite the window, and wished she might follow the track of those dark spots, and see the little patches in the cherries in the garden, and then waved away past the corn-fields until they became thin, reckless specks in the distance of the distant hills. For a while the silence was unbroken in the little room. The dog lay curled up in the sun; the child sat motionless in the flickering light and shadow that played through the casement; and the man pondered over the mysteries of the human mind as he looked back on the months of strange generations who have left the Time to heritage each of their own follies, and strange characters traced on broken fragments of stone. Presently a few heavy drops splashed through the casement on the floor. These were succeeded by others, and a fresh scent of rain began to blow through the rose-trees at the window. Then a low patter of thunder rolled over the meadows, and a sharp vivid streak of pale fire played for an instant across the bosom of a black cloud. The dog crept under the table, the peals louder and fuller, until the lightning streaks and the thunderous volleys seemed to wave every living thing to silence. The birds ceased to sing, but fluttered uneasily round the fluffy nests, where their fledglings stared with bright curious eyes at the rain-drops pattering through their green roof of leaves. The kine herded together under the trees, while their less sedate companions, the horses, galloped wildly round the meadow at every fresh blast of the storm.

Azalea looked straight out on the angry confusion of the elements—the hurrying clouds streaked by quick flashes of fire; the sullen grandeur of the thunder crashing overhead in an ecstasy of wrath, and then rolling away into sullen murmurs over the echoing hills—all inspired her with a sort of awed delight.

"Are you not afraid of the storm?" Douglas asked, looking up from his work on the forests of Brazil, his eyes somewhat dazzled by the frequent-recurring flashes.

"Not now," Azalea answered; "I used to be when I was little, you know."

"That was a long while ago," Douglas suggested, amusedly. "And why were you afraid then?"

"I only used to be afraid when I had done any thing wrong—when I had stolen the best apples, and told daddy the wasps had eaten them, or lost the key of the store-room; then if a storm came it was dreadfully frightened, and thought God was speaking his anger to me through the clouds."

"And now?"

"Oh! now I don't do any thing wrong," she said, with audacious confidence. "I have all the apples I want, and there isn't a key to the storeroom."

"Can you do your lesson?"

"Yes."

"Then let us get it over," Douglas said, wearierly.

Azalea rendered up her grammar in a tremor of hope and fear—hope that she might attain her ends, and fear lest, by some treacherous failure of memory, she might blunder where she sought to be most certain of success.

Douglas was pleased and astonished at the exactness of the child's acquirements and at the lucidity of her understanding. He soon found that it was unnecessary to confine her attention only to the grammar. "To-morrow we will begin Virgil," he said, when the lesson was finished.

Azalea laughed in her heart, feeling that the victory was won, and that her father need suffer no further uneasiness concerning her education.

"Will you tell father call and see me?" Douglas began.

"He is a cripple, from paralysis," interrupted the girl, sadly.

She was surprised by the look of tender pity that beamed over the man's rugged features—a look so soft and plaintive that for an instant the harsh festures and deep-set eyes seemed wonderfully transformed by its beauty.

"I will come to-morrow," he said, briefly.

The light passed away from his eyes as he turned once more to his books, and Azalea thought she must have been mistaken in fancying that he looked almost handsome just now.

"I live just at Arvel," she said, pointing in the direction of the red gables that peered above a belt of woodland.

Douglas looked over the yellow, heaving fringe of the corn-fields, heavy-headed and stricken crossways by wet, and shivering in the wind—looked at the long line of the tangled hedgerows—at the purple flim of the far woodland, and the dim red house of Auriel towering behind it.

"I shall not forget," he said, musingly. "I should like to see Thurstan Mowbray's home. I hope I shall not be there alone," he added. "I do not care to meet more strangers than I can possibly avoid. Have you any friends?"

"I have none."

"I'm glad of it. Good-by. The rain has ceased, you see."

"Good-by," Azalea said, gayly; and tucking up her petticoats round her, she hurried away. Her fair hair blowing from her face, laughter shining in her eyes, and dimpling her soft, babylooking mouth, it was as if the spirit of beautiful youth had flitted into the old anchorite's gloomy cave, and had danced out again with the free wind and the sun, glad to turn its bright rays upon any object after the cold sorrow.

Douglas was relieved by her departure. Joy and loveliness were to him what the sight of children are to a barren wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

The next four years of her life were very sweet to Azalea. The sweetness was so still and subtle, the time slid so softly past her untrammeled heart that she herself hardly appreciated the rare worth and beauty of the vanishing hours. In after-years she grew wiser in her pain, and would wake from her slumbers with a strange pang of recollection stretching out her arms in the darkness of sorrow as if imploring Time to give back to her one breath of the old flowerscented sunshine—one glimpse of the old innocently careless face she had blessed her in these days. Then she longed with a passionate craving for the faint scent of the water-lilies that scarred the heritage of her youth, the ruttle of the ripened apples falling heavily though the pale leaves, with yellow wasps buzzing over the fallen prize for the last time, the whispered that whispered mysterious plaints through the dense woodlands—for her father's voice—for Topsa's sudden impetuative expressions of doggish will. All the dear trifles of her present content which passed unnoticed now, lived clearly in her mind in the cold hereafter, and she would no more clutch a remnant of the joys of her youth than the dead can leave darkness and corruption to dance with the village children in the green over their graves.

At present her happiness was crossed neither by regret nor prescience of trouble. Youth presses on blindly through its swift bright years, like the true lover who flew over the golden road that led to his mistress's bower without looking right or left. It is only those who have been already shipwrecked that tremble under the shadow of possible clouds, and shiver at the whisper of adverse winds.

George Moore was still feeble and helpless, but his willing inertion and sometimes broken speech seemed healthful compared to that old terrible time when his voice and limbs were numbed entirely by the dread gripe of paralysis. He was drifting toward the end, but so soft and gradual was the decay that he scarcely saw the deepening of the shadows. Life was fading from view as light dies away on the bosom of a still lake when the rosy dusk darkens slowly from warm indistinctness to impenetrable gloom.

Douglas's visits were a great solace to the old man. It had been arranged between them that the former should come to Auriel on those days when Azalea received her lessons. This arrangement was agreeable to Moore, who sat blinking with satisfaction, and mumbling inarticulate ejaculations on the girl's progress while she construed her Latin and carried such rustic intonation into her French exercises as nearly made her tutor swear with vexation. Douglas himself found it pleasant to quit for a while the low roof and plain whitewashed walls of his cottage for the old-fashioned grandeur of the Manor-grandeur infinitely lovelier to him from being tinged by the romance of decay and silence. He liked to wander through the long corridors and empty chambers when they were dushed by sunset. Then the mellow faces that gleamed in the dusky recesses had faint little tremblers of light moving round their cold, sweet faces, while in the picture-galleries the scarlet coats of the cavaliers glowed as if their breasts were once more facing the light of battle. Through the windows he looked on broken terraces, urns overturned in long grass, and a fountain where the nymphs arose that had once poised a bowl of translucent water was covered with green mould, while the dry cup contained only a few drops of rain, not more than sufficient to induce a passing swallow to drink its glossy breast for a brief instant against the worn, discolored edge. The old books collected by a learned ancestor of the Mowbrays were linked together with cobwebs, save where Douglas's hand moved them asunder. The collection was a rich and varied one, but no work studied later than the period when George the Second was king; for the last learned and wealthy member of the Mowbray family had died about that period, and his successor, more intent on renping than sowing the grain on his estate, added not a single volume to his libraries, nor a tree to his park. Rare early specimens of the literature of all countries stood in dusky rows on the shelves, and Douglas felt pleasure almost akin to enthusiasm during the quiet silent hours he spent in examining their contents. Sometimes Topsa would wander in with his nose up, as if he smelt rats in the air. Sometimes his little mistress came and crouched in a sunny corner, deep in the perusal of some romance borrowed from the shelves of her own sitting-room, where some frivolous female scion of the Mowbrays had left a series of the Waverley novels, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and other levities of her era. When thus occupied Azalea was as quiet as the statue of the sleeping Psyche in the niche behind her. She grew at length to be a part of those still summer noons in Douglas's mind, and the merry pierced the silence by a harsh tone or a sudden gesture.

She is really tolerable," was the first concession Douglas made in her favor; "and if her French accent was not so vile would be a pleasant pupil." He said this to Moore, who, not hearing his remark, took upon himself the writing for granted, and, nodding his head, muttered, "Yes, it is beautiful!"

"Perhaps you were a little boy you didn't know much," Azalea retorted. "French don't come by nature."

But his tone, if harsh, was salutary. The French soon progressed more fluently.

"As to the dead languages," Douglas said, sadly, "I will teach the parson's boys were like her. If she goes on like this she will be a good double-first spoiled."

Unconsciously to himself he began to feel the day grow brighter toward the hour of his visit to Auriel. It was something for this desolate man to know that there were yet two faces in the world that gladdened at his approach. By degrees the dim old house began to look less home to him as he neared them in his daily walks. The by-path across the fields that led from the distant village to Auriel had been so little frequented that the corn grew thickly up to the very verge of the ditches, and mixed with the long trailing branches of the blackberry. And the autumn noons Douglas lingered to watch the butterflies flit over the golden floats of wheat—to hear the dull, sad tone of the reaping-hook fall vibrate through the dreamy silence, until the last echo died away over the gleaming fringes of fair-field. And the tone of those reaping-hooks was sweet under his tread; the fragile hedge-blossoms fluttered away from their stems as he brushed past them; familiar sounds and sights—the mole-hills, spoke in the hum of insects, the murmurous coo of wood-doves, the stir of the bearded corn, as it bowed to the soft breath of the summer wind.

As he paused to enjoy the mellow richness of earth's ripest, sweetest hours he felt something that was of these blooming solitudes enter into his heart—something which, if not content, was at least peace.

The peerless, blossom-dropping summer was succeeded by snow and frost. Douglas did not notice the change, but drew ditcher and stiffened briers, but pressed on quickly to Auriel. There was yet summer in his heart when he saw old Moore's face pleasure as his approach, and observed Azalea's eager face smiling welcome on him through the congealed panes as he came down the path.

Four years passed away noiselessly to these three oddly-assorted companions; outside their lives the great world was rushing along in its mighty stream of noisy joy and shrill pain. The cities were filled with feasting and dancing, with rumors of war, and prattle of fashions. Great

political changes altered the face of established laws; national sorrow and national triumph made sore or glad the hearts of multitudes; but the echoes of the world's sympathies did not penetrate to Auriel. Azalea learned to speak pure English and tolerable French. She grew attached to her tutor, and with feminine tact she dishher little best to lighten the cloud on his life. He was not happy, she was sure of that: for, although he rarely spoke harshly now, or frowned at her as he did on the day they first met, still he never sang at the old—never played with her, at the predatory antics of the magpie or the blithe gambols of the kitten.

It was not that Douglas made any affectation of melancholy; but he was like a prisoner whose arm has been healed for so long they know not what use to make of freedom. He is not easy for a man of forty-five, crushed in spirit, and embittered by a single failure, to lift up his voice in the little aimless songs of joy that bubble up on youth's lips. He could direct Azalea's studies, and sympathize with her earnest enthusiasm when directed toward the acquisition of knowledge; but he found it hard to restrain his impatience when the girl would suddenly quote the Euripides and fling Sophocles to the ground, in her impetuous pursuit of Topaz, as the latter disappeared, in a sweep of doggish agitation, to make vindictive war on the kitten.

Meanwhile old Moore was slowly dying, and they saw it not; neither did they see that Azalea was growing into a beautiful young woman. At the end of four years, when she was seventeen, Lord Orme and his family returned to the country to open up their permanent residence in England, as the health of the Hon. Rosa Orme was now thoroughly re-established.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ORMES AGAIN.

I HAVE spoken before of Lord Orme's house in Brighton. I have now to introduce you to the old baronial residence of the Ormes, which was also situated in Sussex; but it stood far away from the gay glare of the town, on a wild-looking range of downs. From the upper windows you could detect a gleam of sea shining beyond the furthest flush of hills; but except this, and the thread that made so many glittering links down the shadowed valleys, there was little else to break the flowing monotony of the view.

When the Ormes was unoccupied by the family the sheep would crowd up round the walls, and poke their innocent noses against the nailstudded doors; there was no fence-work to separate the front part of the house from the downs —no trees to cast flickered shadows down the sides of the ivy towers. In long, sunny days the massive pile breasted hot suns and rushing winds, and beyond the rude magnificence of its proportions there was little to admire in the exterior of Orme Castle.

"A melancholy place," the Misses Orme pronounced the home of their forefathers to be.

"Reminded her of pirates," Miss Slater averred, with a perfected shiver.

Upon which Conrad punished her by asking her if she would not like to become "the windy bride of a corsair?" which remarkable bit of invitation he had discovered in an old drama of Lord Thurlow's.

Conrad's holidays had not begun when the Ormes returned from abroad.

"Thank Heaven for that!" Miss Slater said, fervently; as a relief to the poor governess when the fly was to fo. When she read morning prayers, and prayed for health and happiness for all the members of the household, she could not help glaring evilly at that terrible boy, whose curly head, looking like the crest of a pert cockatoo, bobbed constantly up and down, keeping time with her somewhat singsong intonation; "And look kindly on our evil doings," she chanted, looking fixedly at a most obnoxious curve movement in the could not herself yield the forgiveness she petitioned for.

It was on an evening in October when the family returned home; after the bustle of arrival had subsided, the inmates wandered helplessly about the house like strange cats that are not sufficiently at home to clean their feet and go through all the licking and purrings incidental to catlish toilets.

The luggage had not arrived, so the ladies' hands could not commence their work. The house looked desolate and strange; no familiar occupations were about with which the girls could occupy themselves. Lord Orme wished to write some letters, but his inkstands were serving as cemeteries for deceased flies, and his pens and paper were locked up in his dispatch-box.

Miss Slater longed for tea; but the female demesnes had only just obtained some for themselves, and utterly declined to pay any attention to the angry vibrations of the bells until their own requirements were satisfied.

After dinner the girls strolled out on the sloping lawn at the back of the house, and there held council over their plans for the future. Miss Slater sat down in the drawing-room and looked sentimentally at Lord Orme, and Lord Orme went to sleep.

Rosa and Amelia had improved in appearance since the old days, when they walked like long-lair automata under the presiding jerks of Miss Slater's hand.

Rosa was black-eyed and tall: she had one of those figures over which milliners rejoice—nice and straight, no trouble at all to fit. Her dressmaker and her lady friends called her "so very distinguished-looking." I have observed that when a young lady, wealthy and high-born, lacks the feminine loveliness to which her rank and other advantages justly entitle her, the female jackals of her court generally disarm criticism by the emphasis with which they proclaim her to be "distinguished;" that is, supposing the object of their admiration is sufficiently large and lanky-looking to merit the appellation; if she be short and fat they are reduced to the suggestion that she is "so sweet."

Amelia Orme would have come into the latter category. She was rather below the middle height, had a turned-up nose, a merry little dad and throat; her eyes were hazel, and were ordinarily placid in expression; but when she was angered a wicked spark would flash suddenly in their sullen depths. She was full and thick in figure; her hair was a burnished brown, and she had a great quantity of it.

Amelia was sullen and phlegmatic. Rosa was lively and imitative. When the two sisters quarrelled Rosa had the advantage at once at the commencement of the warfare, but ultimately the victory remained with Amelia. Rosa exhausted her rage in angry exclamations, withering sarcasm, and quick, hot tears; on these occasions her eyes danced, her voice shook, and her nose got red.

Amelia stiffened into the most impenetrable stubbornness; her face was calm as an Egyptian idol's, and heavy in its anger like a storm-laden cloud. In many respects she was amiable. She loved Rosa more than herself. She never gratuitously irritated Miss Slater, and she was solemnly respectful to her father.

But of the two girls Rosa was while he preferred Rosa, who was waspish and impertinent. In her most agreeable moods Amelia was monotonous, and she was so unconscious of her necessity for sympathy as a stone-wall is to the electric flash that plays over it in times of storm.

The sisters looked almost guilty as they stood together in the soft gloom of this autumn evening, attired in flowing white dresses, and with Roman ornaments twined in their ringlets. Around them was a bold expanse of grass downs flushed by sunset. A fresh sea wind blew over the high peaks, and all the land was prepared to secure. It was to be their first appearance in society as grown-up ladies; and their own expectations of the result were somewhat extravagant.

"Do you think the Marquis of Grandchers will propose for me that night?" sharp-eyed Rosa said, alluding to an unmarried country magnate.

"Not that night, dear," Amelia replied, slowly. "Perhaps he'll do it when he calls next day. For my part, I shouldn't think of marrying a man who had not a handsome face, and don't so much care for landed estates; there are often so many mortgages round the corner."

Then they discussed the fashion and class of people who were to receive invitations.

"I suppose we must ask that Lady Diana," Rosa said, viciously. "I'm sure she has no business to admire in a woman of her age I can not imagine."

"She is two or three and thirty, isn't she?" yawned Amelia.

"Forty, if she's a day," the other answered, emphatically; and Amelia, who was acute enough in some respects, wondered what admirer of Rosa's had offended from her. Lord Orme's late attractions of that "splendid mirage," as a clever Frenchman once designated Lady Diana Merton.

"My dears," called Lord Orme from the drawing-room window, "come in; you will take cold."

Lord Orme had a vague theory that every one who went out of doors after dinner must necessarily catch cold. He always remained indoors all the long mellow summer evenings. He called the dew damp, and preferred listening to the thrush through closed windows and drawn curtains.

The Misses Orme obeyed the summons, and shortly afterward entered the drawing-room, all fatigued, and retired to their bedchamber. Rosa went to bed first, and was just dropping off to sleep when the happened to glance toward Amelia, who was sitting by the mirror, her hands moving rapidly through her hair, and holding some mysterious instrument, which, from a distance, resembled meat-skewers. In a moment Rosa was wide awake. Her black eyes looked suspiciously at her sister's proceedings, and she murmured, with emphasis, "Crimps!" Then she sat up in the bed, and stared at Amelia.

"Why are you crimping?" she asked, severely.

Both sisters wore their hair frizzled over the eyes, in the disheveled Bacchante-like style with which our fashionable young ladies delight to startle smooth brows of youth. As a rule, in the privacy of home-life, the Misses Orme's waving locks were allowed to remain in their natural state of flatness. The hair resented constant torture, and if twisted too often and too much, under the fervent pressure of the hot iron so as to come out in handfuls. There were various degrees of frizziness according as the occasion demanded. If a decidedly marked one to be fascinated, the lady's-maid, under Miss Slater's directions, wrought her young mistress's tresses into a state of marvelous confusion; if only a commoner, with barren prospects, was to be encountered, the governess disdained to assist at her charges' toilets, and merely a gentle wave redeemed the hair from its ordinary imprisonment. Of any state of frizziness, Miss Slater was certain to wave to a certain extent; but when the girls believed themselves to be secured against intruders, they rejoiced to escape the nightly irritation of feeling hard-twisted knobs intervene between their heads and the pillow.

"Whom do you expect to see to-morrow?" Rosa said, with increased severity. And Amelia, looking very conscious, dropped the braid she was manœuvring, and muttered—

"I heard papa say that if he went into Brighton to-morrow, and found that the — Dragoons had arrived, he should call on Captain Mowbray and some of the other officers to dinner."

The trembling stood revealed now the mystery for the frizzlers of the night.

"And you would have let me go to sleep without telling me!" Rosa cried, in an accent of deep reproach.

"The maid has gone to bed with a fucenche," Amelia answered, indolent; "so she couldn't do it for you, and it's only a chance, you know."

"It must be a good chance for which you would care to take any trouble," Rosa responded, spitefully. She jumped out of bed, and sat down before her mirror with a look of determination in her little sharp face. As she was far more energetic and active than her sister she was avenged by producing a more brilliant result.

But on the morrow they found that their labor had been wasted; for when Lord Orme came back from Brighton he and accompanied his daughters waiting for him at the porch, whither they had flown to meet him in an unusual access of filial affection, he told them that the Dragoons had not yet arrived. They were expected to leave Norwich to-morrow, and as they were going to remain for a few days only in London, they could not arrive at Brighton for some days yet.

"Captain Mowbray's home is in Essex, is it not, papa?" asked Rosa.

"Yes; but of course I suppose he has ever seen it since he was a child," Lord Orme answered.

"It is about as valuable a house to him as an old year's nest would be to a bird in the spring."

"Why does he not let it?" asked the practical Amelia.

"They will never let it," Lord Orme said, decisively. "They are as proud as Spaniards, and as impecunious. In the court-yards of the Estarial at Madrid you may sprinkle grain enough to feed a team of mules; but I imagine that if a heretic hand wished to remove the signs of neglect and misery it would be refused with fury.

"Let it be; our grass is better than your hay.' I no doubt the Mowbrays think the Auriel owls are worthier occupants of their chimneys than the smoke from a stranger's fire."

"I AGREE!" exclaimed Rosa, with a flash of recollection, "that is the name of the place that funny little girl came from. Do you remember her, Amelia? A most disagreeable creature papa brought to Brighton just before we went abroad."

"I remember her," Amelia answered, shortly.

"She was horrid."

"She must be quite a woman now: I wonder what she is like?" Rosa mused.

"Worse than ever, I should think," the other said, decisively. "At what time do we dine, papa?"

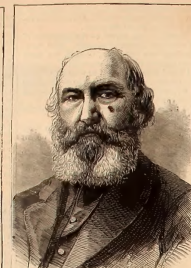
"Not for the next two hours. I wish you would come and read me the *Times*, Amelia; I shall not close my eyes to-night if I do not know what they are about; and I have such a pain in my eyes I can not read them myself."

Amelia looked pleased; it was her way of expressing disapprobation of any proposal that did not please her. Amelia's depression was as much an affair of the leather-bound and gilt as of "cloudy." Lord Orme turned from her with impatience.

"I read them, papa!" cried the shrill voice of Rosa. Her father thanked her, doubtfully, he could not well decline the proffer; but as he anticipated, Rosa read with increasing half a dozen lines, and was asleep.

Amelia looked contemptuously at

JULIUS EICHBERG.—[PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]



MATHIAS KELLER.—[PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]

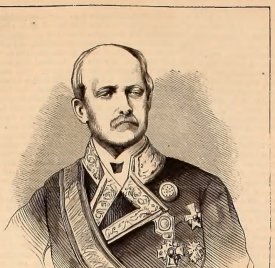
LAST OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.

PROMINENT in their connection with the Boston Peace Jubilee, as coadjutors of Mr. P. S. GILMORE, as orchestral leaders, and as musical composers, were Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG and Mr. MATHIAS KELLER. The latter is well known as the composer of the "American Hymn," which was sung during the first day of the Jubilee.

A sketch of Mr. KELLER, published two years ago in a musical paper, says of him: "Forming an idea of Mr. KELLER from his many beautiful and popular melodies, one would naturally suppose him to be a young-hearted, gray-headed, good-natured, enthusiastic, American-ized German; and so in very truth is he. Being almost the only representative in this country of that peculiar German style in song, so tender and graceful, yet classic withal, which has already made ABT and RUCKEN so favorably known, Mr. KELLER'S songs have not yet extended to that outer circle of popularity where the hand-organs claim them as their own; but among the lovers of German song—and they are many—they have never failed in obtaining the appreciation and recognition so well deserved. It is now twenty-one years since Mr. KELLER abandoned his own father-land for ours, and during all that time he has zealously endeavored to amalgamate the American and German elements in his compositions, but, try as he will, the latter still predominates; and even his latest songs, though written to New England words, might easily pass as of foreign birth." Mr. KELLER was born at Ulm, in the Kingdom of Würtemberg, March 20, 1813, and came to America in 1846. He studied music under LEINDPAINTER and Molique at Stuttgart, and the celebrated RITTER VON SEYFRIED at Vienna. For seven years he was band-master in the Third Royal Brigade. After coming to this country he became an orchestral leader in Philadelphia, and conducted both English and German opera in that city successfully. Shortly after the breaking out of the war a prize of five hundred dollars was offered by a committee of gentlemen for the best national hymn. Here was an opportunity for our German-American. His love of liberty had grown with his growth since his arrival in his chosen land, and at this time his patriotism knew no bounds; so it was but natural that he should have felt himself called upon to compete for the prize, or, what was far more precious to him, the *honor* of having written the Hymn of the American nation. Thus it was that the American Hymn had its birth.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG was born in the year 1825, and manifested in early life such remarkable musical talent that, through MENDELSSOHN'S recommendation, he was admitted to the Conservatory at Brussels, where, in 1845, he obtained the first prizes in violin and composition. He held afterward the position of musical director in several of the most prominent German opera-houses. His later years, previous to coming to this country, were spent in Geneva, Switzerland, where he officiated as Director of Sacred Music, under appointment of the Consistory of the Church of Geneva. He came to this country in 1856, and has since been living in Boston most of the time, where he has founded the Boston Conservatory of Music, now generally considered the leading Boston music school. Mr. EICHBERG has been very successful as a composer of comic operas, and may safely claim the title of the first American operatic composer. His operas, "The Doctor of Alcantara," "A Night in Rome," and the "Rose of Tyrol," have been successfully performed in all the great American cities, and seem to be as far removed from OFFENBACH'S buffoonery as from the pretentiousness of the modern German school.

Mr. EICHBERG is also the head teacher of music in the Boston High School, and was last year sent by the city to Europe on a mission to inspect and report every thing connected with musical education in the German schools.



FRANCISCO SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

FRANCISCO SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

FRANCISCO SERRANO, one of the prominent leaders of the late Spanish Revolution, and who at its close became the head of the Provisional Government, has been, by the Cortes, made Regent of Spain. He is a man of over threescore and ten years. He fought in the war of Spanish Independence, and there acquired his early military education. He was opposed to ESPARTERO, and in 1843 contributed to the overthrow of his administration. His influence over the mind of Queen ISABELLA, shortly after her marriage with the DUKE OF CADIZ, occasioned some serious difference between himself and the King-Consort. After the fall of M. DE SALAMANCA he became a Liberal; was exiled in 1854; but soon returned to Spain, and supported with considerable ardor the O'DONNELL and ESPARTERO administration. When these two entered into conflict he sided with O'DONNELL, and was by the latter created DUKE DE LA TORRE in 1856. Ever since 1865, when he was made Captain-General of Madrid, he has acted with the party of progress. It is to this party that he owes his present position as Regent of Spain.

The establishment of the Regency in Spain seems to be a kind of compromise entered into between the Monarchists and Republicans. The influence of the latter faction, while it is feeble in the Cortes, is so strong among the people that it was not safe to disregard it. Thus the Provisional Government yields to the Regency, and Spain still waits for her king.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE, OFF BOSTON HARBOR.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 445.]

THE PATENT-OFFICE.

THE Patent-Office, Washington, D. C., was established in 1790. The old office was destroyed December, 1836, by fire, together with all the records, files, models, designs, and documents. Many of these lost records were restored through the exertions of patentees. Since 1836 from the new office there have issued 85,000 patents, and about 75,000 models of patents are to be found in the saloons of the office, and are open to inspection. During the years just following upon the fire a small space sufficed for the uses of the Patent-Office; but now the saloons occupying the upper story of the building are required for models; the draughtsman occupies two large rooms; the library two more; and the files of the patents two more, and will require another soon. Twenty examiners, with forty assistants, are now required to perform the duties formerly attended to by one man. About 320 persons altogether are employed in the office. The receipts are about $700,000 per annum, and far more than cover the expenses of this important department. The number of applications for patents last year was 20,000; of patents issued, 14,000; of *caveats*, 3800. Our illustration shows the interior of the room containing the plans of patents.

The Commissioner of Patents makes a yearly report to the Secretary of the Interior, which, with its accompanying documents, is published at the public expense.

PATENT-OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—EXAMINERS AT WORK.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE.

WE give on page 444 a representation of the Minot's Ledge Light-house, near Cohasset. It is a dangerous locality to vessels making Boston harbor in an easterly storm. The ledge was named after one of the early settlers. The light-houses and light-ships placed there have been successively washed away, before the present structure was built. The last one, destroyed April 16, 1851, was built of iron. It was then determined to build one of stone, like the famous Eddystone Light-house, on the English coast. The work was placed in charge of Captain, now General, ALEXANDER—a distinguished officer in the United States Engineer Department.

The entire masonry, which up to a certain height from the water is a solid mass of stone, was fitted and put together at the yard of the constructor, and then freighted out to the ledge for permanent erection, a matter of no slight difficulty, when it is remembered that the men had to work up to their arm-pits in the water, and scarcely more than a hundred working hours could be secured in a year, the workmen being constantly lifted off their feet by incoming waves and afterward having to be replaced by the boats in attendance. But it was completed, and stands an enduring monument of engineering skill. A more lonely habitation could hardly be imagined, and yet before it was built there were a thousand applicants on the books for the office of light-keeper, of whom two are constantly on duty in the house.

The light-house is a mile and a half from the nearest land, and at low-water the highest part of the rock is bare. The diameter, and the whole height of the stone-work is 88 feet. It took two years (1855–1857) to level the foundation bed. Only four stones were laid in 1857.

JUST IN TIME TO BE TOO LATE—A DAILY SCENE AT ANY OF OUR FERRIES.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

MOUNT WASHINGTON is the highest mountain in New England, rising 6285 feet above the level of the sea. It is one of the eastern group of the White Mountains. Our illustration, on page 441, represents the summit of this peak, and is a picturesque representation of the scene which it portrays. As one ascends the mountain vegetation gradually disappears. Soon only dwarf pines are visible; at last even these disappear, and the only indication of vegetable life is the lichen; upon the top of the mountain the rocks lie absolutely naked to the sky, as shown in our picture.

ANCIENT MAGIC.

MEDICINAL plants and herbs were in as much request among the sorcerers of antiquity as they are at this day among the pagans of Asia and Africa. We never has not read *Monte Cristo* and have but a feeble idea of the bright elysium into which a preparation of the Egyptian hemp can transport its votaries. Anciently the pagan priests of Syria would subject the senses of temple visitors to ecstatic visions, furnished by the fumes of opium, and by presenting to their sight pictures or groups artistically disposed would give their thoughts and aspirations whatever direction they found best. There is every probability that they performed mesmeric operations on them. There are very few precedents in profane history more full of fun and drollery than those in

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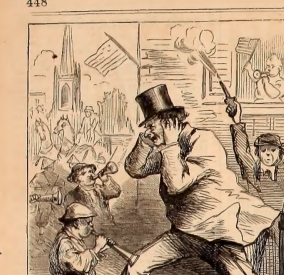

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

THE London *Star*, the paper of the most radical American sympathies in England, says that America stands in relation to Cuba exactly as England did in relation to the Southern Confederacy; and it insists that the departure of an armed expedition from New York against Spain is as flagrant a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States as the sailing of the *Alabama* from Liverpool against those of Great Britain. But the *Star* forgets that the United States authorities moved upon the first intimation of the Spanish representatives, and that their vigilance has been unrelaxing ever since. The British Government, on the contrary, was deaf to the most urgent warnings and requests of our Minister until it was too late—deaf in such a way that, under the circumstances, the theory of bad faith was instantly adopted by the public mind of this country as the explanation. But the Spanish Minister is satisfied with the conduct of the officers of the United States at this port; and public opinion in Spain will not accuse of duplicity the Government whose officers are so efficient.

Nor ought the *Star* to forget any English friend of America to forget that the general attitude of the two Governments, under similar circumstances, is entirely different. The British Government conceded belligerent rights to the rebels in this country before a battle had been fought —and, unless we are much mistaken, before it could have heard of the proclamation declaring a blockade of the Southern ports. This haste to recognize as a belligerent a party which was up to that moment merely insurrectionary, with the consequent relief from circumstances so fully recited in the correspondence of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. ADAMS, and the vehement hostility of the press, showed an unfriendly spirit which is an essential element of ill-will in consideration of the subject. But the case of the United States and Cuba is wholly different. Public sympathy is unbounded in this State as an island striking for independence of a harsh, foreign rule; and there is very little doubt that the President and many of his Cabinet share this abstract sympathy for the revolution. Nevertheless, the Government has not yet conceded belligerent rights to the Cubans, although the struggle has lasted eight months, and the conduct of its officers at this port, which is the base of the operations of Cuban sympathy, is heartily approved, as we have stated, by the Spanish representatives. The correctness of the two cases are thus, as the *Star* will see, materially different.

If, indeed, the *Star* can find any proof of the collusion of this Government with the insurgents in Cuba—if it can show that the sympathy of the President and of the Cabinet, and the natural good-wishes of the American people for every other people struggling for independence and popular government, lead to open acquiescence in flagrant defiance of the law and the authority of the United States, by such persons as usually compose a filibustering expedition—if, in a word, the *Star* can prove that the Governments of the United States in consulting the British Government for lack of zeal in enforcing its neutrality laws, while it is convincing at the evasion of its own, then, we admit, the *Star* will justly contrast the treatment of conduct which would destroy all the moral force of its position upon the English question.

That the cause of Cuba may be noble and praiseworthy while that of the rebels was unspeakably mean and inhuman does not affect the question. The mere neutrality law is not to be enforced against countries that we dislike and to be evaded in favor of those that we like. If we think that the cause of Cuba is so just that we ought to favor it, there is a way to do so without meanness or skulking. In that case let us frankly recognize Cuban independence and treat with what is called the Cuban Republic, and tell Spain that we take all the risk.

Then England can not complain of our neutrality conduct, for we should have become a party prepared for all the consequences. But until we are ready to take that position there is but one other course that we can honorably pursue, and that is the policy of our laws vigorously. If we mean to treat such gentlemen as Captain RYAN and his two or three hundred recruits of various nationalities—artificial devotees of liberty and equal rights as of course they must be—as friends of humanity and justice and good order, let us frankly say so, and abandon the attempt to stop their departure. But if they are to be regarded as defying the law, let the authority of the Government continue to be asserted as it is by its officers at this port; and to make our position unmistakable to the world, let the Government, as in the days of WASHINGTON, and even of FOOX and FILLMORE, issue its proclamation of warning.

Thus far, indeed, with the exception of such a proclamation, the conduct of the officers of the Government in regard to Cuba has maintained the ancient renown of the United States. The authorities have executed the laws—laws made not for oppression, like the Fugitive Slave Law, but for the general welfare, and to prevent one war being the occasion of a general struggle. Meanwhile if the prompt execution of the laws seriously threaten liberty or good order, the Government has the discretion of making their enforcement unnecessary by taking part with threatened liberty. It can not, even if it wished, carry water upon both shoulders. It can not with one hand menace England for doing what the other hand is doing to Spain. Let the *Star* watch as closely as it can; and we say again that it can establish this Government's dishonorable conduct in the Cuban question, it will have gone far to destroy the moral force of the *Alabama* claims. But we warn it that it will have its labor for its pains.

NEW ISSUES.

In the unprecedented political calm which has fallen upon the country it is only natural that issues should present themselves of a different kind from those that have engaged the public mind during a generation. And it is upon this situation that the Democratic party founds its hope of returning to partial power. For the new issues arise, of course, in the Republican party, which is composed of the party of independent and progressive men, and of those who are inspired by other purposes than the possession of the spoils merely. The Temperance movement now is not supported by the Democratic party. The Temperance movement, for the same reason, is not supported by it, and will never be. The reason is not that the Democratic party holds that government has nothing to do with such questions, as some Democrats, and many who are not Democrats, honestly believe, but because the great body of the ignorant voters belong to that party, and the party policy must be shaped accordingly; and equal justice to temperance are not agreeable to ignorant minds.

The new issues, therefore, will spring from the Republican party, and the first one, apparently, is to that party's platform. A National Temperance Convention, with political objects, is to meet at Chicago on the 1st of September. A Temperance Union will presently assemble at Syracuse, in this State. The Maine Temperance Convention has lately met, almost unanimously laid upon the table the temperance resolutions of the Republican Convention, and nominated a temperance candidate for Governor. In Massachusetts it is announced that the election will turn mainly upon the liquor issue. If Governor CLAFLIN should prefer to go to Congress, it is supposed that Mr. GEORGE B. LORING, a positive prohibitionist, will be accepted by the Republican party, to avoid a schism upon the question, while the freedom of whisky will be represented by Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

It would certainly seem to be very possible that in so languid a political year a vigorous campaign of the Temperance men, who must be drawn almost entirely from the Republicans, would offer the Democratic party in Maine a better chance of success than it has known for many years; while the nomination of Mr. LORING upon a prohibitory platform in Massachusetts would for many reasons make the vote for Mr. ADAMS much more respectable than his former vote. The question in all Democratic opposed to the war, we believe, until the second year; a friend and ally of General BUTLER, who is representative of the Democratic party, is a candidate agreeable to those who are not BUTLER Republicans, and who prefer the older confessors of the faith. The Senatorial election in Ohio, over which Mr. WILSON will occur during the session of the next Legislature; and should a decided majority of the members prove to be of a political complexion to favor his claim to be a candidate for Mr. WILSON'S seat, will undoubtedly appear with excellent effect as a more teetotal teetotaler than the late lamented Father MATHEW.

No one who has watched closely since the end of the war can be surprised by the prominence which Temperance questions have assumed in the public mind of this country. The progress of intemperance is such as to challenge the most thoughtful inquiry as to the best method of arresting it. The Temperance politicians rest their cause upon experience and public order. They point to statistics and humanity. They appeal to the tax levy and to domestic peace. Their argument is powerful and persuasive. The right and propriety of licence are, they contend, entirely conceded; but the principle of license or regulation involves prohibition; and the degree of the restraint is merely a question of expediency to be decided upon careful consideration. The rejoinder is that sumptuary laws of every kind always fail, and that the reform sought by the Temperance party must be achieved by moral suasion; that if government may decree what we shall sell and eat and drink, it becomes the most intolerable of despotisms, because in the nature of things there can be no guarantee that its prohibitions will be always, or indeed often, wise; that beginning with prohibiting beer and wine and spirits, it will proceed to prohibit coffee and tea; and that there will be no security for rocking-chairs and feather-beds; that it reverses the order of civilization by tending to sacrifice the individual to the State, and increases instead of lessening the functions of government.

But to these arguments the practical experience of communities in which there has been a trial of the two systems will furnish a conclusive answer. If it has been found, for instance, in Massachusetts, during the rule of the most stringent law, that the grog-shops were reduced, that the good order of villages was palpably improved, that the character of the public interest was heightened, that hundreds of young men were saved by the practical difficulties of gratifying the appetite for liquor, and hundreds of homes restored, for the same reason, to cheerfulness and peace, these facts will be mighty allies of the new issue, and perilous adversaries to the theory of the limitation of government.

But there are other considerations which should be carefully weighed by every Republican who is urged to vote exclusively upon this issue. To divide the party is to bring the Democrats into power. To the exigency such time as the public welfare, including the interest of Temperance, will be more benefited by the ascendency of that party? The platform of the Maine Republicans declares "that we emphatically renew our adhesion to the principles of prohibition and a vigorous enforcement of laws to that end." Ought a Temperance man, under the circumstances, to abandon a party which takes such a position, and thereby help to give the victory to one that denounces all such laws? Could an honest friend of the Liberty party in New York twenty-three years ago have consistently refused to support the Whig or the Democratic party if either of them had expressed themselves in corresponding terms upon the Slavery question? As it was, it was evidently doubtful whether Liberty would gain by the success of either party; but can the same be said of the Temperance movement now?

OUR SUPPLY OF WATER.

DOUBT having been expressed as to the capacity of the Croton Valley to supply our future population with water, the question is an interesting one whether it is well founded, and what means are required to secure the city against such a contingency. It may be necessary to imitate the example of Boston, which has lately admitted access to Sudbury rivers and valleys. The very name of Boston suggests water, and in every way equal if not surpass that of London is very certain.

No city in the world possesses the advantages of New York. When the obstructions to navigation at Hell Gate are removed, which can easily be done, as was demonstrated by the sagacious operations of HENRY GRINNELL, we shall have a magnificent sea-way by an improved channel for the largest ships. Our means of communication by way of Sandy Hook are sufficient for all present purposes, and are superior to those of any other port. The commerce of the whole world may have easy access to our wharves.

Our communications with the vast interior of our country and with Canada are equally convenient. High mountains are interposed between the interior and other Atlantic cities, except Philadelphia, which is united valley, that of the Mohawk, which breaks through the Alleghany at Little Falls, and that of the Hudson, which breaks through the range at West Point, our trade with the interior is unobstructed. With Canada we have easy communication, as the highest elevation is only about 110 feet. We have improved ourselves of these physical advantages by widening and deepening the Erie Canal and the canal connecting with Lake Champlain, and in time by a ship canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, and thus provided none but territorial limits can be assigned to the growth of population which will inhabit New York, Long Island, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Westchester. The supply of this city and of the lower part of Westchester must engage the attention of our Legislature, which as they become under one municipality or remain under separate local governments.

The Commissioners who introduced the Croton into the city made an examination of the Bronx, and wisely decided not to use it. It were damned at Bronxville on the reservoir at that point would be an elevation of about seventy feet above tide, from which much of the lower part of Westchester could be supplied. The village of White Plains, which is growing rapidly, endeavored to obtain the right to take water from the Bronx for the use of the village; but Rye Pond, one of the most important feeders of the Bronx, will doubtless be used for that purpose, as it is supplied chiefly by springs, is located at a sufficient elevation above White Plains, and is only about three miles distant. It is probable that the Bronx will furnish enough water for as many residents as will congregate in the lower part of the county for perhaps fifty years.

The Croton aqueduct, which commences in Westchester, and runs for nearly thirty miles along and near the banks of the Hudson in that county, has not been tapped except as the State prison. The only case in which permission to do so was given was that of a gentleman who had performed services in respect to the sewerage of the city, but on reflection he decided to avail himself of the permission, as he feared that, if repeated, irreparable damage might result from it.

Mr. COPPIN was at the time President of the Board. The aqueduct is constructed to deliver, as its maximum, sixty millions of gallons per day, which it regularly does, furnishing to each of a million of inhabitants sixty gallons of water per diem. The Croton River not only supplies this quantity, but throws a large excess over the dam for nine months in the year. During the heats of summer it occasionally happens that a much smaller quantity runs into the dam than the aqueduct carries. But at Boyd's Corners on the west branch of the Croton a storage reservoir is being constructed sufficiently to hold enough, added to the minicompetent to hold enough, added to the minimum supply from all the branches, to deliver into the aqueduct all that it can take.

The drainage area of this reservoir is about 20 miles, and contains the extreme northwestern portion of Croton Valley. The reservoir is over 60 miles from the city, at an elevation of 600 feet above tide, and is in an extremely wild district, sparsely populated. It will cover 303 acres of land, and will store 3,369,206,859 gallons of water. On its completion, which will be in about two years, this reservoir alone will supply the whole quantity required for forty-five days, if it all reaches the main dam, not reckoning other sources of supply; but, as the reservoir is 23 miles from the dam, some of the water will be absorbed, but the quantity will be but little in excess of what the stream will at the same time furnish to the reservoir. No apprehension need be entertained that the aqueduct will not furnish the city throughout every year, after this new work is completed, its full complement of sixty millions of gallons daily.

Many parts of London are supplied by their aqueducts with only twelve gallons per day to each inhabitant, and the result is that we make the quantity suffices. What we receive would be deemed luxurious by any but the most wasteful people. In winter, to prevent injury to the pipes by the freezing of the water, it is allowed to run both night and day—a contingency against which the English are not required to guard; and much of the water here is used for ornamental purposes—an object which ought to be encouraged up to the point beyond which inconvenience of a domestic character would result. No city in Europe without a far abundant supply of water, delivered into houses from such an elevation that it becomes after use the power or carrier for removing the refuse through the sewers. The primary system of New England, which fortunately extends to the coast here, where it runs out, enables us to obtain and introduce water in a high elevation and of a pure quality. And it will contribute to the growth of the city to keep up a luxurious supply. London is now discussing the question what means will be used to introduce water from a river in Wales, over a hundred miles distant, and will decide to introduce it at vast expense, inasmuch as the health and prosperity of the city depend upon it.

Many of the diseases which prevail owe their origin, and frequently their malignant type, to the impure water supply, and there will be no destination to make whatever outlay may be required within our means to maintain forever a proper supply. The bounteousness of nature to our city is conspicuous in the means which are afforded for obtaining water for an enormous population. The valley of the Croton has a drainage area of 360 square miles in twenty counties, containing chiefly the soil and the rocks of the primary system. The mountain range which crosses the Hudson from Peekskill to near West Point constitutes the bulk of this region, which extends very little beyond the Connecticut line. In the various valleys formed by the streams, and which are branches of the Croton and their affluents there are no less than fifteen convenient spots in which storing reservoirs may be built, the joint capacity of which will exceed sixty billions of gallons. The district is already studded with numerous lakes and ponds, the outlets of which run very evenly, forming, with the artificial means which may be provided at moderate expense, such conveniences for storing water as our growth in population may hereafter require.

In time it will undoubtedly be necessary to add to the capacity of the aqueduct, or build a new one. Whatever quantity might be introduced, advantage would result from it even if duced, advantage would result from it even if much too large for domestic purposes. Skill will employ itself to devise some cheap mode of using the Croton as a power in domestic industry; and the time may not be distant when, in addition to the luxurious supply of pure water with which we are now blessed, the women of the city, in their own dwellings, may use the

Croton as the power to work their sewing-machines at a trifling expense, and without inconvenience. Among the benefits conferred by the Croton the ease which it contributes to the performance of household labors is of great importance, and of itself justifies the outlay. The men who had charge of the work, among whom STEPHEN ALLEN was conspicuous, deserve the warmest thanks for what they did, as they conducted it with a purity which has not been known in recent years, fitly represented by what they introduced, and with such inestimable advantage.

The alarm which has recently been stirred up about polluting the water is due in great part to the exigencies of a personal lawsuit. The situation of the district is favorable to exemption from this danger, but yet it will be wise to ask from the legislative power the means to prevent—while the population is not full—the introduction of those industries which render streams impure. There are enough which may be pursued in harmony with the interests of the people there and the vital interests of New York in the Croton Valley.

Plans for supplying White Plains and the lower part of Westchester will no doubt be placed before the Legislature next winter, and as they concern the highest interests of their respective localities, it is to be hoped that they will be devised in the spirit which animated STEPHEN ALLEN and his coadjutors, and be acted upon by the Legislature without the necessity of purchasing a vote.

New York will soon need to follow; but we shudder to think what a difference we shall experience and what objects and influences which shall govern our present management in constructing a new aqueduct, as compared with those which directed the old and justly honored sachems of Tammany.

THE PERSONAL INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

ROOMS are already engaged in Rome by persons thousands of miles away who hope to reach the city in time for the Œcumenical Council next winter. This Council, or assembly of the whole body of the faithful, calls for the Church and proclaims dogmas; and the absorbing interest of the proposed Council is, that if it should meet, the Pope is understood to wish it to pronounce the absolute personal infallibility of the incumbent of the Holy See. This claim is so portentous that the French Churchmen especially, and even the Jesuits, are alarmed, foreseeing the inevitable danger of such a declaration. Their ground of course is that, so long as the Church claims infallibility in spiritual subjects alone, infallibility can never be put to the proof. If it declares, for instance, that a certain act is a mortal sin and will damn a soul eternally, in such case it is impossible, because nobody can prove that a soul is not damned eternally. Consequently any Church or any man may claim absolute infallibility upon such subjects, conscious that the claim can never be disproved.

Moreover, so long as the whole Church must pronounce, it is always easy to delay or to confuse the decision. But the case is very different when perfect infallibility is claimed for any individual man. His word upon every subject would then be identical with truth. He could declare the essential conditions of salvation. It would be in vain that his infallibility would be proclaimed to be limited. When a universal Council once answered the personal claim to infallibility of the Pope, his word would be to the faithful the word of God. He would need only to declare this or that the condition of acceptance with God, and his "children" would obediently listen. But while this would be the result within the pale of his ecclesiastical fidelity, it would be only the result beyond the borders. The Pope is by no means always selected for his wisdom or his virtue. The history of the Papacy shows in the history of as much envy and hatred and wretched intrigue as are to be found in any secular convention, and as much gross, fanatical ecclesiastic might become the most fatal enemy of his Church as in the degree of his sincere and narrow devotion to her. A man like the late Pope GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH, ignorant in the chair of ST. PETER as absolutely infallible Head of the Church, might readily do what all the "infidels" have never been able to accomplish.

If, for instance, he should declare as truth essential to salvation something which science should presently and plainly disprove, the plight would be of the most that no Church could endure it. If, with absolute personal infallibility, he should abandon himself to such foolish and trenchant fanaticisms of the freedom of the press, for instance, or of scientific investigation, as appeared in the encyclical letter of the present Pope two years ago, the effect would be immense and pernicious to his own cause. What sort of a Church is it whose infallible Head decrees that the sun goes round the earth, or that the Mosaic cosmogony is literally and limitedly exact? would be the perilous question which could not be satisfactorily answered. And this is the dilemma which the Jesuits and the Frenchmen foresee, and which, if peopled, they would avoid. The Papal opportunity of asserting as true what could be conclusively shown to be false must not, in their judgment, be allowed.

The power of the Pope for good results would, of course, be increased by the decree which PIUS THE NINTH is understood to favor. He might make the cardinal virtues instead of theological dogmas the essentials to salvation. He might supervise education. He might insist upon a real liberty. Indeed, he might do all that the supporters of vast arbitrary power seem to imagine such potentates will do. But the probabilities are always against the wise use of such a prerogative as is now sought; and there is no method whatever of securing the continuance of such a use. Decree the absolute infallibility of the Pope, and any ignorant priest, crowned with the triple tiara, could undo the work of the wisest pontiff. Indeed, the present Pope, who is approaching the remarkable term of a quarter of a century in the pontificate, is not a man of such sagacity that his own career and reputation are likely to strengthen his demand. If the Council should assemble and decree as he desires, the sincerest enemies of his Church ought to be satisfied.

INSULTS TO GENERAL GRANT.

MR. ANDREW JOHNSON, if the report of a conversation with him be correct—and the *World* publishes the report—is of opinion that General GRANT is "a farce," and "a little fellow," and "treacherous," and that he "lied flagrantly," and that his presence in the White House is "degrading" to the Presidency. In the words of the Declaration, which are very familiar to us all at this season, it would seem that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" would make MR. ANDREW JOHNSON extremely careful of allusions to treachery and degradation in connection with the Presidency of the United States.

It is the fate of the greatest benefactors of their country to be subject to slander. The old *Aurora* said as foul things of WASHINGTON as ever the rebel and Democratic newspapers said of LINCOLN, or as MR. ANDREW JOHNSON and the *World* say of General GRANT. But somehow the people thought that the *Aurora* calumny or the Copperhead hiss could hardly lessen the lustre of the inestimable national services of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN, and when they read the feeble insults of MR. ANDREW JOHNSON and the *World* upon a man whose career is as clear as the sun, has been, in the words of the amusing college song, "they don't seem to take no kind of interest in it."

THE EMPIRE.

THERE is a paper published in New York which is called the *Empire*. It is so ashamed of the happiness of France, and so dismayed by the ruin of this republic, that it endeavors to relieve itself from the misery and slavery in which we are involved but in an empire. That indeed is peace. That is happiness and prosperity and prosperity. If that great and good CÆSAR LOUIS BONAPARTE should by any thing is so dear as liberty and individual rights, would only graciously consent to bestow his imperial son upon us for a ruler—that son of whose mother General DIX has declared that no such prodigiously amiable things in Paris—that's a happy day it would be! what a fortunate day indeed!

See the immense advantages of imperialism. In this wretched country, where we not only labor under the incubus of a republic, but a republic which secures liberty of speech and of the press—which a foolish and unimperial philosophy supposes to be essential to a good and progressive government—the paper like the *Empire* may denounce and deride the Government and its officers at its own sweet will, and with exemption from all fear from any body. If it can, it may persuade the people of the country to install a wise and virtuous WIGFALL, or NAPOLEON, or a "Christian gentleman" like LEE or FORREST, and the Government—and nobody, least of all the Government, will interfere with its endeavors. But in France, in the empire which is peace and liberty and prosperity, we read that MR. HENRY ROCHEFORT, the editor of a newspaper, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of three thousand francs, and is deprived for three years of the right to vote or to sit in the Legislative Assembly; and all this because he derides and denounces the benign and peaceable empire.

This is the kind of system which is to restore to us the liberties of which a ruthless mob has deprived us, and the advantages are only too evident. So, too, we observe that the great and good French CÆSAR has graciously remarked to the Bishop of Beauvais that "the addresses of bishops, couched in the language of piety, are always received with deference." Such soothing snakes so wondrous kind. The rule of the Pope in his Church is the rule by that which the French CÆSAR desires in his State, or it will be so, if the Pope can only persuade the Œcumenical Council next winter to declare the absolute personal infallibility of the Holy Father. The next step in the progress of our liberties and prosperity is thus made evident. With an emperor to regulate our personal freedom, including that of speech and the press, and a Pope to determine our religious faith and the limits of our mental activity, the republic, not to speak lightly, may hang up its fiddle and its bow, and every happy subject of the empire receive his opinions and his rule of conduct from imperial and papal headquarters.

That astute statesman, MR. F. P. BLAIR, JUN., of Missouri, has risen so far into a millstone as any body, warned his country last year that he was the path of safety, while the darkly designing despot GRANT would never leave the White House if he once entered it, but would remain there an emperor. The ghastly truth now appears! "I smell a rat; I'll crush him in the bud!" exclaimed a fervent orator. It is not plain to every body whom MR. F. P. BLAIR, JUN., convicted of GRANT'S nefarious designs that the *Imperialist* is his first stealthy movement toward the imperial throne, and that the crown which it bears upon its front is the one that he proposes to transfer to his brow?

FRIENDLY WORDS.

THIS speech of GOLDWIN SMITH at Toronto, which was curiously distorted in the telegraphic report, has been delivered also in the Cornell *Era* at Ithaca. The two following extracts will do harm him with those who know how truly and in the best sense he is an English friend of America. In speaking of MR. SUMNER'S speech he says:

"I was perhaps the only Englishman resident in the States, except those connected with the diplomatic service and whose tongues were tied, who had for several years been in correspondence with that gentleman, and, moreover, Mr. Sumner is not in the habit of using more than personal; and I had observed with regret that before it came journal a lively editorial attacking a rival editor as a fool and a knave."

GOLDWIN SMITH is not the only Englishman or American who makes a broad distinction between private and public malice, as in this passage:

"It is not of the American people that I am speaking. The more I see of the American people the more I acknowledge and admire their virtues. And the more confident do I feel that they will decide in accordance with the dictates of reason and morality any question submitted to their deliberate judgment and fairly presented to their minds. I am not afraid, I say, of the people. But I am afraid in an excess of patriotism or virtue on the part of the politicians. I think it probable that in the coming campaign, and under certain inducements, the politicians might be led by their spirit of self-sacrifice to do something too generous and too sublime. The other day I was reading a pretty fast, as it seemed to me, in a direction in which I do not like to see it going. Some fatal consequence would have almost certainly ensued. The attitude of England in regard to this question is perfectly intelligible, and her language perfectly distinct. Her wish is that you should unconditionally done by her Government, or by any of the officers employed thereat, to a friendly nation, we are ready and willing to make full reparation. If we are ready and willing, also, in addition to any pecuniary damage which we may have caused you, to offer you, with an acknowledgement as, in a case of unintentional injury, we should be ready and willing to make to another in private life, provided only we are not accused in the style in which one man of honor accosts another, and not in the style of MR. SUMNER'S speech."

THE CASE OF MR. WARREN.

IT is telegraphed from Paris that MR. J. Q. WARREN, an American citizen, has made a formal complaint to our Minister of arrest and illtreatment by the French authorities during the late riots in that city, and demands compensation. This is a claim which we presume MR. WASHBURNE will not press upon the Imperial Government. Those Americans who remember the manner in which the most innocent and even unwilling spectators or participators in street excitements and troubles are treated by paternal governments in Europe will readily believe that MR. WARREN does not exaggerate the brutality of the treatment to which he was exposed. He saw the police pursuing a crowd. He stepped into a side-street to avoid trouble. But he was followed by the police, seized, knocked down, clubbed, handcuffed, and illtreated for two days.

Of course in a revolutionary city like Paris a man expects to take risks and to be exposed to a peaceable man, retiring so as not to increase disorder, does not expect to have his head broken and to be abused.

We presume that the French Government will instantly apologize and offer to atone for the offense. Indeed we shall not be surprised if it is all done before these lines are read. Americans are universal travelers. It is estimated that at least fifty thousand are now traveling in Europe for enjoyment and instruction. They are learning, of course, to respect carefully the laws of the countries into which they choose to go; but that being done, those countries are to respect the rights of foreign citizens. We shall expect to see, also, that in making representations to the French Government, our Minister takes that tone of firmness and courtesy which is always becoming, and which now is peculiarly representative of the high character and good name of the Administration.

NOTES.

IS "FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH," by ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, just published by G. P. PUTNAM, HARPER, the reader will find a good-humored smile, if not laugh, upon every page. It is a most pleasant little satire upon the country excitement for having an urban rustic, and is an excellent pendant to that volume of MR. STARBOWGRASS which no gentleman's library should be without, and which is to be found in every well-regulated collection. There is no little book published during the season which should be so universally laid away for immediate summer reading as this.

THE HARPERS have also issued "My Daughter Elinor," a novel of American life, by a hand that we do not recognize as familiar. There are capital scenes in the book; and the interest is skillfully maintained by the play of not very original characters. It is the work of an author who has a sensitive eye for incident and character, but whose training and sympathy we should suppose to be not distinctively American. The style is lively and agreeable.

THE crayon drawings of JOHN W. EMMENDE, representing the two famous incidents in the war, the ride of SHERIDAN and the lashing of FARRAGUT in the rigging, which were bought by the Union League Club, and are now in their gallery, have been most admirably photographed by GRAHAM BROTHERS, and the prints may be found at MR. PILKINGTON JACKSON'S, 58 East Thirteenth Street. The spirit and simplicity of these drawings make the essential poetry of the subjects, which the artist has rendered with power, especially interesting souvenirs both of our military and naval renown. We can heartily commend them to our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE diminution of the public debt in June is estimated at sixteen millions.

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, who is now in his country, has added a million of dollars, in railroad and other bonds, realized in June, to the "Peabody Education Fund," also $3,000 in Florida at 85 per cent, and twenty-five hundred pounds.

A sad accident occurred at the central shaft of the Bunker Hill coal mines, near Wilkesbarre, on Thursday morning last. Five of the miners on the lower platform wishing to ascend to the surface, rode there for the purpose of ascending. Three of the men took hold of the rope, and were lifted by the hoist of dirt, and the two stood up in the bucket. The engineer who had charge of the machinery let the bucket fall with greater velocity than usual, and it striking the lower platform, three of the men were crushed to death. Three of the the bucket, were precipitated to the bottom, and in that, killing two and severely injuring two others.

The monument to HIRAM POWERS, born Woodstock, Connecticut, was dedicated July 5, at Guilford, Vermont.

Severe shocks of earthquake have recently been felt at various points along the Pacific coast.

The London *Star* was rather lately in assuming that the final defeat and departure of the Cuban expedition from this port was true. Its comments read somewhat strangely when taken in connection with the facts of the case as recently developed.

The Fourth of July, this year, was made for the number of casualties that occurred in the vicinity during its progress. Fatal accidents seem to have been most exposed to its ravages, and the shores of Western Long Island Sound, the Newark Bay, were wrecked and their seamen lost; at Rockaway the people of a hotel were thrown to the floor in the parlor in which they were assembled, and a gentleman in the city, caught on the roof of his house by lightning and killed; and in many parts of Westchester County, as well as in the city, accidents of other damage done. In Philadelphia there was quite a bonanza.

FOREIGN NEWS.

JOHN MACGREGOR, captain of the famous canoe *Rob Roy*, has challenged the Harvard crew to another race on the Thames, to be rowed with the English crew-builder.

In the United States of Colombia the coming elections for President and Congress attract attention. The chances of Moriquera were regarded as favorable.

The session of the Spanish Cortes Legislatif opened on June 28. The Emperor and Empress attended. The Bunker mansion at Lynn, Mass., was burned.

Henri Rochefort, editor of the *Lanterne*, has been convicted of libel, of introducing that journal illegally into France. He has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 3000 francs, and to have added the forfeiture of the right to vote in any election, or to sit in the Corps Legislatif.

M. M. Simonson and Jordan, editors of the *Siècle*, have been fined each 500 francs, and each editor of the *Opinion Nationale* has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment with a fine of 500 francs, all for violations of the press laws.

A report which comes from a Brazilian source, states that Paraguay has offered to purchase, through General M'Mahon, the American Minister, to surrender to the allies the condition that he granted his personal freedom and be permitted to leave the country without molestation.

From Hong-Kong, China, we learn that a great and decisive battle has been fought between the Imperialists and the Mohammedan rebels. The latter were defeated, with a loss of 20,000 men.

The Viceroy of Egypt, after his visit to England, has been received by the Queen with extraordinary courtesy, departed for Brussels, where he arrived July 2.

The Œcumenical Council at Rome has been postponed a year.

Our late advices from Cuba report a serious insubordination among the Catalonian volunteers. General Letona imprisoned their Colonel, and they have joined the Cuban insurgents. Havanese letters have reported that a number of Americans, captured by the Spanish authorities, have been released. The Captain General De Rodas, in a public speech, has advised the Spanish to show more moderation, and more to conciliate all classes, and cease publishing irritating articles, especially in regard to Indies.

SUMMER.

HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

THE HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON, lately appointed Secretary of the Navy, in the place of Hon. A. H. BOBIE, resigned, is a native of New Jersey, and a son of Judge WILLIAM P. ROBESON, of Warren County, who was formerly a leading Whig, and prominently connected with the politics of his State. Mr. ROBESON is a graduate of Princeton College of the class of 1847. He studied law in the office of Chief-Justice HORNBLOWER in Newark. In 1859 he was appointed Prosecutor of Pleas for Camden County. On the election of Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN as Senator, in 1867, Mr. ROBESON was appointed by Governor WARD Attorney-General, which position he resigned for his new duties. He is about forty-five years of age, and justly holds high rank in his profession. Mr. ROBESON is a strong and decided Republican. It is somewhat curious that the only position ever held in the Cabinet by a citizen of New Jersey has been that of Secretary of the Navy.

HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

CAPTURE OF COLONEL BYRON'S CUBAN EXPEDITION.

SECRETARY FISH evidently intends to execute our neutrality laws. Learning from the United States Marshal and the United States District-Attorney that a filibustering expedition was on the point of starting from this port, carrying men, arms, and other war supplies for the aid of the Cubans, he ordered the revenue cutters *Mahoning* and *M'Culloch*, on the 29th of June, to proceed up Long Island Sound in pursuit of the Cuban expedition which was reported to have left this city for Gardiner's Island, on the Long Island coast, and within a short distance of the ocean. The information upon which the Secretary acted was furnished by a recruit who had deserted. He said that three tug-boats lay off the island named the *H. D. Coole, Jonathan Chase*, and *Wm. H. Webb*, which carried troops who were about to sail for the invasion of Cuba, and that they were waiting for the appearance of the steamer *Catharine Whiting*, which was to take them to sea. Shortly after six o'clock in the evening the revenue cutters came in sight of the tug-boats *Coole* and *Webb*, which were quickly recognized as the objects of the search. They were about five miles from Fort Schuyler, and were coming down the Sound, but stopped when two shots from the cutters made known to those on board that it was dangerous to attempt to escape. Both tugs were boarded, and were found to contain upward of one hundred men, the majority being on the *Coole*, which was the largest boat. The *M'Culloch* took charge of the *Coole*, and the *Mahoning* of the *Webb*. After signaling with rockets, the revenue officers decided to anchor off Fort Schuyler for the night, with the captured vessels under their stern and in range of their guns, which were ready for use in case the prizes should endeavor to run away.

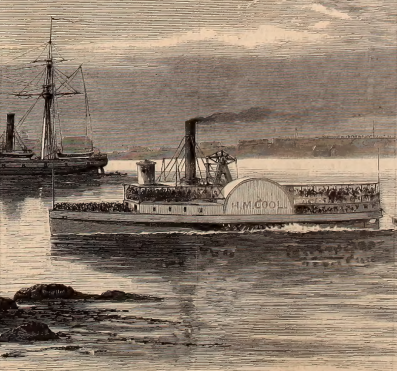
No resistance was offered by the filibusters, who were in an almost famished condition. The captured boats were conveyed to the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the morning of the 30th, and the prisoners were then transferred to the United States Receiving Ship *Vermont*.

The men who were caught formed a portion of Colonel JOHN WHITEHEAD BYRON'S command, that officer being one of the prisoners. He was on board the *Coole* at the time of her arrival at the Navy-yard, but subsequently made his escape in a most daring manner. He made two attempts, the last of which was successful. On the first he managed to get off the tug-boat without detection, after which he passed through the Navy-yard to the outer gate on York Street, when he was brought to a halt by a sentinel. He was then identified and taken back among his comrades. About ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th he disappeared a second time, and was not recaptured. It was supposed that he left in disguise. Among those who were found on board the *Coole* were Señor ALFARO, the Secretary of War of the Cuban Junta, and Dr. BASORA, also belonging to the Junta.

Since the 30th the remainder of the expedition has been captured.

THE "WELCOME STRANGER."

THE other day the telegraphic wires flashed throughout Australia the startling announcement that a nugget had been unearthed, the largest ever seen, that it was heavy lifting for two men to put it on a dray, that it weighed about two thousand ounces, and was worth ten thousand pounds sterling. However startling it may appear, the announcement was perfectly true. The monster nugget was found at a place called Mohagal, about eight miles from Dunolly. A local paper, the Dunolly *Express*, gives the following particulars of the event: "The Dunolly district, after having turned out a multitude of nuggets that pats every other gold-field in the colony in the shade, has at length, in the words of the Melbourne journals, 'beat the world' in producing the largest mass of gold on record. The 'Welcome Stranger' was found by two men, named JOHN DEASON and RICHARD OATES, on Friday, 5th February, 1869, near the Black Reef, Bull-dog Gully, Mohagal, a short distance from Wayman's Reef, and only about a mile from the celebrated Gipsy Diggings. DEASON and his mate have been working in the ground for several years past, and, as is well known, had got, in digging parlance, so 'hard-up' as to have been refused credit for a log of flour a week or so ago, and we believe the very day before the discovery were reminded by a tradesman that they were indebted to him a few shillings. Still they persevered, until on the day named DEASON, in working round the roots of a tree, at about two inches below the surface, struck something hard with a pick, and exclaimed, 'D—n it, I wish it was a nugget, and had broken the pick!' On stooping down to examine the obstacle he found that the object of his dearest wishes was lying at his feet, and it seemed as if the monster was so large as to be immovable. It was, however, at length released from its virgin soil and carefully removed. The question then arose as to what was to be done with it, and the first intention was to convey it to Melbourne. When the men got to Dunolly with their prize they were advised to take it to the bank, and forthwith carried it to the London Chartered. The news of the discovery soon spread, and the bank was crowded with eager spectators, among whom were a number of Chinamen; and a constable was sent for to guard the prize. The weight in the gross was then found to be 210 pounds troy, and preparations were at once made to break the mass to pieces and smelt it. The appearance of the 'Welcome Stranger' in its pristine state was something wonderful, and it seemed impossible to realize the fact that so great a mass of gold could be collected in one lump. But so it was. Many efforts were made to lift it, and many exclamations of surprise expressed at its immense weight and compactness. A sledge-hammer and cold chisels were brought into requisition, and several of the latter broken in the attempt to reduce into fragments the 'Welcome Stranger.' It was found to be as solid as it looked, and as chip after chip and piece after piece was disserved from it, its appearance was as clean as a well-cut Cheshire



CAPTURE OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY W. M. CARY.]

THE "WELCOME STRANGER"—THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVE AND HER APPLE.

IT was daybreak at Auriol, and country-bred Azalea awoke as naturally with the dawn as did the quick-eyed swallows who lived in the eaves above her window. She lay still a while, watching the wan sun-streaks lengthen over the brown furrowed upland, and listening to the clump of the farm horses' feet as they trotted down toward the misty water brink to drink. It was that pale mysterious hour when the hush of night passing away from the earth's face place to grey dawn which is as obscure and indistinct in its nature as a dying man's wanderings are the babble of his tongue ere death and joy: feeble noises before the brightness of God. The night clouds had rolled away, but they had not yet brushed out the dull stars of the sky; the dark form of night moving stilly down the meadow; the mist that clammed the outline of sky and earth together—all was chill uncertainty of aspect.

A few hours later and the avenue was alive with the cheerful clamour of birds; the wild-fowl dashed its breast down a sunlit stream; the waterfalls sparkled their mad delight over glistening pebbles; the warm wind dried the wetfaced roses; the cat crept out to make her toilet of clean paws and smoothed ears; and Azalea stood at her window, the freshest and fairest object the morning sun shone on.

"Oh, what a lovely morning it is!" she said, as she stood there drinking in breaths of sweet sunshiny air.

When she was dressed she walked softly down the stairs so as not to disturb Moore, and consulted the worn face of the old clock that stood in the hall. It was too early to busy herself in the sitting-room yet; to go through her little duties of dusting and arranging the massive furniture and preparing breakfast. Her father slept overhead, and the light, doubtful slumbers of age are easily disturbed; so Azalea took the large garden basket off its peg and decided to go out and gather some flowers with which to make the dusty old chambers bright when she returned.

She sang to herself as she walked down the path under the cross lights and shadows of the avenue. She was seventeen, her heart unruffled by trouble, her eyes bright with unconcern. She was as free and unfettered of spirit as the wild birds that carolled noisily above her head, and like them she involuntarily sang out her appreciation of the fresh beauty of the morning.

It was a pity that human sadness should ever shame such a day of light. It was a pity that this girl, as happy and sinless as the dumb companions of her solitude, could not die as she was living now, with the sunshine blessing her head, and with a soul so pure that she might have gone straight to her mother's breast in paradise without treading the bolder questioning of those celestial eyes.

After a while Azalea paused to contemplate the contents of her basket; there were lilies-of-the-valley shaking down small dew-drops among the cool green leaves that sheathed their fragrant, white bells; there was red descriptions, from the luxurious damask to the delicate rose de mot, were heaped promiscuously together, piercing each other's tender petals with their thorns; bunches of wistaria, sweetest and most graceful of all the pensile blossoms, hung languidly over the basket's wicker edge; the fleur-de-lis dropped its stately head across the heavy breadth of the peony; and the homely-looking buds of calicanthus shed the influence of their rare perfume over all.

"Oh!" said Azalea, plunging her little face into the dewy masses of blossom with an expression of ecstatic enjoyment, "I love them."

Then she looked wistfully at the hedgerow which divided the shrubberies from that lane which led to the little village of Auriol.

"If I get over there I can gather some ferns."

Getting over there involved climbing to the summit of a steep bank, forcing herself through a barricade of thick, dense nut-boughs, and then clinging to the rough wet sides of an oak-tree while she slipped down into the ditch on the opposite side.

She hesitated a moment, fearing the contingencies of scratched hands and torn clothes. She scrambled up a few steps and peeped over the hedgerow. Then

That ditch contained beauties scarcely inferior to the gay-hued, rich-scented garden plants which it bounded, and Azalea's fingers flashed at the thick masses of fern, waving crossways at the foot of the bank with a wild grace all their own.

"I *must* have some," she thought, "to drop over the sides of the vases."

She fixed her basket between two boughs of the oak, and then clasping one hand round another branch, commenced her descent. She felt her way with her feet until she found a secure root on which to support them, and then she paused.

"If I jump I shall jar my legs, if I slip down I shall scratch them; I don't much mind that, but the dress is sure to get caught by a bramble or other, and then daddy will say, 'There you go again, Azalea, always in rags;' and I so detest mending them. If my wings were here to give me a hand I could jump easily."

She looked up and down the misty lane, but saw nothing but a jackdaw looking very wise as it dissected its early breakfast.

"If there were but an old woman or a boy."

There was the hum of the distant sound in the wind, a stone-picker, some fields distant, and the red neckerchief of a bird-boy, making a bright spot in a far hedgerow. Azalea was ashamed to not make them hear, nor if they had heard would they have heeded her. She was in that position in which poor children are sometimes left to help itself, afraid to go on, loth to draw back, and so pain to stay where she was.

"I'll call it," she said, suddenly; and she was in the act of withdrawing her arm from the friendly branch when a strange sound struck upon her ears.

Something quite different from trill of bird or hum of insect was that quick clang of notes that rose up between the wet hedgerows at the foot of that quiet lane. There was something plaintive in it too—something harsh, like human pain. There was none of the full consonance of the blackbird's note in it.

"What can it be?" wondered Azalea, postponing her jump into the fern bed; "I never heard it before."

If the little girl had gathered up herself, legs, basket, and all, and ran back in the woods, where she could hear it no more, it might have been better for her.

She had not long to wait before a solution of the mysterious sounds came in sight, and the solution was even more wonderful than the mystery. Gleaming through the green fringe of the hedgerows, passing in a quick stream of light by many clusters of woodbine, and the flower of hedgenets and a tons of red and white plumes.

From some unexplainable impulse Azalea made a desperate effort to spring down into the bank, but she was too late; it would have required three or four scrambles to reach her old height; and not liking to attempt the latter, struggle she remained motionless while the procession streamed nearer, and the whole length of path resounded with the clang of steel feet.

The green shadows, the dewy lights, all were broken up and patched by vivid red-coats, the scarlet rustling of flags, the white flash of the champ of their bits, the hurried jingle of spurs, the sharp bright lines of steel that hung from the men's left sides, the plumes as large as beaverlike yet festal symbols of death over the bearded faces that showed beneath the sharp-pointed helms—all passed in a brilliant line, yet awful picture before Azalea's amazed eyes.

The whole of this gorgeous, grass-grown shadowed road was stirred by the warlike commotion. The sheep in the opposite field bubbled away in patters, the wood pigeons overlooked at the intruders with calm dewy-eyed wonder; the daisies under foot, which had lived unmolested under the slow tread of lazy carthorses, were crushed to the ground by the merciless precision of those serried lines of tramping hoofs; the jackdaw disappeared in a hole in a tree looked wise on the safe side of the hedge. All the little harmless flutters of life that were wont to make innocent music in this quiet lane were overpowered by the gay clangor of the martial cavalcade that swept like a flame of fire through the densely-shadowed lane.

As the tramp and the jingle drew nearer Azalea involuntarily tightened her hold on the branch overhead, and in so doing dislodged the basket of flowers, already top-heavy with its fragrant burden. Over it turned, and roses and lilies, fleur-de-lis and wistaria, showered down on to Azalea's head, shoulders, and feet. One plump rose descended on her shoes, and then fell to pieces—one bunch of the fragile wistaria lingered lovingly near her ear. The fleur-de-lis shook yellow powder on to her hands, and then slipped down to the ditch; indeed, the ferns below were oppressed by a perfect avalanche of blossoms.

Azalea scarcely heeded the catastrophe; her wide eyes were filled with wonder at the advancing spectacle; yet when the troop of horsemen came near her she shrank as far as she could behind the shadow of the oak, and fervently wished that she could escape up its branches as quickly as that deft squirrel that was curling up in its tail at a cautious altitude of some dozen boughs nearer the sky.

The reader will understand that a cavalry regiment was moving through Essex *en route* to another county, and that a troop which had been billeted at an adjacent village during the night were now on the march again, passing by the Auriol estate as the shortest cut to the highroad. A bustle on ever-quiet Sheparting—a friendly smoke overnight with the inn-keeper—a champing of many horses' mouths in the stables as a swing into the saddle when the early rime still clung to the wall-flower and cottage latch—a kiss to the inn-keeper's daughter watching them carefully over the wash-tub. Every-day events so practical it does not admit of wasting time in sentiment; at least the injurious self-torture engendered by heart-ache is spared to the bevies of wood and drawers of water. There is no space for it when mouths have to be filled and brains clothed by dint of sheer exertion.

The reader will understand all this; but he must not be too contemptuous of the thing to even of a girl like Azalea this was far from being any thing so commonplace as a troop of horse moving from one station to another. To her it was a magnificent poem, and those red coats and dancing plumes were the emblems of valor and death. She had seen those living soldiers before, but she had read of their deeds and learned to reverence the names of those our country's records have inscribed with honor. There must have been inherited chivalry in her blood, or it would not have flushed her cheek so brightly as she followed the troop with her eyes, and made her thought that she too would like to dia amidst the red light of battle and the sonorous roll of drums. She had never seen a wild-born man despise her; you or I might feel that death would be as unpleasant to meet in the uproar of battle as in the decent quietude of a wind-blown room; but youth may be permitted to have its delusions —to fancy that bright colors and joyous music never elected a coward, and that dying men are disinthrall it from mortal terrors. Such delusions are the blossoms of life. They will fall soon enough to the earth and shake the tree.

Azalea's unpracticed eyes (confused as they were by the novelty of the scene) did not detect that one of the troopers was more richly dressed than the others; that it was real gold-lace that gleamed on his coat; and that the delicacy of a female breeding was visible in the silver skin and her mustache than was owned by the rest of his companions.

This was the officer in command, Captain Thurstan Mowbray; and this gentleman had never ceased looking from the time of his passing the village hostelry until he came opposite the Auriol woods. Then the languor in his face gave way to excitement, and his eyes never over the variously-tinted waves of foliage, and noted the old red gables of the house visible through the breaks in the trees, and sometimes he could see the shimmer of a sunlit casement, or followed with his gaze the herds of deer passing in line over the most open parts of the pasture.

"A beautiful old place!" he murmured. "To think that there should be no smoke from those chimneys. I suppose they have been stuffed with martins' nests for these last dozen years. Oh, if one had but money!"

The lower part of the sky, the little girl in her niche following them with adoring eyes. If she could only have heard what the commander of that grand cavalcade was sighing out between his mustache, her exalted estimate of one of the brilliant throng would have been slightly lowered.

"Oh, if one had but money!" No reference to splendid deeds of heroism—to old banners torn in honor—to the haughty and gloriously yielded 'midst rolls of smoke and clang of arms —came from that perplexed-looking young officer, whose whole existence may was his tailor, and who had never led a forlorn hope against any fortress more impregnable than a certain office in Craig's Court.

The color, the noise, the bronzed faces had passed Azalea's dazzled eyes, and were growing dimmer and indistinct far down the lane, when Captain Mowbray took it into his head to turn round in his saddle and give a last look at his father's deserted home. In scanning the broken palings overran with ivy, and wondering how much money it would take to uplift and straighten their time-warped sides, his eyes fell on the oak, and then on the living creature clinging to its side. Even at this distance he saw the gleam of fair hair; and if there was one thing in woman more attractive than another to Captain Mowbray, it was fairness.

His bold dark eyes flashed, and his handsome face woke into new life in an instant. A quick glance at the immovable forms of his companions showed him that he was alone in his discovery. The men had taken a cursory glance at the pretty wild flowers that bloomed down the bank, but it was reserved for their officer to detect the rare specimens that were still clinging to Azalea's feet and shoulders.

"I believe—I am almost sure—she is pretty. I'll go and have a look at her."

What else could you expect from a young gentleman who had been wearying away so many uninteresting hours on country roads and among ugly rustic faces since he left his last gay quarters? He hailed this apparition as an especial kindly interposition of Fortune on his behalf. He was as pleased as the boy greeted from the tedium of a walk to school by the sudden rapture of starring and pursuing a wild rabbit.

Captain Mowbray waited until his troop had passed from under the last elm that shaded the land, and then, turning his horse, he galloped back in the direction of the oak.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT IS THE HARM?

MEN and horses were gone; but the stir of their presence lingered a while in the vacant path. The birds had not recovered their confidence in the lower twigs of their homes; and Azalea's ears were still full of the music of their movement. The last plume had nodded away into the clear sunshine of the high-road ere the girl berthought herself of regaining her flowery and retrieving her fern. She had buried her pretty round arms, the better to preserve her sleeves, and was about to drop down into the soft herbage below, when the sound of horses' hoofs made her pause and tremble.

Was the beautiful dream coming back again? Was she once more to gaze on that scintillating line of gorgeous gold and crimson? She looked down the lane, and, to her surprise, saw not all, only one of the number, coming toward her, making, even by himself, a blaze of color in those cool green shadows. In an instant he was opposite to her. The steed was checked and turned unceremoniously loose. The latter made no attempt at flight, but quietly dropped his head—possibly considered that the luscious depths of dewy grass, while the rider stood motionless, surprised into momentary stillness by the charm of the picture before him.

"A dryad, by Jove!" the Captain remarked, afterward, with hazy reminiscences of his schoolboy studies in Latinity. "Those wild-wood creatures that live always up a tree."

Azalea stood with scared eyes and beating heart, surveying the intruder. She had become aware of something more than a red coat and gleaming helmet. She felt, rather than saw, the big brown eyes that looked down at her face with somewhat of entreaty in their bold fire. In one brief second she divined the fact that she could never forget it—that even in the gray twilight that foreruns death, that face and that tone would be present to her memory.

Captain Mowbray was, as we have said, awed into inaction for an instant by the girl's exceeding grace of form and outline. Then his time being short, and the sounds of his troopers' horses already sounding fainter down the distant highway, he caught hold of a projecting branch, and swinging himself up to Azalea's side, suddenly clasped her close to his breast, swept his brown mustache down in delicate kisses, kissed her mouth twice, and then dropped down as quickly on to the sward below, jumped into his saddle, with the reins in a debonair hand and one foot in the rising his face, and a gay laugh on his red lips.

She had had no time for outcry or remonstrance. She had struck her little hand with all her force against the audacious face that dared to press so near her own. There was no time for one word, or any other sign of her mingled dignity. She struck out her hands from a purely animal instinct of self-defense; but her captor had left her the blow—nay, the pleasant reminder of the kiss which had preceded it. It was as if a poor wood-pigeon was fluttering and pecking at its soft bill against Captain Mowbray's hand.

"I will come again," he called out, as he swept past her. "I'll have another kiss of you, darling, before long."

Still laughing and waving his hands, he was lifted out of sight.

Poor Azalea did not gather up her fallen flowers; they withered away in the dank ditch below; they altered as the fair morning on which they were plucked. She sat down among the dewy boughs, and cried bitterly. A brand of shame seemed to be scorching her lips.

"I can never, never tell daddy or Mr. Doug-las," she thought. Then she rose, stood erect, and looked reproachfully at her cotton dress.

"If I were only better dressed, and sat in a drawing-room like Miss Rose Grey, this would never have happened. I will never look at a soldier again. How dared he to treat me so? I will never forgive him as long as I live. It would have served him rightly if I had killed him."

Her eyes flashed through her tears, and her feet looked capable of a race for the place of vengeance. In her heart she classed the stranger with some of the worst villains among her acquaintances in Craig's Court. She decided that his offense was unpardonable, and with her face dark and stern she retraced her steps toward the house.

A thousand schemes for abasing her enemy flitted through her busy brain as she moved hastily through the paths, the fire in her thoughts lending unconscious impetus to her movements. If he came again, she would pass him with haughty unconcern; but then he might ignore

the hanghtiness, and repeat the offense. She would meet him in that blue merino dress her daddy had lately purchased for her, and greet him with a cold bow, and a scornful, averted face; or she would go out with an old-fashioned dagger (she rejected the idea of the garden-knife, which was practically sharper, as being too prosaic an implement of vengeance), and strike him to the heart through all that bulwark of red and gold.

A woman of the world would have made allowances for Captain Mowbray—have taken into consideration his temptation, the dearth of pretty faces between Norwich and Axriel, and, above all, his unavoidable haste, which precluded his waiting to express apology or regret; but Azalea only felt that an enemy had struck a blow at the manly tenderness in which her thoughts had hitherto rested in as sacred security as flowers in a Madonna's shrine. She had been sovereign of undivided empire in Dream-land. The surprising ambition of youth made her ever assume the highest place among those lovely personages she thronged round her in imagination. Practically, too, she was a little queen—the adored of old Moore's failing eyes—the worshipped of his head —the empress of hundreds of living things who fluttered to her at the beck of her finger, and the coo of her soft voice! She had the not unusual to rebel at finding out this morning that she was but an ordinary little mortal who had been picked up and kissed by a strange soldier, and had not got away from that morning hour all day. All the noon was mourning to her. There was ever the gray film of dawn in the air, and the brown eyes pursuing her wherever she turned. They were her secret shame and disgrace. Her cheek flushed and her eyes lowered at the remembrance. Yet when she fell asleep that night she repeated softly to herself, "I shall come again;" and in her voice was a thrill of something which was not all anger.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN SWORD VISITS CAPTAIN PEN.

LATE that evening Robert Douglas's solitude was broken in on by the unwonted appearance of a visitor at his cottage door. Visitors, to be judging by his externals, was by no means the description of guest to be expected in such a homely dwelling. From his glossy, closely-curled head to his well-fitting boots, he was a perfect representative of a handsome, high-look-ing Englishman. He was fashionably dressed, but with a fashion that was refined by taste, and there was not a violent or inharmonious color in his whole attire. He moved his cigar from his lips as he stood in the doorway; and called out, in a cheery voice:

"Hollo! old fellow, is that you? What a jolly night is it!"

The voice was familiar, and Douglas found himself confronted by the bright eyes and genial smile of Thurstan Mowbray.

"I have no march," Thurstan explained; "I came past Axriel this morning; but I couldn't come and see you then, as there was no one else with the mare. At the county town I met a relation by a brother officer. As soon as I could, I got into mufti, and leaving him in command, I came to the railway station. I found that I had hours down here so as to spend a couple of hours with you. I was so sold to find you were out. Can you give me something to eat?"

Douglas looked perplexed.

"I do not know how much bread there may be left," he said, smiling. "I have not excellent barrel of Maçon wine sent to me by a friend in the South of France; but as to eating—Stay, I will make you some convent eggs."

"What are they?" Thurstan asked, doubtfully.

"They are better than nothing. You have often said you would make any sacrifice for me, Mowbray, and you have kept your word—you have sacrificed your dinner. What greater proof of devotion can an Englishman give?"

"I didn't sacrifice much," Captain Mowbray admitted, candidly. "The dinner at the town inn are marvels of toughness. I am so glad to see you again, old fellow. You are looking better than you used to do."

"I can not return the compliment," Douglas said, looking up from his culinary occupation. "You are looking more than three years older than when I last saw you."

"I have had many more bottles of wine have incurred four times the number of debts, and have fallen in and out of love so often—of course I am old on a man."

"Which is the worst phase of suffering, the debts or the love affairs?" Douglas asked, smiling.

"Oh, the debts! Women forget, but creditors never do. Women are forgotten; but how can you shake from your mind the sight or necessity of obtaining more things on credit? really think I shall have to change into the Line." And Captain Mowbray looked as Mr. Curtius may have looked as he surveyed the unfathomable horror of the Forum gulf.

"Dinner is served," Douglas announced, gravely, as he placed a steaming savory mess of eggs and herbs on the deal table.

Thurstan was not among Captain Mowbray's faults. He ate heartily of the dish, and then looked gratefully at his host.

"You always were a clever fellow, by Jove!" he said, with profound admiration. "And this wine has a wondrously delicate flavor. Where did you get it from?"

"From Maçon."

"Oh! I remember—the place where the women wear those rummy hats. I have been abroad since I saw you, Douglas. I followed your advice, and went first to Paris."

"And did Paris have a consolatory effect?"

"Well, I certainly felt much better after I had been there a fortnight. As Mlle. C—— said, 'Life is too short for regret, and too long for constancy.' Not but what I would have followed that woman (Lady Di I mean) to the Antipodes if she had beckoned to me with her little finger."

"But she did not beckon?"

"No! she went to Italy and joined the Ormes' party. I believe her intention was to become Lady Orme; but Orme is so obtuse he didn't see it. I don't blame him much, for when he understood her drift unless she had asked him point-blank to marry, and then he'd have said, 'I'll think about it.' There is no victim so difficult to capture as the one who vacillates. She would have missed the mark there from the unsteadiness of the object aimed at."

"And where is she now?"

"Back in England. I have only seen her once since her return."

"And then?"

"She then looked at me with such a sweet, unconscious expression, that she will be deluged me into the belief that there had never been any thing between us. Her mother (a regular Mrs. Proteaux was in attendance; and although I had fancied I had entirely ceased to care for her, I was sufficiently piqued by her coolness to plunge into an ostentatious flirtation with Amelia Orme."

"And what said Lady Diana?"

"She merely smiled to herself. I think she guessed my motives," Thurstan said, gloomily.

"She did indeed. You must have been in a sad plight only to exasperate you," quoted Douglas.

"Yes; I suppose she did it to get a rise out of me," Captain Mowbray, in his ignorance, of the quotation. "But this was nearly two years ago. I should know better how to act indifference now. I have mixed much more with all classes of women, and have learned some of their tricks."

"Your experience does not seem to have increased your respect for the sex," Douglas remarked, dryly.

"Why should it?" the young man said, indifferently. "Virtue is as obsolete as peg-top trousers; innocence is only for fashion, and for years I have no wish to see it revived. It makes life much easier for us, matters being as they are."

"Life might be easier, especially in hot weather, if we all followed the primitive customs of our forefathers, and went about the house in a state of nature, sacrifice to decency than a suit of blue wood," Douglas answered, impatiently. "I wish you wouldn't talk in that way about women, Captain Mowbray: I assure you it is not at all in good taste. Men should never speak ill of their countrywomen disparage the virtues of their race; both are much as we make them."

"Why, you used to be more severe against the sex than any one," the young man said, surprised. "One would think you were in love."

It has been said that Captain Mowbray was shrewd.

"Hush!" Douglas cried, sharply. "Do not talk of love and me together. What has an age embittered by the memories of the past, a ruined face, and an uncouth form, to do with the morning-bloom of youth? I am too tried—too worn with pain and struggle to be capable of the cruel strength of the passion of love. Its heavenly exultation, its hellish despair, would destroy me. My life has of late years been a long agony; but it, at least, has been calm. If I felt my heart's repose troubled, it would be well for me to die."

He spoke with what appeared to be undue energy; his large eyes flashed light from their enormous recesses, and his lips quivered like those of one who is hurt and dreads to show his pain. Captain Mowbray looked at him with as much wonder as a well-bred man permits himself to feel.

"I do not see why you need talk of wrinkles and uncouthness," he said, presently. "You looked like a head of Jupiter Tonans just now when you were excited. There are no end of women who would give you a thousand times better than me."

Douglas shook his head impatiently.

"What has become of Clairveaux?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.

"Oh! Clairveaux is getting on well, and a considerable portion of his fortune, and all his volition in the care of a wife. Lady Clairveaux is not strictly pretty, but she is clever. She has a French woman's art of making the best of herself and her opportunities. Clairveaux believes her to be a Susanna, while she boasts herself a Bathsheba."

"And De Smith?"

"De Smith is Lady Clairveaux's favored admirer and Clairveaux's most intimate friend. But what a memory you have, Douglas! Fancy your recollecting all that of De Smith!"

"It is one of my misfortunes," Douglas said, "that I can never forget any thing. Memories are sometimes a fitness they hold down our pain round us with cruel tenacity long after the wounds have been dealt. How much happier some of us would be if we might take the kindly draughts from the Lethean river!"

"I don't know where that river may be. I'd go and liquor up there with a shot if I thought it would help me to forget the total of my tailor's bill," Captain Mowbray said, simply. "Oh, Douglas! you can't think how it *bores* one to be poor."

"You mean how it bores one to seem *not* to be poor: you young fellows expend so much more on precision than you do on pleasure. If you did not lavish your money in doing what is called the 'right thing' you would have more to spend in real luxury."

"What is your idea of real luxury?"

"You do not think I am likely to be a good judge of what the word means," Douglas said, observing his friend's eyes glancing round the barely-furnished room; "but be sure that no lover of fruit has ever appreciated its beauty as Tantalus did. Twenty years ago I reveled in what I called luxury. I sought for and found the most lovely aspects of Nature. I witnessed, and in some cases possessed, some of man's most perfect handicraft. I had rare paintings on my walls—Magdalens, by Guido, with mellow faces that looked as if they were dropping to sleep in that sunset, amber light; I owned rare gems in warm tresses. I had Cupids, by Rubens, tumbling their fair limbs in deep gorgeous-colored piles of fruit. I delighted in those dear little sensitive, sensual faces by Greuze; and I mortgaged a portion of my future heritage for the sake of a dancing girl by Murillo. I specify these to show you that I revel in color, and that my eyes do not for choice rest on these bare white walls. Every room was adorned by the richest and brilliant, excepting when a butterfly takes it into its wise head to perch there for an instant, furling and unfurling its velvety wings in the warmth of a stray sunbeam. I won't bore you by dilating on the appropriateness of form; but the refined artist who moulds beauty in marble, carving from the uncouth mass dimpling feet and seats to rest upon through the air as they run down—who creates mutable beauty with an immutable substance—who carves tremulous smiles round new-born lips, and produces from the lustreless stone limbs which stir the heart to a quicker pulse with their voluptuous representation of perfect human loveliness—he (were he as divine as even Phidias) could not estimate grace of outline more highly than myself. When I was a lad of eighteen, years ago, I used to spend hours in my father's library—a room full of grave shadows, and formal, sombre-colored furniture. In a niche by the window stood the one grace in the room—an exquisite copy in marble of the Florentine Venus Anadyomene. I can not describe to you the subtle emotion which the contemplation of this crouching lovely creature awoke in me. Her virginal face haunted me in my solitude. I imagined the shell on which she stood floating in tideless seas. I pictured her, with her perfect limbs, rosied by the moving veil of cool waters, her filleted head gleaming like a sparkling star in the blue depths. I would fain have fallen down and kissed the little round feet into the cool stone they wanted—that of living, bleating lovelinoss. I carpeted with reverent hopes the pure modestly crossed ones in front. Her curved wrist, her dimpled, undulating shoulders, her pear-shaped bosom, hair concealed by its shining tresses, inspired me even then with an appreciation, which was almost rapturous in its intensity, of beauty in its highest form. Judge then, Mowbray, whether my eyes are satisfied by the sight of hideous, crook-backed old women who stumble through these lanes on Sunday on their way to seek some afternoon, continual toil, whose faces are rough as those of men, and whose hair is as coarse as that of horses."

Captain Mowbray thought of the girl he had left trembling amidst the ferns on the previous morning, and he hastily decided that his friend was unfortunate in his rural experiences.

"According to your own definition your present mode of living is joyless and utterly unattractive to your senses. How is it that you seem content?" he asked, stifling a yawn with an inhalation of cigar-smoke.

"Pain is sharper than pleasure is sweet," the elder man said, pithily. "I am content to resign the material satisfactions of wealth that I may escape an attendant bitterness which would more than neutralize their enjoyment. I have at least known some great luxury during these latter years of poverty and solitude, which I lacked in the old days when I was in and of the world."

"And that is—?"

"The companionship of a pure and sinless life."

"A woman," Captain Mowbray muttered to himself. "I thought as much. Aloud he said, "Who keeps the old house at Axriel?"

Douglas did not answer for a moment; then he said, slowly, reluctantly, "An old man called Moore, who was, I believe, placed there by your father."

"Oh! is there no one else?"

"Yes, an equally old woman—a cottager, who, as the Essex people say, 'does for him.'"

Captain Mowbray looked disappointed. "I wonder if there is any game hereabouts," he said; "because I might run down for a few days in the autumn, and get a couple of brace of rabbits for knowing so little about the old place I haven't visited it since I was a boy."

"There is a good deal of game on the place," Douglas replied, hastily.

"Well, good-night, dear old fellow!" Thurstan said, suddenly buttoning up his great coat. "I have no end of things to talk to you about; but I haven't time now, as I must get back to the station to see you again later in the year, for Lord Airdale, the Master of the Hounds, is very good friends with me, and always asks me down in the hunting season. We will go over Axriel together some day then. I dare say you already know more about the books and pictures than I do. Good-by."

"I will walk with you to the railway," Douglas said; and the two went together to S——.

As they shook hands at the station Douglas gave his friend a parting counsel.

"This is an awfully bad country for hunting. It is thickly inclosed with new-made fences: the banks are sharp as knives, and not nearly so firm; what grass there is to cut up by marshes. I can not imagine any one who is accustomed to a flying country coming for this creep and crawl —this pitch and toss style of thing."

"What a fellow that is!" Thurstan said to himself, as the train moved out of the station.

"Here I have known him all these years, and never found out before that he had an inkling of what the red hunting meant. I suspect he is an old history. I wonder if he will ever enlighten me as to who he is or was. Not that it matters. His saving my life is quite antecedent enough for me. The country is all he says. I should bolt my fences—Brag and Bramble to Airdale's. They are quite clever enough. What a pretty girl that was! I feel quite sorry to think that by to-morrow night I shall have left her sixty miles behind me. I dare say Amelia Orme will be very glad to see me. And, after all, women are very much alike, only that girl in the hedgerow didn't wear a lump of false hair, and the color didn't come off her cheek when I kissed her; on the contrary, it grew redder. In these respects she is decidedly dissimilar to other women."

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

At last, the long day's haying done,
I turned to leave the fragrant meadow,
Where, on the grass, the setting sun
Before me cast my lengthened shadow.

I struck a narrow path that ran
By Lovell's farm, a cross-by-two
Which somewhere thereabout began,
And ended on the dusty highway.

It reached their barn-yard first of all,
Then wandered through a wooded hollow,
And darted down an orchard wall,
As if inviting you to follow;

It climbed a hill where all the day
The crows rehearsed a mimic Babel;
It crossed a brook which flowed that way,
Then slid beneath one farm's brown gable.

A shorter cut it was that led
To our own homestead from the meadow,
And so I followed it instead,
And on before me went my shadow.

Then nearing Lovell's farm I heard
The well-known cattle-clarity jowing,
While, bubbling, in the bright pails stirred
The milk from well-filled udders flowing.

I glanced beyond the barn-yard wall,
And there sat Katy milking "Speckle,"
With her fair cheek one among the kine
Her fine coat flecked with many a freckle.

Then up got Katy—so by that
I knew her milking done—and straightway,
While my own step quick quickened pace,
Came toward me through the corn stalks gray.

The sun dropped down from out the sky,
And left the west with rich gold laden;
An awkward country lad was I,
And Katy but a simple maiden.

Her eyes met mine, as if by chance,
Then, observing what I was about shyly,
'Neath drooping lids, withdrew their glance,
Then back again to mine stole slyly.

With that last look my courage fled,
And said—it may have been I swore it—
She was the sweetest girl I knew,
And told her how I loved her for it.

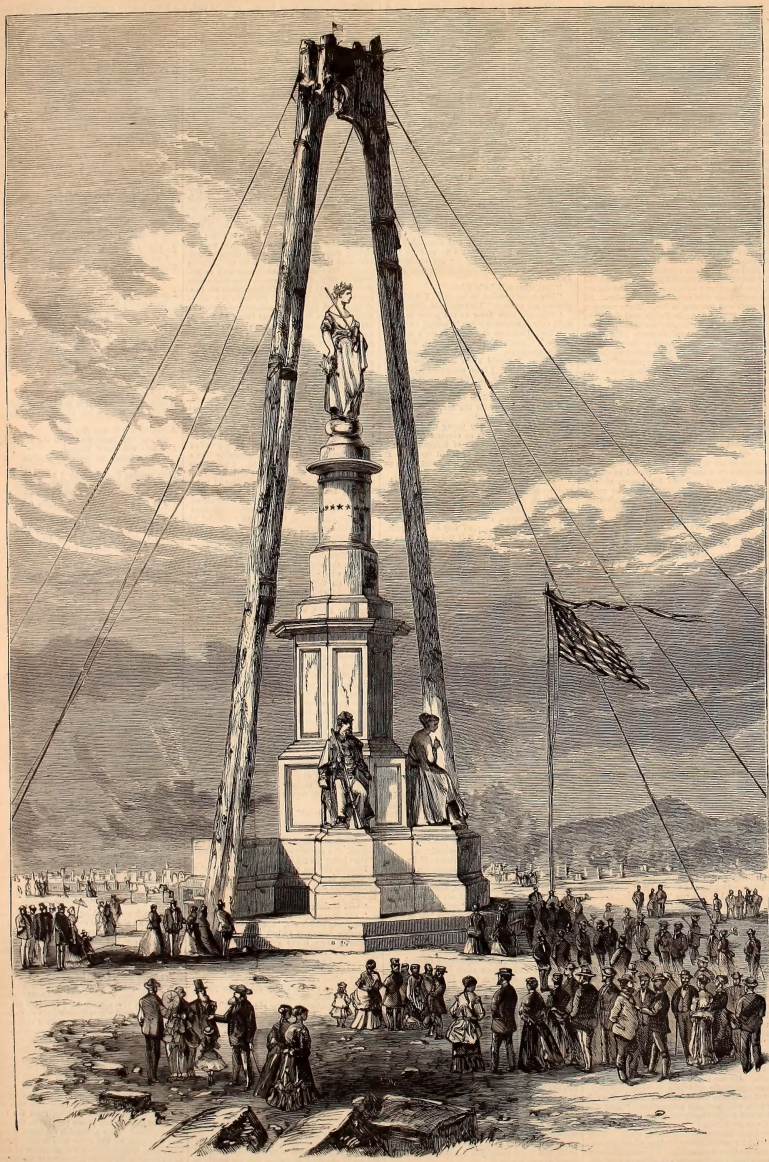
Perhaps she gave me no reply,
Perhaps it was the night's gray curtain,
Slow-falling from the twilight sky,
Which left her answer so uncertain.

Then winding homeward, torn with doubt,
The tree-toads trilled their firm conviction;
The patriarch frogs, with deep bass shout,
Gave hoarse assent and kind benediction.

The katydids pronounced both ways;
But ere the moon was one hour older
I sat beneath its silvery rays
With Katy's head upon my shoulder.

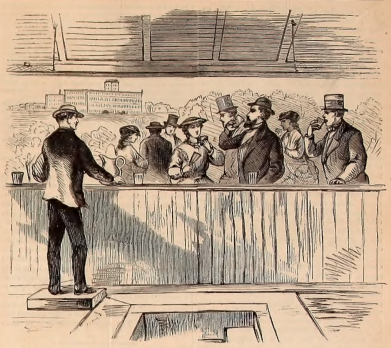
GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.

THERE is no such thing as perfect rest in nature. If no alterations occurred under the ordinary operations of time, it does not require a scientific education to convince any one of common understanding that the hills and dales were once under the sea. On the highest mountain peaks in Syria, between Jerusalem and Damascus, the traveler sees marine shells which belonged to a primitive sea. Even in Europe, on the shifting sands of the Southern States, immense beds and reels of coral show clearly that the sea once covered the regions of dry land where these tokens of geological changes are found. How plain it is that the mighty seas of the earth have once covered gravelly creeps over the land. While gaining in one direction new land is coming into view in another, bringing on its uprising crest the remains of animals and plants peculiar to the watery element! Like a Spanish fandango, while one side goes up the other goes down. Thus every atom entering into the organization of this magnificent globe moves and shares in the never-ending changes which the stability of this and the whole material universe depends.



THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT, DEDICATED JULY 1, 1869.—PHOT. BY TIPTON AND MYERS, GETTYSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 457.]

GETTYSBURG SPRINGS HOTEL.



GETTYSBURG SPRING.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

On the 1st of July the Monument erected by the loyal States to the memory of those who perished on the battle-field of Gettysburg was formally dedicated. It is erected in the cemetery in which the soldiers were buried where they fell. Fifteen thousand people were present at this dedication.

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER made the opening prayer. General MEADE made an appropriate speech, recalling the history of the battle. An address was read by Senator O. P. MORTON. He gave an eloquent review of the progress which Freedom has made during the last decade on both continents. He spoke of that 4th of July, 1865, as the most memorable since that of 1776. It was not only a day of victory in the East. "On another field it witnessed the surrender of another large rebel army to the great chieftain of the war, now our illustrious President. The capture of Vicksburg opened the navigation of the Mississippi River, and severed from the Confederacy all that part of its territory lying west of that river. The loss to the Confederacy was irreparable. It was cut off from its chief source of supplies. The limits of the war were greatly circumscribed. The mass of the rebel population was demoralized, and began to despair. From that day it became manifest that the rebellion could not succeed unless the Southern people exhibited that endurance, patience under adversity, and high devotion that will sacrifice every thing for the cause, which, as it turned out, they did not possess. By our victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg the rebellion lost its prestige in Europe and all hopes of foreign intervention."

"At the foot of this Monument," he continued, "sleep the heroes of the battle. Here lie the father, the husband, the brother, and the only son. In far-off homes, among the hills of New England, on the shores of the lakes, and in the valleys and plains of the West, the widow, the orphan, and the aged parent are weeping for these beloved dead. Many of the tombs are marked "unknown," but they will all be recognized

GATHERING RELICS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

RELIC-SELLERS, GETTYSBURG.

on the morning of the resurrection. The unknown dead left behind them kindred, friends, and breaking hearts. None die so humble but leave some one to mourn. "Perished at Gettysburg, in defence of their country, 979 men, of whose names, homes, or lineage, there is no trace left on earth. Doubtless the Recording Angel had preserved the record, and when the books are opened on the last day their names will be found in letters of living light, on the imperial page of heroes who died that their country might live.

"In the fields before us are the graves of the rebel dead, now sunk to the level of the plain, unmarked, unhonored, and unknown. They were our countrymen, of our blood, language, and history. They displayed a courage worthy of their country and of a better cause, and we may deem it a part of their memory. The news of this fatal field carried agony to thousands of Southern homes, and the wail of despair was heard in the western and orange-groves of the South. Would to God that these men had died for their country, and not its betrayers! Strife for evil is terrible. Oh, who can describe the wickedness of rebellion, or paint the horrors of civil war?"

The monument is sixty feet in height, and consists of a massive pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, upon which stands a colossal figure representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarters globe, she holds in her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left hand she clasps the shoulder sword through whose uncovered power the victory was gained. Resting from the upright of the pedestal are four buttresses supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively War, History, Peace, and Plenty. War is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle, which on the monument is intended to commemorate. History, in a listening attitude, records, with pen and tablet, the achievements of the field and the names of the honored dead. Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic in the costume of the agriculturist accompanied by appropriate emblems. Plenty is represented by a female figure with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying the rich and abundant gift of soldier's returning triumph. The monument was designed by JAMES G. BATTERSON, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the statues are of CARRARA marble, and were executed in Italy.

It is impossible, in connection with this dedication, to forget the 19th of November, 1863, when President LINCOLN, standing upon the battle-field, delivered that short but memorable address, which will forever be associated with the greatest victory of the war. "In a larger sense," he said, "we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

BAYARD TAYLOR, in the opening passage of his poem repeated by him on the occasion of the dedication, happily alludes to this address:

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
Those words of high resolve,
What voice may fitly break
The silence, that followed, left by him!
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,
And, as a fitful flame, repeat
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,
Noble as that, and more surely sweet:
"Let us, the Living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
And never let the blood-stained banner trail,
Lest we, upon the field where they, the brave,
Fell, should be found wanting in the gift of devotion given,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!
Then, under God, the People's future birth
Of Freedom, and the People's gain
Of Law and Order, shall endure and never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth."
From such a text the poem, shall hereafter
To light its fated fire,—
And long as men have music turn
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern!
His voice and his memorial shall be linked:
For, whatever be strain,
We hear but echoes of his own!

"We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated."

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* has recently visited the battle-field of Gettysburg, and writes as follows:

On Seminary ridge the trees and fences are shattered and riddled, showing plainly how fierce was the contest where the fight began. Here we found two bullets, one driven into the other so far that they could not be drawn apart. The supposition is that a Union and a rebel sharp-shooter aimed so accurately for each other that they fired at so near the same time that the bullets met, and one being a little more dead-on than the other, carried the one passing from it in the opposite direction. Both fell, of course, to the ground, and thus prevented the death of both of the marksmen, which must have been the result had the bullets met, by grazed shots either.

When we spoke of this eccentric at the hotel a whole army of relic speculators wished to purchase it. Doubtless the sum which we received for it was trebled when sold to the memento seekers who frequent the town. These speculators do a thriving business in the relic line, and have every thing to sell from a thousand shell to the smallest waste of the top-shop, all in some way connected with the battle.

Guns cut from Culp's Hill or Little Round Top are for sale in many dealing-windows, and if the visitor is a little incredulous and inclined to doubt that the same guns can be found in other places, they will point with him, take any sapling he may select, and make it into a cane in a remarkably short space of time. This business has become one of great importance to Gettysburg, and it is proposed to introduce machinery for the manufacture of toys from the battle-field wood.

The traces which are found of the fight along the front of Hancock's and Sedgwick's line—except in the blasted peach orchard—were not very distinct, owing to the growing fields of grain and the rebuilding of barns torn pull to pieces by the shells. But the graves of the rebel dead are there, designated fields for their repose. In one or two places the bodies were sticking out, but generally their graves were covered with earth. In the cemetery the Union dead is neatly and separately buried.

At Little Round Top the rebel dead are still visible on the rocks, while several large datestones with their letters worn and rolled have been picked from the names and the date of their death, "1863," which they have become there as a breast-work is still entire, and the trees have not yet outgrown their wounds.

Our illustrations on pages 456 and 457 are mainly from sketches by THEODORE R. DAVIS.

One of our pictures represents Bloody Run Spring. The curative properties of this spring were first brought prominently into notice in connection with the battle. The soldiers were encamped about it, and their sick drank of its water and experienced relief. Adjoining the battle-ground is the spring we give illustrating representing the Gettysburg Springs Hotel. This hotel is situated on the battle-field, one and one-half miles west of Gettysburg, near the spot where General REYNOLDS fell. This hotel has been built since the middle of December, 1868, by a joint-stock company of the members of the Gettysburg Spring Company and the most prominent citizens of the town. It is a very handsome structure, well appointed, and furnished with all the modern improvements. The scenery about it is of unsurpassed beauty.

MY NAMESAKE AND I.

My name is Murray Menteith, and I wish it wasn't. At least, I don't exactly wish it wasn't, because it is a pretty name, and a good name, and a common name, and, in common people, who are uncertain, or only too certain, about their grandfathers, are not likely to have any name among them as Murray Menteith. My brother's name is Douglas, and even that circumstance, otherwise gratifying, has proved inconvenient to me in connection with the horrid fatality which has pursued and come up with me on several occasions already, and may have to answer for shocks on more that I see yet; so that, while don't exactly wish that Murray Menteith was not my name, and that it had been Douglas, I am sorry I do wish very sincerely that we were the only Murray and Douglas Menteith in the world, or at any rate in this part of it.

Douglas has not been pursued by the above-dedicated fatality, and I had rather not mention the matter to him; for he is very much attached to me, and he has an odious habit of laughing at any thing which he considers a good joke, and unfeeling indifference to the sensations of others, which may be lacerated by the witticism. Perhaps his turn may come, and then he will weep the sympathy of a brother who has not a hitherto regarded rather in the light of a "mate," just because I have a turn for sentiment and he is not ashamed of it, and because I never devote myself to fatiguing bodily exercises, for cruel purposes, which he calls field-sports.

I am stalwart, well-developed, and decidedly well looking, though not precisely what your patrons of prize-fighting, or women who look upon a beard as the moon of the month of manly beauty, would call a "fine man." I am not tall enough to be awkward, nor short enough to be insignificant; and my personal appearance is indicative of intellectual superiority and a thoughtful habit of mind. My brother Douglas, who is a big fellow, given to cultivate his muscles at the expense of his brains, and who indulges heartily in that greed which has been pithily summarized as "fearing God, and walking a thousand miles in a thousand days," is the direct reverse of Menteith, who is the bodily presentment of my "fatality," may be like him; indeed, I have no doubt he is, for no one ever supposed me to be a coarse sort of person, of practical tastes—as it is the fashion to call those horrid energetic people who put themselves into unnecessary perspiration, and make every one else uncomfortable; but he can not possibly resemble me. But that I regard the expression of my features as rather a handsome unobjectionable sense, I should not like to say that a "cursed spite" caused my namesake and his brother, when they were boys together, to arrive at St. Andrews—an institution, as every one in and out of Scotland knows, unrivaled in the world for the cultivation of golf—before my brother and I quitted the classic halls, to whose shelter I look back with affectionate regret. I regret, I say, that I can not look back at all. I never happened to see the gentlemen—our "doubles," as Douglas called them—at all the balls we gave, and I believe, and laughed in his big, obstreperous sort of way over some execrable pun about "doubles" and "trebles," which he took no notice; to rebuke him would be unbecoming, and I endeavor to amend his taste and control his temper. Douglas has frequently remarked, when the similarity of names turned up again in conversation, that it was very fortunate we were not twins, as mistakes could be made, and many mistakes could be made, or stupid, ill-bred, practical jokes attempted. I made the remark somewhat severely—Douglas has a peculiarly unrefined taste for practical joking—and I never gave the subject another thought.

My pursuits are literary—chiefly poetical, with a dash of the philosophical, and a tendency toward the scientific. I am fond of geology, and I may say devoted to philology, and its cognate science ethnology. I am an enthusiastic admirer of Max Müller, Professor Owen, Professor Müller, Captain Grant, and Arminius Vambéry. I should like to go to Central Asia if it were not for the heat, the fatigue, and the necessary hypocrisy with respect to my religious opinions. Douglas and the camels, I never could endure. Douglas has no tastes, as I understand the term; he is a "very fair farmer," according to the barbarous phrase in use in Dumfriesshire, and has the cruel propensities I have before mentioned. So he and I parted company when I left St. Andrews, and I remained some time in Edinburgh, while he sought the secluded scenes and comparative solitude of Lanarkshire, as a place as fat as the Bog of Allen was absurdly named. I shall ever recall that brief period—even though as the poet says, I understood human nature as well that he made a lover talk to his mistress on his "calm light love") beautifully sings,

"Bleak as the blast of December my life may prove,"

for then I reveled in the fresh delights of literary society, and the companionship of persons of my own way of thinking; though perhaps the majority were a little superficial; and I frequently danced with ladies who were only defect was her name. I allude to this frivolous, and indeed fatiguing, amusement thus emphatically because it was in the ball-room I first saw Prince Leo. I could not possibly have enjoyed her society so much as I did; for dance she would, and dance she did, whenever and wherever she had the opportunity, of which there was no scarcity in Edinburgh, during that unusually gay and delightful season. Susan Price was the daughter of a London lawyer, the eldest daughter, report said the prettiest, and she was certainly the most lavishly low with with her mother's sister, Mrs. Sandilands, whose house was one of the pleasantest in Edinburgh, and who decidedly, when occasion arose, was a broad Lowland accent, that she hoped her niece would not "go south" single, but marry and settle among her own kith and kin, Messrs. Price. Susan Price was a very pretty girl when I met her—at a scientific lecture, by-the-way, which gave me a high opinion of her intellect, and laid me open to surprise when I discovered the catholicity of her tastes, and her peculiar predilection for the dancing kind of exercise. She was a lithe young woman, and acknowledge that she is a very pretty girl still; though the dream is ended, the sleeping is awakened, and I know—well, not exactly desolate, but certainly disconcerted. She had bright brown eyes, and bright brown hair, and a bright brown complexion. I think—but no doubt I ought to use some other word to describe it—and her cheeks glowed with a rich color which looked like the very hue of health, and which the east wind itself could not either wither or harden into coarseness or redness. She had a bright brown mole about her altogether, and the whitest teeth—with such a milky, innocent whiteness, though; no suggestion of enamel, or dental preparation about them—and the sauciest smile, to be perfectly modest, and becoming a well-bred lady, I ever saw. I say "lady" because she was a lady, I ever saw, in every sense," as I have seen it beautifully expressed. She was clever enough to understand me perfectly without explanation, absurd equally; indeed, she was much too sensible for any thing of that sort, and recognized the grand truth that a husband's qualities are Gamaliel. She had quite an ardent taste for science, attended all the lectures which abounded just then with exemplary punctuality, and was enthusiastic about the "pioneers of civilization," as she called my favorite travelers, that I began to think whether a solid sculpture was not very dangerous companion of the tropical zone, might not be a possible method of adding *éclat* to a honey-moon trip. Susan Price was very energetic; I could not avoid seeing that; and, though it jarred upon me a little, I remembered that one energetic person in a household was the author an advantage, and that, at all events, when we were married, she would probably give up dancing.

I have said her name was her sole defect, but I soon ceased to mind it; indeed, I rather liked the idea of changing it for her, especially as I discovered one evening, while the "sides" were blundering through the invariably impracticable and ridiculous quadrille, and looking foolish and miserable in the attempt, that she particularly admired my patronymic. I had been speaking about Scottish names, and all the other formalities which must be encountered before I could call Susan my own, and "Miss Price" no longer, and, though I flatter myself I am not a man who could possibly look or feel ridiculous under any circumstances, I confess I felt anxious that there should be nothing to be considered with becoming dignity, and at the same time with a certain touch of originality befitting my position as a refined scientific man.

We had been talking of the new novels, and the names (and indeed the colors, for "red" was coming into fashion) of the hair of their heroines, and then of Highland and Scotch names in general.

"I like almost all the Macs," said Miss Price, in her decided lively way.

Then I explained to her the significance of the Mac and the O, so puzzling and meaningless to all but the Celtic ear. Her attention wandered, and I was about to further explain the names of the clans and the tartans, and I recalled it by saying, abruptly:

"We are rather proud of our name, Miss Price; do you like it? Time out of mind we have borne the same Christian names, and have always been Douglas and Murray Menteith."

"Murray Menteith," she repeated, softly—"Murray Menteith." I had never thought the name half so pretty as when she thus softly said it so much before. A swift, rosy blush spread itself over her face, and there was a look in her brown eyes I had never seen in them till then. "I do indeed like it; I think it a beautiful name."

What happiness! What a delightful opportunity! What a capital suggestion! It might have been rather commonplace to ask her to accept the name she admired had it come about in any other way, but in this it was exquisitely opportune.

"Ah yes, of course, it was always my luck! The "sides" left off their imbecile capering, the music changed, and we had to begin the fifth figure, danced, too, in the deadly-lively style at present in vogue, in which one is debarred from the brief but familiar familiarity of the "galop and "waltz." When we were at liberty to stand still again Miss Price, whose partner I had been, and made it hopeless to attempt to renew a conversation of which the thread had been broken, plunged into a discussion about the various quadrilles, and the state of a *deux temps*, or "waltz, ah, don't attempt it," as Douglas called it, not once, which might have been excusable in the youthful indiscretion, but every time he could drag the joke (!) into the conversation. That was my last dance with Susan that night; but I did not mind that much, because I knew I should see her the next day at a "literary tea," where I had promised to read some "selections" from the poets, and I thought, after brief reflection, that such an occasion would be even more suitable than the present. I did not even hint her desire to me, but I followed in her wake, and as she tied the cords of her pretty scarlet cloak in the hall I saw the veil of a paper flutter remarkably like an envelope protruding from what I believe I ought to call the tucker of her dress. This little incident filled me with joy—security I can not say I needed—for I had copied for and sent to her in the afternoon some delightfully appropriate lines on the subject of which I had found in an old annual, and of course they formed the contents of the envelope they seized and honored.

I was not a little provoked to find, when I reached my chambers that night, an urgent letter from Douglas, requesting me to join Glentacket at once on business of importance. He did not mention its nature, but said he would send a gig—a dreadful conveyance which to my mind combines the utmost possible discomfort with the greatest possible risk—to meet me at the nearest railway station at four o'clock the following day. This was a pleasant arrangement, and there was no appeal from it, as he had been careful not to tell me what I was wanted for, and suppose there had been a death in the family, and I had not gone, nobody would believe I had not known it. No, I must go, and go I did, and natural curiosity echoed it; and so I made up my mind, sent an apology and an explanation to Miss Price, and wrote for my own accommodation at the literary tea, and started for Glentacket, where I found Douglas in his usual oppressively jovial health, and intolerably interesting spirits, and my aunt and the girls as uninterestingly well as women who live in the country, dine early, have no pressing troubles, and are left on their minds but tracts and bead-work, are accustomed to be. The business on which Douglas had sent for me so imperatively was a mare that was the sole of a farm, which it appeared he could not effect without my concurrence. I am sure he might have taken it for granted; I neither know nor care any thing about business, so long as I get my rights; and to do Douglas justice he always sure of getting them, in any matter in which he is equally concerned. The business had one recommendation—it was over; and I did recommend it return to Edinburgh on the next day but one, and had before me the delightful prospect of meeting Miss Price at one of the most delightful of conchological science; an occasion upon which I thought it probable she might be induced to consent to regard me with interest and attention. With my poetical temperament I am naturally a great smoker, and I am also accustomed to dilate upon the monolithic heavens, free from the vulgarizing obstructions of domestic architecture. The indulgence of these tastes in combination with the pleasures of my stay at Glentacket (the first was wet, as usual), led to my strolling unsuspectingly along the terrace in front of the house, and, after a short whiff of steps, one of Douglas's horrid "improvements"—really, his restless activity of mind is matter of no importance—and more and more offensive—and finding myself struggling in the mud of an artificial pool, with an insidious and ineffective little fountain in the middle of it, against which I cut both my shins severely.

I caught a very bad cold, I was confined to my bed four days, I drank enough toast-and-water to float a frigate of three decks, and I planned a number of schemes for making it, when the time should come, duly effective and elegant. I pined for the companionship of her dear to the longest days of absence. Had she danced as much as usual, while I was unable to move, except in a kind of hop at once painful and ungraceful? Perhaps to her also the hours had been "leadenfooted," and she had found no solace in society and conversation, and consequently with her own heart and *been still?* had she read the verses and wept over them? had she, perchance, taken the trouble to learn them by heart? Delightful thought! for though I must needs undervalue her, the tender, woeful wailings of my pathetic muse would marvelously tend to attune her heart to all the softer emotions. I wearied for some news of her, and I almost cursed the instinct to which I was condemned, and the absurd process of wet-rag and oil-silk bandages, and weak-tea and dry-toast diet to which I was subjected.

At length news of her came in a most unexpected manner—no other than a letter from herself—which my sister Lucinda handed to me

with a grave expression of curiosity becoming a young person of serious tendencies.

"Is that pink paper the fashion among weddings, Murray?" she asked. (I suppose there's a particular kind of stationery for this "conversed.") "Your correspondent writes rather a careless hand; and I can't say I admire the style."

I did not know the hand (it was big and spluttering—a willful, wayward kind of scribbling—but emphatic, I thought afterward, and nice in its way), and I looked close at it and the seal. It bore a well-cut impression of a Cupid, in the customary full undress, carrying a lantern, his finger on his lip, and the legend was "Hush, hush!" I did not read the letter until Lucinda had left the room, which she did tossing her head with virtuous and pious indignation, and, I have no doubt, entertaining the gravest suspicions of my correspondence. These are the feelings when the following lines met my enraptured gaze:

"PRINCES STREET, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAREST MURRAY,—As I have not yet heard your present address, and I can't put off writing to you on the chance of a letter which may not come for two or three days—it's well you explained that *business* engages you, Sir, or I wouldn't bear your silence patiently—I send this to St. Andrews, always, I suppose, a safe address. You will be savage when you hear that all our plans are knocked on the head; and now, after all your anxiety to get to Edinburgh, and all the impatience at the delay—you will not find me there. Papa has written to Mrs. S. to say I *must* return to London at once, though Julia is to be married for three weeks more, because that horrid old nuisance, Dr. Tuthill, is going up to London on Friday, and papa will have me go with him, to prevent my being left alone, or his having the trouble of coming for me; indeed, he couldn't do that because of business. Now, isn't that horrid? I can't get through all our troubles back; but that depends on many things; and I think it would be better for you to come up to London at once, and let us talk papa and mamma will be softened by Julia's wedding; and I think we may depend on mamma, when we tell her, to worry him out of one thing, at least, and never feel a doubt—I mean of my constancy. We may be parted by the sullen will of others, or eccentric custom, by our own remorseless destiny, by any thing short of death—but in vain; I shall ever remain your own

"SUSAN."

My own Susan! Enchanting, heavenly, delicious; hasty, sparkling. There was no address directed to St. Andrews, and forwarded to me at Glenucket; there was the signature; there was the delightful assurance. My own Susan! But who was Julia? She must suppose me far more familiar with her family and their concerns than I really was: she must have intended that I tell me several things and left her intention unfulfilled; and yet "My dearest Murray," and "Your own Susan," and the whole tone of the letter, was comfortably engaged tone, the perfectly unembarrassed sentences? Had I proposed to her, and forgotten it? Had I proposed to her in a fit of somnambulism, or in a "spiritual trance"? I didn't believe in spiritualism, and openly scoffed at it—but others had taken it the more easily for me? It was dreadfully puzzling, and every moment's reflection decreased my first astonished pleasure. There was the delightful initial endearment, where was the poetical emotion now? Really, Miss Price had wonderful quickness of comprehension if she had taken in half the marvelous celerity, for I could not distinctly remember having ever given her one. And then beginning to feel very comfortable indeed, when I happened to turn over the sheet of paper on which the letter was written, and then I sat bolt upright, marvelled on the other side. Remembering the proverbial value of such an addendum, I read it rather eagerly:

"I must spare a minute, darling, to tell you how good I think you for not objecting to my dancing. I really am fond of it for its own sake, and I don't care a bit for my partner, whoever he may be. And then, I have always your last letter next my heart, which dances too, and I think of you all the time. There's a queer little man I must meet every where, and I really like dancing with him. You'll laugh when I tell you why—because he has nice little feet, and never tears my dress; because he is so very sentimantic and conceited that he goes on talking forever about himself, and the books he reads, and the things he likes, so that one need scarcely talk at all, and I can think of you without being interrupted; and last, and most of all, because his name is—Murray Meintosh."

An explanatory postscript with a vengeance. I pass over my feelings in silence. Poor girl! She had indeed chosen the wrong casket; but I could not aid her now. How happy, how interrogational, how refined a life might have been here. I proceed to my actions. To write upon the letter, "Opened by, but not for me, Murray Meintosh," to hand it to the postman, and abandon it to the dreary vicissitudes of official destiny, would have been the simplest course. To have inclosed it in an indignant letter to the misguided Susan, and sent a copy to her papa, warning him that the wife of his bosom was about to "marry" him, would have been the course adopted by mere vulgar vindictiveness. I trust I am not vindictive; I know I am incapable of vulgarity. *Noblesse oblige*, and I am confident that even *the other* Murray Meintosh is a gentleman. I placed the letter in a large envelope, I sealed it with the imposing armorial seal of the Meintoshs, I addressed it to "Murray Meintosh, Esq., St. Andrews," it absent, to await arrival.

As I had promised to keep Susan Price there and then, a resolution to which circumstances have not permitted me to adhere.

I have already said, "fatality." Can I do less when at least a dozen letters of congratulation addressed to the other Murray Meintosh, on the occasion of his marriage with the amiable girl, reached me instead? Is it less a "fatality" that I am constantly called on my state matrimonial, as that people not knowing me intimately, introduction to my wife; that I am subjected to constant personal trouble in sending back parcels that don't belong to me, belong to Mrs. Miss Price's husband; and that I have good reason to believe much missing property of mine is at this moment in Susan Price's? Lastly, is it any thing less than a fatality that the scientific and literary world—the world of taste, my world, in short—should always manifest extraordinary mistakes, of which he invariably reaps the benefit, between my namesake and me?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GEORGIA, a remarkably pretty village in the township of Kirkland, nine miles south of Utica, is invaded by that pleasant literary atmosphere which makes the seat of a popular institution delightful. And now, at this season, when College Commencements are occurring in all parts of the country, Hamilton College is a point of interest in many home circles, and demands a share of public attention. This year Commencement at Hamilton takes place next week, on Thursday, July 15, various other exercises connected therewith occupying several previous days. The Senior Class, which graduates, is remarkable for a good reputation for scholarly ability, and one of its members is to be a Phi Beta Kappa orator this year by previous graduate.

The College buildings are situated on an elevation about a mile from the village—a location which affords the students abundance of exercise, as many of them board in the village. The Commencement exhibitory contains a valuable telescope and other instruments. Since 1861 eight asteroids have been there first discovered—at least one every year. Of late years the enthusiasm of this department is well sustained. Hon. William Curtis Noyes, of New York city, who died a few years ago, bequeathed his valuable Law library, consisting of about five thousand volumes, to Hamilton College. Also, Mr. Noyes left a fund that no choice a collection of books should not have been located in a room over a recitation room, a serious number of professional men could have had access to it, yet the Hamilton students live thus afforded unusual advantages. A handsome Gothic library edifice, nearly completed, which will furnish a place for about sixty thousand volumes. The new library rooms, spacious and tastefully laid out, a great variety of tables and stands adding beauty to "College Hill," as it is called, in addition to the fine view which the city of Utica is obtained from this point.

In addition to Hamilton College, Clinton contains several literary institutions of well-known merit. Houghton Female Seminary bears a good repute, as does the Clinton Liberal Institute, a male and a female department. About fifteen young girls from select schools recently graduated at Young Cottage Home Seminary; and the Rural High School, under the charge of Professor A. P. Kelsey, provides a pleasant home for students, with careful training and thorough preparation for college or for business. Among the various literary societies which exist in Clinton as in many other places, is one worthy of imitation. The "Irving Pumpkin Club," composed of staff officers of the militia, not only hold their regular meetings for social discussion, but subscribe to a large number of papers, and get Knight's American periodicals, which are circulated among the members, thus giving to each, at comparatively little expense, a large variety of reading.

It is stated that a year ago Mr. David A. Wells was the author of what has proved to be a remarkable statement. It was a report to Congress, showing that the Government receipts for the year would be $356,000,000, and the expenditures $300,000,000. It now turns out that the receipts have been, in round numbers, $360,000,000, and the expenditures $325,000,000. This is an exact reversal of the figures.

A late writer on Woman Suffrage says that the reform proposed by the most progressive advocates of this movement is "an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sun-flowers out of violets!"

The Prince of Wales has just laid the first stone of a new asylum for idiots. The *Independent* remarks "there is something rather appropriate about that performance!"

At New Hampton, England, some houses, designed for laborers, have been built in a novel style. Straw is compressed into slabs, about two feet square and six inches thick, under them fire-proof, both sides coated with a kind of cement, and of these slabs the cottages are built. By ingenious contrivances the capacity of Boiser's work is much reduced, and the chimney is so constructed as to secure warmth with the smallest consumption of fuel, and at the same time to heat a drying-closet. The cost of a single cottage of this description, combining "all the requirements of health, decency, and comfort," is £85.

There are one hundred and forty competitives employed in the various types of the London *Times*, sixty by day and seventy at night: while eleven foremen and assistants direct their movements. Twenty-four persons are required to read proofs, and three are employed merely to "pull" the proofs.

At outside accompaniment of the Peace Jubilee was a baby-show. A reporter remarked: "On entering Tremont Temple you hear a sound as of the articulate voice of Jove! for there are several many times and at once, interspersed with voices as of chuckling and laughter. That is only kissing the babies—there hundred, they say; and you may as well believe it, for you can't count that wriggling, multitudinous mass of young humanity. There are babies fat and babies slender; fair, rosy, dark, and actually apoplectic in color; pimply and scaly, placid and irritable, and cross. There are twins, with projecting foreheads and very curly hair. There is the one-pound baby, done up in a dozen thicknesses of flannel, and the forty-pounder, rumpsaut and overflowing his low-necked dress in folds and ripples of too abundant flesh."

A painful catastrophe is recorded of a beautiful New York damsel, who had all the charms of maidenhood, excepting—she had black hair! Vanity and Nibbel had taught her that blonde would be more attractive—and that golden wig must cost one hundred dollars, she paid in advance. One side of the turbulent dark hair was smoothed into golden ripples, when the hairdresser, to increase his profit, resorted to inferior drugs. The effect was disastrous. Purple, and streaked, and gory, and burned, and, indeed, utterly ruinous was the last half of the professor's work. There remained for the broken-hearted soul-blonde only the poor consolation of suing for damages.

The following curious announcement lately appeared in a French paper: "M. Bernadotte, cousin to the King of Sweden, and dyer at Sorcenes, presents himself as an independent and liberal candidate in the Côte-d'Or. He will meet the electors on Sunday, and will take place at Combevoie, in the public house of M. Burdelle, who is heir to the Turbide, sometime Emperor of Mexico."

The Atlanta (Georgia) University is now being erected upon one of the most commanding sites of that city. This institution will give the advantages of a thorough education to all classes without distinction of race, color, or sex. A normal class of about forty promising pupils, gathered from various parts of the State, has already been formed.

An exchange remarks that many a man keeps himself poor by indulging in two glasses of ale a day at ten; cents each, seventy-three dollars; three cigars, at seven cents each, one dollar and fifty cents; total for a big day, thirty dollars; in all, two hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents—sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good cent, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes.

According to *Chambert's Journal*, MESSRS. BLACK-wood, the publishers, paid George Eliot (MRS. LEWES) $10,000 for "Middlemarch," $9,000 for "The Mill on the Floss," and $40,000 for "Romola."

A somewhat inexperienced merchant in West Troy received a good-sized box from an expressman. "What do them ere letters mean?" said he, pointing to the "C. O. D." on the corner. "Them means pay," exclaimed the emphatic expressman. "Them don't spell pay," rejoined the other. "You go along; this ere box is paid for, I know." "I tell you what," returned the expressman, the bright thought almost knocking him off the wagon seat, "them ere letters mean 'Come Ommodiately Down,'" at which conclusive suggestion the man paid for the box, and the happy expressman went back over the river with a new idea in his head.

An Illinois paper is edited by a certain Mr. Steele. A man leaving the neighborhood of Doolittle desired to go into partnership with him. The proposition was declined on the ground that the firm would read backward—Steel and Do Little, or Do Little and Steel. What's in a name!

Many farmers are easily puzzled to know what methods to adopt to keep the bugs from melon and cucumber vines. The following preventive was recently communicated to the New York Farmers' Club by a gentleman of Forest Grove, New Jersey: "The safest and surest remedy is fresh charcoal, pulverized. Dust it on the hill when the seed is put in, and again when the plants come up. It washed off by rain repeat the process. Plants that repair are perfectly safe, and even when covered with bugs they will often disappear on the first application." Another remedy is to saturate corn-cobs with coal-tar, and place them in the hill, near the vine, but not touching it, and it is said the bugs will soon disappear.

RUMORS OF THE DAY.

GEORGE. "I was sorry to hear that you had broken your arm. I suppose it pained you awfully, didn't it?"

FRANK (*with much fortitude*). "It wasn't the pain, old fellow—it was the feeling deprived of carrying my hands in my pockets which broke me down."

FEMININE TACT.

MAMMA. "Sydney, I insist on your eating that piece of bread. You don't know how hard he worked to fit you out with it."

SYDNEY. "It's so big, ma."

SIDNEY. "But if you fold it up it won't look so big."

"Jim" has a precocious nephew, a lad just three years old. Playing with his kitten yesterday, Miss Kitten "got her back up" about something (kittens as well as folks often get their backs up), and scampered over the floor. Little nephew was delighted, and sang out, "Look, ma, Kitten's got 's Grecian bend!"

TO THE WEATHER-WISE.—In a *weather eye* the same as a sheep's eye?

RULES APPLICABLE TO BUSINESS MEN.

Rule 1.—Get up in time in the morning and eat a hasty breakfast.

Rule 2.—Rush at once to the cars to avoid excess of air and exercise.

Rule 3.—Wear a pair of tight boots.

Rule 4.—Eat pea-nuts, smoke cigars, drink brandy or whisky between breakfast and dinner.

Rule 5.—Lunch at a restaurant on baker's bread, sugar pastries, and mince-pie.

Rule 6.—Do all your business in a hurry.

Rule 7.—Rest in hurry dinner at six o'clock of all sorts of indigestible compounds.

Rule 8.—Go to bed late, forget these directions, and it will be easy to be miserable.

A member of the Louisiana Legislature, who carries a pair of gigantic feet, which he stings about as he walks like a pair of flails, recently accosted a well-known member of the bar with, "Mr. Morrison, you know me, don't you?" M——, surprised at the question, drew himself up to full length, and scanning his interlocutor from head to foot, remarked, "Well, Sir, your face is familiar to me, but assuredly your feet have outgrown my recollection."

ANKLES.

There's magic in a lady's foot,
And well it knows where it;
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it.
At times you, too, are martyred by
The nicest little ankle,
That shoots an arrow through your eye,
Within your heart to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,
Through mud, and wet, and vapor,
By discreet accident you see
How beautiful the paper
And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd it goes by,
Two roguish eyes look up and say,
"I wonder if he's single."

Little Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who wished to know what he was made of. Johnny replied, "You and me and papa are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of angel's hair."

A poor old woman having been removed to the alms-house was very importunate to have an article of household furniture sent to her behind. Her increasing request was at length complied with, and sent were dispatched to transfer her household property to her new abode. Imagine their surprise, on arriving at her former residence, when they found nothing but a coffin, which, however, they forthwith brought to the old woman, much to her joy and satisfaction, who pleasantly observed she found it very handy *to keep her potatoes in*.

Heinrich Heine said: "How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn Latin grammar! Because, if they had, I suppose we, they could never have found time to conquer the world."

An irregular apprentice, frequently keeping late hours, his master, in order to check the evasion by some *weighty* arguments to convince him of the error of his conduct. During the chastisement the boy earnestly exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering, "You know best, Sir; I believe my indentures will be out in *three months*."

At a recent Sabbath-school concert, in a suburban church, the ordinance of baptism was administered. The clergyman in charge expressed gratification that on occasion offered him so good an opportunity to explain to the children the nature of the service. By way of illustration, he said: "In Old Testament times blood was offered as an atoning sacrifice; hence it was spoken of as a purifier; but what is used as an emblem of purity nowadays—what element conveys the idea of purity?" A moment's silence ensued, and then a dozen little voices squeaked out, "Soap!"

"Boys, what is all this noise in school?"
"It's Bill Stiver imitating a printing-press."
"Come up here, William: if you have turned into a locomotive, it is time you were switched off."

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

"Every man his own tombstone" would seem to be the motto of the ingenious Grenoble man mentioned in the following paragraph:

An old discovery has just been made by a man of Grenoble, by the name of Bonnet, who has published a pamphlet on the subject. He has found out that the old method of writing is plumped into a shovel invented by the man of Grenoble, and in about five years the original is turned into coal. The process of the operation is known only to the discoverer. He says that in a thousand years' time, if perchance all else perishes and our friends, dog and wife have all vanished with them.

It will then be in any man's power to be the foundation of a noble house. We fear, however, it will tempt the ambitious who have little respect for the living, to cloak their deceased relatives.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

INQUIRING SPIRITUALIST. "Do you ever take spirits here?"

FACETIOUS ARTIST. "Oh, certainly."

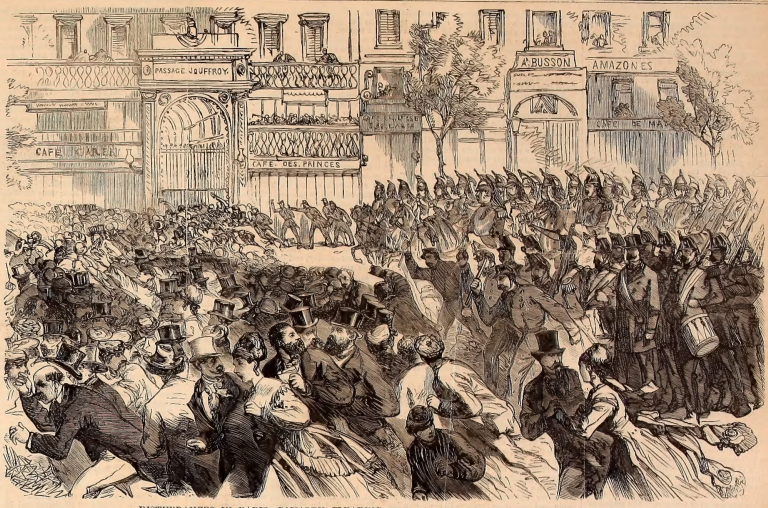
INQUIRING SPIRITUALIST. "How do you generally take them?"

FACETIOUS ARTIST. "Sometimes with a little sugar, but generally straight."

"Hallo, Jake, where did you buy those fish?"
"I didn't buy 'em."
"Well, where did you get them?"
"I hooked them."

SCARED TO DEATH BY A TOY.

A DUEL—AFTER THE SPAT.



DISTURBANCES IN PARIS—CAVALRY CLEARING THE BOULEVARDS ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 10.

THE DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.

THE elections in France have been attended with unusual turbulence in Paris and in some other of the more populous cities. That is, there have been street riots, repeated for successive nights. The Government could not regard these disturbances as insignificant, following, as they have, a general election in which the Opposition has polled not far from half the votes of all adult Frenchmen. The Emperor, when he heard the result of the elections, is reported to have said: "Well, at last we are face to face with the revolution, and I know how to deal with it!" Still there has really been no revolution.

To put down these disturbances the authorities of Paris employed the civil force until it was overtasked, when they gave it an impregnable military base, upon which the sergents de ville might retreat in case of need, and whence they might issue, as a cloud of skirmishers, to effect arrests. The cavalry swept the people out of the most crowded of the boulevards and streets, but without using their weapons. The consequence was that every body who shrank from a fresh revolution, but whose restless curiosity had impelled him to mingle with the multitude, took heart to encourage law and order by acclamations of loyalty and active assistance. The cuirassiers, as they patrolled the streets, were greeted with cheers; and cries of "Down with the rioters!" succeeded those of "Down with the Empire!"

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that, had the sergents de ville allowed the natural effervescence resulting from the election to find vent in a few cries, all Paris would

"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. HODGSON.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

have gone quietly to bed by one o'clock. Instead of this they continually charged the utterly inoffensive crowds on the Boulevards, knocked over the people who were sitting outside the cafés, and showed no consideration for women and children. The *Temps* says that the courtyard in which its office and that of the *Reppel and France* are situated, having attracted a large number of persons, drawn there by a very natural curiosity, was suddenly invaded by a swarm of police agents, though the place was private property, and every body was turned out with extreme brutality. An old man was knocked down, it adds, by one of these "rioters in uniform," and narrowly escaped being crushed to death under the wheels of a cart.

The riots continued during the week commencing June 6. On the night of the 9th it is estimated that about 20,000 persons were assembled in the streets. The last illustration assembled in the streets. The last illustration assembled 461 regiments of the cavalry clearing the Boulevards on the night of the 10th. Five hundred arrests were made. One has advices from Paris to report the arrest of M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, of *La Lanterne* notoriety, and who has been most active in exciting popular tumult.

On the 11th order was so far restored that the Emperor and Empress drove in an open carriage along the entire line of the Boulevards without a escort of any kind. So much may be accomplished by force. But how long?

"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."

IT is needless to say that the art of more or less fictitious narration is a very where cultivated throughout the East, and among the allied nations of the northern coast of Africa. The traditions of the northern coast of Africa. In Southern Italy and Spain the improvisatore may not unfrequently be heard declaiming to an excited audience. In Spain at least this should be a recent thing of the past. Mr. Stoddard in his book on the Moors of Morocco, has described the style of the Christ in St. Francis's Church to be covered with bloody sweat as a mark of His unprofitable

pass by with unregarding eyes every day of our lives. How Lord Bacon would have rejoiced to see such a ground result as that above alluded to, of which the basis was the observation and recording of this minute phenomenon by the German optician!

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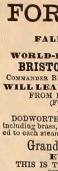

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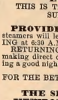

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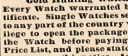

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 656.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

THE subjoined cut represents the Washington Monument recently erected in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This statue of WASHINGTON was secured through the liberality of the public school children of that city, and the ceremonies incident to the presentation took place July 5. Upon the unveiling of the statue a salute was fired from Independence Square. The principal features of the ceremony were, a prayer by Bishop SIMPSON, an address by HON. HENRY D. MOORE, and another by GEORGE F. GORDON, presenting the statue to the city. Mayor FOX also delivered an address. A large number of the school-children were present.

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.

BEFORE this reaches the eyes of our readers the French-American Atlantic Telegraph Cable will probably have been laid from Brest to the Island of St. Pierre. This line starts at a point near Cape Ushant and a few miles from Brest. It starts in very shallow water—not more than six, eight, or ten fathoms deep for the first two or three miles, when it slowly deepens from thirty to sixty and ninety fathoms, a depth which is maintained over the whole bed of the English Channel. At this level it continues till in a line with the westernmost part of the Irish coast, when the water quickly deepens from 200 to 800 fathoms. The line, after leaving Brest, takes rather a northerly course, so as to pass just north and within a short distance of three tremendous grim-looking rocks, round which the Atlantic heaves and boils incessantly. These black pinnacles are called the Three Chimneys, and, as far as is known, the foot of man has never yet been on them, only the stormy petrels and the wilder kind of gulls nestling in their caves and niches. They stand in about lat. 47° N., long. 20° W., and the water round them shoals to about 1800 fathoms. A little south of these rocks it sinuls to 1100 fathoms, and about a degree south to less than 500. The cable course, however, is kept in a pretty regular depth of from 1800 to 2000 fathoms, and throughout over a soft bed of shells and ooze. The shells

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—[SKETCHED BY CHARLES E. SCOLFIELD.]

comprise the most minute forms of the dissemination, which are only visible under a powerful microscope, and are as small as the finest dust. The whole bed of the Atlantic seems more or less composed of the debris of these small animalculæ. After passing the Three Chimneys the line will be laid across mid-ocean to near the solitary Job Rock, which rises from deep water in lat. 45° 50′ N., long. 35° 50′ W. It passes a long way north of the Milne Bank, where the bottom of the Atlantic is very irregular, and then curves up to the southern end of Newfoundland, not far west of Cape Race. Here it skirts the south shore of the island for a short length, lying in as little as 100 fathoms water. It soon, however, deepens to 1500 fathoms as it turns due north between the banks called the Green Bank and the St. Pierre Bank. Passing between these it is landed on the French island of St. Pierre, not far from Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. From St. Pierre, where there is to be a station similar to that at Heart's Content, the line will be continued south in moderately shallow water, of from 200 to 300 fathoms, past Cape Breton, the coast of Nova Scotia, Cape Sable, and south of the Brown Bank to Cape Cod, and from a little beyond that to the neighborhood of Plymouth, a small town on the coast of Massachusetts, which is famous in the world's history as the landing-place of the first colonists of New England, the Pilgrim Fathers of Puritan New England, in the time of CHARLES I.

The total length of the cable required for this route will be less than 2000 nautical miles, or very nearly double the length of either of our Atlantic cables. One length of 2788 knots will be required from Brest to St. Pierre, and 776 from St. Pierre to Massachusetts. The distance between Valentia and Heart's Content is, in a straight line, only 1670 nautical miles, but for the cables 2400 miles had always to be made, to allow for slack and in case of accidents. In the cable of 1865 only 1800 miles have been used, and in the cable of 1866 only 1851 miles. The French Company, therefore, has made every allowance for slack and whatever unforeseen accidents in cable laying may occur.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869.

A WAR PARTY.

IS there a war party, or is there likely to be a war party, in the country? This is a question which is always timely under certain circumstances, and which may very properly be asked just now. Abstractly no intelligent and industrious community desires war, and war is very seldom distinctly foreseen. How many people in England supposed there was to be a Crimean war until it came? How many Americans believed on the 4th of March, 1861, that we were on the brink, on the eve of the most war of the rebellion? Every body has a theory that every thing will be settled. Nations, we are told, never fight if they can help it. How John Bull has been laughed at within the last three months for supposing that we meant to fight about the *Alabama*! Fight? Why, bless his old heart! As we were never so near it in our lives—only he must pay for the *Alabama*.

In reading the English political and popular history at the beginning of the century, nothing is more evident than the latent hostility to France and Frenchmen, upon which demagogues, and even statesmen, drew at pleasure for their own purposes. And the supply never failed. Popery and wooden shoes was the ridiculous cry of a spirit that was very far from ridiculous, and which produced the most deplorable results. Hostility of this kind is the most convenient resource of unprincipled politicians. They have persuaded that there is no such thing as moral principle in politics, and that every thing is possible to audacity and persistence. Appeals to mean jealousy and inflammatory misrepresentation as confidently as a chemist upon his elements and combinations. The greatest events in history are interpreted by them upon the basest theories. GRACCHUS was an ambitious and selfish schemer; FOX and HAMPDEN and the Parliament unscrupulous tongues and hypocritical centaurs. Our own Revolution was the work of a handful of pernicious lawyers who wanted distinction. The rebellion was dismount cut dismount. Any one who accuses of this kind opposes a President as the arch criminal of history; denounces him as the destroyer of the lives and liberties of the most defenseless people, and the probable accomplice of an assassin the next day they are bowing to him, and pleasantly taking his hand.

This is the spirit in politics that hesitates at nothing, and it is to the extent and influence of this spirit that we must look in answering the question we originally proposed. There is unquestionably a deeply seated hostility to England in this country, and there is an entire lull in domestic politics. The Democratic party is burning to recover power—the Republican party is resolved to retain it. The "Irish vote" is a unit in opposition to England. This vote is controlled by the Democratic party, but there are Republican leaders who are always hoping and scheming to gain possession of it. No bid for this vote could be so resistless as a declared policy of war with England upon a good pretense. But this is as well understood by those who now control it, and who would not shrink at any step necessary to retain it. Meanwhile the American sentiment in regard to the *Alabama* is virtually unanimous—save in the details, not upon every position taken by MR. SUMNER, but upon the essential point that the escape of the *Alabama* was a "scandal and a reproach," and the result of an unfriendly feeling.

Under these circumstances, is it unlikely that politicians of the kind we have described, by no means wanting in shrewdness, believe that the party which first appears as a war party with England, upon a fair pretext, will carry the country? The debt is not a considerable one in the case. The argument for war is always an appeal to passion, to prejudice, to emotion of various kinds, and to sweep away all dispassionate consideration. In this case, too, the rebel and repudiating influence would all be for war; nor must we omit the force of the jubilant confidence in our own strength which springs from the experience of the last few years. The domestic political situation of the country, in its various aspects, and the kind of feeling elsewhere in the *Alabama* difficulty, suggest, therefore, the strong probability that some favorable pretext for a war policy will be sought by certain party managers.

What is it likely to be? Certainly not a haughty ultimatum upon the *Alabama* question. But are there not other points which may be found to interfere with Great Britain? Has the fishery difficulty ever been settled? Yankee fishermen may take fish within a certain distance of the British American coasts, but it is not yet determined to our satisfaction that the line ran across from headland to headland in the Bay of Fundy? Will the British authorities continue to insist upon it, and should insist upon their right to a certain fishing ground; how if they should disregard a warning to quit; how if they should be attacked, fired upon, killed? Yankee fishing smack sunk by British guns in the Bay of Fundy would, under the circumstances, make war with England very probable. Now the fishermen of Cape Ann are the General BUTLER'S constituents. In his speech at Gloucester, over the graves of the soldiers, he declared that the mission of the Union soldier was to keep alive the flame of hatred to England. He has, indeed, openly announced his favorite method, a peremptory demand of settlement of the *Alabama* claims, with a menace, in case of refusal, of intercourse, with consequent civil war in England. But statesmen can not always put their naval policy into practice, and are sometimes obliged to seek results in less heroic ways. We do not mean to insinuate that the ESSEX reprehensive is now issuing instructions to the Gloucester fishermen, but the prominence of the fishery question merely as an illustration of the kind of opportunity that can always be improved. But General BUTLER has an undoubted influence in Congress. He is a shrewd and resolute party manager. Does any body doubt that he will strenuously cultivate a belligerent feeling toward England as a sagacious party policy?

We trust that there will be found in Congress a party of statesmen who will treat this subject as honorable men, and not merely as American partisans; who understand that the most patriotic American is he who endeavors to see how all difficulty may be avoided, not facilitated; who heartily despise the eternal cavilling and bragging and bectoring and pandering to illfeeling, which are so foolishly mistaken for a sincere devotion to the country and its rights. What we most need is not the statesmanship that ostentatiously seeks to force England to that humiliating pass which alone will enable it to range the difficulty most favorably to the honor and the amity of both nations.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

THE "Irish Republicans," of whom we spoke two or three weeks ago in Chicago on the 4th of July, as they proposed, and passed sundry resolutions. They set forth what they conceived to be "the duty of the Irish people in this Republic," and they asked "for the downtrodden of all enslaved lands the sympathy and support of the people and Government of the United States." They declared their hearty readiness "to stand by the Government of the Republic in insisting upon an ample apology for the wrong committed (in the *Alabama* affair) and full compensation for the injury sustained."

The American people will undoubtedly be grateful for this cordial expression of regard from the "Irish people in this Republic." The Americans have certainly done nothing at any time to forfeit a kind feeling upon the part of Ireland and the Irish, whether at home or elsewhere. It is also possible that a faltering line of many Irish delegates should come so far from their own land to declare their friendship for us. Indeed it is surprising that with their feeling these gentlemen do not take one more step and become American citizens. If the resolutions at Chicago had been the expression of American citizens they would have had a significance which no resolutions of "Irish people," or "German people," or "English people," or any other foreign people in this country can possibly have. Why, for instance, should "Irish people" pronounce against free-trade in this country where it is not the commercial policy that most be a very edifying spectacle if the "American people" in France should assemble and resolve against a republic. The Parisian Chauvinists would not help exclaiming, "But what then? We others are not Republicans." If Irish people are opposed to free-trade let them remonstrate at home, not in this country.

We observe also that the Convention protested against the neutrality laws of the United States, upon the ground that they are useful only to the "monarchies of the earth"—those of heaven and elsewhere we being included—and the "Irish people in this Republic" pledge themselves to labor for their entire repeal. But how is this? Is not the repeal of any law of the United States the exclusive business of American citizens? Have the Irish people, or the Portuguese, or the Russian, or the Italian, here or elsewhere, any thing whatever to do with it? If the American people in the empire of France, say, should pledge themselves to labor for the entire abolition of the existing French laws regulating elections or the imperial constitution, would they be considered a tribe impertinent? The only ground upon which any body of persons is entitled to pledge themselves to labor for the repeal of the laws of this country is that they are citizens of this country; and if they are, then they are American citizens, and can rightfully take no other national name. The instant they seek to interfere in our affairs as Irish, or German, or English, or French, their action becomes suspicious.

Politically, there are no "Irish citizens of this country," and no "Irish Republicans." As citizens we are Americans, and nothing else; as a party we are Republicans, and nothing else. Whatever tends to divide American citizenship by lines of foreign birth is mischievous and not to be tolerated. If the gentlemen who met at Chicago are American citizens of the Republican party, their action was not an authoritative party action, and tends only to perplex the party. If they would strengthen the Republican party they will have nothing to do with organizations separately as foreigners.

LATEST FROM TOOLEY STREET.

THE amusing absurdity of the theory of the civil service of this country which is held by a certain class of politicians is very well illustrated by the recent proceedings of a Committee in the city of New York in regard to the United States Marshal for the Southern District. There was a special sub-committee solemnly appointed to consider the offenses of that delinquent in the matter of appointments of his deputies. This sub-committee reported that the Marshal had "utterly ignored party" in his selection of subordinates, and that the party "can not be with impunity neglected, ignored, or defied," and so on, for a long and windy strain, the report finally exploding in certain resolutions: that the working Republicans won the fight; that they are entitled to the legitimate fruits of the victory (MR. MARCY'S phrase was better —"To the victors belong the spoils"); that the public man who ignores the working politicians commits political suicide; and that FRANCIS E. BARLOW is that public man. Thereupon the sub-committee demanded his removal, and the parent committee approved by a vote of 44 ayes to 36 noes.

The exquisite humor of this performance is the assumption of these forty-four gentlemen that they are the party which elected GRANT. They do not say, for they could not truly say, that the Marshal has not appointed as good Republicans as the members of the Committee themselves, but simply that he has not allowed the Committee to appoint for him. Honest, intelligent, industrious, capable, faithful men and Republicans he may have appointed, but not those whom the Committee designated, therefore he defies the party, and the President whom the party elected must remove him. A more ludicrous illustration of the spoils theory could not be conceived. After the booty is bagged, the President has the honor of the Presidency for his share, and the party for which he is responsible are then to be distributed among the local committees for their share. The committees are to select the "working politicians" in the investment, and whoever doubts their peculiar fitness and capacity is, in the language of the report, to be considered an "ingrate demagogue." The efficiency, the fidelity, the honesty, and the economy of the public service are of no importance; but a few gentlemen elected upon a committee—and how gentlemen are elected upon committees every man knows who is practically familiar with politics—must have the offices they want because they are the party, and the party elected the President.

The friends of a reform in the civil service of this country are greatly indebted to this amusing comedy. Those of us who hope for that reform are probably "ingrate demagogues," and we are undoubtedly defying and ignoring the party, in the opinion of the statesmen of Tooley Street, if we say that, until that reform is effected, it is the imperative duty of every appointing officer of the Government to select as his subordinates those political friends of whose qualifications for honest and efficient service he is satisfied, and with no regard whatever to Tooley Street, except so far as its recommendations may be approved by his judgment. It is a gross offense against the people of this country for any local political committee to attempt this kind of interference with the duties of the officers of the United States. Such a committee may indeed control caucuses against those officers; but it can not prevent the confidence which, upon the very grounds for which they are denounced, will be reposed in such officers by the better part of their own party, and by all their intelligent fellow-citizens.

CERTAIN "GREAT PRINCIPLES."

MR. WADE HAMPTON, who was described by the *World* a year ago as a kind of ideal American citizen, is Vice-President of the Southern Historical Society; and he recently wrote in a public letter asking the publication of certain records:

"We owe it as a sacred duty to our country, the future of that Republic which exists now only in name; to our children, whose duty it will be to re-establish civil liberty on this continent, if they hope to escape our fate; and, above all, to the memory of our heroic dead, that we should place upon record, where the future historian of our late war may find it, the true facts relating to our unfortunate but glorious struggle. By his unbiased choice can we vindicate principles, justify our cause, and preserve intact that which alone can give value to history—truth."

He adds, urging the appointment of branch societies in South Carolina:

"In the mean time I invoke in behalf of the Society the aid and co-operation of every man who reverres the ancient honor and renown of our State: who cherishes a proper regard for the great principles which have governed her in the past; who still believes that these principles will yet be triumphant; who wishes to vindicate the cause for which we fought, and who desires to preserve untarnished the memory of those patriots who died for that cause."

MR. WADE HAMPTON, whose public career shows him to be a very foolish gentleman, here shows how curiously he and his friends misconceive the vital point of the war, and the inevitable judgment of HISTORY. What is the verdict of History upon the great rebellion in England? That it was honorable and justifiable. Why? Because although the line between the Royal prerogative and Parliamentary privilege had never been definitely drawn, yet the King asserted his prerogative against the liberties of the people. He asserted a right that could not be expressly and technically denied, but for an ignoble purpose, and therefore the heart and conscience of mankind declare against him.

Now what is the cause for which MR. WADE HAMPTON fought? Ostensibly it was that of State sovereignty—the right of a State to secede at will from the Union—a right left obscure in the Constitution. We say nothing of the unspeakable folly of the theory, of the impossibility of any true national growth and development, of the painful limitation of every defense of freedom implied in such a scheme, because such may justly be urged not only because of a mistake in political philosophy and practice. But while State sovereignty was the ostensible cause, the perpetuity of human slavery in its most ignoble form was the real object of the rebellion. MR. WADE HAMPTON inherited and bought and sold men and women, and lived by the unpaid labor. By reason of regarding human beings as chattels he enjoyed also a political privilege which was not shared by his fellow-citizens who held to the equal human rights of all men. By asserting that the friends of equal rights were likely to control the Union, of which his State was a part, by which ascendency the system of buying and selling men and women, living by their labor, and deriving political privilege from them, might be at last peacefully abridged and even abolished, MR. WADE HAMPTON asserted the right of his State to secede from the Union. He asserted a claim, in itself innocent enough, however foolish, when regarded, but for the basest conceivable purposes.

To maintain State sovereignty that slavery might be perpetuated was the object of his "unfortunate but glorious struggle," under the pretty name of State rights, to buy and sell men and women were his "principles;" and the triumph which he anticipates is the reduction of this nation to an imbecile league, each member of which may at its pleasure enslave a part of its population. Does MR. HAMPTON suppose that History will not know this and record it? Will History know any thing of the subject that we do not, from the unspeakable treachery in the Senate to the unspeakable torture at Andersonville? As civilization advances is humanity likely to regard the savage slave system of the United States with more favor, and to honor a desperate struggle to perpetuate it? History, MR. WADE HAMPTON may be very sure, will care little about the "glorious" principle of State sovereignty, but it will not remove from the object for which that sovereignty was invoked. The bloody hand of the rebellion all the perfumes of rhetoric can not sweeten.

WAS THE POLICY OF HOLDING ON TO GRAIN GOOD?

THE drought of last year in Europe, which was most severe in Great Britain, was succeeded by a winter wholly unparalleled for mildness. In England, about the 20th of February, new leaver appeared upon the trees while yet the old remained, which, having started afresh on the termination of the drought in September, had not been subjected to the usual law which causes the leaf to drop annually at nearly fixed periods. The verdure of fields, started into new life by excessive fall rains; the turnips, sown late by way of experiment; the cereals, put into the ground in autumn—all attested by their free and long-continued growth the presence of unusual warmth and moisture during the winter, and promised what was afforded for cattle in place of foreign supplies of grain. Providence seemed bounteous in proportion to the severity of the visitation under which the English had lately suffered. As the drought extended over a large district, the uncommon season by which it was followed was not limited to England.

In comparing the value of particular crops it is not always easy to assign to each with certainty its relative importance, but there can be no doubt that grass is generally far more valuable in the districts in which it grows luxuriously than any particular crop of grain, or perhaps than all of the crops of grain united. The loss of it in England during the drought was the most felt; its recovery and continuance during the winter, especially as the growing wheat was freely pastured, did more to enable England to ride over the storm than all other causes. Cattle had been thinned off; the population had been put on an economy amounting almost to the verge of a time of allowance; the markets of the world were searched for cheap food; emigration was set on foot, but happily for England, and we doubt not for the world at large, a wheat crop struck of the characters of spring was beneficently provided, and cattle and sheep were enabled to fill themselves with the richness of the pasture instead of being subjected to an inclement season. Although this has moderated the demand for our cereal productions, we rejoice in this fortunate turn in the situation of the British Isles.

But notwithstanding this result, which could not have been foreseen, we are satisfied that holding on to grain was the true policy of our farming interest. Every consumer of farming stuffs in the United States has had a supply adequate to his means; the speculators of Chicago and New York have had as much as they could carry conveniently, if not more; and it is highly probable that, although here and there a particular producer may have been benefited by selling early, the whole mass of our farming products would have been slaughtered at price but for the policy of not producing a glut of grain at the sea-board.

It has been our endeavor, with the most sincere regard for the welfare of our great agricultural interest, to place before them their exact situation with respect to the peculiarities that consume their products, and the conditions upon which the consumers' statements of markets, generally local, could be received—a matter which in time will be well understood. The control of the world's markets is now in the hands of the principal dealers in grain of Liverpool and London, and yet it is the habit of our press to publish the quotations they daily utter through the telegram as if they were a free and full index of the state of the case, and let as between the producers of grain elsewhere and themselves.

If the farmers of the United States commit the mistake of pressing their grain upon the sea-board in such unusual quantities as to lower the price, the quotations in Liverpool are lowered in a corresponding degree, and prosperity in other localities as the test of transactions with them. The interests of the most important consumer are thus promoted in all markets at the expense of all producers. The value of the foreign food of all descriptions consumed by the population of the United Kingdom amounts now to about $400,000,000 per annum, measured in our currency, and it may be supposed that an interest, the deepest that can sway a community, is constantly operating with never-ceasing effect in the direction of cheapness.

Never until this year has there been any serious effort to check this foreign control over our productions and prices. The sickness of a drought, the severest known in England during this century, seemed to offer an opportunity for resisting the policy of English dealers, and to place the privilege of dealing with them in adjusting the price of our own products. The immense disadvantage that our grain was carried in foreign bottoms from this port, and the freights advanced as the foreigner rose to our grain limits, has operated unfavorably. The English have been obstructed in their attempts to break down the market at no other point; but the firmness of our farming interest has been perceptible in some degree, and, to that extent, to its advantage.

The demand for grain now proceeding from Europe encounters a severe money market and high freights, but prices are obtained that would have been impossible had grain not been stored in the West this season. The wheat of California received at Liverpool this spring met with severe slaughter, and such would have been our experience had the example been imitated.

As other states of Europe come into the condition of England, and attain to a growth in population too redundant to be fed with what they severally produce, the question becomes more interesting to us. How shall the price be adjusted for what we have to sell?

Mr. RODGERS, in some interesting statistics presented recently to the Union League Club, stated that our production of grain of all descriptions, measured by population, was more than double that per head of the like production in Europe; and he inferred that as abroad was constantly diminishing in its ratio to the population, and ours was being augmented, they would approximate to this country for very large supplies of food. Russia has lately pushed her railroads into new localities, and will doubtless be relied upon for many years to come to supply part of Europe with many agricultural products; but making allowance for the new districts thus connected with sea-board markets, it is very probable that the demands of Europe upon this country for food will increase to such an extent as to require on our part more attention in adjusting the price than has been considered necessary.

All that we want is a fair remunerative for our products, and, we repeat, the farming interest is more certain of obtaining it if they had loaded the merchant with what would have swamped him and produced serious disaster under the unscrupulous system which the English apply.

Last year the harvest in England commenced on the 12th of July, and continued without being interfered by rain until the 12th of August. This year it will be about a month later, as the grain is very backward, owing to recent cold weather. But whenever it may take place there is a certainty that the immense sacrifice of cattle, sheep, and hogs produced by their premature slaughter for want of food in the summer and fall of 1868, and the necessity for close feeding which has existed since, must operate severely until the harvest of 1870.

It seldom happens that the price of both our cotton and grain is high at the same moment, and it is probable that the attention of English operators has been diverted from cotton by their close attention to the manipulation of grain, and that we owe the maintenance of cotton to the neglect of similar combinations. The entire amount of money to be distributed, obtained from foreign sources, is the same as would be expected, and but for a pernicious paper system would inure to the solid benefit of the whole country.

NOMINATIONS.

THE recent ridiculous speech of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON at Washington, and the utter indifference with which it has been received, offer a very suggestive text. A year ago Mr. JOHNSON was the President of the United States; an officer of much power, and a man of such suspicious character, that Congress thought it necessary to impeach him, as a measure of high state concern. That he was a dangerous man was not to be denied, and that Congress was justified at any measure, however revolutionary, which had a fair chance of success and a certain show of legality, is undeniable. For a long time he seriously and even pertinaciously thwarted the settlement of the questions arising from the war upon which the loyal people were involved. He was bold, unscrupulous and a menace, and when in ungovernable rage he denounced from the White House Senators and Citizens by name, there was a very uneasy feeling that trouble might be imminent.

Now, a few rods from the White House, with feeble rhiabby, he denounces his successor, and the only emotion with which his words are received is one of incredulity and shame that, at so solema a moment as the election of 1864, a man so cautiously unfit should have been placed in the possible succession to the Presidency. It was, however, not so extraordinary at the time. Mr. JOHNSON was very little known to the country before. There

THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP LEAVING SHEERNESS WITH THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

LANDING OF THE SHORE END OF THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE, BAY OF MINON, NEAR BREST.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

GETTYSBURG—ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY. [SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

President Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration,

NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

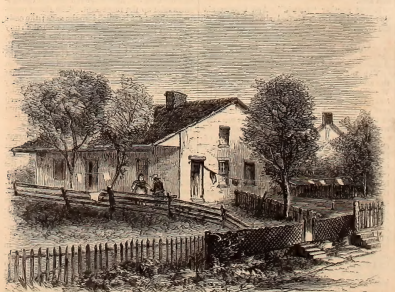
FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

GETTYSBURG.

GETTYSBURG, though picturesquely located, can not be called a pretty town. The number of its inhabitants will not exceed five thousand; and, aside from some work done in the way of relic manufacture, the industrial features of the place are not remarkable. Tourists may reach the town from New York by three different routes: viâ Baltimore, Northern Central of Pennsylvania, to Hanover Junction, thence to Gettysburg; or viâ Allentown to Harrisburg, thence by the Northern Central to Hanover Junction; or by the shortest and quickest route—from New York to West Philadelphia, thence to Lancaster, Columbia, Wrightsville, York, and Hanover Junction. By this latter route numerous changes of cars will be necessary, but it is undoubtedly the most satisfactory line. Arriving in Gettysburg one feels instinctively that the victims of the town are anxious to get his money: for they swarm about you with bullets, "ten cents apiece, three for a quarter." "Reb shell, Sir!" urges another, with all the iron that he can lift in the shape of a rusty cannon-ball; "have it for a dollar n'at." Splinters of wood, fragments of boulders marked by some whizzing bullet, are crowded in rare profusion before the stranger's eyes, but not one of the genus offers to burden himself with your baggage. It would seem as if the juvenile portion of the inhabitants had run mad on the subject of relics. Schools of these small fry darted about the monument during its erection, and any chip that was cut away to facilitate the setting of a stone was seized by at least three of these relic-hunters. The boxes in which the statues were brought from Italy were eagerly secured to make cases of, and the nails were preserved with great care because "Why, they came all the way from Europe!" Mr. BITTERSON, the sculptor, met with a warm reception on the day of his arrival in Gettysburg. Any number of youngsters insisted on selling him plans and accounts of

GETTYSBURG—CULP'S HILL.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



GETTYSBURG—JENNY WADE'S COTTAGE.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

GETTYSBURG—THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL REYNOLDS FELL.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

his monument, and they so badgered the poor man that he bought a Gettysburg Panama for a quarter, and escaped.

Culp's Hill is the favorite resort for relic-hunters, whether Gettysburgers or strangers. The trees there are torn with shot and shell; some are so riddled with bullets that death has ensued, and the naked limbs of the stricken trees seem fit emblems of the fierce struggle that occurred between them on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863. It was here that SICCUM'S men repulsed the oft-repeated and well-sustained assaults of EWELL'S corps. Trees with two hundred bullet wounds, and rocks with nearly as many scars, attest the hot fire that poured over this historical field. Turning from this, it is but a short walk to the gates of the National Cemetery. They are opened for us by the leaves of the myrtle and verbenas that have fallen on the white marble base remind us of the red tide that stained this field.

On our way from the cemetery to the town we pass the little brick house in which ABRAHAM WADE was killed—the only citizen of Gettysburg who met that fate in connection with the battle—and she was busy making bread for our wounded.

The grove where General REYNOLDS fell is in another direction, and not far from the well-known Gettysburg Spring. The grove was used as a camping-place for the UTICA ZOUAVES, who came to assist in the inauguration of the monument, and the tree beneath which REYNOLDS fell was to them a sacred spot. An "R" cut with an axe, and a hole in the bark scars the bark of the tree, are the only marks by which the spot may be recognized.

TWO MATCHES.

It had got too dark to see the ball, and the native and enthusiastic "Olympics" of Cooperania reluctantly desisted from their practice. It was the last but one before the great match which was to pit them against the renowned "Manhattans," the then Champions. The Nine had been all present, and had worked together splendidly; and it was with a confidence but deep-seated confidence in their strength that the men withdrew to the club-house; and thence, after refreshing ablutions, strolled homeward in the late twilight of midsummer.

Ned Hope went home with Charlie Somers, not because it was in Ned's nearest way to his home, but because it was the nearest way to Nellie Somers's. Charlie Somers was the Captain of the Nine, and was at the head of his class at Columbia, but at the foot of the Nine. Still, Ned Hope was a good trusty player, always reliable on a big catch, and not seldom hitting hard at the bat. Charlie was full of the coming match, in which he hoped to lead the Olympics of Cooperania to victory and the Championship, and was inclined to his companion his views of the several members of the Nine, and his speculations on the chances of the contest. Ned Hope was distracted, as was too common with him, and said but little, now and then assenting in monosyllables to Charlie's rapid talk.

At last he broke in upon it with, "Charlie, how did your sister Nellie get acquainted with that Patch family?"

"I didn't know she was. By-the-way, Ned, that fence of Patch's is going to bother us in the game. Every long hit to right-field is going to land right in that yard."

"Yes, bother it. I had to climb the fence a dozen times to-night. I dare say the Patches are respectable people enough, in their way; but what Nellie can find congenial or improving in their society I don't understand."

"Oh, I guess they won't hurt her, Ned. Any how that fence is a help for our side as the other. You must practice up on going over it, you know; it's on your point. Look out for that, will you, Ned?"

By this time they had reached Charlie Somers's house, and Charlie left the gate open while Ned passed in. Turns or four fellows were out practicing about the grass in the broad front-yard, and Ned's heart beat quicker as he heard Nellie Somers's voice:

"Don't flinch, Maggie! Hit just a little bit harder. Here's the stake. Now, that's splendid!"

And the rubber game of croquet was finished, won by Nellie, of course.

The young men went up to the girls, and in almost no time Charlie and his sister were in high argument over their last points of play, Charlie contending that she might have beat the game half an hour ago, "It ended by her calling him a "great goose," and conclusively making it. Ned very politely greeted the young ladies, and went to work hunting up the balls and gathering the hoops.

In the parlor the conversation opened and dwelt on the one topic that had possessed the minds of all Cooperania for weeks—the match with the Champions. Charlie again passed his men in review, recounting the special qualities of each in reply to the interested questioning of old Mr. Somers. Mrs. Somers deprecated practicing so much in the hot sun of the afternoon, but admitted that the momentous issue involved made it necessary. Nellie had her opinion about the disposition of the Nine. She would rather see Teddy Snapp on the first base than Boggs. Boggs would do better for the third. It was too bad Ned had all that climbing over Mr. Patch's fence to do, but that was the point for him, she was sorry to say.

"I wish I could help you, Ned," she added. She had begun to notice that he was keeping strangely silent.

"I will tell you how you can," answered he, with a serious, meaning look and tone which she did not fail to catch.

Nellie now began to watch Ned with puzzled and uneasy glances, and he, perceiving it, and thinking that she was getting into a great mood and one suitable for receiving a lecture, felt much relieved, as though the battle were already half won. But when he lingered in the front-yard to walk in saying good-night, he was very glad to have her ask:

"Ned, what is it?"

Ned scored the gravel with his cane. Suddenly looking straight into her face, he said: "*I have no right to concern myself about your doings.*"

Nellie could say nothing to this, and there was an embarrassing pause. Ned Hope ought to have said his good-night here and gone off, and ten minutes later he was solemnly upbraiding himself for not having done so. Indeed he found at once that he must come down from his high horse, or, with a forced smile and a feeble attempt at pleasantry, he asked:

"How long is it, Nellie, that you have been intimate with Patch and his family? I confess some surprise at this question, and Ned, thinking he had gained a point, went on: "I had brought you in the habit of choosing sides all together different sort of companions." And then, worse and worse: "I have only to say what I was very much afraid of when I saw you this afternoon, and I hope I never shall again."

Nellie's head stiffened back and her eyes flashed.

"Really, Mr. Hope, I should think you *did* concern yourself with my doings! I think it very probable you will have to answer for Mr. Patch's. Ned Hope, you will be sorry for this. Good-night."

The day of the Match had come at last, and all Cooperania, and a great portion of the rest of the world, were gathered round the field of contest. "The weather was all could have been desired, and a large number of the fair sex were in attendance," as the newspapers said the next day. Among the fair sex were present in large numbers, filling all the regular benches for spectators, and in the other parts of the ground, procured from the houses in the neighborhood, and making the scene brilliant, joyous, and interesting to the participants. Many of them were to display their prowess before their bright eyes and approving smiles and do battle for the glory of old Cooperania.

Yet the benches were lueless and lustreless for one knight in the tourney. Ned Hope seamed to him strong analogies between himself and the ladye fairo whose favor he wore in his heart of hearts was nowhere to be seen. He had not asked at her house whether she intended to come, and the justice of her reproach still weighed heavily on him. Could it be that she had determined even to forego the pleasure of witnessing the great match, in which he knew she had been deeply interested, in order to avoid meeting him? Was he so odious in her sight as that?

The game which was to decide the ambitious claims of the Olympics of Cooperania became monstrousness dull. It was a fine day, and in those first critical innings of the match which are always played in breathless silence, and in which each man feels that the eyes of the little world of lookers-on are upon him, as indeed they are. He heeded not the game—"his heart was far away." What glory now here could repay the disgrace in which he was held by that noblest and dearest of girls? Nellie Somers's look was the match—what was any thing to him now?

A good knock, coming straight for right-field, and the voice of Charlie Somers loved you. "Run to take care of it," roused Ned to his duty. The ball rose high, and was evidently destined for Patch's yard. Ned was over the fence in a trice, and in another moment would have been upon it, when the gate, which old Patch (who was an interested lover of the game) had already opened, malevolently kept locked against the Club, opened wide, and a domestic came out to empty a pail. Ned dashed in, received the ball, and had it back to the pitcher with as little loss of time as if the fence had never existed. The servant went in again and locked the gate.

"That was a piece of good luck," thought Ned, "and saved a run and my shins." And he had still more occasion to congratulate himself when he saw the right-field of the Manhattans struggling over the high fence, while the Olympics made more than their share of tallies. Nay, Ned had to thank his stars, or Patch's domestic, he did not know which, for the same good luck once, twice, and three repeated. The gate really seemed to swing open on its hinges immediately on the landing of the ball: *but yard (whenever the Olympics were after it).* and the same woman with the pail came forth like an angel. Ned's spirits rose, and were not revived that he even whispered an improper joke to Charlie Somers, quoting the Scriptural *Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*

The game progressed with varying chances and amidst the most intense excitement. The "ducks' eggs," and they put down one for each of the next three innings, while the Olympics had run up a 4, a 1 and two 0's in the last. At the end of the fifth innings the clubs stood at the 3 0 0; total 15. Manhattans, 1 3 1, and the last innings to get 2 in to beat or 1 to tie.

Cooperania must not let them have that 1.

Bad Luck had seized upon the Champions in the third innings, and would not loosen her grip on their extreme hour. Charlie Somers, who was catcher, had taken their first two men out on "foul-tip" in one-two order, at the very beginning of the innings. The third striker had his will and got away to his base. The next man had done the same and sent his predecessor to the next station. The more good hit would bring that man home and beat Cooperania.

Ah! there is the hit! Away it flies (it is toward Patch's yard), and away goes the Manhattaner for the home base and Victory.

Away, too, dashes Ned Hope for Patch's fence. With his gate open at a Biddy with the pail desert him now?

No, the gate opens and she bustles out just in time for Ned's rush in by her. Ned is in the yard, thanks to Biddy; but where is the ball? He brushes hastily among the weeds where it *ought* to be, but can not find it. The Manhattaner must be nearing the third base. *Oh, where in the hell?*

As when in the conflicts of classic story the protecting deity of the hero always appears above his head at the critical moment and gives him the victory, so now a gracious goddess who had hung in breathless anxiety over the doubtful contest sent down a voice from above and directed Ned's trembling hand.

"Oh, *there*, Ned, under the lilac!"

Ned grasped the ball and sent it flying in an unerring parabola to the home base, and victory descended with it into Charlie Somers's outstretched hands.

A great shout went up from the field. Cooperania had won the Championship; and the Cooperanian supporters, male and female, young and old, of both sexes, wanted to devour, almost, their gallant Champions.

Ned Hope still stood in Patch's garden in mute adoration of Nellie Somers, who was waving her handkerchief from Mrs Patch's window above; for he now perceived that she had given them the victory. He threw his cap on the ground, made her the most frantic signs of gratitude and devotion, and finished his usual property three her kisses with both hands. Nellie smiled back, how sweetly!—upon him, and shut the blinds.

At the supper of the Club that evening in honor of the Champions, Ned Hope, who sat next to Nellie Somers, being called on to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," alluded with grateful assertion to "the conspicuous (he could have applause), who had never "muffed" the gate a single time during the match. (Laughter and cheers.) He (Ned) could not, he continued, properly permit him to place the credit of this masterly strategy where it belonged (Nellie Somers's face was a study, and tell-tale blushes and smiles contended for the mastery of it); but he was confident the name of Somers would ever remain among the foremost on the roll of honor of the Olympics. (Long-continued cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and base-ball bats.)

That night, as Ned and Nellie walked homeward, she told him how she had contrived to win over Mrs Patch to having the back-gate unlocked; how the "Patch girls" had ably seconded her efforts, although they were not exactly "the sort of companions she usually chose;" how she had pressed Biddy into her service and thoroughly drilled her; and how she had secured an upper window in the house to watch the game and direct her part of it. "And now you see, Ned," said Nellie, "why I am so 'intimate with the Patch family.'"

Ned hung his head in silence till they reached the shade of the front-yard. Nellie had waited patiently, for she knew he would confess he was sorry, just as she had said he would. Ned would also go into Biddy's, throw Nellie aside and took both her hands, whispering:

"Forgive me, Nellie. I should not have spoken as I did, but loved you. I could not help concerning myself about you. Can't I have the right to do so?"

Nellie's head went for this time on his shoulder, and he felt her nod assent. And then came their first kiss.

It was another "match." And Cooperania was almost as much pleased about this one as the other.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

VARIOUS as may be the opinions regarding the architectural pretensions of the "Palace of Westminster," the Gothic structure of upwards of 800 rooms raised on the bank of the Thames has come to be called, there can be but one opinion of the magnificent field of interests which are controlled by the men who sit within its walls.

It is popular now to talk of the decadence of Great Britain, and to regard with complimentary MACAULAY'S imaginary New Zealander surveying the ruins of the London Bridge from a crumbling arch of a once magnificent bridge; but before that time of Cockney desolation arrives some few generations of readers must come and go; and therefore it may not be amiss to take a glance at the history and modes of procedure of that powerful body who for six hundred years have sat within the walls of St. Stephens, and as "The House of Commons" have influenced the destinies of not alone two small islands in the East Atlantic, but the whole civilized world.

For six centuries the Commons of England have made a continuous fight for "more liberty to more people." Sometimes, indeed, that sentiment has been confined to a very sparse minority, but still has found utterance, and with no dubious sound, at every critical period of the world's history.

The House of Commons meets at four o'clock in the afternoon, the session frequently lasting until the summer sun is high in the heaven. Let us take ourselves in fancy to the door of the House when an interesting debate is progressing, and after elbowing our way through a mass of excited humanity, take a look through the open door. We can see nothing but a crowd of men: it covers the floor of the House, and the benches that rise in rank above on either hand; nothing is visible but a sea of faces and a wall of backs, so packed full is the House, even in the blowhole under our feet. The figure alone is distinctly visible: by the canopy overhead, by that long robe and flowing wig, the Speaker may be recognized. He sits raised above the throng, calm and unmoved, the representative of order. By standing on tip-toe you may get a view of the Leader of the House, who is just closing the debate. His last words have been uttered during a lull in the hideous noises which so generally disgrace the proceedings of the House; but as he sits down the storm of noise is renewed by the fierce outcries of "Ay, ay!" and "No, no!" when the Speaker, rising to his feet, reads aloud the motion in debate. That over, the scene changes.

All the doors of the House are thrown open, voices cry "Division, Division!" up and down the passages and corridors, and, lads repeat the call, set jingling sharp and clear by the touch of an electric spark that in its circuit throughout that great building rings over sixty miles of telegraph wire. Thus summoned, the members hasten toward the House from Library, Refectory, or Committee Room.

Two minutes of jangling bells and hurrying feet, then the doors of the House slam to, the turn of locks is heard. No one enters until all is over when once, at the Speaker's order, the door is closed. All within must vote, but the Prime Minister himself can not get out to join the division if accidentally too late.

Inside, for the next quarter of an hour, the strife of tongues ceases; the members are silenced by the supreme anxiety of the moment.

The House is a large square room, divided on either side by two corridors, styled "Division Lobbies," into which all the members file, the Ayes on one side, the Noes on the other. Passing up the House the Ayes face toward the Speaker, and circle around his chair into the western Lobby: the Noes turn their backs on the Speaker, walk down the house and file round into the eastern lobby; then the four "Tellers"—members of the House—two in each Lobby, take down the names of the occupants, and count the number.

This occupies some time, for in a full House probably 630 out of the whole 658 members will vote, and then the crowd is serious enough: sometimes, when the division is half over, the result of the vote is visible, and cheers burst from the winning side; and on rare occasions some fun is raised at the expense of a Minister of the Government who finds himself in the Opposition lobby, and escapes before it is too late, amidst clouds of good-natured chaff.

In close run fights the excitement lasts till the numbers are proclaimed. The counting in the lobbies consists of the tellers, the backs gate revoked with members all anxiously waiting the report of the Tellers, who, approaching from different sides of the table of the House, with difficulty meet. At length they face the Speaker in a row, side by side. A cheer suddenly bursts forth—a loud, angry and derisive cry—that be the winners who shout like that. The shouts are with difficulty hushed; all appear quite fatigue to listen to the reading, to hear exact number of the votes. Triumphantly it is proclaimed aloud by the Teller for the winners; triumphantly the winners echo back their delight.

The Speaker at length announces the decision of the House, the winners cheer where the Ayes shouts begin again in the lobbies outside; the crowd moves to and fro; fast rush to the telegraph offices, the electric wires are set at play throughout the country; the click, click of the telegraph hand is heard across the sea. The strength of the ministry is never tested by electric spark; the newspaper presses roll and shake; and in about one hour after the division the railways take up the intelligence. The long newspaper sheets are bundled into the vans; the early morning trains speed away laden with the story of the great fight. Every minute to minute, faster and faster, further and further, those tidings spread in ever-widening circles from the Speaker's chair to all Europe and America can read next morning at their breakfast-table that the Coumons of England support a Ministry who boldly proclaim the power man's right to vote.

Stormy as are the debates that forerun such divisions, fierce as is the war of tongues, not for two hundred years have the Commons witnessed any approach to open violence.

On November 28, 1641, swords were drawn, and in the blind fury the members were all but slaughtering each other; but HAMDEN, greatly respected by both parties, was able to quell the riot before any blood was shed.

Although no blows have ever been struck, yet undoubtedly the most unseemly scenes of temper are often witnessed. And the power of the Speaker is almost *nil* in repressing these outbursts; he has to keep order with no power to compel order; he can not commit a member to custody, fagrant as may be his conduct; he can not even order him to quit his place in the House. The utmost punishment the Speaker can inflict is to name a member—to call him by his name. An indirect rebuke is contained in this ceremony. When the Speaker addresses a member by his name, that very act implies that he has so controlled himself as to cease for the moment to be a member of the House of Com-

mous; for there the members are never spoken of, or spoken to, save by the title of the seat which they represent. At best, however, an indirect rebuke is not much of a punishment; though by an ancient rule there arises "the displeasure of the House." What that amounts to may be gathered from the following anecdote:

A gentleman often "out of order," often needing the liberal of "naming" from the Speaker, at length asked him: "Well, what follows?" The answer he got from the Chair was: "The result of my naming you? The Lord in his mercy knows." An emphatic mode of confessing that nobody did know.

The Speaker is almost powerless in fact; he can not enter into a debate, nor can he regulate the orderliness; he can not in any way interfere with the arrangement of the work before him. He certainly can call on a particular member to speak; that is, when a dozen or two are the same moment, he can say who "catches his eye;" but even this privilege is sometimes denied him; for it is in the power of the House to settle whom they will hear. An illustration of this principle is connected with our own history.

When, in 1782, American independence had been made a fact, England was eager to acknowledge it, withstood only by the obstinacy of the King George III., and his Prime Minister, Lord NORTH. The Commons were resolved to stop the war, to throw out the King's War Minister; and after a six weeks' struggle this they did. Lord NORTH had to yield. The Minister came down to the House to announce his resignation. He rose to speak; and out of courtesy the Prime Minister is generally heard at once without question.

To be courteous, however, the House was not inclined; they loudly insisted that another member, who had also risen, should speak first, and that Lord NORTH should give way. He was, however, too skilled in debating tactics to be easily silenced; and directly the motion that the other member be heard first was put, Lord NORTH again started up to speak on that question. There was no stopping him then; and, by immediately cut discussion short by announcing that he and the Government had resigned office.

A quorum of the House of Commons is forty members. If one less be present, then it is no House; but though two members only were before him the Speaker could not declare the fact. If one member proposed a resolution and the other seconded it the Speaker would have to put the motion to a House of forty members supposed only of those two members. It would go on the Journal as a resolution of the whole 658 members.

The notice of the want of a quorum must come from some member, and then "a count" of the House must take place, debates in progress stopped, for two minutes the division-bells, as before described, are set ringing, and the doors are thrown open. Then the Speaker counts the roll upon the benches, and if the required forty members be not present the House, debate, and all it closed for the evening.

Yet though the Speaker can not himself begin a count, a very slight touch may set him off. One evening a very poor member was looking to a score of listless, sleepy listeners. He got annoyed at the paucity of members and the inattention of the few present; he had made a joke about the packed House, the crowded benches, the eager faces he pretended to see around him. The jest was bad; he had referred to the House her present; this done, and the Speaker must determine what that number is. "Order! order!" from the Chair silenced the speaker. Amazed and ignorant of the result of his wit, he saw the House counted at twenty, and his speech was never finished.

The Speaker can not leave his dignified seat unless his chair be loosened by a friendly assessor's voice. On one occasion the Speaker was actually left sitting without a member being present, and there he would probably have sat the next day had not a member been fetched back to repeat before him those magic words, "That the House do now adjourn." Even the object of a mace, the special emblem of the Speaker's authority, does not belong either to the Speaker or the House of Commons. The mace is only lent to the Speaker by the sovereign, who resumes the loan when Parliament is not sitting.

The theory of the mace is that it represents the royal person, which is always supposed to be present at the deliberations of the House. The Commons are elected by the people, but by a principle, or rather a fiction of the law, they sit under writs issued by the Crown. Therefore the sovereign, as the legal incarnation of the executive functions, is always presumed to be present.

A mighty part has the mace played in the annals of the House of Commons. When CHARLES WELL ordered it to be removed—"Take that bauble away" are the reputed words—the Rump Parliament was scattered to the winds. At the Restoration it is doubtful if the original mace was recovered, at any rate the Royal Society claim to be in possession of it, so does the Corporation of the City of London.

The power of true authority is not wanting to the Speaker, powerless though he seems. The Speaker has the greater power, because he possesses no power. It is because he represents good order without the means of compelling order that he keeps order. So excellent have been the men holding the office that for many generations no conflict has ever arisen between the Speaker and the House.

A Speaker is elected by royal command on the first day of each new Parliament, but a new man is not necessarily placed in the Chair; indeed, this is now never done. A Speaker once elected continues to preside over successive Houses until removed by death, or by being raised to the peerage and a seat in the House of Lords.

When an election takes place the usual course is for a member distinguished by long experience to suggest who, in his opinion, is most suitable for the Chair; and if no one else be proposed the election passes by acclamation. This is not always the case; the choice of Speaker has been occasionally the subject of long and hot debate. Out of the ten Speakers chosen during the last hundred years the election of seven was carried by a division, or unanimously—except in one of the election the supremacy of the Crown over Parliament reappears. Before a Speaker can act he has to ask and receive the royal approval.

This approval has been always given, with one notable exception: it was refused by King CHARLES II. to the proudest of his subjects. This was Sir EDWARD SEYMOUR. At the opening of the new Parliament in 1678 the Commons unanimously chose him for their Speaker. SEYMOUR was personally obnoxious to the King, yet he confessed that King CHARLES dared not refuse him acceptance as the Commons' Speaker. SEYMOUR presented himself at the bar of the House of Lords to fulfill the ancient formality. He was more haughty than any peer—the haughtiest man alive. His looks proclaimed all the pride he felt; disdain glittered in his eyes; and with undaunted assurance he addressed the King: "I am come hither by your Majesty's own command." In such a style no Speaker had ever before addressed a King. KING CHARLES was not to be know-beaten by his subject's haughty insolence; SEYMOUR went away, no longer Speaker of the House of Commons. Most adignant were they with the King; the Commons unanimously addressed him angry remonstrances. In vain; the only answer they could get was an assertion of the sovereign's undoubted right to refuse any choice of a Speaker; and the Commons had to yield.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WOODENLY cares multiply. In fact, it is the fashion for two or three months, unexplored ever to be brought before the public ever since. The latest marvel is Proctor's Cave, recently discovered in Kentucky, not far from Mammoth Cave, however. A full description of this novelty is impossible, but those who have visited it are enthusiastic over its marvelous beauties. Vast avenues and halls yet remain unexplored, and the full extent of the cave will probably never be known. The entrance to it is by a romantic valley, and was at first but a narrow crevice in the rock; but it has been enlarged by blasting, and steps lead the visitor to a large chamber, called the Labyrinth, which extends about two hundred and fifty yards to what is called the Grand Crossing, where three avenues branch off, leading to separate chambers or domes. "Kentucky Dome" is of vast dimensions and regular shape. It has been demonstrated that a river exists in the cave equal in size to any in Kentucky above the falls. Proctor's Cave is believed to be the largest in the world. "Curtain Dome," the crowning glory of the cave, is nearly seventy feet high by twenty wide. On one side a sheet of stalactite, semi-transparent and looped in graceful folds, extends from the roof almost to the bottom of the dome. It appears like a real curtain—the illusion is perfect. There is an endless variety of stalactites and stalagmites in various parts of the cave. One, called "Lot's Wife," is a perfect representation of a female form. "Fairy Grotto" is another favorite bend! In "Elfin Grotto" groups of stalagmites are found which are pretty romantic statues. Also, there are a great number of sonorous stalactites which, when struck with the hand, emit a musical sound. Altogether, Proctor Cave seems to be as well worth the attention of the curious as any thing of the kind which has been discovered.

Omaha already boasts of three daily papers; and in addition to births, marriages, and divorces, one paper announces betrothals, and proposes to have still another column headed, Flirtation. Advertisers are wide awake at Omaha. One enterprising individual is printing an edition of his Prize-Book, which he intends to give away to every attendant at church. The right-hand page contains the usual prayers, but the left-hand page is allotted to advertisements. Another is trying to purchase the privilege of using the outsides of the pulpits for posting the merits of his patent baby-jumper.

Some people seem to have a strange impulse to taste of everything that comes across their path. Not long ago a certain Captain Rawden was making some explorations in the Isle of Man, with three miners. One of the men thoughtlessly filled up a carrot-like root and began to eat it. The taste was pleasant enough, and he passed some to his companions. The fatal effects were almost immediately apparent, and the man who first partook of the root died within a short time after he repast. The others suffered very severely. The vegetable proved to be the woody nightshade, a plant which is peculiarly attractive to children from its luxuriant growth and crimson berries.

Eight workmen who had been employed in a case manufactory in London recently exhibited serious symptoms of lead poisoning. All were very ill, and one died. Investigation proved that white-lead was used for fastening on the tops of biscuit sticks, and also to whiten them. It is stated that the poison was not inhaled, but that the men poisoned through not washing their hands at meal-time.

A Bavarian chemist, M. Hahn, has discovered a new kind of guano—the excrement of fowls specially fed in France to be tried at Vincennes. The compound is said to be twice as powerful as the best sporting powder, and costs less than twenty a pound. The materials for making it can be found in all countries. It makes little smoke, leaves little ash, and does not foul the gun: damp does not hurt it, nor a blow explode it; its transportation is perfectly safe; its use highly agreeable.

A sarcastic opponent of "woman's rights" says it is a great convenience to have women as post-mistresses, because they can not only inform an applicant if there is a letter for him, without looking, but can tell him what is in it.

Some very pleasant exercises took place at Newport on July 5, in connection with the presentation of an elegant boat to Miss Ida Lewis, as token of appreciation of her heroism in rescuing two drowning soldiers near her father's light-house in March last. The boat, which is of the finest workmanship, is called the *Rescue*; and the presentation was in Washington Square, which was filled with a crowd of enthusiastic people. An appropriate presentation address was made by Francis Brinley, formerly President of the Boston Common Council, to which Colonel T. W. Higginson responded on behalf of Miss Lewis. He commenced by saying: "I am requested by Miss Lewis to return thanks in her name to the donors and to the citizens of Newport. Miss Lewis desires me to say that she has never made a speech in her life, and does not expect to begin now. She has worked out the problem of woman's rights in a different manner. She has been accustomed to assume the right of helping her fellow-creatures without asking my question. She receives this boat with pleasure, not only as an earnest of the good feeling of her fellow-citizens, but also as a means of doing a little more hereafter, if occasion should come." . . . At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson's speech, an elegant rudder-chain, made of rose-wood, with solid silver mountings, was presented by the Narragansett Boat Club; and two silk flags, a miniature anchor of galvanized iron, with cable, an elegant set of cushions, boat-hook, and a velvet carpet were contributed by Captain Kenyon and the officers of the steamboat *Newport*. The demeanor of Miss Lewis throughout the exercises was truly lady-like and composed, alike free from embarrassment and affectation.

The presentation was in the morning; and in the afternoon the *Rescue* was launched from Long Wharf in the presence of a vast crowd. As the appointed hour, amidst much applause, Miss Lewis seated herself at the oars; and by her quick and vigorous strokes the beautiful boat was guided rapidly toward its destination, the Lime Rock Light-house.

A Vermont editor has invented a new method of rousing delinquent subscribers to a sense of their duty. He writes an obituary notice of them.

Grasshoppers very nearly conquered a train of cars on the Union Pacific Railroad, near Green River, the other day. The passengers were compelled to dismount and throw sand on the track before they could proceed.

The "Ophthalmos," a sort of self-acting photographic apparatus, is the reality a camera provided with mechanical contrivances for automatically uncovering and covering the lens and exposing the plate. It is sent up attached to a small balloon without an operator, and at any required height takes a picture of the surface of the earth beneath it, with all the bearings of the compass automatically marked.

Whales seem to be hunted now just as vigorously as in old times when gas and petroleum were things unknown. A recent suggestion in reference to their capture is to stupefy them by electricity. The harpoon is to be double-pointed, and each point is to be the terminal of a wire leading to a powerful electrical battery carried in the whaling boat. It is believed that a good dose of electricity will render the whale torpid, and render his capture easy.

Mr. Spurgeon recently introduced velocipedes in a sermon to a congregation of two thousand at Pershore, Worcestershire; and in this wise, "Those now in vestibus, which the lads were riding down our streets, would not keep up unless they were kept going; the moment they stopped they fell down; and, in this they were exceedingly like the Christian Church, which would fall unless it was kept constantly moving on."

Velocipedists are warned by the London *Lancet* that "human sorrows keep pace with human progress." Within the last few months both French and English surgeons have been required to treat a great variety of injuries, resulting from bicycle accidents. These injuries are of the most distressing character, spraina, general shock of the nervous system, and special and peculiar accidents resulting from the novel risks attendant on the machine.

COMMERCIAL OF THE DAY.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—"Irish lawn is at a discount."

A "DOWN-EAST" Yankee has recently invented a new species of guano, consisting of a sort of powder snuff. The animal jerks his head off the third ounce.

Can a square meal be made off a round of beef?

A Vermont man has written to a lawyer in Indianapolis to know whether he can have a "devore," being unable to support his wife alone, moreover, what it will cost. "If it costs $20, I can't pay that much."

COMPANIONS IN ARMS—Twin babies.

A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a lady how old she was. She reflected. "Let me see. I was married when I was married, and my husband was thirty; now he is twice thirty, that is sixty; so, of course, I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-six."

Was young Lochinvar a Scotchman, or a Yorkshireman. He "came out of the West"—Riding.

When a Scotch minister told his neighbor that he had preached two hours and a half the day before, the neighbor said to him: "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" "Aw, na," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose: but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

A person was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't read them through yet." He afterward became a pauper.

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE.

With broomstick for javelin, dust-pan for shield, On clothes-horses mounted, away to the field! And pinquilol then, as far as the eye can see, But ladies shall vote; yes, and men rock the cradle. Arise, and chant wildly your Amazon sonnets, Then on to the combat, girls! I'll hold your bonnets! Our wives shall command without any demur: Charge, Mrs. Partington! On, Mrs. Caudle! Flutter your standard, ye brave Bloomer corps! And sail in, my girls, we've Ben Wade in the balance.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat, and were delighted with the simplicity with which the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men to the other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.—We noticed a fellow the other day wearing a large ring with a brilliant red setting; he wore it in a very conspicuous manner in his eye. Upon making inquiry, he informed us that they didn't cost much, and people generally received kind words from who observed them. He says it was given him.

"How old are you?" asked a railroad conductor of a little girl whom he noticed was crying. "I am one on a half-ticket. "I am nine at home, but in the cars I am only six and a half."

When the enterprising butcher's boy "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat?

A VOW (ah), or INDENTEDNESS—O.

During a recitation on natural history in one of our well-known colleges, a student in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, had his head full of animals, said: "Professor, why does a cat, while eating, turn her head toward the tail?" "Because," said the Professor, "for the reason," replied the Professor, "that she can not turn her body with it so easily."

A man who is publicly dined is now said to have been reverdyjohnsonized.

A FRIEND AT A PINCH—One who shares his snuff-box with you.

A BOILED RIDER—The Honey-moon.

OLD HANKE'S STORY.

"Some years ago," said he, "I was sent to an iron foundry and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constantly for the last six years, and bore the effects of the heat to all its wounds, and what do you think, gentlemen, that ere beast just walked out of his hole where he'd been lyin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old quarters in Saint Bat, by George, goatbeuses, he looked mighty pale!"

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridesmaids asked her the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaus I should marry if I should become a widow."

THE LARGEST ROPE IN THE WORLD.—En-rope.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "I say, John, here's your Lion burst again, and all the Stuffing is coming out. Better sew him up."

THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMO

E, OF COMMONS, 1869.—[See Page 470.]

THE ATHEIST.

Wear not for them who weep
For friend or lover taken thence, for child
That falls 'mid early flowers and grass asleep,
Untempted, undefiled.

Mourn not for them that mourn
For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart;
God's hand will bind again what He hath torn
He heals the broken heart.

But weep for him whose eye
Sees in the midnight skies a starry dome
Thick woven with the hue that whirl and hurry by,
And give the heart no home;

Who hears amid the dense
Loud trampling crash and outcry of this wild
Thick jungle world of dim magnificence
No voice which says, "*My child!*"

Who marks through earth and space
A strange yet changeless scene before a vacant shrine,
And feels within his inmost soul a place
Unfilled by the Divine;

Weep, weep, for him above.
That looker for dreams, and sees unpitying Fate,
That finds within his heart, in place of love,
A dull, unsleeping hate.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

The next afternoon, when Douglas came as usual to Auriel, Azalea did not meet him in the avenue as she had been her wont. He missed the bright face and the eager welcome of voice and hand, and felt annoyed at their absence.

"I suppose her father is requiring her services more than usual to-day," he thought; but when he entered the house he found old Moore sitting puffing away at his pipe outside the door, looking very happy in the clouds of smoke and in the contemplation of a favorite bright bird that was stretched extended in the sun, tranced in a voluptuous inertness from which not all the velvety hirings of four soft-lipped puppies could arouse her.

"Ain't they beauties?" Moore said, complacently, referring to the puppies as if nature were at his feet. "I said to Azalea, 'We mustn't keep 'em all, the mother 'll never be able to bring them up;' but she only laughed and said, 'Don't you think Him that makes young things knows best about that?' and then she wouldn't have them in a pail of cold water; when they did, and it seemed cowardly to take advantage of their not seeing, and she couldn't have them hurt; but what I think she was mistaken there, for I notice that when their eyes first open they don't look up at you as they do in a straight level, as if Nature didn't want them to stare at any thing but the mother's teats until they got stronger. They'll make beautiful dogs, I'm sure all must admit, with that proud satisfaction which all human beings appear to take in things of their own rearing. They do the work and who prophesies that whole hecatombs of rats will fall victims to the prowess of his mongrel terrier when it grows to the age of whipping discretion, to the breeder of a thorough-bred horse, who thoroughly believes that an embryo Derby winner exists in the uncreated foal that wakes up on its long legs in the paddock; from these to the human mother stirred by tremulous joy and mighty pride in her first-born—to us all think that our young crows will puke hecatombs of rats will fall victims to the prowess of his mongrel terrier when it grows to the age of whipping discretion, to the breeder of a thorough-bred horse, who thoroughly believes that an embryo Derby winner exists in the uncreated foal that wakes up on its long legs in the paddock; from these to the human mother stirred by tremulous joy and mighty pride in her first-born—to us all think that our young crows will not be unlike the rest, with the pure fairness of the dove, at least in the soaring ardour of the eagle?

"But where is Azalea?" Douglas asked, impatiently.

"Does say she's gone to pick up some plums in the kitchen garden. I said I should like some made into a pudding to-day. I can't eat any thing but what I can suck—haven't got any teeth, you know. I've often thought, Mr. Douglas, that when Eve, woman-like, did the only thing she was told not to, and ate that 'crude apple,' she hurt her teeth and sent us down toothache among other curses."

Douglas turned away to the study where he ordinarily read with Azalea.

"Not here," he muttered, discontentedly; "I hate surprises."

He sat down to a table near the window, where his own manuscripts were placed. He did a great deal of work at Auriel now. The well-stored libraries afforded him greater facilities for study and reference than he could possibly find in his own limited collection of books; and the atmosphere of romance that haunted the old place was favorable to imaginative creation. The summer winds that blew through the open windows stirred into motion a thousand quaint fancies wrought in the bold hangings. Grotesque faces laughed and wept in perpetual shadow of brown oak carving. Lovely women trailed their draperies, and noble gentlemen clashed their swords through the dim corridors. There were also two children that belonged to the place—a little girl who sat in a picture near the door, and whose stiff bodice and formal sash were a mild contrast with her baby face and dimpled arms; and a boy, a mounted warrior, aged eight, whose brown hair tumbled in loving profusion over his fierce red coat, while his small fingers were clenched over a mimic weapon of death. Azalea used to dream, when she was a child, that the girl, who was all sash and dimples, and the boy, who was all curls and coat, slipped out of the frame while their parents slept, and danced innocent together in the dusky twilight. In dream-land, where the probable and impossible are so mysteriously fused, she was not troubled by the anachronism that the girl lived two centuries later than the boy; and, for matter of that, in ghostly realms the difference of a hundred years or so is not likely to disturb ghostly friendships. The spirit of the place breathed of dream-like mystery and gorgeous decay. "I am hundreds of years old," it whispered; "none but nobles with powdered hair bow in my saloons or talk stately sentiment in their mimic scenes on the grass-grown terraces. I am centuries old: do you not see it in my dusky rich tones, transparent as the shadows of ages, and rarer than provence rose? in my ancient manuscripts, traced over by hands that were dust with the worms for generations? I am dying, but I am royal even while moribund; do not disturb the sanctity of my peace—do not unveil my failing features to the busy scorn of modern life. Above all, let not any touch ruder than the wind clang the rusty shields which our forefathers made famous in Palestine."

As a rule, Douglas rejoiced to yield himself up to the thrall of fancies like these; but to-day he felt his mood to be one that jarred against the softness of the hour.

"I am getting to be a methodical man, I suppose," he thought, wearily, half vexed at his own incomprehensible irritation; "but the fact is, I am not out by not beginning the day in the usual manner. I am in a good look for that girl and get it over, and then I shall be settled in my mind."

That which was to be got over was a long philosophical dissertation, of which Azalea was to be the heroine, illustrating the effect of exposure on the arguments to be deduced therefrom; this, and a lesson in Italian, constituted her task for to-day. As Douglas had made the announcement of his intention to seek Azalea, he saw the reflection, in an opposite mirror, of his long, ungainly figure passing in the square forehead shaded by a mass of gray hair.

"Who would have thought that I was ever rather a fine fellow?" he said, in a little touch of self-pity and contempt, as, shrinking away from the glass, he passed out at the porch. "I'll go to Azalea."

The old garden had once been trimly kept; the peaches had glowed in sumptuous profusion on the walls. The dahlias had formed a gay ward in the flower-beds, separated from the golden gravel paths by the several lines of the box border; but now the parterres obscured by moss and long grasses. The stricken stems of the hollyhocks had, in many cases, fallen helplessly over their prescribed limits, and the crimson blossoms glowed through the soft green shadow of tall nettles; as for the wall-fruit, they were concealed by the same rank exuberance in their foliage, that none but the quick eyed birds knew where to look for the ripening of their fair heads in the hot drowsy air; the convolvuli relaxed their tenacious hold of the rose-trees, and trailed so thickly among the espalier-stems, that had not the red blossoms been inert and heavy with over-bloom they might have waved themselves into life of their independent.

Douglas found Azalea under the plum-tree; but she, too, seemed infected by the atmospheric languor, for the plums were lying where she had cut touched; the misty bloom still veiling their sunscorched sides, as where the bruise of their fall on the trees of a hungry bird had pierced the purple skins. Douglas paused for a moment, and looked at the picture before him—so full of deep repose—so lovely in its simple beauty. What was this restlessness within him? What was this trouble in his eyes as they dwelt on the girl's fair head and flowing hair?

She was leaning against the smooth trunk of the tree, gazing dreamily at the dark crumbling wall opposite, while her thoughts were wandering far away over its ivied summit, floating like the birds beyond even the blue depths of this lonely place. She was roused from her reverie by hearing Douglas step near her, and went towards him, holding out her hand.

"Oh!" she said, "I had no idea it was so late, Mr. Robert. I should have been out to meet you had I known it was near your hour for coming."

Again Douglas felt irritated.

"Don't call me Mr. Robert," he said, testily.

"Well, then, Robert. Only it seems so impertinent for me to call you Robert—you who are—"

"So much older than yourself, I suppose you mean," he interrupted.

"Not only that, but so superior," Azalea answered, simply.

There was silence between them for a few moments; then Douglas said, abruptly—

"Have you learned the task I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes—no—that is to say, I don't quite know. I looked at it," she pleaded, apologetically, seeing a gleam of displeasure in his gray eyes.

"I never knew any negligence before," he said, harshly. "I will leave you now, and return to my own work."

He rose to go, and she followed him at a distance, meek-eyed, like a dog depressed by its master's rebuke. Presently she curled her little fingers round his arm.

"Please forgive me," she said, penitently. "I will study hard to-day."

Her touch seemed to thrill from his wrist to his very heart. He looked down on her, his eyes glorified by a light she had never seen in them before.

"I—I—of course I forgive you," he stammered; "but—"

Then he broke from her abruptly, and left her alone in the narrow path, wondering and confused.

"How very strange he is to-day," she thought.

"But I must go back to the tree; for, after all, I forgot to pick up the plums for daddy's pudding."

Neither tutor nor pupil made much progress with their studies this afternoon. Douglas sat and looked at his manuscript, with his face shadowed by one hand; but the other fell listless by his side, and only a flickering sunbeam moved across the blank whiteness of his paper.

Azalea, crouching down on the window-seat, strove hard to fix her attention on the page before her; but her eyes, scolding in the long grasses outside, and the loud humming of the bluebottle on the pane, singing his own dirge in a spider's web, seemed to possess magnetic attractions for her eyes and ears. She gave a furtive glance at Douglas, to see if he were noting her inattention. He seemed unconscious even of her presence; so she turned her face to the window once more, and resigned herself to dreamy memories of Douglas. It was so pleasant to her, the golden warmth of the noon. She liked to see the soft shadows creep up the lawn, and pass their cool veil over the hot languor of the roses. She reveled in the faint scents of ripe fruits and flowers, and in the stirred the warm air.

"It should always be summer-time and afternoon," she said, softly; and Douglas started at the sound of her voice, as if it had been loud and imperative as a trumpet-call.

He did not speak, however, but followed her glance, and looked out at the sky until the grey clouds of night began to thicken in the north, and the sun glowed in long red flames beyond the western hills.

To her all the murmurous sounds, all the shifting phases of Nature, seemed to convey indistinct possibilities of joy. Hope, vague but sweet as the wistful music of an Æolian harp, whispered in the wind-swayed boughs, and glistened in the golden edges of clouds that were blown toward the west. To him the autumn evening was full of sadness and desolation. The chill aspect of the sky, mixed with dreary-looking patches of weeds; the quick shadow of the wild-fowl gliding over its breast; the weird-like sound of the rising wind, filled him with inexpressible depression. The shadow of a new despair seemed to be looming behind the shadow of the coming night. Azalea's companion, he would fain have arrested the progress of time at noontide; not because, like her, he reveled in the present, but he dreaded the hours of the future. Presently Azalea broke the silence;

"What would you, if any one insulted you?" she said, suddenly; and as she spoke a blush suffused her face, which seemed to Douglas to be only a reflection of the crimson which was streaming over her head. His eyes darkened at her question, and the pain of some old memory whitened his lips more than its usual pallor, as he answered, briefly,

"It depends on what description of insult it was."

"Supposing that it were a very great insult?" Azalea pursued, in a shy, low voice.

"I should punish the offender myself, and repent my revenge all my life," Douglas said, sadly.

"But why need you ask such a question, Azalea? you are so secure from insult here as the lovely roses are from being plucked or the birds captured?"

"Oh, of course," Azalea answered, confusedly.

Once or twice she had thought she would tell of the marvelous spectacle she had seen in the glen; but the memory of a hungering outside soldier always checked the impending confidence. How could she confess to her father or her stern-faced tutor that she had looked up and kissed lips of a young soldier, as carelessly as he might pluck a flower and wear it for an instant at his breast? How could she explain that she was haunted by the memory of a pair of brown eyes, which she would like to meet again, if only to shame them by her look of proud indignation?

Douglas left Auriel earlier than usual to-night. His manner was abrupt and confused: and Azalea, scared by unaccustomed coldness, felt something of her childish fear of him return as she stood at the porch to see him go.

"I will do better to-morrow," she said, deprecatingly, when he took her good-night.

"I dare say you will," he answered, absently, and then he disappeared through the misty gloom of the avenue, and she went back to her father, and wondered why he left him what had made Mr. Douglas so cross to-day.

Meantime Douglas had passed once at the lower gate of Auriel, and looked round with a half-hope that the girl might be yet waving him an adieu. He could not see her; and the closed shutters of the house excluded from his view the eyes the solitary light that beamed in the vast and lonely house. The mist and the darkness closed over, and Douglas hurried home with his heart filled with a bitter feeling, the nature of which he dared not analyze to himself. When he reached his own dwelling he sat down in the darkness and solitude of his room, and buried his gaunt face in his hands.

"Oh!" he groaned, "surely, of all the bitter sufferings of my life this would be the sharpest!"

"I will not go there to-day; I will send an excuse," Douglas said to himself when he awoke the next morning.

On the previous night he had stifled the rising trouble in his mind by the sheer force of determination; but our clearest resolutions fade into helpless confusion under the softening influence of sleep; and in the first dawn of reawakened memory our sorrow strikes us quickly and keenly, with the surprise of a treacherous blow. A sort of sullen resentment succeeded the first flush of conscious pain.

"They do not want me excepting as a school-master for her; and she has ceased to love to learn. I will not go."

Accordingly, when the hour approached in which he usually visited Auriel, he dispatched a note to Azalea announcing that he had engagements to-day which would prevent his leaving home. He felt a certain satisfaction in surmising that the old man and the girl would miss his companionship; and with this reflection he strove to calm the restless irritation which possessed him all the afternoon. In spite of the strenuous efforts he made to occupy his mind, he was continually haunted by the aspect of the scenes in which he usually passed these hours of the day. There was the old oak door of the library creaking heavily on its hinge; there was the Virginian creeper drooping with pink-tipped tendrils athwart the diamond-shaped window; there was the quick spider counterfeiting repose on the window-sill, up until the longer grey rams within reach of its long arms. The lights and shadows that were flying across the meadows opposite were doing now in those dusky chambers, where the silence was rarely disturbed save by the twitter of birds or the music of one gentle human voice, and where only one fair face made a living light in their dusky gloom.

At Auriel the day was lapsing with the softness of dreams. He could fancy he heard the old-fashioned clocks chiming away time in mellow tinkles that, reverberating through the long corridors, sounded like the soft knell of lament for the vanishing hours. He tried only to image to himself non-sentient objects. He tried to limit his sight to the grotesque faces on the tapestry hangings—to shut his ear to all but the low whistle of the bird and the rush of the wind; but, despite his every effort to compel his thoughts into a prescribed groove, Azalea's hair would gleam in the dusky shadows of those familiar chambers—Azalea's voice would ripple in the summer wind that blew through the window, and her fingers seemed to dimple all over the pages of the book he was reading. He closed the volume impatiently, and walked up and down the room. The low ceilings and narrow space oppressed him with a sense of restraint. He would have liked to thrust the walls asunder with his strong arms, and to tramp about in the boards without. He passed into the little garden, and vented his restlessness in hurried bursts of exercise on the narrow slip of grass. Then he looked up once, and saw the red gables of Auriel shining in the evening sun. Turning abruptly in the other direction, he passed quickly down the fields, and never stopped until he reached a small town about eight miles distant, where he sometimes called for letters at the post-office.

There was none for him to-night; indeed, it was very seldom that he received any, for his mode of life was intruded on by any communication from the outside world.

He ordered and read those echoes of the world's hourly life, the newspapers, but like a limpet that clings to its rock, cold and impassive amidst the surf of waters and the tempestuous confusion of storms, he, in the dead calm of his self-immolated existence, heard without feeling the surge of the outside currents.

He did not care to glance at his papers tonight. The records of party clamor of rumored wars, of the daily lists of casualty and crime, would not accord well with the quiet peace of this remote country village, steeped as it was in the golden splendor of sunset. A few shiny-headed babies played outside the cottages, the opened doors of which revealed occasional glimpses of the forms of domestic life. Here a woman, with her head bent over her needlework—there an old man, watching the united labors of his wife and a young daughter together over his crutches. Douglas looked wistfully at the faint twinkling lights that were beginning to glimmer in some of the windows. There was "home" for every one but himself, he thought. He saw a day-laborer slouching toward one of the lowly homesteads—and the whilom Sybarite and dilettante grudged the wearied lout the coarse but cordial greeting that welcomed him to the little dark, close room of which the most costly ornaments were a solemn-looking eight-day clock, and one of those gaudy imitation japan tea-trays, which occupy in cottages a position ordinarily assumed by family portraits in the mansions, i. e., the place of honor over the chimney-piece.

A fat, unwashed-looking baby contrived with great difficulty to chase the gleam with which the tips of her round fingers, and then ran crowing with delight to the new-comer, who, tired as he was after a day of luxuries, sat down to the cheering dimpled burden on to his shoulder. A brown-faced gaunt woman was busying herself within doors. A tawny of luxuries, sat down to the cheering dimpled burden on to his shoulder. A brown-faced gaunt woman was busying herself within doors. A tawny-haired nigger girl sat at the door, hemming a school sampler. A boy of eight was looking meditatively at the circles his heels described in the air; an inward trouble caused him to be restless; he was making desperate efforts to learn his Catechism, impelled thereto by the knowledge that the vicar's annual schoolfeast was approaching, and that buns were only for little boys who could give their orthodox answer in full.

Douglas, walking swiftly down the wide lane called by courtesy a street, noticed every detail of this homely scene. He felt as a famished bird might that soars over the fat plumage of

golden grain, showered down for the use of domesticated fowls.

That squalid cottage was filled with loveliness for the tired workman. The house might be small and dark, the chambers closely packed as cells in a bee-hive, but *there* was refuge from burning suns and biting winds. There was the tendance of hands, rough, it is true, but made gentle by love. There was the sweet human pride of paternity, and that sense of comfort in fellowship, which is in such strange contrast with the solitude of the vast, dark high-road we are compelled one day to traverse alone.

The shadow of a rare and undefinable pain filled Douglas's eyes as he turned his back on the picture of life's fruition, and walked in the direction of the silent, desolate abode.

How was it that the name he had striven to repel from his memory all day leaped to his lips simultaneously with the sigh he breathed for unattainable social joys?

"Azalea," he murmured, softly; and as his ears heard what his heart had uttered his pale cheeks flushed and his head drooped lower on his breast. He walked quickly on, as though his hasty footsteps could stamp out the fire that was smouldering in his mind; passed by the cottage windows, twinkling like multitudes of rubies in the sun; passed the faded paint of the village inn—an anchor painted on a board which had been rifted in two by accidents of time and weather. In a little while the sign creaked in darkness; the windows reflected inward instead of outward light; the doors were all closed; and the pence of night happened over the quiet town and over the fields through the shadows of which Douglas's tall figure passed a darker moving gloom. He thought with repugnance of the gray-walled cottage standing low in the green glooms of the dusted lane. He pictured to himself the sullen sky darkening above the low thatch, the dew-wet rose—their red glow obscured by the night—nodding round the small casement. For the first time for three years the dense peace of his life seemed distasteful to him. He felt a wild desire to stand on the rugged declivities, to catch the mad foam of the torrent in his hands, to breathe stormy airs that whirl round the misty summits of snow hills.

There was a strange tumult in his heart which accorded ill with the dull still atmosphere that surrounded him. His thoughts were reversed as intervals to the wild freedom of his old life; he fancied that he would be more at ease if he were overpowered by fatigue, or menaced by danger than he was in the calm security of these civilized solitudes.

He brushed the dew off the woodbine, and trod the trailing bramble under foot in his hasty transit through the fields. In his restlessness he walked as rapidly as if one who loved him awaited his return; but when he neared his cottage-door his steps slackened, and he paused at the garden-gate, half dreading to encounter the dark loneliness of his small sitting-room.

There are times when existence is as a shroud which swathes one so tightly that it rebels feebly against the horror which oppresses him. On this night Douglas felt life to be all clouds; the myrtled wooded valley about above conveyed to him no sense of immensity. He passed through the vast fresh air in his way to a vault fashioned by himself. He had been desolate, but free. Now he was desolate, but in bonds.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"HOW DO I LOOK, DEAR?"

THE time was evening, the place the Misses Orme's drawing-room at Orme Castle. It was the night of the ball, and all the preparations for the forthcoming entertainment were completed, with the exception of Rosa and Amelia's toilets. At this moment Rosa was in the grub stage—her hair twisted tight in an ungainly bundle at the top of her head, and her face buried in the folds of a soft towel; for, "On nights like these," as Amelia said, solemnly, "friction must not be applied to the cheeks to shine." Amelia was developed into the butterfly: her hair was frizzed in golden profusion over her forehead; fresh shining ringlets hung about her. Her ornaments were pearls; her lips were red and her shoulders white. Altogether she was a charming picture of studied innocence.

"I'm done," she announced, triumphantly. Then, in a solemn tone, she put the question that had been on her lips ever—

"I'll look directly," came in a stifled voice from behind the towel; and in the interim Amelia advanced to the glass before the mirror with a look of affectionate admiration at the image reflected there.

"Come into the light," Rosa said, when the face-drying was completed.

Amelia obeyed meekly.

"Um, pretty well; but a little *too much pig with one ear*, you know;" with a significant glance at one rosy cheek.

It was a point of honour that the sisters should speak the truth to each other on these occasions, however unpleasant it might be to hear or to utter.

Amelia looked at herself again. "You're quite right," she said, in a tone of deep conviction. "I shall put a little more on the left side."

"Two wrongs make a right," as the horsecowper said, when he put a bean in his horse's sound foot," quoted Rosa, pertly.

"Where did you pick up that stable slang?" Miss Orme said, disdainfully.

"From papa. But do go away, Amelia; you are taking up all the glass; and I shall never be ready in time."

"People always think so if they see other people dressed first," Miss Orme observed, phlegmatically. "I shall go and see if Lady Diana is ready. She has had a box down from town; but," she added, with emphasis, "one comfort is, do what she will, she can't make herself look otherwise."

"Come back," called Rosa, "before I go down, and tell me if there is too much powder on my nose. Candle-light can not be trusted."

Amelia promised assent, but in the fault of her faith; for on reaching the one sitting-room which had been left comfortable in the general exodus of furniture she found Captain Mowbray seated in an easy-chair, deep in the perusal of Ruff's *Guide to the Turf*.

"I called to see your father about a horse," he explained, in answer to Miss Orme's pleased look of surprise. "He asked me to dine with him in his library, and to send into Brighton for my dress clothes. I hope I shall not be in your way here."

"Oh no!" Amelia said. Then she wondered what o'clock it might be, and where papa was; why Mr. Douglas was still in the little meadow, sees speeches and movements which are apt to exacterize the manner of a very young lady when in the society of the man she prefers.

Meanwhile Lady Diana Merton, who was a visitor at the house, and who had managed to locate herself in the most comfortable suit of rooms it possessed, was seated in an upper chamber, looking out of her window, which commanded a fine view of the surrounding down and the quivering ridge of fir-off sea.

Make herself comfortable she certainly could not. Almost the only triumph beauty can not accomplish is the reversal of Time's hour-glass. But Lady that lucky woman, how she would have wished that the golden sands had marked an hour less in her life? To the mellow flush of a lamp in that warm room reproduced the dull glow to earth—to the rich fragrance of the gardenia blossom as it expands in the heat of noon—to the last but most delicious touch of the powder-puff (this simile is not poetical)—to aught else that is emblematical of perfection her mature loveliness might aptly be likened. Its charm was that neither tresses as luxuriant, as ever; her lovely gray eyes were not a whit less full of sweet content than when their light was new. Time had wrought the enchainment of Thurstan Mowbray. With a figure even more luxuriously beautiful than seventeen; with lips as red and as full as they still round and dimpled, you will not be surprised to hear that Lady Diana was as charming, as bewitching, as unprincipled as she had ever been. She was not a woman to resign her unholy power. She charming until the power itself failed her. Then she would have writ enough in the book of failure and retire from the arena where she was not strong enough to conquer. She thought it a great pity that she should grow old. She deplored the inevitable necessity, but she meant to bear herself gracefully to the blight of Time: and so soon as she found herself unable to be fair and women to hate her, it was her intention to become pensive and build a church, if possible; or, if that was too expensive, at least put up a memorial window in one. Meantime there was no need yet to think of it. She had time for worship nor choose the subjects for the stained glass, so she ate, drank, and was as merry as it was in her character to be. Unprincipled nature to be. She was not yet in full dress, for she liked to be perfectly comfortable as long as possible, as she was accustomed to do in the days when tinted Cashmere dressing-gown, sipping a cup of tea and turning over the leaves of a novel until such time as the sound of carriage-wheels should warn her of approaching guests. Novels did not amuse her very much, she thought, as she put down this one gently, and took another from the spaniel's ears; she could recall infinitely more romantic incidents in her own career than those ordinarily published in books. She had a much greater sorrow of heart represented by a few commonplace words than ever was expressed in the most affecting sentences of fiction. Indeed, she had caught glimpses of drier tragedies in the drama of life than any that have darkened the pages of a three-volume romance. Nothing is more terrible because the guilt was real and the punishment true. Of all human passions that of love seemed to her most inadequately delineated in books. That of which she read sounded but as a very feeble echo of what she had herself heard wrung from the pain of living hearts. She whose name had been a joy and a rapture, a well and a cure of delight to the man who she had heard it breathed in every imaginable accidence of emotion, from the low murmur of himself tenderness to the shrill, harsh utterance of wounded passion—she who had seen faces of hope and flush at her words, had turned the wise into fools, and the fools into madmen, through the strength of the sentiment she was able to inspire—was it no wonder she felt the ordinary platitudes printed in books as absurdly inadequately described a passion which is at once the strength and the weakness, the glory and disgrace, of man's undisciplined heart?

Lady Diana was aroused from her contemplation of the spaniel's glossy head by the sound of two voices outside the window; one was that of Amelia Orme, and Lady Di at once understood that Miss Orme's companion was not of her own sex.

"So Amelia has a flirtation on hand," mused Lady Di. "I wonder why it is that girls get so full of affectation on these occasions? Why do they giggle when there's nothing to laugh at, and make up a mysterious voice when their own would answer the purpose equally well?"

Lady Diana arose and leaned out of the window.

"I might as well have a look at him," she thought. "if I find I do not admire him very much I'll respect the laws of hospitality and not disturb Amelia's sport."

"Let me disengage this for you," Captain Mowbray said, in a tender voice to Miss Orme, referring to a stray blossom of overhanging clematis, which had become entangled in her fluffy braids. The clematis grew directly under Lady Diana's window, and Thurstan was lingering rather longer than was necessary over his task when he accidentally looked up, and saw a woman's head and shoulders—a lovely living picture in a frame-work of dull red bricks and rippling ivy leaves.

The sunset flushed the fair face and warmcoloured masses of hair. The mellow glory; the soft gray tints of the wrapper folded over her bosom, and the dark crimson rose which nestled behind one ear, made the perfection of coloring which Titian would have exulted to immortalize. As Captain Mowbray caught sight of the serene, unforeward face, Miss Orme gave an exclamation of pain and anger.

"Really, Captain Mowbray, you hurt me very much. You've pulled out quite a big lock," pulling her hand to the disarranged braid.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I am so grieved at my stupidity," he murmured in a low voice. Then he looked up at the window and took off his hat. "I am so delighted to see you again, Lady Diana," he said aloud. "If you are not already hampered by engagements, may I hope for the honor of the second valse with you?"

Lady Diana smiled pleasantly.

"I never dance now. It is the nature of young things to dance—lambs, young kids, young lambs, young kittens, and young cats may be so with propriety; but at my age one should be a spectator, not a participator in spring-tide gambols."

But in her heart Lady Diana thought that her old path had been a miserable progress—even at their last meeting, when he allowed her, as he said, "To get a rise out of him."

"Then you will not?" she muttered, as she retreated to her toilet-table. "Fancy once more looking at me and asking me to be second in any dance!"

His self-possession annoyed her more than she cared to acknowledge to herself. He was handsomer than ever—handsomer though—much too handsome for that pasty-faced chit, Amelia.

"Why do young girls always wear white dresses?" she said, looking spitefully at Miss Orme's retreating figure. "These emblems of virginity always suit and allows so forcibly." Then she sat down to her writing-desk and wrote out a little volume bound in blue velvet and guarded by a lilac-coloured clasp.

"There is still an hour to spare," she thought, "before the company will arrive. I will add a few axioms to my book of moral reflections."

PART I.—LADY DIANA MERTON'S MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Never write compromising letters to a married man. Sooner or later they will fall into the hands of his wife. Even if she be too high-bred to show them in his coat pocket, and from the time of that domestic *ecclandre* in the house of the Captain of King's Regulars always to the present date much mischief has arisen from the shifting of a coat.

It would be better to avoid lovers with legal encumbrances altogether. It is a pity, too; for there are some charming Benedicks whose only fault is that they are married. Be wary with those whose wives also "Live in Arcadia." The wife who is there are no *bas bleus* in this case, "once a coquette always a coquette") a flirt, brings all the advantages of finished experience to assist her in detecting the clumsy manœuvres of her spouse.

Supposing you evade the dangers of correspondence, there are many other perils to be considered with reference to this "two-natured" class. Generally the husband is the person least interesting to his family; will be not some day, when over-oppressed by the infection of his position, reassert his dignity at your expense? Can you bear the dark hints of some one who knows how to appreciate him, and ostentatiously show the new locket at his watch-chain to the exclusion of mention of your name? Some poor weak fools there are who do these things *once*, and, like other enslaved races, fall in love after the first attempt at rebellion.

Then there is the good and conscientious man, whose virtue increases as his feet grow weary of treading the thorny path. With a burst of moral sentiment, he will suddenly confess all to his wife; together they anathematize the snare, and cement their union. He adds treachery and cowardice to his former vice, and imagines that the abnegation of the sin he has ceased to desire is an adequate penance penitence. Such is the most despicable of all the species.

If you have a fancy, give it to a married man, nor in any way make yourself uncomfortable for his sake. Sooner or later he *must* and will repay you for it. Be dark and like Jane give her an unassailable vantage-ground. The horse that escapes to the pasture, and kicks up his heels contentedly, is rescued—caught—but in his fictitious freedom, will return meekly to his stall at the feeding-hour. And the married man (whose place is in the stall in the plight of a novel wickedness) will always return to the bourne where his easy-chair, his slippers, his daily coverings, his children, and his wife—and the mother of his children await him. This reflection has a decided moral tendency. Wives, be patient with your husbands. Should he make a slight deviation from the paths of conjugality, you will be able to, in sporting parlance, "make a good thing out of it." He will tire of his new love as certainly as he has tired of you; and you have in your favor nine points of the law.

Trust no woman. Nor men either, if you can help it. I have sometimes wished in my heart that all men were deaf, and unable to write their own name—much less mine. They seldom say any thing worth remembering. There is a dreadful sameness in their protestations. Their caligraphic efforts are rarely of sufficient importance to art to stone for their terrible carelessness about blotting-paper. Blotting-paper and ladies'-maids are the support of the Drivers Cent.

Your unmarried men are, as a rule, to be moderately trusted—unless, indeed, they are prone to habits of intemperance. You must not object to their pulling up their shirt-collars uneasily when you are mentioned, or to their discreet and violent defence of you to your spiritual rival. These are the follies of youth, and though they betray the boy's feelings they do not necessarily impair your complicity.

My reflections in this place chiefly concern the bigger and stupider sex. In another part of my note-book will be found a few observations on the wiser half of humanity.

PART II.—GENERAL AXIOMS.

Our greatest misery generally arises from our overstrung ourselves. We get dreadful hurts through our vanity, and think it is our hearts that suffer. I appreciate myself (no woman succeeds who does not), but I am rarely blinded by my self-esteem. I know when my nose is red, or when I am otherwise looking plain. Then I conceal myself from the view of mankind. Some women are less modest, and are consequently less successful.

If you have genius, conceal it as you would a great baby. Hide it, as Bruton did, under the appearance of idiotcy.

Tact is the supremest weapon in the hands of a woman. It is the fine tool that rives the chains of beauty.

At the first short letter your lover writes you, dismiss him. No man who knows has ever need to excuse a neglect to his mistress.

Let no lover ever feel that he had ever made a sacrifice (even of a cigar) for you. Promote his comfort in small matters, partly because it is Christianlike to offer some compensation for the torment you inflict on him, chiefly because his attention should never be distracted from you by the torture you inflict.

Never forget that men's vanity is greater than their hearts. They will forgive a wound to the latter sooner than an insult to the former.

Never love at all where you wish to be loved greatly.

As no one is abused save to a willing listener, the friend who tells you she has heard you calumniated must be ranked with the calumniator.

Listen to nothing your friends have to tell you for "your own good," and because it is "for duty;" it will assuredly be something unpleasant.

An Englishman will trust his friend with his mistress sooner than with his horse.

A wife will be faithful to infidelity as one where the ashes are already burned black. But every thing has its price, and can be reached either through his vanity, his fears, or his intellect, his passions.

It will be understood that the concluding portion of Lady Diana's MS. was written after the little episode at the window.

When her toilet was completed she looked at herself in the mirror with mingled admiration and regret. The admiration was for herself, the regret was for some one else. It may not be promised that he was of the masculine gender, for her maid heard her murmur something which sounded like "Poor fellow!"

ARTESIAN FISHES.

We have all heard of Artesian wells, but a wonderful novelty is now exhibited in Algeria in the shape of Artesian fisheries. A well lately made at Chott-Melrir to the depth of forty-four metres threw up not only a large body of water, but, to the great surprise of the engineers, an innumerable quantity of small fish. These subterraneous vertebræ are described as being on an average half an inch in length, and resembling whitebait both in appearance and taste. The female is distinguished from the male by the presence of dark-colored stripes on the upper part of the body. From the fact of the water which issued from these wells being identical with that which forms the bed of the Nile it is concluded that an underground communication must exist between them and that river.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

IN European cities, and especially in Paris, the great necessity for the removal of large trees of all kinds desirable for shade and ornamental purposes was long ago settled beyond all question. Experience and practice have made working two generations for them to grow into unprofitable dimensions, go to the forest and select whatever may be ripe for their destiny.

Autumn and winter are the best time for their removal. The trees of all take the leaves of the tree with a true compass. Then dig entirely round it, the centre of the circle being the trunk, and the circle itself being ten, fifteen, or twenty feet in diameter, so as to be quite beyond all the essential roots. Cut the trench full two feet deep—as much as fifty men can do. Shaking of levers raise the mass, supporting the tree perpendicularly by ropes in the hands of assistants, and, finally, lift it on to a cart with a broad, strong sled. Horses or oxen may then transport the load to where a hole has been dug to receive it, the exact facing of the tree in regard to points of compass as before being observed. It will thrive precisely as it did in its primitive locality, without the least indication of having been any way injured by the voyage. A full park might be readily be thus created in a week as in half a century. Our Central Park has been thus improved; and the Champ de Mars, at Paris, was thus transformed into a grove for the Exposition in a few weeks.

CUBA.

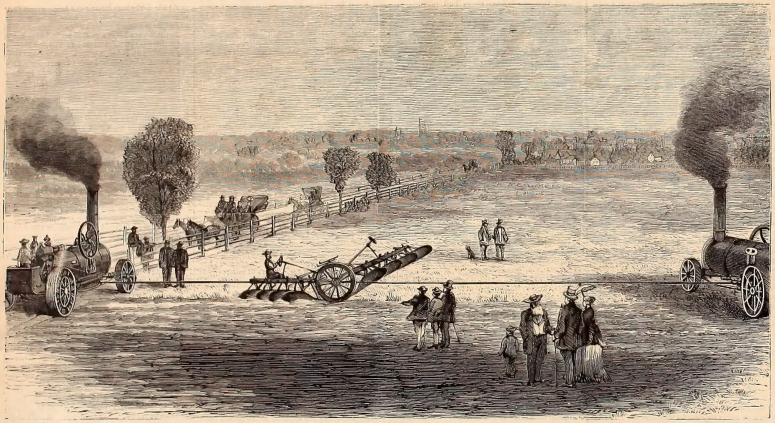
EMILIO CASTELLAR.

THE new Captain-General of Cuba, CABALLERO DE RODAS, has commenced his administration with great vigor. Fortunately for him, he has had no serious conflict with the Volunteers. He has commenced operations against the insurgents, who will find him a more wary and energetic foe than his predecessor. He has also issued a proclamation closing all the ports on the east end of the island, except Sagua, Cubanien, Nuevitas, Gibara, Baracoa, Guantanamo, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanilla, Santa Cruz, Sasa, Trinidad, and Cienfuegos. Vessels and their crews, if armed, engaged in transporting filibusters to Cuba, are declared pirates. Spanish cruisers on the high seas are instructed, in boarding vessels, to observe all the restrictions as to the right of search contained in the treaties of Spain with the United States and Great Britain.

Count VALMASEDA, the Spanish General commanding in the Bayamo District, and also known as "The Butcher," on account of his cruel proclamation issued in the spring, has recently distinguished himself by the capture of a rebel intrenched camp at Sagua, containing a powder-mill and a quantity of war material, being, in fact, a complete arsenal.

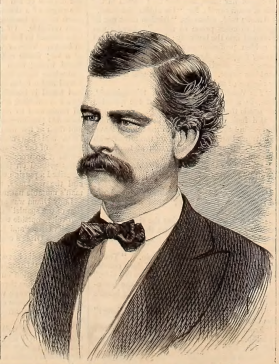
Count VALMASEDA first came prominently before the Spanish public in the year 1854, when, having reached the rank of Chief of Staff, he offered his services to the Liberal party, who had risen in arms. He reached the field of the battle of Vicalvaro when the strife was at its height; but was wounded by a discharge of grape before he could incorporate himself with the Liberal army. He was discovered by his friends upon the field the same night which closed the battle, and was hidden in the town until he could be secretly conveyed to the house of one of the embassadors in Madrid, where he lay for a long time in so precarious a state that his life was despaired of. After several dangerous operations for the extraction of the metal from the wounds in his head, he finally recovered, to find the revolution triumphant and himself named to the command of a regiment of foot. At the commencement of the war with Morocco he was ordered to Africa with his regiment, to form part of the division of General ECHAGUE, who opened the campaign in 1859. He is said to have distinguished himself on many occasions, and particularly by the cool and able manner in which he manœuvred his regiment in a dangerous position at the storming of the Seraglio. He won the reputation during the war of a rough, frank soldier, who in camp merged all distinction of rank and mingled freely with his men, and in the field always led his regiment on foot and shared the danger and hardships of the commonest soldier, while, at the same time, he maintained such strict discipline as made his command a model for the army. He returned to Spain in command of a brigade, and was some years later proposed to the Queen, by O'DONNELL, under whose eye he had fought, for the rank of Field-Marshal, and was also (in 1866) appointed to an important post, of which he was deprived by a change of ministry the following year. He then retired with his family to the town of Zamora, where he remained until sent, with a number of other prominent generals, under an order of banishment to the Canary Islands. After a residence of a few months he was recalled by the revolution of Cadiz in September last, and arrived in time to receive from General SERRANO a command at the battle of Alcolea, which decided the fate of Queen ISABELLA. He was further promoted by the Provisional Government, and made Director of Artillery and Captain-General of New Castile. His deeds in Cadiz, Seville, and Malaga, in the suppression of Republicans who rose in arms against the abuses of those they had put in power as they had previously risen against the Queen, speak little for his liberalism or that of his party. He was deputy to the Cortes from Zamora when he received his appointment to Cuba. He is a man of low stature, somewhat advanced in life, and has the reputation, among those who know him, of possessing an indomitable will and great energy; and he is unscrupulous in carrying out what he conceives to be his duty. He arrived in Cuba at a time when his abilities were put to the severest test, and when he could only gain the approval and support of his countrymen by sanctioning an indiscriminate slaughter that made him

COUNT VALMASEDA.

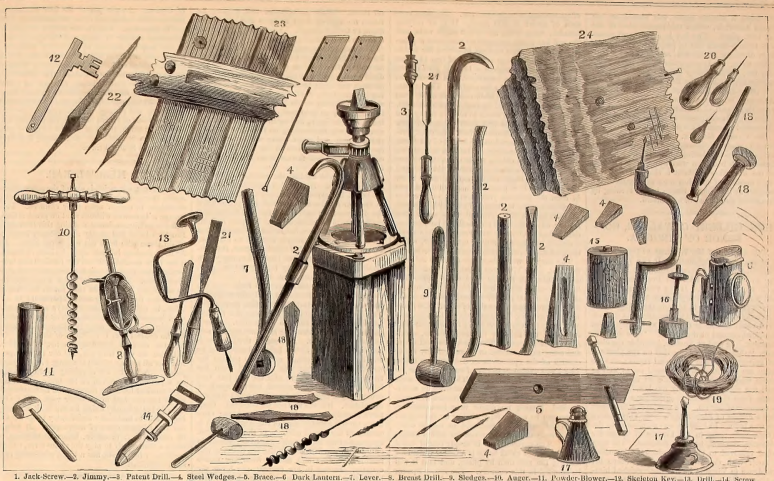


STEAM PLOW ON THE FARM OF COLONEL W. C. PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY.—(SEE PAGE 478.

CABALLERO DE RODAS,
THE NEW CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.



GOVERNOR GILBERT C. WALKER OF VIRGINIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. REES & CO., RICHMOND.—(SEE PAGE 478.)



1. Jack-Screw.—2. Jimmy.—3. Patent Drill.—4. Steel Wedges.—5. Brace.—6. Dark Lantern.—7. Lever.—8. Breast Drill.—9. Sledges.—10. Auger.—11. Powder-Blower.—12. Skeleton Key.—13. Drill.—14. Screw Wrench.—15. Powder Canister.—16. Bolt.—17. Lamps.—18. Drills.—19. Fuse.—20. Awls.—21. Chisels.—22. Files.

BURGLARS' IMPLEMENTS USED IN THE OCEAN BANK ROBBERY, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

execrable to the whole world. The bare fact of such a man being appointed at such a time shows very clearly that the only liberalism Cuba can expect from Spain is the liberalism of the sword.

During the short interregnum since the rising of Cadiz, in September last, until the election of the present Regent, for the first time in three hundred years the voice of truth could be raised in Spain without being silenced by the garrote or the Inquisition, and it has poured forth from the mouth of EMILIO CASTELLAR—the great Republican leader and the champion of right and justice against theocracy and aristocracy—in tones so forcible and impassioned as to unsettle the very foundation of the things that were, and stamp him one of the greatest orators of the present day. In the late debate in the Spanish Cortes upon the Cuban question he made a brilliant speech in her defense, from which an idea may be formed of his principles. He stated that he followed only the dictates of his own conscience, because he believed that its dictates were those of justice: that he did not hold two opinions, but that all that he spoke in private he dared to maintain in public before the whole world; and that Cuba had suffered great injustice at the hands of Spain, after having been deceived with false promises year after year since 1837, when her deputies were refused admittance to the Cortes and sent away unheard. She had been invited again to send representatives to place their grievances before the government, and after having done so, had again been put off with false promises; and the only answer to their just claims was to impose upon them a new and odious contribution. He maintained that the rebellion was not the work of a day nor a year, but the final result of years of error and flagrant injustice; that in the nineteenth century a people could no longer be kept under the receiver of that great air-pump called Despotism; that it was no longer possible to maintain Cuba and Porto Rico like two great blots on the broad field of Democracy that covered all America; that it was difficult for a people to govern itself, but impossible for one people to govern another people; and that nothing but liberty and a government like that of Canada could preserve her colonies to Spain.

THE "RED STOCKINGS" AT HOME.

WE give on this page an illustration of the presentation of the champion bat to the "Red Stocking" Base-Ball Club on its return to Cincinnati, July 1.

Upon its arrival at the depôt the Club was received and escorted through the streets by the citizens, who gave it a perfect ovation. In the

PRESENTATION OF A CHAMPION BAT TO THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON ITS RETURN HOME.—[SKETCHED BY J. A. GERVIS.]

afternoon a display game was played on the Union Grounds, where the presentation of the bat took place. The bat is of ash, and measures twenty-seven feet in length, nineteen inches in diameter at the bat, and nine and a half at the wrist. It is proportioned like the regular play-bat. Handsomely painted upon it is the inscription, "Champion Bat, 1869. To Cincinnati Base-Ball Club, First Nine—H. Wright, Allston, Waterman, Sweasy, Gould, Ker, Hallman, G. Wright, Leonard, Gould, Hublet." It was presented by the Club and the Cincinnati Lumber Company.

Mr. Carter Gazlay, Secretary of the Cincinnati Lumber Company, made a graceful presentation speech, alluding to the twenty-one victories which had been won by the "gentlemen of the first Nine" without a single defeat. A large number of speeches were also made at the banquet at the Gibson House in the evening by prominent gentlemen of Cincinnati.

HON. GILBERT C. WALKER, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

This election of Mr. Walker as Governor of Virginia is very significant. It is a victory for General Grant's administration, the result being in consonance with the President's policy as to reconstruction. It is a victory for impartial suffrage and universal amnesty. Governor Walker is pledged to support the policy of the Government as regards the treatment of the colored race; but he is opposed to the unconditional disfranchisement of the whites. "We must remember," he said at Norfolk, just after the election, "that we have succeeded on the principle of universal suffrage and equal rights; and we must see that those who opposed us, as well as those who supported us, have all their civil rights, and are protected fully by the law." The returns from eighty-four counties gave Walker a majority of 23,000. He was until a few years ago a citizen of Binghamton, New York, where he was born. In 1856 he was nominated by the Democratic party in the County of Tioga for Attorney-General, but was defeated. He soon after removed to Chicago, where he identified himself with the Douglas party. Since his residence in Virginia he has distinguished himself as an able financier. He is known as a man of sterling integrity.

BURGLARS' IMPLEMENTS.

One of our illustrations on page 477 shows the burglars' implements discovered in the Ocean Bank of this city after the robbery of June 27. The tools and were of every conceivable kind and of the best quality, consisting of over 400 pieces. The burglars remained in the bank from Saturday night until Monday morning, working at their leisure. They entered from the basement. The basement of the bank was formerly one room, and was occupied by the Globe Insurance Company. William Okell subsequently rented it for an exchange office, and subdivided it into three compartments as shown in the diagram. The middle and rear apartments he offered for rent, reserving the front-room for his own use. About three weeks before the robbery a well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing person engaged the inner or rear room, as he represented, as an agency for the Chicago Life Insurance Company, agreeing to pay $600 per year rent, monthly in advance. He paid one month's rent, $50, on taking possession. This office is directly underneath the private room of the President of the bank, and has an entrance on Fulton Street. A person engaged in the Insurance business the burglars introduced their tools, and on the night of the 27th cut a hole through the floor to the bank above, where they secured about $1,000,000 in available funds and securities. They were also prepared to encounter opposition, having several bowie-knives, revolvers, two pairs of steel handcuffs, a coil of rope, cartridges, etc. and a full line of disguises they were equally well prepared, having every thing at hand with which to array themselves as gentlemen, as longshoremen, or in any other of a dozen characters. They also left behind a supply of provisions, choice liquors, cigars, etc., showing that their larder was well supplied.

On the morning of June 30 a search was found by a policeman in Elizabeth Street, which was marked, "For Captain Jourdan, Sixth Precinct," and which was found to contain $268,021 —a portion of the stolen money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STEAM CULTIVATION.

For many years it has been the dream of the enthusiast that steam might become the motive power in cultivating the land, and that the car of Agriculture would only make permanent progress when propelled by that agent. By those thoughtful men who saw how important it was for the producer to add to the productive capacity of his boon, and for deeper tillage, steam was considered the power to satisfactorily solve the problem. In this country, where capital in the hands of the cultivator has been, and is to a comparatively scarce, steam-engines have made slow progress in farming operations. But in England, and latterly on the Continent, especially in France, steam-power is being largely developed in agricultural operations, and even as a motive power.

The other day I was invited by a wealthy and enterprising merchant of Philadelphia, Colonel W. C. Patterson, to visit his farm some twenty miles below Camden, in New Jersey, and witness the trial of a steam plow, or, more properly, of an attempt to plow by steam. The farm consists of about 30,000 acres. It is of varying breadth, being from 50 to 100 miles wide, and the soil has great agricultural resources if properly worked. The Colonel imported the tackle from England, which consisted of two 14-horse locomotive steam-engines, a double set of two gangs of 6 each, a cultivator, and harrow, all rigged to be worked by the engines. The engines were landed at the river-side, some two miles from the farm, and propelled themselves out to the field, over uneven and bad roads to move a heavy load upon. The weight of the engines, and their unsteadiness, for heretofore I had seen only portable engines employed in the labors of the farm, particularly in threshing. The field selected for the trial was an oblong square, containing one hundred or more acres. It was an old field, but had been long under cultivation, tolerably level, but smooth only in places, as much of it had been in corn the previous year, and the corn-rows were therefore uneven by reason of the old hills where the corn had grown. The soil was a sandy loam resting on a clay-loam subsoil. The plow never cultivation had been at an average depth of about 5 inches, and formed a hard crust below, which the plow-members of additional power to break.

The engines were placed on opposite sides of the field, some 370 yards apart, and opposite to each other. The cable was made sufficiently long to reach across the field was attached to each engine, and run off or was wound on to the drum of the engine as required. The plow was

so that there was not a sober man in the land. Even the cows, goats, and fowls got drunk also by drinking the mixture left in the jars after the people were all down. In his view it was a happy region, where one could indulge in as much intoxication as he liked without being disturbed by mischief-making moral reformers, whom he probably conceived to be disturbers of the public peace.

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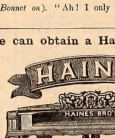

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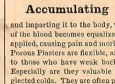

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MISS IDA LEWIS, THE HEROINE OF NEWPORT.—PHOT. BY MANCHESTER BROTHERS, PROVIDENCE, R.I.—[SEE PAGE 484.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

THE RESULT IN VIRGINIA.

THE recent most difficult question seems to be, who won in the Virginia election? The contest was nominally between Conservative and Radical Republicans—that is, between the advocates of general amnesty and suffrage and the friends of a more stringent policy. The result was that the candidate who is a Democrat, who was supported by the Democrats, the late rebels, and some of the Republicans, was elected. It is not denied that the bulk of his vote was Democratic and rebel, that Republican votes would not have elected him, and that the Legislature which is elected with him and in no sense is called Republican. And yet, virtually, the question submitted at the election was a Republican alternative; it was the Republican Constitution in its most prospective form, or the same instrument with the chief points of the reconstruction policy.

The result seems to be, therefore, that the late rebels voted for their own amnesty and for the enfranchisement of the colored citizens, and, indirectly, for the Fifteenth Amendment. Nominally, the result is that Republican. But the anomaly of the situation is that it is a Republican victory won by its enemies. It is in Virginia that the Democratic party, by compulsion, eats its own words that this is a white man's government. Now it certainly makes a great difference whether a radical reform is carried by its friends or its enemies; because, in the latter case, it may justly be suspected that, having carried it to obtain power, they will use the power to repeal it. In the present case, however, this is impossible. Unless the Fifteenth Amendment be ratified by the Legislature, the situation reverts to that before the election. If, however, it be ratified equal suffrage is secure.

This indeed is the view taken by a Democrat who writes to the *World* in the true Democratic strain. It is a signal illustration of the character of the victory that it is obtained even by the assistance of such gentle malignants.

"The first thing to be noted is, that the Underwood Constitution, in its modified form, but still very objectionable, has been adopted by a majority of not less than sixty thousand votes. True, the obnoxious instrument has been purged of its most proscriptive features, but none now it has characteristics that would damn it in any State that has not been broken on the wheel of Reconstruction. In the first place, we have had no short-cut way, bold out or sure, to get rid of the black dove of negro suffrage. There is no doubt about that, for it is still more distasteful than ever. So we will never get the drug out of our system. It only remains for us to console the creatures whom we have given the right to vote, and to see every effort to make them keep in the path in which we would have them to go."

Of course persons like this correspondent will do all that they can to thwart the free exercise of their newly-won rights by the colored citizens, and their spirit was plainly exhibited last summer by Mr. WADE HAMPTON and others. But this is unavoidable.

The spirit of the new GOVERNOR WALKER, as displayed in his speech after election, was admirable. He appeared beneath the National and State flags, bid respectively by a colored and a white voter. He said that he and his friends must remember that they had succeeded on the platform of universal suffrage and equal rights; and must see that those who opposed them have all their rights and are fully protected by the law. The opportunity of the victory came from the liberality of the Federal Union, and its fruits must be for all. These are certainly very sensible words; and all that is said of GOVERNOR WALKER justifies the belief that they are as sincere as they are wise.

But the malignant—for the word, although originally applied to the Puritan forefathers of us of the radical persuasion, seems peculiarly appropriate in this instance—who writes to the *World* speaks with evident satisfaction of what he calls the "Conservative" Legislature. "Some of the abominations of the new Constitution in his eyes is that colored voters may also hold certain offices." Happily, however, he remarks this wise and patriotic citizen, who immediately proceeds to sniff at radical "gerrymandering"—happily, however, "with a Conservative Legislature these offices may be made so unprofitable that it will not pay the negroes to accept them. He is pleased to remark also that as the Legislature "the Conservative strength is sufficient to overrule the Governor's veto should he ever 'go back' upon the party that put him in power." But GOVERNOR WALKER will probably remember that if the political element be taken from the party that put him in power and added to the side of its natural sympathy, this "Conservatism" would be a mere minority. His little speech shows him to be too wise a man to believe that the political future of the State is with this bitterly reactionary spirit. It is with a larger liberty, a more enlightened justice, a general intelligence. Let him trust the tendency that has made the bitterest Democrats unwillingly vote for the equality of rights which is so abhorrent to them.

Moreover, as the principles of a national party must be the same in every State, we shall of course hear no more of the natural inferiority of one class of citizens, nor of the sublime creed of color as evidence of political capacity. Any such declaration would denounce the worthy Virginia "Conservatives" who have "swallowed the black dose." There are still doubts and perplexities, but Virginia has decided to equalize the suffrage, to admit colored citizens to office, to educate all the colored children, to forbid the disfranchisement of colored voters; it has elected a Governor who declares that all this must be honestly done, and the *World* salutes it as a famous Democratic victory! When your gun has a new stock, and barrel, is it your old gun or a new one?

A PROTESTED WORD.

THE news from France is amusing. The Emperor grants certain concessions *motu proprio*—of his own will. He is reported to have said: "The elections are near, and I must choose between empire and revolution. I will give full satisfaction to the liberal aspirations of all parties; but have decided to cease concessions at the boundaries prescribed by the Constitution." The message to the Legislative body proposes to allow it to elect its own officers, to vote in the closet of the ballot, and to extend the right of interpellation, or of inquiry into executive action. This, it is asserted, amounts practically to the concession of ministerial responsibility as an element of Imperial government.

The story of the Grand Remonstrance in England is very familiar. The King promised what he felt obliged to promise, and broke his word when he thought he could break it with safety. One oath, or promise, or pledge of LOUIS NAPOLEON is not to be broken in another. He talks of the limits of the Constitution. But the Constitution is his work, and it is what he chooses to consider it. He has taken an oath to support it, did he not also take an oath to support the Constitution under which he was placed in the *Elysée* as President? The word of LOUIS NAPOLEON does not inspire confidence; is that word all the security he can offer France for larger liberty?

What he proposes is merely the old charter with different details. A man of his antecedents is not and will not be a constitutional monarch in the ordinary sense. He will govern as well as reign. He has, indeed, been for a popular trust. He speaks of powers explicitly confided to him by the people. But who forgets the facts? Sworn to obey a constitution, he forcibly overthrew it; imprisoned those it established; imprisoned the Legislature; expelled his fellow-citizens at his pleasure; occupied Paris with the army of the whole France; and, having shown himself absolute master, asked Frenchmen whether he should be Emperor. They said yes; and in this manner were powers virtually conferred on him. Frenchmen have begun to change their minds, and his prestige is waning. But it needs a new revolution to give LOUIS NAPOLEON to give France real liberty at the expense of his crown and dynasty.

THE "ALABAMA" QUESTION POSTPONED.

IN the report of the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE announcing the definite postponement of the *Alabama* question the remark is made by him that the Government of the United States did not regard the failure of the treaty as a definite stopping of the question, but as the country that it considered it better an interval should occur on account of the state of public opinion in America, before negotiations were resumed; and in this opinion the British Government was inclined to concur. The question was accordingly postponed.

This result is unfortunate, because the indefinite postponement of the discussion merely, but of the negotiation; and it would certainly be better that when Congress meets a treaty should have been submitted, and its readiness to be laid before the Senate, than that there should be a war in debate and lofty resolutions, as seems unready will be, to perplex the settlement of the question. Nor is there any doubt the English press receives the postponement reassuring. The *Times* observes that "when Mr. MOTLEY consults Mr. SUMNER he will find that such that a treaty consistent with the honor of England will satisfy Americans, he may address the Government for a renewal of negotiations." The suspicion that the Government wishes to dishonor England by a treaty is certainly not receiving to a candid interpretation of any proposition. The *Times* further says that the question of the Queen's neutrality proclamation will be tacitly abandoned. But this is a vital element of the question. It is moral evidence that can not be set aside. Undoubtedly the issuing of such a proclamation is a right reserved under the law of nations to every government; but undoubtedly, also, the manner in which the right is exercised is indicative of the spirit of the government. Why is it that the escape of a Confederate expedition from New York does not accuse the United States Government of bad faith toward an ally, while that of the *Alabama* from Liverpool filled this country and all the friends of this country in England with indignation? The answer to this question involves the reason why the Queen's proclamation, which was undoubtedly discretionary with her Government, is a cardinal consideration in the discussion.

The *Star* also rejoices that the debate is postponed. It is of opinion that American resentment against England is likely to become weaker and her desire to reduce the burden of the debt stronger. If the *Star* had a more intimate knowledge of the political situation in this country it would think otherwise. Indeed, as a general principle nothing is gained between two countries in which there is a deep feeling of hostility by leaving an angry question unsettled; and that for the very obvious reason that it furnishes an irresistible political opportunity. If the situation remains unchanged until the meeting of Congress, the *Star* will find that the discussion of the question will not be postponed in that body, and General BANKS, or some other honorable gentleman, will be ready with stringent resolutions, ready, and patriotic ardor will be kindled to the highest practicable point. However the minimum duration may be decided, the question will be pressed. If the Republicans succeed, the Democrats in Congress will act in sympathy with Mr. RYLAND'S resolution in the California Democratic convention, that the Democratic party alone has always proved faithful to the country upon such issues. If the Democrats succeed, they will raise a very string of popular feeling to strengthen themselves for the national campaign, while the Republicans will feel a greater necessity of raising some rallying cry of enthusiasm in action.

Meanwhile the duty of good citizens is to inform themselves thoroughly upon the subject, and public opinion may intelligently guide and not mislead Congress, nor be unduly influenced by Congressional harangues and resolutions. President WOOLSEY truly observes, that it is unwise to raise the question of general international friendliness with that of damages by the *Alabama*; but the question of general unfriendliness very seriously affects the point which he proceeds to be discussed, namely, whether due precautions were taken to prevent her escape.

SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

IT is remarkable that while the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in this country, assisted by the Democratic party in the State, are trying to establish sectarian schools, in Bavaria, a particularly priest-ridden country, the people have recently voted by great majorities against the introduction of ecclesiastical interest, indeed, both Protestant and Roman, warmly advocates the sectarian plan; but such are the feeling and conviction of the people that in one town Protestants, Catholics, and Jews all voted against the sectarianism except one Protestant and one Catholic. In Austria, as we have formerly stated, the Government has decided to organize the schools without ecclesiastical influence of any kind.

The reason for this action, both of the people and of the rulers, is obvious. The aim of the priesthood every where is to obtain as absolute control of the people as possible. It wishes to power to be felt in every relation of life. Its object is to produce the feeling that every important movement and event and institution must have, not a religious sanction, but ecclesiastical approval. Its purpose in obtaining control of the schools is not the education of the people, it is the confirmation and extension of its own power. It wishes to appoint teachers, that it may put its creatures into place. It would prescribe text-books, so as to exclude what it calls heresy; that is to say, whatever tends to establish political and moral liberty. Science threatens certain ecclesiastical traditions and dogmas, and ecclesiasticism would therefore naturally oppose it. The great aim of the priesthood is to identify it in the popular mind religion and the Church; and to cultivate the conviction that the word of the priest is of the Church and the voice of religion.

The experience of mankind fortunately pleads against this purpose. Just in the degree that intellectual liberty is secured, the ecclesiastical hold upon the human mind is relaxed. With every fresh ray of light comes the stronger desire for more light, and a more instinctive resistance to the power of darkness. Consequently the universal popular tendency in this time of increasing liberty is to shake off ecclesiastical domination; and where the opportunity is offered the people as resolutely protect against it as the ecclesiastical power insists upon it. This explains the movement in Bavaria, in Austria, and in Hindostan.

The apparent growth of this domination in this country, and especially in this State, is easily enough explained. The enormous immigration, and especially again the part that remains in this State and city, has been chiefly of adherents of the Roman Church, and political purposes are ever pandering to the influence and power of that Church. The support of the Democratic party to the sectarian school scheme of the priesthood is a bid for "the Irish vote," and has no other significance, although it may produce very disagreeable consequences. If the "Irish voters" were not so many in the city of New York, and if they were not generally Roman Catholics, of course we should not see indefinite municipal leases of valuable property at a dollar a year, nor would a Catholic mob feel emboldened to assault at Orange procession in the streets on the anniversary of the Boyne.

To control the schools, to appoint teachers, to choose text-books, and at the expense of the state, is to master the very sources of influence. As we have before said, the mere contact of a Catholic with Protestant children is disheartening. The little Catholics see as much intelligence, good conduct, confidence, happiness outside their Church as within its pale. The result is inevitable; and therefore the first step is most strenuously resisted by the ecclesiastical influence. It is a subject which deserves the most thoughtful consideration among intelligent persons in this country; and the tendency that is so perceptible in this State as to be called a policy is one of the strong reasons for opposing the Democratic ascendency. That party can not, with any hope of success, displease its members of this faith, as formerly the party at large could not displease the slavery interest. And as its old national policy was dictated by that interest, so its policy upon the subject of sectarian education in this State will be dictated by the ecclesiastical leaders of the voters whom it must propitiate.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE USURY LAW.

ALTHOUGH it is made the express duty of courts of justice to charge each Grand Jury especially to inquire into violations of the usury laws, and the courts very regularly perform it, yet no indictments have been found, and the statute has remained a dead letter for years, until the late meeting of the Grand Jury in this city. The offense of receiving, directly or indirectly, any "greater interest, discount, or consideration" for the loan or forbearance of any money, goods, or things in action than seven per cent. per annum is declared to be a "misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof the person so offending shall be punished by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both."

The immunity from punishment enjoyed by those who have constantly accepted usurious interest—perhaps in entire ignorance of the statute—has been very suddenly disturbed, owing, it is said, to the wants of some of the Erie clique, who are thought to have an influence over the composition and movements of the Grand Jury.

In the summer of 1868, when the money market was tightened by operators in Erie, the Grand Jury was not only not invoked, but it would have been hushed into silence had some curious investigators then unburied the statute and brought the offenses before that tribunal.

The sympathy with crime which is shown by many public officials does not embrace offenses committed by the class which has lately been indicted, and it may be that this obsolete statute may be employed in such cases, and especially when the offense consists in satisfying the pressing wants, at the market rate, of those who lately have been loaded with too much stock for the time of extreme pressure.

It is unquestionably the duty of courts and juries to enforce the laws, not capriciously and by spasmodic energy, but constantly and because they are in force and ought to be obeyed. They constitute a snare when they are allowed to lie dormant for years and are raked up to gratify sinister objects.

There would be no objection to the repeal of usury laws if the right to make the income of ordinary investments were as free as the industry by which gold and silver may be obtained from the earth for this purpose. It is true that the precious metals may not be coined except by the general government, but the trade may practically free and unrestricted. But as the money of circulation may not be issued except under special authority, it would seem to be necessary to foster a privilege which is few only enjoy by restricting the rate of interest which may be claimed by them, so as to prevent oppression. The case as between paper-money issued by a few and that fabricated from gold and silver which every one may have freely coined, is very different, and it is from the failure to see the distinction that much of the confusion as to the policy of usury laws may be traced.

The argument in favor of absolute freedom in loaning money, based upon the supposed freedom with which money is created and supplied, fails except in its application to gold and silver money; but as this has been practically demonetized in parts of the United States, and an artificial system substituted, the safeguards which belong to an artificial system would seem to be necessary.

The severity of punishment provided by the statute is disproportioned to the offense, and

the statute in this respect needs alteration, at least so far as dealers are concerned who are not connected with banks nor acting under their authority. The penalty of the loss of the excess of interest would seem to be sufficient in ordinary cases.

But while the statute remains unrepealed no prudent man will expose himself to its provisions, for the law may be appealed to when least expected in behalf of unscrupulous speculators, with a view to alarm those who take an unlawful rate, and create the ease in money which on a turn of events they will depreciate, employing then all the advantages which the change confers.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

THE late Democratic Conventions have thoroughly rediscovered those who supposed that the leopard would suddenly change his spots. More amusing and even ridiculous spectacles have seldom been presented to public attention; ridiculous, because there is always something absurd in the incessant reiteration of offers that are perpetually rejected. The only alleviation of the old order is the nomination of General ROSECRANS for Governor of Ohio. That, as if to extinguish any hope that might begin to glimmer in consequence, Mr. WALLACE, the Chairman of the Pennsylvania Convention, in calling it to order, remarked that principles, not men, are the Democratic doctrine. That, indeed, was evident at Columbus, as it was at Chicago in 1864. Then the man was one who had been a Union soldier—the principles were surrender to the rebellion. Now the man is ROSECRANS—the principles are "Copperhead." And as Mr. WALLACE truly remarked, principles, not men, are the Democratic doctrine. Those who are not Democrats, however, are expected to take solely at the man. Republicans in Ohio, for instance, are respectfully requested to contemplate the Union uniform of ROSECRANS while they give their votes to VALLANDIGHAM.

But with this exception the men and the principles are equally familiar. VALLANDIGHAM is lauded in Pennsylvania by Mr. ASA PACKER, Mr. HUGHES, and Mr. ASA PACKER, the candidate for Governor, are the same old Copperhead managers who conducted the business during the war. They told us then that the Government was a dark despotism because it would not let other brethren depart in peace; now they tell us it is a dark despotism because it will not let them stay upon their own terms—the Government being the people of the country. Then we were being taxed to immolate our brethren; now we are taxed to pamper bloated bond-holders, who are not our brethren, probably, because they sustained the war. Then the negro was an inferior, and this was a white man's government; now also the negro is an inferior, and still it is a white man's government. Then the local rights of States were ruthlessly invaded; now the local rights of States shall never be overthrown. In fine, now as then, in the estimation of the old Democratic managers, all is tyranny, corruption, and black despair, and universal night is at hand, unless—ah! unless—Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and his friends are permitted to direct the taxation, to handle the money, and to control the Government; in which happy case Astræa will return to earth, and the hopes of mankind may revive.

There were those who supposed that this party might have learned something; that inasmuch as the country had decided that the national debt should be kept, and that all honest citizens should vote and be no longer ostracized, those issues would have been relinquished and battle ordered upon other and more promising grounds. There were those who believed that those who advised this course, who recommended it last year, and who had the emphasis of rueful experience to support their counsel, would have the confidence of honorable and patriotic men, its late candidate for Vice-President, General BRADY, extols rebels at a social meeting of faithful Union soldiers.

And all this denunciation of equal rights, and praising of rebels, and demand for repudiation and dishonor, is put forth under the guise of "Conservatism;" as in the bitter hours of the war, during the tortures of Andersonville and the horrors of the battle-field, it was "Conservatism" to palliate the rebellion and to sneer at the Government. Is there any thing in the character of those who manage these conventions, or of the principles which they proclaim, which should persuade an honest and loyal American citizen that the just results of the war will be more respected, or life and property more honestly and economically administered, or the public honor and peace more surely maintained by the Democratic party than by the Republican? If, indeed, that party had abandoned all its defeated issues and repudiated the managers identified with all its ignominies—if it had declared its acceptance of the situation, nominated men whose careers and characters were their credentials, and with such pledges of a changed spirit had challenged public confidence, there would be circumstances in the situation, as there always are when a party has been long in power, that might have inclined that public confidence toward it, unless the dominant party by its practice as well as its profession had indicated its claim to continued success. But the opportunity has been lost; and therefore the triumph of such a party with such a platform would be not only a defeat but a national disgrace.

MEN AND WOMEN IN CONVENTION.

THE late WOMAN'S Suffrage Convention at Saratoga was but another indication of the fact that this movement will not be pushed or frowned down. Indeed, while many persons are not attracted, but rather repelled, by some of the public aspects of the agitation, it is privately making rapid inroads upon the old traditions; and the simultaneous appearance of Mr. MILL'S book in England and Dr. BUSHNELL'S in this country shows how deeply it engages the attention of the most thoughtful minds. The phrase "woman's rights" reform seems to many repugnant to good taste; but reforms in their beginnings are not apt to propitiate what is called taste, and they are always distasteful to those who are in order to remain undisturbed. The Reform agitation of 1832 in England was excessively distasteful to the Lords and the Bishops, and the Anti-Slavery agitation was singularly wanting in good breeding, in the judgment of the Protectionists; the Anti-Slavery agitation was angrily outlawed from polite society in this country; and the Woman's Suffrage movement is summarily declared absurd by those who do not favor it.

The old answer to the ridicule current in the superior smile at "strong-minded" women—in the humorous allusion to the spectacles and umbrella of a typical and redoubtable "bloomer," in the tech clever clack of the word "6," and the excellent fun of the descriptions of men officiating as nurses and washers and ironers, is but perhaps spent force. Not long ago it was a little stale whenever it appears, and at any moment has palpably failed; and this for the reason that we have already stated, namely, that the question of woman's rights seems to many, and who are not persuaded by a joke because they laugh at it. Even the *Tribune*, which keeps up rather a jocular banter of the old style, occasionally falls back upon what it evidently considers a serious argument—a double-header, as the boys say on the Fourth of July—"in such clever clack of the word '6,'"

LIME ROCK ISLAND, OFF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.]

IDA LEWIS,

THE NEWPORT HEROINE.

THE Newport "Grace Darling" was born in the city of Newport, Rhode Island, in the year 1842. Her father, Captain HOSEA LEWIS, was appointed keeper of the Lime Rock Light in 1854. It is located upon a rock covering a few hundred square feet of space, at the southern entrance of Newport Harbor, and is entirely surrounded by water. Hence the only means of communication with the land is by a boat. Soon after the appointment of Mr. LEWIS a small dwelling-house was erected on the rock, and his family took possession thereof in 1858. Mr. LEWIS was paralyzed about eight years ago, and since that time has been almost a helpless cripple. His wife has since been obliged to give most of her time to caring for the light and keeping it in order, while IDA, the eldest of four children, has looked after the family, transported her brothers and sisters to and from Newport almost daily, for the purpose of attending school, and aided in supporting the family.

She first distinguished herself as a rescuer of human life in the same year that she went with the family to reside in the light-house. Four lads, who were in a small boat, were upset, and were in imminent danger of perishing, when IDA, discovering their situation, put off in her boat, and succeeded in picking them all up and restoring them to consciousness.

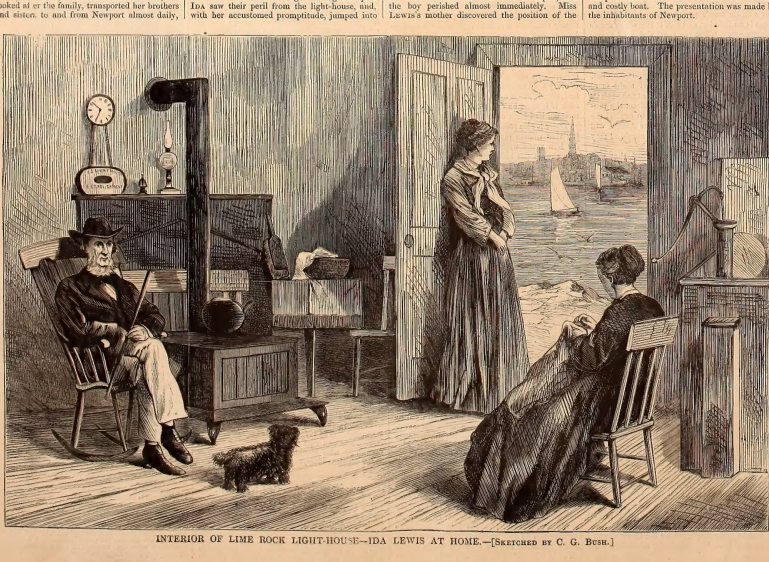
In the winter of 1866, on one of the coldest days ever known in this latitude, IDA rescued a soldier who had endeavored to have a sail in a frail skiff. It was a most daring feat, and required courage and perseverance such as few of the male sex even are possessed of.

During the prevalence of a gale in the fall of 1867, two men, who had lost a valuable sheep overboard, while searching for the animal, found themselves in imminent danger of being swamped. IDA saw their peril from the light-house, and, with her accustomed promptitude, jumped into her boat and went to their rescue. After landing them safely on shore, she returned and saved the sheep also.

Soon after the above, on one stormy, cold night, a boatman whose craft was disabled took refuge on an isolated rock half a mile distant from IDA'S dwelling. Finding himself in danger of perishing from cold, he shouted for help, and his cries being heard, IDA started out promptly and added to her previous bright record by the rescue of another imperiled life.

Miss LEWIS'S last and crowning act of heroism was the rescue from drowning of two soldiers on Monday, the 29th of March, 1869. She was quite unwell at the time, suffering from a severe cold. The soldiers had started from Newport for Fort Adams in a small boat under the guidance of a boy who professed to be capable of managing it. They had proceeded about half the distance when the boat was swamped, and the boy perished almost immediately. Miss LEWIS'S mother discovered the position of the soldiers, who were clinging to the boat in an almost exhausted condition. She immediately reported the fact to her daughter, and the latter rushed out without covering either on her head or feet, save a pair of stockings, and jumping into the boat she called to her younger brother to go with and aid her. A fearful gale was raging at the time, and the management of a boat was extremely difficult, even to an experienced oarswoman like IDA. Nevertheless, the feat was accomplished, the men were dragged into the boat and taken to the light-house, one of them being so much exhausted as to require much hard work before he could be restored to consciousness.

Miss LEWIS has received a handsome gold watch from the two young soldiers. On July 5 one of the most interesting features of the celebration of Independence Day at Newport was the presentation to Miss LEWIS of a beautiful and costly boat. The presentation was made by the inhabitants of Newport.



INTERIOR OF LIME ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE—IDA LEWIS AT HOME.—[SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.]

IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

I THINK we created some excitement at Falmouth. Unconventional in our attire, merry in our deportment, excited in our demeanor, and altogether imbued with that excellent Mark Tapleian philosophy of being "jolly under any circumstances," it is small wonder that we did create some excitement at Falmouth. We have none of us a word to say against Falmouth—a charming, health-giving, and delightful spot, in the most beautiful of all English counties, Cornwall—indeed, we are all of us inclined to mark with a white stone the day that the Falmouth expedition was proposed in a certain smoking-room, of which history knoweth not, but individuals a very great deal. The little army that invaded the place of which I am speaking, where the sea is of the bluest and the harbor of the grandest description, was mixed in its tastes, talent, and temper. In this consisted our jollity. We gave and took; smothered our absurdities; advertised our excellences; offended no one, and seldom laid ourselves open to giving offense. I am not egotistical, for I am speaking of the party in its collective form. We behaved prettily on all occasions. It was too hot to put ourselves out of temper, and the society too pleasant to suggest boredom. If young Cecil, the budding poet, chose to read Tennyson's Idyls—backed up most strongly by Isoline Langworthy, with the fair hair and blue eyes—on the pleasant cliff underneath the castle, we raised no objection. Those who cared to hear Cecil spout listened; and those who detested poetry went to sleep. If the famous Farquharson, briefless barrister, orator, and sucking politician, chose to discuss Mr. John Stuart Mill and the female franchise, women's rights, and the rest of it—backed up most strongly by Maude Carruthers, with the raven hair and olive complexion—we allowed him to rap his knuckles on the table, and talk us into a semi-idiotic state of stupor. If Harry Armstrong found delight in bringing his London manners into Cornwall, and preferred the society of a certain soft-eyed little divinity who sold newspapers and gum-arabic in the town to our sweet society, we allowed him to make excuses for deserting us, and, with the exception of a little innocent and unavoidable "chaff," he was free to "spoon" all day in the stationer's shop for aught we cared. We excused Lilian Corner's scales and morning exercises for the sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; her tarantellas, moonlight sonatas, and reveries, with which we were favored in the evening if we behaved ourselves very prettily. The "irrepressible Edgar," as we used to call the youngest male member of our community, was allowed to give full vent to his overflowing spirits all day long, provided he woke us betimes in the morning to get our matutinal plunge in the blue waters that curled themselves refreshingly into "Summer Cove." And what of our host and hostess? Theirs indeed was a rule of love; and

"BLINKING LIKE AN OLD OWL, I ARRIVED SAFE AND SOUND ON TERRA FIRMA."

as they allowed us to do exactly as we liked, we were the more considerate in meeting their wishes and pulling all together.

We had vainly imagined that we had seen every thing worth seeing in the environs of Falmouth, and enjoyed ourselves as much as is consistent with human nature, when our party received a valuable addition. A certain sweet songstress of whom the world has heard, and of whom the world will ere long hear a great deal more, came down among us to breathe her native air, and get new inspirations and health from the woods and caverns, and rocks and sea-music, with which we were surrounded.

But the songstress did not come alone. She brought her sweet voice and all our old pet songs; the songs set to words which were poetry, and the words wedded to music which breathed of love, and was therefore quite unsalable; she brought her cheery manner and her indomitable pluck—she has been in the saddle during the late American campaign for days and days, has this sweet songstress of mine—and she brought her brother.

Her brother was such a good fellow that I must really introduce him with a little bit of a preface. He was, if I may make use of an expression, most puzzling at school, and most useful in after-life—a walking oxymoron. He was an Englishman, and not an Englishman. An Englishman he was in heart, and speech, and bearing; but destiny had stolen him away from his native land years ago, to shed his cheeriness on other climes.

So much, however, did he love the old country that once in every three or four years he wended his way back again—the lucky swallow!—his pockets full of gold, and his heart full of love, to spend a holiday in England and a little fortune in generosity.

During these holiday trips he never left his sister or his parents; and as his sister and his parents had chosen to run down to Falmouth, like a dutiful fellow, Washington followed them thither.

We were at breakfast when Washington burst in upon us at Falmouth; and breakfast at Falmouth was not such an early meal as it might have been. With that generosity and unselfishness which is characteristic of Englishmen, I will at once exculpate the whole male portion of our party.

The irrepressible Edgar was bound to wake us in the morning; and we were always on our backs in the sea by eight o'clock. But the women! oh, those dear women! Well, generally speaking, we had but little to complain of. They were cheerful, and bore the fatigue which strong-legged men not unfrequently impose upon fragile women without a murmur; but they were not proof against the mightily exercise of that highly necessary, but eminently female organ, the human tongue! At ten o'clock deceptive yawns were chorused forth, to take us off our guard, and persuade us to allow them to go to bed.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

Not an objection was urged. The poet perhaps looked somewhat more lachrymose than usual, and the orator came to a dead stop in an able harangue on the "Female Franchise;" but Laurine's hand was squeezed by the poet, and Maude's eyes followed by the orator, without another murmur at ten o'clock.

I am bound to confess that I don't altogether consider that the poet or the orator were quite fairly treated. Ten minutes after Isabine and Maude had disappeared in a hurry of farewells, one another in feats of agility and fancy; they talls, they do one another's hair, they do my thing but that for which they left the society of males—go to sleep!

The consequence is that, having devoted the freshest part of the night to folly, they have to devote the smallest part of the night to sleep. And when the morning comes the great hungry men, ravenous from fresh air and salt-water, have to fling pebbles and sand and gravel up at the windows in the upper regions, from which the tantalizing ones will never emerge.

And so it came about that Washington found us at breakfast at an unorthodox hour, and not all got sentimentally chaffed. We very soon saw that there were to be no half-measures with Washington. He did not saunter about in the grass to grow under his feet. His stay in England was limited, and that which had to be done was evidently to be "done quickly."

I must say that, up to the time of Washington's arrival, we had not made the most of our time. The last smoking-room on the night the expedition had been arranged, all sorts of excursions and drives, and picnics and sails, had been mapped out.

But once at Falmouth, we dreamed away our time. It was very pleasant. We lathed and breakfasted, and lathed till lunch, and lounged till dinner, and sang and strolled till tea, and lathed till bedtime; and so day after day slipped away, and Washington found us at breakfast prepared for another day's dream.

I suppose we wanted a leader. Energy—that is to say, personal energy—was out of the question. Washington assumed the vacant directorate and led us. It was a case of

"Othama! Othama! stramonge precedes Washington."

To tell the truth, it was Washington who permanded me to be at the heart of the earth.

He did not begin rashly or impetuously. He did not frighten me with an accurate description of the "man-engine" and the "bucket," and the interminable ladders; but in a light and airy way—before all the girls, by the way—he led the conversation gently up to mines and mining adventures. He told us how the Prince of Wales and a talented contributor to Punch had been down the Botallack; and then taking stock of me, after a preliminary examination of my hands and a general examination of other muscular developments, he asked me how I should like to be introduced to the Wheal Isabel.

"Of all things in the world," I said, "if provided she be young and good-looking. But why Wheal? Is it a spot of endurement or a feeling of respect? Am I to understand from the mysterious word Wheal that Isabel is a Cornish Countess, or a Grey Queen? Introduce me to the Wheal Isabel? Certainly! Wheal or wa Isabel, could any thing unfortunate be sprung upon such a charming appellation?"

"Hold hard!" he said; "this Cornish air of ours has filled you full of conceit. Entertain your author, Isabel is not an enchanting maiden fashioned by your poetical imagination. She is no gauzy-winged sprite, no maid of Orgelus, no naiad or mermaiden, no Cornish beauty. She is black, deep, dirty, and terrible. She will cause you a ton of work, trouble, fatigue, and some little expense; but the Wheal Isabel is worth knowing.

"In Heaven's name, then," said I, "who or what is she?"

"The Wheal Isabel," said he, "is one of the largest mines in this magnificent district; and if you would like to be introduced to her you shall."

"Coal?" said I, shuddering.

"Or tin?" echoed the maculagnous Armstrong.

"Gold, no doubt," whispered Isaline in my ear.

"Nonsense," said Washington; "copper."

I very soon saw that at this very early period of the entertainment there was no getting out of an introduction to the Wheal Isabel.

The curiosity of the women was fairly aroused. And that was quite enough.

In an instant the programme was mapped out entirely to the satisfaction of the girls. We were all to ride over to the Wheal Isabel under the management of Washington; and it was to be the unhappy victim sacrificed on the copper altar.

Friend Washington, who at one time had been all cockalorum about the dangers and daring of the expedition, got out of it, or rather of the fainting part of it, with that intrepidity and indifference peculiar to leaders of expeditions.

"You know, my dear fellow, I have seen these kind of things so often before that it is really hardly worth while the trouble of changing one's clothes for it," said he, with that charming tone of superiority which is so refreshing to the man who knows that he is about to make a fool of himself for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. "But I would advise you to go down," he added, suspicious that I would back out of it at the last moment. "It will never regret it."

And then he cleverly magnified me into a hero, whereat the girls said pretty and complimentary things, and the expedition was finally arranged. Our cavalcade was not altogether pretty to look at, but I think it may be safely termed a good one to go. Falmouth was not great in saddle-horses.

We had a 'bus-horse, a hearse-horse, a flyhorse, a coach-horse, and a broken pommel. With these excellent assistants to a ten-mile ride along the Cornish roads, we started, much laughter of parents and cheering of neighboring butcher-boys, on our journey to the Wheal Isabel.

Very black and barren grew the land as we neared the Queen of Copperdom. The trees somehow or other left off growing; the hills seemed sown with ashes instead of grass; tall chimneys emitted huge volumes of smoke, and deserted cottages, with broken, and grimy-looking monsters met us at every turn.

When four cross roads met amidst a labyrinth of shafts and engine-houses in the centre of a blackened heath we drew rein.

"I think this must be the place," said Washington. He was right. A distant Cornishman came out to meet us, and to him we presented our credentials, addressed to the Captain of the Mine.

The captain was somewhat disappointed, I think, when he found that we were not all to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of mining. Miners are after all but men, and the laughing merriment of our joyous girl-friends already won over the rough heart of the honest miner.

"No, it is only this gentleman," said the treacherous Washington, pointing to me, "who is supposed again. "I have been down mines scores of times."

This was all very well of Washington, vaunting his superiority in this way; but why should he, by implication, assert that I was a fool because I was a novice, and because I had *not* been down a mine?

I was quite prepared to go through all the dirty work, but I wanted to be thought a hero, not a jackass.

The girls stood by me bravely. Their sympathy relieved me from some of the humiliation I felt; and they seemed determined, at all events, that I should not go down into the heart of the earth without a cheer.

I was handed over to the tender mercies of a sub-captain, who hinted that it would be as well if two other miners were first off as a sort of escort, to guard me through the lower regions.

"It's as well to have two or three with you, Sir," said he: "they tend to inspire with more respect down below, and they're a rough lot, I can tell you."

I scented, of course. At such a time it would, by no manner of means, be politic to dissend from my thing or my body.

For the next hour or so my life was in the hands of the slaves of the Wheal Isabel.

The sub-captain led me into a little outhouse, where he personally superintended my toilet. I had imagined that it would merely be necessary to put a pea-jacket over me and a tarpaulin on my clothes. But I was very soon disabused of this notion.

"We must have every thing off, Sir," said my guide, in a soothing medical tone, as if he were about to operate on me. "It's an awfully dirty place down there."

The costume will bear description. I was first encased in flannel, clean, of course; and over that was placed an old cay-coloured suit of my miner's suit. My feet were wrapped in two flannel dusters and then thrust into a pair of old miner's shoes, which too big for my feet. These and I were placed a very stiff billy-cock hat, literally as hard as iron, smeared with yellow grease. On the front of this I was told to fasten a lump of clay, and into this he stuck a farthing rush-light. About half a dozen more rush-lights were then procured ready for action.

On our way across the open to the hut in which our party was resting, my attendant asked me which way I intended to go down. Asked me, indeed! as if I knew any thing about the matter. Looking about. I was only anxious not to look a fool, and to do exactly what I was told. I must even say that I felt a pardonable pride in his hands.

"Will you go down," said he, "by the ladders, or by the bucket, or by the man-engine?"

He might just as well have asked me the Hindostance for Wheal Isabel.

"The ladders," said he, by way of explanation, "are the most tiring, and the most tedious. You will take a good hour to get down by the ladders. The bucket is a dirty way of going down; besides, in this case, I am said alone for bringing up the rubble and the ore, and any interference with this arrangements stops the working of the mine. The man-engine is by all the quickest way, and it is the way all the men here go down. Would you like to try it?" and then he added, looking at me, "but you must be very careful."

This was the first suggestion that had been made to me that there was any danger in my undertaking. Now the principle of the bucket and the ladder I understood perfectly well, but I had no more idea what a man-engine was than the man in the moon. My mentor, for some mysterious reason, did not like to say directly precisely the superior advantage of the man-engine. And so I consented. If I had only known then, at that quiet moment, away from the laughing girls and the heroic Washington, what I was undertaking, and the mortal agony I was about to endure, my prudence would have probably have got the better of my pride, and I should have been whizzed quietly down in the dirty bucket.

But as it was, in my ignorance and in the innocence of my heart, I decided for the man-engine; and in a minute more I was ushered into the hut.

My quaint appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter. Some would "never have known me, would you?" others pronounced me a fright; and my own soft angelic voice declared me to be "a handsome young miner."

"You're sure you are all right?" said the little comforting voice. "Have you had some brandy?"

"All right," said I, feeling very pale. "I should think so. Particularly now."

"But how are you going down?" said the sweet voice; "the captain has been telling us all about it."

"By the man-engine."

"Are you sure, Sir, don't! It's very dangerous if you're not accustomed to it. He told me so."

That tone of entreaty persuaded me more than ever that I would take the most dangerous route. It was very brutal, I know, but at such a time I was looking and feeling like a fool, and I would sooner have died than shown the white feather.

They escorted me toward the infernal machine like a criminal on his road to execution.

"Set it going, Bill," said the sub-captain; and then in a few terse sentences he explained the principle of the thing.

Two parallel horizontal bars provided with iron steps at intervals of about ten yards went down and down and down into the earth. The method of getting down the shaft was by passing from bar to bar, and from step to step, by every means in the world "except" was given. It was essentially requisite to change the moment the word of command was given, and to make no bungle or shuffle about the matter. The engine waited for no man. There was no possibility of calling a halt, and no saying hold to catch one if a spasm was about. Almost a safety rested with one's self. One false step or false clutch at the next rung, and it would have been all over with me, and even in the daylight I bungled a little.

"You must change quicker, Sir," said my guide; "if you don't the rungs knock against you and it will be all up with you."

I was very pale, I know, after the first short practice. I felt that I was doing a mighty act; I know that the men ought to have stopped me; the little voice, now quite trembling, begged me not to go; but my lips said vowed I would not show the white feather.

"Do you think you are all right, Sir?" said my guide. "Will you go? You must decide now finally."

"All right," I said.

And then the bell rang, and down we went. I saw the little face—it was the very last thing I saw—and upon my honor I really and truly believe that I should never see that little face again, except by a miracle.

But there was no time then to think of any thing but my own safety.

That terribly monotonous word "Change" chime ringing out from the dark depths of the shaft, varied by the sub-captain on the next ledge below me. And I knew that my life depended upon my quickness.

Hours, days, years, yes, and centuries seemed to pass between every change. It was like a horrible nightmare. The awful suspense between every word of command; the feeling that something terrible might happen next time; the momentary relief between the darkness of the shaft, the rush of the water, the glimmer of the rush-lights going down; the sad, hollow echo of the captain's voice, the word of command, and exhorting me to be careful, now kindly, now fearfully; all these things combined made up as horrible a dream as it is possible to conceive.

For full five-and-twenty minutes I was in this awful suspense, and in that time went through about five hundred changes.

At last, half blinded with beads of cold perspiration, and nearly dead with fright, I heard the welcome bell, the welcome tone, and I was safe on the first ledge of the mine.

The man-engine went no further, and the rest of the journey had to be accomplished by ladders. I never told the men what I suffered, but in a rough, kindly way I was congratulated on my feat.

"I never thought you would have come, Sir," said one. "It frightens most after the first turn."

"Can't you signal up that we are all safe," said I, thinking about the little face.

"Yes, Sir, to be sure."

And they did.

The signal came back again, "Thank God!" and all the miners took off their hats at the last signal. They are pious fellows, these Cornish miners.

I was quite two hours away from my friends, groping about, now on my hands and knees, now down ladders from ledge to ledge, now in a sloping position, now erect in the dark, mysterious corridors I found in the heart of the earth. It was hot—stifling hot, hotter than the very hottest room in a Turkish bath. But the subtart, half-clad men working away at the ore were so interesting, and the metal sparkled so on the ground, and the scene was so strange and fascinating, that I could not tear myself away.

On and on I went, still forever walking on. I was very thirsty, and would have given any thing for a draught of beer. I had no conception of any kind see found in the heart of the earth. I was allowed, however, to put my mouth to the bunghole of a water-barrel, and very refreshing was the draught.

"You can walk on like this for hours, Sir," said the captain, seeing I was tired, and still determined not to give in.

"Is it pretty much the same?"

"I think you have seen all now," said he. So we went back.

"Which way will you go?" said my guide. I was very tired.

"In the bucket," I said, without any hesitation.

With my pockets laden with copper ore, and in the rough embrace of a stalwart miner—for it was close quarters for two in the bucket—we here swung up to the daylight.

Dash went the bucket against the sides of the shaft, through which the water oozed and trickled and splashed. Daylight and lighter it became, until, at last, I saw above me the clear, blue, cloudless sky; and, half-dazzled with the glaring light, and blinking like an old owl, I arrived safe and sound on terra firma.

They greeted me with another loud peal of laughter, louder and merrier than the last. My appearance was certainly not prepossessing. I was covered with red mud from head to foot, hot, disheveled, wild, and weary. And then "I smelt so puh!" as Hamlet says. However, a refreshing cold bath, a hair-brush, rough towels, and a change of clothes made me presentable; and after an excellent luncheon in the board-room of the owners of the Wheal Isabel, we were all very soon trotting away toward Falmouth.

* * * * * * *

One word more. A brooch made from the copper ore I brought up from the mine rests on the neck of the owner of the little face which is looking at me as I write from a distant corner of the room. Sometimes when I am out of sorts—which is not very often—she says I wake up suddenly from a disturbed dream in my old arm-chair, and fancy somehow that the little face is gone, that there is a strange singing in my ears, and from a dark unearthly vault a voice keeps moaning, "Change."

EVENING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHILD! let me journey on my way;
It is already cold and late,
The closing of a dreary day,
And I may neither pause nor wait.

Why sing to me? So tenderly,
That mournfully sounds thy notemade song!
What was the word? Love? Love? Ah me!
I had forgotten it so long.

And yet, I think, in days long past,
I think that once that word was sweet!
But now the road is darkening fast,
I go where rest the weary feet.

The darkening road winds sourly on,
And slower flag the steps, and slower;
My early life is dead and gone,
And every hour I feel it more.

FLIRTATION À LA JUDITH.

THERE is a beauty that dazzles at first sight, and afterward shows more and more defective. And there is a beauty to which you are drawn and there is a beauty so subtle that you are not at first sure that it is beauty; a better kind but dangerous, apt to become for a man the one face dangerous, apt to become for a man the one face in the world. Of this order was May Barcarole. A brown-eyed, brown-haired beauty. And for her moral nature generous, haughty, ignorant, sublime. In theory a detester of men; a little twenty-year-old radical, progressively burning to avenge the wrongs of all other women. In fact, a flirt.

This pretty little reformer, with her cousin Betty Blundel, was spending the month of July at the Hermitage. Mrs. Margrave was fond of young people, and the old house was always gay with them. There were a dozen other young men and women, and more were coming, Eversham among the rest. His aunt wrote Mrs. Margrave that she should bring him as her favorite nephew, and that they would be sure to like him.

"Like him!" echoed Mrs. Margrave, laying down the letter with a stately shiver, and every body shivered responsively, and looked at Betty Blundel. Betty turned a greenish yellow and rose. May dropped her netting and rose also. The young ladies looked with indignant sympathy toward the young men. The young men returned commiserating glances. Betty's handkerchief was at her eyes at once, and on seeing it May also left the retreat was not so expeditiously managed but that a sniff or two were heard outside of the door. Betty was a pretty lady of uncertain age and complexion, with no particular eyebrows and expression; but at this moment she was the personification of pathos and excited the deepest interest both in the male and female bosom. Even the waiters had it, and discussed over the joint in the cook and my plate girl in the privacy of the kitchen.

What affair? That is what I find difficulty in explaining. How is one to say such things? In fact, how do such things get to the air? A young lady can not propose to a young man. A young lady can not pay serious attentions to a man. Only a very bold and daring spirit ever does. Margrave's theory, and it was the theory in the Hermitage, and in all the houses that the Hermitage condescended to visit: for Mrs. Mar-

grave ruled with absolute sway. And it was very distinctly understood, in all these localities, that Betty Blondel had been "disappointed" by Eversham. Do you ask in what way disappointed? My dear girl, as lexically speaking, there is but one disappointment for a young lady, and it being clearly understood that Eversham had inflicted this disappointment upon her, it is evident that this young man was a brute and a trifler. That may sound sweeping, but examine the theory and you see at once no other conclusion is possible.

Fancy, then, the flutter when this monster was announced as soon to make his appearance at the Hermitage. On hearing it Betty left the room in the dramatic manner already described, and it is difficult to say whether indignation at the monster's audacity or curiosity about his appearance ruled most strongly at the Hermitage till Eversham's arrival. Then it was discovered that Nature makes benevolent provisions, even for monsters. There was no trace in him of the moral hyena. He was a winning man. His manners were unexceptionable. His composure! Ah, that was sublime! His well-bred self-control was so perfect that it was as good as perfect innocence. He met Betty with an air of amiable indifference; the sharpest scrutiny could not detect the quiver of a muscle. He devoted himself to May at once; under her eyes; before everybody. It is my belief that he went further, and self unsuspected, and that Betty, for her own sake, had given no sign. Otherwise nerves of iron and a brow of brass could not have done it, in my opinion.

And May repulsed him, of course; from him with scorn! She burned him by her eyes and avenged the wrongs of her sex in general, and Miss Blondel in particular, in season and out of season! Thinking of the sort, you know. She listened to him. She smiled on him. She cajoled him. She made bouquets for his button-hole, on the days when he went to church, and fastened them with her own fair hands. She met him in artful muslin toilets on the piazza when he came back. She was seen once on his side at croquet, and cheated under his banner. For his sake she threw over Shafton, and Marcy, the other young beau to her bow, without compunction. It was a flirtation; and the men some-what spitefully declared that it would be more—a match, in which the ladies always win—significantly, as who should say, "We know what we know."

For Eversham—did I not say in the beginning that May's face had dangerous tendency to become the face of all other faces for a young man? "There are many girls and but one Eversham fitted with a suitable number, as became him; but, despite prettiness, May possessed a look that was at once frank and severe. There is one recipe for beauty, girls, and an easy one. If you are true it will redeem you. If you are fair it will make you irresistible, take my word for it. I myself have been three times saved from the snares of a Benedict only by the most small conceit or pettish vanity on the features I admired. But it is of Eversham we are talking; and Eversham had studied the face that he could neither dream nor plan without it. He thought himself also safe in dreaming of it; for Miss Barcarole was a girl who understood herself and the usages of society, and modestly but plainly Miss Barcarole had encouraged him. In this way they had arrived at that delightful delicious but embarrassing—well known to lovers, where conversation becomes an impossibility, and the most promising subject suddens you far beyond the second sentence. Eversham felt that he must speak, but though he had had experiences with women, he was at a loss how to begin.

"I have something to tell you," he commenced, laying his hand lightly on hers, "though it can hardly be new to you."

May started and looked up. There was no mistaking the face bending toward her. Before he had uttered "I love you" she knew what he was about to say, and the smile not only died away from her lips, but she grew awfully pale. Eversham was embarrassed. He had expected that she would blush, or show some signs of confusion. On the contrary, she sat looking at him rigidly and fixedly, like one turned to bronze for a singularly unpleasant duty.

"You must have expected I would tell you this," he repeated, uneasily.

"Yes, I expected it," answered May, mechanically, with the looking straight before her.

"And your answer," urged Eversham, telling himself that he ought to be charmed by such frankness, but secretly, if I must confess it, shocked.

"I have no answer," said May, indifferently.

"*No answer!*" He no longer thought of criticising her tone or expression. There had come upon him a confusion, sickening confusion of intolerable treachery. Her hend was turned away, but there was no softening in its lines; on the contrary, something like defiance. He thought she felt his look, and grew, if possible, paler yet, she was obstinately silent.

"What do you mean?" he asked, huskily. "What have you intended all this summer?"

"I intended"—The word, for some reason, roused May from her passive defiance, and she turned on him with a cruel smile:

"Why, mean, Mr. Eversham, only to pass the time. The game of flirtation has its risks, as no one should know better than you. Only it is generally the woman who loses, and the man who goes away smiling for another game elsewhere. You will acknowledge that our game has been well played, and if it is your turn to lose, why, you can set it over against some past victory, you know."

And this was the girl whom he had loved, because he found her sweet and true. Eversham felt as if the ground were gaping under his feet; but he was a man of spirit, and with her last word he was ready for her.

"Quite right," he answered, coolly. "And, as you say, the game has been well played—by you. I admit that I was entirely deceived, and, in spite of some past knowledge of women, I really thought you honest and modest."

Then, with a formal bow, he turned into a side path (they had been lounging in the garden), and walked there, sick to the heart, wrathful, loathing her now as much as before, and yet torn and tortured by doubts; for at his last words she had looked up at him with a sweet, piteous reproach that argued for her some powerful thus words; and he could have sworn that her soft eyes were full of tears.

And now, no doubt, dear girls, you are triumphantly sure of what you suspected long ago. This was the modern Judith, flirting for revenge the false lover who had deserted her sister Betty Blondel, and paid the traitor back with interest. Her success was full-orbed, perfect. She had studied him to the best of her ability, and his shrewd voice, the twitching of the muscles about his mouth, small evidences as they were, spoke volumes to a man so versed in self-controlled as this one. No doubt about her triumph; but there certainly was one drawback to its enjoyment.

When she came to cut off his head—metaphorically speaking, of course—our little Judith had discovered—the—what was Holofernes's Poor little spider! Weaving webs for him, how hopelessly had she tangled herself! Long ago she had been conscious enough to find love delightful it was to punish him, how much more the thought of the pain that the punishment must seem to him of Betty rose between them. Now she went away successful, but in despair. When he came back to her, he must have acknowledged him as its king. When he turned away from her in scorn she could not help applauding him and his spirit, though she was glad to die, and that he was taking away with him all that would make her life worth living; and she despised herself more, morally certain that Eversham would go away that night, as disappointed lovers always do in the romances; and this from henceforth she was to be known as the beautiful Iceberg, or something of that sort, and never smile; and by-and-by should marry some stout man of the neighborhood, who would have shown shed should go heavily veiled, and strew roses on his tomb, etc., etc.

After which she went down stairs and flirted with Jo Shafton shamefully.

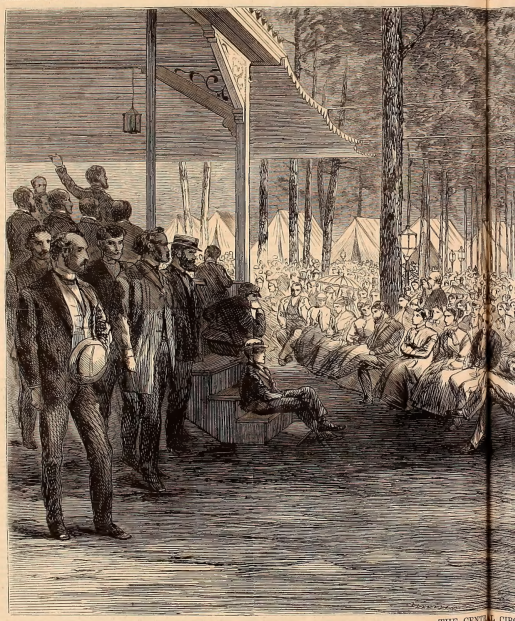
But Eversham did not depart, as per romance bound. On the contrary, he stayed on there. Partly because of the doubts that haunted him, partly to show that he did not think her worth a change of plan. Also, he was a man who, as usual, in the eyes of society; but with such hopeless gulf between them. Smile and gesture about him,

ROUND LAKE STATION.

WATERING HORSES.

VIEW OF ROUND LA

BOOK STORE.



THE CENTRAL CIR

CAMP-GROUND REGISTER.

THE BIG TENT.

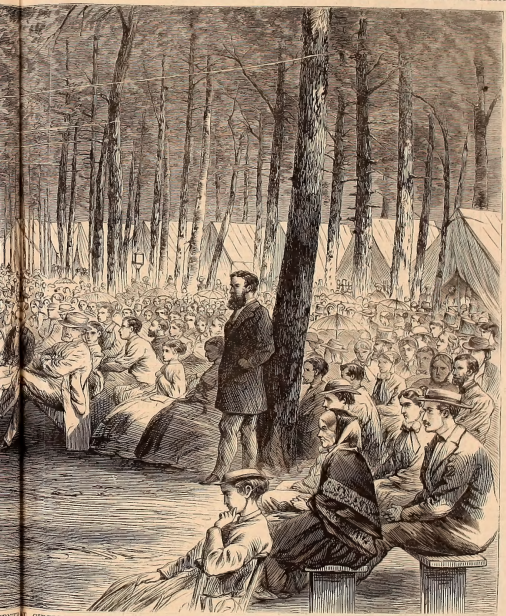
THE CAMP-GROUND MAR

SKETCHES OF THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING AT RO

OF ROUND LAKE.

AN OUTSIDE MEETING.

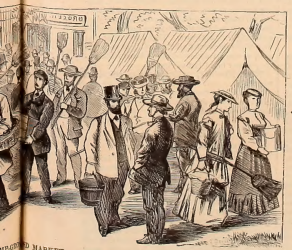
DRINKING FOUNTAIN.



CENTRAL CIRCLE.

FAMILY TENT.

BOATING ON ROUND LAKE.



MERCED MARKET.

WESLEY AVENUE.

TING ON ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK, JULY 6–15, 1869.

ÆOLLÆ.

WITH wind that rageth o'er the sea,
With biting fang and dreadful cry,
What storm-bent creatures plead to thee,
To spare them lest they sink and die!
With voice of sullen wrath
Thou leapest on thy path,
O'er wreck and found'ring ship,
"Mid cries from seaman's lip!
Cast out like scattered tares,
With wounded sobs and prayers;
Thy home the waters darkly blue
All the bitter winter through.

Soft wind that roameth to the sea,
With tender touch and smiling sound,
A thousand voices sing with thee
Upon thy tuneful, fragrant round.
With gentle sigh of love,
The coo of muted dove,
Where bees still droning sip
The honeyed petals' lip;
Thy breath a fresh perfume
Of flowers' sweetest bloom;
Thy home the heaven's sunlit blue
All the joyous summer through.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER THE BALL.

THE ball was over. The Marquis of Grandacres had not proposed to Amelia: but he had danced once with her, and that, as she said to her sister, "was something toward it."

Moreover, Thurstan Mowbray had paid no attention whatever to Lady Diana. Amelia, in the confidential hours of dressing-gown and slippers, mentioned this circumstance to her sister with great satisfaction; but Lady Diana herself viewed it in a different light, for on the pages of the volume before mentioned she inscribed:

"Lady Bridesmaid avoids you is lost."

She was annoyed to be not disheartened by Thurstan's apparent coldness. Well versed in all the mutability of suffering of which the human heart is capable, she knew that as the fish in dying displays a variety of hues (strange beauty born of mortal pain) ere it is overspread by the dull color of death, so does a lover exhibit curious and unpardonable developments of feeling before his love perishes in indifference. She had known prouder men than this one assume the most profound innocence of fear and her attractions; she had seen them hold aloof from her, restraining jealously, with all the power of their wills, the impetuous tendernesses of eye, lip, and hand. She had known others, more subtle in their tactics, pretend to a careless ease of manner, the better to conceal the reality of their pain; but sooner or later the attempt to dissimulate with their passion ended in utter failure and the slave crouched more and more beneath the sweet oppression of a bondage more exquisite than freedom.

Lady Diana found compassionate defeat, but she could never resolve to spare where she encountered opposition. She was like the Palestine warrior of old, who "slew plentifully," and then "bewailed courteously" over the heaps of slain.

Besides, she felt something of her old tenderness revive for this handsome man. True, her tenderness was an Eastern potentate's, had a touch of the bow-string in it; but hers was a moral strangulation. She would strike all that was good in a man's heart rather than think it should not beat for her. A husband must leave his wife, a lover his mistress, sooner than defy her influence. Let there had been cases where she had mourned the ruin she had wrought, and had even tried to lure the delinquents she herself had fashioned back into their moral perpendicular.

Fancy a spas-tree speculating for its malign influence, and discovering that its progress should be rejected by the victim!

In her own way Lady Di had loved Thurstan. She loved him more the less for his defiance of her now; but she swore in her heart that ere long he should be at her feet, body and soul—a human popper, which should take the place of the dolls of childhood, and while the tedium of her leisure hours in which she should weep not tears, breathe real breath, and whose heart should beat fast or slow at her bidding, even as the wax effigies had wept real or smile once more as her infant fingers pulled the wire. But even a child has its preference among dolls, and Lady Diana liked this doll of specimen with the brown eyes and curly hair better than others.

"As to Amelia Orme, she must be taken down," said Lady Di to herself, as she watched this young lady's little manœuvres to attract Thurstan's attention.

But coquetry is the elder gamblers, ere victims of chance. Lady Di had calculated on passing a few weeks in the quasi lover's society. She had planned every move in her game with a precision worthy of a professional chess-player. She disliked to be worried in her play. To do her justice, she preferred to retain an aspect of dignity, even of modesty, in these ignoble encounters. A player who attempts to be over-adversary fool's mate, looking very hard in another direction all the while to divert suspicion, Lady Di kept an innocent countenance during the progress of her machinations. I think this appearance of lamb-like unconsciousness was one of the most potent snares wherewith this beauty lured prey to her wolfish maw. But for the present, at least, the game was stopped—the pieces overset.

On the morning succeeding the ball at Orme House Thurstan was sitting in the music-room, turning over a song for one sister, while he decorously perused the large print of another, when the song and the flirtation were brought to a premature close by the entrance of a servant, who brought on a silver a telegraphic message for Captain Mowbray. It announced that his father was very dangerously ill, and it requested his immediate presence at Eton.

It was as if a funeral train flung its gloomy shadow over a path gay with bridal flowers. A cloud fell on the fair face of Di. It is dismal to be recalled from laughter, music, and mirth to the voice of the bell which tolls fnis, and the vision of the inevitable which tolls for all; which fashion endures forever, independent of millineis and mourning warehouses. Besides the natural awe which falls even on the most lighthearted at the sound of that ugly word death, those around Captain Mowbray had their own selfish emotion for mingle with his sorrow. Amelia Orme was becoming really attached to him, and the idea of his departure made her feel sore at heart. Lord Ivor was disturbed because Mr. Mowbray had been a contemporary of his own. "What a sad thing! He was a fine man, you know. Older than me, but still we were school-fellows."

"That doesn't make it any sadder, papa, does it?" muttered Rosa, pertly, not seeing that Lord Orme's regret was as one tree may feel when its coeval falls, by some wind's unwonted force.

Lady Di, sitting in a corner in a becoming attitude (becoming attitudes came as naturally to Lady Di as breaking dolls and nice same small snowy duplicates of herself? Wrong again! I said I would guess no more. I spoke hastily. To contain a delight or delight which thrilled me when her hands clasped mine caressingly—a delight which died almost as soon as it was born, for she looked away from me again and caught hold of a pale cluster of chrysanthemums.

Then, with her face sparkling, and breath coming quick, she cried:

"I have seen some people!"

What description of people?

"I have seen horses and dogs, and men in red coats, and ladies"—two ladies I think. I saw—and the Duke

ditional interest in her eyes now that she had seen their living representative. When she next went down stairs she paused to wonder whether this Mowbray inherited any of the daring which made Gaston de Mowbray throw himself before the body of his young brother, a living shield, which presently fell hacked with wounds, while the boy rode away unscathed. Azalea, living in an ideal world, could not suspect how ignoble were the aims, how mean and trifling the ambition of the majority of nineteenth-century heroes, who were gold lace and spurs.

After looking at the portrait which seemed to her to embody the lineaments of the gay rider on horseback who had flashed toward her through the gray woods yesterday, Azalea walked softly into the large salon, and looked at her own reflection in the old-fashioned mirror.

This is what Robert Douglas saw when, a few minutes later, his tall form and moody face darkened the doorway.

The bright glow of her cheeks and hair showed dimly through the dust and cobwebs which obscured the mirror; a crack meeting the dimple in her chin, a tremulous thread, blotched by a spider, seemed to wave down from her hair; her hands were busy securing a rose over one little ear, a fillet of ribbon glistened behind the other. The rose secured, Azalea stepped back, on her toes, with such a look of meditation as a bird wears when it puzzles over its duplicate in a mirror.

She was asking herself for the first time, "Am I fair?"

And Douglas, watching her from the door, felt his heart-core turn with pain as he saw the nascent symptom of coquetry, the first consciousness of physical beauty develop itself in one who had hitherto been as careless of her loveliness as the birds of the air.

"Why are you decking yourself in this way?" he asked, savagely.

"I don't know," she stammered, half frightened, "I never thought; I was only wondering."

"I have sometimes wished for you, child," Azalea, that you were ill-favored as the women who are burned red in autumn suns, and coarsened by labor. But I comforted myself with thinking there was safety even for beauty in solitude, and now—" He checked himself, remembering that to scare a child or a woman at once is to expose them to it. He added more gently—

"Forgive me for speaking so roughly, Azalea; but if you only knew how I should shrink to see your guileless face spoiled by consciousness of its attraction." Be content with the beauty God has given you."

"I meant no harm," the girl faltered, looking down; but when Douglas left her to make his morning prayers she lifted her head with a smile as she spoke. "I am glad his scolding he thinks me fair—he owned as much."

Then she went and sat at the window, and looked wistfully at the avenue path, which seemed to tremble in the light and shadow which played over it, and which proves that Douglas had been wiser had he held his peace.

* * *

Robert Douglas's Journal continued.

There are two hells made by man for himself —remorse and jealousy. Which is the most terrible of endurance, the hell of the past or the hell of the present? In which is the flame hottest? Remorse is the dull, low throb of unassuageable pain, jealousy the wild bound of a fever which is almost craze.

What have I done to deserve this last? I feel not overwhelmed—that I have wandered through all the prime of my life with my head down; that for me no bird is jubilant, no sun is bright, no voice is glad?

* * *

For years I have carried a pall. What devil possessed me that I should break from my self-made to clutch at roses? That man whose life I saved, need he have cast the shadow of his beauty over the one object of sunshine in my path? "He would come again!" Of course he came. He was seized with an immense interest in the old portraits and books. "Will Miss Mowbray call her all about them?" She begins shy and flushing at the sound of her own voice. She speaks with her ear to me, and looks at him. He has the pure, unconscious regard of an angel. Mean while the young moon yawns a good deal, but takes every available opportunity of lingering nearer to her, of touching her hand, of caressing, when they go home, stray curls blown about her head by the wind.

It is a fortnight since that day when this fresh curse in my life began. Perhaps the happiest pang of all is to feel that were I free, and were my soul clean, so that I could place myself at her feet, and humbly ask to walk away, repenting that I was thus prostrate. I never could be to her even a possibility. I rank with her old guardian, with the grave shadows of the house, with all the familiar scenes of childhood: I am an appendage. This Mowbray is in himself a new event, an event which colors all her hitherto lueless existence.

A fortnight to-day since he crossed my path, and he has been here nearly every day since. Heaven help me! My haste of him is becoming hideous. This mean, bitter jealousy dwarfs the big heart into that of a fretting child. I loathe and scorn myself for the ignoble torture self-inflicted. I pore over crabbed pages, hold my head between my hands, and try not to catch the reflection of that withered, harsh face peering at me from the cracked mirror opposite, and then her presence approaches in that gust of lonely-sounding wind tossing the bough against the pane; her face appears in that star which sparkles in the upper square of the casement. She pervades the whole chamber, and my thoughts fall into confusion again. I am crushed by the misery of my presence.

* * *

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE PASSED AN HOUR OF LOVE WITH ME.

THE hours "crawled" (that was George Moore's term for the dreamy, drowsy, autumn noons) into days, and days slipped into weeks, and still Captain Mowbray lingered in the vicinity of Avalon, showing an increasing interest in what he vaguely described as "the books and pictures, and all that sort of thing." What need to repeat the details of the old, old story; what need to dwell on all the sudden impulses which point to one inevitable result? The sun and the sunflower, the moon that draws the sea, and the cloud that stoops from heaven to take her in his arms—he had done that often enough to have lost its charm, but something in her innocence and defenselessness rendered even this commonplace conquest what it would have done. He had referred more than once to that by-gone episode; and the girl had begged so softly, had shown such genuine distress at the reminiscence, that he had not the heart to pursue the subject—only he sometimes found in "very hard times" and the offense; and on this especial day he felt himself tempted beyond the power of resistance; hence he had, as he said, "broken out," and had asked Azalea if "she didn't like him, just a little bit?" and he was answered by that silence, more exquisite than words, which belongs to modesty—the proud modesty of seventeen—which made the girl ivory of any outspoken expression of her heart's secret.

Captain Mowbray, better accustomed to women of the world, always equal to every occasion, waxed impatient at her silence.

"Do say you like me, Azalea."

Azalea mechanically mechanically the flecks of light that danced on a laurel-leaf, and was silent.

"Then you don't care for me; and I suppose I had better go away, and never come here any more."

She paled visibly, and stole a glance at his pitiful pathos, half-fearful.

"Why don't you speak, then?" he said, viciously annihilating a tall nettle which grew near his foot.

Still no answer. It was foolish of her, but something in Mowbray's handsome flattered him more than the grace of consummate ease would have done.

"Do you wish me to go?"

"N-n-n-o."

"Oh!"

He was at her feet in an instant; then, in pity to her scared look, he only rested his lips on her little hands.

"My little darling!", he said, passionately, "I love you, and I long to kiss you; but never mind; I won't without leave. I did it once before when you couldn't help yourself, which was shabby of me; so now I'll wait for your permission."

Azalea trembled, and felt that he was heroically self-denying; but he would not consent by releasing her hands, but held them tightly, looking up in her face with an expression which methinks is not apt to fill a man's eyes after the long hunt and the sweet-scented prey. Sad-colored has thought in his gaze, even in the maddest delirium of pleasure; it is only sweet-and-twenty who squanders his delight, believing it to be inexhaustible.

Ere long the sun burned low in the west, and the lovers moved homeward. It was not until they stood in the porch in that farewell pause which indicates so much that Thurstan suggested,

"Couldn't you—couldn't you—say good-night properly, Azalea?"

He lowered the brown mustache to rather closer proximity with her lips. For an instant she hesitated, and that hesitation was in itself a caress; but she pulled her hands free and fled precipitately into the room where Moore crossed over the fire in company with a blinking cat, on whom Topaz kept a wakeful eye of aggression.

Captain Mowbray waited an instant to the chance of Azalea's return. Then he philosophically lit a cigar and walked away.

"Ram cannot overcome ears," he meditated; "they never run straight. Now if I cared about my future prospects I'd spend two or three hours in their company I should *like* to kiss them."

* * *

THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

We give this week a large number of illustrations relating to the National Camp-Meeting which opened July 6, at Round Lake, New York. The sketches are from photographs, and others from sketches by MR. STANLEY FOX.

The idea of holding annually a National Camp-Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for a gathering to include representatives of every Conference in the United States, was started about three years ago, and in July, 1867, the first meeting of the kind was held at Vineland, New Jersey. The second meeting was held last summer at Manheim, in Pennsylvania, with equally gratifying results.

The meeting at Round Lake this summer was peculiarly fortunate in its surroundings. A most desirable location could not have been chosen. The ground, which is midway between Troy and Saratoga Springs, consisted of about forty acres. Throughout their whole extent these are shaded by beautiful trees, and are plentifully supplied with streams and springs of water; while to the north lies Round Lake—a sheet of water about one mile in length. These grounds were laid out with rare taste and judgment in avenues and streets, and the different sections were divided into plots for cottages and tents. The grounds are the property of the Round Lake Camp-Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy Conference, which was incorporated about two years ago by the State Legislature.

To secure perfect order—a matter of the first importance, where, as in this case, about 20,000 people are gathered together—a detachment of the Metropolitan Police of Troy was present.

The Rev. MR. ISSAKIE, of Baltimore, preached the opening discourse. On Sunday, July 11, an appropriate and impressive sermon was delivered by Bishop Simpson. Sunday, the children's service in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His immediate auditory numbered 8000 persons. Twenty-eight States of the Union were represented at this camp-meeting. There was no disturbance, and all who attended the meeting were comfortably provided for.

* * *

THE FIAT OF FATE.

A POET, where water-flags all yellow grow,
A country bank where fragrant willows stand
Like sentinels, to guard the coward flow
Of those clear wavelets in between the land.
To where they reach, a stream-like, and dance move
The miller's chattering, restful-going wheel,
And fill with sweet watery whiteness every grove
With low-voiced cries, as if they, too, could feel.
Lured on by the gay willows, standing watch
Two little boats of bark with paper sails
Which float upon the pool, a minute match
In pledge of Fate, and now at the last bell.
Mab, the arch little one, kneels down, "See, see,
My boat is moving straight, my love is true."
And pointing to the toy, she turns with glee
And does not answer, for eyes are bent in few.
Constance, with features straight, and nut-brown hair,
A hazel-brown, all lighted gaily,
Her boat capsizing in a brush of air,
Cries, "Mab, my love is false—he's false." And so it is.

* * *

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DOWN IN THE WOODS—A niter.

* * *

REVIVING BROWNING PERSONS.

As the bathing season has commenced, and persons are liable to drowning several times this summer, the following item will tell how to bring them to:

If the drowned person be a politician, whisper in his ear that he has just been appointed to a fat office. If a married woman, softly tell her that her husband is not coming home, but with that woman she hates.

If a young man, tell him confidentially that another fellow is offering sweet-heart.

If a married man, slyly tell him that a handsome young lady called yesterday, and left a kiss for him to pay at his office on important private business.

* * *

BASE-BALL.

The secondary sun was pouring down
Upon a meadow new set with grass,
Where stood a youth with bat on high
And on the comrade running by.
"Base-ball!"

He hopes to win himself a name
By playing soon "a great match game."
For him 'twill be the greatest fame
To hear the words, "Five Oaks have won."
"Base-ball!"

His brow was bumped, his eye was black,
His coat was torn from off his back;
But still, like battered Bunker Hill,
The accents of that swollen tongue,
"Base-ball!"

Around the field he saw the light
Of friendly faces beaming bright,
And by the bats all piled in a heap,
And from his lips escapes a groan,
"Base-ball!"

"Now stop the game," the old man said,
"That 'secret service' fund has fled."
The 'pitcher,' too, has sprained his wrist,
The 'umpire's' brain is in a mist."
"Base-ball!"

"Oh, drop that ball!" the maiden said,
"And make a long 'base hit' instead."
A "hot ball" hit him in the eye,
And still he answered with a sigh,
"Base-ball!"

"Beware! you'll soon be out on foul!"
This was the "fielder's" kind counsel rendered,
But still re-echoed in his ear,
In that deep voice, no thick and queer,
"Base-ball!"

"Tied up," he said, sank on the ground,
While plying comrades gathered round,
And in the awful throes of death,
He murmured, with his latest breath,
"Base-ball!"

There on the cold earth, drear and gray,
To perfect jelly smashed, he lay,
While o'er him the umpire's solemn air
Was heard the victor's loud hurra,
"Base-ball!"

* * *

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had been able in a minute to "go over a mile," exclaimed an American present, "that's rather slow! Why, sir, we have a horse that common roadsters, I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I want to go to town, of a morning, my horse is generally ready for me. I can't keep up with him, but generally comes in the way I can find him from a mile to a minute or a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I thought he had set his head to run from around a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, I had to run for my life, and every time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of losing my scalp over myself."

* * *

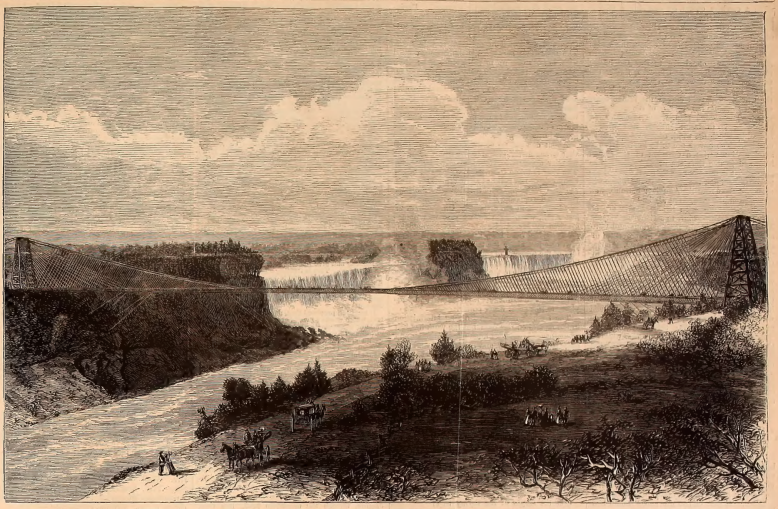
A shabby-genteel young man entered a tradesman's store the other day with his hands crammed in both pockets, and his coat over them with the ruins. "Mr. J——," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you sixty-two cents. I would have called around somewhere about a year ago." "Yes, Sir," replied the tradesman, with a benevolent hollow in his head to receive the ready cash. "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself." "Well, I shouldn't get these things," said the fellow: "I like to have all things square. As I was going to send an errand-boy, seven and a half cents more, which will make seven money."

* * *

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
Awful is little out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinoceratic
Wants to sneeze, and can not do it!
How it yearns to sneeze within me, ellyou!
How that rapturous torment fills me!
Now says, "Sneeze, you coward, or get through it."
Shee—shee—oh, 'tis most del-ishi!
Shee—shee—most delishi!
Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

ON THE BEACH AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]



NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS—FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

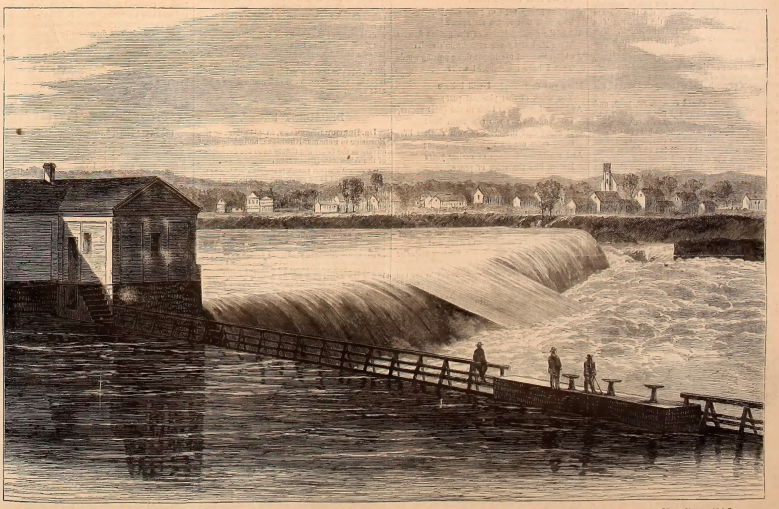
THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

THE longest suspension bridge in the world is that which connects the village of Niagara Falls with Clifton in Canada. It was first opened to the public about six months ago, and is a beautiful structure, exhibiting remarkable engineering skill. Before the erection of this bridge the only method of crossing the river *near* the Falls was by a ferry-boat; a passage across the Old Suspension Bridge involving a long ride or walk of about two miles on each side. The new bridge enables one to cross from the American side after only a short walk from the principal hotels, and is located in full view of the Great Cataract, and the grand scenery which surrounds it.

This bridge is 1268 feet long, the cables from which it is suspended being nearly 1900 feet. They are composed of seven wire ropes, each rope consisting of seven strands, and are securely imbedded at the extremities — on the American side in heavy masonry, and on the Canadian side in the solid limestone rock. The American tower is 100 feet high, that on the other side being 105 feet. The suspenders are of wire rope, and twenty-four wire rope stays on each end of the bridge check undulatory motion. The combined strength of the cables and stays is found equal to the support of 3000 tons. The roadway of the bridge is composed of two cords 10 feet apart, upon which are laid the needle-beams 5 feet apart. These cords are strengthened by channel bars of iron running the whole length on the under side, and so attached as to form a continuous plate. The elevation of the bridge above the Niagara River is about 180 feet, varying a little according to the general level of the lakes and the force of the wind. The depth of the water in the channel is 250 feet.

From the United States Collector of Customs, whose office is at the entrance of the bridge on the American side, and who courteously gave us many items of information, we learned that the New Suspension Bridge is well patronized, being found so much more convenient than the old one. In the "season" two or three hundred dollars a day is often taken for toll.

The narrow roadway is a disadvantage which it has been proposed to remedy. At present,



THE GREAT DAM AT SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOT. BY A. E. AND A. J. ALDEN, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

when a carriage enters on one side, a wire is pulled, which strikes a bell on the other side, to indicate that no carriage must be admitted in an opposite direction. But if the travel during the present season renders it expedient, the bridge will be widened. Two plans for doing this have been proposed; one being to saw the bridge through longitudinally and insert a timber ten feet long in the division of each needle-beam, bolting the timbers securely, and planking over the whole. This will spread the bridge apart without lessening the strength at the entrance, and the surrounding grounds neatly laid out.

This New Suspension Bridge is now one of the most attractive points to a visitor at Niagara Falls. In itself it is a most curious and wonderful structure; and indeed in the country of derisit structure; and indeed in the country of derisit structure; and indeed in the country of derisit

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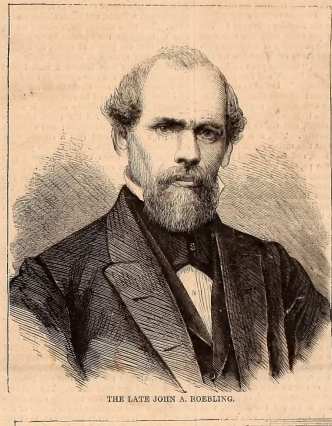


THE LATE JOHN A. ROEBLING.

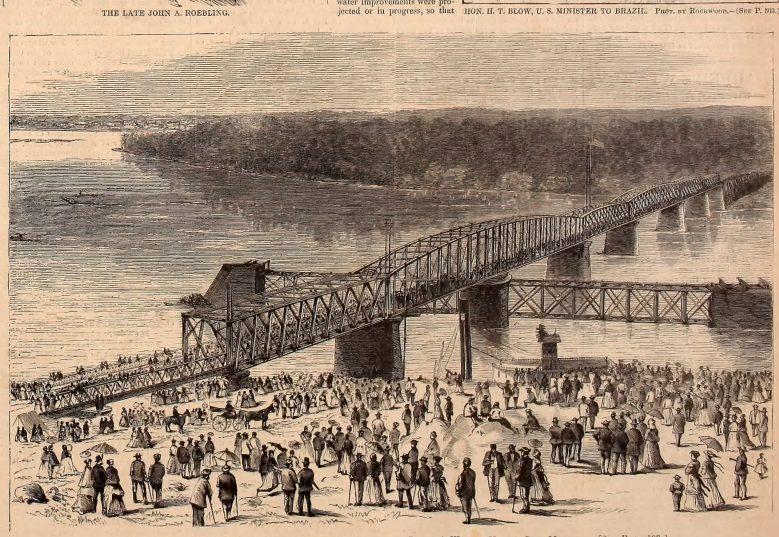
JOHN A. ROEBLING.

JOHN A. ROEBLING, known as the bridge-builder, and regarded as the most talented engineer of the age in that department of his profession, died at Brooklyn on the morning of July 22. His death indirectly resulted from an injury which he had received three weeks previous at the Fulton Ferry slip, when his foot was crushed between the cross-beam of the dock and a float which was entering the slip.

JOHN A. ROEBLING was born on the 12th of June, 1806, in the city of Muhlhausen, in Thuringia, Prussia. His academical studies were pursued in his native city, and on their completion he was sent to the Royal Polytechnic School at Berlin, where he received the degree of Civil Engineer after an unusually brilliant scholastic career. During the next three years he was engaged in superintending Government works in Westphalia.

At the age of twenty-five he came to this country, and settling in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. The country at that time had just entered upon the grand progressive career which has since brought forth such mighty results. In nearly all of the States canal and slack-water improvements were projected or in progress, so that

HON. H. T. BLOW, U. S. MINISTER TO BRAZIL. PHOTO. BY ROCKWOOD.—(SEE P. 502.)



THE KANSAS CITY BRIDGE, MISSOURI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAGAN & WINANS, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

when Mr. ROEBLING, wearied with the monotony of a farmer's life, sought to enter upon the profession for which he had prepared himself, he experienced no difficulty in obtaining an engagement. For some years he was employed in canal-work; but in the mean while the age had advanced another step, and the old-time canal was forced to give way to the new idea, the railroad. The State of Pennsylvania at this time projected several great railway enterprises, and to the service of that State she assigned, at this sketch spent three years, surveying and locating three lines across the Alleghany Mountains, from Harrisburg to Pittsburg. Of these the middle one was ultimately constructed: is now known as the Pennsylvania Railway, and was built by the company bearing that title, and not by the State. Having completed his surveys MR. ROEBLING commenced the construction of wire rope, producing the first of that fabric that was ever made in the country. The introduction of these ropes on the inclined planes of the old Portage Railroad, over which the canal-boats of the Pennsylvania Canal were transported, was attended with much difficulty and met with much opposition. In 1844 he commenced a suspension aqueduct over the Alleghany River at Pittsburg. This was completed early in 1845, and was the first success that MR. ROEBLING was engaged to construct the Monongahela Suspension Bridge, connecting Pittsburg with Sligo. In 1851 MR. ROEBLING commenced a series of suspension aqueducts on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, connecting the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania with the tide-water of the Hudson River. They were completed within two years, and are all permanent works, needing merely an occasional renewal of the wooden ducts, which in no way affect the stone structure. It was soon after the completion of these works that MR. ROEBLING removed his residence to Trenton, New Jersey.

In 1851 MR. ROEBLING undertook to build a suspension bridge across the Niagara, to connect the Central Railroad of New York and Canada with Western Railway of Canada, and in four years succeeded in constructing the first suspension bridge capable of bearing the immense amount of railroad locomotives and trains. The span of this bridge is 825 feet clear, and its supports are four 10-inch cables. MR. ROEBLING, while the Niagara Bridge was building, was also engaged on another of even greater magnitude. This was to have spanned the Kentucky River on the line of the Cincinnati and Chattanooga Railroad, with a space of 1224 feet; but before the structure had been completed the Company suspended payment, and the work was discontinued. In the fall of 1866 he commenced the great Cincinnati Bridge, whose span is 1030 feet, and after having been forced to suspend operations for several years on account of financial drawbacks, brought it to a successful completion in 1867. In the interim, from 1858 to 1860 inclusive, he was engaged on another suspension bridge at Pittsburg. The last and greatest work of MR. ROEBLING was that on which he was engaged up to the time of his death—the East River Bridge. He had before his death prepared all the plans and made most of the arrangements for the construction of the bridge. MR. ROEBLING won the love and respect of all who knew him, and in his works has left behind him a nobler monument than could be shaped in marble.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1869.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE recent result in Virginia shows plainly enough the dilemma of the old Democratic party, which is pressed by its action in the Northern States. It has hitherto held tenaciously not only to what it calls the inferiority of the negro, but to its refusal to allow him political equality upon this very point on which the party is now divided. In Virginia the Democratic vote is cast solid for negro suffrage. In California and Oregon negro suffrage is denounced. In Massachusetts Judge J. G. ABBOTT, one of the chief Democratic leaders, writes to Tammany Hall that reconstruction and negro suffrage have been finally settled, however wrongly, and Tammany Hall responds by glorifying the principle of the rebellion. The New York *World* regards the question in what is evidently accomplished, and hopes for the nomination of General HANCOCK in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania replies by denouncing the Fifteenth Amendment, which Virginia accepts, and by nominating a typical Copperhead for Governor. The Ohio Democracy virtually declares for repudiation, in the form of the strict letter of the contract. The party agrees only in vague denunciations of "despotism" and "centralization" and "tyranny" and "unscrupulous majorities," which, as it knows, mean nothing, and furnish no issues for an election.

This condition of affairs merely illustrates the old truth that the Democratic Democratic party was an instrument used wholly by Southern leaders for Southern purposes. During the last ten years it has had but one moment of apparent revival, and that was at the opening of the last Presidential campaign. The reason was, that the Southern leaders returned for that occasion from rebellion to the control of the party. The result was its defeat, despite its desperate frauds in New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. But now that the Southern leaders have again withdrawn, the party drifts and drivels among its old dogmas, wholly unable to confront the situation and to adapt itself to the utterly changed aspect of affairs. It is paying the penalty of its old subservience to Southern mastery. That mastery forbade independence and rewarded the most abject servility. It humiliated DIX and DOUGLAS, and promoted PIERCE and BUCHANAN.

As a national party, professing certain great principles and advocating a distinct policy, the Democratic party does not exist; but as an organization for place and plunder it is still powerful. It is the party of the old disappointed and dissatisfied. It relies upon ignorance and passion, and watches eagerly for the mistakes of the party in power. While its Northern wing plants itself squarely in the Southern accepting equal rights, the Southern wing proclaims them and sneers at its Northern allies. Such is the lucrative and pitiful dilemma of those allies that there can be no doubt, if the Northern conventions had been held after the result in Virginia had been fully considered, they would all have followed the lead of its indications, and have done what Judge ABBOTT advised Tammany Hall to do. With what profound contempt a man like WADE HAMPTON must watch the flabby political feebleness of his old lackeys!

Meanwhile an organized party intent upon obtaining power at all hazards is to be carefully watched also by those who know well its aims and hopes to gratify its desires. By the stupid system of electing a President, to which we still unfortunately cling, the fortunes of parties in elections is especially exposed to fraud. The real Presidential campaign is now always confined to three or four States whose vote is decisive. Last year they were Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Indiana. The electoral vote in these States might have been easily changed by unscrupulous popular majorities elsewhere. Thus the election of the President is not necessarily the expression of the popular will.

The Democratic managers would hardly expect, under any circumstances, to poll an actual majority of the votes cast at the next national election; but they hope, as we have before mentioned, how they will not scruple to attempt to carry the electoral vote. MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JUN., in his striking paper before the Social Science Association at Albany, last winter, shows that ten thousand majority for the SEYMOUR electoral ticket in New York last autumn, and frauds elsewhere upon the result as one hundred and sixty thousand majority for the GRANT electoral ticket in Illinois, Massachusetts, and Vermont. It is notorious that that majority will be found in the ballot-boxes and known. The chief method was a system of dishonest naturalization, of which Tammany Hall has been the centre. But the Democratic party every where opposes any scheme for purifying the ballot-box; and its reliance for the next general election is a concentration and development of the same frauds of the method that carried New York last year.

Do we therefore claim that all honest men belong to the Republican party? By no means. But we do most heartily repudiate the assertion that one party is as bad as another. If this were true there would be no Union to-day. The Republican party has always had honorable members, and undoubtedly makes mistakes. But it is always that party which strives to protect the purity of the polls, and which relies upon the intelligence and conscience of the country. The great frauds which have been practiced or attempted upon the expression of the honest will of the people have been directed to the Republican party; they are identified with their opponents.

As a party of principles, then, we repeat, the Democratic party has ceased to be formidable; but as a conspiracy against honest elections it still challenges the vigilance of every man who values true popular government. It is to be remembered that all who justify the rebellion and pledge the "lost cause"—all who would repudiate the national debt and dishonor the national name—all who disbelieve in popular government—all who would perpetuate hostilities of race—all who oppose a registry and its strict enforcement—the ignorant and the dangerous part of the population—instinctively ally themselves to the party that is responsible for the vast system of political frauds. Is this the party to which the people of Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa wish to confide the welfare of their States?

OUR NEUTRAL DUTIES.

IN the month of May, 1793, a French privateer, fitted out in Charleston, South Carolina, brought a British prize into the port of Philadelphia. President WASHINGTON, on the advice of HAMILTON, directed the arrest of the officers in charge, HENFIELD and SINGLETARY. The sale of the prize was stopped, and it was held by the Government until the lawful owner could prove his title. HENFIELD, says MR. GEORGE BEMIS, in his admirable and instructive pamphlet upon American Neutrality, "was energetically and thoroughly prosecuted;" and the President commended the subject to Congress in his next annual address, and his recommendation resulted in the passage of the law of 1794. When HENFIELD and SINGLETARY were arrested, GENET, the Minister of the French Republic, wrote to MR. JEFFERSON, then Secretary of State, an offensive letter, demanding their immediate release. GENET said:

"The crime laid to their charge—the crime which my mind can not conceive, and which my pen almost refuses to state—is the saving of France, and defending, with her children, the common and glorious cause of liberty."

To this letter MR. JEFFERSON replied with coolness and dignity, saying, in speaking of HENFIELD:

"The act with which he is charged will be examined by a jury of his countrymen in the presence of judges of learning and integrity, and if it is not contrary to the laws of the land he doubtless need be entertained that his case will issue accordingly."

The kind of amusement manifested by GENET is repeated. We have been also expressed by General GOICOURIA when he was lately arrested for a similar offense; while the Administration, for enforcing the Neutrality laws, is denounced in some quarters as not less detestable than the authorities that enforced the old Fugitive Slave law. In what respect are the Neutrality laws like the Fugitive Slave law? The latter tried to make every American citizen an accomplice in the perpetuity of American slavery. The former say to foreigners like the Cuban or the Greek, "Settle your own quarrels; you must fight your own battles, and free your own slaves, as we have ours." Is that to connive at the existence or the fetters of slavery? The argument in the denunciation of the Administration is, that the Cubans have proclaimed the liberty of the slaves, and not to help them is to help their oppressors. But, if it means any thing, means that this nation ought to abolish its Neutrality laws, and take a hand in every fight in which the popular sympathies may be enlisted. It means that we must assist any number of persons, for any purpose whatever, should be allowed to embroil this country in any foreign quarrel. And it is to prevent every thing that the Neutrality laws are passed. They provide that the peace of the world shall not be at the mercy of a few men, whether honest or dishonest, more intriguing for action or striking for liberty. "The rule which prohibits the using of neutral territory," says CALHOUN, "is founded on the escape of the *Alabama*," as a position from which to attack an enemy, is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states would rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world."

It is plain that if some foreigners or natives may be allowed to make hostile expeditions in this country to abolish slavery in other countries, then other foreigners and natives must be allowed to do the same to establish slavery in other countries. And it must either any thing the former alone shall be allowed, or the latter, or neither. But if we say the former, who shall decide? Evidently those who are interested. In which case any Colonel RYAN or General GOICOURIA may plunge nations into war and incalculable suffering under pretense of extending liberty. This is merely unreasonable folly. It is for the people of this country, not for any RYAN or GOICOURIA, to determine when it shall take the risk of war.

Besides, if it be the duty of this country to help a foreign revolution against an oppressive government, it is no less its duty to organize revolution against oppressive governments. If a people too weak to overthrow a despotism rightfully demands our assistance, how much more a people too weak even to begin to overthrow it? Indeed, there is no end of the absurdities into which such a position conducts us. It is, in fact, the principle of the Holy Alliance. It destroys all international comity and relegates the world to barbarism.

When the Cuban revolution began there was but one duty for this Government. It could recognize the independence of Cuba, if it could remain neutral. There was no third course. It certainly could not pretend to do one and refuse to do the other. If it was of opinion that we ought to interfere for Cuba and help the revolution, then its honorable course was plain. If it thought otherwise, its honorable course was plain also. Above all things, the Government was not to lie and sneak. It was to execute the laws in good faith, or to adopt the principle that they were open to lie. Now ought it to have recognized the independence of Cuba? The revolution began last October. The Cubans have won no decisive battle; they hold no port; they have no recognized civil authority known to us; the struggle has been a guerrilla warfare of which we have only vague rumors. We all know, indeed, that the Cuban government of Spain will be brutal; but we did not think it our duty to overthrow it. Now that the Spaniards themselves have overthrown it at home, is it our duty to interfere in Cuba upon the plea that the old government was oppressive? And must we then proceed to inquire into the character of other governments to determine whether they shall be allowed to continue?

We do not believe that the people of this country wish to imitate the French Republic of the old Revolution, and undertake the active propagandism of liberal government. They see with pleasure and sympathy and admiration the efforts of other people to do what they have themselves done; but they know that human liberty and progress and welfare are most surely secured by the traditional policy of the country, that of honest neutrality, which reserves the discretion of open and efficient assistance at the proper time. And if the sympathy of this country for the Cubans has seemed to be lacking, it is due to the mistaken zeal of those Cuban advocates who insist that it is a heinous crime not to renounce that policy, and who bitterly denounce as blood-hounds a patriot officer of the United States who faithfully execute the laws maintaining that policy—laws which, unlike the old fugitive law, are not in themselves wrong, but whose purpose is most civilized and humane.

DE FACTO GOVERNMENTS.

THE *Sun*, which is the devoted friend of the Cuban revolution, recently suggested that the Administration should decide to recognize the Government in Spain, and acknowledge that in Cuba. But upon what grounds should we refuse to recognize the Spanish Government? Last October the people of Spain, by a virtually bloodless revolution, changed their government. They have framed a most liberal Constitution, and the new system is not forcibly opposed. The new Government exercises, by common consent, all its functions. It administers justice; it collects taxes; it maintains public order. All the great interests of the nation are undisturbed; and although it can not be expected that a country with the antecedents of Spain will escape political troubles, it has made an extraordinary step of progress in an extraordinary manner. In February, 1848, when the French Republic was declared in Paris, MR. RUSH, our Minister, instantly acknowledged it as the existing government. There was no just complaint of his action. But if it were proper, why the recognition of the actual Spanish Government be improper?

Such a recognition is not an approval. We send a Minister to Turkey; but do we therefore approve the principle or the practices of the Turkish Government? Not at all. We recognize the people the right to settle their claim for ourselves, of changing their government at their pleasure. But in Cuba the situation is wholly different, as we have elsewhere intimated. Instead of a sudden and successful change of government there is a contest which has continued for nine or ten months, and no friend of the Cuban cause will seriously assert that there is any active authority visible beyond the range of the republican guerrillas that can honestly be recognized as a government. The *Sun* says that "it is time that this republic was something more than a dummy in the family of nations." But is the way to become so, to recognize a "dummy" republic? For whatever we may think and hope of the issue of the Cuban war, no honest Cuban will deny that no conceivable republic could be more "dummy" than in the Cuban.

The principle for which the *Sun* contends is, that we shall recognize the governments that we like, and refuse those that we do not like. Now it certainly can not be said that we—the Americans—like the governments of England or of France, nor of Austria or Russia. We like republican and popular governments. Shall we therefore call home our Ministers in those countries? When the Spanish revolution occurred Mr. HALE acknowledged the new order. That was simply saying that the United States recognized the right of Spain to change its government. The *Sun* says, however, that the revolution "was welcomed by the United States in the hope that it would produce great good. But the hope is now bitterly disappointed, and we are free to act accordingly." But does the *Sun* seriously suppose that MR. HALE acknowledged the change because the people of the United States expected that Spain would become a republic, and that, if they had not expected that result, MR. HALE would not have been sustained in his action?

Of course, also, we must concede what we claim. If we decline to recognize the Spanish Government because it is not republican, other nations may refuse to acknowledge ours because it is republican. We may, indeed, reiterate that we don't care whether they do or not. But is this a reasonable strain? Is it of no importance to liberty and civilization whether nations undertake to manage each other's internal affairs? Indeed, does any thing mark the advance of civilization and freedom more decisively than the increased respect for non-intervention? In 1823, as the *Sun* will remember, the monarchical reaction in France was "bitterly disappointed" by the Constitutional Government which had been established in Spain, and "was free to act accordingly." Consequently France invaded Spain to restore FERDINAND VII. to absolute power. It acted faithfully upon the *Sun*'s present principle. It dealt with the friends of the Constitutional Government as "pretenders and intruders into a society where they did not properly belong." This was one of the greatest conceivable offenses against free-

dom and international peace. It was the highest mark of the terrible tide of reaction that followed the Napoleonic wars; and out of it sprang our assertion of the inviolability of this continent, known as the Monroe doctrine.

For ourselves, we protest against imitating so wretched an example. We deny our right to meddle, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of other nations, as we demand that they shall respect our independence. It is advocating anarchy to assert that we may decline to regard Napoleon's government as the rightful government of Spain. If that is not, what is the *Sun* may claim that it only wishes "strenuously to leave it alone." But the situation makes such a course impossible. If the United States Government should refuse to maintain relations with Spain because it has not established a republic, it would add fuel and its own cause a more disastrous blow than any avowed enemy to liberty could inflict.

THE USURY QUESTION.

THE enforcement of the laws of this State punishing this offense, which may be done with fine or imprisonment, or both, has given rise to discussion as to the policy of these laws. Many s in favor of repealing them altogether, so as to leave the rate of interest to be regulated by ty only in the contingency of the failure of rrower and lender to specify the rate, and that case making it six or seven per cent; le others seek only to modify the statutes o the State, so that the offense shall not be nished as a misdemeanor, or indeed at all, t shall expose parties who agree to take over seven per cent. to the loss of the whole interest, or of only the excess of interest above the legal rate.

If it shall be deemed good policy to inflict any penalty upon an usurious lender, it would seem to be necessary to go so far at least as to make it the interest of the borrower to interpose a defense, if the latter were prosecuted by the want of sufficient advantage from making the plea of usury, the statute would remain a dead letter. It is generally considered an act of meanness to plead usury, except in cases where the youth or extreme want of the parties, and the severity of the rate of interest, give to the transaction the character of barbarship. The persons recently proceeded against by indictment and prosecution are not regarded in the light of criminals, but rather as the victims of persecution. These facts must be taken into view in whatever new legislation may be provided, as jurors have a decided prejudice against those who take advantage of the plea of usury, as they will doubtless have against those who indulge in prosecutions because the turn of the wheel put in stock or other speculations is against them.

But our object is not so much to present any view of what has been done in the indictments now pending, or to suggest any modification of State laws, as to call attention to the policy in this matter which ought to follow the abortion by the general government of every full control over the business of banking in the United States. There is now but one issuer of paper-money besides the National banks, and but one regulator of coined money; and it would seem that the usury laws should proceed from the same authority, and be in harmony with the general interest.

From the origin of the government the several States have exercised jurisdiction over the regulation of interest, as they had until during the war over the business of banking. The two subjects belonged together. The money issued by State banks became in practice the money of commerce, for the privilege of issuing it was granted in days when restraints and a certain incorporated persons from doing so. There was good reason for allowing the States to regulate the rate of interest, and the agreements for refusing to conform to them, as long as they remained the depositaries of the banking power.

But with likely to have effect for centuries grew out of this State bank policy, and there was no escape after war had commenced from the necessity of withdrawing, as had been done in effect, this power from the States. The issues of State banks in the shape of paper-money, practically legalized, had the effect from year after year for many years, to make it for the United States nearly an equivalent amount of gold and silver to the paper thus issued; and when war came, finding it impossible to provide for the greatest expenditure made by any nation in ancient or modern times with the trifling amount of gold and silver left in the country, the policy of issuing paper-money by the general government and making it a legal tender was forced on the United States.

The general government, indeed, went further than this, and adopted the National Banking act, alleging the want of the precious metals in the country as the justification for the absorption of this great power. The creation of banks under that act was claimed to be a means of giving currency to the bonds, and to the greenback and National banks issues; and, further, that the exercise of a like power by the States was inconsistent with the success of the new scheme.

The error of permitting State banks to be created, invested with power to issue money, may be referred to as the reason for the paper policy which, on the occurrence of a great war, was forced on the nation. The relations of debtor and creditor were never so seriously interfered with, nor were those between producer and consumer, employers and employés; but the necessities of war compel the adoption of every recognized means for success, and the issuing of paper made a tender was one of too much importance to be overlooked.

The general government, when driven to exercise nearly the same control over the issue of paper-money which it had exercised over the coinage of money, finds itself, after peace, with this business on its hands, with no prospect of immediate change; and the question arises whether control of the usury laws must not follow the exercise of these important powers. The usury laws appertain especially to money, the regulation of the value of which is specially devolved upon Congress; and they appertain also to commerce, power over the regulation of which is also conferred among the enumerated powers.

Massachusetts and other States have repealed their usury laws, except to provide for the single case of an omission between lenders to prescribe the rate of interest; and in those States the rate of interest is six per cent., in others seven, and in some not exceeding ten; and where a specific rate is mentioned or may not be exceeded, the legislation is upheld in the courts for their enforcement, and to punish violations of them, has been followed. This contrariety is inconvenient, and the only remedy appears in the present policy of the National government, but with the prosecution of trade between those in different and distant States.

This difference in the regulations of States on this subject has a tendency to keep us apart while whatever in the shape of fusion the war has legitimately produced is at once followed out to its logical consequences. The policy of having but one issuer of legalized paper-money will be maintained as long as paper is issued by virtue of the right of money to coin. Without that, as the States have nothing to do with the fabrication of coins, or any longer with the creation of paper-money, they cannot be allowed to pass laws which affect materially the value and power of money within their respective limits, especially when the tendency appears to be to establish two standards.

Experience of the repeal of usury laws in Massachusetts will be valuable to the whole country, and will in time afford the true path of future legislation. When the subject comes up in the arena of Congress it will be discussed and decided upon broad principles. If the fabrication of all money coined or that is that of the mining and coinage of the precious metals, we should perhaps feel no difficulty in supporting the policy which Massachusetts has adopted; but since the bulk of the community is restrained from such issues as the National banks make, it would appear to be necessary to guard against the abuses of those who are endowed with this important franchise, and who might use it for oppression. But whatever may be wise in that respect, it is clear that inconsistent and various State regulations should no longer be tolerated on a subject which reaches into the domain of general commerce, and directly affects the business of banking and our whole trade and industry.

THE MAST HOPE MASSACRE.

THE horrible accident at Mast Hope upon the Erie Railway will perhaps have been obliterated from the public mind by some fresher tragedy before this paper is issued. But, as with most of the other events of the kind which are a disgrace to civilization and to this country, little care has been bestowed on it. The Erie road has again become a name of fatal augury; and those are sincerely to be pitied who, living upon its line, are compelled to travel by it. The section on which this accident occurred is one of the most exposed upon that road, or upon any road, and as the care of the most perilous place is a test of the general care, and as two or three shocking accidents have occurred upon it, it is fair to conclude that there is criminal carelessness in the general superintendence of the road. Indeed, it appears upon the most dangerous part of a road, conscious that the knowledge of the exposure will reconcile vigilance, the most inexperienced train hand travel by the Erie should henceforth understand that it is by sheer luck only that he is not crushed or burned before his journey's end.

An article in the *Scientific American*, a high order of knowledge and experience, states some of the safeguards which are wanting upon most of our railroads, yet which are perfectly practical. A system of signals to correct the misplacing of switches; the safety-brake; the closer connection of the cars, by which a train becomes "an articulated whole;" the proper adjustment of narrow and broad gauge frogs; duo care and sense in the quality of the rails and in the method of laying them; the constant removal of broken and unfit chairs, sleepers, spikes, rails, etc.; a thoughtful consideration of the wear of bridges, and their relative strength to the weight imposed upon them; and the iron car in place of the wooden, engaine of angry splinters and funeral pyre in which we now travel—all these precautions are generally wanting or disregarded in the management of our railroads.

There is something astounding in the patient submission of the public to these slaughters. The accidents of every day upon every road, the delays, the perilous "making up" of lost time, the narrow escapes, nobody takes the trouble publicly to note. Then comes the crash—a train piled up and passengers mangled and roasted alive, tremendous headings in the papers, indignant editorials and demands for justice, an excited coroner's jury with a verdict of criminal negligence and almost murder, a vague expectation of justice upon the part of some of the younger public, and then nothing more until the next burning. In the present case there were at least two emigrant burned to death, besides the Rev. Mr. HALLECK, and the Commissioners of Emigration have made an inquiry. And as has a most vital faith in American railroad management or in American respect for human life and safety in travel who supposes that any body will be punished, or any change in the management of the road be made, in consequence of the awful massacre at Mast Hope.

"IRISH" REPUBLICANS.

A DELEGATE to the Irish Republican Convention which assembles in Cincinnati in regard to our observations upon the term "Irish" as applied to American citizens. He says that he and his friends "do not intend it in any part or sectional sense, but simply with the hope that it may have more weight and influence with their fellow-citizens of similar extraction, and those who are about to become citizens of our country.....I emphatically assert that the men who composed that Convention went in no other capacity than as true, loyal American citizens, and no other purpose than to deliberate how best to perpetuate the true principles of this great American Republic. Heretofore the Convention, as soon as he landed on this shore, went blindly and confidingly into the ranks of the Democratic party, believing it was the national party, the party who upheld his race, and extended to him the hand of brotherhood to the oppressed of all nations."

Our correspondent adds that, to open the eyes of the adopted American citizens, the Convention "met and resolved to form a nucleus round which the newly-arrived emigrant may rally, and from which he may learn his future political position." We cannot become a *good, true, freedom-loving* American citizen. This was the object of said Convention; and if such be a crime, we plead guilty to the charge."

It certainly is not a crime, nor have we so charged. It is merely a mistake. But it is a very serious mistake; for it tends to perpetuate that kind of feeling among the citizens which it is most desirable to avoid. It is a clumsy and unwise expedient. Moreover, it is wholly unnecessary. An intelligent man, of whatever country, needs no such guide-post; and those for whom it may be thought necessary will be drawn in the other direction by more powerful influences. The Democratic party systematically panders to prejudice and ignorance, and that is a strain in which it must always surpass in its opponents. The principle of the Republican party is plain enough for any body who can comprehend any thing. It is simply fair play for all men. But this, although a very simple and very noble principle, is by no means acceptable to ignoble and ignorant minds. If our friend the Delegate, with his friends, will devote themselves to the plain argument with the new voters, they will serve the cause and the country infinitely more than by appealing to a nationality which they have renounced.

NOTES.

THE Government has made ample and admirable arrangements for observing the total eclipse of the sun on the 7th of August. Professor HALL, of the Naval Observatory, and Mr. JOSEPH A. ROGERS, of the Hydrographic Office, left Washington in May for Bering Straits, under orders from the Navy Department, to take observations in that quarter, and from those unique makes its advents. Professors SIMON NEWCOMB, WILLIAM HARKNESS, and J. R. EASTMAN, of the Naval Observatory, have ordered to Iowa, each to take observations, acting independent of one another. Professor NEWCOMB will take with him the largest object-glass from the Naval Observatory he can procure, and search for asteroids between Mercury and the sun. Some ten years since Professor HARKNESS, of Lawrence, a distinguished astronomer, had a corps of planets existed between Mercury and the sun; they have never as yet been discovered, and no longer are so entertained of their discovery (if they exist), except during a total eclipse. In view of this fact, Professor NEWCOMB will have this particular charge under his direction as part of his duties on this occasion. Professor HARKNESS will make observations with the spectroscope, etc. Dr. CURTIS, of the United States army, will accompany the observers, taking with him the large equatorial telescope of the United States Naval Academy, loaned to the Observatory by Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT for photographic observations. Professor EASTMAN will have charge of and make meteorological observations. All these will go under the auspices of the United States Naval Observatory. Commodore B. F. SANDS, Superintendent, and that institution will have all its professors in the field along the path of totality. At the last total eclipse visible in this country, in 1834, the Government had no facilities for accurate observations.

We have just received the Fifteenth Annual Report (for 1868) of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. This document contains a vast amount of instructive and suggestive statistics. The abolishment of rate-bills, and the substitution of taxation exclusively on property for the school assessment (which, in part, was a tax on attendance), have been productive of good results. School terms have been lengthened, and there has been a larger and more uniform attendance. The expenditures also for school buildings and appliances have been more liberal. The increase in the number of children of school age, as compared with 1867, was 87,687. The increase in the number of those attending school was 21,639. The greater proportion of the increase was in the rural districts. The increase in the number of teachers was 988. The increased amount paid for teachers was $71,035. The report indicates great progress in the several normal schools in the State.

IT is understood that the managers of the French exhibition have agreed to sequence in any conditions that Congress may prescribe upon the part of this country, and that, consequently, the Government will not prevent the landing at Duxbury. We hope then it will be remembered that this Company enjoys an absolute monopoly for twenty years, and that it is a great deal better that this cable should not be laid at all upon our coast than that we should sequence in the monopoly. The *Evening Post* says that the objection to the landing of the cable is foolish, because it will certainly be laid upon the shore of Canada if we forbid it here. That is very possible; but that does not implicate us, nor tie up the hands of American enterprise for the next twenty years. The *Post*, as the defender of a chartered monopoly, appears in a new *rôle*. For the sake of its consistency we hope that it may plead in vain, and that the assent of Congress to the complicity of the French enterprise will be withheld until the monopoly is renounced.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Democratic paper says, pleasantly, that "the government has put the Black Republican boot-lick, and which they so assidously ape, has been guilty of another atrocity." He supposed, of course, that this must be the present government of Dahomey, or the former rule of the Emperor THEODORE, but it turns out to be only that of Russia. The Czar has emancipated the serfs, and has just now abolished the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood, without injustice to any body. These are probably the other atrocities to which the gentle Democrat alludes. The emancipating Czar can hardly expect to be kindly remembered by an individual whose cardinal doctrine in political economy is that some men ought to be physically and politically "walloped" by others.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. LEE & SHEPARD, of Boston, are about to issue the complete works of SENATOR SUMNER in ten elegant volumes. This edition has been revised by Mr. SUMNER himself, and will be a valuable contribution to our forensic literature. The first volume will contain an excellent likeness of Mr. SUMNER, from a recent photograph taken by J. W. BLACK, of Boston.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE French cable has been landed at Duxbury, Massachusetts. The Company, however, finds itself to conform to the conditions which may be imposed by Congress.

The Newark and New York Railroad was opened on the 31st of July. This is a shorter route between the two cities. It has required an outlay of $2,000,000. It has twenty-seven bridges.

The anniversary of the birth of Humboldt, on the 14th of September, is to be celebrated in St. Louis by a festival, with banners and oration in different languages.

In the boat-race between the Harvard and Yale crews, July 23, Harvard was again victorious.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Pope's Œcumenical Council, it seems, will be attended by none but the strictly orthodox Roman Catholics. Seats are reserved for fifty bishops. Of these 500 are of the Latin nations; viz., 204 Italians, 68 Spanish, 38 French, 29 Portuguese. The Austrian mission is cleared 17 from Brazil, Mexico, and the Republics of South America. There are remaining 36 Germans, 23 English and Irish, 23 North American, 6 Belgian, 5 Dutch, 3 Danish, and 38 Greek and Oriental. To these must be added 70 Cardinals, of whom 40 are Italians.

Great excitement has been occasioned in Spain by the invasion of the Carlists. The news that he had crossed the border was confirmed July 23, and was followed by that of the desertion of numerous adherents. Advices of July 25 report a battle as having taken place at Oteiza, July 16, between Don Modesto, in which the Carlists were defeated.

The insurrection in the Antilles, of Cuba, in view of the prompt action of the United States in arresting the filibusters, has assumed a character adverse to it of his proclamation of the 7th instant, relative to the rights of Spanish citizens to search neutral vessels in the waters near Cuba.

The Harvard Crew, who are to row the international match with the Oxford men on the Thames, arrived in London July 30.

The Irish Church bill, as returned from the British House of Commons, came up again in the House of Lords July 30. The subject of amendments was arranged for consideration.

A terrible colliery explosion took place at St. Helen's, on a few miles north of Liverpool, England, on July 31. Fifty-eight bodies have been taken out of the mine.

THE SEVENTH AT SARATOGA.

THE famous Seventh Regiment of New York has not been forgotten. Its recent pleasure-trip to Troy, Albany, and Saratoga has excited much interest. The appearance of the regiment at Saratoga was the most interesting event of the season at that fashionable resort. We invite our readers' attention to the engraving relating to this subject on this page. We give also on the same page a representation of the statue of a soldier of the Seventh Regiment, made by J. Q. A. WARD, the well-known sculptor. This statue is to be placed in the New York Central Park.

THE KANSAS CITY BRIDGE.

KANSAS CITY, Missouri, although not so well known in the East as Leavenworth, Omaha, St. Joseph, and possibly some other Missouri River towns, enjoys remarkable advantages of natural location and commercial facilities. It is already the terminus of seven different railroads. To Kansas City belongs the honor of building the pioneer bridge over the Missouri. On the south or west side of the river the Pacific Railroad (of Missouri) extends from St. Louis to the State line at Kansas City; the Kansas Pacific Railway, late Union Pacific Eastern Division, is now in operation four hundred and five miles west from the same point of the boundary. The Missouri River Railroad, now operated in connection with the Missouri Pacific, continues that line up the river to Leavenworth; and the Missouri River, Fort Scott, and Gulf Railroad, running at present to Paola, forty miles south, is being pushed rapidly to the Indian Territory, and will become the great route from the North to the Southwest. On the opposite river-bank the North Missouri Railroad forms a second line to St. Louis; the Missouri Valley Railroad runs northward to St. Joseph; and the Kansas City and Cameron Railroad, forming part of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad line, opens a direct route to Chicago. The bridge, now completed, was built by the last-named road, and will enable the seven roads to unite at common points within the city.

The location of the bridge, as shown in the accompanying topographical sketch, is opposite the town, and immediately below a bend in the river. It was begun in January, 1867. In February Mr. CHANUTE, the chief engineer, took charge of the works. In the spring the enterprise was interrupted by a high flood, and it was not until August that work could be resumed. The south abutment of the bridge was placed eighty feet back from the face of the bluff, and from it a sixty-six foot span extends over a street and the track of the Missouri Pacific Railroad to a pair of pillars standing near the edge of the rock-face; a span of one hundred and thirty-three feet reaches from them to pier No. 1, the first river-pier. A pivot-draw of two spans, each one hundred and sixty feet in the clear, and three hundred and sixty-three feet long over all, from centre to centre of piers 1 and 3, turns upon pier No. 2, which is placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the channel. Pier No. 4 was located two hundred and fifty feet beyond No. 3; No. 5, two hundred feet farther north, on the edge of the sand-bar; and two spans, two hundred, and one hundred and seventy-seven feet respectively, cover the distance remaining to pier No. 7, which stands on the edge of the wooded shore, taking the place of a north abutment. The railroad is then carried over the bottom-land on two thousand three hundred and sixty feet of trestle-work, descending one foot in a hundred to an embankment. The carriage-way is carried down on a heavier grade by a side-trestle. The difficulties attending the building of this bridge were wholly in the foundations. The length of the structure is one mile.

The masonry of all the piers is of limestone, quarried in the neighborhood, the facing being of ashlar and the backing of heavy rubble. The ashlar of the upper courses, above the ice-breaker, is of a good blue-stone, of uniform color, and the stones used below are of a greyish tint. The piers finish eleven feet higher than the great flood of 1844, and forty-eight feet above the lowest water observed. The total height of pier No. 4, from rock to coping, is eighty-nine feet. The pivot-pier is circular in form and twenty-nine feet in diameter, finishing thirty-two feet on top.

The entire structure was completed by July 3, 1869, and the event was celebrated by the citizens of Kansas City with the greatest enthusiasm.

"THE SOLDIER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT."
STATUE DESIGNED FOR CENTRAL PARK, BY J. Q. A. WARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

TROLLING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

AT this season of the year the fishing stations on the St. Lawrence River are generally crowded with pleasure-seekers from all our principal cities. In fair weather the stream appears thronged with fishing boats, trolling among the Thousand Islands for pickerel, bass, pike, and muskinonge. The latter is the "heroine of the waters," and if an adventurer succeeds in getting one on his hook that weighs from 20 to 60 pounds, he becomes a hero and excites the envy of his brother sportsmen. The capture is rather difficult, and it requires an experienced hand to manage the victim, which, if large and saucy, has to be worried out or drowned—an operation which sometimes takes half an hour. Alexandria Bay, Clayton, and Fisher's Landing are the principal stopping-places for visitors, who can easily find fishing apparatus and boats, with good oarsmen to accompany them on their excursions.

A SUMMER EVENING ON THE BOULEVARDS IN PARIS.

THOUGH a great part of the fashionable society of the French capital has already taken flight to cool itself in the baths and watering-places, the nightly promenade along the Boulevards is yet frequented by a throng of all classes of pleasure-loving people. We present, in the engraving on another page, an illustration of this lively scene, where the pavement in front of one of the superbly decorated cafés is crowded with men and women in their gayest outdoor dress; some of them seated at the little movable tables for the consumption of ices, coffee, or more stimulating liquors; others strolling up and down, chatting with each other, or gazing at the passers-by; here and there a bustling bare-headed *garçon*, eagerly attentive to the wants and purses of his customers. Among these groups is a man with a couple of little lapdogs for sale, one of which is likely to be purchased, as we see, by a kind papa and mamma for the gratification of their little girl. The gas-lights and the foliage of the trees on the right hand, with the tall house-fronts on the left, will show to the reader who knows Paris the locality at which this sketch was made.

A SCENE AT SARATOGA DURING THE VISIT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Notwithstanding that the author has entitled this "An Incredible Story," the details of the narrative are by no means impossible. Without mentioning the numerous well-authenticated cases of double consciousness on record, we will refer our readers to the single instance of MARY REYNOLDS, as given upon competent authority, in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860. Miss Reynolds not only entered upon a second life, in which the memory of the past was totally obliterated, but her temperament and disposition were wholly altered by the change.]

I.—"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

THE fierce rays of an almost tropical sun at high noon slanted through the open windows of Magnolia Cottage, where Heinrich von Wetzlar stood by the bedside of his deceased wife. His little daughter Annette—a girl of five years—stood at his side; but, for all that, he was alone—alone, though a troop of men and angels had surrounded him; for what can disturb the desert solitude which Death flings about itself on a broad mantle, and about all who enter its precincts? The very fullness of life on that summer noon, hints of which were borne through the windows with the stately sighings of the wind and the fragrance of Southern flowers, intensified and heightened, by contrast, the rigor and abysmal silence of that slumber upon which Von Wetzlar intently gazed.

That terrible scourge of New Orleans—the yellow-fever—had visited the city with unusual severity. Magnolia Cottage was situated in one of the least crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not escaped the fate of the others. Von Wetzlar's young wife had devoted herself day after day to visiting and nursing the sick in her neighborhood, until she herself was stricken down by the disease, of which she soon became a victim. Even had in its quiver no arrow so poignant as this which suddenly pierced the heart of the fond husband.

Heinrich von Wetzlar was a German, of Hebrew lineage on his father's side. His father, Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for a short time, years ago, and had there married Heinrich's mother, but immediately after this event had returned to his home in Vienna. While Heinrich was a mere boy his mother died; the frail Southern lady pined in vain for her genial native air. Then Otto von Wetzlar married again. This second wife—step-mother to the motherless boy—proved a curse to Otto's declining years. Partly to escape her tyranny, and partly moved by the remembrance of his mother's glowing pictures of Southern life, young Heinrich fled from Vienna to Italy, where he devoted himself to art. Dreamer and poet he had always been. His temperament, inherited from his mother, inclined to contemplation: his large, lustrous, hazel eyes betokened at once the passionate eagerness of inquiry and a disposition toward mysticism. His keen analysis drove him from all the ordinary positions quietly assumed by the mass of men as to the great questions affecting human life and destiny; but, as if finding no rest beyond these landmarks, his soul seemed to wander ever in that shadowy borderland where the real blends so readily with the ideal, and the visible receives the mantle of the invisible.

"THERE, ALMOST AT HIS SIDE, STOOD THE LIVING FORM OF LOUISE!"

After a residence of some years in Italy he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit his mother's native land. He came to New Orleans, and there, encouraged by the patronage of a few friends who had known his father, he easily contrived to satisfy his material wants, which were few and simple. Here he met Louise Darvon. At this time he was over thirty, while she was only sixteen. She was a simple French maiden of Huguenot ancestry—a girl who could scarcely have attracted attention by her beauty; and her parents were plain people with moderate means. Her education had been of the simplest sort, and she had none of that *distingué* style which often in the world's estimate supplies the want both of wealth and beauty. But Heinrich von Wetzlar judged not after the way of the world. He had lived for the most part a solitary life. He was now in the prime of manhood, but the dreams of his youth still lingered with him, though his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by a ripened judgment.

Heinrich and Louise seemed to be spiritual counterparts; and there was a rare completeness, therefore, in their marriage. She was simple, earnest, and pure in heart. He was noble, and inspired in her a sense of grandeur. His wonderful subtlety of thought, his wealth of emotion, and the spirituality of his nature introduced her into a new world, where he was always her teacher. She could liken him to no one she had ever seen or heard of, until he told her of Mendelssohn, whose music they interpreted together, and some of whose heavy productions he read to her—then she thought he must be like Mendelssohn. Their chief delight was in music, which became to them a sort of universal language. His very conversation seemed to echo to grand old Hebrew melodies, and as she listened it seemed as if the winds wafted fragrance and repose to her from distant Palestine. If her spirit soared to meet his, so that her love was almost adoration, it was also true that his grand sympathies found through her humble, womanly charity a way to their expression in the trodden ways of life.

This beautiful life they had lived together for six years, and now the end had come. Von Wetzlar was startled, bewildered, stunned. It was as if the repose of heaven had been broken. The dearness of this woman and his need of her had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood upon the brink of an abyss which his thoughts—subtle and deep as they were—could not compass or fathom. His soul was moved to its depths. To such men the tragedy of such infinite loss is not simply solemn. It is a great Agitator. It is not strange, therefore, that to Von Wetzlar, in the presence of this mighty sorrow, the great problem of human destiny—as it seemed to him—namely, the question of a future life, presented itself anew. But, eager as were the questionings of his soul, he seemed confronted by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. The suggestions of his intellect seemed almost cruel, intruding as they did into the sacred prescience-chamber of his tenderest emotions.

"Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst of all this life has my Louise dropped as do the flowers, to fall away into a mere heap of dust? Even the crazy old alchemists had a fancy that, by some magical process, they could restore from the dust of the rose at least its phantom—a semblance of the real flower. Is not the Divine chemistry as potent as that? It can not be that my rose is lost to me forever!" He reviewed in thought the testimony of the race: he recalled *Plato* and the sublime passages in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Then that movement of the glorious oratorio of the "Messiah" swept over

TROLLING FOR MASKINONGÉ ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—SKETCHED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

his soul—so susceptible to the impressions of music—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." But still he was not satisfied. The calm surface of his thoughts had been disturbed by the heavy plummet of Death, and the waves still undulated in ever-widening circles toward an uncertain shore. Oh, if the Master could have spoken to his heart as he did to the house of Jairus, "She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

II.—ANALYTIC.

The dead in this time of peril were hurriedly buried. As the sun declined the face of Louise, after receiving the last fond kisses of the husband and daughter, was hid from their view, and they followed her to her resting-place in the French cemetery.

Two men met the sombre cortège as it returned from the cemetery whose characters must here be described. They were not together, but met with precisely at different angles of approach.

One of these was Doctor Eugene Gurdon, who had just issued from his library in his mansion on Carondelet Street. Each by his own and his walk it could be seen that he was a fastidious gentleman of easy manners and perfect self-possession. In his visual and mental constitution he was very much of a Parisian. He was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and shrunk from ugliness and deformity in almost a shuddering way. In this man, to whom disease was disgusting, made little great study of the life. This love of the beautiful spent no small portion of his time in anatomical dissections. The sight of pain was a torment, but he was so skilled in its alleviation that he was the most promising young surgeon in New Orleans.

As he met the procession, and could see through the windows of the leading carriage the sorrow-stricken faces of Von Wetzlar and his little girl, his sympathy was touched, and he said to himself, "Alas, how sad!" and the frequency of such spectacles in those death-crowded days did not diminish the profoundness of his sympathy. Looking into his naturally cheerful, but now somewhat pensive face, and into his clear gray eyes that almost changed their color under the influence of emotion, you would have said, "This man is a child of nature—open as may rarely are in a material influence, simply and subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunlight and his heart is swept by cloud and storm; and although he is so much of a philosopher, his philosophy affords no shield to cover, no mask to disguise his susceptibility.

The other man to whom we alluded was Pierre Martin. As he met the procession he also looked upon the face of his chief mourners, and knew that Louise von Wetzlar had been buried. He gazed with stolid indifference upon the insignia of their grief and woe. He had once been a lover of Louise—if any thing could be called love which was clerished in Martin's heart: it was certainly a fierce and selfish devotion—one that had ever entered there. But she, with that unerring intuition which belongs to such pure, spiritual natures, had revoked him from the first, until at length his passionate love had been turned to bitter hate.

Martin was a thoroughly selfish man. He was endowed with a very fair exterior, with a strong physique, and with consummate impudence. He loved intrigue, and delighted in playing upon other men as upon the strings of an instrument. He had acted upon the stage, had written stray articles for the press, and was now a sort of attaché to the Medical College which he had attended some years before, and where he still lingered, not as a student, but upon good terms with all.

He had been smarting along the street, but as the procession passed him his steps were arrested as by some suddenly conceived purpose. "Ah!" he said to himself—"a capital idea! Bold—but why not? Faint heart never won fair lady. Eh, let us see!" and he turned down toward the river, still chuckling to himself as one might over some splendid joke. Reaching the levee, his attention was directed toward a group of men hanging about the mouth of a cave where by a steamer that to-morrow was to take departure for the distant port of ——. Martin then followed in low tones between Martin and two or three of this group whom he had drawn aside. Some agreement was completed, apparently, for as Martin left them he slipped a few gold pieces into their hands.

When the Doctor Gurdon he was on his way to a remote and solitary cottage in the outskirts of the city, occupied by a young medical student, whose name was Spaulding, and who was a friend and protégé of the Doctor's. This youth subjected the Doctor into a parlor where three or four students were evidently awaiting him. This was the "Curdon clique," which pursued investigations on its own account: it was a kind of opposition circle related to the regular sections of the College. The Doctor was to lecture to this select company this evening on the Structure of the Human Brain; and Pierre Martin had engaged to provide a suitable "subject" for additional investigations in the apartment adjoining the parlor, and which was known as the "Dissecting-Room." He had provided a "subject" in his own peculiar manner.

Doctor Gurdon entered upon his preliminary lecture, which was interesting and decidedly original. An hour passed. It was tedious to him, and no advices had been received from Martin. But the topic of the evening was one of absorbing interest, and the Doctor continued his lecture. His mind was abundantly stored with narrative of peculiar psychological experiences illustrating his theories. After nineteen minutes a knock at the outer door was recognized as Martin's. The long-expected body-snatcher was hurriedly transferred to the dissecting-room, where the inventory pantical was opened by Spaulding and Martin. Two dark blue eyes slowly opened that should have been forever sealed, and Pierre Martin was confronted by a living face that should have belonged to the dead. He gave one look of astonishment and terror, and then, without a word, fled from the house as if pursued by a phantom.

The other students were abruptly dismissed without knowing the details, and Spaulding and Doctor Gurdon were left alone with their strange and unaccountable proceeding Subject.

III.—THE SECOND LIFE.

A TRANSFORMATION had been wrought—a miracle scarcely less wonderful than that of resurrection. It was not simply the awakening, as from a sleep, of one who had seemed dead, and who had been laid away for an everlasting slumber. It was a new life. The eyes of Louise de Pierre Martin had not recognized him. The world upon which they opened seemed as new as it does to a new-born babe. The past to this awakened stranger was literally a blank. This woman was mentally an infant. The words which fell from her ever-moving lips seemed to, and she could utter none in reply. She was carried away in a carriage, which Spaulding had procured, to Doctor Gurdon's house, where she was placed in the care of the Doctor's housekeeper—the only other occupant of his house. In all matters relating to nursing, indeed, except as to her age—she was a child; though she learned more rapidly than a child could have done.

Doctor Gurdon's mansion was well suited to his character. It was costly and beautiful, was furnished with a taste and grace that the most refined taste could suggest or that wealth made possible, and was surrounded by a luxuriant grounds. It was in this bright home of luxury and art that his "patient" began her new life. The Doctor at first regarded her case as simply a mental interest. She was a case inviting study. He studied it. Very soon, however, science yielded to sympathy. The new Louise—as she had been; now she was gay. She has been deep-natured; now the movement of her thoughts was like a rippling brook. The change could not be more happily expressed than by likening it to the transformations which have affected whole races, and upon which Tacitus made Pelagius life into their Hellenic or artistic era. Only those were gradual changes as compared with that sudden and instantaneous mental transformation which had been effected.

It is not wonderful that Doctor Gurdon found in this woman a study. It is not that his studies grew to have an additional interest from the beginning of love for her in his heart. Such a humorous fit thought of her, and he was puzzled. He did not even know her name. Who had she been? Doctor Gurdon was no clairvoyant. She remembered absolutely nothing. It is true, however—and this should be mentioned here for the benefit of those interested in the psychological features of her case—it is true that when she happened to be in places that *ought* to have seemed familiar there often came to her an instense a vague shadow of reminiscence—something that could scarcely be called an impression. It was so faint and indefinite that Louise, who she haunted by this ghost of reminiscence when she was in the French cemetery (it was there that the heaven-born flash of memory), which the quite frequently visited during the summer that followed her strange resurrection. This puzzled her, and caused her to think about the place, as one which was in some way connected with the inexplicable wonder of her life. But the idea was so faint and shadowy as the fragrance of the flowers that decorated the tombs around her.

Doctor Gurdon had never told her of even the single fact of which he was himself aware. He intimated that she had been ill, and had been placed in his charge, and that her memory seemed to be dim or not could not lend her name even. With this she was forced to be content. She knew that the Doctor loved her, and she was perfectly happy in loving him.

But he was troubled by a horrible doubt. He feared some psychological mystery of this new life—either through her return to her former mental state, or through some intrusive claim from others who had known her in the past—that might cover her present retreat. He therefore gardened her most jealously, and felt anxious when she was out of his sight. And this fear of hers was Pierre Martin, who must be able, he thought, to bridge over the hiatus between the two lives of this woman.

IV.—THE TOKEN.

HEINRICH VON WETZLAR, since the loss of his wife, had again become a recluse. A year had passed, and still the sharpness of his grief had not been diminished. Notwithstanding his doubts in regard to the reality of a future life, he felt that a superstitious affirmative argument now existed for him in the necessity of another world to his individual soul, since his Louise belonged to that world.

The old desire to wander had returned, and he contemplated an early departure for Europe. With this in view he went, toward the close of a summer afternoon, to visit the French cemetery for the last time.

This cemetery was peculiar. The dead there were not interred underground, but laid away in vaults, one above another, on either side of a long aisle, whose entrance one might look upon the outer gates of these silent chambers of the dead, with decorations of flowers and crosses resting upon their projecting marble sills. Along this aisle Von Wetzlar walked until he came before the chamber allotted to his wife. As he halted and gazed upon the portal, stooping somewhat as he leaned upon his staff, one could see that he had grown many years older since that marble entablature had sealed from his vision the dear companion of his soul. As he gazed he seemed to be transported back to that summer noon, a year ago, when the shock of death first fell upon his heart, and his soul was not less agitated as it had been then. At first the marble repose of the place, though in some sort a mockery, soothed and invited him. Then the suggestions of life that were thrown out even here seemed to answer his old doubts and to give him hope. The slumbering roses and the trailing ivy towerèd above the stony silence, as if hinting of ever-flowing change, as if whispering that "Death is the gate of place of rest! For see! out of the very dust life rises tremblingly but triumphantly over the mask of Death."

He remained there in the same idea of life and motion, as contrasted with deathlike stillness, had once occurred to him in reading that passage in Dante Gurdon's poem, where Dante describes the cave of the Naiads. It all came back to him now—the picture of the Naiads weaving their dance at long-drawn looms, and of the wild bees humming and honey-making round caps and casks of stone, while evergreen vines waves overhead and broke on the stony floor.

The fading sunlight flashed across the dear name in the marble, and Von Wetzlar still gazed intently as if there were something still to come, and for which he waited. Might not the living Louise be removed but for one moment! And, as if in answer to his thought, there, in the clear light of day, almost at his feet, was the living form of Louise! There she stood, with one finger raised to her forehead as if she were trying to solve some hard riddle—with a look of deep moment, and often fixed on a haunted corridor.

As for Von Wetzlar, astonished at this heaven-sent token, he was overcome by awe, and overwhelmed with the ecstasy of that glorious moment, he sank to his knees and buried his face in his hands. When he left the cemetery a few minutes later his face beamed with the smile of assured hope.

The next day he sailed for Europe; and on the very evening of his departure Doctor Gurdon gave his own name to the nameless woman who had fallen so strangely in his way.

V.—THE END.

DOCTOR GURDON had rightly conjectured that Pierre Martin knew his wife's past history. But he had not met Martin since that memorable night at Spaulding's; he had simply watched him diligently. Yet the object of his search had all the while been hovering closely about, and had had his eyes upon him. He had not recognized both of the Doctor and of his patient. It was better that it was so at this time for—now that the developments are over which he had kept watch had been fully matured, and the marriage had taken place.

Martin's original scheme, conceived on that evening when he had employed the sailors to assist him in carrying out its design, had contemplated nothing beyond the satisfaction of his malice toward Von Wetzlar and his wife. He had been, indeed, confounded at first by what the result of that night's work; and after his astonishment had somewhat subsided he was led by curiosity to see what would follow. He can easily imagine his surprise at the ensuing events, and especially at the marriage. Why had not Louise died? These vehement passions seem to be free from restraint. Why had she not returned to her proper husband? Was she capable of such a fall? As a watching Fate, at a distance, he could not answer these questions.

Martin's plans were soon formed. Doctor Gurdon was a wealthy man—poor devil, as he called himself, was in need of money. By working upon the Doctor's fears he might put money in his own purse. Was he himself—poor Martin—to be the sacrificial victim? He was an impenetrable mystery! A few weeks after the wedding Martin appeared at the Doctor's house to pay his respects to the bride and bridegroom. To his astonishment (was there no end of wonders?) he did not know him. She seemed to him more beautiful and fascinating than ever in the old time. She was the same, yet not the same. Her dress, her air, her whole expression had changed. It was the old flower with a new and different fragrance. While he stood entranced under the spell of memories and the touch of the Doctor's hand upon his shoulder, followed by the request for a private interview in the library, he suddenly accosted, and a few words from the Doctor explained the situation.

"You know, Martin," inquired the Doctor, unsteadily—"you know who this woman was?"

"Yes, I know something; not much; but the disclosure of that little is a serious affair for me.

"It may be serious for me too. And inquire as your information may be it is invaluable to me. I would give thousands to know all, even the worst."

"Oh, it is not so very bad, Doctor. You see, she has not left the inmate of an insane asylum for a number of years, under the fever, died suddenly, and was buried. You know the rest."

This frank statement of Martin's, Doctor Gurdon's fears, and his gratitude for relief made him generous. So that this brief interview satisfied Martin's cupidity as well as his curiosity, and he left the house with a valuable check in his portemonnaie, one that would go a great way, spendthrift though he was.

But he could not keep away from the larger prize. If the Doctor could win Louise, why need he despair? Was she not dead and buried in the grave? Did she not belong to him? Then, he remembered, she had not shown toward him any of that repugnance which she had formerly exhibited. In a short time they even became friends, and the Doctor was compelled to suffer this for fear of offending one whom, in his heart, he despised. Evidently, whatever Louise had gained in her new life, she had lost those spiritual intuitions which had guided and guarded her in her first estate.

As Martin's power over Louise increased, so also did his hold upon her husband. He professed to be making a more accurate investigation as to Louise's antecedents. Little by little the truth came out—that she had been Heinrich von Wetzlar's wife. At first the Doctor would not believe it. But one day Martin took him to the French cemetery, and showed him the empty tomb. What was done in order to obtain more money; but this time the attempt was vain. The Doctor, amazed and bewildered, hurried home. He knew he owed the life of his library in a frenzy of agony. He loved Louise as his own soul. He could not give her up; and when he could not endure to her happiness to be restored to a life as alien to her as if it had never been hers. He went out into the open air. The sound of voices in the street as he walked down the garden walk, attracted his attention. As he approached, unseen, he recognized the voices; they were Martin's and Louise's. He listened. It was evidently a leave-taking. Were Louise lost? By power through the influences of the vine-clusters, and saw Martin standing by the side of Louise with his arm about her waist, and heard him ask, as he looked pleadingly down upon her innocent, upturned face,

"Shall it be to-morrow, dearest?"

In a moment Doctor Gurdon stood within the arbor. Before those cool, searching gray eyes Martin winced, released his hold upon Louise, and slunk away without one word.

And she—she simply cast upon the recreant one look of scorn and infinite loathing. The serpent, that just now moment had been coiled so bold and beautiful with its shining crest, had resumed its natural habit, and was revealed as a loathsome thing. Louise had turned to reward; and she hated him. Turning to the Doctor she fell powerless into his arms.

And as he stood there, holding her to his bosom, he knew for the first time how deeply and tenderly he loved her. And he did her justice. She had erred, but it was not known before. She had been simply a child in all this—free but guiltless. This second life, which she had lived before him and with him, was as pure and holy as that of childhood, but also as undisciplined. It was a life in which all that was beautiful and strong in the affections of a child had found expression, but in which experience had furnished no principles for guidance and on test against disguised villainy. His own influence over her, and all the circumstances with which he had surrounded her, had led to the development of such a life, and with just that one woeful deficiency.

While he thought thus she lay prostrate and nerveless in his arms. Gradually she began to realize her husband's presence. Then her apathy gave way to convulsive sobbing.

"Oh! take me away, Eugene; take me any where; I can not stay here!" she cried.

"Yes, darling, I will take you away," he said, kindly. "I have been away myself, for a while, on a dream. It is all over now." And he carried her to her own room, where he left her in the care of his faithful old housekeeper.

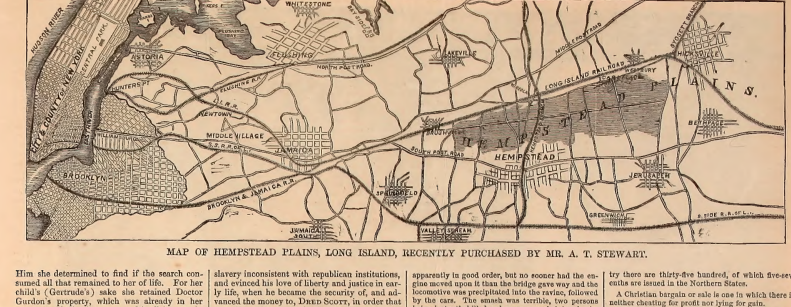
Yes, he must go away—away from Martin, away from that cenotaph in the cemetery, the existence of which was photographically in his memory forever. It was now more than a year since his marriage, and a little daughter had been born to him; and she was another reason for flight.

In a few days Doctor Gurdon had secretly disposed of his estate; and one evening, with his wife and his infant daughter, accompanied by the housekeeper, now little Gertrude's nurse, he embarked for the North on a Mississippi steamer.

Two days later, as he was sitting under the guard enjoying his cigar and congratulating himself upon his happy escape from the troubles which had lately beset him, he looked around, and at his side stood Pierre Martin! They were alone. Louise was in her state-room. Even in despair, the Doctor seized his tormentor around the waist and tried to throw him overboard. A struggle ensued, which resulted fatally for both of the combatants. They went overboard, each grappling the other in a death-struggle. A deserted boat was near, which Gurdon's sister-in-law from the window of which she had witnessed the fatal termination of the conflict. She was found among the floor of her room apparently lifeless.

Every effort was made to recover Martin and Gurdon, but in vain. Both had evidently been drowned.

For hours Louise remained in a trance-like swoon. When she awoke she did not recognize either her children or her sister. She did understand where she was, but murmured, "Heinrich—oh, Heinrich! where are you?" She was found among Louise von Wetzlar's papers, and in her thoughts was back in Magnolia Cottage. "I have been ill," she murmured. "Who are you? and where is Heinrich?" Gradually the cold nurse communicated to her the events of the past two years, so far as she knew them, and Louise comprehended not one word. There was some dreadful mistake; she knew nothing of Doctor Gurdon, or, indeed, of any thing that was told her. Every yesterday was a mystery to her, she was nursing the sick in New Orleans. It was long before she could believe in a life of which her consciousness gave no testimony. She finally found in Doctor Gurdon's trunk a statement which he had prepared, based upon Martin's story and his own investigations. She learned from this that Von Wetzlar had sold Magnolia Cottage—her parsonage having fallen victim to the yellow-fever shortly after her own supposed death—and that he had gone to Europe.



MAP OF HEMPSTEAD PLAINS, LONG ISLAND, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY MR. A. T. STEWART.

Him she determined to find if the search consumed all that remained to her of life. For her child's (Gertrude's) sake she retained Doctor Gurdon's property, which was already in her possession, he having converted it all into ready money before his flight; she also kept the old housekeeper as nurse for Gertrude.

We need not follow in detail her search for her husband, which was continued during several years. She went to Vienna, to Rome, and almost over the entire Continent; to the East, to England; and at last, when she had given them up in despair, she one day found him almost by accident—or rather it should be said that little Annette von Wetzlar found her mother. This child had now grown into a girl of twelve years, and was staying with her father in the English Quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. One evening at sunset her attention was attracted by a bright little girl of about six years of age who was walking by with her old nurse, whom she was teasing by the sauciest gambols. Annette ran up to her and gave her some flowers, receiving a kiss in return, and an invitation to call and see her at her own home. Annette visited her the next day, and in the garden found a step-sister. She also found her own mother. They recognized each other at the first, and Annette took her mother home with her. She spoke to her father at first, that he might not be entirely unprepared.

"Oh, papa," she cried, as she entered his studio; "I have found mamma, and she is here."

He dropped his pencil and rose to his feet, and there she was before him—his lost Louise. He had no time for astonishment, for her arms were in a moment clinging about his neck, and they were laughing and crying all in one breath.

The two step-sisters, Gertrude and Annette, still live together at Frankfort. Louise is dead; but Von Wetzlar still lives, and is preparing a grand philosophical treatise on the Individual Human Consciousness, in which, as may be easily imagined, he considers that element of life to have been very much overestimated in its importance as a factor in its connection with the vaster cycles of existence.

HON. HENRY T. BLOW,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BRAZIL.

THE banquet given to Hon. HENRY T. BLOW, on the 13th of July, in the magnificent dining-rooms of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, had more than a local significance. It partook of a national, and even of an international character. The very ornamentation of the hall, the intertwining of the Brazilian and the American flag, the mingling of the flora of the Amazon and of the Mississippi, but, more than all, the presence of the Brazilian Minister Plenipotentiary, Senor MAGALHAES (the LONGFELLOW of South America), and other members of the Legation of Brazil, were significant of harmony and good-will between the first nations of the Western Continent. Among the numerous guests were Senators and Representatives of our Congress, Governors, and officers of our army from every portion of our land, as well as the very *élite* of St. Louis, irrespective of political views.

They met to honor one who (as was well said by one of the speakers) "was to represent, in the great Empire of Brazil, the country which he had so zealously and ably served at home; to uphold her honor, to advance her interests, to increase and develop her commercial relations, and to establish sentiments of concord and good-will between her people and those of that youthful and vigorous Empire, whose future seems scarcely less grand than that of our own republic."

Mr. BLOW, on the part of these friends, has indeed done the state some service—as a private citizen, eminent for his enterprise and broad views, as a patriot in trying times, as a member of Congress, and as a minister abroad. He is a native of Southampton, Virginia, but moved when quite young to Alabama. In 1841 he went to St. Louis. He early became interested in mining lands of immense value, and by manufactures and by mines he has accumulated a large fortune.

One would have judged, from his birth and associations with the South (spending many winters at New Orleans, etc., etc.), that his sympathies would have been with the late rebellion. But he was among the first in Missouri to declare slavery inconsistent with republican institutions, and evinced his love of liberty and justice in early life, when he became the security of, and adopted the money to, Dred Scott, in order that that slave, whose name has become famous by his suit, might test the Constitution of this country in regard to the *status* of the black man. Mr. BLOW took a decided stand in the important events of Missouri during the rebellion. He was the friend and counselor of General LYON, and enjoyed the most confidential relations with Mr. LINCOLN. In 1862 he was sent as Minister, with extraordinary powers, to Venezuela, and filled his mission with such satisfaction that Mr. LINCOLN desired to give him a European mission; but, believing that he could serve his country better at home, Mr. BLOW returned to St. Louis, where, in 1863, he was elected by a large majority as Representative to Congress. In 1865 he was re-elected by such overwhelming odds that his opponent received but 1500 votes to Mr. BLOW'S 13,700. He was placed upon the two most important committees at the same time, viz., those of Ways and Means and of Reconstruction, and served on both with assiduity and acceptance.

Mr. BLOW, with his accomplished family, will do much as the representative of the United States to bind our country and Brazil in closer relations.

THE HEMPSTEAD PLAINS.

THE purchase of Hempstead Plains—a tract of land in the interior of Long Island, consisting of 7000 acres—by Mr. A. T. STEWART was notified by the citizens of Hempstead July 17. We give on this page a very full map of this region, showing its connection with Brooklyn and with New York. This tract cost Mr. STEWART $400,000; and we understand that it is his design to spend from six to ten millions of dollars in the erection upon it of homes for the workingclasses of New York and Brooklyn. This design is so gigantic that it throws into the shade every attempt of the kind hitherto made. The situation of the lands purchased is admirably adapted to the purpose contemplated. They are abundantly supplied with the purest water; the Ridgewood Water-works of Brooklyn are fed by the springs of this region. As will be seen by a glance at our map, the Long Island and the Southside railroads (with a branch road connecting them, and running across the Plains) afford unusual facilities for communication with the two neighboring cities. With the improvements which Mr. STEWART will carry out, with a township of beautiful and healthful homes; with parks, gardens, and public buildings for educational purposes and for those of amusement, Hempstead Plains, hitherto a desert, will be made to blossom as the rose, and to be a most beautiful suburb in the vicinity of New York. God speed the undertaking!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How shall we keep cool—that is, as cool as it is possible to do—during the next few weeks? People are constantly *thinking* how hot it is; they fan themselves violently, thus heating the blood ten times more by the exercise than is cooled by the chilled breeze; then they drink some ice-water, or some soda-water; then they say, "How dreadfully hot it is!" and they abandon all idea of doing any thing but try to keep cool; and it is this persistent *effort* to keep cool that makes every body so supremely warm. The discomfort from heat is largely the result of a sort of nervous impatience that it is not cold. Let it be hot; but thinking about it all the time makes it hotter. A few simple rules should be observed during the "heated term." The food should be light, and chiefly fruits and vegetables. The dress, of course, should be light, and often changed—nothing worn during the day should be worn at night. Bathe frequently, but not to excess. Water will best quench the thirst, and if drunk sparingly is injurious. No one will adopt some such simple rules as these, and there quietly and steadily accept the mind with some topic more interesting than the heat, avoiding excitement, and enduring what must be endured with as little fuss as possible, he will find he suffers far less than if he spends the whole twenty-four hours in trying to keep cool.

The recent disaster which occurred on the Kansas Pacific Railroad appears to have originated in the effects of the late heavy rains on that section of the country. A bridge, only about thirty feet in length, which spanned a ravine from fifteen to twenty feet deep, was the scene of the disaster. The bridge and track were apparently in good order, but no sooner had the engine moved upon it than the bridge gave way and the locomotive was precipitated into the ravine, followed by the cars. The wreck was terrible, two persons being instantly killed and many severely injured. An examination after the accident showed that the piling-way of the bridge was caused by what is known as a "bent" having been wrested from under the trestlework by the flood caused by the heavy rains, and leaving this portion of the bridge unsupported. This was not perceptible before the accident occurred, and the track and bridge were apparently intact. The disaster is believed to have been purely accidental.

The Centennial Commencement of Dartmouth College was celebrated at Hanover on July 31 with great spirit and enthusiasm. The occasion brought together a multitude of the alumni and others from all parts of the country. A large tent, capable of holding three thousand persons, was erected on the Common, and was densely packed with the graduates and the friends of the College. Many distinguished men were present, among whom was General Sherman. The morning exercises consisted of an address of welcome by President Smith, an historical address by President Brown, of Hamilton College, and the singing of an original ode by one of the alumni. In the afternoon Chief Justice Chase delivered an address, which was followed by a poem. During the latter exercises Hanover was visited by one of the most violent storms ever known in the region, which caused an abridgment of the *performances*.

Race-horses from all parts of the country are now daily arriving at Saratoga. The fashionable world is also turning its face Saratoga-ward. August will bring great excitement—racing, gambling, and betting, in addition to the usual programme of drinking, dressing, and dancing.

Buffalo Bayou is to be made longer and deeper, to accommodate the increasing commerce of the lakes and canals. The work of excavating the rock has already commenced, and it is proposed to excavate to a sufficient depth to allow vessels to load with coal at their docks.

It is comforting during this hot season to be assured that the filthy streets in many parts of our city are receiving some special attention from the Sanitary Superintendents, and that lime, coal-tar, and creosote have been scattered abroad with a liberal hand. It is to be hoped that these cleansing processes will continue to go on *ad infinitum*.

We learn from an exchange that the famed American painter, BIERSTADT, has met with great success in Paris this year. His *salon* at the Grand Hotel has been a most interesting place both in a social and in an artistic point of view. Celebrities from all quarters of the globe have gathered there. Among the new paintings of this artist is "The Bridal Veil," a view of the Yosemite Valley—a superb work, which was commenced at Rome and completed in Paris. Another painting of great power is "A Scene on the Prairie." We understand from family friends of Mr. BIERSTADT that he is expected to return to America about this time; and that he has work in hand, and planned for the future, sufficient to occupy his time for some years.

We may expect that some of our art galleries will open rare attractions in the fall. Mr. Knoedler and Mr. Schaus are in Europe, and have already purchased many fine paintings, which are on their way to this country.

A French journal hints that if one desires to write a document so as to render attempts at altering impossible, it is to be done by steeping paper in a very weak solution of gallic acid. A writing surface is thus obtained upon which ordinary ink makes a mark that defies decided essence or aftertouch, by rendering any attempt at such easily detectable.

The great centre of interest at Long Branch last week was Secretary FISH. He and his family were located at the Stetson House, but every thing concerning them went on in the most quiet and unostentatious manner. The President was desirous of quiet and rest, and evidently designs to secure it if other people do not. Among the notables were Spinola, the cigar, drives, dines, bathes, and walks on the beach, and with his family joins the social circle in the drawing-room occasionally. Secretary BOUTWELL and the gentleman would do who wishes to refresh himself by a visit at Long Branch.

The Sultan has decided to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, on the 17th of November next, and his movements are the matter of intense interest to many. The Minister of Finance has received an order to place 13,000,000 francs at the disposal of the Treasurer of the Privy Purse, and this sum very likely will be devoted only to preparations for the journey.

Magazine literature is the rage in London. No less than six hundred and sixty-five magazines, including quarterlies, are now published in Great Britain. But little more is to be expected from the advent of the periodical, just as often the record of a deceased magazine is made. Over three hundred more magazines are at present published in Great Britain. In this country there are thirty-five hundred, of which five-sevenths are issued in the Northern States.

A Christian bargain or sale is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor crying for gain.

A Christian yard is thirty-six inches, and is not shortened by the handling of the stick.

A Christian pound weighs sixteen ounces, and is at least evenly balanced.

A Christian bushel contains 332 cubic inches, and is filled himself.

A Christian ton is 2000 pounds, and is not roughly judged, but conscientiously weighed.

It is currently reported that the Emperor of the French will confer the title of "Duke of Suez," on M. Ferdinand de Lesseps at the official opening of the Suez Canal, in commemoration of the successful completion of his great undertaking. M. de Lesseps was born at Versailles on November 19, 1805. Perhaps, if November 19 did not happen to come on a Friday this year, the birthday of the great engineer might have been celebrated by the opening of the Suez Canal, which would have been very pleasant and appropriate. But, doubtless, if the thing was thought of, popular prejudice against Friday prevailed—so the 17th of November is the great day of ceremonies.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE movement that was "on foot" has taken a carriage.

"I have very little respect for the ties of the world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

An intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, at length broke out with "Do oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable specimens of curtailed words extant," when his friend interrupted him, and "closed the debate," with the exclamation of, "The oyster! Ah, yes, the oyster is a glorious fellow; he always knows when to shut up!"

If the doctor orders *pork*, has not the patient a right to growl?

SONG OF A HORSE.

A poor old race-horse, lank and thin,
Not much else but bones and skin,
I jog along, week out week in,
Kicked and cursed and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head.
And the thing I can't at all make out,
Is what on earth it's all about.
Why was I made to toil and tug
For this little old human hog,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft and rides to butter—
Or why was he made, for that matter?
And, if I recks must be recorded,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely-mated,
Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat,
In open coach and bowling, and all that?
Here I go, day after day,
Jumbling and slipping down Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With four-legs gone and with two wings.
Where they all go to I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!
It wasn't for this you see, at all,
That my joints grew big and my muscles small,
And so I think with a rich man's steed,
Pin clumsy, stupid, crooked, slow,
Yet the meanest horse in a dozen you know,
As well as the gloss'est mags that go.
O Lord! how long will they be use so?
And when may the equine spirit go
Where gentled horses dwell in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of human wheels or whip?
Where oats are always sprouting,
And then don't grow?
Oh no!
O!

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel. "How is that, sir?" said he, as he put on a look of surprise, "because I have preached so much *without* notes."

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his intelligent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, and that very frequently." "Indeed!" replied the old gentleman.

A QUEER IDEA OF JUSTICE.—A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not get on without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," said the alcalde, "there are in the village a fuller, a laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other."

FLIRTATION.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 506.]

A SUMMER EVENING ON THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.—[See Page 500.]

FLIRTATION

See Illustration on page 504.

I.

FLIRTATION is a very pretty art:
And, on a pleasant summer afternoon,
What's nicer than, from others far apart,
To utter love's low tune?

II.

Or in a moonlit balcony to talk
Delicious nonsense insignificant,
While no weird phantoms of the future stalk,
And amorous bosoms pant?

III.

Pleasant but wrong. At least there *are* some children
Whom the delightful, difficult process hurts;
They find the practice of the art bewildering.
For there are flirts—and flirts.

IV.

Elderly girls there are, and widows clever,
Endowed with every gift save youth's soft charm,
Who very willingly would flirt forever,
Who can not come to harm.

V.

And let us warn the exquisite young creatures,
Fresh from the strawberries and cream, and fun,
That, when they flirt with fools of whiskered features,
Often some harm is done.

VI.

The innocent child meets with some idiot splendid
Who makes her warm white bosom palpitate—
But with the evening's talk the thing is ended,
And she is left to fate.

VII.

The empty-headed blockhead finds his victim
In eighteen-hundred-and-one summer's noon:
I wish her brother had been there, and kicked him
Into this week's cartoon.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT.

"WHO was that talking to you at the door?" Moore said, with a sudden flash of recollection, of some indistinct murmur which had seemed to come from the porch. "Was it Douglas? why didn't he come in and say good-night?"

The old man's utterance was so confused now that it required a practised ear to understand his meaning. Alcoholic intelligence was aided by her consciousness. "It wasn't Mr. Douglas," she stammered.

"It should have been Douglas," Moore mused; "who else should walk so late with you?"

"It was Captain Mowbray," she explained; "you know he was, daddy, don't you?"

Moore shook his head and looked at her fixedly; then his eyes and his thoughts wandered off somewhere into the dim realms of imperfect reason.

"What is it? what is vexing you, daddy?" the girl asked, caressing his hand.

He touched her hair softly, and said, "It's like Mary's."

Mary was his dead wife, long since forgotten by all excepting him, and even he only remembered her by fits and starts. Presently his thoughts reverted to his first question.

"I'm sure I heard some one whispering; why don't you tell me who it was, Azalea? It'd dreadful to hear things and not know what you're hearing."

"It was Captain Mowbray and myself," Azalea said, distressed at his manner, which seemed to be more than usually confused.

"I don't like it. I don't like it—harm will come of it. I shall see him, Azalea; you must ask him to come to me. I shall tell him to go away." And the thing how blank the girl's face grew at this suggestion, he went on: "I shall be happy then, dear; I'm so afraid he might harm you, and I'm not strong enough to help you." He cried a little as he lifted his hands feebly in illustration of his weakness.

The next morning Douglas came once more to Auriel. He had been away two or three days, and Azalea, though she commented on his absence, scarcely regretted it; he had become so stern, almost savage, in his manner, so abrupt and bitter that, without seeking to account to herself for his conduct, she shrank from him, and the face of the younger man seemed brighter and more goodly in her sight when contrasted with the other's fierce gray eyes and frowning brow. On this morning Douglas did not linger with Moore, as had been his habit ere seeking Azalea; he inquired for the girl at once, and hearing from old Sally that "Miss had gone to the apple-loft," he followed her thither.

"I am come to bid you good-by," he said, abruptly.

Azalea was indemnifying herself for her previous fast by a raid on her favorite fruit. With a half-eaten apple in one hand, with the other upholding an approval of the apple's compatriots, she sat in the doorway of the loft, her feet resting on one of the upper bars of the ladder, her hair blown in the wind and bright with sunlight.

"I am going away"—he paused—"for some time."

Such a yearning, wistful face it was that was upturned to hers.

"Going away?" she echoed; "and what will poor daddy do without you?"

He lowered his face that she might not see his visible disappointment.

"I shall be back as soon as possible," he said, presently. "You must tell Moore so, and explain to him the cause of my absence; I have no time to do so myself. There is a man whom I once knew—a comrade in my old hap-hazard life at the Cape; when I last saw him he was a model of manhood, tall, strong, gay, and combative: he is dying in an attic in London. He begged his way to this country to seek a relative, and has found a blank instead. His brother was dead; and now I am the only person in this country to whom he is not an utter stranger."

He held out his hand and paused, and as he looked at her the pain of his impending departure seemed intensified. It was all he could do to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and crying, "Love me; for pity's sake give me back a portion of my will!" As he lingered a footstep broke the silence, and Azalea, looking up with a vivid flush on her face, withdrew every thought from Douglas, his troubled journey, and its object, and was conscious only that the delicious new emotion in her life was before her, personified by the handsome, striding young man, who seemed in such perfect accord with the bright beauty of the morning.

Douglas looked at the girl in silence for a moment; then releasing Azalea's hand and nodding to Mowbray, he turned to go.

"Hallo! where are you off to?" Thurstan said, pleasantly.

"I am going to town, and am on my way to the station. Will you come a few steps with me?" Douglas answered, after a short pause.

"Delighted! Miss Moore, I'll be back directly, and have a go in at the apples."

The elder man moody and preoccupied, the younger one cheerful and unconcerned, went a few yards without speaking—Thurstan whistling a tune and swinging his cane. When they had arrived at the end of the avenue Douglas paused.

"Mowbray," he said, abruptly, "you were once kind enough to say you'd do any thing for me that lay in your power."

"So I would, old fellow," the other answered, heartily.

Douglas hesitated, then, without looking at his companion, said, slowly:

"I wish you would hunt more, and look at books and letters less; pumping a fox is a better day's work than hunting down a soul. Azalea is alone, and unprotected. Hitherto she has known neither evil nor selfishness. Remember me, Mowbray, that you will not harm a thing so defenseless. There are plenty of women in the modern Babylon, Mowbray, whom you can scarce by injure by your attentions. Honor this one by your neglect."

"I mean her no harm," Douglas echoed, bitterly.

"You mean her no harm!" Douglas echoed, bitterly. "I dare say not. People who mean no harm are the accomplices in every crime. What does it matter what the intention was, when the result is a life ruined or a soul depraved? Leave these evil tricks to women, Mowbray. You are a man, not a treacherous, vile girl be. She and her old father are the only friends I have on earth."

"I wish you wouldn't come down on a fellow so sharp," Captain Mowbray said, uncomfortably. "I not only don't mean, but won't do any harm; will that content you? I'll be going on to town shortly for a few days, and I will take that opportunity of slackening the intimacy a little. Let her down easy, in fact."

"You be d—d," muttered Douglas under his breath.

"Eh, what did you say?" asked his unconscious companion.

"I only wished to know when you were going?"

"Very soon; the fact is, Lady Di is in town, and—"

"What!" cried Douglas, in a tone of mingled scorn and wonder; "do you mean to say that Azalea has still any delusion for you?"

"Did any thing hold Delilah lovely even to the third treachery?" the younger man said, laughing. Then, with a change of manner, he took Douglas's hand.

"I will lay to heart what you have said. I confess it seems to be easy; you know it's best for her—and I owe you something. You may be easy in your mind. I give you my word Azalea shall meet no dishonor or disrespect at my hands. After I have gone a week she will probably forget my existence. Good-by."

How dear would have been the night Douglas, as he turned his steps toward the high-road, did she know that mine was the hand to break down the wall!

Yet his heart felt lighter than it had done for many days past. Love and selfishness are inexpugnable. Reason said, "It is for her sake." His heart confessed, "It is for mine."

Meanwhile Captain Mowbray returned to the apple-house, where Azalea was still perched high up against the lived wall. For a while he was content and quiescent, and stood at the foot of the ladder, meditatively pulling his mustache. Then he looked up at the girl and sighed; much such a sigh as a child might give out on being ordered not to touch forbidden dainties. She looked contrition and pity, but thought. But what pleasure does not seem at its zenith when it must perforce be resigned?

There was a pretty girl who, he felt sure, loved him (men "feel sure" on these subjects much sooner than women do, although we are accredited with the greater share of vanity), and he would like very much to take her in his arms, and say how "awfully fond he was of her," and how he had as good as promised he would throw her over. How on earth was he to explain his change of manner? It was only yesterday he had said he loved her, and now he was going away, to leave her for good and all—and he had never had kissed her kiss. He went a few steps up the ladder, and asked her to throw him some fruit.

She held out a basketful, and the contact of her bare, round arms with his sleeve brought him yet a few steps nearer to her. He had found it difficult to retain his coldness of manner when he was at the foot of the ladder; now the difficulty apparently became impossibility; for when he found himself opposite the lovely face he suddenly flung down the apples, and, forgetting all his resolutions, kissed her.

She looked astonished, startled, and on her was the hush of a great shame; but when her lover lowered him in her hands (for at the tender touch of innocent lips his boldness melted into a softer feeling), and craved pardon for his offense—which, in truth, he loved her—that she must forgive him—that he was a d—d good-for-nothing scoundrel—that he must leave her, it was hard to avoid her dear pretty—and might he kiss once more before he said good-by for good and all?—when he poured out all this with a sort of rough, confusing, Azalea only partially understood his meaning. She did not comprehend the vague self-accusation, or the shadowy allusions to his departure. She heard distinctly, "I love you—I love you." And then the sense of shame gave place to another feeling impossible to analyze. It was joy—joy like a child's, but intense as a woman's. A joy so indefinably sweet in its mysteriousness, so vivid in its quality, that for one rich minute she put one hand and stopped this golden hour in its progress. Why did not the bird stay its flight; the leaf rest on the bough; the insect hang motionless in mid-air? Why did not all Nature pause in sympathy with the charm by which she was spell-bound?

What could have been expected of this creature, who was little better than a dryad, than that she should be overcome by the autumn haze, and think that all the world should turn to gold like the beech, and hold its big breath with her trance!

Captain Mowbray took a more practical and ordinary view of what was to him a not uncommon event.

"What a fool I am!" he said to himself, ruefully, as he turned back to Holme that afternoon. "I might have known I shouldn't keep my word. But what a charming little mouth it is! Who could have such a pretty child? The devil of it is that I've promised to go there again to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AZALEA.

WHILE the two in the sunshine outside perplexed with love, George Moore was communing with death. When Azalea left her foster-father in the morning, he had spoken of his wife, more than usually well and cheerful, watching with interest the eccentric motions of a kitten, beating time with his fingers when the clock chimed, and mumbling various directions to old Sally, who rejoiced in Master Moore's asperity, taking it as a sign that he "must be feeling better, poor dear."

The change came suddenly at last. When Azalea returned to the apple-house she said, with a sudden pang of disquietude:

"I don't think he seems so well as usual, Sally; do you?"

And Sally, better accustomed to symptoms of disease, shook her head.

"I have sent for him to send the little boy who brought the milk to the doctor's to ask him if he can't step this way presently. According to my thinking, Miss Azalea, Master Moore won't trouble us long."

The old woman meant no unkindness. She only spoke according to her manner of her class. To the poor, who have to grapple with life as with an enemy, death does not wear so harsh an aspect as he does to those more pampered and ardent; but her words sounded horrible to Azalea.

With the touched of all its glow, and an expression of anguish in her quivering mouth, she flung herself down in a heap by the old man's side.

"Are you feeling ill, father?" she cried; "speak to me, just once." And while, with passionate iteration, she besought for the comfort of a human face which might ease her sick terror, George Moore looked vacantly at the clock and answered at last:

The doctor shook his head when he saw his patient's state; and he told them frankly that the old man would not live many hours longer —perhaps not more than twelve. He gave them a few simple directions, the gist of them being that the patient was to be disturbed as little as possible.

"You can do nothing?"

Azalea repeated the words mechanically, as she sat and stared at the dear face which was so soon to be—What? She scarcely knew. Something dark, awful, and tenebrific the familiar lineaments into awfulness.

All through the night George Moore lay motionless, turning upward eyes which seemed to reflect a deeper awe than that of the solemn shadows they gazed on. It was not until dawn that he spoke. Then he muttered,

"Azalea!"

She was at his side in an instant, and was in time to receive the only heritage he could bequeath her. Even as he looked a blessing on her pale face, the priceless gourde of endless peace was granted to his own.

Later in the day Captain Mowbray stood in the Auriel conservatory, wondering greatly why Azalea did not meet him as usual. He had come straight to this, their usual trysting-place, and had not heard of the tragedy which had been enacted in one of the chambers of the desolate house. Auriel was ordinarily so silent that even death could not intensify its calm.

Thurstan paced the dull red flags impatiently; but yesterday he had decided to relinquish the temptation of this girl's presence, and now it irked him that his temptation should not fall in his way so soon by ten minutes as he had expected. He had not decided on his plans for the future; he thought he should have to part from her very soon. He intended no evil, he would not act unfairly to her; but it would be brutal to leave her without a farewell and another kiss. Captain Mowbray suffered from the not uncommon delusion that kindness of manner expresses the matter which prays; but who cares how the knife is fashioned that gives the death-wound? If he visited Azalea in what coarse he should pursue in the future, he was quite certain that he craved her presence now; and he paced the dull red flags impatiently, and twitched spitefully at the weltered leaves that trembled with decay on the twisted vine-boughs overhead.

When at last Thurstan heard a light step rustle the dead leaves which the rain had clammed together on the threshold his face brightened, and he moved forward quickly, with his hands outstretched, and then he stopped, checked by the unwonted look in the girl's face.

"What is it? what has happened?" Thurstan said, anxiously.

Then, wildly, like an animal which, by the distress in its eyes, draws its master to the spot where its offspring lies hurt, the girl led her lover toward the chamber of death. And when Captain Mowbray learned what had happened, and found himself confronted by the unseeing serenity of the dead man's gaze; when he realized that, in the whole wide world, this desolate girl had no one but himself on whom to depend for protection—that the moment's good-nature he possessed owed to champion her cause; he could think no wrong to that helpless creature who, after one look of despair at the motionless form on the bed, came to his arms for comfort in her direst agony—for shelter from the tempestuous fate which was oppressing her. The young man felt his own face grow hot with tears as he strove to avert every thing misery in hers.

"Hush, my darling; hush; don't cry so. I will take care of you—I will love you all my life. Hush me, dear, and be comforted."

Idle words, but none the less honestly meant at the time. That night, when Captain Mowbray held his first interview with Azalea, the gentleman made a compact with the peasant now ennobled forever by the hand of God.

George Moore's dead shielded Azalea even more effectually than he could have done living. The dumb lips pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of speechlessness. The strangely lustrous eyes reflected Captain Mowbray's conscience in their light, and entreated mercy for the friendless survivor who had been so dear to the corpse while it was man.

"I will marry her," Captain Mowbray said, in answer to the silent interrogation of the dead. "Please God, I'll take good care of her and make her happy."

"Whether will Miss Azalea do," old Sally said, as the young man placed Azalea in her lodgings ere he left Auriel that night, "and what will become of her? Master Moore was a good as five shillings a week to me."

"Take good care of her, and I'll see that you are well paid," Thurstan said, hastily. Then he kissed Azalea's cold cheek and whispered that he would be with her early in the morning.

Thurstan smoked cigarettes with more than usual rapidity in his homeward walk to-night, in symptom with his train of mental perturbation.

"Yes," he mused, "I must marry her, I suppose; there is nothing else to be done that I can see: but I must confess it is not there'll be a devil of a row with my father and with my creditors."

Then he thought of Lady Di, and sighed. The face of an old love is never so vivid in our memory as when its place is about to be usurped by a new one.

"But, after all, this one is prettier, far prettier, and far fonder of me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WEDDED.

WHEN George Moore was buried, when that solemn presence had passed away from the house, Captain Mowbray was unspeakably freed, and moved with a gayer step. When he approached the Auriel portals it was a relief to him to think, when he looked up at the windows, that the little bedchamber was no longer tenanted by that soulless effigy of life. Captain Mowbray could fain have treated death as an ill-bred acquaintance; he would look another way if he met him, he would cut him when possible, ignore his presence when he could not. He was more injured than shocked when he saw the clownish fellow seize a gentleman's hand, whether the latter were willful or not, and lead him down into the shadows among all sorts of queer company.

The village pastor, an eccentric and accomplished man, who occasionally addressed eloquent homilies to himself (at least he was, as a rule, the sole member of his congregation capable of understanding any part of his sermons except the concluding blessing), took an unfair advantage of Captain Mowbray in the funeral sermon, which was preached the Sunday succeeding old Moore's burial. Thurstan had settled himself with a comfortable nap; he had assumed that air of profound attention which is the preface to somnolent oblivion; he had lowered his eyes from Azalea's tear-stained face, and was concentrating his gaze on his boots, when the concluding words of the preacher rang from the pulpit with the solemnity of a storm-bell, whose breath is resonant of shipwreck. He besought his hearers not to walk backward toward the dark road which is the halting-place of all the

nations—not to be beguiled by a vain security into forgetting that grim jailer who will, sooner or later, fetter peasant and peer alike in gyves which no mortal hand may unlink.

"Look you, friends, be careful to amend ere the light stiffens in your eyes—ere the poor guilty heart is pulseless, and the lips vacant forever of their living tenant, the voice—ere you are a carcass for worms to eat and earth to cover as an unsightly object. Make your peace if ye may. Do not barter all for a small part, lest you in the last hour be seized with a pang keener than all life's pleasures were sweet. Infinite hope has been born within us; assuredly infinite misery will be its reward if we only seek it ere it is too late."

That evening, when Thurstan sought Azalea, he found her writing a letter, on which she soon fell fast. For the first time since this grief had come to her she was constrained to put it into verbal shape. She was telling Robert Douglas that her dear father was dead; and as she traced the letters which recalled to her that nevermore at dawn of sun or shut of eve would she receive greeting from that beloved face—that nevermore, whether in June or June or grim winter, would he note with her the full-orbed peonies blush midst the grasses of the lawn, or the rosetrees bud-to under the grip of frost—she more realised all this, the more keenly, perhaps, because the first dumb horror of her anguish was passing away, leaving her a prey to a host of sorries and tender regrets, Azalea felt that to gain back one blessed hour of her foster-father's companionship she would willingly endure the keenest penance that fate could devise. As she sat in the dim shadows of the saloon her wan cheeks and fair hair accorded well with the pallid solution of that faded chamber. Thurstan half started at her weird appearance; in the blur of the half-light she was as undefined as any other gloom.

"Don't sit so still," he said, hastily; 'you might as well be one of those creepy ghosts who are supposed to be partial to late hours and dark corners. I should prefer a sunshine myself, if I'd come up for underground. What are you doing?"

"I am writing to Robert," she said, softly, "to tell him—all about it, you know; I ought to have written before, but I forgot."

Thurstan put his hand caressingly round her throat: the soft curve of warm flesh and blood put all spectral horrors out of his head.

"Ah, darling," he whispered, "I want you to tell Douglas something else: I want you to tell him that you have promised to be mine—that you will be my wife as soon as possible. Will you say this, Azalea?—or stop! I had better write it myself."

Knowing one arm still about her he seized a pen with his disengaged hand, and, under the mingled influence of generosity and passion, wrote as follows:

"My dear Old Man,—Azalea has told you of her bereavement. I can't make up my mind not to leave her; and as the peculiarity of her lonely position makes it unfitting that our intimacy should continue on any other terms, I have come to make her my wife at once. I hope this will meet with your approbation. If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon keep my marriage dark for a while, as I shall want a little time to prepare my father and my creditors for this news. I fear they'll be awfully cut up. I shall be back soon, so that we may make some plans as to what Azalea had best do when my leave is up; I am awfully fond of her, and I think that every thing will come square at last. I don't know that I should have made up my mind to settle down so soon, but I remembered your advice when I last saw you, and I also remembered that I owe a debt of gratitude. If I have in any way repaid it by doing the right thing by your friend, I am satisfied; the more so as it is certainly right to have such a pretty little girl so fond of one.

"Yours ever, T. M."

Thurstan sealed this letter without showing it to Azalea; he meant to post it at once, but forgot to do so for more than a week; and by the time it arrived at its destination Robert Douglas had departed from London, and was on his road to Australia.

He reached his cottage late one night, and let himself in unobserved. He went straight to his bedchamber, and seated with jealous care on the alabaster figure of Psyche, which the accumulated savings of weeks had enabled him to purchase; he could see that he had been absent, for deny himself all but the barest necessaries of life He felt himself quite repaid now as he looked at its pure loveliness, and pictured to himself Azalea's delight when she received this addition to her few treasures.

As his head beat fast with the great joy of his nearer proximity to her he forgot how unutterably weary had been the lonely hours he had passed by the sick-bed of his dying friend. He put it away from him—the sick longing, the heavy sighing which had seemed to weigh him to the dust in the arid desert of that time of silence. He could have sung with the birds, have laughed with the children he passed on the roadside. Had the stars of heaven been within his reach he would have plucked them from their cloudy settings and set them away in some unconscious of sport. So like a madman is the wisest of men when he is bewitched by the radiant insanity of love.

As yet he knew neither of Moore's death nor of Azalea's marriage. The former was dumb, deaf, and blind in yonder church-yard. And the girl—the final hope, the final joy, the one late blossom of Douglas's sterile heart—was sleeping with her head pillowed on her young husband's breast, comforted for her sorrow, and believing that fate could bring her no further woe now that the shield of his love would be evermore about her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FIRE.

It was night—the night of Douglas's return home—and Azalea was still as a sepulchre.

It was the dumbest, stillest hour of the night, when a red tongue of flame made a sudden flash of light between the dark shadow of the wainscot at the foot of the old oak staircase. A smouldering beam which had long been threatening mischief behind the panels broke into glaring fury.

While death, the death of suffocation or of scorching agony, was creeping toward them, the pair in the bedchamber slept on, all unconscious. The girl was the first to awake; she awoke with the half-stifled feeling of sinking, as some one were gagging her; then she stared round with dazed eyes, and realized that death was in the room as well as by her bed.

"Thurstan," she moaned, "oh, Thurstan."

Then her terror found fuller voice, and she grasped him by the arm, crying:

"Wake up, Thurstan, wake up!"

She did not speak very loudly, but something in the desperate concentration of her tone stirred the sleeper.

"What's the row?"

He was wide awake now, sitting up like one startled to the sharpest attack of a foe, yet uncertain as to what quarter the stroke came from. A hot roll of smoke curling in under the door made him comprehend the nature of the danger. In an instant he was at the door, and, opening it cautiously, looked outside the room, shutting the door in place of a landing. Then he closed it, shaking his head, and went quickly to the window and threw it open. The ivy leaves which fringed the casement were steeped in dew and moonlight, the sweet-scented breath of night fanned his cheek into the awe-stricken eyes of the pair.

Azalea dropped one white arm in the forest of tawny, thick hair, and hid her face in her head.

"You see," she muttered under her breath, as if fearing lest the red, furious enemy without should hear and resent her words, "it wouldn't hold any thing heavier than a bird."

She held in her hand a crooked stem of ivy, pierced by a twig of hawthorn, which had torn at it critically. "It won't hold, but it may aid," he said, briefly. "Let us see."

He pulled at the leafy stem and counterpane, and by his voice and self-possessed manner steadied the girl's trembling hands while she assisted him to the best of her power.

"It is still nearly twenty feet from the ground," Thurstan said, when the string of blankets had been let down as far as it would go. "What's to be done now?"

What was to be done? Their eyes began to smart, the girl's face grew breathless; there was yet, however, no sign of resignation in Thurstan's face; manhood in its prime of warm blood, fair looks, and great love for this girl, will resign the mysterious gift of vitality: he would fight for life inch by inch, he swore in his pride, not when he looked at her, but he had not a spoken or implake took possession of him, and, with the experience of a sailor, he added:

"Please God."

He drew up the blankets again, and folding one round him, he made it secure to the bed.

Then he made another effort at the door; he could see nothing now, not even the shadow of the chess formed by the balusters of the landing-place. The smoke blinded and stifled him. The opposite wall was invisible; so were the melee-board, painted in black and adorned in side.

She was conscious that this awful moment might be shadowed by a yet greater despair.

"Douglas, love, beware," she muttered.

"Let us be together, whatever comes."

"It doesn't matter," he said, sadly. "This chance is not for me. Look!" The flames had got hold of the shelf at the opposite end, and were leaping toward them with ferocious gayety. A fresh cloud of smoke made them recoil before the shelter of the door. Then Thurstan closed it gently, as one who has felt a coffin lid over a dead face, and bore the girl back to her couch.

Through the open casement came hints of the quiet night. A distant church-bell tolled the hour; its monotonous sweetness had a strange hold of the shelf at the opposite end, and were leaping toward them with ferocious gayety. A fresh cloud of smoke made them recoil before the shelter of the door. Then Thurstan closed it gently, as one who has felt a coffin lid over a dead face, and bore the girl back to her couch.

Through the open casement came hints of the quiet night. A distant church-bell tolled the hour; its monotonous sweetness had a strange

hold of the shelf at the opposite end, and were leaping toward them with ferocious gayety. A fresh cloud of smoke made them recoil before the shelter of the door. Then Thurstan closed it gently, as one who has felt a coffin lid over a dead face, and bore the girl back to her couch.

PEARL FISHERY IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 510.]

M. EUGENE ROUHER.

M. ROUHER.

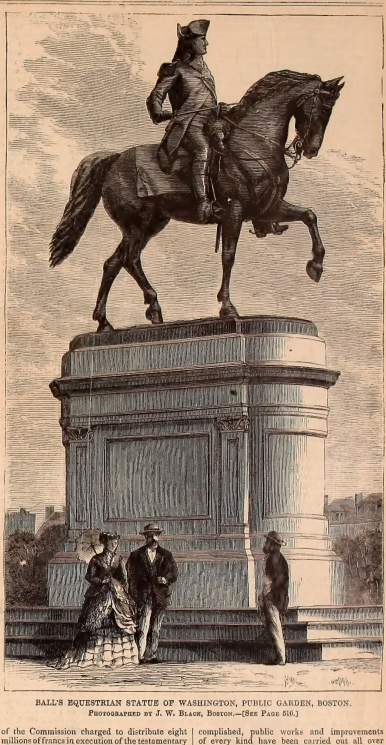
Eugene Rouher, Senator, late Minister of State, Minister of Finance, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, of the Orders of Leopold, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Oak, St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, etc., is essentially a man of the Second Empire. His Imperialism is purely due to the force of events—family connections or political antecedents have in no way influenced the outset of his career, or determined his high advancement. Indeed, his early political convictions, if he had any—which appears doubtful—seem to have sympathized with Orleanism. Endowed with mental powers of a high order, he sought to enter early upon public life, and, conscious of his aptitude for real work, he resolved, on attaining the first step, to trust to circumstances to bear him on to the goal of his ambition.

Eugene Rouher was born at Riom, November 30, 1814. At the age of fourteen he was admitted a student at the Naval School of Angoulême; but, fortunately for him, the revolution of 1830 occurred, and the monarchy of July having suppressed that institution his prospects of a naval career were abandoned. On concluding his collegiate studies at Clermont he was sent to the great School of Law in Paris, "pour faire son droit," without which no Frenchman's education is considered complete. After being called to the bar he returned to Riom, where he soon acquired a good practice and considerable repute by defending the democratic cause in press prosecutions.

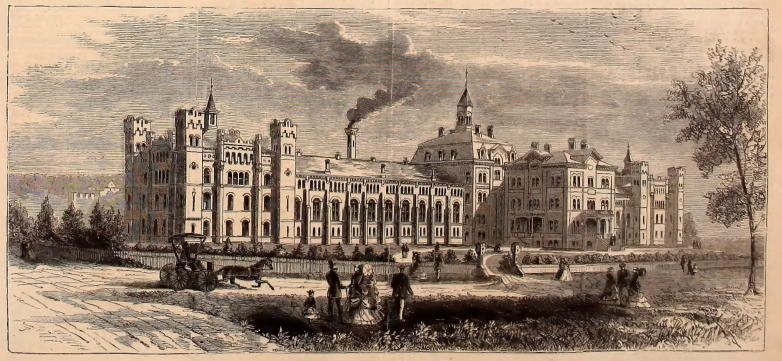
Elected, after the revolution of 1848, a representative for Le Puy-de-Dôme, he favored all measures devised to frustrate the policy of the "Party of Action."

Louis Napoleon, soon after his election to the Presidency, appointed M. Rouher Minister of Justice. From this period Rouher's aptitudes for parliamentary contention were established. He forced through the Chamber the bill known by the name of "Loi du 31 Mai," restricting universal suffrage. He introduced and carried the law limiting the liberty of the press. His name, however, does not appear once in connection with the events of the *coup d'état*. January 26, 1852, he was appointed Vice-President of the Council of State, and was charged with the administration of the section of Legislation, Justice, and Foreign Affairs. In this new sphere of action his characteristic talents and capacity for work manifested themselves in a conspicuous manner.

M. Rouher was successively President of the Commission of Pensions to aged persons, member of the Commission charged to distribute eight millions of francs in execution of the testamentary disposition of the Emperor Napoleon, and member of the Commission of the Universal Exposition of 1855. On the 3d of February in that year he accepted the port-folio of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. Under his administration immense reforms have been accomplished, public works and improvements of every kind have been carried out all over the country. By a decree of the 17th of June, 1856, he was raised to the dignity of a Senator. In conjunction with Baroche he negotiated with Mr. Cobden the commercial treaty between France and England, which was signed on the 23d of January, 1860. The unexampled im-



BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[See Page 510.]



ALMS-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[See Page 510.]

petus given to French trade by the treaty has opened up prospects of prosperity far beyond the most sanguine expectations. Since 1860 he has negotiated the commercial treaties of France with Belgium, Prussia, the Zollverein, and Italy, all based on the same enlightened and liberal principles. On the 24th of June, 1867, ROUHER passed from the Ministry of Commerce to the Presidency of the Council of State, to whose functions was added the duty of explaining and defending the Legislative Measures in concert with the Minister of State, the projects of law and questions of policy submitted to its deliberations. Such was the close of the year he replaced, *ad interim*, M. BOUDET as Minister of the Interior. On the death of M. BILLAULT, ROUHER succeeded him in the Presidency. This position he has been recently compelled to resign, owing to the pressure of the Third Party in the Legislature. He has been called to the Presidency of the French Senate. M. ROUHER may justly be ranked among the great orators who have adorned the deliberative assemblies of France.

THE CINCINNATI ALMS-HOUSE.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, has the largest, the most beautiful, and the most commodious Alms-house in the world. The engraving on page 509 gives a very fair idea of the architectural beauty of this structure. In this, as in other public buildings recently erected, our Western cities are showing a very suggestive lesson to those in the East.

BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BOSTON.

THIS statue, recently erected in the Public Garden of Boston, of which we give on page 509 a faithful representation from a photograph by the eminent artist Mr. J. W. BLACK, had its origin in a general desire of Bostonians to have a suitable memorial of WASHINGTON by their fellow - citizen THOMAS BALL, the sculptor. A committee of prominent gentlemen was appointed, and Mr. BALL'S services secured. This was a little more than ten years ago. HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP took an active interest in the work, and initiated the public movement by an address in the Music Hall, in which he expressed the belief that some artist would have occasion to repeat the *Ball* in motion." Soon afterward a fair was held which added twelve thousand dollars to the fund. The city government appropriated ten thousand dollars; a generous amount was contributed from the surplus fund of the Revere House, and the work was finally placed on a satisfactory basis. The model was completed in 1864, and the casting, in bronze, was intrusted to the Ames Manufacturing Company, at Chicopee, Massachusetts. The extreme length of the statue is 16 feet, height to the top of the head 13 feet, height of the horse 12 feet, height of pedestal 10½ feet. The pedestal, which is of Quincy granite, was designed by HAMLATT HILLARD, is 17 feet in length, 7½ feet in width, and 14 feet in height. The weight of the statue is 10,400 pounds, and the whole cost \$34,400. It was unveiled to the public on the afternoon of July 3, 1869, and was presented to the city by HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE, Chairman of the Washington Statue Committee, in a brief and appropriate speech, MAYOR N. B. SHURTLEFF responding in behalf of the city. It is an ornament to the Public Garden, and an honor to Boston.

PEARL-FISHERY IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

PEARLS are found in the bay of La Paz, around the little islands at its entrance. The best fishing-ground is between the island of Spirito Santo and the port of Pichilingo. It can thus style a creek surrounded with a few bamboo huts, which is nevertheless the general rendezvous of the men interested in the pearl fishery for three months in the year, being abandoned the rest of the time to jackals and fever.

The pearl-oyster found in the Gulf of California differs slightly from that of the Gulf of Oman and the Eastern seas. The shell, moreover, presents two beautiful, almost circular, valves, resembling silver, and lined with a thick, dazzling, and polished mother-of-pearl, which, merely gave to the Gulf of California the name of the Vermilion Sea. The animal which has built this magnificent abode differs little at first sight from our edible oyster: and may, indeed, be eaten with impunity; it is not, however, agreeable to the taste—raw, it is slimy, bitter, and disgusting; while cooked, it is so hard that it is masticated with difficulty. The flesh, and that adheres to the shell, when thinly sliced and cooked with allspice, is very good eating, but extremely indigestible.

Pearl fishing was commenced in the Gulf of California in 1580, forty-six years after the discovery of the country, by the Jesuits, who discovered the placers and taught the Indians how to dive. From 1580 to 1855, or 275 years, the fishery yielded 1,911,300 cwts. of shells and 2770 pounds of pearls, worth about \$3000 per pound. The average yield during 1855 and 1856 has been, therefore, about \$50,000 worth of pearls a year. It is necessary to open about seven hundred cwts. of shells to obtain a pound of pearls.

The color of the pearl is very variable, and two are rarely found alike. They range from white to black, including every possible variety of tint, but all marked by the changeable reflections of light found in the mother-of-pearl. The most highly prized are spherical in shape; almond, nut, and pear shaped pearls are also very valuable. The one pearl, the largest ever found in the Gulf of California, is always pear-shaped.

The best season for pearl fishing is from the middle of May to the middle of August, when the indispensable conditions, viz., no breeze and a dead calm during part of the day, clear weather, and a cloudless sky, are usually found in the morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon the northeast wind springs up, and rain often comes on; the evenings, therefore, are the best seasons the morning's harvest.

Having obtained permission from the Government, which claims one-fifth of the profits, to fish on a certain space, the contractor repairs to Pichilingo, with a vessel laden with provisions, clothing, and trinkets, as bribes wherewith to engage the best divers. The conditions demanded are simply: board during the fishing season, and turn to their homes at the end thereof, and half the oysters before they are opened. The first few days are spent in the boats experimenting, by diving a little way below the surface and gradually increasing the time of their stay. After three or four trials the diver is master of himself. The average time of remaining under water is two minutes; some few stay three minutes, but never longer. At first the blood rushes from their nose, ears, and even eyes, on reaching the surface, through the compression of blood in the lungs. They sip no spirituous liquors then and abstain—wise. These sanguinary emissions soon cease, and those who do not exhibit reasonable health in their stay never bleed again.

At last all is ready; the women are settled in huts on the shore, the boats are provisioned, and the divers are insured to their task. The fishery opens with a solemn ceremony. A sorceress exercises the sun and the moon, and relates their past misdeeds, adjuring them to behave themselves in the future, for the sons of her tribe have lungs of steel, a heart of bronze, and an arm of iron.

The divers work in different ways. Some have a sort of net-bag, in which they put some of the oysters and leaves their hands free; others dive naked, and bring up the oysters under their left arm. The latter can remain under water up more than five or six oysters, and never more than twelve. Some boats have rowers, and others have none. Some are provided with sails, and others by a stone tied to a rope. Some of the divers go down with a stone, which is drawn up by the greater part by a rope attached to a plunging or rising; a few have a rope passed round their waist and fastened to the boat. Each is infested with monsters of the fish, the safest course seems to be to have perfect freedom of movement.

All the divers are armed with a short stick, or estaca, hardened in the fire and pointed at each end. This is their only tool, and with it they are allowed nothing with which they could open an oyster under water and hide its contents. In each boat is a large tub, in which are placed the oysters as they are brought up, and another at the bow to warn the divers of danger. In many there is a wooden grating, through which seagulls, who shrieks and raves, and, on the whole, frightens off the sharks by the noise she makes.

Good rowers, who can swim occasionally, are usually divided into two groups, working half an hour in turn. During this half hour the divers are duty hardly rest their head on the side of the boat, pass their oysters to the capataz, who throws them on their heap, take breath for a moment, and plunge again into the sea. This process experienced, or those who still bleed, are divided into three groups, and rest longer. They always dive facing from liquid and solids.

On reaching the bottom the diver rapidly detaches the oysters about him with the aid of his estaca, if need be, then rises to the surface. But the opportunities for fraud are numerous. If he sees a shell gaping for a moment, he will by introducing the estaca crosswise, and if he finds nothing, comes up with an oyster or two, saying that they were all he found. Some men can stay under water three minutes open a shell every time, for the pearl-oyster is easily opened. They are soon acquainted with all the tricks, and can detects the fraud by finding the end of the estaca notched or broken. The pearls thus abstracted are either conveyed or taken ashore at the first opportunity. The first operation is easy; but the pearls are greatly injured by passing through the digestive canal. The shell, moreover, is worth the pearl all its brilliancy; but it needs extraordinary skill for a diver to open an oyster, extract the pearl, secure it, and again close the two oysters not to rise empty-handed, all in two minutes.

About noon they return to land. Each man divides his pile into two parts, and gives the contractor his choice, keeping the remaining share. Some open all in the spot to avoid the trouble and risk of opening, acting on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The shells belong to the contractor.

There are two ways of opening the oyster: the first consists in doing it immediately with a knife; this is favored by contractors, for they can who have time and money. The pearls obtained in this way are much more beautiful. The second method, employed by the Indians, who open their shells, is to let them open of themselves by putrefaction. The mollusks are then torn out one by one, and thrown into a large vessel, and the shells to which a pearl adheres are laid aside, and the whole family, eagerly bending over the trough, sift the mismatic mass through their fingers. This process generates grave and often mortal diseases. In the fishing season a blind pilot could find his way to the port of Pichilingo by the horrible stench which exhales from it.

The Indians who are fortunate enough to find costly pearls waste their money on the spot, and are the same poor wretches they were as poor as before. As to the contractors, their expenses are heavy and their risks great; what with their vessels, crew, and at least sixty divers and their families, whom they have to feed, it is impossible to undertake the business with less than ten thousand dollars; and such a man with ten thousand dollars in those countries can find much pleasanter means of investing his capital; the competition, therefore, is very limited.

Attempts have been made at cultivating the pearl-oyster, but where they have been made to live, as in Sweden, the shell has lost its brilliancy, proving that the rays of the tropical sun, which are indispensable to the pearl, are needed to give its radiant tints. In the culture of the pearl-oyster a tropical latitude, a calm sea, a special demand, and a very intelligent race of divers between the shells and the sun are needed; and then pearls are only found in oysters seven years old.

We must say a few words about the monsters which infest the seas, and which, at other times beloken sore to the fishers at La Paz, swarm there at the pearl-diving season. The sharks are little dreaded; being obliged to turn over before they can seize their prey, the divers, warned by the clamor from their friends on the boat, have time to escape; or, if attacked, they extend their hand, engaging the monster in his jaws; the shark bites violently; the hardened wood resists him, which are very tender, and he lets go his victim with a howl of pain. It is a mistake to suppose that sharks scent sickness on board a ship, and follow it in the wake in the expectation of devouring a corpse; a body thrown into the sea is always weighted; and as the shark can not dive, and is obliged to turn over in order to bite, the prey is out of his reach before he can attack it.

But if the Indians care little for the shark, it is not so with the dreaded tiburon, whose name is or utters without a shudder. There are two kinds of tintoreras; the first is called by the natives *cornuda* (or cornuted shark, which it resembles in general appearance. It is far more dangerous, however, for it swims between two waves, and has its mouth at the end of the muzzle instead of underneath, so that it is not obliged to turn over in order to bite. The second, or the tintorera proper, is the terror of the poor seagull-fish (an odd kind of angels!), and as a huge, broad, flat fish, which can be compared to nothing better than a gigantic blanket. Both, fortunately, swim slower than the shark, which enables the diver to escape them when the boat is not far off.

These monsters are eager for human flesh, and extremely dangerous through their facility for procuring it. They devise their name, *tintorera*, or dyer, from a dark, viscous fluid which they emit from their bodies, and which seems to have a stupefying effect. The prima eats nothing but living flesh, while the tintorera feeds only on purifying bodies. The latter is very phosphorescent, and easily seen at night. He flattens itself on the sand and waits for the prey. The first unhappy diver who comes near sees a new waiter rising to him, and feels his limbs paralyzed by a magnetic influence. The monster envelops him and smothers him as if in a blanket, then rips him away, and covers himself and his prey with sand. The work of putrefaction soon begins, and, ghoul-like, the monster devours the corpse at his leisure. The latter drama makes a strong impression on the minds of the divers, who see something supernatural in the physiognomy and magnetic power of the tintorera. The prima is about ten feet in length; the tintorera covers a space from five to thirteen feet long. Both have several rows of teeth, like the shark, planted not in the maxillaries, but on the lips. There are also the s word-fish and the sierra, or the saw-fish, and the devil-fish of Victor Hugo. The latter, though sometimes huge in size, inspires the divers with little terror; they sometimes even catch it and use it for food.

SUPERSTITION OF MUSIC.

WE hear of horrid sects at present in Russia, practicing many of the most shocking and horrible sacrifices, and the Russian papers give sometimes most shocking details of these sects. It is a strange thing how faith may be perverted, and how to minister to the worst passions. The "Communion of the Flesh of the Lamb" and the "Communion of the Blood of the Lamb" really seem to have been invented by the lowest demons of the bottomless pit. The subject is too revolting to be pursued into detail; it is enough to say, that an infant seven days old is bandaged over the eyes, stretched over a dish, and a silver spoon thrust into the side, so as to pierce the heart. The elect suck the child's blood—that is "the Blood of the Lamb." The body is then roasted, and given to the elect for food, then crushed into powder, and eaten in small cakes. That is "the Flesh of the Lamb." We mention this particularly for stating these frightful things, but they are actually occurring in Russia in 1869.

SUPPRESSION OF GAMBLING IN EUROPE.

IT has long been a vexed question whether the interests of morality would be better served by suppressing or continuing to tolerate the gambling establishes which are found in a few parts of the European continent; the advocates of suppression taking their stand on the immorality of legalizing what they are pleased to term sins of vice and iniquity, while the partisans of toleration assert that the less evil is to be apprehended from a system of gambling conducted fairly and under Government surveillance than from the unlicensed and clandestine tripots to which players would resort if deprived of the facilities which at present exist for the indulgence of their passions. As the latter are now doomed to be suppressed at the expiration of their present leases; a recent vote of the Belgian Chambers has fixed the 31st of October, 1871, as the date on which "Fatal Zero" shall cease up for the last time in Spa; and now a petition, signed by 1500 inhabitants of Nice, has been presented to the French Senate praying that body to use its influence to procure the suppression of the great strong-hold of gambling at Monaco. Should their efforts be successful the English settlement in Heligoland will be the last refuge of the lovers of rouge-et-noir and roulette.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

MR. R. H. PATTERSON, in one of the magazines, says that Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the moon and the developments of volcanic action. Any one who has lived in the South, or even sailed in the Mediterranean, may have noticed how carefully sleepers in the open air guard their head and face against the rays of the moon, to avert ophthalmia and other ills. In India, most exposed to the moon-rays immediately neutralize. The moon's influence on tides and ocean currents in the atmosphere just as it does in the ocean. Some of these facts indicate a lunar action more subtle than science can yet account for.

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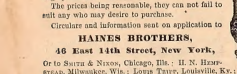

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 659.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869. [SINGLE COPY TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THIS BOOK IS DUE

MEDAL PRESENTED TO MIDSHIPMAN MASON.

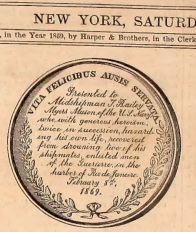
IN our issue for April 24 we gave a portrait of young Midshipman T. BAILEY MYERS MASON, who on the 8th of February saved the lives of two seamen of the *Guerriere*, off Rio Janeiro. On that day Mr. MASON was sent ashore in charge of the steam launch of the *Guerriere*, to search for and bring off the men who were on liberty. Five of the men were found and placed in the launch, and being intoxicated and riotous were put in irons. One of them jumped overboard with his irons on, and would have been drowned had not Mr. MASON jumped after him and rescued him, with imminent peril to himself. Scarcely had Mr. MASON got aboard with his man than another, also in irons, jumped overboard; and although Mr. MASON was greatly exhausted by his first effort, he jumped after and rescued him. For these two acts of gallantry he was most highly commended by his commanding officer, by the Admiral of the station, and by the Secretary of the Navy; and the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York ordered a gold medal to be struck in his honor, and to be presented to him. Shortly after the arrival of the *Guerriere* at this port the medal, of which we give an illustration on this page, was presented to MASON by the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who read to him the following letter:

LIFE SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, No. 11 WALL STREET, July 21, 1868.

To T. BAILEY MYERS MASON, *Middletown*:

DEAR SIR,—This association has inscribed on one of its gold medals the following testimonial: "Presented to Midshipman T. BAILEY MYERS MASON, of the United States Navy, who, with generous heroism, twice in succession, hazarding his own life, recovered from drowning two of his shipmates, enlisted men of the *Guerriere*, in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, February 8, 1869." The signal acts of unselfish gallantry thus sought to be commemorated have their chief reward in the consciousness that, upon the impulses of a humane and noble courage, you delivered from sudden death two human lives. They have also been recognized in the report of your superior officers, and the special commendations of the Secretary of the Navy, and we would not attempt to supersede or add to the high meed of praise thus awarded by the nation through its official representatives. But it is one of the chartered privileges of our Association to encourage meritorious conduct in the discharge of the sacred duty of saving lives exposed at perpetuate its just appreciation of acts of self-sacrifice and heroism. In obedience to this the Association herewith transmitted for the so inscribed, and to be fully, your obedient servant,

ROYAL PHELPS, *Secretary*.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO MIDSHIPMAN T. B. M. MASON BY THE LIFE SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

Mr. BEECHER followed with a few appropriate words, to which young MASON made a modest and brief reply. After the presentation of the medal Admirals STRINGHAM and DAVIS stepped forward and shook hands with MASON, complimenting him on the honor he had received. The medal is of fine gold, and is worth at least $40.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, PHILADELPHIA.

THE Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, having outgrown its quarters on Fifth Street, below Chestnut, has been removed to a large building on Tenth Street, above Chestnut.

The new premises were inaugurated on July 15, with speeches from the President, T. MORRIS PEROT, Esq., BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER, Esq., and others.

Members and visitors have free access to the books. The amount of loss to the property of the Company is found to be very inconsiderable under this system—far less than would be represented by the expense of hiring clerks to wait upon the public.

In a circular issued by the President of the Company it is stated that the library contains about 50,000 volumes, and is constantly receiving accessions of new American and foreign works; and in order more fully to supply the wants of readers, many copies of popular books are procured; and there is in successful operation a system by which, for a small sum, books are delivered at the residence of members.

The reading-rooms, located in a secluded part of the building, are spacious and convenient, and are furnished with about 150 reviews, magazines, and papers. They offer advantages for reading

THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WENDEROTH, TAYLOR, AND BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.]

and quiet study such as never could be enjoyed at the old building, and such as are seldom found in institutions of this kind.

The newspaper-room, which occupies the second story, and is wholly separated from the library proper, is supplied with nearly 200 newspapers (American and foreign), representing all political and commercial interests. The chessroom, in the second story of the building, is furnished with twenty-four tables.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869.

TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI.

THE Republican party at its last National Convention declared that it favored "the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels.....as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people." This is a plain statement of what the tendency of the party policy should be. It is no more than that, because it is impossible to provide an exact rule for determining when and where and how the disloyalty is disappearing. Undoubtedly the total disfranchisement of a multitude of intelligent voters is a cause of considerable irritation and disaffection; but it does not, therefore, follow that a universal political restoration would be wise, because the peril of giving disaffected persons lawful control of a government may be much greater than that of disfranchisement. The question at any time, and in any State, is wholly one of expediency, and it is peculiarly so in the unreconstructed States of the Union.

But the policy of reconstruction, of which the suffrage of the freedmen is so vital a point, evidently contemplates a rapid political restoration of the whole disaffected population of those States. It was felt that a long disfranchisement of the late dominant class would be unsafe to see in what other way the complicated difficulties of the situation could have been so readily adjusted. The happy result of the new system was so clearly seen by the Convention that nominated General GRANT that it did not hesitate to pronounce, in the words that we have quoted, for the speediest possible removal of disabilities.

It was not, however, surprising that in the States themselves there should have been very warm and serious differences. The bitter local and personal hostilities of the war, enormously embittered by the events that succeeded it, and by the conduct of ANDREW JOHNSON, prevented unanimity of sentiment among professed loyal men, so that a division of the loyal party was probable, and has occurred. This division also was determined by the very question we are considering—that of the policy of political restoration. The Virginia immediate political restoration. The Virginia the late electing turned upon the point of entire amnesty, and the result there has undoubtedly settled the question in the other States where it is not yet formally disposed of. Indeed, the position of the party at large, and the tendency of public opinion generally, had virtually decided it; and even in Virginia Mr. WELLS was understood to have conceded the necessity of amnesty. In the uncertainty, however, enough Republicans voted for Mr. WALKER to elect him, and the Fifteenth Amendment has been secured, with general amnesty.

There is now really no reason for further division in the Republican party of the unreconstructed States; and those who act with its opponents, and thus conspire to weaken the party and the Administration, should be very suspiciously watched. Thus, in Tennessee, there is a fierce contest in the party. Neither of the candidates was regularly nominated, and there is apparently very little to choose between them politically, as neither were original Union men. Nor is there any essential difference between the platforms, as both declare for amnesty. Under these circumstances, and to withdraw from the scene of the contest, it seems to us that the sympathies of Republicans elsewhere naturally incline to the candidate who is supported by the great body of their friends, as against him who is sustained by all their enemies. If the friends of Mr. STOKES declare for amnesty, and heartily support all the other measures of the party, why should a Republican elsewhere rejoice in the favorable prospects of Mr. SENTER, who also declares for amnesty, and who, if successful, must be elected by the votes of those who as heartily oppose the measures of the party? In other words, why should a Republican wish to see his party succeed in Tennessee by the votes of its enemies when he knows that their object is not the triumph of Republican principles? Does he fear the Greeks less because they bring gifts? If, in Virginia, Mr. WALKER and Mr. WELLS had represented the same principles and policy as Mr. STOKES and Mr. SENTER do in Tennessee, should we not all have preferred to see Mr. WELLS succeed by the Republican vote rather than Mr. WALKER by that of our opponents?

The question is still more emphatic in Mississippi. In that State the Republican party is well organized and harmonious, and it is supported by a larger proportion of native white men than in most of the Southern States. The Republican platform is liberal and wise, declaring against proscription and disfranchisement, and favoring universal suffrage and universal amnesty. There are very few, and only a very few, Republicans who have withdrawn to ally themselves with the Democrats in a movement called "Conservative" Republicanism. This alliance has nominated Judge DENT for Governor, whose claim to be considered a citizen of the State consists, as we understand, in the fact that, in 1866, he occupied an abandoned plantation in Coahoma County; but, his enterprise proving unsuccessful, he left the State at the close of the year. His nomination, like the alliance, would seem to be a device of the enemy to conquer under other colors than their own. But can any loyal party see any good reason for withdrawing national Republican sympathy from the Mississippi Republican party, which stands firmly upon the national platform? Certainly there is no reason, if there is no reason. If he could have truly said that those whom his candidacy opposes advocate a restrictive and proscriptive policy, he might have shown the wisdom of supporting his nomination. But he could not do it, and of course he did not attempt it. It was probably supposed that a letter from the present Executive of the President, and as WALKER'S election in Virginia was called a triumph of the President's policy, his candidacy would be regarded as simply recognizing the same principles, and as involving the sympathy and support of the Administration.

The circumstances, however, being absolutely different, we warn our friends in Mississippi that the resemblance must not be assumed. The President of the United States is not to be held responsible for declarations upon the subject, nor should we wish him to do so. His sympathy, however, naturally belongs to those who maintain the principles upon which he was elected, including that generous disposition which the Chicago platform expressly asserts. And who maintain those principles in Mississippi? Those who would be elected for Mr. SEYMOUR, and who denounce the whole policy of reconstruction, or those whose votes were sure for GRANT and COLFAX? It seems to us plain that the national Republican press should distinctly sustain by its sympathy the party in Mississippi which has proved its faith in the principles that it professes, and which is not narrow and proscriptive, and which supports equal rights not from compulsion but from conviction. Our principles and our policy are vitally safer with our friends than with our enemies.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

In speaking of Senator SUMNER'S opposition to any relaxation of neutrality in the Cuban question, the *Tribune* very justly remarks that the *Alabama* question has nothing to do with it. Our neutral duties do not depend upon the *Alabama* claims. The *Tribune* also says: "We do not suppose, however, that the Senator desires the inference to be drawn that merely for a selfish aim of our own we should sacrifice a struggling cause." It is hardly to speak in this instance for the Senator, and to answer, certainly not. But if the faithful observance of neutrality involves the sacrifice of a cause which ought to succeed, our duty is evident—we ought to recognize the belligerence or the independence of Cuba. The question of Cuban independence, however, is very different from that of the relation of the United States to the Cuban revolution. It does not follow, because the Cubans are justified in maintaining their independence, that the United States authorities would be justified in evading the laws of the country to help them. And this point has been curiously confused in the whole of the recent discussion; and those who have denounced the President for not privately instructing his deputies to connive at the violation of honorable law which he was sworn to execute have certainly a very remarkable conception of official honor and of national rectitude.

If, instead of arresting the officers of the United States for enforcing the laws, the Cuban Junta had been advised to confine themselves wholly to securing the recognition of Cuban belligerence, we are not sure that they might not have succeeded. But they have been advised that the sympathy of the people would shut the Neutrality laws and the law would be enforced, and that they might make war from the United States. It was bad advice, for two reasons. In the first place, the events and the character of the sympathy have been erroneously represented to the Cubans; and, in the second place, it is a great mistake that any large part of the American people will complacently see their laws openly defied, except, as in the case of the Fugitive Slave law, from a profound conviction of the wickedness of the law and the practical impossibility of its repeal. Nobody believes that the Neutrality laws are wicked; and if their operation is ever likely to sacrifice a just cause, the remedy is immediate.

The dispersion of the RYAN expedition seems to have settled, at least for the present, the question of warlike movements from this port. Meanwhile the news from Cuba is as unsatisfactorily vague as ever. But the situation apparently remains substantially unchanged. The essential reasonableness of the revolution, however, and the disorganization of the struggle, have led to various propositions of a peaceful solution. One of these is, that Cuba shall buy itself, with the United States as indorser—and, we presume, broker. This last is the important point of the proposition.

If the United States proposes merely to guarantee to Spain the purchase-money, upon condition that Spain will sell, the affair is simple enough. But we presume that, as a preliminary, Spain would require that arms should be laid aside, that her new policy for the island should be announced and understood, and that an honest vote should be taken.

But would the United States be content to make the proposition merely, and politely withdraw if Spain should reply that it was not inclined to do the bargain? Or would the envoy suggest peculiar reasons for compliance, reasons that are obvious enough? And if he should, what would the whole proceeding be but a more carefully veiled Ostend policy? If the United States say to Spain, "We shall be glad to guarantee the terms that the Cubans may propose," well. But if the United States say, "If you don't accept the terms, and us as security, we must really acknowledge the belligerence or the independence of Cuba," it would be a very courteous, but a very unmistakable coercion.

Of course the result is evident. Cuba has no money, and if the bargain is made the United States would advance the money. Cuba would be virtually mortgaged to the United States as security, and on some not distant day Cuba would be asked to satisfy the mortgage. The grandeur and magnanimity of such a scheme are not apparent. It would, indeed, be magnanimous for us to concede the independence of Cuba. It would be a magnanimity unprecedented in history. It would also be becoming in the United States to propose such a concession in the interest of justice and peace, provided it carefully refrained from annexation afterward. It would also be a good thing to save bloodshed and the waste of money, and, of course, by guaranteeing its payment. But that the United States should be the broker of a bargain by which they expected to gain is to force a subject into a forced congratulation that that they paid sundry millions of dollars for Alaska.

THE ENGLISH TRADES-UNION BILL.

THE Trades-Union bill, which is favored by Parliament, and which even the London *Times* welcomes, is the breaking of another feudal chain. It is simply an assertion of the freedom of bargain for labor. The state, which has renounced the folly of attempting to fix the price of other commodities, now agrees that it will not attempt to regulate that of labor. Combination of labor is as lawful as those of capital. If, indeed, they become conspiracies to invade the rights of others, they may justly be punished, but otherwise they are, in the certain instances, be huge mistakes. They may react to the injury of the workman. But it is not the business of government to defend him against his own folly, as political economy more than to furnish him bread. He must instruct himself by thought and experience, as he must feed himself by industry.

By the present common-law of England, if the workmen of a factory agree to work only upon such terms as their employer will grant them, they are guilty of what is unlawful. Their agreement is void, and all that depends upon it. Therefore, if they form a mutual aid society, with rules and penalties, and one who has sworn to support them while waiting for their terms of work to be accepted, and the funds are stolen, they can not sue for the theft. If those who have agreed not to work, except upon certain terms, attempt to hold their fellows to their engagement without any specific breach of law, they are liable to imprisonment for a misdemeanor. Then comes the statute law which punishes "intimidation," "molestation," or "obstruction," leaving those elastic terms to be interpreted by judicial authority; and that has already decided that the statute covers the following cases: respectful notice to an employer that the workmen will leave at the end of their contract, unless a certain workman is dismissed; to tell a workman that he will be considered "a black sheep" if he does not "black sheep!" to workmen going to a shop; to tell a workman that if he goes to work "there will be a row;" coercion not extending to abusive language or gestures; a public notice to workmen not to engage with a particular master. These are exceptional crimes for workmen only; and it is not surprising that the common-sense of England demands a change.

According to Mr. FREDRIC HARRISON, to whom we owe these facts, the present bill, which was prepared by Mr. THOMAS HUGHES and Mr. MUNDELLA, asks no new law whatever. It merely proposes the removal of a bad old law. The ordinary law of assault remains unchecked; and assault in law means to offer to do any bodily hurt, even by gesture, when the means of hurting are present; and an assault in pursuance of any conspiracy is still punishable by two years' imprisonment. The reform proposed, therefore, is twofold: it abolishes the interference of criminal law in matters which ought not to be felt, and it abolishes one form of class legislation. It is also a recognition of the Trades' Unions, as entitled to the rights of all voluntary associations for legitimate purposes; and it is a renunciation of the right of government to regulate the methods by which those associations shall be furthered, while the rights of others are actually infringed. It is, in fact, another of the measures by which radical changes are being peacefully accomplished in England.

POLITICS MADE EASY.

A lively gentleman in Buffalo, who signs himself "A Republican Office-holder," has written a letter upon the relation of officeholders to politics, which is very comical reading. "It is asking too much," he says, "of private citizens occupied by the cares of complicated business matters to be constantly attending to the details of political machinery. They do their duty when they give their sympathy, their money, and, at the proper time, their vote, and to others must be left the preliminary work." This is truly a labor-saving system. There are those, indeed, who will think that the business of the custom-house and of the revenue officers is to collect the revenue, and of the United States marshals to execute the laws of the United States. But the Buffalo office-holder correspondent corrects their mistake. The persons, he informs us, who are appointed to collect the customs and assess the taxes are to make nominee candidates for office, and use "private citizens" are to vote for them and to pay all expenses.

Nothing could be easier—for the managers. Of course the office-holders would do it all for love. They would have no private axes to grind. They would select all the candidates for their ability and fitness, and without the slightest reference to their friendship for the office-holders. There would be no understandings, no arrangements, no "Central Committees" which the "General Committees" dictated their subordinates to the office-holders, and the officeholders nominated the candidates for the Committees, very much as plenty from one kind of collusion, and the public service in the mean while would be immensely benefited.

The correspondent complains that the city papers ridicule the energy, organization, and disinterestedness of all who subordinately work to sustain the party in power." But if by these fine words he means such a system as he proposes, what is ridicule for except to expose it? The "private citizens" attending to their business justly expect the custom-house and revenue officers to attend to theirs. If it is desirable to have a certain number of persons to manage politics, let them be devoted to that business. But the officers of the United States are employed for other duties. "A Republican Office-holder" writes in good faith, and does not seem conscious that he is proposing the most pernicious system of political corruption. He would reduce Mr. MARCY'S "spoils" theory to a science.

It is one thing, however, we fully agree with him. "A man," he says, "who holds a government office, and faithfully performs its duties, is as honorable as if he were working for any party in power." Undoubtedly; and when he leaves those duties to manage politics for the rest of us, he makes the faithful performance of his duties impossible. He is undoubtedly to take his part with his fellow-citizens in the government. But he may be very sure that the "Republican Office-holder" and the "Democratic" State of New York will never be "private citizens" as they are "private citizens" care no more for its welfare than to vote for candidates of whom they know nothing but that they are nominated by those who are selfishly interested in the success of the ticket.

COOLIES.

A coolie is a Chinese slave, bound for a longer or shorter time, and in February, 1862, Congress very properly forbade the importation of coolies from China. This was done because the coolie trade was already large and increasing; and one firm in California is understood to have imported more than 30,000 during the last eight years. This fact alone would go far to prove their value as laborers, which is, however, otherwise fully attested, the most interesting article upon the subject being one by Mr. PUMPELLY in the *Galaxy* for July. The Chinese laborer, it appears by conclusive testimony, is industrious, docile, faithful, efficient, and works for small wages, as is to be expected of those who can live at home upon two dollars a year. In the Flowery Kingdom there are 200,000,000 inhabitants, which it is supposed

might be conquered by an army of 50,000 trained European soldiers skillfully led, there is, of course, an exhaustless supply of such laborers; and, as Mr. ADAMS well says, when we break down the Chinese wall to let ourselves in we let them out.

A person named ROOFMANSCHAAP, a Hollander by birth and a manufacturer, was recently the lion of a day in New York, having previously been the hero of the Memphis Convention which assembled to devise means of supplying the Southern States with labor. The sentiment of the Convention seems to have been expressed by Mr. J. W. CLAFF, who remarked that "the South" did not wish European laborers, as they wanted to own land, while, in his opinion, "the South" preferred labor that could be managed "as of old." He added, he thought that "what the South" wanted an ignorant, brutish, servile population of laborers, instead of intelligent, industrious, self-respecting workmen. Mr. ROOFMANSCHAAP was evidently the right man to gratify such a desire. In reply to the question of a reporter in New York, the coole contractor said that in the Southern States "anything but coerced labor will bring about prosperity." Mr. ROOFMANSCHAAP had apparently overlooked the law of which we spoke, and which forbids any citizen or foreign resident in this country to prepare any kind of vessel for the purpose of bringing coolies "to be disposed of, or sold, or transferred, for a period of years or for any time whatever, as servants or apprentices, or to be held to service or labor." Of course the law does not forbid free and voluntary emigration.

The inducements for honest emigration to this country are so palpable and persuasive, the flood is always sure to be large, and the difficulties incident to a rapid increase of the resident foreign population in the present circumstances of the country are so evident, that nothing is more instructive than the perversion of this illicit emigration. America has an endless welcome for the industrious laborer who comes hither to secure larger opportunities for himself and his children, but no country welcomes an inundation of foreign barbarism. Nothing, indeed, can be more absurd or more characteristic than the resolutions of the Memphis Convention in California virtually denouncing the Chinese laborers who have been brought here; for the Chinese are innocent, and the case merely simulate a local hostility already enough inflamed. Besides, the Chinese movement has begun, and will not be stayed. The wise course is to restrict it within its natural limits by rigidly preventing the opening of a new slave-trade under the name of encouraging emigration.

Meanwhile any artificial and immense increase of population in the Southern States which, as Mr. ROOFMANSCHAAP remarks, must supplant the colored laborers, with the probable annexation of Cuba and a million and a half of Spanish creoles and slaves, opens a prospect which need dismay no one, but which is not necessarily delightful. It is not the number of the population but its quality that makes a great nation; nor do abundant labor and cheap wages announce an imminent millennium. The mere fact of assimilation of a nation like ours is indeed immense; and all that can be asked is that it be reasonably treated.

FALL TRADE.

IMPORTERS and jobbers are now removing from the busy spring-trade goods, and those for the fall are taking their place. The total imports for the month of July of dry-goods amount to nearly eight millions of dollars as against about seven millions for July of last year. The last month's importation about three-eighths were entered for warehousing and the balance for consumption. This importation of dry-goods for the first seven months of the year amount to about fifty-seven and a half millions as against nearly forty-five millions for 1868. These values are estimated in gold, exclusive of freight and duty, which probably amount to about sixty-five per cent. It will be seen, therefore, that a deficiency of entered dry-goods—the proportion of which is sent here on foreign account —can not be expected.

No deficiency is looked for in the quantity of domestic fabrics, which, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton fabrics, which are held firmly on account of the low stocks of raw cotton both here and abroad. The stock of cloths is increasing again, although some of the manufacturers continue on short time; but as the new crop will begin to come forward in October, it is supposed that work will be generally resumed in the fall. Cotton came forward last year late in September, but crops generally are not as early as they were then.

The cable telegram of July 30 states that the "Cotton Supply Association have adopted a resolution looking to the speedy development of railways in India in order to facilitate the exportation of cotton from that country. This course was taken in consequence of the insufficiency of the supply from the United States. The stock of American cotton is not large enough to keep the mills of Lancashire fully engaged.

As the Cotton Supply Association is voluntary and unofficial, the adoption of a resolution for the development of railways would amount to no more than a recommendation on the subject. It is the India Board which must act upon the question before any thing effectual can be done. We have from time to time given accounts of the proceedings of the Cotton Supply and other private associations, and although they possess great interest, and perhaps may be relied upon to show a present deficiency in the quantity of raw cotton necessary for the manufacturing establishments of the world, their action does not deserve to be telegraphed over the United States, and may be attributed to cotton speculations.

Whether or not the price for our cotton fabrics will be maintained depends upon the time at which the fall trade will be active. If activity shall not commence before the end of October, the market is almost certain to be, as the dealers express it, "soft;" but there are indications of an earlier and a considerable demand. The crops over the United States are tolerably good, and there is no apprehension of any important change in the money market. Money, however, is not abundant among the farmers, and they seem disposed to exercise a corresponding economy.

The reason for this closeness in money is very apparent. The Southern people have taken away a large amount of legal tenders—the profits of their cotton crop for 1868–69; and as this crop has not yet come forward for delivery on their wealth, the money will be retained to answer the numerous purposes of their improved position. There will be no purchasing in the market for the numerous articles required on their plantations; and their strength will contribute to that of the whole country, and will be lasted with the fall trade.

The progress of the English in aiding the cultivation of cotton in India, by providing railroads for its export, can not be effected in one year; nor, as they therefore be assumed that the Southern planters will enjoy remunerating prices for raw cotton.

We have endeavored to show that the true policy of the English is to abandon their attempts to aid to the quantity in India, and to rely more, if not mainly, upon this country, on the ground that it can reached with the most perfectly adapted to the purpose, while that of the Southern States is exactly what the cultivation requires; and it would be a calamity for the South, but for the anxiety produced by opposition, to grow enough of the raw material to supply the mills of the world, and, when cultivated to this extent, competition would insure reasonable prices.

The efforts of the English in this country—as India, Central America, and many points are on a supposed insufficient supply, justify the South in proceeding with this culture to an increased extent, as it is not probable that the mine will soon be reached where the quantity will be much above the wants of the world. Not only with respect to cotton, but also as to grain, the English expect that the surplus will need them in the Liverpool and London markets, and they feel so outraged at having to seek and pay liberally this year for cotton that they are making unusual, but futile, efforts to produce enough in India to enable them to command the whole market.

The reduction of the rate of interest to 3 per cent. by the Bank of England is an indication that business has not resumed sufficient activity to employ the bulk of the capital at home, and inasmuch as the foreign trade is not promising, and manufacturing industry, particularly in cotton goods, is not profitable, the resumption of business on a specie basis was inconvenient amount of gold from this country may not happen in time to interfere with the fall trade. A considerable amount of our bonds will mature during the last days of July, and the exchange was sold by cable transfers.

The movements of Mr. BOOTWELL have given improved standing to our securities in foreign markets, and they have reached the highest quotations known since the war. But the large imports made by us show that the proceeds are applied to what we consume; and the result will be, that, instead of imparting strength, we shall presently be obliged to draw more specie than we have drawn for several. It is exceedingly difficult, so long as we have a much larger amount of paper-money in proportion to the value of the circulation than any commercial nation permits, or than we had before the war, to have any substantial advantage from the sale of our securities in foreign markets—such is the extravagance which attends excessive issues of paper. But yet a contemporary urges in a mercantile journal that gold and silver shall hereafter be treated as mere articles of commerce; and that paper-money, not redeemable in the precious metals, but convertible into bonds and the bonds into them, shall constitute the sole money of the United States. No greater delusion than that paper-money not instantly redeemable in coin can be permanently relied upon was ever indulged in, but yet the policy has had its advocates ever since the time of LAW and his grand speculations, which involved thousands in ruin. There is now no probability of the adoption of this monstrous scheme, the trade of the country will not be affected by the proposition.

It would appear, therefore, that we enter upon the fall trade without any serious embarrassment from domestic or immediate, foreign or domestic, and with the advantage which results from the promise of reasonable crops in all parts of the Union.

NOTES.

THE French cable has been landed at Duxbury, with a modest salvo of speeches, and the President and the Emperor have exchanged congratulations. The correspondence of his Majesty, whose other enterprises upon this continent, such as the dissolution of the Union and the Mexican empire, have woefully miscarried, was very formal. The response of the President was cordial and becoming, containing a courteous allusion to the liberal policy of the United States in permitting the landing. That liberal policy is reciprocity; and we trust that, if the Emperor does not modify the monopoly which he or his legislature has granted to the managers of the cable, this enterprise also will miscarry. It is very desirable to save intercourse with Europe, but it is still more desirable not to have it upon disastrous terms.

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE has presented the petition of 25,000 women to Parliament asking for the franchise. This, however, is not the whole number of English women, and we presume therefore that it will have no weight with those who are willing to do something whenever "the women themselves" wish it and ask for it. If in the ancient days MR. SUMNER had presented the petition of 25,000 slaves asking for their personal freedom they would not have granted in prayer, but the fact would have been very impressing and significant; and if next December MR. JOHN STUART MILL present the petition of 25,000 citizens asking for a reform in the Civil Service it would not be long before the country demanded it, but it would be a very decided symptom. Let us hope that those who are waiting for the women will see in the petition of 25,000 women at least the parting of the lips preparatory to the question.

GREAT railway companies will of course continue to roust passengers at their pleasure, but does a citizen lose all rights whatever merely because he pays a railroad for his transportation by rail? Are we not only to be mangled and fractured and roasted, but must our families also be deprived of the society of one of our number? A correspondent of the *Times* asserts that two dispatches addressed to MRS. HALLECK, the widow of one of the victims at the late Mast How massacre upon the Erie Road, were not even forwarded. The train was delayed for one hour before of similar incidents upon the same road, and adds that it is always difficult to get a telegraphic message delivered at any point where an accident has occurred. This is both outrageous and amusing. It is an outrage that a company should thus treat an accident, but it is even more amusing that the public should submit to it. We shall be surprised and consider it quite unbecoming the dominance of the direction of the Erie Road, which Governor HOFFMAN has, with characteristic "Democracy," continued in office for a term of years, if they were not elected, if they do not vindicate their independence of common humanity still further. Let them arrange to roast two passengers a week upon the celebrated Delaware Division—the *via media* of the road—and then require the survivors at the end of the journey, amid pain of a similar fate, to sign a certificate expressing their admiration of the scrupulous care, intelligence, and honesty with which the road is managed. There is no reason whatever to suppose that it would not be done. A public which patiently submits to the burning of travelers will hardly object to excoriating their executioners.

WE read with great edification the discussion in the Convention of Christian Young Men at Portland upon the question of the Christianity of United States. It appeared that, after settling that point, the Convention appointed among the chief officers of the Association MR. JAMES W. BACON, of NEW YORK. It was the next day, we believe, that the sad and surprising announcement of the resignation was published, and then came the astonishing statement that he had lose the $63,000 in stock speculations, *but* had appropriated nothing to his private use, and that he was "at his home in Connecticut, and, *it is said*, is deeply mortified at the position in which he has placed himself." This is too delicious for comedy; but we presume the facts have already suggested to the intelligent members of the Christian Convention that it is hardly worth while to pronounce upon the religious character of strangers when they may be so profoundly mistaken in the characters of their own brethren. But we will not accuse them of trusting the old plea that the crimes of the Pope were the offenses of the head not of the Holy Father. They will not have forgotten the trenchant reply.

THE Board of Education in this city have received and are considering a very important report from MR. MAGNUS GROSS upon the ventilation of the public schools. MR. GROSS is a gentleman who is able to express positive convictions in the most unmistakable language, as those know who, in the Constitutional Convention, heard his plea for equal suffrage, and his denunciation of the Metropolitan police when executing the Excise Law. MR. GROSS recently defended classical studies in the College of the City of New York in a speech remarkable in terms of MR. NATHANIEL SANDS; and whatever he undertakes he executes with energy, ability, and intelligence. MR. GROSS protests against the suffocation of the children in the public schools, and all honest citizens will sustain him. Most of our halls are pest-houses in this respect, and it is shameful that we should compel children to sit for hours in a poisonous atmosphere. The case needs no argument, and the Board of Education could no more satisfactorily prove its efficiency than by radically reforming this evil. If, however, it should not be reformed, we hope that MR. GROSS will report to the public.

How the heart warms to a hero! And although, as MR. WHITE tells us in his "Age of Burlesque," it is the fashion not to express emotion, we defy any one not to exclaim with admiration when he sees, not in famous verse but in the blurred type of a newspaper, the description of an incident that recently occurred near Malone, in New York, upon the Ogdensburg Railroad. The train was coming on at full speed when the engineer saw a child of two years upon the track. He sounded the whistle for the brakes, and his mother ran screaming to save her child; but the fireman, W. LAVANWAY, seeing that she would be too late jumped from the locomotive, and leaping and running snatched the little one from the track just as the locomotive was about to crush him.

IN MR. WHITE'S article, of which we just spoke, he calls the London *Saturday Review* "the greatest literary power among English-speaking men." His assertion upon such a subject is certainly very weighty; but we doubt if it would be generally accepted as true by the best judges in this country. Whether he means that its criticisms are more feared, in the manner of the old *Blackwood*, or more influential, we should think his verdict might be successfully disputed. There is, indeed, a certain ponderous gruffness in the tone of the *Saturday Review* as well as great knowledge and evident culture in many of its articles; but we are very sure that no literary eminence of character would much more dread the censure and enjoy the praise of the *Fortnightly Review*, for instance, which speaks to a smaller audience, but expresses the thought that really moulds the England of to-day.

THE Pennsylvania Registry law has been sustained by the court of last resort, to the great satisfaction of all who honestly desire to see something to secure the purity of the ballot-box. Judge STROUD was opposed to the law upon the ground that it destroyed the freedom and equality of elections, which the State Constitution guarantees. Judge AGNEW contemptuously disposed of this shallow subterfuge by asking to whom are the elections free? "They are free only to the qualified electors of the Commonwealth, clearly they are not free to the unqualified……It is the duty of the Legislature to secure freedom and equality to such regulations as will exclude the unqualified and allow the qualified only to vote." Judge AGNEW then adds, in words that have pungent meaning in Pennsylvania and New York, and for which every good citizen in the land will thank him:

"It is true there is a kind of liberty this Registry law will destroy. It is that licentiousness, that sedulous freedom which surrenders the polls to hirelings and vagabonds, to persons from the lowest purlieus of dusty, men without citizenship or a stake in the commonwealth, men who will commit perjury, violence, or murder itself."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred on the Memphis and Louisville Railroad at a point eight miles from Chattanooga, Tennessee, July 28. In crossing the ridge or trestle over Rodd's Creek, the greater part of the sleeping-car, the last of the train, was precipitated into the bed of the creek from an altitude of about thirty feet. Four persons were killed outright, and from forty to fifty were more or less seriously injured. The train consisted of a locomotive, express car, mail and baggage car, two passenger coaches, and one sleeping-car, all of which were more or less shattered by the splinters, and afterward, with the exception of the sleeping-car, were destroyed by fire. The loss of property amounted to $200,000.

MR. ISAAC TOWNLEY died at Hartford on the morning of July 30.

On July 26 a severe earthquake shock was experienced at Memphis, Tennessee, accompanied by a subterranean noise.

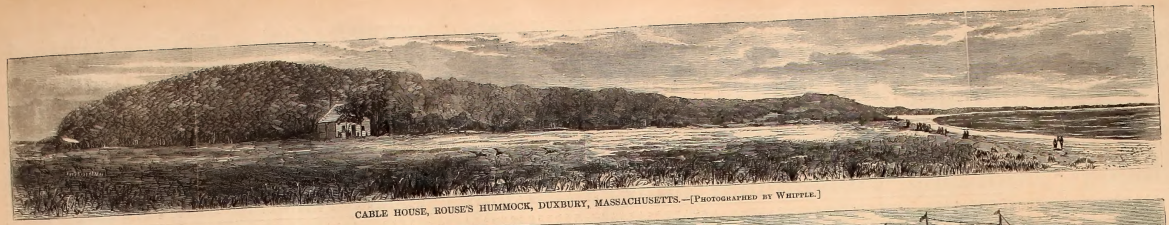
The farms along the entire breadth of the valley of the Colorado of Texas are fully equipped. Cotton in Texas, have been entirely swept away by the recent floods. The estimated damage on the Colorado alone is $8,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WE learn from Liverpool that the Cotton Supply Association has adopted a resolution looking to the speedy development of railways in India, in order to facilitate the exportation of cotton from that country. This course was taken in consequence of the insufficiency of the supply from the United States. The stock of American cotton is not large enough to keep the mills of Lancashire fully engaged.

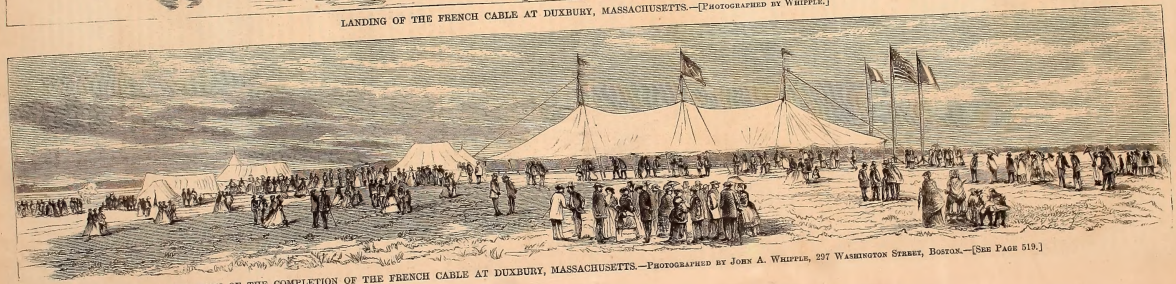
A French paper, the *Patrie*, states that the political reforms soon to be proposed to the Senate will be more liberal than the Emperor's message to the Corps Legislatif foreshadowed. Among these changes, it is said, is that the sittings of the Senate will be made public.

The dividends for the coming Spanish Government in 1870 during the month of August have been fixed at $2,500,000.

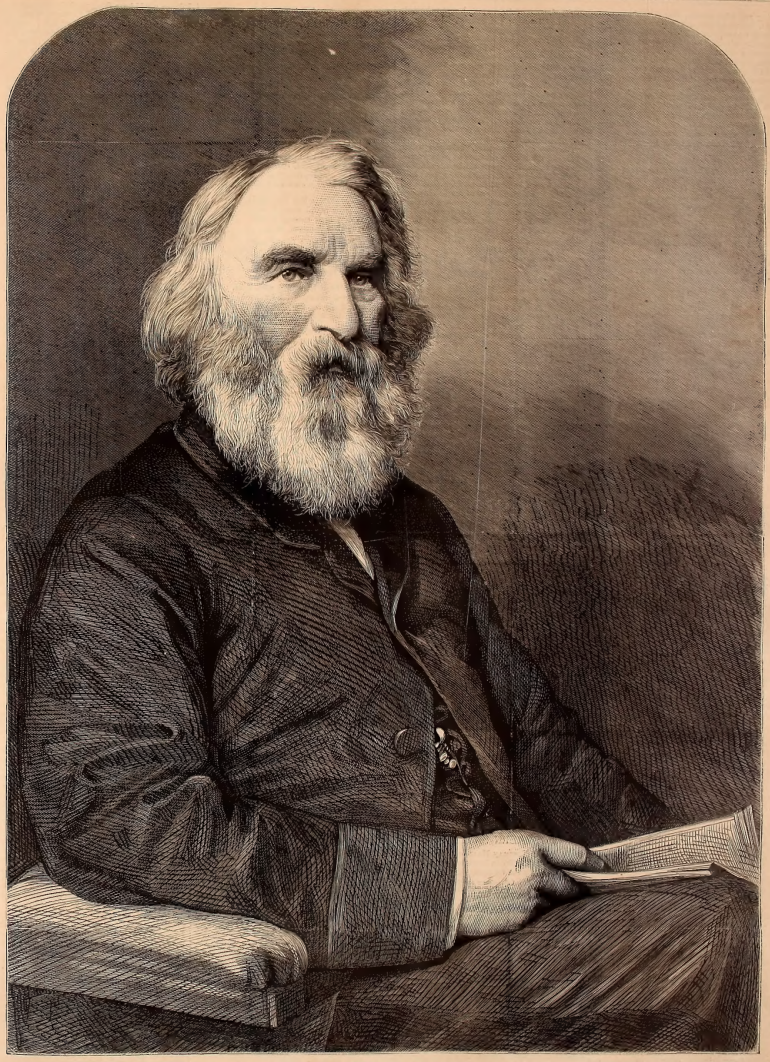


CABLE HOUSE, ROUSE'S HUMMOCK, DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Photographed by Whipple.]

LANDING OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Photographed by Whipple.]



CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 519.]



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Now that LONGFELLOW—the most popular of American poets—is in England, the question is naturally asked, What do Englishmen think of him? In reply it may be said that LONGFELLOW is, in England, more popular than TENNYSON. It is also true that TENNYSON is more popular in this country than LONGFELLOW. This seems strange at the first glance; but the reason is obvious. LONGFELLOW's poems are cheaper in England than here; and TENNYSON's may be bought here at a nominal price as compared with their cost to the English reader. Is there not here a strong argument against an international copyright, which would exclude both TENNYSON and LONGFELLOW from the poorest classes?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He is now, therefore, nearly sixty-three years old. His father, the Hon. STEPHEN LONGFELLOW, was an eminent lawyer. He entered Bowdoin College at the early age of fourteen, and during his course he gave evidence of those abilities which have given him such high distinction both as a scholar and a poet. Among his productions at this period may be mentioned his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "The Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hills." After his graduation he seems to have had some vague idea of adopting the legal profession. But a more congenial occupation offered. He was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College, with the privilege of residing some years abroad. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, and during that and the two fol-

lowing years he made a tour through France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. He returned home in 1830, and entered upon the duties of his Professorship, which he held for five years, when he accepted a similar position in Harvard College, succeeding Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR. He, in 1835 and 1836, made another European tour through Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. In 1854 he resigned his position, and has since resided at Cambridge.

In 1835 he published his "Outre-mer," followed by "Hyperion," in 1839. His "Voices of the Night," published in 1839, first gave him an extended reputation as a poet. These were followed by "Ballads, and Other Poems" (1841); "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "The Spanish Student" (1843); "Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845); "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems" (1846); "Evangeline" (1847); "Kavanagh," a novel (1849); "Seaside and Fireside" (1850); "The Golden Legend" (1851); "The Song of Hiawatha" (1855); "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858); "The Wayside Inn" (1863); and "The New England Tragedies" (1868). Besides these, a number of poems from his pen were scattered over numerous periodicals.

The tendency of LONGFELLOW'S poetry, like that of GOETHE, is for the most part objective, dealing with things of real existence, which as may be conceived to exist outside of the poet's mind; it is therefore healthy and objective. In all know "The Village Blacksmith;" and the man who hears it well sung may feel himself a stronger and happier man than before. This is what the genuine poet can do for mankind—to create, and to impress forever upon that memory of the race which is called imagination, some true type of our common humanity, 'in the recognition of which we forget and forgive each other—grief, as we feel "the whole world is kin." Who can not sympathize with the blacksmith? We see him bravely standing at his forge, "with his, work, from morn till night;" and with his heavy hammer, beating on the anvil, in a storm of sound and flame and flying sparks, to shape the iron of his life:

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

We see him again on the Sunday morning, in the gallery at church, with his boys; "he hears the parson pray and preach," but he also hears his little daughter in the choir, "singing with her mother's voice:" and the blacksmith's hard, rough hand wipes a tear of sweet sorrow from his honest eyes:

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it closes
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned the night's repose."

In his discursive prose essays and romances "Hyperion" and "Outre-mer," we may observe his voluptuous scholarship of the Middle Ages, his human language and their figures. The Rhine land and the old cities of Germany; the old provinces of France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy; Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, including Iceland, are made the alternate homes of his traveling Muse. She sometimes comes faithfully back to Massachusetts, and there sits down to relate some characteristic tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans of the old colonial time, or the sturdy patriots of the American Revolution. The educated New Englander is thus a cosmopolitan, or complete humanist, in his range of intellectual sympathies. Mr. LONGFELLOW is, indeed, as one might say, an omnivorous translator of foreign poetry and literature of foreign themes. These versatile performances do not much concern our estimate of his merits as an original poet. His versions from the French, German, and Italian are usually both more accurate and more graceful than any versions of the same kind by a mother hand.

In that unique mythological epic of the North American Indian, the Stone age, the transcendental Iliad "Hiawatha," with its masterly appropriation of a large store of ethnological learning, he has produced a charming poem and an enduring monument of human life. The first reading is seldom quite satisfactory. One is teased by the multitude of names; outlandish names, the frequent repetition of phrases and epithets, as in Homer; and the peculiar versification, an unrhymed accentual Saxon chant, which seems at its idling strain, the rude metrical compositions of the old Anglo-Saxon form of our language. But we can not resume, again, a poem that we explained by their immediate context; while the air of more than rustic, more than boyish simplicity, given by the artless metrical art of many unessential details, is found at last not more wearisome than in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of the immortal Greek. The poet who speaks to us here is not the highly educated Professor of Harvard University, but the untutored Indian singer NAWADAHA, dwelling in the Vale of Tawasentha, and warbling "his native wood-notes wild" as fitted to those he heard from the birds of the forest primeval, or in the moorlands and the fenlands, and on the shores of the Great Lakes:

"Wheresoever these legends and traditions
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains!"

In order to enjoy this noble poem we must exert the active faculty of imagination. We must try to feel in ourselves what the poor savage Ojibbeways and Dacotahs must have felt before them to have really been favored by divine appointment with an inspired chief of their race; a demi-god, a son of the west wind, sent to be their leader and teacher; one accredited by miraculous signs and gifts of power, and enlightened by a special revelation of heavenly wisdom. Such is Hiawatha; the bravest, kindest, strongest, and cleverest of men; the best of friends, the best of lovers and husbands, the darling of Nature; the comrade of all living creatures, talking with every beast and bird; the valiant champion, the mighty hunter, the inventive craftsman; the author of laws and learning, of arts and manners; not still a natural, heir to all human sorrows; and doomed to vanish mysteriously from among his people when he had welcomed the advent of the first Christian religious mission.

The story of "Evangeline," belonging to the history of the French colonists in Nova Scotia, has a gentle pathetic interest, which tends, with the refined purity of sentiment, the grace of innocent manhood, and beautiful, guileless rural life, the tender affections of the heroine, and the descriptions of American scenery, to make its perusal very agreeable. But it seems ever haunted, like that of "Hiawatha," by an air of mortal sadness, which breathes the spirit of humility and resignation, and the spirit of despair. Listen to the mournful refrain:

"While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

The remembrance of this plaintive note besets us all the way, as we follow the human hearts of the lovers, in their failing pursuit of each other, from north to south, and from east to west, and back again, from the far West, to the tomb of Evangeline. Indeed, till they find rest in the little Catholic church-yard behind the crowded street. As in a grand dramatic poem, the identified scenery of North America, the descriptive passages of this beautiful poem unfold in succession before our eyes the luxurious prairies, with their "billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine," bedecked with an infinite variety of brilliant flowers; the haunt of buffalo herds, of the elk, the wolf, the wild horse, and the vulture; or the deep ravines and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, with their jagged rocks upon above perpetual snows. Mr. LONGFELLOW has certainly done his best to sing the picturesque features of his mighty native land.

Another good example of his poetical patriotism is "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This story is founded on fact, belonging to the early years of the Puritan settlement at Plymouth, in Massachusetts Bay. The character of the brave, honest, headstrong, angry, and sometimes ridiculous Englishman, a soldier of freedom with the experience of a soldier of fortune, will be new to have been drawn by Sir WALTER SCOTT. That of the true English modern Priscilla, with her delightful frankness and activity, her womanly indignation at the clumsy manner of his wooing, and her undisguised liking for John Alden, is worthy of companionship with Rebecca and Alice Page. Any artist who wants a pretty subject for a charming little picture of figures in a wood or meadow may be advised to try his hand at one of John Alden leading the white bull, with his bride seated on a crimson cushion and saddle-cloth, aboard on a pleasant day, through the foliage of an American autumn, colored with the golden hues of that climate's season.

In these fundamental poems LONGFELLOW is characteristically American, both in the subjects selected and in the treatment of them. His countrymen may well be proud of him.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL well illustrates the sentiment of the Wade Hampton class of Southern citizens by the following anecdote:

In illustration of Southern sentiment, I will relate an incident which occurred in a railway car near Richmond. The Governor of Virginia, Mr. WALKER, was hospitably entertained at the his official residence, and was conducted by him to the car. A gentleman, near Petersburg, where at length Grant broke through the Confederate lines, at the distance of fifty miles from Confederate capital. The Governor introduced me to a Southern gentleman and clergyman of the old régime, and who at once addressed me in a very excited manner and with loud tones of voice, denouncing the intention of upward of thirty people who were in the car, and became so violent that I felt constrained into the subject of the war; denouncing the Yankees, and fully to justify the course of Jefferson Davis, the doings of the Freedmen's Aid Society; saying that the Southern people would never allow their former servants, that they would not be interfered with, and that I had a short time to get out of the country. He added, "I was a rebel—I've no apology to make—I'm not ashamed of it, and I'll tell you why." I suppose the remark that at least he must submit that the conquered ruled over the conquerors. He continued, was allowed to talk so strongly against the Government in the presence of the Governor, quietly, and before the Governor himself. At this the pleaster became furious, and standing on the platform behind, clenching his fist and shaking it at the Governor, who sat quietly looking out of window, he said in excellent voice, "Governor! who's the Governor? I'm as good as any Governor—I'm a Southern gentleman!" He then went on to denounce England, and said he hoped to see the day when the Republican movement would cross the Atlantic, headed by Yankee gunboats, and carrying devastation all round our coasts. Such a crusade would make the North and the South one again. I said, "This cannot be. The North are angry with us because we sympathized with you; but you seem to give us no credit for it. You seem to be our supposed good-will." "Yes," said he, "and it's the fate of all Southern men. We have our sympathies, and break the blockade? But, like all who try to sit between two stools, you tumbled down, and are hated by both of us."

AT SEA.

We sail from the island (he,
My love, slept all too sound
To come with us to sea
From the gardened burial-ground),

We travel the various earth,
We tarry a little while
And go—in his death and birth
He is claimed for her own by the isle.

On its hills he opened his eyes,
And their shapes seemed strange and bright,
Sinking beneath the rise
Of the sudden and ruthless night.

His eyes looked up to these grown
Grave faces of ours, the flower
Of life that was overblown
Before it was full as a shower.

Our lives held his like the weeds
Hold birds in the summer days,
Stirred with their singing moods,
Traversed a thousand ways.

But the rain is dried in the rose,
And the song bird ceased in the trees,
And the petals cleave and close,
And the forest is ill at ease.

When the noon is flooded with light,
One cloud, one shadow, can a hand,
Hides half the heaven from sight,
And makes a shadowy land.

To our knees in the world's fair walk
Bloom flowers, but we pass by them
To gather the broken stalk,
The snapped and the headless stem.

We look down into the deep
Of days as for something lost,
We start from the restless sleep
Of night by the same dream crossed.

The grasses over his head
In a small wave rise and meet,
As water under the keel
Life gave to his little feet.

He sleeps, we wake for a time;
But our sleep shall be as long
Some raining of pleasant rhyme,
Some singing of boisterous song.

Ah, well! we sail to the east,
The day goes down on our track,
When your love-soft eyes have ceased
From longing and looking back;

Turn round, I am here, be brave!
Some moment of happier fates,
Look over the uncut wave!
Look on to the white-chilled straits!

Take heart! keep courage! the skies,
The new ever are the same,
Stoop down their delicate dyes,
But the sea is blue as they.

And whether by sea or shore
Two glad gazers things have we,
One sweet thought, and one more,
Thy love and mine for thee.

MY LOUISE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

BUT yes! I have suffered much, *mol*, and have eaten the bitter bread of exile, as Dante says it; but exile is not bitter any more, and I am very happy. I have lived nearly twenty long years in New York, and for ten years of that time I was more poor, look you, than one of Mürger's Bohémiens. And, *foux*, it is not so pleasant to be poor in New York as it is in the Quartier Latin. I did much complain myself at one time because one can not have the wine *ordinaire* in New York as one has it in Paris, and I was more than would cost for a pleasant dinner near the Pantheon, Church of St. Geneviève now, but I or even the Café Royal. I could love the ale of Philidelphia, *ffor* the lager-beer not more; and I dare not drink the Bourbon—that amounts to fire in the body. But I have found the name of Bourbon was to be trusted. We are, in my country, of the Bourbons, that they never can any thing but good. I forget any thing. The Bourbon of New York makes people forget every thing and learn great many things one had better not know. Ah, but the cuisine is not always for the poor; and the beverages are—ah, well—detestable. Even a glass of the *vin bleu* of the Quartier could have been a pleasant treat for me here in New York, not so long time ago. But now things are all different, and I am very, very good Bonapartist when I will; and my daughter is very happy, and her husband loves her; and I have such a charming little grandson, and a dear, and a great boy—a grandson. Yes, I am an exile, and I shall never perhaps see Paris any more; but my country of exile is not there now, and I love America, and I am as happy as any worn-out old Republican can be who has for years his exile endured, and knows that it is under the sceptre of a tyrant.

I am an exile of 1848. I fought for the Républque Sociale et Démocratique: behind the barricades I fought for it; first against the tyranny of kings, then against the treason of egotistic and selfish, false Republicans. I fought for the cause of the *prolétaire*. I am an old man, and I have memories. I have walked with Berenger in the alleys of the Luxembourg, and I have known Lafayette. I can remember to have seen Dumouriez in London; and much have I at than that—I have known Armand Cavier, and the great, good Godefroi Cavaignac. All these were men, look you; though not all thought as I do, or would have flung up their *chapeaux* for the République Sociale et Démocratique and the cause of the *prolétaire*. But Paris now! Grand Dieu, what a descent terrible! Tyranny of the bayonet; despotism of the *cotillon!* Reign of the *gendarme* and the *cocotte!* Nouvelle Babylonne, the brave Eugene Pelletan calls it. Nothing free but morals!

Well, pass from that. It is not worth the pain to say much of it. Let me tell my own little history. I left Paris when Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo and the rest found it right to leave it. I was not arrested—no one asked about me. I had my revenge when, from the deck of the steamboat leaving Calais, I waved my hat and cried *Vive la République Sociale et Démocratique!* I went to England—to London—but could not stay there. The heaven was all too dark; one saw not the same sky nor the sun, nor only fog; and my poor wife could not bear the heavy clouds and mists. We voyaged from Liverpool to New York in the *Zeta*, eleven days' voyage. Seven, eight weeks on the ocean; and we were crowded up, my wife, our little daughter, and myself, with hundreds of strange men and women, *canayères* like ourselves. I tell you, it did try the souls of people! And we were sick, my wife and I, all the time—all the time. Eight weeks! To us it seemed more like eight years. But the days roll on, and the ocean; and one accustoms to hear a noise and commotion more than the ordinary on deck, and I mount there, very miserable—that goes without saying—and look out the shore, and I give a sigh, and say to myself, *Enfin!*

Then we live some time at Hoboken, and then in Brooklyn, and again in New York—in a house that debouches on Bleecker Street, which was then far up town, and did not have its present atmosphere of commerce over it. I lived by teach French and Italian, and to translate for some of the journals; and my wife would give instruction in the music, and she was much in the affairs of gentlemen, and make the fine linens and laces of the ladies look good as new. The music lessons did not bring in much money. But I did not for long time have many pupils to instruct in French. Some of the parents were a little, just a little, brutal, you know, to their children, and mad in your sense, but rather, perhaps I would say, brusque. Just a little brusque, yes; and when they came to speak of their children learning French from me, they would say they could not comprehend my English. Truly that was long ago. I have outlived the Philistine influence, I tell you. Wherever I go now they always believe that I am native of England—one true-born John Bull.

Four years passed away, and my poor wife died. Ah, that was a hard proof, a heavy trial! Never had we had a word of quarrel—not even once, only once. That is to say, once when we were very poor—ah, nearly to famishing, one night say; and then a little money had unexpected fortune one day—only a dollar or two—and brought home some milk and food for the infant—and we were all heart—of course, mon-John, you know—to nourish my wife. I made two portions of it, and one was large, and—ah yes—we almost quarreled over it. For I had made the one portion larger that she might have it, and she would not, and she would put it on my plate, and I demanded had she forgotten her duty to my wife, and would she not obey? and she said no, she had not forgotten her duty as wife, but would not obey; and we had a little argument; but after all it was not quite a quarrel, thank God!

I was left alone with my little girl. It was a hard struggle. For years I did every thing for her; then she began to do almost every thing for me. She was very pretty girl, my Louise—a charming girl, every body said. She is beautiful now—much more beautiful than ever, I think, when her own children at her feet. But it is certain that she was very pretty then, and she had many admirers, whom, however, she did not encourage. Always was she always good, gentle, and she loved her father, and cherished always the memory of her mother. I am not what you call a pious man, look you; I am a Voltairian. I have seen so much of priesthoods at home that I am like the brave Swiss who excused himself for not crossing the hill on the hot day of passing he had seen *tant des soutanes*. But I have always taught my child to love the good God, and to have a true and faith in Him, and to cherish the memory of her mother, who has gone to heaven. For I believe in heaven. Were there not, I could have now never my wife, after all her hard proofs and sufferances here below?

It seemed strange to me for a long time the liberty accorded to young girls in New York. In France the young girl never promenades alone; never is alone in a chamber with a young man, even with her lover; never has any acquaintance except through her parents, and with their approbation, and with their presence. Imagine to if I was in some land of a wild race when I saw all the young girls circulate without restraint through the promenades and the streets, and omnibuses, accept and give invitations, and hear themselves in every way as if they were married women. I came to expect always to see acts of surprise when, one evening, having been invited by a kind pupil to a grand reception in Fifth Avenue, I saw a child whom I knew to be a *fille* receiving diamonds! *Neanwoins* my daughter liked the ways of freedom very well; and I do not think the American citizen-girls have more of it than those than even our French girls, after all. Under this reign of liberty my daughter made her first acquaintances, although she kept admirers at a distance, and she was much loved by parents, and had many invitations; and I was happy of it, for I feared that our life at home was colorless and *triste* for a young girl. *Eh bien!* it was when she was entering an invitation to dance of a lady to whose daughter I gave lessons in French —I was beginning now to have many pupils—that she first saw a handsome young man, Stew-

art Gardner, one of the *jeunesse dorée* of New York.

It was not long after this that Stewart Gardner came to me to take lessons in French. My faith! I was a little astonished, for he spoke French so well. He said he desired to have the true Parisian accent. "Monsieur," I said, gravely, "*c'est impossible.* Only un Parisien can have the true Parisian accent. You will lose your time and your money." He smiled and said he did not hope for perfection absolute, but to approach a little nearer to perfection. I did then engage myself to do with him all that one could; and for an American his accent was not to despise. Truly, he had lived some years in Paris, and had been there more lately than I. But I engaged myself to improve his accent—and I did.

When I told my Louise that evening she was not so glad as I had anticipated. She said, "Oh, papa, why does he come?" And I said, "But it is to acquire the Parisian accent, my child." "Oh, papa, don't!" "Don't what, *petite?*" "Don't have him coming here for lessons; he does not need any." "My dear, which is the better able to judge of his needs—you or he? Have you ever observed his accents in speaking French?" "Oh no, papa." "Well, then, what do you know? *C'est fini.* She only *haussait ses épaules*, and said no more.

So Stewart Gardner came and took lessons; and I did perfection him in accent and style; and he came often in the evening, and I played the violin for him, and told him of the Revolution, and guessed my daughter would step, and he would sing with her, and I grew to love him very much, and to be glad always when he came. I found myself one day to be did sometimes to meet my Louise in the streets, and that they would promenade together; but this I did not then know of. I had known that they would have severely reasoned with her; because Stewart Gardner was the son of rich parents, and would be rich himself, and my poor girl would have no *dot* but her virtue.

I was very blind. Perhaps that we are all blind when it acts of seeing our own children. I did not see that *ma petite* and this youth were drawing every day closer and closer to each other. And I came back now I marvel why my eyes were, for I can recall in memory hundreds of traits and incidents which might have taught me that these two were in love. But then I was no wise and modest, and so loving to her father; and he was so loyal, frank, and honest that I could have suspected nothing. So they became lovers, and I never knew!

One day I was very busy much in the morning —very early, I would say. I did not return to my home until night. It was late in summer, and as I came up the street I looked for me *petite* at the window, with her bright face among the flowers. She was not there! I entered our room; I looked all. All there seemed desolate! No sight of my daughter! Never, never before had I returned home after my day of labor and not found her there to give me to welcome! I was going to rush down stairs and ask the good woman who kept the house whether she knew any thing of my daughter, when she turned to the *cheminée*, and I saw a letter there in *her* handwriting, and addressed "To my dear father." Think! I tore it open, and read:

"Oh, my dear father! we love each other, Stewart and I, and can not live asunder! Forgive me that I leave you!—at least—only a moment. We will not ask your consent, because we feared your high, Parisian sense of honor would compel you to withhold your sanction from a step which to many eyes must seem culpable. But you will forgive me yet, and you will be happy. Ever your devoted daughter,

"LOUISE."

I dropped the paper on the floor. The chamber seemed to revolve itself. My daughter had fled with Stewart Gardner—my poor, dear, deceived daughter was dishonored! Oh, my God! Oh, mother of my infant! In the heavens above us, I thought, what cannot thou say to the unthinking husband, the wounding, blind father, who has allowed this calamity to fall on thy child?

I fled out to where the fugitives had gone. I wandered about aimless and wild for two or three days. I inquired at Stewart's house; I saw his parents. They were angry, bitter, furious; and we only quarreled; and they were as ignorant as myself whither the hapless pair had fled! I returned home, and took down my pistol rapiers I had, and I felt a pleasure all grim and sanguinary as I looked at their points. *Par Dieu*, I am not yet so old! A *vieux moustache* can even yet do something. I can not save thee, my daughter; but I can avenge thee, or I can die!

Thus I sat, evening after evening. Behold that one bright summer evening I heard on the stairs a step I knew too well. He had returned then, this insolent seducer, to defy me, or perhaps to buy me off with money! In New York, perhaps, they think all can be paid with their distested dollars!

The door opened—and behold Stewart Gardner smiling, though looking as pre abashed, and holding out his hand.

"You will forgive me," he said, "whatever others may do."

"Traitor, deceiver, coward, monster!" were my frantic words, and I sprang for my rapiers and seized them.

He fell back astonished—as I then thought, afraid.

"*Lâche!*" I cried.

"But, Monsieur, you surely are not serious? You are not so unforgiving for a little deception?"

"Coward, it must that we battle ourselves! We must cut the throats together! Take your weapon!"

"But, good Heaven, Monsieur, will you not listen?"

"On guard, coward!"

"What on earth have I done?"

"Betrayed me! deceived me! betrayed and deceived my poor petite, my cherished Louise!"

"But this is madness! You can not believe it! Why, Monsieur, do you not know—"

My rage only grew the more stormy as he spoke. I thrust a weapon into his hand; I struck him with mine upon the breast; I cried to him that if he did not defend himself I would traverse him with my sword through the heart. There was a flash like lightning in a smile on his lips, which truly inflamed me. I rushed at him. Were he not quickly on guard, credit me, he would have had my sword in his breast. But he sprang to defend himself with a celerity all marvelous.

That was a combat! Once I boasted myself to be a master of my weapon; and even still, look you, my arm is not weak, and my wrist has not lost its *souplesse*. *Mon Dieu*, I did my utmost possible to kill him! I almost succeeded more when I think what is my madness I might have done! If I had killed him—oh, then what would have been left for me, miserable old man, but to slay myself! *Ah, Dieu*, I did not kill him, nor even inflict a wound on him. He had learned the use of his weapon in a good Paris school; and he had youth. His arm was supple, and his wrist was steel. He only guarded himself, and the more I grew hot the more did he grow cool. At last he parried a wild downward mine with a parry truly brilliant, and my sword flew out of my hand and dashed against one of the walls of our chamber.

He sprang at the weapon and seized it.

"Either kill me," I cried, "or let us still battle ourselves. It is always a chance of existence!"

"My good, dear Monsieur," he now asked with a calmness all provoking, "what are we supposed to be battling ourselves for?"

"But, *malheureux*, do you pretend, then, not to understand the making the daughter a wife?"

"My faith, I profess to be all unable to understand the feelings of a father who seems to have set his face against the making his daughter a wife before she has half passed through the month of honey."

"A what! Have you not betrayed—"

"My dear father-in-law, how can you talk in such a way? If our darling Louise only heard you! And could bring the two to her cheeks, matron though she be, I assure you."

"Then, Stewart—Stewart, *mon garçon*, Stewart, my cousin—you are not a villain, then?"

"Dear, Sir, what did you take us for—her or me? She is indeed Madame Stewart Gardner; and I think it very probable that she will soon come into better fortune by her marriage. But we trust to time to soften my people and reconcile them; and once they see how darling Louise they will love her just as her father and her husband do. For the rest, we love each other, and you love us, and we can live on nothing. Louise will be happy."

"But why did you not tell me all this before now, my son?"

"Well, Louise wished at first to tell you. But then we knew you were scrupulous and punctilious in the affairs of honor; and you might fancy that you were under a kind of restraint concerning, because of the reluctance of my parents; and we thought it better to say nothing, even to you, until the knot was tied and could not be untied."

"Ah, if only my dear wife were living!" But where is my daughter, my angel Louise?"

"I thought she would have been arrived here before now. She will not be long." What would she have said, my father-in-law, if she had come in a few minutes ago, and seen you charging me, with *sang-pourpoint*, sword in hand? Eh, *mon beau-père?*"

"*Coquin*, not a word of that to Louise! How could I ever forgive her father for raising his rash hand against the life of my husband? Oh yes, you smile, because you think you were well able to defend yourself; but you must not be too arrogant in your victory, my son-in-law. I admit you can hold your sword well for an American; but then you have been trained it the first schools of Paris."

You comprehend that I was not willing to allow my two young people and wild for two or three days. I inquired at Stewart's house; I saw his parents. They were angry, bitter, furious; and we only quarreled; and they were as ignorant as myself whither the hapless pair had fled! I returned home, and took down my pistol rapiers I had, and I felt a pleasure all grim and sanguinary as I looked at their points. *Par Dieu*, I am not yet so old! A *vieux moustache* can even yet do something. I can not save thee, my daughter; but I can avenge thee, or I can die!

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GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT GRANT AT THE STETSON HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, JULY 28.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

MR. A. T. STEWART'S NEW RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 525.]

THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,
And revel from the sycamore and chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.
It's cockit little Robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin',
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him.

For he sings so sweetly still,
Through his tiny slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.]

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin',
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,
Singing Christmas carols to the children:
Of how two tender babes
Were left in weakened guides,
By a cruel man who took em there to lose 'em;
But Robby saw the crime
(He was watching all the time!),
And he hindled a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us
thickly fall,
And every thing seems sorrowful and saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is soleasing and gladdening.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings in time to grief just to amuse 'em:
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Her eye, her lip, nay, her foot speaks."
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.

It was about two weeks after the fire at Auriel that, in the words of the Court Newsman, Lady Diana Merton, Lionel Cheyne, the honorable Mr. Orme, and the honorable Amelia and Rosa Orme, joined the distinguished circle enjoying Lord Airdale's hospitality at Holme Park.

Lady Diana had arranged with Lord Orme that she should accompany his party to Holme Park, because she feared it was an awful thing alone; the truth being that, extravagant to profligacy in the matter of luxuries obtained on credit, she yet at times was unduly frugal for small coins, and hated being obliged to disburse them. Traveling in Lord Orme's society implied that a large portion of the expenses of the journey would fall to him. She appropriated the most comfortable seats in express trains and hackneycarriages with an air of unconsciousness which nearly goaded Amelia Orme into rebellion.

"I know she's only coming because Captain Mowbray is to be there," that young lady said to her sister, wrathfully. "I hate such mean underhand ways; and see how she twists papa and Conrad round with her little finger."

And, indeed, Conrad, who had moulted short jackets, and was showing fine symptoms of longtailed coats, more than once announced to Rosa Bosom-friend, young Spenser, Lord Airdale's son, a fellow-Etonian, at whose request Conrad had been invited to Holme, that Lady Di was "quite his style, by Jove!"

Mowbray was pressed to welcome his friends when they first arrived. Mowbray was out hunting, the host said, in answer to a casual inquiry from Orme; doubtless the party would meet him at dinner-time, as well as Chiarveaux and some other fellows, who had also gone out. But ere Orme's guests had been a few minutes at Holme she was better informed as to the real cause of Thurstan's absence.

What guests are to a general, so is a quick-witted lady's maid to her mistress. Lady Diana rarely revealed her own plans of operations to her subordinates; but she made use of her to ascertain those of the enemy. Every one at Holme was talking of the disaster at Auriel. Captain Mowbray's gallantry was the theme of every tongue. Had he not, when taking a moonlight stroll, after dinner, during his nightly elegar, been attracted by the sight of his burning house, and entered it at the risk of his own life to save that of the poor girl who was only tenant? Something was said about that odd man, the schoolmaster, having given Captain Mowbray much assistance; but that the said schoolmaster lost his wit as last, and let the means of escape slip out his fingers; and then, did not Captain Mowbray, having quickly made a ladder with rope, ascend the walls of the house, and again imperil his life to save that of the poor fool who had been unequal to the task of self-preservation? Had not the fire-engines arrived promptly, both must have perished; for it seemed that Captain Mowbray could not persuade his companion to make any exertion to save himself, and when men were half suffocated, and one much injured, when the firemen extricated them from the burning pile at considerable risk to themselves. The whole of the house was not destroyed; the south wing was only partially injured, and the schoolmaster—it was he who had been hurt—was lying there now, attended by the girl who kept the house. The old woman who ordinarily lived with the girl had gone home to her cottage to see a sick grandchild on the night of the fire; and had it not been for Captain Mowbray's timely interposition the poor solitary inmate of his unoccupied home might have become ashes, like the family portraits on the staircase, without any one being the wiser.

All these details were collected by Lady Diana's maid, Letty, and by her repeated to her mistress while the latter underwent the soothing process of having her hair brushed.

Lady Diana was lazily on what she heard then she lifted up the gray eyes, and asked:

"Is the girl pretty whom Captain Mowbray saved?"

"Well, James" (James was Lord Airdale's valet) "do say she's a nicelish sort of looking girl," Letty admitted, reluctantly; "but I don't consider he's no judge. Captain Mowbray rode over there to-day to inquire after her."

"That will do; you may go," Lady Diana said, quietly. Then she clasped a necklace of brilliants round her white throat, and went downstairs to the drawing-room so preoccupied that she never observed that she had pinched her hair skin in the fastening of the necklace, and that a tiny spot of blood was staining the brilliancy both of throat and jewel.

Lady Di mentioned herself in one of the oldfashioned sofas which adorned the Holme drawing-room; she was a good judge of effect, and knew how admirably the sunset glow in the delicate whiteness of her bust and arms would merge into relief by the dark crimson satine that supported her; when she had observed head showed the exquisite contour of her throat, and her hair made a mellow glow against the cold shadows of the drapery.

She was looking more than usually beautiful to-night she knew, and she did so wish that all her admirers in esse and in posse could witness her loveliness. Few things irked Lady Di more than to find her sweetness wasted in a desert drawing-room, where there were none to miss. She felt on such occasions as a Soyer might feel who had provided an exquisite repast of which no guests came to partake. Lady Di's attitude would have done equally well for Thurstan or Captain Mowbray, or Chiarveaux, or Lionel Cheyne. Captain Mowbray was the first to enter the room.

Thurstan flushed at the sight of her.

"By Jove!" he thought, "she is handsomer than ever."

Lady Di on her part greeted him with genuine satisfaction; all the languor in her eyes, all the indolence of her movements, gave way before the brightness of her delight. As she sat there resplendent in her gracious loveliness, bringing to bear on him all the attractions of her wit, beauty, and experience, Thurstan became fairly dazzled.

"I have never forgotten you," he said, in answer to one of her half-reproachful questions; and Lady Di smiled a little scornfully to herself, for she knew well that her former lover had entirely forgotten her for a time, and that it was the power of her presence now which made him fancy that her attraction had ever been equally strong.

Suddenly Lady Di asked:

"What became of that man—the schoolmaster, whose life you saved?"

A deep gloom fell on Thurstan's face as he answered:

"He left Auriel for his own cottage, despite our earnest entreaties, this morning; he was quite unfit to travel, but persisted in going. Do you know, Lady Diana, that man is one of the noblest fellows on God's earth? He saved my life, and yet I feel as if I were under an obligation to him. I ought to repay him, by dragging him out of the smoke that night, he struck at me fiercely, and made a blinding effort to prevent my escape. I think he must have slightly lost his head."

"Very likely," Lady Di said, indifferently. Then, looking keenly at her companion, she added, "And what about that girl?"

Thurstan drew his head away quickly (it had been resting on the back of her chair, in near proximity with her shoulder), put both hands in his pockets, and stared at the fireplace. He could not recoil from herself was an answer to Lady Di's suspicions; she had judged so many criminals at the bar of her tribunal that she was quick to detect the slightest evidences of guilt—she perfectly understood that she had recalled another lost love to Thurstan's mind, and her memory of his forgetfulness of this duty be owed that love prompted the question, "What girl?"

"There is nothing to see out of the window," Lady Di said, dryly; "it is pitch dark. Do you know, Thurstan, I am very curious about this burning my necklace? it is unclasped." She lifted up her chin, still dimpled and white as that of a child, as she spoke, and he was fain to obey her request.

"You have hurt yourself," he said, suddenly, as his eye fell on the spot of blood on her throat; as he spoke his voice involuntarily took that intonation of tenderness which not uncommonly becomes a strong love, when we perceive it to injury, however slight, done to the beauty of a woman. Lady Di, with half-closed eyes and upturned face, had accepted the service in the attitude of a cat sidling up its head to be stroked, and Thurstan Mowbray looked as if he had spoilt a fine picture, and unconsciously, when the door opened, and Amelia Orme entered the room.

"I am sorry to that for you," she said to Lady Diana, in a tone of quiet malice, "men are so stupid about such things; see how clumsy Captain Mowbray's fingers are, and what a long while they take to accomplish their task."

"Do you happen to have entangled your hair in the clematis?" Lady Di said, giving back the blow with a smile. "Men's fingers are stupid, indeed, unaccustomed as they are to such duties," she added, placidly. "Please go on, Captain Mowbray."

Captain Mowbray hurriedly clasped the necklace, and Amelia retired scowling. She had all the will but not the ability to cope with the graceful effrontery of the elder woman.

The rest of the guests now entered the room. Any novice in the art of coquetry might have taken a useful lesson from Lady Di's on such occasions as these. Numbers did not dismay her. With exquisite tact she contrived to make each comer believe himself—more beyond all others; she looked tenderly at one, she murmured to another some apparently trifling words, which, in fact, had reference to a by-gone mutual flirtation. She contrived in the most masterly manner to make all discussions, whether on literature, politics, or fashion, incorporate some personal reference to herself. In what lively spoke of a new mode of wearing the hair? She managed to remind Chiarveaux of a certain day when he had accidentally touched the soft beauty of her own tresses. Did they mention the last new novel? She referred to some passage in it which touched on the sensitivity of second marriages, and entreated Lord Orme to read it; and when the budget was discussed, and Lord Airdale grew prosy over the figures of naval estimates, Lady Di imperceptibly led the conversation toward our coast defenses. Then she spoke in a low tone to Thurstan, on the Sussex coast; pointed out a certain hour when she had stood there in the blaze of noon with her head cold with despair; hinted at the tears she had shed when she returned to her solitary home, feeling that life had become a weary blank, that all its brightness had passed away with the departure of sun-glory, when his lips pressed her own in the last bittersweet caress. She did not allude to the concern she showed at the overdone sweet-bread, or of the useless expedition she made to Italy in pursuit of Lord Orme." Lady Di never talked about her failures.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JEST AND EARNEST.

THAT night when the party was breaking up Lord Orme came up to Thurstan, and said, with some emotion:

"Did you really save that poor girl's life at Auriel?"

"On the contrary," Captain Mowbray explained, "it was a great friend of mine, a fellow called Douglas, who saved us both."

"But you were the first to enter the building with the view of rescuing her," Lord Orme said, eagerly. "It was a noble act, Mowbray; you needn't look so modest of it." Lord Orme took the young man a hand and shook it warmly.

"God bless you!" he muttered, and turned away, overcome by some of his own emotions.

Captain Mowbray stared after him blankly.

"What the deuce was I to say?" he thought, ruefully; "I never was reward being thanked when you don't deserve it; but how could I explain matters without letting the cat out of the bag. The cat I must be still, for Lady Diana Douglas is gone. I will go there early to-morrow."

"What shall I give you for your meditations?"

Lady Di stood before him with outstretched hand, and the faintest suspicion of a yawn revealing her pearly teeth.

"What shall I ask?" he said, drawing nearer to her.

She looked at him with an indescribable expression—a delicious combination of shyness and coquetry—of timid confidence. Suddenly the expression found voice.

"You know well that aught you chose to do for me would fill me with any required you could name. You know that I can not forget, that I have never ceased to reproach myself for my folly in letting you slip out of my hands. Can you forgive me, Thurstan?"

They were standing on the landing-place outside the drawing-room door. She herself partly concealed by the heavy curtains of a window near which she leaned; her beautiful shoulders were shadowed by the crimson that were placed on the window-sill; the light of a lamp overhead shed a subdued glow over the fairness of her round arms, and the bust of her magnificent figure. Thurstan looked at her with a vague idea that some evil fascination was dragging him down to hell. He wondered if the floor was thick with the perfume of flowers; if the light was dim, and retreated beautiful women instead of ugly fiends; if the music was soft, and glooms covered such rich low tones, full of subtle temptations, such as had just now trembled in his ears.

Then he gave her his hand, and cried,

"You try me too far, Lady Di. You tempt me to disappoint, you inspire hopes only to baffle them. Why will I be honest with you? not that you deserve honesty of me, but because I would not fight for your own destruction—ever. When you first taught me to love you I paid back your lie with truth; I loved you as sincerely as ever man loved woman. I would have married you a good husband, although I was, as you said, too young, as you meant too poor, to marry a woman of your station. But you threw me over because I wouldn't be content with the husks of a heart; because, being a chivalrous young fool, I objected to the cold, substantial nature of the devotion which you had pretended to feel for me. Well, there's no need to talk any more about the past, for I am not the boy you were to me now. If you wish to lure me back to the state of semi-madness about you, you are yet beautiful and powerful enough to succeed; but I warn you fairly I can not woo you on the same terms, for I am no longer free; and if you tempt me to woo you on other than I will you will be a fool."

All the color had faded from his face. There was a threat in his eyes which she had never seen there before. Lady Di became conscious that she had raised ill the man the latent tiger which every soul native knows to exist beyond its others; she looked tenderly at one, she murmured to another some apparently trifling words, which in fact, had reference to a by-gone mutual flirtation. She contrived in the most masterly manner to make all discussions, whether on literature, politics, or fashion, incorporate some personal reference to herself. In what lively spoke of a new mode of wearing the hair? She managed to remind Chiarveaux of a certain day when he had accidentally touched the soft beauty of her own tresses. Did they mention the last new novel? She referred to some passage in it which touched on the sensitivity of second marriages, and entreated Lord Orme to read it; and when the budget was discussed, and Lord Airdale grew prosy over the figures of naval estimates, Lady Di imperceptibly led the conversation toward our coast defenses. Then she spoke in a low tone to Thurstan, on the Sussex coast; pointed out a certain hour when she had stood there in the blaze of noon with her head cold with despair; hinted at the tears she had shed when she returned to her solitary home, feeling that life had become a weary blank, that all its brightness had passed away with the departure of sun-glory, when his lips pressed her own in the last bittersweet caress. She did not allude to the concern she showed at the overdone sweet-bread, or of the useless expedition she made to Italy in pursuit of Lord Orme." Lady Di never talked about her failures.

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which,

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OF SWEET CAME SOUR, OF DAY CAME NIGHT.

WHEN Robert Douglas recovered his hurts sufficiently to crawl away to his own home he wrote a few words of farewell to Azalea, in which he entreated her not to break in on his solitude for some little while to come.

He avoided seeing her before he went, alleging that he was not strong enough to sustain even the slightest excitement. Since that terrible night, when mental anguish surpassed the animal fear of death, when all life's miseries seemed culminated in the burden of that fathomless despair, Douglas had never spoken to or looked at her, whose very presence was in itself a wound to him; the sound of her voice made him wince. He had come to regard her with somewhat of the shrinking aversion a caged lion feels to the hand which has subjected it with a burning rod. He turned his face from the light and from her; he would admit of no attendance save what old Sally could render him. He felt that a glance at Azalea's face, insolent in all the radiance of happy youth, would madden him beyond endurance; all he asked for was solitude and silence, and these obtained he sat and watched all his pain from dawn to eve, his eyes dull with pathos as those of one who can not turn his head from the horror of a corpse. When the sun was brightest his hot eyes were closed; when the air was loud with the ecstasy of birds he was mute.

A stranded wreck makes no response to the soothing ripple, the whispering kiss of summer's warm waves; the dismantled hull, victim to the brief mad passion of a stormy hour, is merely a sullen blot on the golden sunlit ocean; and this disaster, it seems to brood over its tragedy of the past. The desperate effort—the wail of despair—the frenzied supplication—all are but memories, and so it lies between the gloom of sky and sand—a darkness in the sunshine—a silence in the murmuring tides. Ever and anon waves play round its despondent sides. The silver fringe of the surf sports over it ere rushing back to the deep bosom of the parent sea. Gray dawns look coldly on its sombrous shadow; red eves flush it with tawny glory; winds sigh or storm over it; shells cling to it; the sea-gull and sea-flowers throw themselves into its lap. Shapeless and gray; greeting and farewell echo over it; but it retains that calm which precedes destruction, that apathy which marks decay.

It is a year in the midst of life's eloquence. It is a paralytic mocked by the sound of the lute and song; through all the mutable vitality of nature it is dead, fixed, and immovable. It worse than perishes—it stagnates.

Douglas's farewell to Azalea ran as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I am quite well enough to move now, and I fancy that I shall get well sooner in my own home. I am much in love you; and do not think me unkind if I say that, for time, I shall prefer utter solitude to any society however agreeable. I am much afraid of the terrible events of the last few weeks; and I would fain forget, if possible, some of the horror attached to them. I do not apologize for myself to you, for a note I received from Captain Mowbray a few days after the fire informed me of the relation which subsists between you, and makes me blessed with a young husband who loves her, and whom she loves, does not need to be troubled by the light of a weary old face like mine. I shall so far interest myself in your future as to pay and induce your husband to communicate his marriage at once to his family; and in other respects I shall try and fill the place of your dear father—but I must not dwell on these things to you: may God bless you more than he has seen fit to pardon me. If ever you are in trouble—if you ever require advice or assistance, write but one word, '*Come*,' and you may command the presence of Yours faithfully,

"ROBERT DOUGLAS."

Azalea wondered and grieved a little over Douglas's strange letter. Sometimes, when Thurstan was not there to banish the thought, the dreary winds of evening seemed to whisper to her of something which she had lost—something of shelter, of protection and of love, which had passed away into her foster-father's grave, and into that terrible confusion in the flaming lane. But her lover's voice, her lover's touch were sufficient to woo her back into the beautiful dream, while she, in her ignorance, mistook it for reality; and in that dream the melancholy of her future desolation was not prophesied. How much the gayer she appeared in all hearts but her own, which was as true as her life had been sinless, that Thurstan was already a little uneasy of the prize he had won without a struggle—that his sometimes restless manner and thoughtful eyes betrayed a mystery to herself; that he did not understand her, and that the enigma she had possessed its charms at first became fatiguing in its inexplicability? Lady Diana was never hard to understand. She had the art of making her own intellect subservient to that of her lovers, of converting ideas to him in such fashion that he was deluded into belief that he himself had engendered them. No one can deny that it is a misfortune to have a mistress who makes you feel her superior than one whose genius is distinct and unsociable as a monolith. Thurstan understood that Azalea was not of either, and that she worshiped him, in consideration of which he overlooked her peculiarities of mind; but then Lady Di was also very lovely, and——at this dangerous point of his meditation Thurstan would generally walk away from Holme in the direction of Auriol, much on the same principle as that which made the soldier in the fairy tale take a bite of antidotal apple when he found the influence of the magic pear becoming too serious.

Reader—supposing you to be a man—command that you ever suffered the inconvenience of loving two women at the same time? If so, you can sympathize with the perplexity of the ass when trying to make a choice of thistles, or the vacillating of Alexander between his rival queens. The situation is not an uncommon, although it may be an undignified, and not altogether one undeserving of sympathy.

Meanwhile, when Lady Diana watched Thurstan break away from the toils she was beginning to wind round him with all the gentle tact of an experienced spider who knows how to tie its pet fly, and leave her for the tenant of that blackened ruin at Auriol, she bit her pink lips until they bled, and swore that before the night—whatever trouble it entailed on herself—whatever disaster it inflicted on others—she would win back this man to herself. Thurstan had but he should sicken at every hour spent out of her presence, and weary of the cause which thus detained him.

You see, one of those misfortunes which overtake the most beautiful coquette had fallen on Lady Diana. She was really in love—not for the first, or even the second time, you may be sure, but she felt it now as she has known it for that. After all, she was at this moment more deserving of pity than her younger rival. Love to Azalea was Paradise—to Lady Di, Purgatory. Azalea believed in all things, more especially in her lover—Lady Di believed in few things, least of all in human faith. Then, in her present position, many a stout ship can scarcely have much confidence in the stability of timber. Lady Di would have given much to be able to put a good hearty belief in any man. She would fain forget the inevitable decline from the heights of a proud position to that of a mere plaything. She knew too well how in the most constant breasts the sweet instinct of possession—passion which is like the beautiful flowers of the tropics, where strange phantasms and colors of unspeakable glory are incorporated with the wild splendor of the tempest—dies to make room for calm in stagnation. Even in victory she tasted defeat; pain in defeat she endured as severely as though its pangs were unforeseen.

Thurstan's dereliction wounded her vanity—money, it would not have done that. Then the sight of his face was sweet to her; his voice was a charm to the ear; his eyes haunted her like a constant dream; his touch was a thrill to her, nothing more than a dream in her life altogether, for she was in truth too old to marry him had he been free (and he had never asked her to be so), he was bound by more than ordinary ties to another), and she was too poor to retain him long as a lover. Her profession was beginning slowly becoming desperate, and every time a fresh dun knocked at the door she looked at Lord Orme and thought, "Marry me you must—liking you like it or not." So Thurstan would be nothing but a phantom of pleasure; but when a phantom is lovely to look on, it becomes a terrible looking at it too closely. Experience is a less pleasant thing when we see with painful clearness all the defects of the present.

Lady Di wisely shut her eyes and opened her mouth to take the bonbon which Fate sent in her way.

A NAUTCH DANCE.

WHOEVER has not seen a Nautch dance has something to see. Some three or four sets of Indian dancing-girls had performed in Calcutta, and having told our tall, gawky Arab conductor that we were desirous of these peculiar beings, he made the necessary arrangements without any In the evening we repaired to his house, and were ushered into a long, narrow room, covered with a Persian carpet and cushions, and in the centre a brass lamp with a number of burners. The apartment contained several native gentlemen of the room, leaving the divan for the Nautch girls.

Shortly our tall Arab enters, ushering in some half a dozen creatures clothed in white muslin, followed by half a dozen Indian musicians bearing their instruments, consisting of a peculiar kind of drum, a guitar, and a tambourine, and the flageolet kind. The ladies divested themselves of their outer scarf of red silk and gold, and arranged on the divan opposite us—their arms bare, bosoms nearly, and legs quite so. Their heads were ornamented with wreaths of jewels; gold ornaments in the nose, and massive chains hung from one side of the nostril, pulling down the lobe.

One looked rather old, say twenty-eight; the others young—two under thirteen. All were of Hindoo caste of respectability, as I could wander the eyes. They lounged on the cushions in the most fascinating manner, as they apparently thought, gently playing with their gold and green them, every moment casting up their large black eyes to us longishingly, lovingly, enchantingly, and sorrowfully.

The musicians strike up a semi-dismal, sentimental sound. One of them has a peculiar small, melancholy-looking drum, which he plays while he sounds by striking with the palm of his hand, obtaining the most peculiar but not unmusical sounds. The others have instruments more common.

The girls now begin to cast off their outer garments, and stand round and make tinkling chains. This done, they advance, tap the heels, then the toes, making the chains to the time of the musicians. The dance, we think, is doubtless to follow. Wriggling about (there are no other words that describe the motion), throwing out their arms, and peeping beneath their scarfs, they advance and retreat. They then sing lovesongs, conjointly with the musicians, to screw in their ears, gradually increasing the loudness of the music; the girls advancing and receding, their eyes dancing, their arms waving, and then whirling away, discomposed, as it seems, at down almost exhausted.

And this actually was the dance, and all there was of it.

During the dancing and singing they frequently lifted the nose ochaunes to wipe their streaming faces. Right glad were we to pay an aggregate of eight dollars for the entertainment, to leave the house, and get on board the steamer.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY week or two some luckless visitor at Niagara Falls utters, through the newspapers, a dismal notice of warning in regard to the impositions practiced upon innocent strangers by the hotel keepers. Perhaps the writers of these warnings have been victims; but, from our own personal experience, we are almost inclined that some of the "Notes from Niagara Falls" printed under date of 1869, were made up from old manuscripts writers years ago. Our weeks visit at the Falls failed to entangle us in a single trick The hotels charges were in no wise more exorbitant than at other summer resorts; and if all the hotels in the port appointed as the one where we happened to be, there can be no complaint in the view on that score. We, when you linger at the windows of the Indian shops, some kind-looking old woman will come down with an appropriation to enter; but if you pay no attention to her she soon retires. Backmen, too, as in other places, are fond of inducing you now reasonably they will show you the sights; but they are easily silenced by a polite firmness. Only in one instance were we unreasonably followed. Our party, having taken a carriage to drive, received one morning to walk over to the Canada side to get a better view on the bridge. Having crossed the New Suspension Bridge, a backman assailed us with the cry, "Go to the Rock for fifty cents;" and, notwithstanding both eldest and youngest refused refusals of his offer, he followed in our wake, kindly drowning his pity for us we assured him, by music, until he was ready to exercise himself and rescue for "fifty cents" the next party that came. The music of our party turned round and said, in a solemn Philip cool tone: "We calculate to walk up to Table Rock if it costs us a dollar a piece!" The backman disappeared *instanter*.

Visitors to Niagara would be better satisfied if they should bear in mind that considerable expense is involved in preparing such places as "Goat Island," "The Three Sisters," and "The Cave of the Winds" for safe and comfortable inspection. If bridges, stairs, etc., had not been built, we should lose glorious views, which are well worth the fee demanded. Nevertheless we find it as pleasant if the various arrangements which facilitate our visit were out of interest were rendered to go to decay. Improvements are made from year to year in the attractions of the vicinity of the place; and, under a new and efficient police, there is far less annoyance than formerly from the importunities of hackmen. On the whole, all the great objects can visit Niagara and not rejoice that an opportunity is so easily obtained for viewing the glorious Falls in so many different aspects.

Extensive preparations have been made for observing the solar eclipse of August 7. August. Many distinguished scientific gentlemen have gone to Iowa for this purpose; also a company of government officers, under the direction of Professor Peirce, Superintendent of the temporary observatory, and all necessary instruments, will make observations and take general observations, as well as to take photographic views.

Another railroad horror! On the New Orleans and Lafayette Railroad a passenger train fell through a wooden trestle bridge, the cars take fire, three persons are burned to death, and many wounded. The bridge had given way, it is said, and the officers of the road are "censured." *Is this all?* Are the public altogether barbarians in this matter?

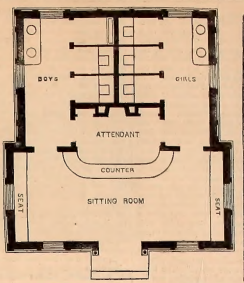
Any one who has contemplated the grand drinking tableau which is on free exhibition on the west portal of the Capitol at Washington will not be surprised at the ingulished scientific gentlemen have gone to Iowa for this purpose: also a company of government officers, under the direction of Professor Peirce, Superintendent of the temporary observatory, and all necessary instruments, will make observations and take general observations, as well as to take photographic views.

Another railroad horror! On the New Orleans and Lafayette Railroad a passenger train fell through a wooden trestle bridge, the cars take fire, three persons are burned to death, and many wounded. The bridge had given way, it is said, and the officers of the road are "censured." *Is this all?* Are the public altogether barbarians in this matter?

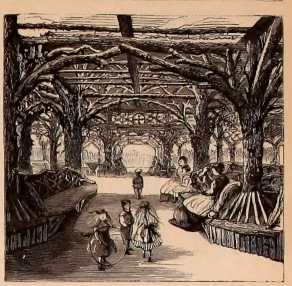
Any one who has contemplated the grand drinking tableau which is on free exhibition on the west portal of the Capitol at Washington will not be surprised at the announcement that the Temperance Society, Sons of Temperance, and all necessary instruments, will make

THE DRIVE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 525.]

NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK—CHILDREN'S COTTAGE.



FLOOR PLAN OF CHILDREN'S COTTAGE.



CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

NEW VIEWS IN CENTRAL PARK.

EVERY year witnesses new improvements in the New York Central Park. This is very evident to the merely occasional visitor, who always finds some novelty that did not meet his eye upon former visits. We give some illustrations on this page of the latest novelties introduced.

The most interesting of our sketches are those of the Children's Shelter and the Children's Cottage. For several years the children of our schools have been allowed the use of the playgrounds of the Park. Any child attending the public schools of the city may have the privilege of the play-grounds, upon application to the Commissioners of the Park, with a certificate from his or her teacher of the punctual attendance of the applicant upon the school and of good character. We also give an illustration of the Boys' Play-Ground. By confining the use of the grounds to school-children the practice of adult clubs of match games, and the objectionable features that have become the frequent attendant of these games, have been effectually prevented. Croquet-play upon the girls' ground has been initiated, and several swings have been erected for the use of children.

A great variety of animals have been added to the zoological collection in the Park—among them a fine specimen of the American buffalo; a toucan; an American black bear; a cinnamon bear, from India; a white-lipped peccary; a fine Mexican lion, two years old, captured on the upper Rio Grande; a magnificent grizzly bear from the Rocky Mountains; a Brazilian and two South American ostriches; a pair of Rasse cats from Java; a beautiful Angola leopard; a pair of prairie-dogs, and a number of Java sparrows and chaffinches.

The formation of a Zoological Garden has been included in the plan of the Central Park. A beginning has been made in the collection of animals, and it is designed in time to develop this feature of the establishment into a completer form. Beyond its use as a never-failing source of interest and pleasurable gratification to the public will be its value as an addition to the educational resources of our city.

An important branch of Natural History of almost romantic interest is that relating to the forms of life that once existed upon the earth, with reptilian characteristics, twenty-six feet in length and fourteen in height, was found at Haddonfield, New Jersey.

PALEONTOLOGICAL STUDIO AT THE CENTRAL PARK MUSEUM.

but are now extinct. Mr. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS has been selected to attend to the restoration of fossils illustrating ancient life upon this continent. We give an illustration of the Paleontological Studio at the Central Park Museum, with models of animals of ancient times now being restored from the fossils by Mr. HAWKINS, including the skeleton of the *Hadrosaurous Foulkii*, which forms the centre of the group. This gigantic and remarkable animal, a creature which we might name. It has no great antiquity, and has, therefore, little regard for what is old. In London or in Paris you may see some relics of past centuries; these are reverenced and preserved as long as they endure. But New York is a series of experiments, and every thing which has lived its life and played its part is held to be dead, and is buried, and over it grows a new world. Of how few buildings in this city can it be said, "Here is something that will last for a thousand years?" How few, indeed, are built with any idea of permanency!

But there is one edifice in New York that, if not swallowed up by an earthquake, will stand as long as the city remains, and will ever be pointed to as a monument of individual enterprise, of far-seeing judgment, and of disinterested philanthropy. This is Mr. A. T. STEWART'S new and palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, of which we give an illustration on page 521.

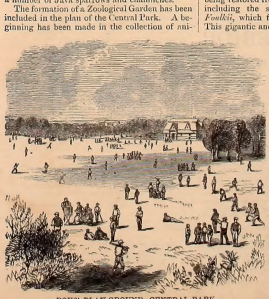
MR. STEWART'S NEW RESIDENCE.

NEW YORK is not a picturesque city, like London or Paris, or a dozen other European cities such an edifice should not be surrounded by spacious grounds. But Mr. STEWART evidently looked forward to the time when the pushing commerce of the city would make its demands felt even in Thirty-Fourth Street.

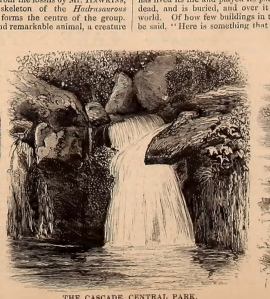
There is nothing like it in the world, not even among the palaces of the European nobility. That is the impression which first strikes us as we enter the building. The architect, Mr. KERN, had a difficult problem to solve. He was to make an eternal monument which should also be fitted for a temporal habitation. He has admirably succeeded, we must admit; but still every one who looks upon the result must feel that this splendid palace was never designed primarily for a private dwelling. It is a temple rather than a mansion.

The very first glance at the building suggests a fault in architectural design—at least, we deem it such. The elaborate system of pilasters at the two main entrances support nothing. They constitute an architectural conundrum. For, if there is any well established canon of architecture, it is the law that no column should exist without supporting something—something more than an entablature: something *needing* columnar support. Then, again, it seems unfortunate that

This building is constructed of marble, but of that enduring kind of marble which appears to the eye very much like granite. It rests upon hewn masonry, which in turn lies upon a solid rock basis. The finishing inside is throughout



BOYS' PLAY-GROUND, CENTRAL PARK.



THE CASCADE, CENTRAL PARK.

SHEEP ON THE GREEN, CENTRAL PARK.

of beautiful Italian marble, the work upon which was done in Italy. The style of architecture is purely Corinthian. The building does not strike one as extraordinarily large at the first glance. It is only three stories in height. But it towers above all the surrounding structures. For each story is over twenty feet in height. So the several apartments do not at first seem to be of more than ordinary size until we know their measurement.

The entire structure, external and internal, is destitute of showy ornamentation. The style of luxury exhibited is of very chaste and quiet. It is grand without being heavy; it is fine and elaborate without being fanciful. This will appear even more to be the case when the walls are finished and subdued in color, so as to harmonize with the blue-veined marble. The doors are to be of rose-wood.

The building, with scarcely an alteration in the arrangement of its rooms, could be transformed into a magnificent art-gallery. It almost naturally lends us to hear the architect speak of this as a reception room, of that as a breakfasting, and of another as the parlor. The beautiful waterrobe and bath-rooms are the only portions of the house which distinctively suggest the idea of a private residence. The vista of rooms is one of the most remarkable features which strike the eye. From one end of the building one looks through to the other. The grand hall leads to the marble staircase—the most beautiful specimen of architecture of that kind in the country. Passing beyond this, we enter the picture-gallery, which is to be adorned with the finest specimens of statuary and painting that Mr. STEWART has been able to obtain during a search of several years.

The windows throughout the building consist each of a single pane of glass. There is an electrical apparatus for lighting the gas. The entire structure is in keeping reflects great credit upon Mr. STEWART, and as a work of architecture it is equally creditable to Mr. KELLUM.

THE DRIVE AT NEWPORT.

OUR illustration on page 524 of the Drive at Newport is suggested from a drawing by Mr. C. G. BUSH. It is a very full and characteristic representation of one of the most prominent features of this fashionable summer resort. The Drive has recently been greatly extended, so as to lead round the Point and back again, making a circuit of about ten miles.

ANTIPATHIES.

We can readily understand that the olfactory powers of nature in man or woman recoil with loathing from disagreeable or offensive odors; but it is hard to believe that this objection can in any degree apply to the sweet fragrance of the Queen of Flowers. Yet we have well-attested instances of Popes probably by hard usage of these in his mind when he used the expression,

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain"

According to Sir Kenelm Digby, of the Lady Hennege, of the bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, had a rose upon her cheek when she composed herself to rest, that cheek became immediately blistered. Cardinal Don Enrique de Cardona went into a swoon upon encountering the smell of a rose, and Laurentius, Bishop of Lorch island, was killed by the same cause. During the session of the states Cardinal Caraffa shut himself in a chamber in his palace, and suffered no one to approach him who carried one about his person.

"I knew a stout soldier," says Donatus, "who could not endure the smell or sight of the herb rue, but would instantly betake himself to flight on his first notice of its presence."

Cheese, secretary to Francis the First, King of France, a Parisian, was forced to fly from hostility with bread when there were any apples at table, and to otherwise was the smell of them to him that if one had held near his nose it began to bleed almost instantaneously.

"I have myself," we are told by Scaevolus, as quoted by Schenck, "the younger daughter of Frederick the First, King of Naples, who could not eat the smell of fish, nor even taste the smallest quantity. As she grew up to be of her mouth she was seized with vehement fits, and falling on the earth and rolling herself upon, would lamentably shriek out. This she would continue to do for the space of half an hour, after which she would return to herself."

Guarnerius relates that hog's flesh was so disgusting to him that it produced the effect of poison, although he never used it in any food or sauces. When his mother, on a particular occasion, gave him a dish of that meat without his previous knowledge, minced into small pieces, but, as he unwittingly ate some, within an hour after he was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart, fell into fits, and concluded with a vomiting of blood.

Schenck also says a learned person once told him that he knew one at Antwerp who would immediately swoon as often as pork was set before him upon the table at which he was present. Further, that he was also acquainted with a person of high quality who fainted at the sight of an egg; and that if one were included in paste, or otherwise covered up, he fell down as dead, and was unable to return to himself until the obnoxious dish was removed. Germanicus could not endure the sight or voice of a cock, and the Persian Magi had an intense horror of mice. Henry III. of France could not sit in a room with a cat. The Duke of Schomberg had the same aversion.

This is by no means an uncommon antipathy. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose when hearing a cat mew, no matter how great the distance might be that separated him from the obnoxious animal. Mathiolus tells of a Germany, who, coming at winter time into an inn to sup with him and some other friends, the woman of the house, being acquainted with his temperament in this particular, put a mouse in a chest in the same room where they sat at their meal. But though he had neither seen nor heard of it, after a little time the same gentleman came over his face, and he cried out that in some corner or another a cat was concealed. A most recent instance of this nature is the case of the late Mr. Vandenhoff, the celebrated tragedian, which came within the notice of the present writer. Walking with him on one day in the Zoological Gardens at Liverpool, and being in close conversation, Vandenhoff suddenly stopped, grasped the arm of his companion almost convulsively, and pointed forward with some nearly inarticulate exclamation. A cat was hobbling toward them, a sort of *lusus naturæ*, without hind-legs. It was chased away, and after a short interval we resumed our walk in the customary demeanor. On another occasion the writer happened to sit next to him at a dinner-party, decidedly to the front, grasped his knife and fork, fell back in his chair, and said, faintly, "There's a cat under the table!" The brute had breathed by his chair. The effect was instantaneous. Shakspeare, as we all know, says,

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some hate the dog."

and then he adds, as a commentary, "There is no firm reason' to be rendered for these strange loathings."

Among the records of antipathy we find one of a man who could not endure that an old woman should look upon him. Pliny says that if he met the smallest dog he was seized with convulsions in the left hand; of a young girl who swooned at the sight of a frog; of a child twice speaking or singing; of a man who perspired violently if she saw a beetle; of a nobleman of Mantua who became paralyzed at the sight or contact of a hedgehog, and for two years imagined he was gnawed internally by such an animal; and of a maid-servant in Germany who had lived entirely on milk, without any other kind of food. She was not able to endure even the smell of bread, and if she accidentally ate of it was put into her basin, even at a distance, she detected it immediately. Ambrose Paré, the celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman who never could see a carp without fainting. Also a lady on whom a boiled lobster had the same effect. Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to all kinds of fish that the smell of it gave him a fever. Joseph Scaliger never could endure it. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. There are persons who cannot bear to look on spiders; others who cannot touch the mass of that material. M. Vaugleem, a great historian in France, would run away from the meeting at the sight of a roast pig. M. de Lauzye, in his "*Tableau de l'ancaintance de toutes Choses*," gives an account of a very fierce officer who never dared to look at a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de Lauzye said he knew the man perfectly well. The great Marshal Saxe looked under his bed every night to see that no animal of any kind was there. The philosopher Montaigne had such an aversion to be saluted that he fell down if any one paid him that respect. The Duke d'Epernon fainted at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albret turned sick at table if a sucking-pig was served up. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs sink under him if he encountered a hare or fox. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, yet had exquisite pleasure from the noise of thunder. This anecdote has been fathered on Dr. Gregory, the celebrated Edinburgh physician, who, being asked by a lady if he liked music, replied: "Madam, I like it as well as thunder or any other noise." Something to the same effect was said by Dr. Johnson to another lady, who observed that a concerto he had just heard was very difficult. "Madam," growled the philosopher, "I wish it had been impossible." An Englishman in the last century was near expiring whenever the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him. We could multiply similar cases of antipathy almost *ad infinitum*, but enough have been adduced.

LITERARY FRIVOLITIES.

UTILITY is not always the chief object of literary labor, and neither is "value received' always its aim and end; for in the "*Curiosities of Literature versa*, as the reader chose; while a third, again, would find in the same pages a most instructive, or, perhaps, anagrammatic, poetry. Another class of literary trifles, among others, might be named those who chose to display a microscopic skill by writing so small that their work appeared to the naked eye only a mere waxy line. Laborious ingenuity of these kinds, so far from being discouraged, was rather pleasurably indulged in by some of the best ancient writers, of whom might have been expected other and better things. Take as an instance of one of these literary frivolities, for which the author seldom, if ever, receives either fame or emolument, many of the works of Lopez de Vega—works now never heard of, and, perhaps, better so, since many of them were of a character unworthy of their author. The Spanish poet wrote no less than 1800 plays, of which only about a fifth occupy a place in the literature of his country. And among this fifth are writings were five novels, from each of which one of the five vowels were excluded—a conceit which must have cost the author considerable labor. Of this kind of literary work, which has been called Lipogrammatic, there have been many instances in all languages. Tryphiodorus, composed a Greek *Iliad*, from the first book of which the letter *a* was excluded, the second book excluded *b*, and so on throughout the alphabet in succession. Pindar, too, wrote an ode from which he omitted the letter *s*; and Polycrates, a monk, performed a similar feat to that of Tryphiodorus in the sixth century. It has been recorded also of a Persian poet that he read a poem to the king of Persia, in the letter *a* were altogether excluded; but his royal highness speedily wearied of hearing it, and presented the complimenting the poet upon his skill and ingenuity, bluntly recommended that all the other letters should be sent to keep company with the excluded *a*.

In relation to those who have chosen to exert themselves in the way of microscopic writing, the fact will be recalled of Homer has been written in so small a compass as to be wholly inclosed in a nut-shell has been often referred to as one of these curiosities which would require a lens to seen ere it could be believed. However doubtful such a feat may appear, it is certain that one Hahn, who was a master of impossible, demonstrated by experiment that it could be done. A piece of vellum, 16 inches in length and 8 wide, which had been ruled with fine lines containing 30 verses, and thus filling both sides of the vellum, 15,000, the whole number of verses in the *Iliad*, could be written. He then took this piece of vellum, folded compactly, would go easily into the shell of a walnut. It is nothing unusual to find nowadays persons in a still more minute character than this, seeing that the Ten Command ments have been written in a compass small enough to fill a pea with room to spare. There is a portrait of Queen Anne in the British Museum, on which appear a number of minute lines and forgchen, which, when examined through a microscope, are shown to be the entire contents of a small folio book which the librarian has in his possession. This is similar effort in the way of microscopic calligraphy was some years ago discovered by a gentleman who had bought at a sale a very fine-look portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll-work. Upon looking through a glass, in order, if possible, to discover the artist's name, he was astonished to find that the fine lines in the surrounding scroll-work consisted of less than a fifth of the poet, so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the aid of a magnifier. This was an evident imitation of a similar effort in the way of portraiture which was at one time in a library at Oxford, where a head of Charles I. was drawn in minute characters, which were only discernible the lens of an engraving, but which, when closely examined, were found to be the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

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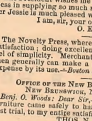

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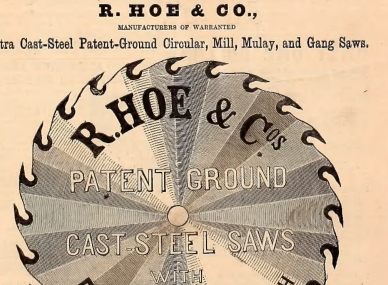

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VOL. XIII.—No. 660.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GREAT WHISKY CONFLAGRATION IN PHILADELPHIA, ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 4, 1869.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 330.]

THE FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE late fire in Philadelphia was the most destructive that ever occurred in that city. The buildings consumed constituted the largest warehouse in the United States. They possessed an enormous capacity, and were considered by their architects to be so completely proof against fire that they advised the owner to avoid the expense of insurance.

These buildings were erected for Colonel W. C. PATTERSON in 1854; they were nine in number, situated on Market Street, extending east to Front Street, and having also a front on Lombard. They were of brick, with iron columns on the first story, and with walls eighteen inches in thickness.

The fire originated in the section on the corner of Lombard Street. About seven o'clock a large portion of the wall on Lombard Street fell to the pavement with a loud crash, supposed to have been pushed out by the weight upon the floors. The whisky stored went down with the ruins, and in a few moments a terrific explosion took place, throwing down every wall of section H, scattering bricks, timbers, etc., in every direction, while the flames shot up in a solid body for above the surrounding buildings, creating a general consternation among the residents of the neighborhood. The explosion, of course, set the entire contents of the warehouse on fire, and soon burning whisky ran down the gutters in Swanson Street to Pine, and thence into the sewer leading to the river.

The flames extended until they involved the entire block. The firemen from all portions of the city were soon upon the ground. Shortly after midnight their efforts were materially aided by a shower of rain. By daylight the fire was quite far from being extinguished, was under control.

There were 20,000 barrels of whisky stored upon the premises. The entire loss of property is estimated at between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, on which there was insurance to the amount of $2,290,000. The largest loss is reported by the Imperial, of London, nearly, $319,000.

WILLIAM ARETHORN, one of the firemen, was so seriously injured by falling from a ladder that he died. A large number of persons suffered injuries.

This fire will lead to an investigation as to the propriety of storing large quantities of whisky in a single warehouse; it will also tend to diminish the confidence hitherto felt in fire-proof buildings —at least in those where combustible matter is stored.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

THE revolution in Cuba has now continued for ten months. The intelligence from the island is always confused and uncertain, but there has been no report of any serious and decisive battle, and the military operations have been apparently confined to skirmishing and guerrilla warfare. The form of a civil government has been proclaimed in the Cuban camp, but there is no evidence that it fulfills any functions. The "Grand Congress" on the 10th of April unanimously declared that the revolutionary party is fighting for independence of Spain and annexation to the United States, and that the Junta in New York from time to time announces that it has very good news, and that decisive events are about to happen.

Meanwhile the wrongs under which Cuba suffered from the government which Spain has overthrown are notorious. The island was squeezed to furnish money for the Spanish treasury, and was controlled wholly by Spanish interests and influences, so that every kind of progress was hopeless. For many years there has been profound discontent; and if the Cuban revolution had not been simultaneous with that of Spain, and the character of the population had inspired more confidence in the practicability of a wise and liberal political system, the revolt would have commanded the unmingled sympathy of civilized countries. But the events in Spain promising great reforms naturally suggested waiting to learn whether terms of conciliation might not be offered which would be agreeable to the Cubans, while it was difficult to believe that the success of the revolution would do more than establish a South American republic upon the island. This last consideration does not, indeed, affect the right of the Cubans to establish their independence of a harsh foreign rule, but it does necessarily affect the feeling with which the citizens of Cuba regard.

During the ten months of the revolution Spain has been busy at home remodeling its government, and has finally adopted a liberal Constitution, with general suffrage and freedom of the press—indeed, with the usual safeguards of liberty, but with a royal head of the system. Unable to agree upon a King, the Assembly appointed a Regent, and the present political situation of the country is therefore temporary. But in a country so long subject to ecclesiastical domination as Spain has been there is an ignorance of the kind that is most difficult to remove or to control. There have been plots and risings, and although order has been generally maintained the country is still disturbed, and its situation is far from satisfactory. The last loan for the public expenses was taken at 20 to 40 cents on the dollar, and the deficit this year must be many millions of dollars. More troops for Cuba are going to be spared, and those upon the island are evidently unable to subdue the revolutionists. It is reported that a general levy of the Spanish population in Cuba is now to be made for a final effort against the revolution. Should that fail the result would seem to be inevitable.

Under these circumstances it is reported that the United States have proposed to the Spanish Government that Cuba shall be relinquished upon the payment of a certain sum, for which the United States shall be responsible. And it is added that this proposition is accompanied by the threat that if Spain does not accede, belligerent rights or the power of Cuba will be acknowledged by this Government. It would be better, however, for the United States to offer to mediate than to make a distinct proposition of this kind; because if accompanied with the threat named it is virtually an intervention. Recognition of belligerent rights to Cuba would be a practical recognition of independence. Such a concession, as MR. SUMNER truly says in his speech upon *Our Foreign Relations*, "bears the same relation to acknowledged independence as gentle fears to hope."

An offer of mediation in Cuba would proceed with peculiar grace from the United States to Spain. This country has scrupulously and triumphantly maintained its neutrality in the contest. Its neighborhood to Cuba and its old amity with Spain indicate it as a friendly mediator. If Spain declined the offer we should of course reserve to our discretion the acknowledgment of belligerent rights or the recognition of independence; and whatever measure should be adopted it would appear as the result of the actual situation, and not as a penalty imposed upon Spain for not accepting our advice. It is, indeed, reported that such advice has been made by this Government upon the suggestion of the Spanish Minister, and with the knowledge that it would be accepted. But in this case the threat would be wholly unnecessary. To grant belligerent rights to Cuba when we were satisfied that it was entitled to them would be merely the recognition of the situation, and not an unfriendly act to Spain. But to tell Spain that it must accept certain terms that we offer, or we will virtually take Cuba, is merely an insult.

TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS.

THE Massachusetts Democratic Convention meets on the 24th of August, and will doubtless nominate MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who will get a much larger vote than he will get alone because of the Temperance complication. A few years since there was virtually a prohibitory law in Massachusetts. Then came a reaction; and after some delay a law was passed, like that recommended by the committee of the late Temperance Convention in this State, which authorized each town to determine for itself whether to license or prohibit. That, again, was superseded at the last session of the Legislature by the present law, which is prohibitory of all the ordinary drinks except cider. Even lager beer is forbidden. This, however, was against the advice of Governor CLAFLIN, of Senator WILSON, and of the Republican party, the President of the Temperance Alliance, who was in consequence asked to resign.

But the law was no sooner enforced by the seizure of MR. PEABODY'S private lager beer than there was such a protest of public opinion that, after the delay of a day or two, there came a written opinion of the Attorney-General, under which the liquor was restored and the prosecution abandoned; and presently MR. SPOONER was invited to resume the Presidency of the Temperance Association. Meanwhile Judge PITMAN, the leader of the prohibitory party and late President of the Senate, had been appointed by Governor CLAFLIN to the Bench, and the lager beer seller at Arlington was convicted before him, and received the whole sentence of the law. The feeling of the State is aroused, and the Temperance question is essentially be an important element in the election.

It is, of course, a question within the Republican party. The liquor interest purchases, subscribes, works, but is much too sensible to nominate a separate ticket. It throws all its force for the party which is most favorable to its purposes; and that is the Republican party. The temperance men, whether moderate or thorough, are Republicans. Many of the most ardent are anxious that the Republican party should declare for prohibition; and this year many of the moderates, unwilling that the party should fall under the control of the thorough temperance leaders, are willing to vote at all, or will vote for MR. ADAMS as a protest and warning. The papers are discussing vigorously the proper policy for the Republican party to pursue. The *Commonwealth*—a radical Republican but not a radical temperance advocate—thinks that it will be neither possible nor reputable for the Convention to avoid the question, and urges a plain declaration of principle.

Hitherto the party has refused to make prohibition a test; and it should reflect very carefully before it decides to do so now. Of course no well-informed man, Republican or not, supposes that a *majority* of the voters in the country are now, or will be for a long time, in favor of a prohibitory law. The reason of this is by no means that the relation of drunkenness and crime is not well understood; but it is to be sought in opinions as to the most efficient remedy of the difficulty, and of the rightful function of government. A Republican, therefore, who urges that the party shall make prohibition a party principle, proposes that the party shall retire from the control of public affairs; and his course can be justified only by the conviction that the ascendency of the Democratic party will be more destructive to the country, and directly or indirectly to the cause of temperance. That it would be better to call the Democratic party to power in the present situation of the country, although the great debate of the last few years is passing away, no Republican believes. If, however, he would make prohibition a party principle, it can only be because he holds that Democratic dominance, with unrestrained license of drinking, would be a greater blessing than the supremacy of the Republican party with moderate temperance legislation. His policy would be to increase drunkenness in order to stimulate public opinion to its legal prohibition.

The fault in this, it seems to us, is to maintain the organization of the great and powerful party whose sympathies are with all humane reforms, to which the temperance legislation hitherto is due, and which will unquestionably advance as public opinion advances upon the subject. Rather than that no party and no law can go. The Connecticut Democratic Convention of New York most truly remark:

"Prohibitory legislation as the fruit of mere political organization, and without public pressure upon, and ready in existence or by the creation of new ones, would prove a failure except as the people gave it efficiency by the force of its popular verdict, and the enforcement of adequate penalties for violating such a law."

But thus far the advocates of prohibition mistake the point upon which to concentrate their efforts. That their policy is sound they should strike at the root as well as at the branch of the mischief, and prohibit the manufacture and importation as well as the sale of intoxicating liquors.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANISM.

BY the universal consent of the stanchest Republicans in the country the division of the party in Virginia ought no longer to continue. If the supporters of MR. WELLS had persisted in denying the validity of MR. WALKER'S election, and in contesting the result before Congress, there would have been reason for maintaining the two organizations. But the result of the election has been honestly accepted by the late opponents of MR. WALKER; and as an earnest of their good faith the chairman of the WELLS faction, himself requesting, as he truly says, a hundred thousand Republican voters, proposes a union with the WALKER organization, reasonable that the late division was a question of men rather than of principles. It may be regretted that, if this were so, the union had not been effected before the election; but it was not, and we must therefore deal with the actual situation.

The election, as will be remembered, was carried by the secession of about twenty thousand Republican voters from the vote cast for MR. WALKER. The bulk of his vote was not Republican, and when the representative of the turnized Democracy proposes a union upon an honorable understanding there should be no hesitation upon the other side. If there be hesitation it is suspicious, and the reply of MR. GILMER can not possibly be considered unsatisfactory. MR. GILMER asserts that the party which he represents is the National Republican party of Virginia. He asks whether the fact that many who were lately secessionists acted with it makes it less Republican.

The reply to this is, that those who were professedly and sincerely such Republicans voted for MR. WALKER. The bitterest enemies and revilers of the Republican policy were his supporters. MR. GILMER, the correspondent of the *World*, whose remarks we recently quoted, were among the WALKER voters. Does MR. GILMER claim that in any serious sense they are Republicans? The correspondent of the *World* which contains the letter of MR. GILMER says, derisively: "The Democratic party had nothing to do with the Virginia election." Certainly not! MR. O'GORMAN exclaims exultingly to a crowd at Tammany, in whose name MR. GILMER nominates JOHN T. HOFFMAN for President, that "the deed was done well. The Republican policy was carried in Virginia mainly by the votes of its opponents. That fact is universally acknowledged, and MR. GILMER has no right to claim that such a body of voters is the Republican party of Virginia merely because from the necessity of the situation they sustained the conditions imposed by Congress. When he says to the hundred thousand undoubted Republicans who voted for MR. WELLS that he will "gladly welcome" them to a party of twenty thousand Republicans, *plus* four times as many of their opponents, he may insist that he represents the friends of General GRANT, but he must remember that those friends support Tammany Hall, MR. O'GORMAN, and MR. GARVIN in denouncing General GRANT.

The plain duty of MR. GILMER was to have accepted immediately and heartily the proposition of MR. JENCKES, and to have secured the organization of all those who, however previously differing upon the question of amnesty, differ no longer, and who have no difference whatever upon the other great points of Republican policy, equal suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment, and all that they imply. His refusal prolongs the perplexing situation. He, indeed, gladly welcomes the most earnest Republicans to the following, among others, of those who remark that "we can not shut our eyes, hold our nose, and swallow the black dose of negro suffrage." But that is evidently the promising method of uniting a Republican party.

It will be necessary for the friends of the Administration and its principles to watch the course of affairs in Virginia with great attention. Governor WALKER speaks very fairly. But when he says that equal rights must be maintained, it is for him to consider by whom they are most likely to be maintained and by their proved and professed friends, or by their ancient and open enemies.

GEORGE PEABODY.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY has been again publicly honored for his generous gifts to the interests of labor in England and education in this country. At the completion of the Peabody Institute in Danvers a few weeks since there was a meeting of distinguished persons, who said and sang very pleasant things of MR. PEABODY. At the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, he had received the freedom of the railroads furnishing him special and comfortable cars, the guests from the Southern States, through a committee, of which MR. HENRY A. WISE was chairman and MR. JOHN MINOR BOTTS orator, presented him with congratulatory resolutions and a speech. Meanwhile, in London MR. STORY'S statue of MR. PEABODY was being erected, and unveiled in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the United States Minister, the sculptor, and other distinguished personages, and with the very friendly speech making. MR. PEABODY has the satisfaction of knowing how fully and gratefully appreciated his most excellent purposes are, and of seeing them in course of happy accomplishment.

It is to be regretted, however, that amidst all this deserved congratulation the formal expression of thanks upon the part of any number of citizens of the Southern States should have fallen to such a gentleman as MR. JAMES LYONS. It might as well have been MR. HENRY A. WISE, who is the guest and admirer of MR. PEABODY gives an immense sum to support schools in the Southern States. Thereupon MR. JAMES LYONS, lifting his eyebrows, proceeds to flap and soar: "I take leave to say that down-trodden and oppressed as never a Christian people were before—placed below the negro and stripped of all their constitutional rights, the Southern men nevertheless retain the lofty instincts which made their soldiers brave, and their women more than Spartan wives and mothers—" and so on. This was peculiarly graceful and tasteful and conciliatory and appropriate. The President of the United States, MR. JOHNSON, expressed the sense of the policy which MR. JAMES LYONS denounced, is one of the managers of the Peabody fund; and the resolutions addressed to MR. PEABODY could only be considered an elaborate insult, if they were not ludicrously childish. Why is it that Americans living in the Southern States must always be represented in their most provincial occasions to this absurd conventional attitude? Why must they always result in ridicule upon the speaker.

In London the Prince of Wales spoke in a peculiarly strain of this country, of MR. PEABODY, of MR. STORY, and of MR. MOTLEY. MR. MOTLEY'S little speech was peculiarly felicitous in its allusions to MR. PEABODY. "Most fortunate as well as most deserving," he said, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself through all time. For I have often thought of a famous epitaph, familiar, no doubt, to many who now hear me, 'What I spent I had; what I gave I have; what I kept I lost.' And what a magnificent treasure, according to these noble and touching words, has our friend, and the poor man's friend, preserved for himself till time shall be no more, and

"Dispose to be his bounty and his measure,
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

A JUNKETING TRAMP.

IN the good old Democratic days which were so piously bemoaned the other evening at Tammany Hall, and whose return is so ardently desired by the disinterested patriots there assembled, there could be no such grave and withering charges of "junketing" brought against the President of the United States. The innocent recreations of that great and good

man, the penultimate Democratic President, PIERCE, were co-operating with Border Ruffians led by the Democratic ATCHISON, and shooting free settlers in KANSAS. The relaxations of his successor, and the last blessing in the form of a Democratic President that has been vouchsafed to us, Mr. JAMES BUCHANAN, were harboring rebels in his Cabinet, and wringing his hands over the beginnings of civil war, with the maundering complaint that nobody had a right to do so, and nobody had a right to stop it. These were the reasonable and humane aversions over which Tammany was vocal with praises.

Alas! alas! we have fallen upon evil days! The President of the United States, no longer gayly causing American freemen to be shot, and propagating slavery—no more airily regretting that rebellion can not be stopped, and abandons himself to breathing the ocean air at Long Branch and recuperating at Saratoga. Since THERSITES disported himself at Capri there has been nothing so odious as the "junketing" of the gloomy, imperial GRANT at the sea-side. Such is the emergency that Democratic patriots hasten to the city to denounce the President for going out of town. Leaving the "two-forty" in the wagon, the iced Champagne in the goblet, and the pâté untouched until after the set of their speeches, they arraign in far-resounding rhetoric this feasting tyrant. What was NERO's fiddling while Rome was burning to GRANT's "junketing" while the rights of American citizens are every where despised?

It is notorious, it is flagrant, that since GRANT destroyed the power of his country to make war he has ruined its influence in the Cabinet, and that no American any where is longer safe. A hundred thousand Americans are wandering around the world, and every body knows that they are all be roasted at slow fires by the effete Despotisms, while the taciturn GRANT, unconcerned, will still twist his scornful heel around in the Lancers, and loll and languish in the lap of Sybaritic delights. Oh, for an hour of the Spartan PIERCE! of the heroic BUCHANAN! of the spotless FLOYD! of the incorruptible TOUCEY! of the patriotic J. DAVIS, of Mississippi! of the liberty-loving MASON! of the honorable SIDNEY! of HENRY A. WISE! of WIGFALL! of VALLANDIGHAM! of H. CLAY DEAN! of all the noble Democratic host whose names and deeds are the national glory!

For further particulars of our progress toward voluptuous empire, and of our fatal tendency to selfish and corrupt politics, inquire at the office of the Mayor, of the Corporation Attorney, and of the District Attorney. The latter, in the intervals of its public advertisement at Tammany Hall, will be glad to show to all interested an infallible remedy for junketing at Long Branch, which its name is JOHN T. HOFFMAN, that only junkets at Saratoga.

THE CROTON BOARD.

THIS is one of the few distinct portions of the city government which has the confidence of tax-payers, but yet it is the only one whose salaries are not paid by the tax-eaters who control the affairs of the city. The officers of the Board are THOMAS STEPHENS, President; ROBERT L. DARRAGH, Assist. Commissioner; and General GEORGE S. GREEN, Chief Engineer. The latter succeeded Mr. CRAVEN, who is now in Europe, and possesses all the requisites for the station—engineering skill, official integrity, and high personal character—and doubtless exercises the same influence over the action of the Board which was allowed to Mr. CRAVEN. Its duties are of the most important character. A reservoir for storing water in Putnam County, to maintain during the heats of summer the requisite daily supply of sixty million gallons of water, is now being constructed—work with which General GREEN is perfectly familiar; but the importance of the Board is most felt in the arrangements necessary for the distribution of the water, in which they are brought into contact with every citizen.

If this duty were not performed impartially and justly the city would feel the burden of misgovernment with a severity not yet known, as there is the widest opening for favoritism and oppression in fixing the charge upon each citizen, and particularly among those whose supply is special, arising from some industry in which they are engaged. The persons constituting the Board are in the constant and diligent performance of their duties, and would unquestionably be paid but for the want of agreement in the distribution of patronage between them and those who pay the salaries. The grounds alleged, however, are the litigation set on foot by JOHN J. BRADLEY to oust Mr. STEPHENS from office of President, and a supposed illegal construction of the Board, resulting from their refusal to recognize him in that position. The Supreme Court here, after Mr. BRADLEY had abandoned his claim to the office as hopeless, on a renewal of it found no difficulty—such is its construction—in supporting his last position; and the case now remains in the Court of Appeals, Mr. STEPHENS being the appellant waiting for its decision. Mr. BRADLEY bases his claim on a supposed appointment by the Board of Aldermen, in December, 1866, made on the nomination of the Mayor; and Mr. STEPHENS, appointed originally in 1860, holds, on the strength of two successive acts of the Legislature since passed, which leave no doubt of their intent.

By the first of those acts, passed in May, 1866, several months in advance of Mr. BRADLEY'S appointment, it was declared that "the Engineer and Assistant Commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department shall continue in office for the term of three years from and after the passage of this act, *and on the occurrence of a number shall be filled by the members of the Board remaining in office*," etc., a provision which divested the Board of Aldermen of the right to appoint Mr. BRADLEY, if the act was valid.

Mr. BRADLEY, immediately after this supposed appointment by the Board of Aldermen, took the oath of office and entered for a mandamus against Mr. STEPHENS to return the latter on the ground of such invalidity; but the case was decided against Mr. BRADLEY, and no appeal was taken. The title of the act related exclusively to the tax levy.

In this state of things, and while Mr. STEPHENS was actually enjoying the position—no one contesting—the Legislature, in 1867, passed a further act that "the term of office of the persons now severally *discharging the duties and exercising the powers* of Engineer and Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, and Chief Engineer Commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department, is hereby extended for the term of five years, from the first day of January, 1867," etc.

It was not until May, 1868, a year and a half after Mr. BRADLEY'S supposed appointment, and long after Mr. STEPHENS'S title to decision made against him, and also after he had withdrawn his protest against the payment of Mr. STEPHENS'S salary, and openly consented to its payment, that he commenced new proceedings to remove Mr. STEPHENS from office.

The ground now alleged is the same originally taken—that it is not a term for life—but the Legislature is void because it was a local matter and appeared in what he terms a local bill, the tax levy for 1866; and further, that at the time of the passage of the act of 1867, authorizing the Board to hold over, Mr. STEPHENS was a usurper illegally occupying the office; that Mr. BRADLEY was then its legal incumbent, incapable of vacating it without resigning to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and also that the act of 1867 violates the Constitution.

The two provisions of the Constitution relied upon are, first, "that no private or local bills, etc., shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title," and, second, that "all county officers, etc., shall be *elected* by the electors of the respective counties, or *appointed* by the Boards of Supervisors or other county officers, as the Legislature shall direct," etc.; but this provision was added, that "all officers whose offices may hereafter (Constitution of 1846) be created by law shall be elected by the people or *appointed, as the Legislature may direct*."

If both acts are void, then Mr. BRADLEY claims that the former appointment of the Croton Aqueduct Department are unrepealed, and that he was appointed pursuant to this authority.

In answer to the ground, 1st, of his long acquiescence in the decision against him, which still stands as a complete adjudication, is not fatal, is this, that the Croton Board is not merely confined to the city of New York, and hence is not *local*. The works extend through Putnam and Westchester counties, where large and expensive operations constantly to be performed, and the Board stands on the footing of the Board of Health, which derived its authority from the Legislature, and was sustained by the courts for the same reason that duties extended to adjoining localities. Nor is the tax levy local; on the contrary, it partakes of the character of a public and general law. This has been decided in several cases, though not by the Court of Appeals. To extend the term of an incumbent has also been held not to violate the latter constitutional provision. By the amended charter of 1849 the Croton Board was constructed anew, and, having been created since 1846, the provisions of that act are not opposed as the Legislature shall direct would seem to apply. On these grounds it would seem to be clear that the Board will be sustained. If one is ousted the other will be appointed.

This attempt to reconstruct the Croton Board, so that it shall be in harmony with the abuses which appertain to the entire city government, is part of the scheme for making the city independent of the Legislature. The city owes the same allegiance to the State which may be exacted from any citizen. The city government of the State is a unit, and each city is a mere part of its political machinery for carrying into effect the public powers which may legislate for the city at its pleasure within the limits which the Constitution prescribes. The tax-payer finds protection nowhere else than in the Legislature, and although it is not ample trembles to think what will be his condition if the court of final resort in this State shall sweep away this weak but only safeguard.

But there can be no doubt that the warrant to pay the salaries of those who perform the duties of the Croton Board would readily be signed if they possessed that happy facility of disposition, elsewhere so general, which allows the property of tax payers to be consumed with an unappeased appetite by those who now control our local affairs for their own selfish interests.

NOTES.

IT is very amusing to observe the kind of criticism which is lavished upon the movement for the extension of political rights to women. They hold a Convention in this country, and they are told that when they win the suffrage they will have it, but that women ought to speak for themselves. They hold a meeting in London at which Mr. MILL, Mr. MORLEY, Professor FAWCETT, Lord HOUGHTON, and others speak, and there again it is said that the willingness of English women to hold their tongues is the reason of the greater dignity of the cause in England. Whether they speak or whether they forbear, they are equally criticised. But it would certainly have been comical if the American Sons of Liberty had been told that if they would only hold their tongues they would serve their cause better.

A DEMOCRATIC organ of General ROSECRANS for Governor of Ohio says, that "it will be a glorious day for Catholics when, under the blows of the anarchistic and morally unconsecrated system will be shattered to pieces." MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, always a Roman Catholic, who was for some time Prime Minister of VICTOR EMANUEL, says, in his memoirs: "My education was governed by the Jesuit system, and the problem it has always to solve is how to avoid in this—'keep a young man till he is twenty constantly engaged in study which are of little or no value in forming his character, his intelligence, and his judgment."

THE Government of the United States recently forbade the departure of thirty gun-boats now building for the Spanish Government with the supposed intention of making war upon PERU. Those who are resolved not to be satisfied that the Administration has either vigorous, feeble, or honorable, thereupon shouted that they were not meant for PERU at all, but for Cuba; and that, wishing to help Cuba indirectly, the Government professed what it did not believe. If the Cabinet of General GRANT wishes to recognize Cuba as a belligerent, it will do so, and do it openly. If it does not, it will continue to regard its neutral duties as honestly as heretofore. It certainly will not resort to such an absurd and clumsy expedient, which could be instantly exposed. Those who hail the arrest upon this theory as the indication of a laudable intention to assist the Cuban revolutionists must entertain very remarkable ideas of honorable national and official conduct.

THE Free-Trade League has opened a most vigorous attack in "Notes on Fallacies peculiar to American Protectionists," by Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER. Dr. LIEBER is one of our profoundest students of political and economical science; and his brief and pointed pamphlet is a magazine of high generalship. The most powerful arguments in favor of protection are skillfully refuted and with force and knowledge. The wide circulation of the pamphlet can not fail to be of great service to the cause of Free Trade, and the friends of Protection will find it necessary to oppose this clear and telling volley by something equally trenchant and striking.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt statement shows a reduction of the Government indebtedness during the month of July amounting to $3,624,29.

THE Chicago City Government have ordered the building of a second tunnel under the river, similar to that at Washington Street. The new tunnel is to be made at La Salle Street.

IN the election which took place in Tennessee August 6 Mr. STOKER, the Conservative candidate, was chosen Governor by a majority of about 50,000.

GENERAL ROSECRANS warmly declines the nomination of the Ohio Democratic Convention for the Governorship of that State.

IT never rains but it pours. The success of the Atlantic cable has led to a shower of projects for ocean cable lines. An "American" line is projected, for communication with some friendly European power, probably FRANCE. Another line is proposed to connect Scotland with Quebec. The Portuguese authorities have adopted a resolution granting concessions to companies desiring to lay submarine cables to or from the shores of Portugal. Then, again, a West India and Panama Telegraph Company has been organized to connect South America with Europe and the country by land and by a cable from Cape St. Lucas. Less directly connected with American interests than these projected lines is the line that will be laid early next year between Falmouth (England), Gibraltar, and Malta—the latter point is already in telegraphic communication with Egypt, from which a cable will be laid to Bombay next April.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN international exhibition is to be held at Turin in 1873, to commemorate the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

A terrible accident occurred near Dresden, in Saxony, August 5, in the coal mines of the Zauckerode districts. Over three hundred persons were killed.

THE preliminary surveys for a ship canal through Schleswig-Holstein, to connect the Baltic and the North Sea, have been completed, and the Minister of Prussian Government will undertake the work.

AT the opening of the session of the French Senate, August 3, M. Rouher made an address. He referred to the duty devolved upon that body of examining the proposed reforms, and said they should inquire whether they were popular enough to go hand in hand with liberty, and at the same time strong enough to resist anarchy. He was confident the Senate would enter upon this discussion with the firm intention of tempering the will of the country, and that by the combined efforts of the Government and the Senate a more generous harmony would be established between the powers of the State and the institutions of the Empire, and they would acquire renewed strength, lustre, and popularity.

A slight fire in the Cathedral of Trani, Sicily, recently, during the celebration of a great festival, caused a panic in the congregation, and sixteen people were trampled to death and others were badly injured.

The British Government has refused to recognize Mr. James Haggerty, the new United States Consul at Glasgow, on the ground that he is in sympathy with the Fenians.

On August 6, during the session of the British Parliament much commotion was caused by a loud explosion, and the discovery of a canister which had contained powder.

The Cubans have lately received reinforcements, and appear to have a hopeful view of the contest. They have taken Holguin, and propose to make it their seat of government. The order of Spanish Fish relating to the seizure of Spanish vessels manifestly intended to encourage the Carlists, and the recall of Rear-Admiral Hoff from his post in Cuban waters will do much to encourage the revolutionists. Admiral Hoff was suspected of active sympathy with PRIM.

M. Lesseps's Suez Canal seems to have a little upset the Egyptian Mercury. His prophetic eye catches a glimpse of the Egyptian empire to be, and he is impatient of the Turkish Suttan's supremacy. He has had a great independence for many years, but this is not sufficiently. His promises, displayed during his late European tour displeased the Sultan, and but for the intervention of the great Powers war might have followed. This intervention, and the poverty of both the Egyptian and Turkish exchequers will undoubtedly secure peace.

THE ECLIPSE.

THE eclipse of August 7 was a complete success. The weather was unusually auspicious for scientific observations, particularly along the line of total obscuration, extending from Alaska to South Carolina. At Des Moines, Iowa, Springfield, Illinois, Louisville and Shelbyville, Kentucky, Cincinnati, Ohio, Terre Haute, Indiana, and Wilmington, North Carolina, the spectacular protuberances were observed. Mercury and Venus were visible to the naked eye. The result of these scientific observations will probably be given to the world in a compact form.

We give below four cuts showing the appearance of the eclipse at New York city during the several stages of obscuration. Our diagrams are from photographs furnished by ROCKWOOD, of this city.

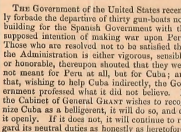


FIG. 1.—SOLAR ECLIPSE, NEW YORK.

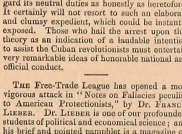


FIG. 2.—SOLAR ECLIPSE, NEW YORK.

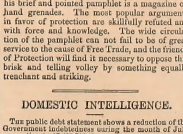


FIG. 3.—SOLAR ECLIPSE, NEW YORK.

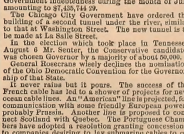


FIG. 4.—SOLAR ECLIPSE, NEW YORK.

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE—MEDALLION PRESENTED TO MRS. GENERAL GRANT BY EX-SECRETARY BORIE.

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE.

A MEDALLION has been recently published by W. MILLER & Co., Artists, of Philadelphia, giving us a single view the heads of WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, and GRANT. The idea of combining these three heads in a single piece of art reflects a popular conception. WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, and GRANT were made Presidents at the three great critical eras of our history. WASHINGTON —the Virginian gentleman—is the characteristic representative of our colonial period. LINCOLN and GRANT belong to that new era in which the gigantic West plays so important a part. History will record that General GRANT was the guardian of our liberties even before he was called to the seat of Executive power. Truly WASHINGTON will ever stand upon record as the Father of his country, LINCOLN as its Savior, and GRANT as its Preserver.

This medallion is of bronze, the heads being of life-size. It was privately presented to Mrs. General GRANT at Long Branch by ex-Secretary BORIE. Messrs. MILLER & Co. are executing a number of artistic pieces of this character, which are of great beauty and value.

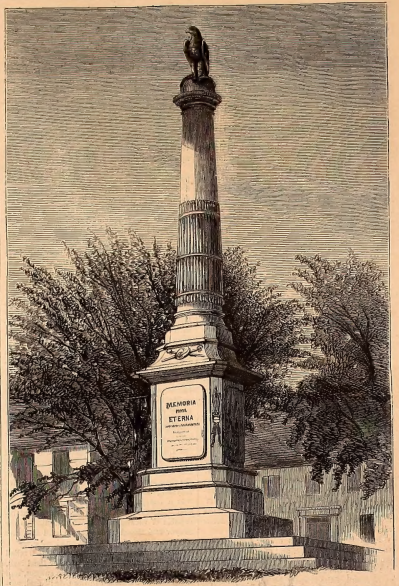
SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

On Monday, August 9, the Soldiers' Monument at Plymouth, Massachusetts, was dedicated. The location of a monument commemorative of the heroes of the war for the Union upon a spot which was nearly two hundred and fifty years ago rendered sacred by the landing of the Pilgrims makes this dedication an occasion of great popular interest; and we have, therefore, given an illustration of the monument on this page.

HARVESTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN.

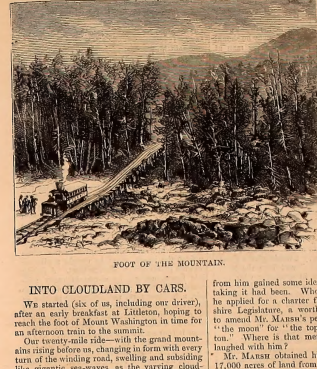
How rapidly the wounds of war are healed! Half a million of men are swept from the earth by a civil war; but before a grateful people have done writing their epitaphs their places are more than filled, and the census scarcely notes the increase of mortality on their account.

Eight years have passed since the battle of Bull Run, and to-day there is left scarcely a trace of this early conflict of the war. Where the youth of the North and of the South met in array of battle eight years ago, there to-day the farmers are harvesting the cereals of August. The field that was red with blood is yellow with grain. And now the improvements of agriculture are illustrated upon the arena where then a feudal system of labor arrayed its boastful champions.



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.—(PHOT. BY LOCKE AND ROBBINS.)

HARVESTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN.



FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

INTO CLOUDLAND BY CARS.

We started (six of us, including our driver), after an early breakfast at Littleton, hoping to reach the foot of Mount Washington in time for an afternoon train to the summit.

Our twenty-mile ride—with the grand mountains rising before us, changing in form with every turn of the winding road, swelling and subsiding like gigantic sea-waves, as the varying cloud-shadows moved across them—had intensified all our previous desires, and the ladies vowed with great vehemence that to the top they would go, though they should do it upon their hands and knees. And so it seemed they must, for when we reached the toll-gate at the commencement a busy scene met our eyes: piles of lumber, newly-erected sheds, workmen going and coming and plying the hammer and the saw, but, alas! no cars. We went into the log-cabin, where the ladies were amused to find telegraph - office, store-room, parlor, and sleeping-room in a curious state of admixture, where we were informed that the Superintendent of the road, Mr. J. J. SANBORN, would be down with the train from the summit. We found here Mr. MARSH, the projector of the road, and from him gained some idea of what an undertaking it had been. When, twelve years ago, he applied for a charter from the New Hampshire Legislature, a worthy member proposed to amend Mr. MARSH's petition by substituting "the moon" for "the top of Mount Washington." Where is that member, and those who laughed with him?

Mr. MARSH obtained his charter, purchased 17,000 acres of land from the base to the summit, broke ground, and built a mile of the road before railroad men could be convinced of its practicability.

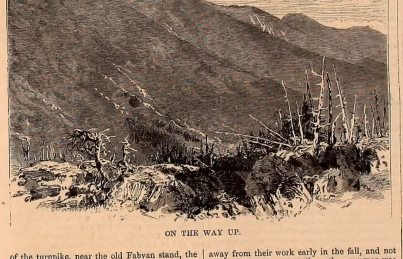
Then a company was formed, and under Mr. J. J. SANBORN, the present Superintendent, the work slowly but surely progressed. Driven away from their work early in the fall, and not able to recommence until another summer was almost at hand, there were very few weeks of each year in which any work could be done. Last October the laborers were interrupted by a sudden snow-storm without having time to gather up their tools. Under the snow they laid all winter, and not until June could the men go up to lay the remaining five hundred feet of track. In less than a month it was completed; and by the opening of another season there will be a comfortable dépôt and small hotel at the foot.

We took our lunch, sheltered from the sun, and partially protected from the numerous black flies, in one of the rough buildings put up for the workmen. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to study a little the construction of the cars and track, and carried off some of KILBURN BROTHERS' admirable stereoscopic pictures, which, transferred by the artist to these pages, give the result of our investigations better than we can do in words. A third track, laid between the other two, is fitted with cogs. A third wheel, both in the engine and the cars, is furnished in like manner. The teeth of the one fitting into those of the other propel both car and engine steadily up the steepest grades. It thus differs from the Mount Holyoke Railway, where a stationary engine pulls you up by a long rope, and from the Mount Cenis Railway, where two little wheels, griping the third rail, propel you by means of friction only. Looking up the track, and realizing that it is really as steep in some places as an ordinary flight of stairs, we almost doubted our courage, and we listened eagerly to Mr. MARSH's kind and detailed explanations of the means which are used to secure the safety of the trains. Morethan once the ladies shook their heads and turned away from the track, made almost dizzy with looking at it from below. Hark! a whistle! We run to see a black dot smoking a very minute cigar. It comes nearer, and, as we see men and women there, we hold our breath, and when they safely reach us, strangers though they are, we feel like congratulating them that they have safely passed through such an awful experience. We are somewhat rebuffed by seeing them step calmly out upon the platform as if from an ordinary carriage. We are not willing to be outdone, so we think of the atmospheric brakes, of the friction-brakes, of the rachet-wheel, and the cogs, and look very brave. Mr. SANBORN, in spite of some difficulties in the way, most kindly made up a special train. The old and smaller engine, and a common platform-car, with a rough tier of seats upon it, were soon ready. The seats were arranged to be level on an ascent of one foot in five, and when the car is on level ground the seats present that angle. While we were arranging ourselves upon them our predecessors on the road stood by giving us the benefit of their recent experience—counseling sundry tyings on of hats, coat-buttonings, and extra wrappings. But the sun is so hot! Never mind; wait and see how long it will be so.

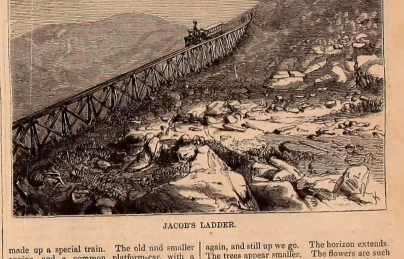
We start. There are no wheels—only looks, one at another, and underhand graspings of the seat—and up we go, as if pushed from the earth into the air. No place to step off upon. On a trestle-work, sometimes more than twenty feet high, we seem entirely severed from the earth. The steatest of the party looks a little pale; but we feel the firm grip of cog upon cog; we remember that the wheel is so clamped upon the pin-rigged middle rail that neither the engine nor the car can be lifted or thrown off; that the pawl dropped into the rachet-wheel would hold us in the steepest place; that the shutting of a valve in the atmospheric brakes effectually stops the wheels from moving; we look at our Superintendent, who stands composedly watching the engine; his calmness inspires us with courage, and we dare to look off, and then—we forget all fears. We are ascending so precipitately that unless we look directly behind us up the track, we seem to go up from the middle of a great valley. Hills and valleys, streams and lakes and distant villages, spread out before us with a wonder of beauty that beguiles us of all fear.

Suddenly we become conscious that there are no more black flies. The sun seems not quite so hot. Our wrappings are not quite so oppressive. The trees are not so large. We are still creeping up, up. There are no level places. When we stop to water the engine, it is on a steep grade, and we wonder whether we shall not go whizzing down. But no! We start again, and still up we go. The horizon extends. The trees appear smaller. The flowers are such as bloomed with us two months ago. Admiration gives place to awe. There is no room in our hearts for fear. We care not if the wind is chilly—we drink in the wonder. Another stop for water. There is some consultation between Superintendent and workmen. Water is short. Why? Frozen up. Frozen up in July? Snow enough soon we come to a laborer with red, cold hands, who reports frozen ground only a foot below the surface. Think of it, you who were sweltering in the city. But look off: Yonder are distant lakes, filled up by the sunlight. The mountains about us shrink into small hills, and still we are not at the top. It begins to feel damp. We come to a cloud. What is it like?

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILROAD.



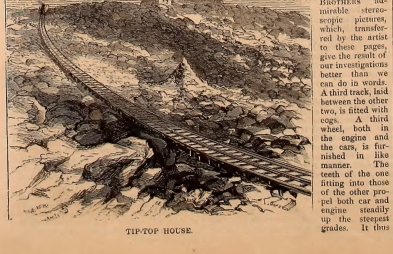
ON THE WAY UP.



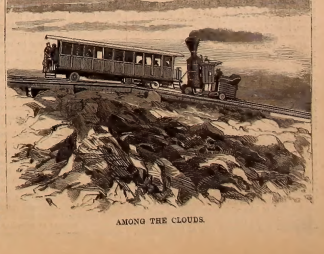
JACOB'S LADDER.

of the turnpike, near the old Fabyan stand, the good-natured gate-keeper, with many sympathizing regrets, said the cars had gone up. A glance at our disappointed faces induced a doubtful "perhaps they may go up again this afternoon." This, with a tin cup of delicious mountain strawberries which he had just gathered, gave us some encouragement. On we went by the beautiful Ammonoosuc, calculating our chances, and watching the thread on the mountain, scarcely believing it possible any thing more than Queen Mab's fairy coach could descend upon it, but each moment hoping to see the smoke, which would show us the train was descending, and might therefore be ready to take us up.

Arriving at the dépôt (we speak prophetically)



TIP-TOP HOUSE.



AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Like rain? No. Like fog? No. We are saturated, permeated with moisture. It seems almost to drive through us. But now it lifts, and how gloriously the sun lights up the valleys! There are no trees about us, only dwarfed attempts at trees. Now and then moss-covered rocks, now bare rocks. Just beside us winds the carriage-road. Now we pass poor LIZZIE BORDEN'S hut—but most appropriate monument. Now we are at the top. Cloud-wrapped, we see nothing save the rocks just about us. Stepping off the car we are almost thrown down by the wind. Tightly drawing our wraps about us, shutting the driving water out of our eyes, we scramble to the Tip-Top House, and by the blazing fire we have time to consider what we have done.

In an hour and a half we have climbed by steam a ladder nearly three miles high. We have ascended in that time over 3600 feet. We are more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We have passed from the atmosphere of July to that of January. The stunted vegetation just below is not that of New England. It is the vegetation of Labrador. Shall we dare to go down again, to drop, in some long grades, at the rate of one foot in three? The Mount Washington car has on that a car set free would make the descent in less than three minutes. We shudder at the bare thought. He tells us that he can load that car with stone, adjust the brakes, and leave it without a man to operate them, and it will make the descent in safety. We are reassured. There are the atmospheric brakes—if one gives way there are three more to hold; there is an ordinary friction brake with which the engineer tells us he can stop the train in four inches; there is the ratchet-wheel that stops it instantly; and there is the steam in reserve that never used in the descent, but always ready as an additional protection; and, finally, the mechanism is so arranged that it seems as though even carelessness in the engineer could well be fatal. It is only the novelty of the thing of which inspires fear. That novelty is already gone. And after a good breakfast we descend the mountain-side, exchanging the piercing winds and yet more penetrating clouds for sunlight, throwing off our wintry wrappings, coming from the region of arctic rocks to that of semi-arctic vegetation, and from that of stunted vegetation to that of noble forest trees, with less tremor than we originally experienced on the top of our old-fashioned stage among the precipitous hills of Maine.

THREE THREADS.

WHAT would he do? Mattie watched him in a secret tremble. Of what was he thinking as he swung in the hammock? She had taken up her position as she would stand for a bust. But supposing he should do something frail and desperate?

What was it all about? Nothing! a trifle in the beginning. Mattie was sometimes unreasonable, and had taken upon herself to be jealous.

"You are a mean master," she had said to him. "You can do as you like. If you actually prefer Miss Grierson I have nothing more to say—only you can not wear her colors and mine, you know!"

"Wear her colors!" repeated Tom. "I was civil to the girl. What would you have me do? Conduct myself like a Hottentot to every woman but you."

This was precisely, I am afraid, what *would* have suited Mattie; but of course she answered, briskly,

"Conduct yourself as you choose! I am not dictating to you. I only propose to regulate my behavior by your own."

"I think you are trying to make me angry."

"Not at all."

"But what have I done? Is it because I played a game of croquet with her when she asked me?"

"She asked you! But I dare say; she is bold enough."

"She is a very nice girl;" and Tom's eyes began to sparkle.

"She has fine taste. She admires you."

"As I do her."

"Oh, very well! I have no wish to interfere," retorted Mattie, bravely forcing back a tear or two; and just at this most unsatisfactory stage somebody interrupted them, and Tom walked away not a little angry. He vowed to himself that Mattie was a fool, and he would never have looked at it of her; and more than he was inclined to humor her in a sulky way. He would take his horses and drive over the country for a day or two. Mattie could hardly be jealous of that, and when he came back she might be glad. That where there is gunpowder the spark is sure to fall. At any other time he would have met old Mrs. Simpson; but then and there, Mattie looking on from the window, he encountered Miss Grierson going to croquet.

Miss Grierson was a coquette, and she hated Mattie. Quick as thought she handed him her mallet.

"I am so glad I met you, Mr. Musgrove. I was looking for a champion to fight my battles. Edna and Major Willis have challenged me, and declare they will beat me and any partner I may find out of the field. You will help me, won't you? I have wagered Edna a box of gloves on the issue."

As Tom said, what could a man do? He would rather not have gone with her under Mattie's very eyes, and he did determine to treat her with polite indifference. But Miss Grierson made the most of her opportunities, and after all Tom was not the man to bear too heavy a hand on the curb. When she poised her little arched foot on the ball was he not to admire? When she laughed at his play with merry malice, and followed him about the field with playful taunts, and teased and badgered him at every stroke, making all the time the prettiest little picture herself, his grim look softened in spite of himself; and how could he help it? Where one pretty girl frowns the next who smiles looks so much the sweeter, you know.

Of course, Tom thought so. These are the arguments from his side of the question, you understand. Mattie's view was different. When he shouldered Miss Grierson's mallet she took it as a defiance, and was strongly tempted to go away and cry; but pride told her to stay and look on, and pretend she was not unhappy. Every pretty art in the Grierson was a fresh stab. Every gesture of Tom's a fresh proclamation that he cared nothing about her. He had never looked better in Mattie's eyes, but she told herself that this was no wonder. She did not really believe that it was the end. Somewhere locked a belief that Tom would humble himself and make his peace. But she would not put to the test this belief in words, and only to say to herself over and over that all was done between them; and when Tom's back was turned she nearly restored to good-humor, and began to pull over her spools, she took them away from him and went off alone.

"I told you," she said, in a low, steady voice, "that you could not wear both colors, but must choose. I choose mine, and you have chosen, and I withdraw my claims." And with that she slipped a certain ring from her finger and dropped it into his hand.

For a moment Tom sat looking from the ring to her, in a sort of stupid surprise, and Mattie's heart beat high. She was sure that he would be loved her; and I suspect that something like triumph showed, after all, in her face, pale and quivering as it was, as his smoothing wrath suddenly flamed. He rose also, and with a look in his eyes that she did not understand, he said,

"I shall be exactly as you please," he said. "I disdain to justify myself. But if, at any time, you should repent of your present capricious, you will find me, as you have always done, at your command."

Then he threw her a low bow and walked away, leaving her very much as if the earth had suddenly swallowed every one who belonged to her. Miss Grierson called to her, "Mattie, Mattie!" but got not answer, and flung himself into the hammock swinging between the two maples; and Mattie stood looking after him, as if it were the first beginning of our story. What would he do? Should she go to him? No, never! It was he who had offended her. Manifestly, if she could but have known it, these were precious moments, for as Tom lay sullenly swinging to and fro a cheery voice called,

"Good-by, Tom; I'm off in an hour."

"Off!" echoed Tom; and then, struck by a sudden thought, "Going to get off?"

"Why, in the stage, to be sure. You must be dreaming to ask that question."

"An hour, you say?" and Tom came out, on his feet. "I will go with you."

Woodford's jolly face put on a look of intense surprise.

"Are you sure you are serious? How about Mattie—"

"Never mind that," cut in Tom, sharply. "They are all alike. Give me a horse and a boat, and the girls may take care of themselves. I have had enough of them."

And with that he marched off to pack his trunk. When Mattie came down to dinner she found an empty chair beside her.

"Mr. Musgrove and Mr. Woodford are both gone, dear," said Miss Grierson. "They left regards for you." And the spiteful little coquette was half consoled for the loss of their two best men by Mattie's pallor. But Miss Grierson (Mattie) the blue in her sky had turned gray indeed.

Now, one would hardly have supposed that these threads, snapped short at Shorespoint, could have altered in any way the pattern of Miss Mattie's life at Cliffe. But it was Kitty Kitty's first season. The world was all before her, to be tried: a world in which, as she knew by dint of reading novels, a pretty girl could do looking young men, ready to fall in love, and to pursue, through no matter what difficulties, damsels like—well—a Kitty Cliffe. Happy Kitty! only seventeen, her trunks full of fresh toilets, and no doubts or fears assailing her. She came so airily through the hall, she was so fresh and sparkling, she looked at every thing with such pleased eyes, she was so self-conscious, yet so unconscious, that Mrs. Cliffe, looking on the piazza, looked after her with something like interest, and asked Woodford to introduce him.

Woodford laughed aside to Mattie. In his present humor Tom was a nuisance. For the first day or so he had been in rather extravagant spirits, buoyed by the consciousness that he had asserted his rights like a man; but reaction had set in, and Tom was so surly that Woodford felt he should not be able to make Miss Blodgett bear-leader, and took Tom up at once.

Kitty, poor little thing! saw what was coming, and knew they were coming to her. She did her best to look unconscious, like the other girls; but that unseen personality that is in every one Kitty failed utterly. She blushed before they reached her, and was very nervous on being introduced; and the power of her responsive heart tongue ran all the faster. "Did he like Fern Cliffe? She did. And the hotel? It was *splendid!* She had been delighted with the boats, and the bowling-alley. This fresh little girl amused him. Every thing she found delightful. The next morning found him waiting to take her in to breakfast, and she allowed him to see that she had expected him. He monopolized her on the road the principle that he would have tried for the monopoly of any thing else that pleased him, and without thinking very much about it; and she was quite satisfied. There was every reason why he should please her. He was the best-looking man at Fern Cliffe. His natural easy composure, weighted by his constant regret, became an indifference that excited her respect. She thought he was superior to herself, because he only smiled at what startled her. For all, the dear little soul had discovered that Tom had his religious doubts. Need I say more? It is not already known the under world which young ladies take up missionary work when the convert to be made is a good-looking young man? When she first touched on this subject Tom was inclined to be bored and irreverent.

"To tell the truth," he said, carelessly, "I doubt if I have ever very much about such things. Why should I?"

"Why! oh!" Words failed the little preacher before such enormous confessions. "Why because it is wicked, you know, not to care;" and catching just then the shadow of a smile on Tom's face as he looked around looking up at her, her brown eyes brimmed with tears.

"I don't know how to argue," she said, simply, "but I wish you would give a great deal to make you good;" and here the little mouth began to quiver in sympathy with the eyes, making Tom feel, for the moment, that he was a brute. And if this pretty, innocent little creature chose to interest herself in him—well, why not? We are not responsible for her fine nature.

"And— If I were always near you," he said, softly, "I might be a better man."

And then the little preacher's heart thrilled with a sudden hope. What if she could convert him? And the two were at once on a more familiar and friendly footing than they could have reached in a month of flirtation.

So the days slipped into weeks, the weeks into months, and Tom was rolled up in that month for Mattie. Now that she had lost him she found how much she had to do with him. Under this tree they had quarreled. Near those rocks he had told her "that no other woman could have such power over him;" and—forgiven, and—forgiven her. Over every walk was written remember! The very empty chair beside her caused her to look for him. He had sat there! All her songs—he used to sing them with her. She sang them now with Charlie Grierson. In fact, she liked Charlie, that misguided young man, and then, when he presumed, sent him over without remorse. She was quite determined to make no angry but all those who failed in health and looks, and when her elder sister, Mrs. Hesperia, came down she found Mattie in rather a sizable state.

Mrs. Hesperia was emphatically a woman of tact. Finding something much wrong, her forte as sister she knew by intuitions, but not head nor eyes and ears. Of course it did not need quite half a day to discover that Miss Grierson hated Mattie. Miss Grierson did not have her shrine.

"You could hardly believe, Mrs. Peri, how Mattie has flirted," said Miss Grierson, on the piazza. "I have not had time to look at my dear. You know you did, though I admit you have behaved much better lately. Indeed, we have all been delighted with Mr. Musgrove's good looks, and when he left Shorespoint we were quite sorry for Mattie's sake. Mattie can't help it, you know, dear, that she is a coquette. She felt that she winced and blushed under the Grierson's stab; but Hesperia, wisest of women, understood nothing. Mattie so blind as those who will not see. She remembered that Mr. Musgrove had come to Fern Cliffe almost every winter. The hotel books told her when he had gone away, and while she was waiting for further revelations something came in a letter from Fern Cliffe, and that Tom Musgrove was stopping at Fern Cliffe. "He is at *une petite sotise* with a pretty little Miss Kitty Cliffe," wrote the fair gossip, "but in a melancholy way. It is the common belief here that your sister Mattie threw him over. If she did I am sorry for her. He is the best young man I have seen this season."

And now Mrs. Hesperia had the whole story. That Tom was in love with Mattie; and in August they had fires at Shorespoint. So one evening found the two sisters sitting in the twilight before a flicker of flame on the hearth while the rain beat outside.

"What a weary world!" murmured Mattie, dolefully, when Hesperia left Tom was now.

"What weary people, rather!" answered Hesperia, lightly. "Depend on it, Mattie, half our miseries is of our own seeking and having. I have just had a letter from Maria Hunter, bewailing herself. You remember she quarreled with her fiancé, Arthur Slade; and now they are both miserable, because both are too proud to make advances."

"And quite right!" cut in Mattie. "I mean she is right. It is the man's place to make them."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Hesperia, quietly. "Suppose it is the woman who is in the wrong? But granting it, for the sake of argument, do you think pride is worth while to pay over the whole happiness of a life to make good some theory about a man and woman's place? Maria knows that Arthur loves her. One word from her would end it all. If she refuses to speak that word, it is not because she loves her pride better than her love? If so, let her go. There will be no heart-break in the case. But if it were my case, if I thought a man worth loving, and believed that he loved me, I should not be turned out of Paradise so easily. Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self-love."

Mattie started, and looked curiously at her sister, for Hesperia had spoken with either remarkable energy. But Hesperia went on in her ordinary manner:

"I was reminded of Maria's case by getting a letter from her, about which I wished to consult you. She is at a place called Fern Cliffe, and is anxious that we should join her. What do you say?"

It seems to me dull enough here."

Again Mattie looked hard at her sister, but she could read nothing in that artless woman's face. Three days later they were at Fern Cliffe. Mattie's pride rebelled sorely. The move looked so much like following Tom. But Hesperia's words rang in her ears. Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self-love.

Are there brain telegraphs, more subtle than those worked by electricity? All that day Tom's thoughts had been busy with Mattie. Kitty was pretty and fresh, but he was a little tired of being listened to and admired. Mattie kept him on his mettle. With her he must prove himself what she wished him to be. Kitty and he were not betrothed in spite of the gossips of Fern Cliffe, but they were close on it. He knew all the few possibilities of her child's nature, and what answer she would give if he should ask her; but how could he ask her, when it made him catch his breath only to think of the romance that he and Mattie had lived together? The recalling of this sort he was thinking, Kitty on one arm, her pink and white shawl on the other, as they came up from the beach, when he caught a glimpse from the piazza that made him start. A dainty little figure, marked by a certain saucy self-assertion in every gesture; a tall head-dress, hair, a brilliant face, not altogether regular in feature, nor yet set color, but a face that bloomed like a pink-white flower; and in the most distinct, deliberate intonation—a little dash of affectation about it, but not a pretty affectation?), as she stood talking with a very handsome woman, also a stranger; in brief, Mattie and Mrs. Hesperia.

There was a moment's pause. Kitty's self-assured Kitty, went up to the two ladies, and took off his hat. The muscles about his mouth did quiver a little, and Mattie did not. Tom was both acquitted themselves very well. You could hardly have said that they were pledged to each other, much less that each was on the rack. Tom was introduced to Mrs. Hesperia, and then he went back to Kitty.

"Your mamma is not pretty," remarked Kitty, unskilfully; "or is she an old friend?"

"Pretty! No! She is beautiful," retorted Tom, deeply offended; and Kitty felt that she hated the new-comers, and she went past them with rather a showy unconsciousness, and with an air of having absolute possession of Tom.

"What an underbred person!" said Mattie, looking after the little figure, and as if in echo of her thoughts.

"That will be a match," said Maria Hunter's voice close in her ear. "I never saw such a flirtation. Kitty can hardly a moment apart."

"And I came to Fern Cliffe!" thought Mattie, bitterly, darting in spite of herself a look full of reproach at Hesperia, who, on the first ill-mannered little girl, would be useless to repeat it. Mattie now had the bit between her teeth, and her only endeavor, as Hesperia foresaw was to prove herself indifferent. She could not even be persuaded to treat Tom civilly. He asked her to drive. She was engaged. "Tomorrow, then." "That is promised too." Then she turned her back on him to pin a bouquet in Mrs. Dorrance's button-hole; and a very pretty picture it was; for she had the smallest hands, and could make the most bewitching face, of any girl in Fern Cliffe; but Tom was turning away, with something like an oath, when he met Hesperia's friendly eyes, and some irresistible impulse made him go up to her with,

"I beg your pardon, but did Mattie—I mean did Miss Mattie receive a letter from me just before you came to Fern Cliffe?"

Then Mrs. Hesperia was triumphant. That night's mail took out a letter to the postmaster at Shorespoint, and a day or two after Mattie found a note on her table, bearing a double postmark, and directed in a hand not "invented from Shorespoint." Something in the handwriting made Mattie start and change color. It was only a copy of some verses from the "Lovers' Quarrel:"

"Woman, and will you cast,
For a word, quite off at last
Me, your own, your own?
Since, as Truth is true,
I was, all the happy past—
Me do you leave uphast,
With the memories to me unused?

"Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight—
How I look to you
For the pure and true,
And the honest and the right—
Bear with a moment's spite,
When a mere mole blemishes the white."

And at the foot of the page, "Remember your promise."

But then, months before, Tom and Mattie had settled those verses, and had been forced by them into a sudden seriousness.

"What if we should quarrel?" he asked.

"But we shall not," she answered, laughing.

"But we may," he persisted. "You are teasing and capricious. We are both obstinate. Let us make a bargain. And if such a time should come I will send you these verses. If I send them, promise you will come to me. Not to forgive me—only to come to me."

And Mattie had promised, promising, of course, that it was absurd; but she had promised. She would never have made the first advance—but her promise. It is astonishing what an iron shackle a promise is in some cases. Really, you see, she had no free-will in the matter. And so—Tom, standing gloomily and alone at a little distance, felt a hand on his arm, and turning quickly, saw Mattie holding out a letter, half shy, half haughty.

"I only came to-night," she said; "and—you see I keep my promise."

Tom's arms were around her in a moment.

"Thank God!" he said, huskily. "I was going away to-morrow. Your indifference drove me mad, my darling."

"But I was not indifferent," whispered Mattie; "and I am very sorry, Tom. I believe I was quite wrong, after all."

The two were more in love and happier than ever. Nothing is quite so sweet as love's young dream, except perhaps love's young quarrel. It was not to be marred even by Miss Grisewell's charitable comment, that "It would be strange if Mattie had not caught Mr. Musgrove, when she went down to see him, with her sister to help her."

And Kitty—Kitty was hard hit, no doubt; but in the merciful ordering of events she had been endowed with an excellent appetite and a perfect digestion, and nobody can actually pine on a series of good dinners. Nobody without a reliable digestion is capable of a three-volume romance. And, after all, these little affairs are to a belle what measles and hooping-cough are to one's childhood. So, by degrees, Kitty rallied, and is, I hear, the reigning belle at the Seashore House this summer.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

THE moon just emerged from behind a cloud, and the shadow of the blasted tree stood boldly right across the stone.

"Time!" cried the leader.

The three men stooped down and picked up their pickaxes.

They stood on the edge of a deep hole—so deep that three men must have spent many days in making it. A ladder projected above it. Three grew around. It was the hush of midnight. It was a lonely cliff projecting far into the sea, whose waters washed it, and now, in dashing against it, made the only audible sound. Over their heads was the blasted trunk of a venerable tree, with one blackened branch projecting outward.

These three men stood in the moonlight and prepared to descend. They were about so ugly a collection of human beings as it was possible to find.

"We ought to reach it to-night," said one, as he began to descend.

"Will, Dick," said the last one, "when we get it we won't think of our labor."

"Out of the way, Bill," cried the third. "There's no time to lose. Let me down."

"Are you coming, Sam?" cried the first man, his voice sounding deep down in the pit.

"All right," cried Sam; and in a few minutes the two men were at the bottom.

The third man, called Bill, stood at the top. He was waiting for the night. He lighted his pipe and walked about, looking around in every direction. It was a glorious night. His eye wandered everywhere. All around, except as cept on one side, spread the ocean, calm and still, sleeping in the moonlight. From the pit below there increased noise of the falling pickaxes came up, and the scraping of shovels. The men were working busily. Tired of walking about, the watcher sat on the edge of the pit and looked down. It was wide and deep. At the bottom the men were digging by the light of a lantern. They were making a narrower excavation, and throwing the earth out into the wide floor of the pit.

"Hope yet?" cried Bill.

"Not a sign."

Silence followed, and the men continued to dig; again the dull sound of the pickaxes alone broke the silence.

"Dull work, this," at length exclaimed one of the men, resting on his spade.

"It's the brazen rod, by all the saints! Dig! dig! dig!"

The two men turned from the hole, and tore away with their picks into the side where the rod projected. In their anxious labor not a word escaped them. The watcher above clung to the edge of the pit and looked down. His heart beat fast. Strange thoughts rushed tumultuously through his mind.

The men's axes flew like light. The earth was torn out in large masses. The brazen rod was uncovered more and more.

At last the pick of Sam struck something, which gave forth a hollow sound.

The two men trembled. They dropped their axes and looked at one another.

"Go on! go on!" roared Bill from the top of the pit.

The men sprang to work. The earth was thrown out in great masses. Soon an iron plate appeared. Beyond a doubt it was the side of an iron chest.

"Go on! go on!" cried the watcher above them, impatiently.

A few minutes more and the iron chest sank down, and seizing it with a violent jerk the two men threw it out into the large floor of the pit.

"There's treasure there, my boy!" cried Dick, sinking down upon the ground. The two men, overcome with fatigue, lay on the earth for many minutes, panting.

"Come—there's no time to lose!" cried the watcher. "Hurry up—hurry up!"

The two men jumped up.

"How are we to get it up?" cried they.

"The tree," cried Sam.

"The tree can scarcely bear its own weight," said Bill.

"What shall we do, then?"

"Why, I suppose we'll have to dig a sluice and pull the box up."

"Nonsense!" cried Bill. "That will take us forever. This is the way;" and, seizing the ladder, he pulled it up by a sudden exertion of Herculean strength. While the others looked on silently he slid the ladder over the top of the pit so that it came out altogether. Then raising it up he placed it across the pit against the trunk of the tree.

"There, boys!" he cried; "I'll fix the tackle-block now, and we'll pull it up."

He ran up the ladder, tied a block firmly to it, through which he passed a rope, and let it fall down into the pit.

"Have you got the rope?"

"Yes—all right!"

"Then fasten it to the box and pull it up."

The men did as they were bid. Soon the ponderous chest began to ascend. In a few minutes it hung in the air at the top of the pit. Bill received it and secured it.

"Lower!" he shouted.

The men let go.

In a moment the heavy mass descended on the ground, and as it fell the rope was jerked up out of the pit and pulled upon the ground.

The two men below looked at one another.

Some time elapsed. They heard a noise above as Bill panted and tugged at the chest.

"Make haste there!" cried Sam at last.

There was no answer.

The hearts of these two men throbbed violently; a terrible suspicion passed through their minds. They were not long in suspense.

Suddenly an enormous granite rock fell over the edge of the pit. The tree bent violently; pulled Dick aside he would have been killed. As it was, his elbow and foot were fearfully injured.

"In there, for your life!" cried Sam, as he pushed his groaning companion into the side excavation where the lantern had been.

The two men crawled in, and barely in time. Behind them came the rush of falling rocks and earth. A moment later, and they would have been buried alive.

Buried alive—but what else were they? Down into the pit fell immense quantities of earth, closing them in forever.

The lantern was not yet extinguished. By its light the men looked at one another with pallid faces and staring eyes.

"God played us foul. He is going to bury us alive!" cried Dick, with a groan.

Sam was silent.

"Blood relations! what a punishment!" cried Dick again.

"Yes," growled Sam; "we drowned young Cooledge, and now we are buried in his turn."

"Better to have let young Cooledge come and taken all he wanted than this."

The voice of the latter ceased. Both were lost in gloomy reflections. Still the stones fell. But after about an hour there was silence.

The flickering light of their lantern they could see that the mouth of the place where they sat was nearly filled up. They could breathe, however, even though there was not escape. In the deep silence of the night they could hear the noise made by Bill above them as he tugged at the chest.

"He's getting the box down toothe boat," said Sam.

"Yes," groaned the other.

The sounds grew fainter and fainter. The long weary hours of the night rolled slowly along. The men sat as though petrified. Sam still held his pick in his hand, having picked it up preparatory to his expected ascent.

At last the sounds, to which they had listened like men in a dream, ceased utterly.

"Come!" at length cried Sam; "what shall we do? I'm not going to sit here and starve, of die."

"It's morning! Look!" cried Dick.

Sure enough, looking through the small opening still left, they could see faint daylight in the pit.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sam, clutching Dick's arm and listening.

Their strained ears a low moaning sound was plainly audible.

"What's that?" cried Dick.

Sam clasped his hands and looked up.

"It's the surf!" he cried.

Seizing his pick in both hands he struck at the end of the cave, and with all his force he dug vigorously. At last, with a tremendous blow, he struck his pick against the passage. The earth yielded; it descended, and with a mighty fall came in. In a huge mass it all fell down before them, and there appeared the glorious light of day, the blue vault of heaven, and the mirror like sea.

"Now for vengeance!" cried Sam.

Slowly and stealthily the men crept out. The pit had been dug on the middle of a large tongue of land. They had dug down for sixty feet, and then on one side altogether for as much as thirty feet. That had brought them out on the steep side of the cliff. The shore lay at their feet. A little distance upward they saw the boat. But he was in it. He had just put on the chest on board, and now, panting from the tremendous exertion, he sat on the bottom of the boat.

Holding his pick in his hand, Sam came on, followed by Dick. Bill did not perceive them. They came nearer. They were close to him. A splash which they made on the water aroused him. Suddenly turning he saw the huge form of Sam standing erect before him with the pick upraised.

With a loud scream of terror Bill seized a brace of pistols, one in each hand, and fired. At the same moment Sam's arm descended. The pick fell and pierced Bill's shoulder. He tumbled over the boat on his back, and lay writhing in agony. Sam, too, fell at the same moment mortally wounded. Dick was struck by the second bullet in the arm. Faint from the loss of blood, he too sank down.

There were the three men, each wounded in a different degree, writhing in pain, from which two at least would never recover.

A long cry from behind them made them all start. A young man came leaping down the steep cliff and rushing toward them. The sight arrested Sam's dying gaze, made Bill utter a cry, and Dick rise to his feet in terror.

"Young Cooledge!" cried Dick.

"Wretched men!" cried the youth, coming up; "what have you done?"

"Are you from the grave?" gasped Dick.

"No. Heaven delivered me. I floated on a board to this island. Here I have been witness of your atrocities. You have all met a just retribution."

He moved to the boat.

"Save me!" cried Sam to him.

"Save me!" cried Dick. The others had sunk down with a groan. "No," said the youth. "It was I who told you of this treasure. Wishing to have it all for ourselves, you tried to murder me. Heaven has put it in my way, and I will take it. As for you, wretch that you are, hope for no mercy from me, but be thankful that you are not as these lying dead at your feet!"

And he boat sailed away, leaving the wounded man alone with the dead.

PREPARATION OF PRECIOUS STONES.

ALL the black and white onyxes of the shops are colored artificially by being boiled with sugar or oil, and then with sulphuric acid; orange topazes are "burnt," and the beating them red-hot; bad turquoises are improved by a solution of copper; chrysoprases are boiled in sulphate of nickel; and blemished diamonds even may be sometimes improved by treatment with chlorine; opals, too, may be warmed before being shown, for the sake of the experiment. These stones are occasionally found capable of being decolorized by heat. A suitable cut specimen is selected, and placed in a vessel full of sand; over it is heated to full redness for some time. The stone when cold is found to have lost its color and its clearness, and then approaches in lustre, hardness, and play of colors, or "fire," to the diamond itself. It is set in a massive ring of gold and worn for several times the value of the metal. The ignorant pawnbroker has mistaken the stone for an inferior but large diamond. He values it, and lends upon it a proportionate value, though of high scientific interest, the ring is never redeemed.

THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

DURING the debates on the Constitution in the Spanish Cortes an event occurred which stirred deeply the national feeling. When leveling the ground for the large new square of the Dos de Mayo the workmen came upon the old Quemadero de la Cruz, the "Smithfield" of Madrid, where the heretics and heretics used to be burned, the victims of the Inquisition. Layers of black dust, with remnants of bones and other relics, turned up at every stroke of the spade. People crowded to the spot, and the grim Quemadero, with its ghastly diggings, became the wonder and talk of the capital. A speaker in the Cortes took up the theme, and dwelt upon it with a vivid power and painful minuteness galling to the Ecclesiastical party, but cheered to the echo by the Liberals. As the assassination of the Prefect in the Cathedral of Burgos helped to rouse popular feeling at the beginning of the debates, so this lucky, or let us call it providential, discovery gave new force to the enemies of despotism and intolerance. All Spaniards who can read know that multitudes perished by fire in the *autos da fé* at Madrid, Seville, Valladolid, and elsewhere; but now there was visible evidence of the fact. Besides, many Spaniards can not read, and the traditions of the old cruelties of Rome had grown faint. The history of the past will now help the progress of the future.

The Inquisition was first founded by a Spaniard, Dominic, of Castile, for the suppression of the Albigensian heresy. The poor Albigenses, unprotected and unarmed, were by Dominicans, like sheep by wolves. The formal establishment of the secret tribunal took place after Dominic's death, at Rome, in the Council of Toulouse. It took root as a permanent institution in Spain and Italy more than in France. Its second founders were Spaniards, Torquemada and Xavierre, the former being the first Grand Inquisitor. He had earnestly labored, in Isabella's early days, to infuse into her mind the same spirit of religious intolerance which possessed his own. He strove to obtain from her, while yet a girl, a pledge that she would she ever come to the throne, she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy, for the glory of God, and the exaltation of the Catholic faith." When Isabella ascended the throne of Castile, Torquemada urged her to fulfill that promise, and was seconded by Xavierre. Long did Isabella's womanly heart resist the fiendish instigation of Torquemada; but at length she was passive in his hand. A bull of Pope Sextus VI. authorized Ferdinand and Isabella to appoint "inquisitors for the detection and suppression of heresy in their dominions." In 1480 two Dominicans were appointed, with vast and irresponsible powers.

The story of the Inquisition in Spain is too well known to need to be repeated here. In Protestant countries more is known than in Spain itself. But there will be publicity enough now, and it will be well to recall the dark records of Rome's cruelty.

Llorente, who himself had been secretary to the Inquisition in Spain, and who, in that capacity, had enjoyed access to its records, gives, in his history, a statement of the number of the victims whom punishments are therein registered. The details are too large to be inserted here, but the general results are as follows:

Number of persons condemned, and who perished in the flames.....	31,912
Burnt in effigy, having died in prison, or escaped.....	17,659
Sentenced to the galleys, or to imprisonment.....	291,450
	341,021

"The Inquisition," continues Llorente, "ruined and branded with infamy more than three hundred and forty thousand persons, whose disgrace was reflected on their families, and who bequeathed only opprobrium and misery to their children. And to those more than one hundred thousand families who emigrated in order to escape from this blood-thirsty tribunal, and it will be seen that the Inquisition has been the most active instrument of the ruin of Spain. But the most disastrous of all the acts which it occasioned was the expulsion of the Moors. For the sold to those who were banished from Spain the countless numbers who perished in the insurrections of the sixteenth century, and the eight hundred thousand Jews who left the kingdom, it will be seen that the country lost, in the course of a hundred and twenty years, almost three millions of its most industrious inhabitants.

It is well, therefore, to revive in Spain this history of the past, so that the shades of the martyrs may, as it were, be "sown o'er all the fields where still doth sway the triple tyrant." Let the young generation of the bright days of the martyrs, that they, having learned the way of truth,

"Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BOOK ALL TITLE PAGES.—The Peerage.

MOTTO FOR A HAIR-DRESSER.—"*Parting* is such sweet sorrow.

EXCURSIONIST *(from Salt Lake)*. "Give me through tickets for fifteen grown persons and thirty-nine children."

NEW TICKET CLERK *(from Massachusetts)*. "If it's a school or Sunday-school we can make them cheaper to you."

EXCURSIONIST *(indignantly)*. "Sir! It's my own private family, Sir!"

LONG BRANCH.

Long Branch has the audacity to be in New Jersey.

Otherwise there's nothing to be said against it.

Any body can go to Long Branch who has a mind to.

It is the property of nature.

Before starting it is advisable to draw all your capital out of the bank.

Raise all you can on mortgage on your property.

Collect all the money that is owing to you.

Borrow all you can of your friends.

You will find no difficulty in spending it all at Long Branch.

Long Branch consists of beach, and water.

The hotels run along the beach, and the beach runs in front of the hotels.

If you want a map of Long Branch, just draw a chalk line as long as you like, and suppose the hotels are on one side, the beach on the other.

Then with a hatchet roll along the line, and makes rollers into which the festive bathers plunge.

The beach at Long Branch is quite a philosophy study at bathing-time.

You see wonderful sights.

The gorgeous butterflies have changed into shabby-looking girls.

And where, oh where, have those girls gone?

There is no delusion about the hotels.

They take you in, but in a respectable manner.

They are wonderful hotels, some of them.

There seems no end to them.

The length of the buildings is to be compared to nothing, unless it be the length of their bills.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dashing enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just neat enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just pride enough for the right,
Tones soft enough to remember
Your loving accents aright.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for position,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without learning,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Scorning to bend to a frown,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff on the acts of material
That really good housewives are made.

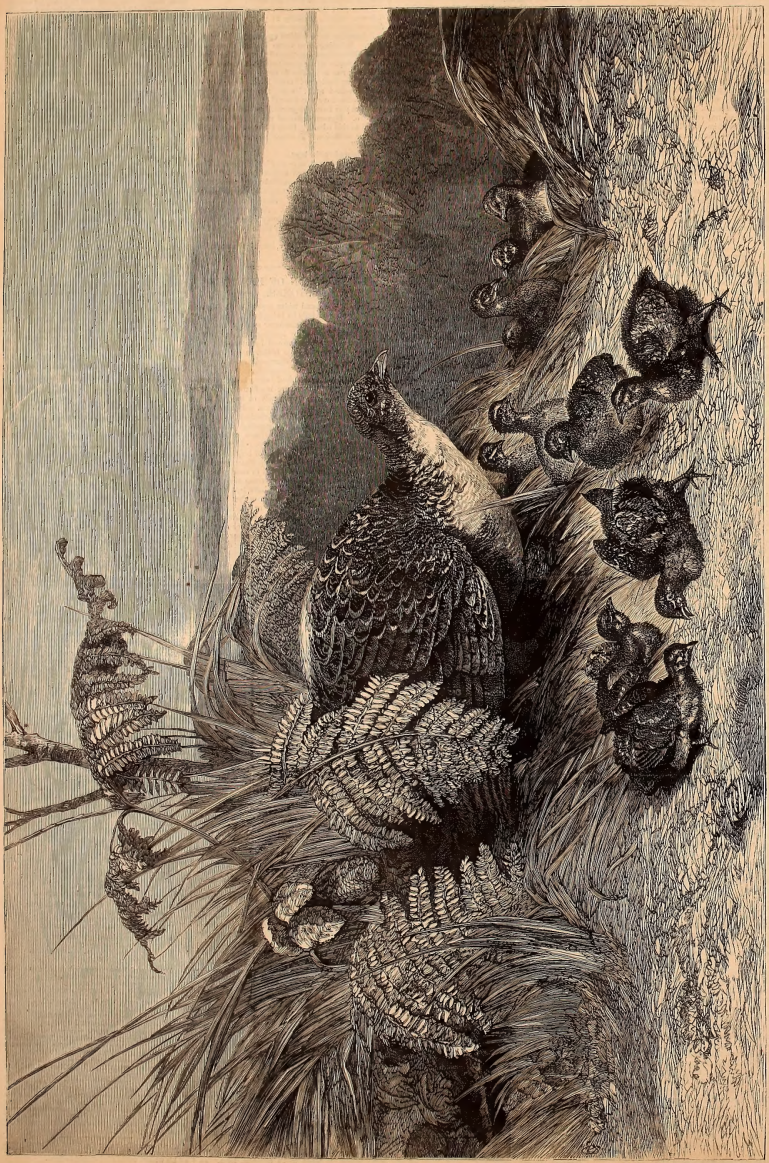
Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh, I fear me that I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

A writer asks, through the Farmer's Department of a contemporary, if any one can tell him why a poor man the best way to bring a little nursery. Get married!

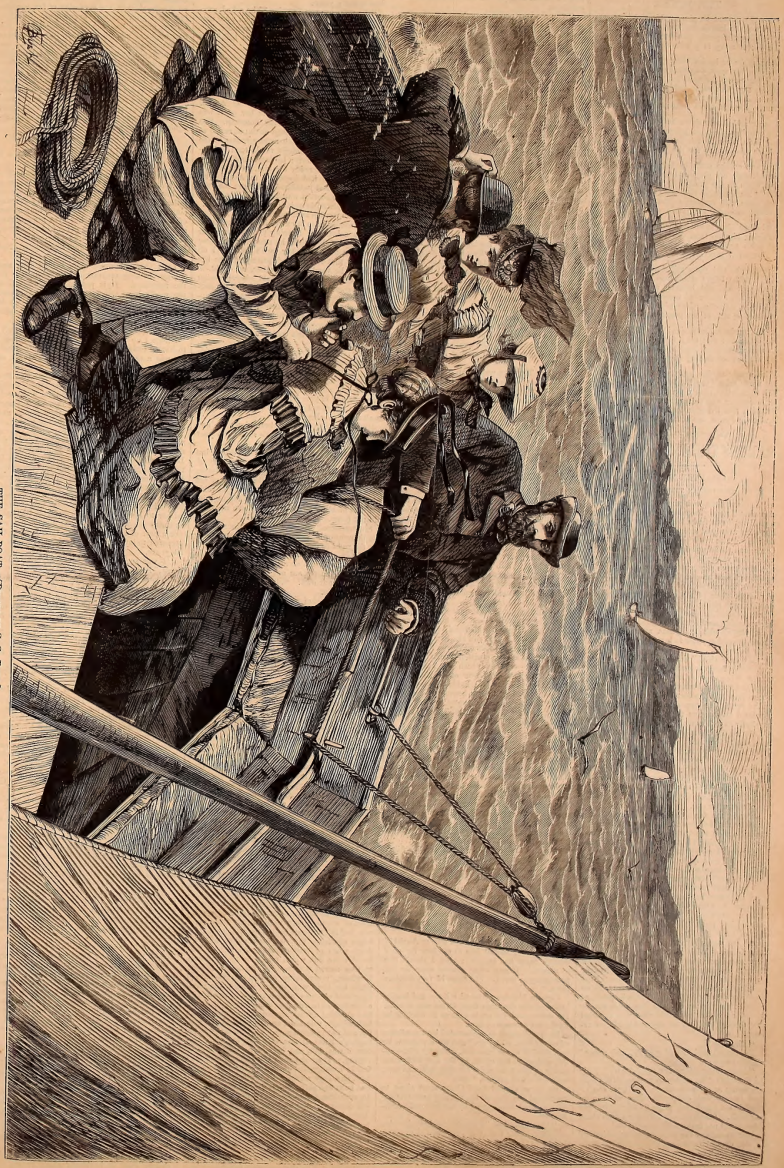
Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love for being squeezed.

There is a story of a little girl who was affected to tears on being shown the picture of Daniel in the den of lions. On being told that she need not cry, for the people were dead, it turned out that she was distressed for fear that one little lion in the corner would eat many thing to eat, Daniel evidently being too small to go round.

Why is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men?—Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.



HEN PHEASANT AND YOUNG.—[SEE PAGE 540.]



THE SAIL-BOAT.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

THE MINER.

INTO the ground he plunges his pick,
And well he knows the artful trick
Of sliding the prong between the rocks,
To tear it away in piderous blocks.

Among the rocks his clear voice rings,
As over his work he merrily sings:
"What care I for wealth or power,
When the giant rocks before me cower,
And quiver and quake in dread alarm
At the powerful blows from my stalwart arm?"

Deeper and deeper down he goes,
As crumbles the rock before his blows;
For little heeds he the darkness and cold,
As he delves away for the precious gold.

The sun on the earth its bright rays sheds,
And Nature in luxurious beauties responds,
Yet down in the ground he burrows away,
While the trembling rock-elves cease their play,
And gaze with surprise at the mortal bold
Delving away for the precious gold.

And Hope alone with its feeble ray
Cheering him up from day to day,
Whispers again the tale oft told,
"To-morrow may bring the precious gold."

The months and years roll slowly along,
And still he labors steady and strong;
With pick and gad, hammer and drill,
Making the vein more beautiful still;
All alone save that voice of old
Whispering still of the precious gold.

In his lonely cabin at dead of night
He dreams of that fairy form so bright,
In the church-yard lying still and cold,
By his lust for finding the precious gold.

With steady strokes, and iron nerves,
He never once loses his labor reserves,
Till some giant rock upon him falls,
Or crumbling earth from mouldy walls
Entombs him living in its grave-like hold,
And ends forever his search for gold.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.

"I SOMETIMES wish that I were somebody else, that I might have the pleasure of finding myself out," said Lady Di, *sotto voce*, the morning after that brief interview with Thurstan on the stairs. She was looking pensively at Amelia Orme, and thinking how very obtuse and unintuitive that young lady was not to detect in Captain Mowbray's disengaged manner, and in the stealthy glances he cast toward the object of his thoughts, the real state of affairs. Amelia, happily unconscious of the events of the previous evening, was airing her prettiest allurements to attract Captain Mowbray's attention. She drank her tea with a coquettish air, she nibbled over her pet toast, played with her butter, and repressed a naturally good appetite in a manner that moved Lady Di's pity.

"My dear child," thought the latter, as she composedly made an excellent meal. "It is of no use giving up one's little comforts on the off chance of attracting a lover. I don't believe that a man likes you the better for your abstinence, and if you will wear designs on his heart it is a painful aggravation to your sufferings to feel physically as sad as mentally an internal blank."

Lady Di did not offer her appreciation of her breakfast to interfere with her keen observation of Thurstan's movements. She noticed that he looked moody and troubled, and that this trouble was not entirely of a nature personal to herself. With a little pang of jealousy which all but penetrated her enjoyment of a delicious morsel of pâté, she recognized the probability of his thinking of that other woman.

Later in the forenoon she scandalized Miss Orme by the deliberate manner in which she strolled out of the terrace with the evident intention of joining Captain Mowbray, who was talking over his perplexities with his cigar.

"Shall I take you to Auriol this morning, or shall I stay here, with—with—her?" Such was the burden of his thoughts. He had half promised he would take Amelia early that day, but then he knew he should feel sorry for himself when he found himself walking away from Holme. He was sure that if he sought Amelia's society he should still be yearning after that of Lady Di. "He could see Azalea any time," and herein lay some of the secret of Azalea's failure. With petty natures, security in possession is of more force than passion; the more he thought he ought to go to Auriol, the stronger grew his inclination to remain at Holme. Nevertheless, as the moment resemble one, he no sooner caught sight of Lady Di than he prepared to walk away in an opposite direction; but he moved at a slow pace, and that wily temptress saw through and smiled inly at his feint of retreat.

"Thurstan!"

He turned and bowed gravely, and seemed about to pass on.

"Men's explanations are very clumsy," Lady Di thought; "he wishes to go through the form of staying at my persuasion. Well, we can afford to save their dignity in trifles, when in essentials we grind their pride to powder beneath our heels. I have never yet known a man whom Love could not make a blackguard of."

Unconscious of the self-condemnation implied in this reflection, she proceeded gently with her work of demoralization.

"Look here," Thurstan said, abruptly, after she had urged various pleas to induce him to stay at Holme to-day: "I will stay, but on one condition."

"You are very peremptory."

"No master so brutal as the rebel who has been a slave," he said, with a short laugh. "Come in here; it is raining:" he pointed to a summer-house close by, and his companion obeyed his gesture, partly because heavy raindrops were beginning to splash her hair and shoulders, partly because she was awed into subjection by his imperiousness. If men and horses were but conscious of their own power, and knew how to use it, it would be a bad time for women and equestrians. The summer-houses at Holme were not the ordinary combinations of mouldy walls, sticky seats, green slime, and ear-wigs. As a rule English arbors seem built for the express accommodation of centipedal humanity, which lurks in the corners, wood-lice lurk under the stones in a perpetual state of squash, and toads meditate in the shadows. But this garden-house had more of the Italian than the garden in it. The floor and walls were dry; there was a comfortable cushioned lounge near the entrance, and in the grate a low clear fire was burning; a vase of hot-house flowers stood on a centre-table.

Captain Mowbray was silent for a space, and stood at the window staring moodily at the squalid landscape, and the pouring rain-drops.

"I think," said Lady Di, placidly, as she settled herself on the sofa near the fire, "that there is a storm coming up."

Then she unloosened her hair and shook it down over her shoulders, with the ostensible purpose of drying it.

He made no answer to her observation, but turned and looked at her long and steadfastly. Silence is sometimes a very powerful eloquence. Passion deepens in its still breath; hate smoulders and love grows mad in that lull of verbal expression.

Presently Thurstan walked up to his companion, and, taking both her hands, looked into her eyes. Lady Di dropped her head, and said, like a young (Lady Di winced) "and beautiful; but—"

"But what?"

"But I'm mad about you again, and so mad that I'd give up my liberty if I could only think you cared for me," said Lady Di, pretty much as I have passed the age of visions. I can no longer woo a shadow. Are you still to be a cheat, or a reality? Are you content to be the mere puppet of me by these pretty trickeries of yours if they mean nothing. Will you come away with me, for a little time, and—and—for a moment? I can not be away more than a few weeks, though," he added, with a sudden relapse into the prosaic, "unless, indeed, I sell out."

Lady Di meditated an instant—she could not quite decide what to do—a few moments since and she had caught a momentary glimpse of a renewed triumph. But still she liked him—she liked his dark, handsome face; she liked it the better for the strained emotion that was convulsing it—emotion which she had raised, and she only had the power of allaying. She looked at his eyes, and saw that they implored; she held out toward her, and she hesitated—hesitated long enough to turned abruptly away, saying, "I will go then;" and without looking at her he walked toward the door.

In another instant she stood before him barring his exit, with extended arms half veiled by her soft tresses, her eyes shining like stars dimmed by tears, and her whole face radiant with an expression which he had never before seen there. It was the expression of veracity—for a brief moment—of truth, of candor, of love. She felt, and, in its broader light, her beauty seemed transcendent. Lady Di had never looked so lovely as now, when, the genuineness of her emotion overasserting itself, she dropped her hands into those of her lover, and whispered, "Do not, go, Thurstan, for I love you."

Then she disengaged herself hurriedly from his grasp, thrust aside his reluctant arms, and resumed her ordinary demeanor, leaving him, the while, with expert fingers, the loose tresses of her hair.

Her sudden movement was explained by the approach of footsteps. Presently Lord Orme, with face innocent and serene, stood at the doorway, placid as a moonbeam playing on a conflagration.

"Will you join us, but the way to Auriol?" he asked. "I should like to see if I can save father's house has suffered; also, I should like to ascertain if any thing can be done for the poor girl you saved, Thurstan. She very desolate there."

Captain Mowbray flushed a little, and hastily indicated the direction Lord Orme was to take. He deliberated for an instant as to whether he would not accompany him.

His good angel, as represented by a modicum of conscience, said "go," and for a moment he half yielded to the mandate. Then he looked, and, sitting on the couch by the fire, looked radiance at him from under her deep lids, and said, with voice and gesture, "stay."

So he staid, and Lord Orme went alone to meet the child who all her life had been orphaned, and was now widowed by her husband's faithlessness.

"Poor little dear," Captain Mowbray thought, as he sat at the feet of the lady in the summer-house. "It's lucky she does not know! For myself I am of opinion that ignorance is the basis of nearly all the bliss which we poor mortals enjoy."

Meanwhile Lady Di smiled at her lover, and then stifled a yawn.

"To what are you listening?" he asked, anxiously, after one of those pauses which were now no longer tragedies but delicious interludes.

"I thought I heard the luncheon bell," she said. "Shall we go in?"

CHAPTER XL.

AZALEA READS SOME OLD LETTERS.

THE dull, gray day was passing heavily enough with Azalea among the ruins of Auriel. During the early morning hours her heart was a little with the hope of seeing Thurstan. She hummed little wanton songs as she attended to her birds, and made such arrangements in the sitting-room as she though would tend to Captain Mowbray's comfort; his easy-chair and footstool were placed ready for him. One or two books which he had imported to Auriel—an army list, the last published volume of the stud book, and the current number of *Daily's Magazine*—were placed on his writing-table.

The true woman is maternal even in her love affairs; she delights in exercising little cares for her lover's behoffs. Nothing pleases her better than to spend her time in removing the rose leaves that may ruffle her lord's repose. I do not think that she has adequately returns her civilities; he would fight for her, no doubt, if it were necessary, but he would scarcely resign his easy-chair to her, nor strain to clutter the fireirons because she had a headache. Azalea, having completed her arrangements, sat and looked wistfully out of window, watching the avenue until her eyes grew pained by the intensity of her gaze, and her heart felt cold and sick with disappointment.

"Lor, Miss, don't take on so," old Sally said, philosophically. "What does a man master when you've got a bit of meat for dinner, and a warm fire to sit by? Oh, there's nothing like the sight of an empty stomach for driving the men folks out of doors, I do say."

"But, you see, I never have been so hungry as all that," Azalea said, sadly.

"Then until you have been don't go and fancy you've got all the world's sorrow on your shoulders."

Azalea paid little heed to the old crone, but sat and watched until she grew very weary of her vigil, weary of the copper-colored leaves that whirled round in the puddles, weary of the wind's ever-recurring sigh, weary of the robin that tried to drown the noise of falling rain by the nearest of all of that long path down which he did not come.

She wondered what had delayed him so long; the thought of business, of illness, of every thing but the right cause.

Lady Di would have suspected inconstancy in delay, but distrust is an attribute of age and experience. And we are apt to gauge the faults of others by our own. Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Here's a box of papers and all sorts of rubbish I found among the things that Master Mowbray room; won't you amuse yourself in looking them over, Miss Azalea, and in burning what you don't like to keep. Maybe you'll find some little thing that might be of use—to me," the old woman added, with a lingering glance at the corner of a faded shawl which lay on the top of the box.

And Azalea, glad of any occupation which would require no mental exertion, sat down before the box, opened it, and commenced emptying it of its contents.

She removed the shawl with reverent hands, for to it was attached a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear Mary's wedding shawl." Then came a pair of worsted articles of woman's dress—a neutral-tinted ribbon which had once been blue, and a pair of mittens. There was a little bag of lavender, which crumbled into dust when it was moved. "The poor she gave me when we made up our quarrel" was inscribed on the paper that enveloped the sapless stalks; then came a tiny shoe, emblem of a bitter pain, the pang which is most grievous of all to endure, the pang which wrenches a mother's heart from her when the parent sees the flesh of his flesh, and the blood of his blood, wither and pale in death, and in anguish mourns the discovery, and in anguish begins the Providence which seems to him to sin against nature.

"I can't look at these any more," she said; "they make me miserable;" but as she prepared to close the lid, her eye fell on a packet which was labeled, "Letters." Her own, addressed to her mother whom she never remembered to have seen, of whom Moore would rarely speak, and who had left her husband and child when the latter might cherish. Was it possible that, after all those years of estrangement, she had at last found some link which would bring her nearer to that sacred presence? She forgot Moore, Thurstan, every thing in the surprise which made her thrill with strange delight, the awful delight of one who, after long years, meets with a dear face he had deemed to be sleeping in death. She unfolded a small square paper which held a lock of soft, pale hair, and this she kissed gently, and put in her bosom. "Perhaps it was her mother's hair; it was very like her own, only that it was dull, and hers had all the sheen of vitality. The letters, the letters; they were few in number, but they were the keys of the past, and they revealed to her secrets which it had been well perhaps that she had never known. In searching for memories of her dead mother she discovered the existence of a living father. These letters had been written by Lord Orme to the love of his youth in years long past, and they not only afforded unmistakable evidence that he was the father of the girl who bore the name of Azalea Moore, but they also seemed to indicate that the unpardonable outrage had been bound by lawful ties to the person's daughter whom he had loved so hotly in the days when he had neither wealth nor title. As the truth dawned on Azalea through the confusion of her surprise her heart grew hot with excitement. She had sought manna, and she had plucked rue; the first blight of age fell on her in this bitter hour of mortification. She had a father, then; not that dear old man who had supplied the place of one, and who lay in the church-yard yonder; but one who living was yet dead to her. It was not death but unkindness which had orphaned her. She had no love, no reverence, to yield to this new-found tie; the passion had perished that he should be a stranger to his child, and should be unable to make possible that neither would recognize the other's face.

CHAPTER XLI.

FATHER AND CHILD.

AZALEA rose from the perusal of these letters —her eyes dark with wrath. She was angered to her soul's depths. She revolted against the wrong she had done her the injury of renouncing her, and she felt shamed by the humiliation of his long neglect. As her eyes grew darker and her face paler with the pain of her thoughts, old Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Here's a gentleman wants to see you. Not Master Mowbray; an older man."

Lord Orme followed close behind her, and Azalea, looking up, saw a man hesitating on the threshold. It is possible that even then she might have fallen at his feet and craved his blessing and his love, but his first words fell like lumps of ice on the fever of her emotions.

"I am glad to find you in," he said, suavely. "I hope I do not disturb you. I was very wished to have a little talk with you about your father. He was a very old friend of mine. May I sit down?"

And Azalea, bowing, pointed to a chair, and said, with composure and dignity equal to his own, that she was happy to see him, and would listen to any thing he had to say. She seated herself opposite to him, and thus father and daughter met, after an absence of five years.

For a moment there was a pause. For a moment human nature held civilization by the throat, and choked down the glib courtesy of Lord Orme's tongue. He could see even in the dim light how fair the girl was—how like her mother in her beauty, how akin to himself in the refinement of her air and manner. Had he believed in the prompting of that brief impulse he would have held out his arms to the child called her to him. Then he remembered himself in time—remembered that such a revelation was not a part of his scheme, and that he was not prepared to lay bare to the world the scandal of his youth.

"I was so grieved to hear of your father's death," he began.

"Thank you."

Was it his fancy, or did her voice convey an expression of scorn? It was a hard voice, he thought, in addition to her mother's; she had ever sounded gently in his ears. He felt repuffed; he scarcely knew why.

"I knew him so well," he continued, apologetically. "You must allow me to feel an interest in you in his behalf. He was one of my earliest friends."

"He was my only friend," she said, quietly. Her companion winced.

"You do not forget that I would have been a friend to you had you permitted it. For your mother's—I mean for your father's—sake, I would have been a friend to you."

"You proposed that which was a sin against nature, my lord. You proposed to separate father and child. No advantage could compensate for such a disruption of flesh and blood; no child would willingly consent to such alienation. I was but a child, and so I was helpless when to resign the only human love and protection God had vouchsafed me."

Was this a beautiful, beautiful woman the child who, when he last saw her, had craved a forbidden kiss, blushing and trembling at her own audacity?

He guessed nothing of the tie which linked her with Thurstan Mowbray, nor of the discovery she had just made with regard to herself. Love had made a woman of the girl, and the woman had developed something of masculine power into the profundity of her self-possession.

"A parent is not always able to be all that he would wish to his child," Lord Orme said, with a flash of self-vindication. He added, more gently, "I desired to benefit both yourself and yours by that suggestion. Had you consented to it—"

"Had I consented to it," she interrupted, "I should have been a party to my father's misery. Lord Orme, you, who are yourself a father, can not forget all that the name means?"

He answered her unsteadily. He feared to meet her eyes, even though their brightness showed dimly through the shadows. Involuntarily he held out his hand toward her, and as she felt that contact with kindred flesh and blood the intonation of harshness melted from her voice, and she answered gently:

"To be a father means, does it not, that a man is responsible for the birth of an immortal soul? Something lives and breathes, and, in consequence, is damned or is saved, which, but for him, need never have existed. His blood runs in the veins of this something; this duplicate of himself owns his trick of eyes, of voice, of gesture; his heart beats in its bosom; his evil passions are echoed in its vices; or, happily, his virtues are pastured in its well-doing. Can a father pluck this thing from his bosom? Can he cast it forth from him as it is helpless and conscienceless? Can he, who should be its prop and its safeguard, leave it, a chance waif, to be blown about by the great

breath of the world? As I was watching at the window just now I saw a laboring man going home from work. He was tired and stiff with the strain of hours of weariness; he could scarcely crawl to where food and rest were awaiting him; but when a child, a few years old, who toddled by his side, cried out that its foot was hurt against a stone, and put up its arms to "daddy," daddy shouldered it, with a look which almost seemed to make ill-favored poverty divine, so lovely was the love with which he kept the sore distress of fatigue when he carried the added burden as though it were a blessing. I think, that had I known such love as *that*, it would have pleased me better than all the advantages of the education your lordship was so good as to offer me."

He sat mute, overpowered by shame and wonder. Shame at the keen reproach her words implied, and wonder at the fervor and power of her language.

"It is a pity you were not a man," he muttered at last. Perhaps the thought passed his mind that it would have been well had foolish, bird-witted Conrad possessed the powers of mind which were so wasted on a woman.

"Forgive me if I have expressed myself too strongly," she said, flushing. "I have only had men to watch how to work and how to play. Is there any thing more you wish to say to me?"

"Have I say any thing which will give you pleasure?"

He had risen from his chair, but he still held her by his hand.

She bent down her head meekly on his wrist and wetted it with her tears. There was nothing defiant in either her manner now. She was the woman, and filial in every gesture.

"There is one word," she faltered, "which might yet atone for all."

Perhaps he did not hear her, for her voice was very low. She felt shy of asking for what had been withheld from her so long.

"I am intruding on your time," he continued, hurriedly. "I will leave you; but if you would allow me to think of me so glad to atone for any means in my power. For your dead father's sake, will you not let me be your banker?"

She recoiled from him with the same shy palsick with the pang of this last insult.

"O God, hearken to him!" she murmured. "I prayed to my father, and he has given me a stone!" Then, with a desperate effort, she regained sufficient composure to speak calmly. "My lord, orphans are not men," she said; "the poor and the solitary have few expenses. Circumstances have occurred which make my independence dearer lordship's bounty. I will now bid you good-by."

He hesitated. How much did she guess of his love? Could he confess all, and make experience of its burden? He thought he would, if he could see his way to such a course—but not yet. In two or a few weeks. Besides, how could he go back to Holme and announce to his daughters and his friends that the girl who kept the house at Arnel was his eldest and legitimate daughter, and, failing male succession, the heiress to his title? His error had never seemed so black to him as now, when he was summoned to expose it to the world. He shrank from the idea of such exposure. He could not face it yet, he thought, but he would do it eventually. When he got back to Brighton she should come and stay with him. Rosa and Amelia should become familiarized to her, and better able to bear the shock in store for them; and she, on her side, might learn how to love him, and forget in that love the neglect that she had sustained at his hands.

Meanwhile her coldness of manner repressed any further demonstration of interest. He held out his hand, but she did not seem to perceive it.

"You will hear from me again," he said; but she answered not a word. He was confused and troubled to pay much attention to her manner; but he walked slowly from the house, feeling very much as if he had suffered a severe moral flagellation.

He bowed with mechanical courtesy as he passed the window at which she was standing, and then he went out toward the avenue. He paused once, fancying he heard a cry which sounded like "Oh, father!" but he reasoned with himself out of the delusion. "It was probably a trick of his imagination, or the wail of a bird. He decided that it was a bird, and pursued his way toward the misty gloom of the avenue. He moved toward the gate, and in another moment would have passed it, when she suddenly darted to his side, and clasping his arm with her hands, cried, in an agony of entreaty:

"Father—if you be my father—own me as your child! You have offered me alms when I wanted your love. Can not you give me a little love? Do you care to me as a sacred right?"

He hesitated.

"Oh, speak!" she urged. "Tell me the truth, Lord Orme; am I an orphan? Will you not own your own flesh and blood? Are you not, in truth, my father?"

"No!"

CHAPTER XLII.

A PAPER DAGGER.

WHEN the day came for Thurstan Mowbray to rejoin his regiment his faith in Lady Di was re-established, his admiration of her beauty was increased tenfold; and she, while she could not but scorn him for his folly, was yet sufficiently enamored of her triumph to wish to retain it a little longer. She left Essex some few days before he did, and, after she and the Orme party had made their address to their host, a parting took place in a secluded nook of the back drawing-room, of which no one was cognizant save the two principal actors.

"You will come and see me next week?"

"How can you doubt it; but may I not come sooner?"

"No," Lady Di said, she should not be free to see him alone until then. "Amelia and Rosa come ere a week to me; which was true, Lady Di having inflicted herself with the company of the Misses Orme for policy's sake. She wished to keep them under their father's eye for the present; she wished him to feel as lonely as possible for the first two or three days after parting with her.

"I shall write to you," Thurstan said; and then he kissed her, whispering, "The joy of my life henceforth will be to write you; you are the only woman I ever loved."

She disengaged herself from his embrace and hurried away. Ashe said to him,

"Good-by, my darling."

In her heart she whispered,

"What fools men are!"

Captain Mowbray wrote his letter, and, as illluck would have it, he wrote it at Auriel, and then he dropped it, and, being one of those letters in his pocket, he went off to the post-office, and never missed the most important epistle of his life. Truly, as Lady Di said, "Men are such fools!" As he rode off, old Sally, standing in the doorway, saw the white envelope flutter into a puddle of black mud. She picked it up, and, in her vigorous efforts to cleanse it, she rubbed off nearly all the golden outside. Having done what mischief she could, she quietly placed it on the table in Azalea's little sitting-room, and retired without saying a word to the young mistress and explain how it came in her possession.

Thus it happened that when Azalea came in from a morning walk her attention was struck as any rose that gets brighter and more perfect every day in the sunshine, she saw only a crumpled letter, upon which was a good deal of Thurstan's handwriting.

It was a long letter, full of adoration to his absent love; slightly tinged by compunction on the poor little girl, "of whom you needn't be jealous, Di, for I swear to you that I never loved any woman but you." He then touched on the repentance he felt at having so shackled him self before he knew that he might yet be happy enough to win the one he most loved; a delicerated as to whether it would ever be possible for him to get free from this poor child, whom he would endeavor to make happy in some other way—any way, in fact, but that which necessitated his being severed "from you, who are all to all to me;" and then he signed his name.

"To-morrow, oh my darling! I shall see you again."

A brutal letter—could he have dreamed of whose eyes would have seen it; but he did not —and, moreover, he probably did not mean half of what he said—in all the excitement this woman had for him had warped his better nature, but surely he would never have written such a letter to Azalea if he could have seen it as she read his words and realized what they meant.

Drifts of purple-gray clouds floating over the face of a yellow wan sky, a blaze of crimson behind the moving shadow of the mill, spectre-like groups of trees, and the dark, gaunt, gnarled branches, broken off by the wind's fury; a throng of rooks blackening the shadowy summits of the elms, and, in the midst of all this, with the movement of their frail homesteads; all these Azalea saw without heeding. Her inner mind not only seemed blind to all surrounding objects; yet for days after she sickened at the glow of sunset, and was startled in her dreams by the movement of the wind-mill.

Now as the gray clouds deepened to purple, and the sun sank behind the mill, and the dark day, Azalea was only conscious that the night was coming, and that the increased gloom accorded with the darkness of her soul.

Rage, the quick flash of passion which fires a generous heart when it first leaps with anguish at the sight of sudden evil, had died. It had died away in her breast, and dull anger smouldered in its place; to pierce its density came such withholds of anguish as left her in a state of unconsciousness, for death, that she might lose the knowledge of her pain; she loathed the quiet pastures and the still, that stood with changeless expression at her hot living agony. She could have beaten the air with her hands, to force it away from her nostrils, and she beat at her face against the window-pane, looking with blank face at the dull sky, and cursed in her thoughts all the pale lustrous stars that had been dear to her lost youth. She laughed at their remembrance with a bitter scorn; the sunshine, the love, the happiness, all, all, that made up that cheat; the thought of those old hours might never make her cheek glow, her eyes shine with tenderness again. The sweetness of her mouth was gone, now her own cruel self-contempt mocked her credulity.

The touch of the letter in her hand seemed to wither her heart, as a green leaf is shriveled by fire. Horror had been heaped since she read those few careless words which had changed so her face. Tired out by excess of mental suffering, she laid her head down on the locked sofa, which stood in the window recess, and fell into a sort of stupor. She remained motionless for some little while, lying in the gray twilight in the air, and looking mechanically at the last wan streak in the western sky, when a distant sound of clattering hoof-treads and the barking of dogs brought back vivid consciousness of her pain.

"How shall I meet him?" she thought; "how look at his face, knowing all I know?"

Her soul rebelled against him, as she heard the cheerful whistle, the quick, light step, that heralded his approach through the long corridors.

She withdrew further into the shadow of the alcove, and watched the door through which he must enter.

He came in speaking bright and cheerful.

"I thought I never should get back!" he began; "the mare lost a shoe, and—oh, Azalea, where are you, Azalea?"

His voice fell at his disappointment at not finding her there. At any previous time she would have felt her heart bound with pleasure at such a tone, and would have rushed to meet him, with arms clasping round his neck, with lips pressing soft quick touches on his brow, cheeks, and mouth; now she cut crouched in that far off shadow, her hands stiff, her eyes fixed and bright; and in her mind nourishing an evil thought against the unconscious man who was basking in the kindly light of the fire. Hitherto she had been like one under the spell of a night mare. Ay, before she had known she had often felt her feet and arms paralyzed in the fear of some awful peril, from which they would fain fly. But now she had swayed in vain her power to move her helpless limbs, and had only been released from the oppression of her position by waking in the brightness of the morning sun. But this was pain no happy dawn could ever clear away. And when the full consciousness of her misery burst on her mind, when the sense of his soft voice broke on the amazed silence of her sorrow, when she knew that for evermore she must look down at his cheek once so dear to her, must shrink from that face—for the sight of which she had longed with inexpressible tenderness when absent—must kissed with kisses that took her whole heart with them to his cheek when present; then indeed she felt as if the earth had suddenly opened to hell; that unseen powers were scouring her with pain sharper than the scythe of death.

"Oh!" she moaned, "let me die, let me die!"

Her hands fell by her side, and the slight rustle of her dress attracted Mowbray's attention. He moved from the hearth-rug still whistling a snatch of song which had haunted him all day; it was a song Lady Diana had taught him, and the thought of how soon he should meet her in London naturally brought this remembrance of her to his lips.

"Azalea!" once more he called; but Azalea fled by the door, and without stopping his mad a snatch at her dress, he could not succeed in stopping her.

"The little cat!" he said, half amused, half indignant; "does she think I am going to hunt after her all over the house?" Then, with a smile of mirth, he added, "Azalea, if you don't come back again;" he settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair, and as he watched the leaping flames with fresh fuel, they, in thought, traveled pleasantly away in the direction of London. In a delicious reverie he fancied himself sitting with Lady Di in her box; his own crestring round her waist, his lips hovering near her ear. Then he would start suddenly, fancying he felt Azalea's arms round his neck, and her head holding his; but it was only the curtain flapping against the back, and when he looked at his hands they were empty. So he dozed again, and at last settled into sleep with the happy conviction that Azalea was somewhere concealed on him, and that yet he was sorely puzzled, thinking "What a rage they'll both be in when I wake up!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Mechanics' Institute of Buffalo is making arrangements for holding an International Agricultural Exhibition in that city, commencing early in October, and to continue a month. The Skating Rink, a fine building, with a floor area of 50,000 square feet, has been selected as an appropriate place for the exhibition. It is the design to inaugurate, by this undertaking, a series of annual exhibitions, in which the mechanical art of the United States and Canada may be exhibited, and encouragement given by studying it, and for subjecting the productions to competent criticism. Articles are to be classified in the following manner: Arts and education; the dwelling; dress and handicraft; chemistry and mineralogy; machinery; engines; instrumentation; agriculture and horticulture. By special arrangement, railroad, steamboat, and express companies will transport free of charge all articles to be on which freight shall have been paid to Buffalo, provided they are consigned to the Secretary of November, and have not meanwhile changed ownership. Such an exhibition must meet with encouragement from the people, whose enthusiasm which will lead to many valuable new inventions and improvements at an early day.

"Avitor" is the name of an air-ship which has lately been subjected to a public trial in San Francisco. The machine is a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas, about 60 feet long and 12 in diameter, with a light frame-work of bamboo and pine, and muslin sails and planes. A ribbed propeller of bamboo and muslin is on each side of the centre, and the power is an alcohol engine, made of brass. The machine has also a rudder. At the second trial of the "Avitor" it was propelled at a speed sufficient to keep the buoyant building in which it was exhibited. A larger air-ship is now in process of construction, 100 feet long, and its engineers are confident that it will be a success.

The Saratoga races have brought together a motley crowd, who do, in truth, themselves about the exquette of a fashion, 'le watering-place, but gratify the love of excitement in betting—otherwise than at the springs—gambling, betting, and talking "horse." Undoubtedly the "season" at Saratoga is the best time for the extremely rich and the people who really care for comfort will choose some other time to patronize the Springs than in mid-August.

The financial editor of an exchange reports mariages, duli; engagements, depressed; courtship, good and prime; scandal, convicted; belles, plenty; beaux, scarce and of poor quality.

"Cancerine" is a new fertilizing compost of dead crabs. The shores of Delaware Bay abound with a species of crustacean known as the horse-crab, or the horse-foot crab. The eggs cover the sand so thickly that they are shoveled up by the wagon-load, and carried away to feed chickens. The young fish are taken to fatten hogs; the old ones are gathered into pens, where they soon die, and then they are dried, ground down, and packed up in bags to be sold at the rate of about twenty-five dollars per ton for manure. The fertilizing power of "Cancerine" is reported to be double that of guano.

The invitation cards used on the occasion of a recent wedding in Atlantic City, Wyoming Territory, were rather novel, but the best the market afforded. They were of the superior style of playing-cards. On the ace of hearts was written the hour of the ceremony and reception. On the deuce of hearts was written the name of the bridegroom, and on the queen of hearts the name of the bride. The wedding was the first which has taken place in Atlantic City.

Relic vendors do not hesitate to multiply valuable articles in their line to an indefinite extent, as is well known. It is said that the "original" hammer which drove the last spike of the Pacific Railway is now in the possession of seventeen different cities!

On many of the city railroad lines clean and comfortable wooden seats have been introduced into the cars. It is a most impossible contrivance to get generally done—to keep cushioned seats in a public car in a cleanly condition. Vermin secrete themselves in the hidden crevices, and the danger of contracting malignant diseases is manifest. The health and comfort of the public would be increased by banishing all cushioned seats from public vehicles.

Raymond, a town in Minnesota, has been the scene of a fierce tornado, which in depth of horror has proved most disastrous. About midnight a farmer, in whose house twelve persons were spending the night, awoke and received indications of a storm coming. Almost immediately the tornado burst upon them, with such fury as to tear in pieces and scatter to the distance of a quarter of a mile the entire house and its contents. Several persons were killed, and others severely injured. The night-blinding dark and stormy added to the horror of the catastrophe. The house was a block or log house. In the "original" and interiorities high, well dovetailed at the corners and pinned with two-inch oak pins.

It is now computed that there are 8431678864421 8431897648348139978994734359112929 more flies this year than last; or to put it more simply to those who find it too much trouble to engage in a thanksgiving paper, the excess of flies this year is 843 quintocdecillions, 897 quattuordecillions, 648 tredecillions, 348 duodecillions, 389 undecillions, 884 decillions, 328 nonillions, 976 octillions, 429 septillions, 491 sextillions, 129 quintillions, 99 quadrillions, 982 trillions, 134 billions, 359 millions, 191 thousands, and 929. An extensive calculation, which will expert and scientific difficult computations, says that it would require just 99 tredecillions, 483 duodecillions, 972 undecillions, 129 decillions, 348 nonillions, 976 octillions, 429 septillions, 193 quadrillions, 134 trillions, 907 billions, 309 millions, 421 thousands, and 81 years from this date, working at the rate of ten hours per day, to count these flies; and that if they were all gathered together in a mass they would make a pile 471 times as large as the New York Custom-house!

Niagara is to experience another sensation. It is to be "Blondined." Andrew Haswell, who in memorable times called the Canadian Blondin, intends to cross the chasm of Niagara on a rope, on the 17th or 18th day of August, by means of a velocipede ridden over a tight-rope. The place of crossing will be a little below the present Suspension Bridge. The distance—the length of the spanning cable will be about one thousand feet. The vehicle to be used is the peculiar construction. The wheels are grooved, and it is propelled by the hands, a balance-pole being carried on the feet. It is said that Haswell expects to pass the gas surmount a considerable grade. Nothing of the sort has ever been attempted in public, and the recent thought skilful surgery saved one eye, she has suffered the total loss of the other.

The far-famed Parisian artist of fashion, Mr. Worth, is very summary in his dealings with his customers. He refuses to give credit, or ever to bow-bow with weeks. Before he devises a costume for a lady he examines her as he would a horse he was going to purchase, and he makes his estimate, and sticks to it down, and not around until he finally issues his fiat. Then the costume is made in the most perfect style, and every article he indicates. Before the lady exhibits her new attire to the world, after it is entirely finished, she must go to Worth to get the great man to see if it does not require a touch of his magic hand.

Fulton Market is not an elegant structure, nor are some of the stalls always scrupulously clean; nevertheless a walk through it of a morning at this season is not unentertaining. The quantity of fruit displayed is marvelous, and the variety charming. Luscious blackberries, huckleberries, melons of various kinds, peaches, pears, apples, bananas, and, prominent above all, peaches. Huge piles of this velvet-skinned fruit are to be seen at every stall, assorted and carefully sorted, according to size and quality. Peaches promise to be very abundant this year. However we may hope that they will be correspondingly cheap, though that does not always follow so naturally as we might suppose. The railroad companies' cars are of wonderful service in transporting perishable fruits from the South to our markets. Steamboat lines have already begun to come bither as fresh as if raised in our own State.

In 1850 a sugar-planter of the Hawaiian Islands commenced the method of providing water for his plantation. He had a large quantity of arid land, destitute of streams of water. So he planted thousands upon which grew rapidly under his care. Soon clouds hung over the new forest, and the rich fruitclouds hung over the new forest, and the rich fruitful soil, the planter insured against drought. Now he has a very flourishing sugar-plantation. A group of forest trees may thus answer a very valuable purpose.

Ghosts can be conquered. The famous "haunted house" in Watertown, Massachusetts, has been such a mystery and terror to the credulous far and near, is now reported to have been transformed into a very pleasant home. A gentleman not afraid of spirits having purchased it at a bargain, and improved its surroundings.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

We publish on this page several illustrations relating to the conclusion of the Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD's career in America. September 30, 1870, will be the centennial anniversary of the death of this eminent pulpit orator,

The Church of England in the early part of the eighteenth century had sunk into a state of moral and spiritual lethargy. A converted minister of the Gospel was looked upon as an exceptional wonder. The doctrine of the divine right of kings to implicit obedience on the part of their subjects; the principle of priestly control over the minds of men in all religious matters; and clerical influence, sustained by royal authority, thrown upon the side of immorality, had produced their natural results. The expulsion from their pulpits by the "Act of Uniformity" of two thousand of the most able and useful of the English clergy had led to great ignorance and neglect of religion; and though men like LEIGHTON and OWEN, FLAVEL and BAXTER, with BUNYAN and a host of others, had continued, in spite of opposing laws, to preach when they were not shut up in prison, and to write their immortal practical works, yet these men had been called to their reward, leaving very few of like spirit behind them. Thus infidelity, profligacy, and formalism almost universally prevailed. Bishop BUTLER, within six months of WHITEFIELD's ordination, wrote thus: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisal for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." Bishop WARBURTON, who commenced his ministry a few years before WHITEFIELD, says: "I have lived to see that fatal crisis, when religion hath lost its hold on the minds of the people."

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born December 16, 1714, in Gloucester, England. It was here that ROBERT RAIKES, the founder of Sunday-schools, was buried, and here that Bishop HOOPER was burned in MARY's reign. The father of WHITEFIELD died when the son was only two years of age. The latter entered Oxford University in his eighteenth year. Here he became acquainted with a little brotherhood of Methodists, among whom were JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY. He was ordained at the Cathedral in Gloucester, June 20, 1736. Soon we find him preaching in London to vast crowds, and exciting an unusual degree of attention among persons of all ranks. About this time his attention was drawn to the colony of Georgia, in America, whither the WESLEYS had gone. He soon made his first voyage to America. In 1738 he returned to Europe, and instituted open air preaching in England and Wales, where he had remarkable success. In 1739 he made a second voyage to America. WATSON, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," speaking of WHITEFIELD's first visit to that city, tells us that he preached to a crowd of 15,000 persons on Society Hill. In that city his sermons exercised a wonderful influence. "The change to religion here," says a gazette of the day, "is altogether surprising, through the influence of WHITEFIELD; no books sell but religious, and such is the general conversation."

His wife, whom he married in England in 1741, died August 9, 1768. He made, in all, seven voyages to America, and both in New England and in the South his ministerial labors were attended with almost miraculous results. His last visit was made in 1769. His health was failing; but he came from Georgia to New England, preaching every where by the way. His last sermon was delivered in Exeter, New Hampshire, September 29, 1770. He had engaged to preach at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the morning of the 30th; but that very morning he died at the house of the Rev. JONATHAN PARSONS.

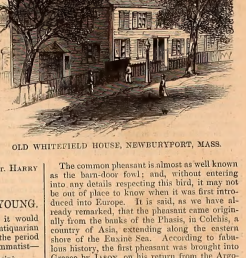
It was owing to the labors of Mr. WHITEFIELD that the first Presbyterian church in Newburyport was formed, and, whatever may be thought of the peculiar opinions of Mr. WHITEFIELD, certain it is that his eloquence as a preacher was unrivaled, and his zeal for the cause he taught of the highest character. The fruits of his ministration here were great and striking; and the establishment of the society under consideration afforded proof of the permanency of its effects. He was buried beneath the pulpit in the church in Federal Street, in which a cenotaph was erected to his memory, in 1828, by the munificence of WILLIAM BARTLETT, Esq. In this house of worship is also a remarkably fine whispering gallery. We know of none which compares with it save that of St. Paul's, in London.

The following is the inscription upon WHITEFIELD's cenotaph:

"This cenotaph is erected, with affectionate veneration, to the Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, born at Gloucester, England, December 16, 1714. Educated at Oxford University; ordained priest in the ministry of thirty-four years he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than eighteen thousand sermons. As a soldier of the cross, humble, devoted, intrepid, he put on the whole armor of God; promoted the honor of Christ to his own blessing, repose, reputation, and glory. As a Christian orator, fervent, affectionate, disinterested and zealous, his deep piety, plastic gave unexampled energy to his look, utterance, and action. Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other unimpaired man ever poured to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers. He died of asthma, September 30, 1770, suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labors for his eternal rest."

The house where WHITEFIELD died, now known as the Whitefield House, is situated on the lower side of School Street, in an ancient portion of Newburyport.

The sketches from which our interesting engravings on this page have been made were furnished by Mr. HARRY REMICK.



OLD WHITEFIELD HOUSE, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE HEN PHEASANT AND YOUNG.

In these days of erudite research it would form a very interesting theme for an antiquarian naturalist to trace the pheasant from the period alluded to by the great Spanish epigrammatist—

"Argivâ primum sum transportata carinâ;
Auto mihi notum nil nisi Phasis erat"—

down to the present time. He could describe how these birds were abducted from the borders of the celebrated Asiatic river to the classic land of Greece, and how they have spread nearly over the whole globe. Pyrrhus, Colchis, Mingrelia, and other countries bordering on the Caspian, they have proceeded westward through Greece, from the shores of the Baltic to the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Madagascar. Eastward, they have extended through Media to the most remote parts of China, Japan, and Tartary. In Africa they are known on the West Coast. In Europe, too, they have colonized Spain, Italy, the islands in the Gulf of Naples, Germany, Silesia, Bohemia, France, and England. The ancient writers give us a vivid sketch of how the pheasant formed one of those gastronomic victims which were sacrificed to the whim of the depraved and gormandizing HELIOGABALUS as a *beau-hachée* for his pet and pampered lions. We may remember the anecdote of the King of Lydia, who, when seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence and all the pomp of Eastern splendor, asked SOLON if he had ever beheld any thing so fine. The Greek philosopher, unmoved by the objects before him, replied "that, after having seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, he could be astonished at no other finery."

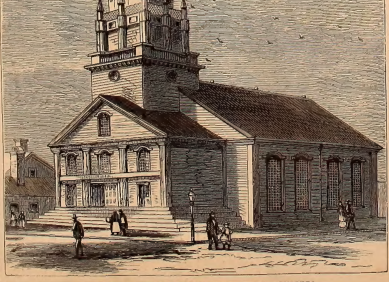
The common pheasant is almost as well known as the barn-door fowl; and, without entering into any details respecting this bird, it may not be out of place to know when it was first introduced into Europe. It is said, as we have already remarked, that the pheasant came originally from the banks of the Phasis, in Colchis, a country of Asia, extending along the eastern shore of the Euxine Sea. According to fabulous history, the first pheasant was brought into Greece by JASON, on his return from the Argonautic expedition. ARISTOPHANES, who lived 400 years before the Christian era, mentions the bird in his play called "Nubes," where Strepsiades says, "Not if you would present me with the pheasants fed by Leogoras"—Leogoras being an Athenian *roué* and epicure of the first class. ARISTOTLE, MARTIAL, and PLINY frequently allude to the pheasant; and MARTIAL, who, in one of his epigrams, calls it "Phasiana Colchorum," thus writes:

"Si Libyca nobis volucres et Phasides esseut,
Arcipenses: et nunc accipe sortis aves."

The modern Italians call it "Fasiano," the French "Faisan," the Germans "Fasan," in old English "Fesaunt." It seems more than probable that the pheasant was first introduced into England by the Norman followers of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, although we can only trace it to the time of EDWARD I. (A.D. 1300). In the days of RICHARD II. this bird was esteemed a princely delicacy; and when GEORGE NEVILLE was created Archbishop of York, in EDWARD THE FOURTH's reign, "two hundred pheasants appeared on the table as one item in that goodly banquet.

The hen pheasant is smaller, and does not exhibit that brilliancy of plumage which distinguishes the male; the colors, instead of being a glossy purple, green, blue, and reddish chestnut,

WHITEFIELD'S MONUMENT.



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE FAMILY RELIC.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

variegated with black and white, and mixed with deep orange, are light and dark brown, mixed with black, the breast being finely freckled with small black spots on a light ground, while the space round the eye is covered with feathers, free from that mark, in appearance like scarlet cloth finely spotted with black, which the male bird possesses. The hen makes her nest on the ground, like the partridge, and lays from twelve to fifteen olive-colored eggs, which are smaller than those of the domestic hen. The young follow the mother as soon as they are freed from the shell. In her natural state the female makes her nest of dry grass and leaves. The young birds are very difficult to rear, and they must be supplied with ants' eggs, which is the food the old one leads them to gather when wild in the woods. In our illustration some of the brood may be seen indulging their appetites in insect luxury, while the mother is evidently listening to the sound of an approaching footstep. Should it be that of a poacher, armed with a net, she will realize that grief Macduff describes: "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam, at one fell swoop?"

"THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 24, 1572," THE EVE OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

THE FAMILY RELIC.

THE scene rendered by MR. BEARD in our illustration on page 541 is full of pathos. The old farmer is reduced to an extremity, and is compelled to sell the old white horse. The bargain is being concluded, but the family stand around in dismay at its loss. One of the girls urges the father not to let the dear old relic go; some of the children are weeping; and even the baby seems to put in its protest against the sale. The picture is very suggestive and full of feeling.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE subject of the picture from which our engraving is taken having once and once again been attempted by artists who sought a scene in which intense human interest might be expressed, great credit is due to any one who may succeed in treating it from an original standpoint. In this M. EUGENE FICHEL has displayed genuine ability by the adoption of a method of treatment which may be described as realistic and historical. The whole scene—the marking of the doors, the reading of the list of victims, the momentary conference in the streets so soon to be made human shambles—every thing is depicted with an appreciative power which at once suggests the true sense of truthfulness. As one looks at the picture the figures seem to move. We listen for the tolling of the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which is to give the signal for the massacre to begin. A page of history is presented to us in a form unusually attractive, and we can not forbear congratulating the pupil of PAUL DELAROCHE on the vigor of design and excellence of composition which he has so successfully acquired from his eminent master.

SAMUEL SHARPE in his "Egyptian" thus describes the events of this memorable night:

"Between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 24th of August, 1572, as the king sat in his chamber with his mother and the DUKE OF ANJOU, the great bell of the church of St. AUXERRE on the early prayer, was the long arranged signal for the massacre to begin! At most immediately after, the first pistol-shot was heard. The husband of the royal nurse, who had been held in readiness during the night, rushed out into the streets, shouting 'For God and the King.' To distinguish themselves in the darkness, they wore a white sash on their left arm, and a white cross in their hats.

"Before leaving the palace, a party of the guard murdered the retinue of the young KING OF NAVARRE, from the gates of CHARLES IX. in the LOUVRE. They had come in the train of their chief, to be present at the celebration of his marriage with the sister of the King of France. One by one they were called from their rooms, marched off down unarmed into the quadrangle, where they were cut down before the very eyes of their royal host. A more perfidious butchery probably not to be found recorded in history.

"At the same time, mischief was afoot throughout Paris. LE CHARRON, provost of the merchants, and MARCEL, his ancient colleague, had assembled a large number of sequestrators, to whom respective quarters had been previously assigned, and they now hastened to enter upon their frightful morning's work. The DUKE OF GUISE determined to anticipate all others in the murder. CORLIGNY: Hastening to his hotel, the duke's party burst in the outer door, and the admiral was roused from his slumber by the shots fired at his followers in the court-yard below. He rose from his couch, and though scarce able to stand, fled to an upper chamber. There he was attacked by his assassins, who stabbed him to death as he stood leaning against the wall. His body was then thrown out of the window into the court-yard. The DUKE OF GUISE, who had been waiting impatiently below, hurried up to the corpse, and wiping the blood from the admiral's face, 'I know him well,' he said; 'then, spurning the body with his foot, he called out to his followers, 'Courage, comrades, we have begun well; now for the rest; the king commands it.' Then they rushed out again into the street.

"Firing was now heard in every quarter throughout PARIS. The houses of the Huguenots, which had long been marked, were broken into, and men, women, and children were ashed or shot down. It was of no use trying to fly. The fugitives were slaughtered in the streets. The king himself joined his aquebuse, and securely fired upon his subjects from the window of the LOUVRE. For three days the massacre continued. Corpses blocked the doorways; unburied bodies lay in every lane and passage; and thousands were cast into the SEINE, then swollen by a flood. At length, on the fourth day, when the fury of the assassins had become satiated, and the Huguenots were for the most part slain, a dead silence fell upon the streets of PARIS.

"These dreadful events at the capital were almost immediately followed by similar deeds all over FRANCE. From fifteen to eighteen hundred persons were killed at LYONS, and the dwellers on the Rhone believe that city were horrified by the sight of the dead bodies floating down the river. Six hundred were killed at ROUEN, and many more at ORLEANS and HAVRE. The numbers killed during the massacres throughout FRANCE have been variously estimated. SULLY says 70,000 in a slain, though other writers estimate the victims at 100,000.

"CATHARINE DE MEDICIS wrote in triumph to ALVA, to PHILIP II., and to the Pope, of the results of the three days' dreadful work in PARIS. When PHILIP heard of the massacre, he is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his life. ROME was thrown into a delirium of joy at the news. The cannon were fired at St. Angelo; GREGORY XIII. and his cardinals went in procession from sanctuary to sanctuary to give God thanks for the massacre. The subject was ordered to be painted, and a medal was struck, with the Pope's image on one side, and the destroying angel on the other immolating the Huguenots. Cardinal ORSINI was dispatched on a special mission to PARIS to congratulate the king; and on his passage through LYONS, the assassins of the Huguenots drew, the blood on their hands scarce dry, knelt before the holy man in the cathedral and received his blessing. At PARIS, the triumphant clergy celebrated the massacre by a public procession; they determined to consecrate to it an annual jubilee to be called the Bartholomew; and they too had a medal struck in commemoration of the event, bearing the legend, 'Piety has awakened justice!'"

SINGULARITIES.

THAT man sprang originally from the dust of the earth, through the creative power of the Almighty, is a certain and unquestionable truth. Yet as out of that dust was also produced an infinite variety of trees, plants, and flowers, with different forms, colors, and virtues, so, though all human bodies are formed of the same materials, yet some have been possessed abnormal and peculiar properties and qualities so removed from the generation of others that every man may, in fact, be pronounced in a greater or less degree a moving miracle. Records of these exceptional cases go back to the days of PLINY and PLUTARCH. Pliny, in his natural history, and also Plutarch, mention some families or generations of such marvelous constitution that poisonous serpents would hurt them, but, on the contrary, shun all contact. The spittle of these men, or their suckling babes, was said to be a cure for the bite of a bitten or stung. Of this race were the Psylli and Marsi; also those of the Island of Cyprus, who were called Ophiogenes. ALEXANDER, the ambassador from that island, was, by command of a Roman consul, put into a huge barrel or pipe, wherein were many serpents, in order more to make experiment and trial of the truth of this asserted property. The issue was, the serpents licked his face, fed out of his hand with their tongues, as if they had been puppy dogs, while he sustained no injury, to the great wonder of all who were looking on. Averroes writes of another that when he pleased he could put himself into a deep, and almost deathlike sleep; command creatures to bite him, of which they died, while he remained unhurt. Saint Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*) says that in the province of Epidaurus spire intensely, if his own accord, as often as he pleased. In Lloyd's "State Wordhies" we find it written of Lord Cromwell that he had one peculiar temper of body, which was that he always fainted at an eclipse of the moon, though he had no previous knowledge that such an event was about to happen.

Pontanus tells a story of one Colano, of Catania, in Sicily, surnamed the Fish, who was even more than amphibious, and lived longer in the water than on land. He was constrained every day to pass many hours in the sea, and said that if he was much absent thence he could scarcely breathe or live, and that it would be his death to forbear. He was in fact a prodigious swimmer that he preferred storms and tempests, and could swim twenty or thirty miles on a stretch. At last, in the year 1560, attempting, during a tempest, to bring a vessel from Messina, he was caused to be cast on as a prize to him who could fetch it from the bottom. He undertook it, for he never rose to the surface again, being either pierced with the rocks (*percis spudo*), or entangled in the cavities of a rock.

On the 14th of March, 1729, was born Charles, the son of Richard Tawney, rector of Formby at Longnor, in the county of Stafford. At his birth he was under the common size, but he grew so amazingly fast that in the time he was four years old he was near four feet high, and in strength, agility, and bulk equal to a fine boy of ten. At five he measured four feet and upwards, weighed eighty-seven pounds, could with ease carry a man of fourteen stone weight, had every sign of puberty, and was in all points at his father's business. This was the time of his full vigor, from whence he began gradually to fall away in strength and bulk, and was in the decline of life. At the age of seven his strength was gone, his body totally emaciated, his eyes sunk, and his head grown so large that all the signs of extreme old age, and as if the months he had lived had been years. The above is exactly from the account published by Dr. Short, sometime a surgeon at Longnor, by whom it was transmitted to the Royal Society, and by them confirmed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1734.

Dr. George Cheyne, a celebrated physician, who died in 1743 at the age of eighty-two, wrote a celebrated work called "The English Malady: A Treatise on Various Nervous Disorders," we find the following singular recital: "Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honor and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with the asthmatic complaint. His illness increasing and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Sir Raynard and I" (Dr. Cheyne) "were called in to him, and attended him twice a day, but his vomitings continued, and all remedies against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition he sent for us one morning. We waited on him with Mr. Skrine, his apothecary. We found his senses clear and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He said he wanted us to give him some explanation of an old sensation he had for some time observed and felt, which was that he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again, which he had more than once tried before he asked our opinion. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for on ordinary principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he might carry it too far. He continued to with very distinctly and sensibly for above a quarter of an hour respecting this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial exact that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though not strong, and little above the usual beating. He then composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I grasped his right hand, Dr. Bayard laid his on the left side, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard was unable to distinguish the least motion in his heart, or his pulse the slightest soil or breath on the bright mirror he held to his lips. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the closest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We ressoned a long time on this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us, judging it inexplicable and uncontrollable, and finding he still continued in the same condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were preparing to leave him. We continued about half an hour. As we were going away we observed some movement about the body, and, to our unspeakable surprise, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe and gently speak softly. We immediately applied to the last ence at this unexpected change; and, after some further conversation with him and among ourselves, were satisfied he was in his perfect senses. ticulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. Some have believed, or pretended to believe, that he possessed this same faculty; and Celsus, in the reign of Tiberius, mentions the case of Apollo who, he says, was similarly endowed.

ANIMAL MECHANISM.

STUDENTS of natural history have a perpetual feast in the contemplation of the economy they observe in the construction and lodgment of the various organs which give perfection to the body. The packing of the liver, to have it occupy the least room, but, above all, the manner of arranging the brain so as to have it exactly fill the skull, excites the highest admiration of those most familiar with the system of economical room in Nature's handiwork. The human brain, for example, is supposed to be made up of distinct cells, lying side by side, too numerous and too delicately small to ever be clearly displayed, but rolled up in balls, under the name of ganglia, and thus compactly occupying the least possible space consistent with their appropriate functions. If each cord were carried out in a straight line, it would be from fifty to a hundred feet in length! There is one important characteristic gland in a man which is scarcely ever thought of, which is made up of packed tubes exceeding thirty feet in length. In the nasal cavities of carnivorous animals which hunt their prey by means of smell, the olfactory nerves, occupying apartments hardly the size of the little finger, if they could be unrolled and stretched out, would form a broad sheet of nervous surface several feet square. There are but a few examples of the various arrangements discovered in animal organization, where more important and complicated machinery is put into the smallest imaginable space, so as to insure compactness, security, and symmetry by economy in packing. Birds present very marked examples of this kind of economy of construction, but especially in an additional contrivance by which the weight of their bodies when at roost acts upon a contrivance which secures a firmness of their legs during such that their toes clung to a limb while they are unconscious or asleep.

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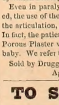

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 661.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SOLAR ECLIPSE, 1869.

TOTAL eclipses of the sun are very rare. HALLEY computed in 1715 that up to that date not one had occurred in London for a period of 575 years. And since that date London has not been favored with this singular phenomenon. In this country since 1834 no total eclipse of the sun, until the recent one, has occurred, and there will not be another during this century.

The total eclipse of this year was visible along a track about 140 miles wide, and more than 6600 miles long. When this track is laid down on a map, throughout its whole extent, it looks like a narrow ribbon, stretching across North America and a portion of Asia. It begins in Siberia, where it takes a northeasterly course, till it crosses a little south of Bering Straits, after which it turns its course southeasterly, traversing portions of the Territory of Alaska, thence into British America, and through Montana, Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. It ends in the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of the last mentioned State. On the central line of this track the total obscuration of the sun lasted for a period of from two and one-half to nearly four minutes.

To various points along the line of total eclipse scientific parties went to make observations—some sent by the Government, and some by private enterprises. But the principal point to which the attention of these parties was directed was the corona, observed in previous eclipses, and about which there is much curiosity among astronomers. We now know that the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere of flaming gas, which is the principal source of the light he sends us. This incandescent atmosphere is called by astronomers the sun's photosphere. During a total eclipse of the sun, his whole sphere, including the photosphere, is covered and hid from view by the interposed body of the moon. Nevertheless, at the very crisis of the central eclipse, there is seen a brilliant white corona or halo around the moon's dark body, like that which painters place around the heads of saints. In this corona, moreover, are frequently seen red or rose-colored projections of irregular form and position, around the disk. The explanation usually given of the white corona is, that it betokens a transparent, non-luminous atmosphere, extending beyond the photosphere or luminous atmosphere, analogous to our own atmosphere. The white light of the corona is accounted for by the reflection of that of the photosphere, very much as our own evening and morning twilight is produced by the reflection of the solar rays in our atmosphere. The irregular red masses seen projected into the white corona may prove to be immense volumes of thin cloudy smoke, or solid vaporous particles precipitated from the hot gaseous atmosphere which forms the corona.

Another question to be settled, if possible, was whether there is a planet between Mercury and the sun, as LE VERRIER supposed there was, on account of extraordinary perturbations of Mercury not otherwise explained.

The corona, or luminous ring around the moon in a total eclipse, was observed at Montpellier, in France, 1706, and at London, by HALLEY, in 1715. In the latter case the red protuberances were also observed. In 1724, MARALDI observed, for the first time, that the luminous corona was not concentric with the moon. At the beginning of the eclipse it appeared larger on the eastern than on the western side; at the end, on the contrary, it was larger on the west than on the east. The northern border was also somewhat larger than the opposite. The importance of these observations was that they proved the corona to be concentric with the sun instead of with the moon; that it is a phenomenon closely connected with the sun's physical constitution. Important additions were made to these observations during the total eclipses of 1778, 1806, and particularly in 1842. On the 8th of July in the latter year, ARAGO and other astronomers observed the luminous corona in all its splendor. The distinguished French astrono-

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUGUST 7, 1869—HARVARD ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION MAKING OBSERVATIONS AT SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. A. WHIPPLE.]

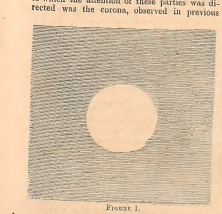
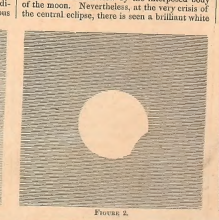


FIGURE 1.



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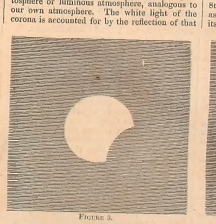

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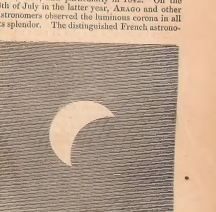

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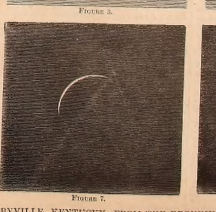


FIGURE 7.

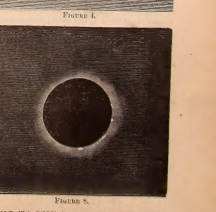


FIGURE 8.

SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUGUST 7, 1869—PHASES OF THE ECLIPSE, AS SEEN AT SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE POINT OF TOTALITY. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. A. WHIPPLE.]

mer describes it as composed first of a circular zone contiguous to the dark border of the moon, and of a second fainter zone contiguous to the first. The light of the second zone continually diminished from its interior to its exterior limit. That of the first was nearly uniform throughout. In the direction of the line which joined the points of the solar disk where the eclipse would begin and end, there were two large wings, which might be considered as emanations of the second luminous corona. The sides of these wings were terminated by curves that were concave outward, and which seemed to be produced by matter which would be tangent to the moon's disk. ARAGO saw this corona both with his telescope and with his naked eye.

Next to the corona, the phenomena demanding particular attention are the prominences, protuberances, flames, or red projections, which are usually seen in the lower portion of the white ring, near the edge of the moon. These curious appearances were particularly studied by the English and other astronomers who went to the coasts of Sweden and Norway to observe the eclipse of 1851. MR. AIRY, the Astronomer Royal of England, observed the protuberances on the western side of the sun to increase, while those on the eastern side diminished in extent and disappeared before the end of the total phase. Just before the western limb of the sun reappeared he saw a large number of small protuberances of a very red color, touching the edge of the moon, and embracing an arc of its circumference of about degrees in extent. They are generally of a red or rose tint, and are sometimes large enough to be visible by the naked eye.

The eminent English astronomers who so carefully observed in Sweden the great eclipse of July 18th, 1851, Professor Donkin, of Oxford, and University, saw the wonderful corona, and also the red prominences or flames upon different points of the moon's disk. During the memorable eclipse in India last August, which was total for nearly seven minutes, the numerous French, German, and English astronomical observers attracted thither observed these prominences with great care, by the aid of the spectroscope, and came to the conclusion that these phenomena were due to the presence of an incandescent or highly heated hydrogen gas surrounding the sun's disk, and extending upward apparently a distance of 50,000 or 60,000 miles.

An article in the August Number of *Meenthal's Journal of Chemistry* by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., contains some important results hitherto reached as regards the physical constitution of the sun. The spectroscope has thrown light upon the spots of the sun. This is an instrument whose special function it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra, such as we see in a rainbow, without bright lines, in the case of *solids and liquids*; and bright lines with or without continuous spectra in the case of *gases and vapors*. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is selective. The Fraunhofer lines in the sun's spectrum afford an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

The observations made in 1866 showed that there was abundant evidence of absorption in the sun's atmosphere, and no indication of gaseous radiation. The light which came from the spots was like all the rest, but it was dimmed, as the sun's light is dimmed in a fog. It seemed to prove that the solar spots are dark because the solar light is absorbed—stopped—by some less luminous, absorbing atmosphere pouring down on the sun's photosphere.

The spectroscope has also in some measure determined the nature of the rose-colored protuberances. These are not observed every day by means of the telescope, because they are cut out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by this atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

The lines as seen in the spectroscope vary in height but never disappear, showing that for some 500 miles in height all round the sun there is an envelope of which the prominences are but the waves. This envelope MR. LOCKYER calls the "chromosphere," because it is the region in which all the variously-colored effects are seen in total eclipses. The decision from the spectroscope in regard to the protuberances proves that they are due to hydrogen.

It is found, as we said without reason, that the observations made by our most prominent scientific men during the late eclipse will prove of great value in reflecting the knowledge already gained concerning the physical constitution of the sun.

Our illustrations are from observations made at Shelbyville, Kentucky. The photographs were taken by J. A. WHIPPLE, of Boston.

The *Courier-Journal* of Louisville contains the following account of the observations at Shelbyville:

> The observations here to-day were very satisfactory, and in many respects gratifying. The following persons comprised the Joint Board of Observation for Shelbyville: Professor GEORGE BRANNER, of Indiana University, in charge of observations of phenomena, assisted by ADAM G. CLARK, Professor of Landscape; Assistant GEORGE W. DEAN, of the Coast Survey, in charge of observations of precision, assisted by T. BLAKE, Jun., of the Coast Survey; J. A. WHIPPLE, of Boston, assisted by GEORGE CLARK and J. PETERSON; and charge of the photographs: Professor G. R. SKINNER, of New York, devoted himself to observations of general phenomena, and during the total phase was to attempt for later-numerical analysis the Assistant T. H. AGNEW also devoted himself to observations of general phenomena and had charge of the Observatory arrangements, being assisted by R. E. SHARROD, of Louisville. The meteorological observations were made by PROFESSOR STEINER, of Louisville, and ROBERT LEWIS, of Shelbyville. Among the amateurs present was MR. BOWDITCH, of Boston, son of the celebrated astronomer.
>
> One of the most important discoveries made by PROFESSOR WILLOCK, at the spectroscope, was eleven bright lines in the spectrum of the protuberance of the sun—only five having heretofore been determined. The Professor also observed a second envelope between the earth and moon. The party are jubilant over the success. Photographs were taken at 14 different times during the partial obscuration. The beautiful corona, or solar appendages, were visible to the naked eye. "Bully's Beads," as well as the dark and illuminated shadows, were also visible, away through the air, were noted by a party of amateurs stationed on the top of the Observatory. The sky was perfectly clear, and every thing seemed to promise the success of the observations. There were ten or twelve mounted instruments in use on the grounds. The principal one of these was the Shelbyville College telescope, which was handled by Professor WILLOCK, assisted by MR. ALEX. MCADAM, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This is a fine instrument, costing $3000. It once visited by MR. MAURY, United States. Arcturus, Vega, Venus, and Mercury were visible to the naked eye during the total phase. MR. SHARP, whose duty it was to search for inter-mercurial planets, did succeed in discovering, reporting nothing fainter than Regulus near the sun. When the sunlight commenced to become dim a large number of citizens rushed to the College grounds, the best-positioned for observation. Some minutes before the total phase the usual phenomena of distraction among the birds and animals occurred. Six minutes before totality a deathly solemn hue overspread the countenances of all present, and for a while the faint-hearted were terrified. The scene during the totality was a most awful one, and the daylight appeared again a shout of exultation went up from the great crowd in the College grounds.

The telescope used for photographing was one from Cambridge. The glass was 6 inches diameter with 7½ feet focal length. The sun was ranged for photography, giving an image of the sun about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The exposure during totality was 2½ seconds. Professor WILLOCK devised a plan by which the same motion that exposed the plate to the sun's rays made an electrical connection with a chronograph; and thus the exact instant was recorded.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

THE SOUTHERN POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT is very important to estimate correctly the political condition of the Southern States and the late elections in Virginia and Tennessee show at least one fact concerning it all will agree. It is that those who are not Republicans control the balance of power. Upon all other points there is no agreement of opinion whatever. The *Times* says that the result in the lesson in Tennessee is that universal amnesty must be conceded. But it does not deny that the election was carried by the Democracy to those who have been always hostile to the Republican party, and who are not friendly to the Administration. An election which apparently represents no other question than amnesty, whether it secure amnesty or not, is as decisive a defeat of Republicanism as the election of MR. PACKER would be in Pennsylvania. The talk about "old Whigs" is nonsense. There are no hopeless "hunkers" are old Whigs. Meanwhile the *World* says that, although WALKER and the Union were elected chiefly by Democratic Republicans," yet that "Democrats supported, elected, and will advise them;" and, in fact, the *World* hails the result as an old-fashioned Democratic victory. And the Democratic Gov. BINGHAM as Governor of Ohio would be, or of WADE HAMPTON or JAMES M. MASON or JEFFERSON DAVIS in the Senate of the United States.

But the Richmond *Whig* retorts that "it is nonsense to suppose that the election in Tennessee was a Democratic victory. The ticket was not Democratic, and the platform on which it presented was liberal Republicanism." This assertion is certainly favored by the address of MR. SEGAR, issued just before the election, in which he said that he wished to see the political equality and rights of the colored population as American citizens recognized by the supreme law of the land; that he was ready "fully and frankly" upon the Chicago Republican platform of May, 1868. But that his election can not be regarded as an adoption and approval of those views is evident from the fact that he was warmly supported by ANDREW JOHNSON, and by every enemy of the Fifteenth Amendment in the Democratic party of the State. As in Virginia, where those who despise and hate the negro voted for MR. WALKER, who favors their political equality, so in Tennessee they voted for MR. SEGAR, who declares himself their friend. In the general uncertainty the Savannah *Republican* advises the Southern States to avoid the Bourbon stupidity of the Northern Democrats, while a Virginia Republican writes to the *Tribune* that the result of the election forebodes the extinction of Republicanism in that State.

It is plain, therefore, that the situation is complicated. Republican Governors have been elected, and Republican principles have been apparently sustained by the bitter opponents of the Republican party, allied with some undoubted Republicans. The explanation offered by the *New York Times* is, that the majority of the Democratic voters in the Southern States have renounced the old Democratic party without consenting to accept the Republican party, and are seeking "new non-partisan" alliances in the hope of forming a new political organization. It is a combination, the *Times* thinks, which "stands squarely upon a Republican foundation," and which should be kindly regarded by Northern Republicans. But however desirable and promising such a situation might be, the *Times* fails to bring any positive proof of its existence. Democrats did undoubtedly vote for MR. WALKER and MR. SENTER; but in so doing they voted for their own enfranchisement, with a tolerable certainty of defeating at the same time the political control of their States. Such a vote was merely the bluntest horn of the dilemma. A majority of such Democrats, neither in Virginia nor in Tennessee, advocated the Republican doctrines of the candidates for whom they voted. They merely announced frowning and grounded enfranchisement. As one of them wrote to the *World*, they were compelled "to swallow the black dose of negro suffrage" as the condition of obtaining their own. Where the *Times* asserts that "in respect of principle this new born alliance is identical with the out and out Republican party," it is certainly looking at events through its rosy fingers. If what it says be true, the new Virginia and Tennessee Legislatures will send out and out Republican Senators to Washington.

The more probable explanation of the Southern elections is, that the late rebels and Democrats, persuaded that they could do nothing whatever to obtain or restored to political rights, decided to accept the situation so far as to do what was necessary to obtain that restoration. That they are weary of slave, or are very large number, have relinquished their old convictions and animosities, or would refuse to combine again with their old allies in the Northern States, if a fair prospect of success, we do not believe. As we remarked two or three weeks since, the great Democratic dogma of a white man's government can be defied to be maintained; for the condition of the vote of the restored States is a renunciation of that folly. In this respect the Democratic party has been necessarily demoralized by the success of reconstruction. But that the equal rights of the citizens of Virginia or of Tennessee will be practically respected, or the amendments cordially sustained, by such an alliance as that which has succeeded in the Southern States, is painfully problematical. We should be very sorry if all the friends of Republican principles and of General GRANT'S administration were of the same kind.

We have no wish, however, to repel true friendly advances, and we very far from undervaluing what has been gained. The suffrage is legally equalized; colored citizens are unquestionably eligible; and colored children are entitled to education. These concessions are great; but they have been wrung from those chiefly who are sullenly opposed to them. This can be proved by the fact that the new alliance is so wholly Republican as the *Times* believes. If its assumption were correct, this equality would be as sure in Tennessee as it is in Massachusetts. The political and humane exasperation is not so rapid. The gains are indeed nominally great, but their reality depends upon a change in the sentiment which must be very slow. If the alliance be really as the *Times* supposes, "on a Republican platform," we shall rejoice. But this is altogether too much to assume, and can be proved by the judgments of leaders. It is certainly the duty of Republicans to await in no hostile, if also in no sanguine, spirit.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

IF the most forcible objection that could be made to the administration of Governor HOFFMAN were, that he goes to Saratoga and dances quadrilles, it would be equally appalling fact were repeated day after day in every form, it would be tolerably clear that nothing serious could be urged against his conduct of affairs. The insistent violence of the Democratic journals about the President's summer excursions shows in the same way the absence of any serious complaint. The most significant and fatal act could be truly alleged of the President as the signing of the Erie bill by Governor HOFFMAN, he would be allowed, as the Governor of the Church, if he confessed, to repent. By the veto power, says MR. C. F. ADAMS, Jun., in the last *North American Review*, Governor HOFFMAN was not only a legislator, but a judge, and, and the fact will not be forgotten. He used it to stop a drop, and he refused to use it against a torrent. But of the administration of General GRANT no grave accusation has yet been made by the Opposition. The key-hole gossip of the papers that record the hour when the President rises and the number of cigars he smokes, is the characteristic effort of Jenkins in politics. He should confine himself to describing MISS A'S ribbons and MRS. B'S slippers.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, indeed, holds the President responsible for the result of the Southern elections, and for the injustice which is still shown to the colored population; and MR. PHILLIPS so early and so closely fixed the dereliction of ANDREW JOHNSON that he has earned a peculiar right of speaking upon the subject. The men whose example he quotes would unquestionably have carried them by the sword—and GRANT is a constitutional President. If he had given every office in those States, as MR. PHILLIPS had advised, if he had written the strongest letters, could he have cajoled the votes of those who hate the negro? Could he give or withhold the suffrage? If MR. BOUTWELL had been President and MR. PHILLIPS think that the Democrats would have been elected in Tennessee? The system of government upon which MR. PHILLIPS latterly insists is the aberrant Cæsarism. He is impatient of the necessary frictions and delays of a free, popular government. He names RICHELIEU, BONAPARTE, WALPOLE. He might as well name GENGHIS KHAN and TIMOUR THE TARTAR. If, as MR. PHILLIPS says, Northern property is nowhere safe at the South, if Texas reeks with outrages, if Southern men will not believe that there can be a change at Washington or they must fly, is it his duty to tell us what RICHELIEU would have done or what President GRANT may do? MR. PHILLIPS seems to us to overestimate the Executive power in this country, and to underestimate the element of time in producing changes in public opinion.

Those who supposed, as certainly MR. PHILLIPS took care to tell us in advance that he did not suppose, that a universal and general will were instantly to prevail in the South, the public debt to be paid, the West Indies to be annexed, and taxation to be abolished by General GRANT'S election, have been naturally disappointed. He became President when there was a deplorable social condition in the Southern States, a heavy debt and taxation, and perplexing foreign questions. Two years after the end of the first half year of his administration the debt is materially reduced, and the national credit improved; the questions of the Republican Reconstruction and the Fifteenth Amendment have been formally, if not from conviction, approved in the Southern States that have voted; the English questions, if not settled, is not embittered; the universality laws of the United States have been most firmly and successfully enforced; and the efficiency and honesty of the public service have been promoted. On the other hand, there are some mistakes to record. General SICKLES should not have been appointed Minister to Spain, and a more decided protection of the country of its neutrality in the Cuban revolution should have been issued. As we write, nothing is certainly known of any negotiations with Spain in regard to Cuba. If the Administration has made an offer with a menace, it has done what the character of the President and of the Secretary of State forbid us to believe to be possible.

The American people see in the conduct of the Administration thus far a steady regard to honesty and economy, a true appreciation of the honor and best traditions of the country in its foreign relations, and strict fidelity to the principles which the War of Secession. Contrasted with all the later Democratic administrations, it is free both from crime and from "Buncombe;" while in what condition at home and abroad the country would have been if MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR and FRANCIS P. BLAIR had been elected, with WADE HAMPTON and his allies controlling the Democracy in Southern States, is plain enough to every thinking man. The foolish abuse of the President by those who could not find words contemptuous enough for him when he was a candidate, is appropriately expressed by the pen of JENKINS and the tongue of MR. A. OAKEY HALL. But when MR. PHILLIPS accuses the Administration of disloyal apathy or honest incapacity" he ought certainly to give some proof of his charges.

EUROPE IN AMERICA.

THE Spanish Cortes will reassemble in October and elect a king. Meanwhile the Carlist demonstrations continue, and the Government has summoned the priests to explain their connection with the disorders. The situation of the country naturally excites great attention in Europe, and it is undoubtedly felt that the Spanish bold upon her colonies cannot much longer be relaxed. Indeed, after a contest like that in Cuba, the most sagacious Spaniards must anticipate no other result. If Great Britain had repeated the revolution of this country in 1776 the independence of the colonies would have been only delayed; and if Spain should resume an apparent sovereignty in Cuba it could only be for a brief time, and the next movement upon the island would angrily shake off her hand. England is evidently learning the lesson which the history of Spain should have been long urging. In his introductory lecture upon History at Oxford a dozen years ago, Professor GOLDWIN SMITH pointed out with what confidence and utter scorn to England for having lost the opportunity of parting friends with her American colonies. The late speech of Sir JOHN YOUNG in Canada shows that the mother country does not intend to alienate another colony by struggling to retain it against its will.

It is harder for Spain to learn the lesson; harder both because of her political backward-

ness and because of the greater profit of her colonies. Indeed, it seems almost hopeless to expect in the policy of the most advanced nations the simple good sense that marks private affairs; and, since it is hardly to be expected that England and the United States will treat the *Alabama* question as such a difference would be treated by two honorable men, it is useless to wish that Spain might have submitted the question of separation to the Cubans when the revolution began. If it be impossible for a European state to hold its American possessions forever, it might certainly provide for the parting without such anarchy as now prevails in Cuba. Points of pride and supposed honor are always in the way. LOUIS NAPOLEON, for instance, finds an insurrection in the streets. He declares that he will not treat with insurgents in arms. Every body is right if they demand injustice, but foolish if their claims are just. He suppresses the insurrection, restores what he calls his authority, and then yields what was demanded. Does he suppose that it has not been gained by the baffled insurrection, and that every insurgent does not know it? Spain is traditionally haughty, and will of course not treat with rebels. But is there any Spanish statesman shrewd enough to see that Spain must soon yield what her rebels demand?

Undoubtedly some kind of proposition has been made to the Spanish Government by the United States, and made unsuccessfully. That it was a wholly honorable proposition there can be no doubt. It is reported, that a proposition has failed, the United States reserve every right, and it will be for them to decide when circumstances and the general welfare require positive action. Spain will not doubt, as the country has had no reason to question, that whatever may be done will be done in no spirit of hostility to a nation which is honestly attempting to pass peacefully from the most degraded monarchical system to the most enlightened and liberal popular government.

THE PRESIDENT AND MISSISSIPPI.

The President has declared himself very emphatically in favor of the Republican party in Mississippi. This, we hope, will surprise no one who have imagined that he was neutral, or who suppose that in a system like ours the President will cease to sympathize with his party until, like TYLER and JOHNSON, he has decided to woo the Opposition. But as we have never heard any such intention upon the part of General GRANT, we did not expect any change in that he should expressly declare himself. Will our friends insist, also, that it is necessary for him to express his sentiments in regard to the election of Mr. PACKER in Pennsylvania, and of Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio? May it not be presumed that he sympathizes with the principles that brought him into power and position? But there is no more doubt who represents those principles in Mississippi than there is in Ohio. The term "Conservative Republican" is merely a new Southern phrase for Democrat, as we have elsewhere suggested. If there is a new party proposed, what are its principles?

In his interview with Mr. TARBELL, the Republican representative from Mississippi, the President very properly said that he preferred his administration should speak by acts rather than by words. But it was perhaps natural that, under all the circumstances, he should be willing, in this instance, to state verbally what no Mississippi Republican ought ever to have doubted. General GRANT, indeed, has not been the kind of partisan that General JACKSON was, who would certainly never have been asked to declare in what direction his sympathies in any election lay. But he has never swerved from a fidelity to the principles and policy of the party that finally and properly elected him, and the immeasurable abuse of the Opposition should alone be sufficient to show how faithful to those principles he is apparent. If his political foes had suspected him of party infidelity their tone would have modified as it is with ANDREW JOHNSON. Five years ago that gentleman was, in the opinion of the *World*, for instance, more brutal than the Roman Consul's horse. He was then a Republican impossible. Even those who, in the degree that his real political sympathies reappeared, the tone of that discriminating and independent journal softened, until, having betrayed the party that elected him and which will come upon the whole the least respectable of American politicians, the same authority declares him to be "a true man."

Our friends in the Southern States ought to see that if there is any doubt whatever of the President's position and sympathies there is every doubt. And it is really necessary that he should state his preference for the success of his friends, the statement would be suspicious. But no man believes now, more than a year ago, that General GRANT could possibly imitate ANDREW JOHNSON. He is necessarily more a Republican to-day than ever; and it is an superfluous to ask him to say so as to ask Mr. COLFAX to say it. With all other Republicans in the country he understands that the "Conservative" party in the South is the party which hopes to hear that Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER are elected, and whose success at home will be heartily hailed by Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and by Tammany Hall. To satisfy overanxious friends the President has consented to speak. But no protest against an importunity which necessarily throws a doubt upon his position.

REMEDIES FOR DISABLED HONOR.

A few weeks ago in Paris a gentlemen, conceiving himself insulted by another, challenged him to a duel, and one of them was wounded, but will recover. At about the same time, in Boston, a gentleman under a similar impression seized the nose of another and "turned it moderately and quietly" for which he was sentenced to two months in the common jail, but has appealed. Now if there were really an offense of honor in the first case, the remedy was obviously unfair, and therefore dishonorable. It is very true that there is a class of serious offenses—those that are described as mortal insults—for which the law furnishes no redress. When DR. JOHNSON told the Billingsgate dame that she was an interjection and a vigar fraction, her mortal wrath outrage might have been a thousandfold more intelligible than if he had stolen a sole from before her, and no actions for libel or slander was possible. She had but two proper remedies—one was to strike him; the other to "saree" back; unless indeed she were of the true Christian temper, and could offer the other cheek.

It is for the satisfaction of these suits which no court will entertain that the duello has been maintained. But its extreme absurdity is gradually abolishing it. A duel between gentlemen like Boston it is already ridiculous, and it will be so in Paris as the French city advances in civilization. Yet even when the formal duello has disappeared a substitute is left in the system of corporal correction upon the supposed offender, of which the moderate and quiet turning of the culprit's nose is the latest and certainly the most pleasing illustration, as conveying the impression of a higher civilization than the blood of the hot and furious wrenching of that feature. But the duello will not die even in this, is essentially unfair, as we have remarked, and therefore dishonorable.

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad were GUSTAVE FLOWRENS and PAUL CASSAGNAC. Let us suppose that M. FLOWRENS is an accomplished swordsman or shot, and that he knows M. CASSAGNAC to be perfect at those boisterous manner. In the civilization of Paris the duello, under such circumstances, is imperative. The challenged must choose swords or pistols. But obviously in the duello, as it exists in Paris to-day, as in the cities of every citizen, and he has by no has only the choice of methods for his own murder. The consequence of such a system is, that every body's honor or life is at the mercy of a bully. Nor is it essentially different in the other case, except that hot blood may be an excuse; although whether hot blood can excuse a moderate and quiet outrage of the nose is questionable. But here again a bully may follow, in the cars or elsewhere, may put as many imaginary claps upon his shoulder as he pleases; and what is to become of them gone, may quietly turn his small neighbor's nose *ad libitum*. What is a small neighbor to do? If he tries the contretemps he probably thrashed. Clearly he, also, has no remedy, and is equally at a bully's mercy. So that really if there are no better remedies for insulted honor than small swords and pistols, or than the turning of the nose, isn't it perhaps better not to suffer your honor to be insulted?

A PUBLIC DISGRACE AND DANGER.

In the late proceedings at Albany and along the line of the Pennsylvania Central the people of this State and of the country have had an opportunity of seeing the consequences of the growing power of enormous corporations. The courts of law, which are theoretically the last and passionless resort, and whose rigid impartiality is the sole hope of peaceful solutions of exciting questions between citizens, are dominated to these bodies. They retain judges, and the gravest functions of law are so much merchandise as are fruit in the market. There are judges in this State with whose probity there is no more confidence than in that of Reddy the Blacksmith; who belong to certain corporations and receive as the rolling stock of a railroad belongs to the Company. Under such circumstances, private rights and public convenience are totally disregarded. And now it is not enough that there should be open and shameless prostitution of the forms of law, but the corporations proceed to open war upon the soil of the State, and the Governor issues a proclamation threatening to call out the entire military force at his disposal to restore order.

It is not the least suggestive fact that one of the belligerents in this unnatural war against the enormous power to whose dictation the same Governor yielded under the universal suspicion in the public mind that the political Ring with which he is connected needed money for its operations could furnish. In the present case, however, of the most flagrant and inexcusable breach of the peace, it was impossible that the Governor should so far outrage public sentiment as not to assume the attitude of a rigorous enforcer of the law. He has done what he ought to have done; but the official action of Governor HOFFMAN since his proclamation has been virtually leaving fraud at the polls, and his signing the Erie bill, inspires no confidence either in his principle or his courage.

The State of New York will soon fall, if it has not already fallen, under the absolute control of these great moneyed powers. One railroad has the Legislature, Harvard New Jersey, and there are at least two vast and unscrupulous corporations in New York. Whether they fight or whether they combine, the people suffer. Their purposes are their own aggrandizement and advantage. They rule by an iron will, and they are masters who can inspire fear only. The noblest incentive of action which a despot can offer, personal faith and loyalty, are unknown to them. Their sway is a gross, sordid, material influence. But, however this may be, every reflecting man sees the signs of the times advance to political supremacy of great corporations in this country. The present Connecticut legislature is under the press. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars has the Erie Railroad spent for advertising? and how much does the country really know of the inner history of the Pacific Railroad? A newspaper naturally no more wishes to alienate immense and liberal advertisers than a clergyman wishes to send a wealthy parishioner out of church.

Mr. PARTON informs us that the corporation in Congress is an illusion. We hope it is so. May we believe the same of the New York Legislature and of the New York judges? And are the same system that elects the judges elects the representatives to Albany and Washington. Is there no power in the people? and is every member of Congress selected for his power of resisting "influence?" The member is virtually elected by the causes. Does corruption never appeal primary? What a dangerous suggestion can possibly be made of a letter like that of Mr. ASHLEY to Mr. CASE? Mr. ASHLEY's letter to the Ohio certainly did not account for it satisfactorily; and we do not suppose that Mr. ASHLEY was the only member who sophisticated himself?

The corruption of these vast moneyed organizations can not be overestimated, nor can that of the evil of that power. Their conduct is the credulity and credit and the reports in the papers of their pocketing judges and marshaling their followers for votes. It is not an amusing spectacle; it is a menacing spectacle. It should warn us to do what we can to correct public opinion, and to promote honesty in legislation by attaching public disgrace to bribery. For many a year we shall pay the penalty of having so long forgotten that our government rests upon the purity of public opinion, and that the condition of its purity and permanence is cure and conscience upon the part of every citizen.

NOTES.

It was to be expected that the eclipse would produce fine writing, but we hardly expected any thing so fine as that of a correspondent from a certain Western city. "The city re joiced," says this admirable chronicler, "for almost every man, woman, and child was prepared during the day with smoked and colored glasses." But it was not the outward eye only that was to be gratified.

"Business was deferred for this day, and every mind's eye was directed to the grand and unexpected wonderful celestial phenomenon. The following is a full line of demarcation, and estimate with us in parity of atmosphere; science will no doubt furnish more advanced views, but I prefer to convey to the human mind a more satisfactory idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene."

The course of events is faithfully followed in the description until

"At 3.15 o'clock there came a sudden dash, as from a star, for more than a minute, and one of the last remnants, and vastly more intricate, and the luminary lineaments, and the rays, and the corona, and the halo, and vision the corona, encircling the opaque moon, and the sun and the moon combined into view, and the grand exclamation of joyful admiration burst involuntarily from the lips of groups of by-standers—ladies, gentlemen, and children.

"At eighteen minutes and sixteen seconds past five o'clock, with the most splendid star-like beam, that it had shown at the commencement, the totality disappeared, and the peerless sun emerged from obscurity again, and was hailed by exclamations of delight."

The climax of this glowing author is incomparable:

"Cows continued to graze in the fields, and horses stood unmoved during the eclipse; but chickens crowed, fluttered, and went to bed. Mr. LOUIS JAY, of Philadelphia, on a visit to her son GEORGE JAY, Esq., has witnessed three total eclipses, and thinks this the finest of them all."

THE new Republican City Committee, of which we spoke last week, opens its campaign by a most vigorous exposure of what must be called the rascality of other similar organizations in the city. It will undoubtedly claim recognition at the State Convention, and whether successful or not, it should be regarded as a protest too powerful to be disregarded, against the present bodies that assume to represent the party in this city, and to dictate to the responsible officers of the United States Government whom they shall select as assistants. Every such officer, under our present system, will naturally listen with respect to the respectful suggestions of his party associates, as he will instantly repel any assumption of such dictation as was attempted with MARshal BARLOW. The Republican majority out of the city is tired of these little city wrangles which are transferred to every State Convention, and will now undoubtedly insist that the wishes of all honorable and candid members of the party in this neighborhood shall be sustained and a new organization effected. If the formation of the new Committee does not attain that result, we trust that others and still others will be formed until the present organization is wholly destroyed. The *Tribune* suggests that the Committee appointed by the last State Convention to attempt the troubles in the city should arrange them. It is a very good suggestion; and we beg to add to it that the root of the difficulty is that the city Conventions have become mere office brokerages, and the business of a Republican Committee is not to procure offices for its members.

"THE SEVEN CURSES of London," just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, and by CHARLES GREENWOOD, so well known as the "amateur casual," it is a thorough exposure, by a master hand, of the evils of gross idleness in London and New York. It treats of neglected children, professional beggars, professional beggars, fallen women, drunkenness, gambling, and indiscriminate almsgiving. While it investigates these evils, it also suggests methods of reform. The Messrs. HARPER have issued this book at the low price of twenty-five cents.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention, on August 11, nominated the Hon. George H. Pendleton for Governor of that State, General Rosecrans for Lieutenant-Governor. Pendleton has accepted.

Governor Sentter's message to Tennessee was over 100 pages.

On his return to San Francisco from Alaska Ex-Secretary SEWARD is to be presented with a cane valued at $1000 by the Society of California Pioneers. The head of the cane is composed of forty-one triangular pieces of gold-bearing quartz from forty-one mines of different counties in California.

There is no end of railway accidents. On the Pennsylvania Central Road a passenger train was thrown from the track by a rock, which had been placed there by a tramp. The engineer killed and several passengers wounded. On the Delaware and Lackawanna Road a train ran off the track on the evening of the 19th, near St. Mary's, in Pennsylvania, and both the engineer and baggage-master were injured.

The fiercest battle yet fought between the Modoc Indians and the United States troops occurred on the 10th inst. The fight lasted from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., and was terminated by the arrival of reinforcements. The loss was severe on both sides.

The Astor Library will at the St. Louis Insane Asylum has at length been obtained by the Sisters of Charity. The well is to be of a depth of 3845 feet, and was costing the city $35 per foot. The work has been going four years, and is to take two years more to finish. The water found is bitter within 120 feet of the mouth of the well. At the depth of 1200 feet pure water was found in small quantity, and more will be gained by "piping off" the well at that point, by which means the cracking water will be kept out, and the fresher water secured for the use of the asylum. The work has been in progress for a number of years, and will cost the city heavily.

The boilers of the steamer *Cumberland*, for Evansville, Indiana, exploded near a place called Shawneetown, in Illinois, on August 14, and eighteen or twenty lives were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British Parliament was prorogued August 11. The Queen, on the closing message, assured them that she continued to receive from foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition in regard to the suspension of the negotiations with this country for the Alabama claims, and that she trusted this delay would tend to maintain relations between the two countries on the friendly basis of mutual esteem. She noticed the several important acts of the session, framed in the interest of the welfare of the people, and promote the work of peace in Ireland; regarded the appointment of a new Lord Lieutenant as a wise selection; and hoped the measure for the purchase and management of the Irish railways by the Government might facilitate the great commercial and social object of rapid, easy, and economical communication, and prove no unworthy sequel to the excellent system of Irish railways.

We have a report from Spain that a reinforcement of 20,000 men will be sent to Cuba in September. The Spanish Cortes will assemble in October.

The Russian Government has arranged that Oxford and Harvard crews has been fixed for August 27.

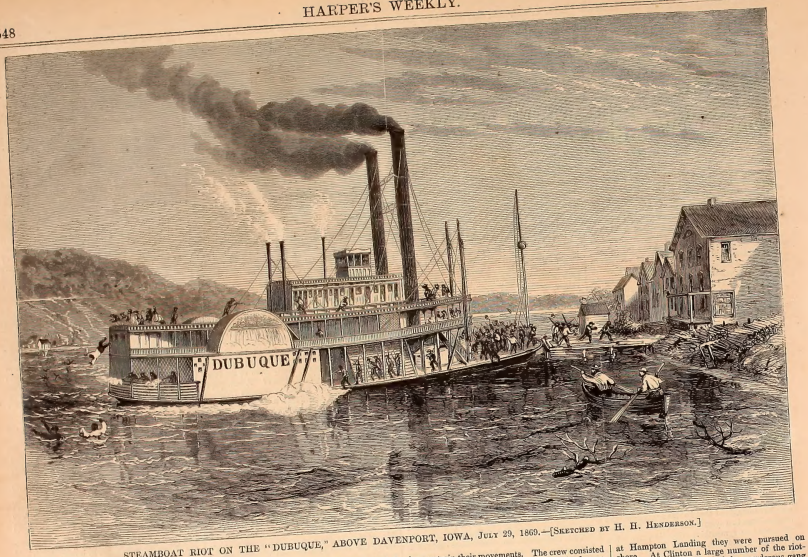
The Queen of Spain arrived at Biarritz August 9, having made her trip from this city in 23 days, 9 hours, and 30 minutes.

Marshal Neil, of France, died on the 14th of August. The commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of Napoleon I. was celebrated in France August 15; and on Sunday a grand review took place at Paris. Peace and political offenders, and to army and navy deserters.

The harvest in the Valley of the Garonne, in the south of France, is reported to be almost ruined by the excessive rains. At Bordeaux the wheat crop is the effect that that General has given the Spaniards a severe thrashing.

The horrible cruelties practiced upon the unfortunate Christians in the province of Candia, the object which Europe has been ringing ever since their disclosure, have spurred the Christians to desperate resistance. A commission has already been appointed by the Austrian Government to propose a full list of the monastic institutions, like all other corporate associations, under strict Government supervision and inspection.

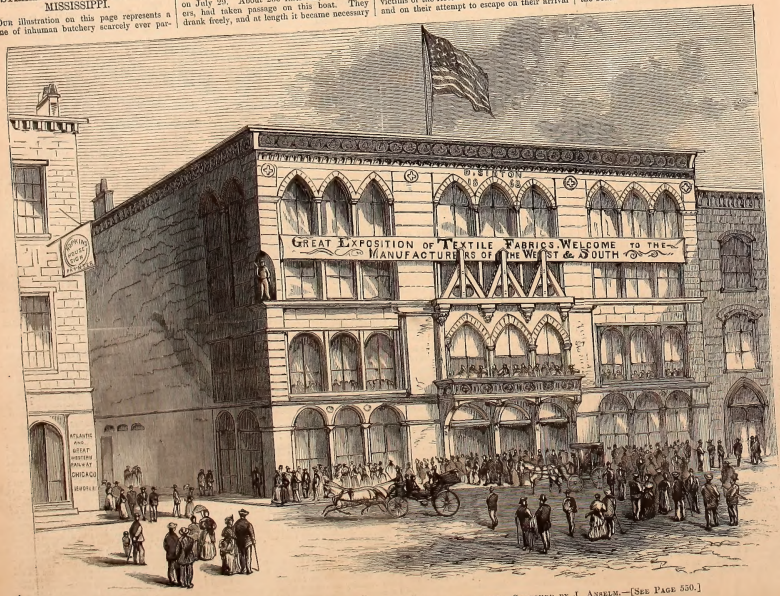
M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after having connected two seas, is now engaging to connect a third. It appears that some enterprising explorers of Central Africa have proved that the Nile and the Niger have in the bed of an old sea displaced by a convulsion of nature. An Italian of that adventurous race, Negrelli, a little time ago sent some engineers to examine the configuration of the land. He is, therefore, the first, or opinion that a canal seventy-five miles in length would suffice to put the Red Sea and the Sahara in communication, restore to the latter its original fertility, and create a new method of inland course with Central America by means of these arteries. It is proposed that such an operation be seriously taken in hand it is to be hoped that due notice will be given to the Powers interested, that no unnecessary fear, or the consequences to the traveling public in Africa might prove highly disastrous.



STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE "DUBUQUE," ABOVE DAVENPORT, IOWA, JULY 29, 1869.—[SKETCHED BY H. H. HENDERSON.]

STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

OUR illustration on this page represents a scene of inhuman butchery scarcely ever paralleled. The tragedy occurred on board the steamer *Dubuque*, just above Davenport, Iowa, on July 29. About 250 raftsmen, or harvesters, had taken passage on this boat. They drank freely, and at length it became necessary to restrain their movements. The crew consisted of about thirty negroes, and, as it devolved upon them to repress the tumult, they became the victims of the rioters. Six of them were killed, and on their attempt to escape on their arrival at Hampton Landing they were pursued on shore. At Clinton a large number of the rioters were arrested. Two of the murderous gang were seriously wounded during the conflict on the boat.



EXPOSITION OF TEXTILE FABRICS AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, AUGUST 3–7, 1869.—SKETCHED BY J. ANSELM.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

PEABODY STATUE, LONDON.

The ceremony of publicly unveiling the bronze statue of Mr. George Peabody, the American benefactor of the London poor, was performed by the Prince of Wales on July 23; and the Lord Mayor and other civic dignitaries, with the new American Minister and many of the leading citizens, took part in the proceedings.

The Prince of Wales, before unveiling the statue, honored the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress with his company at luncheon, which was served with much splendor in the great saloon of the Mansion House. A select company had been invited to meet the Prince, among whom were Mr. Motley, Miss Burdett Coutts, and Mr. W. W. Story, the American sculptor.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue took place at the Royal Exchange, the Prince of Wales officiating. Sir Benjamin Phillips, as chairman of the Peabody Memorial Committee, addressed the Prince, stating that it was designed by this statue to commemorate an act almost without parallel in English history, and to express the gratitude of the English people for Mr. Peabody's gifts to the poor of London. "It will tell," said he, "to future generations, and, for all time, to our children and our children's children, how a plain and earnest man, born in another country, settled among us, and by a long, prosperous, and honorable career, became one of our merchant princes, and, having realized a kingly fortune, conceived the desire of distributing it in his life, not with the object of self-aggrandizement, but for the Godlike purpose of ameliorating the miseries, assuaging the woes, and elevating the social and moral condition of his fellow-creatures." He further stated that the committee had chosen Mr. Story for the sculptor of this statue, as a distinguished countryman of Mr. Peabody, in order to show their regard for the United States of America. They hoped it would be symbolical of the peace and friendship that should always exist between the two countries, inhabited by people of the same race, speaking the same language, and inspired with the same love of freedom.

WHICH OF THE THREE?—(See Poem, Page 550.)

In reply to this address the Prince of Wales said: "Among the many duties which I have the privilege of performing none could have given me greater pleasure than to assist and take part in the unveiling of this statue on this occasion. The name of George Peabody is so well known to all of you that really I feel some difficulty in saying any thing new of that remarkable man; but, at the same time, it affords me the deepest gratification to join in paying a mark of tribute and respect to the name of that great American citizen and philanthropist—I may say that citizen of the world. England can never adequately pay the debt of gratitude which she owes to him, London especially, where his wonderful charity has been so liberally distributed. For a man not born in this country to give a sum, I believe, of more than a quarter of a million of pounds sterling for purposes of benevolence is a fact unexampled. His name will go down to posterity as one who, as Sir Benjamin Phillips so justly remarked, has tried to ameliorate the position of his poorer fellow-citizens, and especially to benefit their moral and social character. I have not yet had the opportunity of seeing the statue which is about to be unveiled; but, having had the privilege of knowing the sculptor, Mr. Story, for a space of now about ten years, I feel sure it will be one worthy of his reputation, and worthy also of the man to whom it is dedicated. Before concluding the few imperfect remarks which I have ventured to address to you, let me thank Mr. Motley, the American Minister, for his presence on this occasion, and assure him what pleasure it gives me to take part in this great, and, I might almost say, national ceremonial of paying a tribute to the name of his great and distinguished countryman. Be assured that the feelings which I personally entertain toward America are the same as ever they were. I can never forget the reception which I had there nine years ago, and my earnest wish and hope is that England and America may go hand in hand in peace and prosperity."

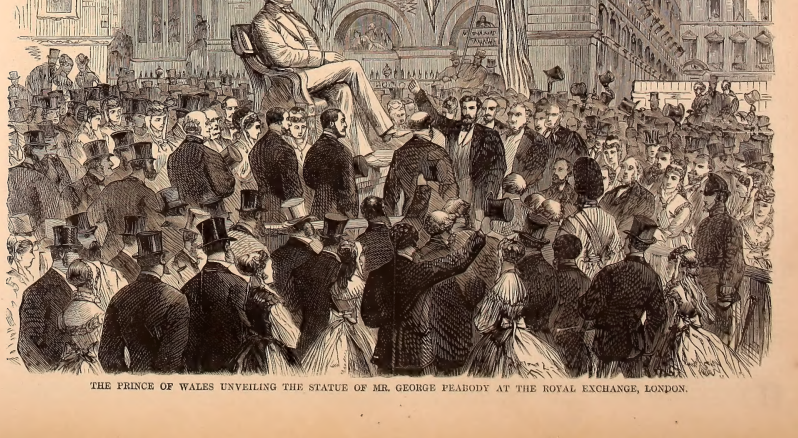
Mr. Motley afterward spoke, and in the course of his remarks said that the name of Mr. Peabody needed no eulogy. "Most fortunate as well as most generous of men, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself through all time. For I have often thought in this connection of a famous epitaph, familiar, no doubt, to many who now hear me: 'What I spent I had; what I gave I have; what I kept I lost.' And what a magnificent treasure, according to these noble and touching words, has our friend and the poor man's friend preserved for himself till time shall be no more,

'And tongues to be his beauty shall rehearse
When all the brethren of this world are dead.'

Of all men in the world he least needs a monument." Mr. Motley went on to speak of the statue, which he had seen in Mr. Story's studio at Rome, and which he praised as a faithful likeness, having once seen Mr. Peabody and his statue seated side by side.

Mr. Story, the sculptor, having been called for, said, modestly, he had no speech to make. He added, significantly, pointing to the statue, "That is my speech," a remark which occasioned much merriment. The ceremony was then brought to a close, and the Prince took his leave. His Royal Highness, as he did so, was repeatedly cheered.

A letter which Queen Victoria wrote to Mr. Peabody on his leaving England is published by the Boston *Post*. Her Majesty wrote: "The Queen is very sorry that Mr. Peabody's sudden departure has made it impossible for her to see him before he left England, and she is concerned to hear that he is gone in bad health. She now writes him a line to express her hope that he may return to this country quite recovered, and that she may then have the opportunity, of which she has now been deprived, of seeing him and offering him her personal thanks for all he has done for the people." The note was transmitted by Mr. Arthur Helps, the Clerk of the Privy Council, who adds that the Queen also commanded him "to be sure and charge Mr. Peabody to report himself on his return to England." The design, inaugurated by Mr. Peabody and Mr. A. T. Stewart, to become during their lives the executors of their own estates for philanthropic purposes, will, we hope, be imitated by others who, like them, have been so fortunate as to accumulate vast wealth.



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

WHICH OF THE THREE?

See Illustration on Page 549.

WHICH of the three so sweet, I wonder,
Do sensible bachelors long to woo,
By wavelets' wash and ripple, and under
The haze of a sky which is blue—so blue!
A magnet thrill at the heart should beckon
The passionate boys to the rocks to see
Such deep-sea treasures, and pause to reckon
Their chance of choice of the maidens three.

Which of the three? 'tis weary choosing.
A tale which Paris of old begins,
For two must bitterly hate for losing,
And only one can adorn who wins.
A golden apple, the swain on Ida
Bestowed on the fairest maid, but he
Would please how few did he dare decide a
Reward for the best of my maidens three.

Which of the three? their faces surely
Are best of books for a man to read;
When Millicent's eyes look down demurely,
My butterfly gentlemen, pray take heed!
For eyes of blue, though the dark lash hide them,
Declare like songs which a siren sings;
But blue or black let us sit beside them,
And, like the butterflies, burn our wings.

Which of the three? the long wave brushes
Its voice in pleasure about their feet;
The sea-gull soars, and his white wing brushes
Their golden hair; on the rocks, their seat,
The sea-anemones bloom; their dresses
The impudent breezes love to toss
In sweet disorder, and toy with tresses
Which sit too truly a sibbon's loss.

Which of the three? De query's idle,
Twixt dark and fair, or short and tall,
Would any one choose if he dared to sidle,
And sit in propinquity amidst them all?
A Mormonite tone the ozone instilleth
To those who are happily surnamed "young;"
For those who are old, to the sea we willeth,
Is a throne three beautiful maids among.

Which of the three? if I needs must choose one,
To rank all maids in the world above,
If take, you'd think, of the world all those one,
That maid whose attitude whispers love.
And then, when summer returned, I'd wander
No more to pray by the shrine of one
But all that was best in the world I'd squander
On her—the best of the maidens three.

EXPOSITION OF TEXTILE FABRICS, CINCINNATI.

AT this time, when ocean cables and international canals are in process of construction, and the chief source of a share of the public attention, there is great danger lest in our absorption by these more general aspects of commerce we should forget those interests by which the great sections of our common country are bound together. The recent exposition of textile fabrics at Cincinnati, Ohio, was a brilliant conception. It was an invitation of the South to unite with the West in the opening of a new era, which promises unparalleled prosperity to both those sections.

This exposition revealed the weakness of Southern and Western manufactures, not to the extent of their operations; but is also clearly proved that in the *quality* of the articles produced there are not shrink from a comparison with their Eastern rivals.

It seems strange that in a city like Cincinnati, numbering 200,000 souls, there should be but a single woolen-mill. But such is the fact.

The rooms in which the exposition were held were spacious, extending back from Vine Street 150 feet; and with their great width, high ceilings, and good light, nicely furnished ample facilities for the display of goods. In the rear of the first room, connecting the visitors as they arrived, were the words, "Welcome to the Manufacturers of the West and South."

Looms of the best kind were on exhibition. There were those that would compare with any manufactured in the world; cassimeres superior to much that is manufactured in New England and long ahead from the prairie of the West; and Northwest that were equal to any produced on this continent.

This is the second exposition of textile fabrics in the Northwest. The peculiar characteristic of this second convention is the invitation to cooperation extended to the South. In this matter of manufactures the West and the South are natural allies. And why should they not avail themselves of the vast water-power of both these sections answers the question. The West *must*, from the necessities of the case, be, in a large measure, occupied in interests purely agricultural; and as for the South, so long as slavery existed only agricultural pursuits were followed. But why should the past be repeated in the future? GOVERNOR HAYES, of Ohio, put this affair in the right light when he said, at the opening of this exposition:

"Where fuel, and food, and land, and building materials, and minerals are abundant and cheap, and where the climate is healthful and friendly to labor; where the raw material can be produced profitably; where the consumption of the manufactured article is large; where the best facilities are offered for transporting both raw material and the fabric, by land and by water, to and from the great markets of the world—it would seem that the only remaining elements essential to the successful establishment of any desired manufacture are capital and labor; and that, with the conditions here supposed, both capital and labor are bound to appear at the command of intelligence, enterprise, and will. Now I need not pause to marshal facts and figures to prove that in the States represented by the gentlemen whom we are glad to welcome to-day are land, and fuel, and food, and materials for building, and the wealth, and health, and intelligence in which it is good for man to work; roads, canals, rivers, lakes, railways, for easy and rapid transportation to and from all the earth. All of these things, if we would see them, we have but to open our eyes and look around us. The wise farmer, traveling through a new country looking for good land, knows when he has reached it by the forests which covers it. The soil is known by its trees. Judge this favored region, which we still call the Northwest, by the farmer's rule. Behold what has grown up on this land during the few years since civilized man first began to possess it! Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and the host of smaller cities, towns, and villages which are dotted all over it, and the centers of whose growth and prosperity are in its matchless soil, denote the high intelligence and enterprise which are its fitness to be the home of that varied industry which is always found in the highest civilization. The possessor of a country like this have only themselves to blame if they fail to come up to the full measure of their pursuits, without which a general diffusion of knowledge and culture is impossible."

This exposition is a more important affair than at first it would seem. It suggests the conflict of the future. The great question of the age to agitate the public mind relate to finance and commerce. And upon these questions the West and South are to be for the most part united.

Twenty thousand persons visited the exposition on the second day. The characteristic event of the day was the arrival of an invoice of goods from the mills of BRIGHAM YOUNG, Salt Lake City, Utah. These were principally cassimeres. On the evening of August 5, there was a sumptuous banquet at the Burnet House. A trade—she was inaugurated on the 6th, at which the goods on exhibition were disposed of.

THE BAR OF GOLD.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

GERALD ADAIR had lived a very useless, careless, selfish life for many years; but until after he had met with Violet Leigh, he had never committed any thing that could be stigmatized as a crime, either by the best or the most censorious of men. After that meeting it would have been hard for the most lenient or the most lax to pronounce him inoffensive any more.

The meeting took place in this wise: Down in the luxuriant, ferny depths of South Devon a richly wooded and watered gorge, between two lofty ridges of hills, had been made the scene of a picnic that had been organized on a colossal scale by a couple of the most renowned hot hand givers in the neighborhood. The place was a very picnic-suggesting one; and when Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot called their house party, and such fashionable people at the end of the London season, it (the place) naturally occurred to them as one that would be a fitting stage for the enactment of one of those diversions which were absolutely necessary for the diversion of the already overdiverted leaders.

"We must have a picnic at Ivy Bridge among other things," Mrs. Arbuthnot had said while scratching a memorandum that was ordained to be "static" from the first. She made this suggestion in the presence of Mr. Adair the morning after their guests arrived, and as he consumed is impossible.

"Those are all silly, groundless complaints that have been leveled against the time-honored institution a thousand times, and refuted. I expected something more original from you," Mrs. Arbuthnot said.

"Refute them now. I will be easily convinced that I am wrong."

"Well," she said, laughing, "the majority of the girls who will be at our picnic are too pretty to need to be considered, and the men will always be as well iced as if you were dining at home, and the hampers shall not disgrace Gunter or Fortnum and Mason. You shouldn't grudge us an enjoy it, and confess to me afterward that Violet Leigh would have made all the evils even you can picture to yourself tolerable."

"Who is Violet Leigh?" he asked.

"She is the most perfectly lovely girl it has ever been my lot to meet," Mrs. Arbuthnot, who was by way of being a beauty herself—said, warmly.

"Ah!" he said, with his most insufferable air, "I don't like your country beauties."

Mrs. Arbuthnot suppressed her impatience. "If you will you will," she said, coldly. "You shall then say what you imagine her to be. She is the only daughter of the late Sir Aymott Leigh of a careless, improvident race, who knew how to spend money, but not how to get it, and who, for even you may own to having heard of Sir Aymott Leigh, were famous. Violet's parents, without loss of caste, have been adopted by the Vincents, old friends of her father's; and rumor says she is the richest heiress in the county. You needn't turn up your nose at her; she is the belle of every place at which she appears; she caused a sensation in Paris last year."

"So she tells you, I suppose," he said, laughing.

"No she doesn't tell me, scoffer, but so I happen to know. Now picture her."

"Thanks; but the remuneration of being right would be too great for me. You needn't lessly. "However, I will go to your picnic, not to be charmed with Miss Violet Leigh, but because you desire me to do so."

Kate Arbuthnot laughed. It was a well-understood thing among them all that Mrs. Adair's golden loneliness and neglect were of her own doing. Her husband liked the man. "Not that I have any good of him," Mr. Arbuthnot said to his wife; on the other hand, I don't know any harm of him, you see; and he likes Kate, and Kate can keep any fellow from liking her too much." This being the state of the case, Mr. Adair was willing enough to bury himself in the solitudes of Glade much more frequently than in any other of his numerous country haunts. He was even willing to go the length of attending that which most London men who have passed their "salad days" would most sedulously eschew—namely, a country picnic—for the sake of pleasing his fair pleasant hostess. The lady smiled a smile of gratified satisfaction now. "After all, why should you feign to be above most things, and weary of the rest?" she said. "I don't believe you to be either, remember; but the great majority accept your own estimate of yourself, and think that you are sated with pleasure and saddened with grief."

"Decidedly I am not sated with pleasure," he said.

"Are you saddened with thought? No, I don't believe it, Mr. Adair."

"I do think sometimes, though you think me incapable of the effort, I know."

"But you're on the top of the tide: you're well off, and you don't deserve to be otherwise than well off, now that you've come off with your name to date. You're young and good-looking (you know the latter fact so well that I needn't scruple to mention it to you). You're tolerably clever, and you have no wife to worry you."

"Yet a wife is the very thing you are always advising me to get. I am not other mortals, for instance, have you in putting Miss Leigh in my path?"

"Yes, I should like you to take her," Mrs. Arbuthnot said. "A wife like Violet, but not any wife."

"What day do you say your picnic is to be?" he said, suddenly.

"Next Wednesday."

"Ah! a thousand pities that business should call me away on Tuesday," he said.

"Now, Mr. Adair, you are trying to trifle with me, you know it. Ivy Bridge is a charming place. If you don't like the actors, you will approve of the stage and the scenery. I won't say another word about Violet Leigh to you. I won't even introduce her to you. You shall be free as air to neglect my beauty; but you shall go to Ivy Bridge."

So it came to be an understood thing (during the interval that elapsed between this conversation and the day of the picnic) all Mrs. Arbuthnot's intimates that Mr. Adair was staying for the picnic as a favor, and that the favor was a very great one. It was the height of it from a mutual friend of hers and Mrs. Arbuthnot's, and Violet Leigh derided the fact.

"A favor! what should it be a favor? What is there in the man that Kate makes herself absurd about him?"

"Kate, my hostess, my friend, my husband, my brother, my sister, and an acquisition to any set, the friend replied.

"Do I? I never do like the Admirable Crichtons that are discovered by my friends; I hope Kate won't attempt to go into similar ecstasies over him, and to regard his dancing with me as a great favor."

The day arrived almost as if the two whom Mrs. Arbuthnot had designed the picnic for, in the hope that each would be so much struck with the oddity of the other with them both repugnance, were prejudiced against each other from the very first.

Wednesday, the day of the picnic, dawned broiling, bright, and beautiful as it is possible for a July day in South Devon to be. The traveling party was to be known was in the heart of the country town, just opposite to the ivy-covered bridge which gives its name to the place. Here the guests were to be mustered by Mrs. Arbuthnot met, and held a consultation as to where they should wander and when they should dine. What the most important matter was definitely fixed upon, that ardent search after the picturesque which characterizes most picnic committees was begun, which apparently can only be properly conducted in pairs.

The picturesque does not render the search after food in March—Egypt round about Ivy Bridge. In the first place there is the river Erme, which comes rolling down from Dartmoor over boulders that are like polished marble when looked at through the crystal water—rolling down over boulders and between high banks, hedged with every shade and form in matchless profusion and endless variety. No sweeter place for a stroll than the banks of this stream can be found in the whole of this naturefavored district. And if the quiet, secluded beauty palls upon you, there is the wide, open Dartmoor, which civilization has left untouched and unadulterated.

One of the last to arrive was Violet Leigh. She came up driving a pair of handsome small Shetland cobs, and looked very lovely. She was to be chaperoned by her hostess, and she feared being late. Mr. Adair was standing by Mrs. Arbuthnot's side as the young lady checked her cobs, and leaned forward to excuse herself for the delay she fancied she had caused. "I was afraid you would be worried for me," she said, "and that I should have enacted the part of unprotected young lady all day."

"Why were you not more punctual?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"You know I am not mistress of my own time, nor yet of my own actions," the girl answered, hastily, and Gerald Adair looked at her with interest for the first time.

She was worth looking at. She was—he longed to openly confess that she was—utterly different to the preconceived notions of the country beauty and heiress. A graceful, elegant, thorough-bred looking girl, with a world of quiet, courtly self-possession in her air. Slender in figure, exquisitely dressed, pale and fair complexioned, with soft masses of wavy brown hair dressed far forward, nearly on to her wide brow in front of her chignon. A delicate, slightly aquiline-featured face, with dark violet eyes fringed with long, curly black lashes. A very lovely young lady, "but something better than lovely, too," he told himself. "She might be a peeress in her own right, indeed, to judge by her looks."

True to her promise, Mrs. Arbuthnot made no attempt to introduce Mr. Adair to Miss Leigh; and he felt half annoyed with his favorite friend on account of that strict observance of her word on which she was accustomed plainly herself. "They are the two best adapted to each other in all the party," she thought; "and it serves them both right that I should be taken according to the letter of their request." This was the thought that flashed through her mind before they started for the nine-times-nine mile drive. By the time the caravan was imminent Mr. Adair lowered his flag.

"I wish you would make me known to Miss Leigh," he said, quietly.

"You're not asking this to please me?" the gratified little matron asked.

"No, indeed; entirely to please myself," he answered. "She shines like a star amidst all these people you have collected. What wonder that I desire to have her shine upon me alone!"

"I wish I had the strength of mind to punish such selfish conduct by refusing your request; but I haven't—Violet, allow me to introduce our friend, Mr. Adair, to you; I want you to make him comprehend that truth—that my picnic was worth waiting for."

Miss Leigh smiled rather languidly; rather too languidly, Mr. Adair thought, as their hostess moved away.

"A man convinced against his will, etc.," she quoted presently. "Why should I be punished, moreover, to upset what is perhaps a pet theory of yours? You like to imagine yourself superior to this crowd, and why should I try to prove to you that you are not?"

"You have proved it to me already," he said, adroitly quoting the words of the last speech of the others had taken. And Mrs. Arbuthnot, keenly glancing after them, felt happy when she saw them disappear around a corner together.

A fortnight after this they were alone with each other once more. By this time, though, being with her seemed to have become to him the whole world to them. During this fortnight Mr. Adair had pursued Violet incessantly, "madly" even, Mrs. Arbuthnot declared it (and "madly," the man felt it to be in reality. He was born to attract women. His normal insouciance and frequent assertions upon upon, flattered, bothered, and beguiled them. He was handsome, accomplished, well-bred. The graceful beauty, the Queen of Glade, as she had been called, surrendered to him after a brief struggle. She could not suppress the slight flush which would rise to her cheek, or the slight throbbing which would affect her heart, when he approached her. And, as for him, there seemed to be nothing of exaggeration in the impassioned words which he was addressing to her now as she sat enbowered in flowers in a deep bay-window in Mrs. Arbuthnot's drawing-room.

"Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed about with flowers,
And all the flowers were mine."

"*Are* all the flowers mine?" he continued, passionately. "Tell me! No other man has plucked roses as these into bloom?" and he lightly touched her cheek with a sprig of myrtle as he spoke.

No other man has ever said such words to me. I should never have listened to them," she said, softly. He was going to leave Glade on the morning of the next day, and Violet was feeling so sure in her love and happiness; so sure that he would not go without asking her to be his wife.

Suddenly, to her surprise, he half knelt at her side, and, looking, to her horror, he touched an anathema against that fatal picnic party.

"What is it, Gerald?" she said, in a whisper. It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name. At the same time she put her hand down and touched his hand.

He took it in his, and, grasping fiercely and firmly; "how will your dear eyes look at me after this day? How will your dear voice ever name me?" he said.

"Always kindly," she said, trembling a little.

"No, no; you will despise and disown me, as I deserve. I know you now, and that any woman must expect—would be wrong and unwomanly not to expect, in fact. I ought to ask you to be my wife to-day. I would give my life to be able to do it, and I dare not!"

"Oh, Gerald! why?"

All her pride and dignity sweet grace were gone as she rang out the piteous entreaty. She felt so sure of his love. There must be some hideous mistake at the root.

"There is a bar between us, darling," he said, looking up, miserably.

"A bar! What bar? No bar strong enough to keep us asunder," she said, impetuously.

"A little bar of gold—a wedding-ring: have a wife already!"

"For all that my eyes will never look, or my voice ever name you less kindly than they have already done," she said, recovering her sweet, outward calm, but feeling her heart to be wounded, broken, bleeding.

"You do not reproach me, Miss Leigh," he said, rising to his feet.

"Reproach you! We must not reproach each other, say rather. Tell me of your wife before I go; and I go, must go soon."

This was the last time he had been invigled into marrying a woman older than himself while

he was still a mere boy. "She was beautiful then," he said; "but she was not a woman I may dare to talk to you about. I never suspected her. I never loved her after the first few days of mad passion were over. I have disliked her for years; but I never so loathed her as I do now that she stands between me and you, the brightest vision of my life."

"Why do you not live with her?" Violet asked, with more of sternness than he had ever heard in her tones before. "Why do you neglect her, and go about under false colors, feigning to be free man, when you are—"

"A very bond slave," he interrupted. "Why do I do it? This is why: I have it in me (as you have told me more than once) to be a good and great and useful man. She does not know my better nature does not care for it.

"Have you any children?" Violet said, shortly.

"One child only, thank Heaven."

"What is she—boy or girl?"

"A girl; she's about ten years old, by the-way."

"You have a daughter, and you can treat her mother as you do; I told you just now that I forgave you freely all I had to forgive you," she said, blushing, "and I can not now, while I think you have no heart for your daughter. What is her name, and where is she?"

"Her name is Beatrix; she is at school at St. Leonard's. Don't look harshly at me, Violet; if it ever comes out that I have a wife—such a wife as I have, and a child—I shall cease to be my uncle's heir."

"And that is your whole fear," she said; "I can't bear to think it. Do you not see that your child may grow up careless of you; that she may turn out badly from sheer parental neglect? You ought to be her guide, her friend, her protector. Think of it; she is your own flesh and blood, Gerald." And as she pleaded for his child Violet's sight burst into tears.

An hour after, when Mrs. Arbuthnot came home from her drive to dress for dinner, she found a note from Violet Leigh, instead of seeing the happy face of the girl whose love-dream had seemed to be so near realization.

"Dear Aunt"—Violet wrote—"I have gone home instead of staying to dine, as I really promised you I would do; pray ask no questions of Mr. Adair, or make any jokes about me: we have had an explanation, and I have decided in our mutual interests to bring each God-speed. Your affectionate

VIOLET."

"My affectionate Violet might have been a little more explicit with me, I think," Mrs. Arbuthnot said, musingly. "I should like to ask him what all means; but she has asked me not to do so." Still, though her loyalty to her friend forbade her asking any questions that that friend had forbidden, her curiosity was not easily stilled.

Nor was it set at rest by Gerald Adair's telling her that evening that his farewell on the morrow would be a long one. "I am going abroad," he said.

"For how long?"

"For an indefinite period: before I go I ask this one favor of you. Here is the address of my agent in town: he will always know where or whereabouts I am. If Miss Leigh should ever wish to me through him and tell me. Will you?"

Still wrestling with her curiosity, Mrs. Arbuthnot promised.

"And give this note to Miss Leigh when I am gone," he said; "it contains an address she wants. I will say good-by to you now to-night," he added, holding out his hand.

"My picnic was fatal to you both," she interpered; and he bowed his head and went out of the room.

For the next eight years Violet Leigh alternately puzzled and annoyed all her best friends by refusing to marry. She had many brilliant offers—a woman is only at her best until eight or nine and twenty, and her beauty was unimpaired by the self-elected guardian grew morose and gloomy with years. "You don't call me his heiress," she would say sometimes to Mrs. Arbuthnot, when pressed for her hand; "I am not a thought out of the room."

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But

DUCKS IN THE WATER.

A TEN-STRIKE.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE TURNED TO TEARS AND TEARS TO FIRE.

AZALEA passed, with stumbling feet and bent head, through the dark passages that led from the room where Mowbray basked by the fire, to the back door of the house; habit, that trick of custom which asserts its supremacy even during those periods when human souls are sustaining the keenest agony they are capable of experiencing—habit made her put out her hands before her to guard her head from concussion with any unseen foe.

She reached the back-door at last, and pulling back the heavy bolts, passed on the threshold, awed for an instant by the calm beauty of the scene before her. The moonlight was shining brightly down the court-yard; the deer's knoll, the antlers of its which stood in shadowy abruptness over the old-fashioned clock, was steeped in the cold brightness; the sombrous greens of forest that rose up behind the old-fashioned gables; the distant bay of a sheep disturbed in the fold—all spoke of sorrowful peace.

A heart less bitter would have been calmed by the solemn loveliness of the scene. But Azalea was suffering an agony keener than death. It may be cruelly hard for one who yearns to live to yield up the last breath that divides the living day and awesome darkness of the night which "knows no morning." But when death is in your heart: when the last throb of faith is sobbed out, and the warmth of a great love turns to ashes; when passion, treacherous and subtle, still lingers to sting the old wound into agony, is not that harder to endure than a mere agonizing fear of failing breath, a simple surrender of all physical sensation? Azalea walked quickly through the court-yard, the shielded observations of a moment on her movements. She need not have feared either. Her lover was still dozing by the fire. Old Sally was peering over her needlework in the kitchen chimney corner. The watchdog barked as she passed. The cold worm on the path writhed under her hasty feet—but these were the only living things affected by her movements. She passed quickly through the dewwet gloom of the avenue, and only paused when she came to a shadow more dense, a spot more secluded than any which she had yet penetrated, and there she flung herself down on the grass, she clenched her hot hands in the cool herbage, and turned the agony of her eyes upon the stars; their serene indifference exasperated her. She asked herself, fiercely, why all should be so calm when her heart was in torment. She moaned aloud in her pain, and then she cast her face to the earth and cried, "Oh, my love, my love!"

The adjuration was addressed to a memory rather than a reality. The words had no sooner past her lips than she knew them to be a lie. She had no love now. All was frustration and barrenness.

"Oh," she said, "is there no end to this? Can not I die and cease to feel?"

Looking up she caught sight of the light that glimmered in the library window; her eyes softened for an instant as she involuntarily pictured to herself the grizzled head of her lover, thrown back on the cushioned chair, the eyes closed in sleep, the full lips half opened under the shadow of the drooping mustache. She was seized with an irresistible longing to go and look in at the window. Her love was outraged, her heart bruised, but she was a woman, and she could not keep away from the hand that had dealt her mortal agony.

Thurstan was still sleeping when Azalea reached the house. She leaned back in the framework of magnolia leaves which fringed the casement, and watched him long and steadfastly. Presently he stirred and called her name.

"Are you not coming?" she heard him say.

A strange look obeyed round her pallid face as she passed round the house and re-entered the portal.

"Yes, I am coming," she said, softly, to herself.

Thurstan was in high spirits that night. He hummed snatches of song as he lolled out by old damask sofa, his arm folded round Azalea's waist, his head pillowed on her breast.

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. The revolving shadow of the mill, the darkening night, and the fierce gusts of wind that wailed through its cloudy gloom, were shut out by the ruddy sheen of high crimson satin curtains.

A faint smell of dead flowers came from a vase that stood on a small table near Azalea.

"You have not put fresh ones in to-night," Thurstan said, referring to the shriveled leaves he was crumbling in his disengaged hand.

"No," she answered, quietly. "I did not pick any flowers to-day."

"What have you been doing, sweet?" he asked, yawning slightly. He was so good-tempered, he could afford to feign an interest he did not feel in her proceedings; but he might have spared himself this little effort of politeness, for she would not hear, or, if she heard, did not heed his question.

Could any form wayfarer have peeped in at the casement he might have would have trembled with envy at the apparent luxuriousness of the scene within.

Dusky grapes were piled up in an old china dish near Thurstan's hand; in the exuberance of his content he dangled the pinky berries before Azalea's face, rubbing off the bloom against the red lips which refused to open and receive them, and then swinging them himself, between the pauses of his song.

The room seemed o'erbrimming with comfort. Even Thurstan was dimly affected by the sensuous repose of the hour.

"I almost wish that I were not going to-morrow," he sighed.

"Stay, then," Azalea said. They were the first words she had spoken this evening, but Thurstan had been too preoccupied to observe her silence.

"Do you wish me to stay?" He looked into her face with a sudden access of passion thrilling his heart and brightening his eyes. He would have drawn her toward him, but she averted her head, and quietly disengaged his arms from her waist.

"I do not know," she said; and this time he was struck by the faintness of her tones.

"You are tired," he said, kindly. "It is bedtime. Shall I carry you up stairs?"

She shook her head; so he passed before her and bounded up the dark oak steps, singing and smiling as he went.

His heart was holding festival that night, while hers was black with storm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW THEY PARTED.

THE night was far advanced, and Thurstan slept soundly, happily unconscious of all the tragedy in the wakeful face bent over him.

She had watched him for some hours; for he had drawn her head to his shoulder and bade her lie there, and she obeyed him; but as soon as he slept she got up again, feeling as if she were suffocated by his touch. The blank dullness of her pain was passing away. She no ness of her pain was passing away. She no longer smiled. She face without meaning. She no longer asked herself "Is it so?" In those dark hours the doubt had merged itself into certain disillusion. She looked at his hand still warm with the clasp of her own, at his lips which had lately sought hers with the passion of their kiss; in her heart she repelled the treachery of his caresses, and loathed the cheat he put on her.

"You are false—false—false," she said. "Your face is hateful to me."

He turned his head into the line of a moonbeam, that streamed across his pillow, and a wilt thought came into her mind.

"Supposing that moonbeam could kill you. Supposing that it were to do so—gently, that you could not move again. Suppose, Thurstan, that I were to make you so that she could never hear your footing, your voice, your eyes, or return your kisses excepting in memory, should grudge her the memory, though, and should love to kill her so that she might not think of you."

How handsome he looked as he slumbered there—the moonlight touching his clear curled head, round throat, and noble outline of chest, the somewhat stern character of his beauty softened by the pallid tenderness of sleep.

"He was not meant to die yet," she mused, as she leaned her chin on her hand and watched him with white fear and repugnance.

He was not meant to die yet, she thought, not until he had worn out all that strength, until his full voice was crushed and broken, his eyes dull, and his firm steps feeble; but if he died now he would tell no more lies, would die in the bloom of manhood, in his prime, here would be the last kiss he felt—he should never rise from that bed to meet another woman's welcome!

The dark thought was standing so clear in her mind now; that which her heart forbodied when she heard his careless laugh by the fireplace down stairs was now fashioned into a determination.

"He must die, he must die!" she repeated to herself, and the clock that chimed on the stairs, and the branch that beat against the windowpane, seemed to echo the words. She stood when she heard a faint chirrup and stir in the elm-tree outside. "It will soon be morning," she thought. She had been there all night—rose from her arm, and laid it by his side; then she slid away from the bed, and felt her way to the pistol-case that stood on the drawers near Mowbray's head.

"I always said it was dangerous, keeping loaded pistols in the room," Thurstan has liked to have some protection in this lonely old house —he did not think who would use them against him—but then he should not have murdered me first."

She stole back noiselessly, her delicate little hand overborne by the weight of the deadly instrument it carried, and then she crept into bed and looked again at the sleeper.

"Why should he not die?"

This man had been the only human thing she had ever cherished. No mother's hand had ever blessed her head or caressed her cheek, and swept by her side during youth's April season of blithe joy and impulsive sorrow. But she did not feel that she had missed any thing from life after she knew Thurstan Mowbray. She reverenced in his character the vivid sympathies that made his wishes her own. She loved her fine intellect by striving to bring it to the level of his narrow capabilities. She cared not for heights he could not ascend. She took no pleasure in perceiving a poetical when he could only see the practical aspects.

So far from feeling discomfort at being misunderstood, it was the constant endeavor of her heart to restrain the soarings of a mind that was apt to range above the scope of her lover's mental vision.

Some women had loved Thurstan Mowbray for the benefits they had reaped from his hands; others had fed his vanity with ephemeral devotion, born of lust and idleness; many had given him love-tokens worth gold and silver; but this woman had trampled down her mind at his feet, and every faculty of her soul had been a sacrifice—if sacrifice it could be called; for her whole heart glorified its consummation. He was all in all to her; she prized even her beauty only because it pleased him; she exulted in life only when the day was brightened by his presence. She would not have cared if all the hours of his absence had been struck out of her total of existence; without him, her heart ached with heaviness; with him, she was as a bird mad with joy because spring has come.

All the divine fervor with which a southern worshiper lays her best and purest thoughts at the feet of some imaged deity: all the intense half-savage tenderness with which a wild animal cherishes her mate—this desolate woman had lavished on him who was the idol of her life, the alpha and omega of her existence. And now she was tired! Now she was dizzy with the hours slipped into gray, and asking her heart why her hand should not murder all the beautiful part of him, now it had turned into treachery, foulness, and falsehood. Why should those dark eyes open again to tell a lie into her own? Why should he ever know light or speech again, since he had made light loathsome, and sound intolerable to her?

Between his face and hers kept rising the glitter of two sentences. She could even see the shape of the letters, and recognize his handwriting; but they quivered perpetually, so that they made her eyes ache. So she hid her face in her hands, and tried to get the words up by rote—got them and heard them singing in her ears.

"I never loved any but you"—to-morrow I shall kiss you again.

"To-morrow I shall kiss you again," Azalea repeated, vaguely; then she touched his lips with a sort of mockery. "To-day will never kiss any living thing again; they will be too cold and stiff; but I shall kiss them, for then they will not be able to ask me with lies, to dishonor me by inconstancy."

The clock struck four. She looked hurriedly round.

"Supposing he were to wake," she thought; "he would not let me do it."

She put her hand on the trigger of the pistol and lifted it to a level with his breast. She leaned over him, so that her hair fell in shadowy profusion round him, and over the warm heaving bosom it almost touched.

He had deceived and injured her; but her huge heart could not comprehend him that wrong. He might have withered her body with physical torture, and she would have kissed him, smiling in the while; but he wounded her mind, and she had hugged the mental fetters, judging them to be sweeter than crowns of honor; but against this injury to her soul her passionate nature rebelled; in proportion to the greatness of her love was the mightiness of its wreck.

When the first shock of reflected themselves from the miserable chaos of confusion and despair in which the discovery of his falsehood had plunged her, Azalea prayed, "Let me die."

But afterward, when she again felt the magic of his touch, the caress of his lips, a fierce thrill of jealousy kindled her dull anguish into fury.

"Rather than have you touch her, rather than he left time to have loved over her love-passages with my other self, I would pass eternity in torment."

She never moved her eyes from his face when she put her hand down on that cold little toy of iron, which was to turn sleep into death.

Her pale face was convulsed; the madness of much thought, the rack of intolerable suffering, had blighted all softer signs of emotion from her face. The tension of her agony found expression but in one idea:

"He shall die."

He lay there a model of manly strength and human beauty, helpless in his unconsciousness as a feeble child. She handled her hold on the pistol, and put the other arm about his neck. She thought she would kiss him and pull the trigger at the same moment. She would have the last embrace of his living lips.

She slid her fingers round his throat, and (Thurstan had forgotten or knew how near he was to solving the great peut-être in the gray dawn of this autumn morning) disturbed by the movement, awoke. He moaned her name, and he turned toward her with a smile, and putting out his arm, drew her hand and the deadly instrument in it held, over his bosom; then dropping his head on her breast, he relapsed again into deep slumber.

She stared at him with wild eyes while he gathered her in his arms. She felt the hand and that which it held sliding over the beating pulses of his heart. She raised herself and looked first at it, and then with a deep-drawn breath she bowed her face on his hands, and covered them with kisses, and her slender form was shaken by husky passionate sobs and tears. The unnatural strain had given way; the fierce jealousy, the vindictiveness, the hatred, all melted into murmurous sound of caressing words, a rush of bitter tears.

"Oh, my love, my love; how can I help loving you? Can I tear my heart from my body? Can I live out of the days and hours when I lived, and when you were my life; for it is I that am dead. I am dead, Thurstan, and you have killed me."

She removed the pistol gently from its proximity, so perilous to the sleeper, and replaced it in the case. She bowed down and kissed him as he slept; by cure thanks to Heaven for having preserved her from the commission of a great sin, with its inheritance of bitter remorse; but in her heart she knew that it was not an inspiration of repentance, but her lover's unwitting caress that had held her hand from his destruction, and she did not dare to lift up her face to God; but after murmuring a mechanical formula of prayer, she leaned and once more regarded her lover's head.

"I will never see you wake, not that I would hurt you," she added, with a shudder, at the memory of what her thoughts had been half an hour since; "but because I could not bear to hear your voice or to meet your eyes—the old frenzy might come back, and then you would not be safe from me."

Then her pale face, passion-warped and stained with tears, hovered an instant above the sleeping man, and her lips closed on his in the last kiss she was ever to give human creature.

How much of despair, how little of sweetness lived in that caress, those who have known the sore trouble of a broken heart can best tell.

Later in the morning, when Thurstan awoke and found there was no Azalea to attend him at his morning meal, he was naturally disturbed and irritated. He supposed that she had gone out for one of those early walks she was so fond of; he thought it very unkind and inconsiderate of her. She might have remembered that he would be obliged to leave by an early train. He grumbled and fretted all breakfast-time; he even went to the window once or twice, to see if she were coming, but then he swore, drank down his coffee, which was smoked (this adding to his feeling of injury), and taking out his watch, calculated how long he could afford to linger ere it would be necessary for him to set out for the station. He waited until the last moment, and then started off; he would much like to have kissed her ere he went. He would have liked by his caresses to atone in some measure for the injury of which he believed she was unconscious; but he had appointed with Lady Di to meet her in town at a certain hour, and if he missed this train he would be too late. So he scrawled the following note to Azalea:

"Dearest little woman. Why are you not here to bid me good-by? I miss you dreadfully. If you want to write to me, address to the Club. I would not leave by this train, but I have an important business engagement in London" (how mean a detected lie makes a man seem!) *"which I can not postpone. I do not expect to be able to get away again for some time, as I've had all my long leave out; but be sure I shall come back to you as soon as I can.—Your ever loving, T. M."*

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

THAT night Douglas received a scrap of paper on which was written the word "Come."

The only words he uttered when he read this appeal were, "So soon!" and then he hastened to Auriel.

"Miss Azalea seems very ill," old Sally said, meeting him with a face more wearish than alarmed. Sally's life had been such a long continued weariness that she was deadened to any keen pleasure or pain. Her heart was dull as she, the lightning flash of emotion is rarely felt: the cloud only deepens.

"She was in excitement of the last twenty-four hours had been fatal to a naturally delicate and highly sensitive organization, and Douglas found the presentiment verified by the symptoms of the fever called inflammatory.

"My head aches so, Robert," she moaned, as he stood beside her, "and I feel, oh, so weary!"

He offered to send for Mowbray, but she shook such distress at the idea that he did not again repeat the suggestion. It was not until she had been ill for several days that it was noticed in the house keeping, and his own heart stood still with fear—that he thought it his duty to acquaint Thurstan with the fact. He wrote to the latter's address in London, but gained no answer, the truth being that Captain Mowbray had, by a series of unfortunate accidents, induced the authorities to grant him a week's more leave, which week he was spending pleasantly at Paris, whither Lady Di Merton was also gone.

As Azalea's fever increased and delirium disordered her mind, Douglas could not but rejoice that Mowbray was away. He wrote to repeat

Douglas than her wildest hallucinations. His heart felt to be breaking. Flinging himself on his knees, he looked up with all his soul's agony concentrated in his eyes. "O Father!" he cried, "restore her mind. Give back the one godlike attribute of our nature. How can I comfort her when her thoughts have wandered beyond the pale of human reason? How can I tell her of Thee, when she is as heedless of my meaning as the vilest brute creature of Thy earth?"

"Are you looking at the moon?" Azalea said, softly. "I think there will be rain to-morrow; she sun is setting behind a bank of clouds. It is very late. I shall go to sleep."

She turned on her side, and Douglas lifted away, reverentially, the long trails of loose dark hair that fell from her face with the movement. Her beautiful tresses had the dull blight of illness on them; but to Douglas they were lovelier now than in the old days, when they glistened like spun gold in the sunshine, and danced in every sigh of the wind.

She slumbered for a while a short uneasy sleep; and Douglas sat watching her, his face calm, but dark with restrained pain. He dared not believe the savage agony of his grief by allowing his breast to shake with one sob, or his eyes to be moistened for an instant, lest she should wonder at and ask the cause of his trouble. He could only sit there, assuming a look of content whenever she opened her face to gaze at him, or meeting the wistful doubt in her eyes with a reassuring smile.

Such smiles they were!—they seared his face with deeper wrinkles, and mocked him in the opposite mirror with their ghastly reflections of assumed calm. Such smiles as a mother must use to the terrified glances of her babe when it sobs out its innocent life in the agony of a fell disease:—such as those with which the Divine Father of all real may have greeted the welcoming eyes of his doomed daughter. Such smiles as are fraught with sharper pain than our human natures—even these which this man gave as a tribute to the last and greatest love of his life.

For the next sixty many minutes Azalea awoke, panting, her eyes dilated and anxious.

"Oh!" she cried, "Topaz is running away with the mare over the hills, and I can't catch him, he goes so fast; he will run into the clouds, and then he will never come back."

"I will stop him," Douglas said, soothingly; "I will go after him at once. But oh, Azalea!" he added, with a breaking voice, "why do you look at me so—don't you know me?"

She turned the strangely lustrous eyes on him, and, staring at him fixedly, said:

"Not in the least; but I am happy to make your acquaintance. I suppose they have sent you to take me away? It is too soon; I will not go yet."

"Oh! not yet—not yet; God forbid that it should be so!" Douglas said, burying his face on her hands, and kissing them with despairing tenderness.

At last she irradiated her wan face.

"You must be Thurstan," she whispered. "No one but Thurstan loved me like that; he was my husband, you know."

"It is—it is time for you to sleep," Douglas stammered, as he gently let her hands free. "It is bedtime; try and sleep now."

"I always seem to be going to bed," she muttered, impatiently. "Why do I never get up in the morning? I shall get up to-morrow and feed the birds myself."

Presently she flung her arms up in a paroxysm of terror.

"I can not see!" she cried; "take me to the light."

The room was ablaze with candle-light; and Douglas became nearly frantic at the sight of her vehement agitation, and the inefficacy of his efforts to soothe her that she should be in darkness.

"Oh, it is all dark—so dark," she moaned; "and I shall be lost. He will never find me any more."

She struck her arms out wildly, crying that "*it* was coming after her again." Then she clung convulsively to Douglas, entreating him to save her—not to let it take her away down the dark road between the clouds.

"Azalea, my child, it is nothing," urged Douglas, in the agony of his distress. "Nothing shall touch you; nothing shall harm you."

But his heart stood still when he remembered how more than silent enemy was in darkness—form in his arms—an enemy no prayers could appease, no terror move; an enemy from which not all the strength of his imploring eyes, nor the passionate throbbings of his aching heart, could shield her.

She sank down, at last, shuddering violently; still clutching his hands and entresting to be taken to the daylight. Douglas looked at the dark shadows on the deepening sky, and knew that she might sleep away the long, dreary hours that must elapse before the first gray tint of dawn crept up behind the black fir grove.

She was quiet at length from sheer exhaustion, but her eyes were still alert and anxious; and the dreary, pale face quivered painfully as her gaze followed every waver of the flickering candle-flame. The miserable, heart-weary watcher pointed out the drops of melted wax that fell to her lips. The kindly draught lured the troubled spirit to rest, and in a few minutes Douglas had the negative satisfaction of seeing the features relax, and the distended eyes soften in the shadow of sleep.

During the lagging hours that followed, Douglas sat motionless, his haggard face turned toward the window. He dared not look long at the wreck of the creature he so loved, lest his composure should give way, and she be startled from slumber by his passion of lamentation.

He cursed the hours that were slipping away so fast, bearing with them the last minutes of her numbered hours; he cursed the darkness that crawled so heavily over tree and meadow, sky and water; and yet more he loathed the thought of the dawn, which might rise for him alone.

She was dying—his darling "was dying—dying—dying," he repeated the word to himself in a monotonous whisper; and he whispered it as he locked his hands one in the other until the indentation of his finger-nails drew blood. He had sat motionless for hours when it came to strange chances to men when they had been full of life and manhood in strength; he had seen it waste their noble limbs to skin and bone with the weakness of a child's limbs. He had seen it met with resignation and with blasphemy—with mad terror and with peaceful joy. He knew its every aspect, and he had learned only too well to recognise its fatal signs.

He would have given all his worldly wealth to say man who had said to him to-night, "Yet a few days" but he could not speak. He took the lad come to Azalea's face which comes but once in life, and that when life is ebbing into death —a look wind-like, yet not unlike sun-full of strange pathos, as if the perishing flesh rebelled against its approaching dissolution, yet with the foretaste of immortal peace on the serene brow and in the traced, lustrous eyes.

For some hours she slept quietly, undisturbed by the blending of the sunset-colours with the glow, or by the loud surging of the rising wind. A storm was thickening the cloudy, dense darkness, and without all was chaos and confusion. Sudden bursts of rain and hail dashed violently against the window-panes; streams whirled down the water-pipes, and swayed, like snakes by their monotonous splash. With that curious cognisance of detail which a mind tense with suspense suffering unconsciously takes in, Douglas now perturbed must be all the thousand tiny incidents of the pipe's hollow, which, having nestled there for years, were suddenly and rudely dislodged by this unexpected deluge. How fast the flat wood-louse was running over the leaden ridges—how rapidly the spider was changing his fight from that dreadful chasm, leaving his dust-dissected fly to be swept away by the torrent!

Then his thought wandered away to far-off scenes. He imagined the same storm where the sea must now be roaring over sands and rocks. He pictured wild flights of sea-gulls whirling amidst the foam, portents of storm and disaster. He remembered one dark night of storm years and years ago, when he had seen strong men shrieked down like women at the wrath of the great waters. He thought what they must be now, his whilom friends and companions, and wondered at the thought that he, Douglas, should rest at peace in an earthly bed; he would know where to seek her; her sleep should be guarded by gay Neptune and his sea-nymphs. Better so than to be tossed in annihilation by the eternal recurrence of moaning waves.

He was aroused from his vague meditations by the sound of a low, mirthless laugh. His heart seemed to grow suddenly numb, and then to bound into tumultuous throbbings of pain. It was awake, and was pointing with her finger toward a distant corner of the room.

"Isn't it funny?" she whispered; "he dances there every night with the princess. He says he does it on purpose to amuse me, but it does not amuse me; it hurts me dreadfully. These last words escaped her lips with a sharp cry of pain.

"Oh!" she moaned, "it hurts me so much, so much!" She put her hand to her side, and panted with agony.

Douglas brought a flannel steeped in embrocation, and placed it gently over her chest.

"That is better," she sighed. Then she turned herself on her side, and faced the window.

"Open the shutters, Robert," she said, presently; "the light is coming. I hear the birds singing."

It was a dreary scene the opened window revealed to them.

The wind was still storming through the wet leaves, and flinging the rain-drops to a sullen mist, which hung thickly over the upland. The golden-brown and dapple-skinned cattle moved, dark, huddled masses, through the white desolateness of the meadow; on the lake the flat leaves of the water-lilies were ruffled and torn from their stems by the rush of the swollen stream. The moving sound of waters and the faint chirp of a bird were all that broke the stillness of the deadest sleep.

"Will he come, do you think?" Azalea said, in the hollow voice that had become habitual to her. "Do you see him anywhere?"

Then observing Douglas hesitate and look perplexed, she added, with asperity,

"Take me to the window, and let me look for myself."

He pushed her bed in the direction she indicated, and she rolled over on her back, and fell back, weeping with weakness and vexation.

"Lift me up," she wailed. "I can not move by myself."

He propped her up on her pillows, and she inclined her head toward the casement, and rested her cheek on the pane.

"I can't see him," she said, after she had looked out in every direction, except that in the direction of the avenue. "But perhaps it is because there is no sun."

She drooped down again among the cushions, and cried a little to herself. Douglas bent down to hear what it was she was murmuring. The word was choked by quick breaths and sighs heavy with tears, but it sounded like "Thurstan," and Douglas drew back, stung by intolerable pain.

"Is it always to be so?" he thought, bitterly. "Is love and faith which endure to the end to be nothing compared with the passion which engulfed an hour, but left the whole of her life desolate? Will she never repay me for all, by giving me at least one of her dying thoughts?"

He felt stifled and weary of sound the power of endurance. He rang the bell and summoned old Sally to come and take his place for a few seconds by the sick-bed. Bidding her beckon to him immediately, should any change occur in the patient, he ran down stairs, and went into the wet outside, keeping, as he had promised, within sight of Azalea's window. The sullen coolness of the dim morning assorted better with the feelings than the gayety of sunshine could have done. He stooped down among the reeds, and dipped his head into the gray waters. Then he went into the old dilapidated summer-house, and felt about the tangles of the vine until he had detected the grapes riper than the others. She could not swallow them, but they might serve to refresh her dry lips. He did not dare pluck her one of the pears that drooped heavy with rain-drops over the conservatory wall. For her distempered imagination, the beautiful physiology of her youth appeared something menacing and fearful.

Who could ever have thought that Azalea would be afraid of flowers?" Douglas reflected, sadly.

"Sir, she is asking for you," a feeble voice called from one window in another second. It was up stairs again at her door. He was fain to pause when there. Something like dread held back his footsteps, and accelerated the hurried beatings of his heart.

When he entered he met Azalea's eyes, and understood from their expression that she was conscious.

"I am better," she said, smiling sweetly as she spoke.

The old woman hurried from the room, weeping.

"Oh dear, dear!" she sobbed. "To see that poor child smile with a face like that quite breaks my heart."

"Will you please give me a looking-glass?" Azalea continued, speaking the more deliberately from the difficulty she had in articulating.

His brought the looking-mirror, and, taking it between her wax-like fingers, she looked at herself intently.

It was with a kind of wonder mixed with pathetic self-pity that she surveyed the reflection of her altered features. What she beheld were their pinched cheeks; drawn, colorless lips; eyes gleaming with unnatural fire from their purple shadows; and the pale, dull hair drooping forlornly over her shoulders.

"I don't look like me," she gasped. "Take it away."

Douglas removed the mirror, and she fell back on her pillow, and remained motionless for some time. Then, suddenly turning upon him her unnaturally lustrous eyes, and with a great effort, she uttered one word distinctly. It was—

"*Percy!*"

At the same moment she endeavored to clasp her hands together, and Douglas understood that at last the veil was drawn to her, and that she knew she was near to death.

He helped her to twine the poor wax-like fingers together, and then he knelt down by her side. He judged that a familiar, well-loved formula would be sweeter to her ears than any other form of words, and he said the Lord's Prayer very slowly, for she was following the words with her lips, although they made no sound.

Her eyes had closed, and such a change came over her face that he leaned over her, crying:

"Azalea! oh, my darling—my darling!"

She looked up at him with a gleam of recognition in her eyes, and, putting out her hand, patted his bowed head feebly.

"Dear—old—Robert," she said, slowly; "God—bless—"

She bent off with a low sigh; but in these few words lay the recompense of all the years of suffering Robert Douglas had endured.

The dreamless sleep was creeping on her very fast now.

She did not speak again until the warm splendor of the sun streamed into the room and over her face.

Then she raised herself a little, and looked out at the brightening day.

"The storm is over," she said; "and even this—oh, Robert—this is death!"

As she spoke, her brow contracted and earth's last pang seized her.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The peach crop this year promises to be immense. It is said that Delaware alone will yield over two million bushels. Orchards painting from the streets on our city will readily believe, from the abundance of the blossoms, that the reports from the peach districts may be correct; already, that the trees are weighed down with ripening fruit. Now is the time for provident housewives to can the luscious, velvet-coated beauties. It will cost but little to lay in a good supply, and when carefully canned, they preserve their freshness perfectly.

A minister who has been recruiting among the Scotch Presbyterians of Canada, and who in that region wears a dress valued at the amount of his salary for two years, and a set of diamonds equal in value to the cost of a country residence, drives with infinite room attached, gas-fixtures and cabinet-organ included!

The Alum Springs, located in Rockbridge County, Virginia, are becoming quite fashionable. In connection with the principal hotel there are eighteen one-story brick cottages, each thirty-two feet square, and also several other two-story cottages—all pleasant and airy, and furnished with perfumes. Rockbridge Alum Springs are about eight miles from Lexington, on the Richmond and Ohio Railroad. There are five springs within a space of twenty-five feet, but only one is used, one having lost its efficiency a few years ago. Alum gives the predominant taste to the water, although free sulphuric acid, lime, magnesia, protoxide of iron, and other medicinal agents are present. The water is not distasteful, and is drank freely by visitors.

In the way of *personals* it may be mentioned that Bayard Taylor has been elected non-resident Professor of German literature in Cornell University, a post for which he is well fitted.—Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown" folks reached a sale of twenty-five thousand copies.—Ida Lewis is overwhelmed with visitors.—Mr. Greeley, they have on "Ida Lewis" in Oslo. A gentleman and his wife, in going to the ferry near Cleveland, Ohio, got into water fifteen feet deep. Miss Lenora Smith, hearing their cries for assistance, hastened to the rescue, and in an old skiff, half full of water, propelled with a stick, succeeded in saving the man, and with his help rescued the woman, two horses, and wagon.—Louisa Muhlbach has recently received a splendid tea service from some of her admirers in Germany.—At the ball given to the President at the Stetson House, Long Branch, Mrs. Grant's dress was reported by an observer to have been "a white tarlatan over white muslin, also pronounced about her with dresses cut in such fashion that even the most loose eye could not fail to note their shameless immodesty."—Tennyson is said to be engaged on another poem. Subject, the ancient legend of the Quest of the Holy Grail—a cup said to have been made of a single emerald, out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and which was gifted with His blood at His crucifixion.

The great Colorado Canon, into whose mysterious depths the brave Powell descended, is yielding, by report, about five hundred miles long—a subterranean river, with rapids and cascades, flowing between walls of rock from two to three thousand feet high.

The excavation for the Hoosac Tunnel is going forward rapidly. During the month of June the drills drove the heading in 160 feet at the east end, and could have driven 200 feet in July. The new machines are having drills made to operate on the roof, which will be ready in September, and by which they expect to increase their progress very materially. They are also erecting buildings near the mouth of the tunnel for four additional compressors. They will be on by steam. They have now 900 men at work at the east end, divided in three gangs, which work night and day continuously, with the exception of Sunday, Saturday to midnight Sunday. The central shaft is down about 190 feet, and it is said at the rate of more than a foot a day. At the west end they have just got fairly at work, and they expect to make over 160 feet a month.

A ragged little damsel who viewed the awe-inspiring eclipse from the steps of the City Hall, seems to have been deeply impressed by the sensational spectacle with which the moon asserted her feminine rights. "My!" she exclaimed, as the dark intruder pursued her malevolent course, "how I wish I was married to it!"

It is announced that, in consequence of the spurious issue of 40 greenback notes, Secretary Boutwell has concluded to have a new form of all denominations of greenbacks, from $1 to the $1000 notes. The designs are entirely new, and the likenesses of any living man will be placed on any note.

The *Cornhill Magazine* contains a long and entertaining article entitled "Friends in High Latitudes," which gives a very good idea of life in Greenland. Their language is curious; it appears to be composed of humanity's long words. What would an Esquimaux merchant think if an "intelligent foreigner," clad in fur, five feet four in height, and with very long black hair hanging over very fat shoulders, were to come into his shop, and in a voice loud enough to be heard at the North Pole about, as he made his sequence on the counter, "*Sanctissimarretorsenatibusmarmaladeh?*" Yet this is done every day in "polite latitudes," and all the "sanctissimas" and "retorsenatibuses" together mean only, "You must try and get me a good fit." This is one of several words; but it is in vain that you ask any native to separate them. While shirting is known to the Greenlander as *atterpaitsiarnakumitillisarnek*, which the factful form of *disputandumnakumitillisarnek*; a pocket-knife is known as *nakumitillisarnek*, and a large skin is called *umeriujaakomitillisakoh*.

A new phase of medical practice has been developed at Jefferson, Wisconsin. A German physician, thinking an infant could not live, consulted the parents, and all agreeing that the sufferings of the child should be ended, he administered poison, which killed it.

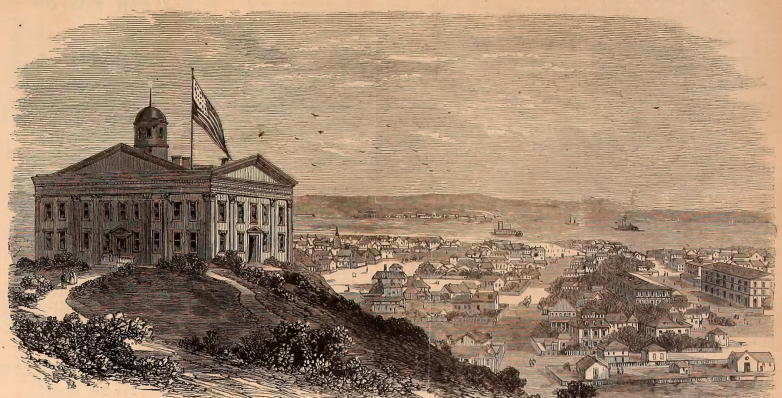
The most remarkable "happy family" hails from Chicago, and consists of one wife, two husbands, and four children, all living quietly and peaceably in one small cottage! The woman has been married in the usual form to but one, but it was only after the first husband was reported killed in battle that she married the second. The first husband returned after a long absence from Rush Creek, and, failing to die of a broken heart when he found his wife the spouse of another, A council of war was held, and it was mutually agreed that they would all dwell together, both husbands continuing to be the "liege lords" of the woman on equal terms.

A lion, belonging to a menagerie in Madras, threw its tail one day into the window of a tiger's cage, and the infuriated animal was severely injured. The lion became sick, and his keepers judged that his tail must be amputated at once. After the operation was performed not many weeks ago, after his assistants had inhaled five ounces of chloroform. The compound arrived at Boston after he had been put to a deep sleep and took off the diseased appendage. But so deep was the lethargy that his friend had to be stamped into action by mortal aid before he could be aroused.

It has been computed that in the United States no less than seven pounds of coffee are annually consumed for each person; while in England the average for each person is two pounds and one-fourth. In England tea is largely used as a breakfast beverage; and, among the middle classes, coffee is comparatively seldom drunk; while in the country, although it is distressingly common among us. In the "old country" barracks, hospitals, and prisons, and sailors' coffee-rooms, are sold as coffee; and it is said that more than half of what is retailed as ground coffee never grew on a coffee plant.

Statistics show that the proportion of deaths among the infant population is, as compared with the total number of deaths, far greater in New York than in any city in Great Britain, if it does not surpass that of any city in Christendom. And she, despite superior newspaper diet, and overcrowding, are the chief causes of this excessive mortality.

AN HEROIC BOY.—[SEE PAGE 557.]



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—OMAHA, NEBRASKA, THE EASTERN TERMINUS, AS SEEN FROM THE OLD CAPITOL.

AN HEROIC BOY.

A FEW weeks ago, on board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases.

When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going.

The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence.

Day by day he was questioned, and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side.

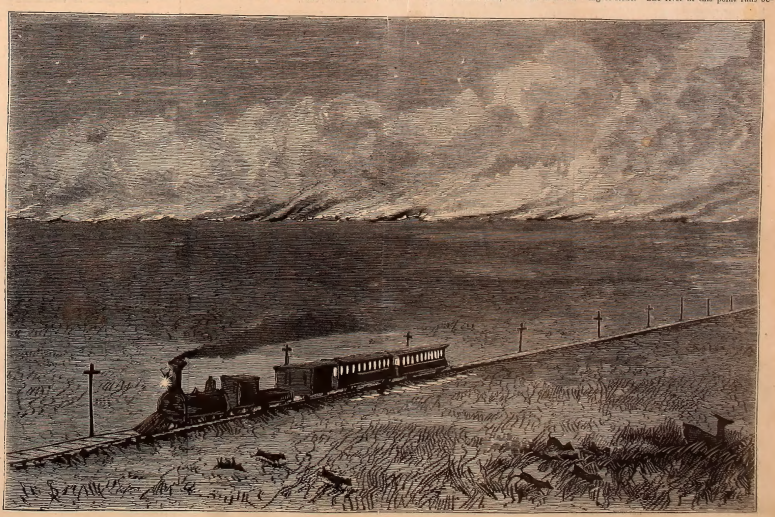
It was the finest sight, said our informant, that I ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life: but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow—this poor boy whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upturned to Heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WE give in this Number two illustrations of the Union Pacific Railroad. One of these is a view of Omaha, in Nebraska, the eastern terminus of the railway, situated on the Missouri River. The laying of the track was commenced from this place in 1865, and the first section, 100 miles in length, was finished within a twelvemonth. A great railway bridge across the Missouri at Omaha is now in process of construction, which will connect together the Chicago and Northwestern and the Union Pacific railroads. This bridge is to have twelve piers—eleven of them being iron of tubular construction, and the twelfth being of stone. The river at this point runs be-



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—A PRAIRIE ON FIRE IN NEBRASKA.

tween the two rival towns of Council Bluffs and Omaha: it is a muddy, shallow, and shifting stream. At present the traveler is conveyed by omnibus and steamboat between the two towns; and the steamboat carries the omnibus, or sometimes as many as a dozen wagons and omnibuses, horses and all, boldly across the stream. The city of Omaha has a population of 16,000 people—one-fourth of the entire population of Nebraska, of which it is the principal town. It was formerly the capital, but has been superseded by Lincoln. Omaha has twelve churches, at one of which—the Roman Catholic —the pews were lately sold by auction for $200 each; there are good schools, also a daily and two newspapers. The Union Pacific Railroad has here large machine-shops and carriage factories.

The Union Pacific line, traversing the vast prairies of the West, rises quite imperceptibly to a high level. The gradients not being more, on the average, than 30 feet in a mile, and nowhere steeper than 96 feet to the mile, throughout a length of 600 miles. It seems like a boundless plain; at first of grass, then of alkaline sand. Few bufflaoes are now to be seen; but a herd of antelopes now and then, and plenty of the little animals called prairie-dogs.

Our chief information shows a prairie on fire, as seen at night from the Union Pacific Railroad. The grass is almost annually burned off in some sections of the country. The lurid flames, the everhanging smoke, an occasional tree or settler's homestead standing dimly blackly against the night, the stars looking down calmly over all, make a scene not easily forgotten. A curious fact has been observed in connection with these prairie fires. In spots where the progress of settlement has prevented such conflagrations as the above-named, trees of many varieties spring up spontaneously, in what was before considered a treeless district. It appears that there were living roots of trees in the ground before: and, though burned off when shooting, the vitality of the roots has remained intact.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

A CLAIM is made by one of the daily papers that some ten years ago British birds were first imported into this country for public purposes: and, furthermore, that to the Commissioners of the Central Park belongs the credit of their first importation.

Without at all desiring to withhold any merit which of right appertains to the aforesaid gentlemen, truth requires us to state that as early as 1846 Mr. Thomas Woodcock, President of the Natural History Society of Brooklyn, at his own expense, brought over in the spring of that year not only many English singing birds, which were freed on their arrival, but also some hundreds of eggs, which boys were hired to deposit in the nests of our own birds in Greenwood and around Brooklyn. It may also be stated that from this importation a colony of English Sky-larks was established at the Wallabout, the merry occupants of which survived two of our winters, to some of the inhabitants of that vicinity can now testify.

The Brooklyn *Advertiser*, a paper then edited by Mr. Lee, contained an allusion to the circumstance last related in the following poem, which was published in its columns in 1847. It is headed:

THE HUMBLE APPEAL OF A LOVER OF BRITISH SKY-LARKS TO THE GENEROUSNESS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN. SUNG AT THE WALLABOUT ON THE FIRST OF MAY, THE MONTH OF SWEETEST BIRDSONG.

Awake! 'tis morning prime!
High on a fleecy cloud,
From an air-built crag his crimson flag
Our monarchy waving proud!
Then list to the cheering call,
Around the skies and sing;
His heralds we—with minstrel glee—
To usher in our King.

Chorus.

Mount, mount the azure heights,
Our carol to begin;
Hail to the dawn of rosy morn!
Hail to the Rising Sun!

Far from our native land,
Our stormy ocean's roar,
We've brought for us trump, but a peaceful pipe,
Which sounds no note of war.
Then list our soft lutes,
Nor seek to do us wrong:
In us you entertain
The Pioneers of Song.

If, in its infant state,
Our College you shield,
We'll peal our thanks in after-years
From man's fertile field.
Manhattan's lands shall hear
Our wild-wood strain,
Our isles of love, by dell and grove,
Shall cheer with echoes sweet.

Now, at his Eastern Gate
Our monarch's concerts prance,
We know his splendid chariot wheels,
We know his golden glance.
So flagging fancies are ours,
Our voices clear and sweet,
And, soaring high from earth to sky,
'Tis thus our King we greet!

Chorus.

Mount, mount the azure heights,
Our carol to begin:
Hail to the dawn of rosy morn!
Hail to the Rising Sun!

LOVE-LETTERS.

A COLLECTION of the more remarkable precedents of love-letters, well chosen, would be both useful and interesting; and it would be not impertinent to examine how far the modern facilities of intercommunication may not have induced some deterioration in the style of amorous composition. Southey, apropos of the love of Leonard Bacon and his cousin Margaret, observes that theirs were not times in which a sigh could be wafted across the country by mail-coach at the rate of eight miles an hour. What would he have said of these days, in which, for three cents, half an ounce of assurances of unalterable affection may be transmitted from New York to Boston in a few hours, or, indeed, the sigh (if under twenty words) may be wafted instantaneously by electric telegraph? Here we may observe that, in actions for breach of promise of marriage, written evidence of the promise, though its absence may weaken the plaintiff's case, is far from being a *sine qua non*. For example, in a case tried some years ago, in which a married woman was the defendant, and a damsel of Portsmouth the plaintiff, defendant's counsel insisting very strongly that not a single scrap of love-letter was produced on the other side, the learned judge warned the jury against attaching much significance to that deficiency, observing very pertinently that it was absurd to expect that the man would occupy himself with writing love-letters to the woman whom he had all in his hand to do vva to go round into the street and put his arm round her waist." We must not, however, underestimate the ingenuity of a pair of poor lovers who managed to correspond *gratis* by a regular system of unpaid letters. The communication conveyed on the *outside* of the letter by an ingenious cipher of inkblots and variations in the address. After an interval, during which the letter was invariably handed back to the postman, with a gentle murmur at the poverty which forbade the damsel to claim the right of opening it by paying the postage.

PAT'S INTRODUCTION TO KI-HI;

OR SAYRIOUS REFLICTIONS ON THAT SAME,

BY THE MELIGAN OF BALLY MELIGAN, JUN.

For Illustrations see Supplement.

SHURE, Sam, is this the naygur
They're blathering all about,
That's come from San Francisco
By the Pacific route?
Is this the ugly spalpeen,
Wid th' umbrella hat,
That lives on spiders, dogs, and mice,
And ates his ould tom-cat?

Oh, wurrah! Biddy, darlint,
Twill be all day wid you—
He'll sweep the chimbleys, and the leds,
And ate cockroaches too.
He cares for nothing but his tail,
Which he hangs on to stout;
The baste, he niver goes to Mass,
And needs no Sunday out.

And, Mickey, you're entering omadhawn,
Ye'd best throw by the pick;
D'ye twig this mollanoily chap?—
He'll get your job, I'm sick.
And Dick the tailor, too, might well
Be scared to see the knave:
He'll cut your Jim the cobbler's corns,
And thin the barber shave.

Thin, whin he looks upon the hand,
Twould make a gardner cry
To see the nails of his call,
Rise in their majesty.
He bates Sam Slick the clock-maker,
And sings the miner's breath;
He's nate on culd tin pots and pans,
And on tobacky—death.

Oh, wurrah! for my father's son!
That av I've come to strife
Wid one who, just for frolic, puts
The divil in his pipe.
And, wurrah! for our childer dear,
And for my darlin' wife;
Wid naygurs black, and naygurs brown,
I'm harried out of life.

A HERETIC'S GRAVE IN SPAIN.

THE Revolution is not a year old, yet it begins already to bear fruit in Spain. The devotees of monarchy cursed it for a barren tree, and priestly politicians foretold the speedy withering of its withered boughs over a field of blood. But the prognostics of neither sycophants nor bigots have their accomplishment. Without a Bourbon throne, the Spaniards retain their preference for a strong government in the hands of a single magistrate, and since massacres, when the refusal of the rights of burial to Protestants, or the payment of the Papal Nuncio out of the Civil List, the nation still cherishes the traditions of its ancient faith. The mass of the community have not discarded feelings of reverence; they have not cast off the decency and the discipline of intolerance. In every cathedral the imposing ritual is still performed; and at eventide, from every church tower, the Angelus vespre bell. Some of the hoarded treasures of the sacristy have been sold that the price may be given to the poor, or to meet the pay and the pressing debts; but there has been no hunting down of priests, no desecration of shrines. Bishops and canons have been permitted to appear abroad in the Constituent Cortes, and these patiently heard in advocacy of their special interests of government and law. The humble heretic is no longer denied a Christian grave, and the mourning relatives, instead of the sad stealing away the body, bore it undisturbed to the public cemetery without disguise or fear. It is but yesterday that the influence of the British Minister at Madrid was invoked to obtain the concession of a burial-place for certain Protestants long domiciled in Spain, and against whom there was no other imputation than their contraband creed. Now all is changed; creeds are no longer contraband. There still are bigots every where who would, if they could, put out the true light of the world, and offer men instead their horn-lantern and rushlight. Father Ignacio had to pay no costly £200 damages in an action brought at the Wicklow Assizes by a national schoolmaster whom he had cursed from the altar for conspiracy, and announced as certain to come to grief in this world and in the world to come. We can not wonder that the Archbishop of Toledo should have entered his protest against the public interment, at Madrid recently, of a young lady of Protestant family and faith. M. Rivero, the new Minister of the Interior, acknowledged the justice of the complaint, and with polite formality, and polite reference to the police to guard against any attempt at molestation of the mourners assembled round the Heretic Grave. Freemen from interference in the performance of this most sacred rite by members of a religious minority was a fact of social, moral, and political importance, which the new government could not, and would not, suffer to be overshadowed by any doubt. It was the visible and tangible seal set of one of the great principles of the Revolution that had overthrown absolutism in Church and State; and it became necessary, the new government was prepared at any hazard to vindicate it. Their precautions were superfluous, for no attempt was made. The populace of Madrid are no longer what they were. Railroads, telegraphs, and a cheap press have Europeanized them. They may not have outgrown all prejudices and passions; where are the mobs that have? But in Spain the odious and debasing sentiment of fanaticism, of religion, of which their fathers were the dupes and tools, no longer exercise dominion over them. The dust from the human ashes that the Queen Isabella still daily seems to them to rise to heaven, making the most ignorant and frivolous loiterer in the Puerto del Sol ashamed of the recollections of national bigotry in times gone by.

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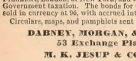

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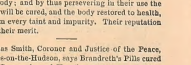

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 662.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GOVERNOR SENTER, OF TENNESSEE.

We publish on this page a portrait of Governor SENTER, of Tennessee. The election took place on the 6th of August, and it turned mainly on the question of the disfranchisement of white citizens. If this point had been yielded by the Radical Republicans, the State might have been carried the other way. As it was, SENTER had a majority of nearly 50,000. If it should happen that, as a consequence of this election, ex-President ANDREW JOHNSON should be elected to the United States Senate, then we must indeed feel that the wrong party has triumphed in Tennessee.

THE TROT AT BUFFALO.

The recent trot at Buffalo, August 12, deserves to be commemorated. It took place at the Driving Park, where three years ago Dexter made the unprecedented time of 2.18 under the saddle. There, two years ago, Dexter made the best time ever recorded, in harness—2.17. Last year, on this course, a mile was paced in 2.14 by Billy Boyce.

There were 25,000 people present at the Park to witness the races on the 12th. Goldsmith Maid won the $10,000 purse in three straight heats, the time being 2.19¼, 2.19¼, 2.19¾. This gives the Maid a place by the side of Dexter. The latter was bought by BONNER, who ought now to buy the Maid also. American Girl has trotted a single heat faster than the Maid, it is true, but for a sustained effort the performance of the latter exceeds any thing yet done upon the turf.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

The great event of August, in England, is the International Boat-race between the Harvard and Oxford crews. By the time that this number of our paper shall have reached its readers that race will probably have been decided. But we write, of course, in ignorance as to the result.

On the 6th of April, 1869, WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, then Captain of the Harvard University Boat-Club, sent to the President of the Oxford University Boat-Club a challenge to row a race in out-rigger boats from Putney to Mortlake, some time between the middle of August and the first of September, 1869, each boat to carry four rowers and a coxswain. A similar challenge was at the same time sent to Cambridge. Oxford accepted—and so did Cambridge, but conditionally.

Mr. LOWNE, after some delay, consented to participate in the race on the side of Harvard. He has had the most brilliant record that has fallen to the lot of any American gentleman to display. To him Mr. SIMMONS magnanimously offered, not only the captaincy of the Harvard crew, but the stroke-ship also. But Mr. LOWNE decided after all that the boat would go best with Mr. SIMMONS as stroke, and himself at the bow, thus keeping the two less experienced, though by no means inexperienced, waist men thoroughly in hand.

The course chosen is the best known race-course in the rowing world—the time-honored track on which Cambridge had beaten Oxford so repeatedly that it seemed hopeless and foolish to try again, and on which suddenly Oxford beat Cambridge, and for the last nine years has, without one interruption, continued to win, so that the latter is annually in doubt whether to attempt it any more or not. It is known as the Metropolitan, or, more properly, as the Putney to Mortlake course, and nominally extends from Putney Bridge across the Thames, about four miles west of London, to the ship at Mortlake, four miles and one-third up stream. These figures and four miles three furlongs, also four miles and a quarter, have each been frequently given as its length, but the English papers have often stated that the distance is not accurately known.

THE OXFORD CREW.

The four men of the Oxford crew, all Etonians, and all, when taking the usual initiatory training at the great college which flourishes under the shades of Windsor, took their places in the Eton eight—all except Mr. DARBISHIRE, who takes rank as having rowed twice against Cambridge. All have rowed in their college matches at Oxford; all have rowed in the winning boat at the great amateur regatta for gentlemen and scholars at Henley; all have been in the winning boat against Cambridge in the great race on the Thames.

Chief among them in rowing, name, fame, and rank, though not in nominal position in the boat, stands F. WILLAN, of EXETER College. He has

GOVERNOR SENTER, OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOT. BY C. C. GREEN, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

GREAT TROT AT THE BUFFALO DRIVING PARK, AUGUST 12, 1869.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

rowed four times in the winning boat at the great race, and has contributed in no small degree to its success. Mr. WILLAN is a sturdy and well-knit man of not more than middle height, about twenty-five years of age. A southern complexion and well rounded face are set off and deepened by black hair kept short and neat, and small mustache; deep-set eye and beetling eyebrows give to Mr. WILLAN an aspect of *hauteur* which is not in keeping with his genial nature, for he is a frank, hearty, and manly English gentleman. With great breadth of chest, sound lungs, and splendid physique, he combines massive shoulders and powerful arms. He has somewhat of the style of a man who has served at sea, and shows a degree of coarse, powerful combination, and endurance not often found in one man. He weighs eleven stone nine pounds.

Mr. J. C. TINNE, of University College, the President of Oxford University Boat-Club, is a younger and heavier man. He weighs thirteen stone seven pounds. Mr. TINNE is tall, youthful-looking, and shy. His power is latent rather than apparent; but with that reboat and as yet not fully-developed form, it is not difficult to associate long reach, flexible motion, and vast strength. Mr. TINNE is of light complexion, has not yet cultivated a beard nor taken occasion to be particular as to what turn his mustache may be required to take, but he has a pleasant look and an open-hearted manner. Mr. TINNE has rowed three times in the winning boat.

Mr. A. C. YARBOROUGH, of Lincoln College, has rowed twice in the same boat. He seems to be about twenty years of age, and weighs over eleven stone seven pounds, being not much lighter than when he rowed in the great race in the spring. Promptitude, activity, and determination are expressed by his sharp face, bright eye, and firm build. Less strong apparently than either we have just described, Mr. YARBOROUGH is probably not less effective as a single man, and would certainly seem to have more staying power than either, because he is more compactly formed, and is likely, on that account to do his work with less wear and tear of material than either of them. As a sculler, he carried off the Diamond sculls, over the same course as the present contest.

Mr. A. DARBISHIRE, of Balliol, eleven stone three, has rowed for two years against Cambridge. He was stroke on the race this spring by an eleven stone eight. Mr. DARBISHIRE may be described, as to age, but, being smooth faced or clean shaven, he may be more than that. In stature he is less than either of those already mentioned, and in figure smaller, but more firmly built than any. Once in his day Mr. DARBISHIRE must have been a good oarsman. Now he is a smart, sharp, and vigorous stroke, a man who will keep a pretty sharp eye on a boat creeping up, and will not spare himself or his men when there is need for an extra call upon their powers. Judgment of pace and time, and estimate of skill and endurance, are qualities that abundantly fit this gentleman for his position.

Mr. J. H. HALL, the coxswain, at seven stone three pounds, of Corpus man, who has not yet steered the boat in the annual contest, and has thus a grand opportunity of winning golden spurs and becoming "all marked."

THE HARVARD CREW.

Comparisons, however odious in a general way, can not in particular instances be avoided, may be as well to say at once that, if all the Harvard crew are equal to Mr. WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, of Concord, Massachusetts, and if his skill be at all equal to his power and physique, a most dangerous four-oar never appeared on Thames water. There is not a man in the Oxford boat who, as a specimen of manhood, could compare with Mr. SIMMONS. His bust, head, limbs, contour require a sculptor to do them justice, and should the crew win, a good statue of Mr. SIMMONS, either in classical or modern similitude, would do credit to any sculpture-gallery of Europe or America. We refrain in this connection contest of this kind from hinting at an international mooting of another and baser sort which roused England during a few years since, except just to say that there, too, was a splendid man who wanted nothing but absolute fair play to exhibit him to the best his own in his vein against any man in the world. It has long been a slur upon the Thames that, in these great matches, should the Londoner, whoever he may be, be in danger of defeat, the steamers and the small boats do their worst to discomfit his antagonist. Hence it was that when Mr. HAMILL, of Hillsdale, and KELLEY, the best English oarsman of his day, the Tyne was chosen as the scene of contest, because there, among the sturdy Northmen, a clear course was sure to be maintained. In that race, it may be remembered, as pointed out, that the training, skill, and experience of KELLEY completely vanquished the comparatively untutored strength of Hill. In this the same conditions will, no doubt, to some extent apply. On one side there is prestige, training, style, and experience. On the other durability, strength, freshness. The Harvard men have had their races, but these have not been traditional. Their manner of rowing is different from that of their rivals. They have not been accustomed to a coxswain. They row in a strange land, on a strange river, among strangers. Whatever their sympathies may be, can not but wish for the success of the English boat. Oxford is noted for a long and powerful swing, and for great strength, good style, and stamina or staying power. Of the Harvard we have, at this time of writing, heard so little that we can at present only sum them up thus:

ALONZO FOSTER LOVERING, captain and bow oar, aged twenty-three, of Boston, ten stone thirteen pounds.

WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, twenty, Concord, thirteen stone; a very powerful oar.

SYLVESTER WARREN RICE, twenty-six, Roseburg, Oregon, eleven stone six pounds; great length of reach and power of endurance.

GEORGE BASS, Chicago, twenty-four, stroke; a splendid athlete.

ARTHUR BUTSHAM, Chicago, coxswain, eight stone four pounds.

Our last advices are that RICE and BASS are to be displaced by FAY and LYMAN, on the ground that with them better time could be made.

The Harvard crew took with them to England a boat built by ELLIOTT, of Greenpoint. But upon trial the boat was found inadequate, and a new boat was ordered from the SALTERS of Oxford. Thus both the boats will be of English manufacture, and the international rivalry of the race will be confined to the styles and sinews of the competitors.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

GENERAL CANBY'S DUTY.

IN dealing with so new and difficult a subject as reconstruction, and in the midst of a constant conflict with the Executive, it is not surprising that Congress did not provide for every emergency. The consequences, however, became the less to be regretted, and should be treated reasonably, and not with mere party purposes in view; and if a solution at once conciliatory and just can be found, it should gladly be adopted. A difficulty has arisen on the interpretation of the act approved April 10, 1869, under which the late election was held in Virginia. The reconstruction measures acts make certain persons ineligible to election as members of the Legislature. The act of April 10, however, submitted to the registered voters the question whether disfranchisement should be continued under the new Constitution. It also empowered those voters to elect members of Congress and of the State Senate at the time of voting upon the Constitution. The election was held, the disfranchising clause of the new Constitution was rejected, and members of Congress and of Assembly chosen. It now appears that many of the members of Assembly so elected are incapacitated by the original reconstruction acts and it is claimed on their behalf that the act of April 10 repeals the disfranchising clauses of the original acts, and that therefore the members-elect are entitled to seats. But General CANBY, commanding in the State, is of a different opinion, and it is understood that he intends to require the test oath.

This is a difficulty which would have been avoided if the latter act had expressly declared the repeal of any part of the earlier. But this is not in such a matter essential, the repeal of any restriction ought to be assumed; and to make that assumption still less proper in the present case, the necessary operation of the new Constitution, if approved by Congress, will hereafter, but not for the purposes of this election, supersede the old provisions. The act of April 10 authorizes the election for Members of Assembly simultaneously with the vote upon the disfranchising clause. But that act necessarily contemplates the election of members who were under existing laws, and of those to be qualified under a Constitution which may or may not be approved. The existing laws were known, and they designated the persons who might and might be voted for. If they were disregarded, it was not from ignorance. It was no more competent for unqualified voters to vote for the Constitution because it would qualify them than for qualified voters to vote for ineligible candidates because the Constitution would make them eligible. If the Assembly-men were elected without the disfranchising clause, and if the Constitution, with the Legislature of qualified members, were accepted by Congress, then, of course, they become the Legislature to frame and the legal Assembly of the State; and at subsequent elections the voters now unqualified might vote, and the candidates now ineligible be voted for. General CANBY's duty is plain. He must obey existing laws, not propositions of law not yet approved. If a Legislature assembles he must take care that it be qualified according to law.

But if he does this it is unquestionable that the Legislature so qualified would not be elected. It may be said, indeed, and undoubtedly with a great deal of truth, that ineligible candidates were intentionally and defiantly selected. But, on the other hand, the omission of the act to provide distinctly for the emergency must be conceded. It is an unfortunate dilemma, and it is one which should be avoided hereafter by Congress; but it is by no means a case for denunciation or fury. Those who voted at the late election were qualified. They therefore represent the State of Virginia which Congress has declared itself, in determining the qualification, willing to recognize. It can not desire that their wishes should be defeated. Yet if the Legislature meets before the assembling of Congress, General CANBY must, in obedience to law, unseat so many members as to give the power to the Radicals. Whether they would elect two United States Senators in sympathy with the minority. But what would be the result? Those Senators could take their seats only when Congress had approved the new Constitution of the State. But that Constitution abolishes disfranchisement; and if party advantage be considered, the election of majority Senators would justly be regarded with a bitterness which would hurt the cause of the minority infinitely more than the Senators could help it.

The honorable and proper solution of the difficulty is evident. The act of April 10 provides that the Legislature shall not assemble until four weeks after the General commanding in the State proclaims that the Constitution has been ratified by the legal voters. Let General CANBY delay his proclamation until the meeting of Congress. Then let Congress, upon his certificate of the facts, order new elections in the place of the ineligible members. There will be ample time for such elections, for the meeting of the Legislature, and the choice of Senators, before the session of Congress is re-adjourned; and there could be no just complaint upon any side, for all laws will then have been satisfied, and the will of the majority of the voters will have been respected.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE COW.

AMONG the minor blessings which the country owes to the Democratic party is Judge M'CUNN, of New York. His lofty character, his profound legal learning, the universal respect and confidence which he commands, are all shining proofs of the superior claims of that party to the control of the country. Indeed, the character of a party which receives its policy from a SWEENEY, which calls a M'CUNN to the bench, and elects an A. OAKEY HALL for Mayor, is sufficiently perceived from those facts. Ex pede Herculem—from a M'CUNN, you may construct the Democratic party. This party cherishes a peculiar jealousy of the national government, and asserts very stoutly what it is pleased to call State sovereignty. And it was only natural that Judge M'CUNN should attempt to illustrate the party tendency upon this subject by his proceedings in the late case of the Texan PRATT. The matter was promptly settled, but it should be remembered.

PRATT was arrested upon a charge of abducting an apprentice girl in Texas last October, and was held for examination by the United States Commissioner. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by Judge M'CUNN, addressed to the Sheriff, who returned answer that PRATT was held by the United States. The Judge then required the personal appearance of PRATT before him. The United States officers, not recognizing any authority upon the part of M'CUNN, but anxious to avoid even the appearance of offense, and with the understanding that PRATT would be immediately remanded to them, carried him before Judge M'CUNN, who, instead of instantly resigning all claim to jurisdiction, which it was his bounden duty to do, heard an argument upon the merits of the case, and at the end "remanded the prisoner to the Marshal"—as if the Marshal had been one of his subordinates. PRATT was at the understanding had not been observed, to prevent any further actual interference by M'CUNN, placed PRATT in the hands of the Sheriff.

The Judge then ordered him to release the prisoner under the writ of *habeas corpus*, which had been addressed to the jailer. The Marshal declined to do so, and of the order, both because he was no party to the writ, and because Judge M'CUNN had no jurisdiction in the case. Thereupon Judge M'CUNN issued his arrest for contempt, and the President of the United States ordered the Marshal not to allow the execution of the laws to be defeated by his arrest. If the Marshal then summoned the military protection of the United States, and at the time specified by the Commissioner the prisoner was brought before him for examination, and was released by him upon the ground that there was not sufficient legal evidence to hold him, the order of release being accompanied by the decided declaration of the Commissioner, that his decision had been delayed by the interference of the State Court.

Judge M'CUNN has much right to order the release of PRATT and the arrest of the Marshal as any old apple-woman, and no more. The point has been long settled, both by the Supreme Court of the United States and by the State statutes, that when return is made to a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by a State Judge, that the prisoner is held by the United States authorities, the State Judge is to remand him to their custody. The mistake of the authorities in this case was in consenting to appear before Judge M'CUNN at all. That should be done with the best intention, with the intention of avoiding the very objection of discourtesy that was raised, and was raised; but the difficulty was, that when the United States officers appeared before M'CUNN they gave color to his claim of jurisdiction, and to suppose that that excellent Judge would not improve the advantage thus given him was to be at least unwary. As he had no authority whatever, any such advantage should have been made, and no form of recognising any further claim tolerated. After Judge M'CUNN knew the facts, the attempt by his writ to arrest the Marshal was nothing else than lawless violence to prevent the execution of the laws of the land.

The SUN, in its bitter hostility to Marshal BARLOW, whose vigilant and successful enforcement of the Neutrality laws it can not forgive, declared that if Mr. SEWARD had been Governor of the State he would have called out the whole military force to sustain a writ which Judge M'CUNN had no more authority to issue than the reporter of the SUN. The SUN is good as a citizen and too sound a lawyer to attempt any such unpardonable crime. If a New Jersey or California Judge had issued his writ for the Marshal's arrest in New York, would Mr. SEWARD, as Governor, have called out all the militia to enforce the writ if the Marshal refused to acknowledge it? The SUN well would be just as lawful under the circumstances as Judge M'CUNN's. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that no judicial process can have authority beyond its jurisdiction. The whole affair is another illustration of the eagerness to bring the national and State authority into collision, which is constantly displayed by the advocates of State "sovereignty." The attitude of the United States officers was respectful and conciliatory until the audacious attempt of a Judge to impede the execution of the law. Then their conduct was firm and prompt in asserting the just authority of the United States.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PROHIBITIONISTS.

THOSE who anticipated a rupture in the Republican party of Massachusetts by the action of the Prohibitory Convention are disappointed. The President, upon taking the chair, remarked that the purpose of the Convention was not a multiplication of candidates; and with a hearty greeting to all delegates who might be Democrats, but assuming that the great majority were Republicans, he announced his intention to discharge his duty "within the limits of the Republican party."

The address of the Convention asserts that the people of Massachusetts have for thirty years approved prohibition upon the ground that what could clearly injure the State or City may be forbidden by the State. Experience, it says, teaches that the drunkard-maker is a criminal; so the sale of liquor as a beverage will be prohibited by law, according to the address, was most successful. But the pressure of opposition repealed it. "A great and trustworthy Governor, the Hon. JOHN ALBION ANDREW"—foremost in the work of a kindred and not inferior reform, who had given the State a triumphant record and himself an immortal reputation—"signed the bill which made great powers and greater name in the scale of run." License replaced prohibition; but the pauperism of the State increased within the succeeding year nearly fourfold, and the jails were so crowded that the Governor declared their enlargement would be necessary if the license system were continued. The result was a restoration of prohibition by the last Legislature; and the address concludes by stating that the party which pronounces for prohibition will receive such support as it never knew.

The address was followed by a series of resolutions. In reply to the argument that such a law is an invasion of personal liberty the resolutions affirm that it is no more so than the suppression of gambling, lotteries, and duelling; that it is no infringement of personal liberty to forbid the sale of what is the cause of general suffering and crime; that it is inconsistible that one-half of the pauperism and crime in the community is caused by the free sale of liquor as a beverage, and the State which supports paupers and criminals has a right to forbid the sale of that which makes them so—which is proved by the fact that States have the right to prohibit do for the very same purpose restrict and limit.

The resolutions are much too diffuse. The strength of the position of the temperance men lies in the universally conceded and exercised right of restriction by license. The extension of the limitation becomes then a question of expediency; and if it can be established that an extension even to prohibition really keeps the peace better than the old license law, they will have gained an immense advantage. Rev. Dr. MINER, who replied to Governor ANDREW before the Committee of the Legislature, in a speech to the Convention, said that the new prohibitory law, during the forty-eight days in which it had been enforced, had done more for temperance and morality than all the licenses ever had ever done. The good Doctor's assertion certainly proves the ardor of his faith, if it is less serviceable to his cause than a few figures would be; and when he declared that there was joy in hell over every issue of certain newspapers which do not agree with him, he did not certainly commend his cause to hearers at this distance.

The Massachusetts prohibitionists will not within the Republican party, and, of course, will endeavor to secure their proper plank in the platform at the September convention. We doubt if they will succeed. They are a power-

ful and persistent, but it is not probable that they are yet the controlling, element of the party. Some of the most influential and able Republicans are as resolutely hostile to prohibition as a party tenet as Governor ANDREW was; so that if the prohibitionists can carry the Convention they can by no means command the whole Republican vote of the State. If they are a clear majority of the Convention they will undoubtedly insist upon a distinct prohibitory declaration; if they are not, they will be obliged to accept a compromise.

THE COAL QUESTION

If the Pennsylvania authorities are unable to maintain public order in the mining districts it is their duty to demand assistance of the United States. It is useless to say that the President ought to interfere, for the President can do nothing except upon a constitutional request from the Governor or the Legislature. If the miners have a real grievance, mobs and riots are not the proper remedy, and should no longer be tolerated.

The people of Pennsylvania have an unquestioned interest in collecting from the Northern and Eastern States as large returns for anthracite coal as possible, in order that they may be distributed over the State, and this interest will have great effect in determining its policy. The amount exacted from local consumers of coal in Pennsylvania by reason of strikes bears but a small proportion to the excess over usual profits which a successful strike produces for local distribution. Many Pennsylvanians, therefore, if they weep at all over these alarming disturbances, weep with only one eye, as they view the opposite scale the pecuniary advantage. The miners are a powerful body in a political sense, and would wield their united strength against the Governor who should be the means of calling out the forces of the Union to keep them in order. Pennsylvania will probably hesitate before taking this decisive but necessary step.

The demand on the part of the miners, which they prosecute with force, is, to be admitted to such participation in the profits of the mines as they think advantageous; and as much of this property is owned by persons and Companies located out of the State, the motive appears not to be an unjust one for restraining the free assertion of this demand as if the mines were owned exclusively in Pennsylvania. It is not improbable, that the policy which would reduce the price of coal to unreasonable limits has some support from the Companies which share in the advantage, or we should hear of demands openly and loudly made on Governor GEARY as if the State were unequal to the task of preserving order, to require the General Government to carry out the measures of protection against domestic violence. In the absence of such demands, whether exploited by selfish considerations or not, it is for the Governor to consider whether the lawless condition of the coal districts can be safely endured.

It will be found that the object of this strike has no strong sympathies outside of the limits of Pennsylvania, and, on the contrary, that there are powerful interests which would combine to support the Government of the United States if it should be required to intervene. Coal is of such general use and necessity that the interest is extensive and powerful which calls for putting down the armed combination which has raised a high price to a large group of all the various industries of the country. It is of the highest importance that fuel for domestic and manufacturing purposes can be furnished at a cheap rate. It constitutes one of the elements for successful competition with foreign industries; and as the mines are owned in great proportion by Pennsylvanians, and as roads have been chartered to run their cars from the mines across State lines, there is nothing in the way of the general enjoyment of these deposits of coal except the disturbances at the mines; and the miners should be unmistakably taught that they must seek redress, like other citizens, of the laws and not of force.

Notwithstanding these troubles in the anthracite districts it is pleasant to know that the Cumberland mines in Maryland are worked with regularity, and that the Baltimore and Ohio road, which carries coal at the lowest rate per ton, has refused at this juncture, though strongly urged, to increase the labor of transporting freight which is charged. The policy is the reverse of that of some roads running out of New York, for it looks to permanent results and to substantial interests.

The question what Congress can do for relief will engage attention. The duty on bituminous coal—385 bushels to the ton and 80 pounds per bushel—is $1 25 per ton, and upon all other coal it is 40 cents per ton. Although it is higher on bituminous than upon other coal the bituminous is really the competing coal with the anthracite, for it may be used for manufacturing purposes, and for consumption in open grates and Franklin stoves. The description of coal at 40 cents per ton is very little imported, although it would appear to be the competing article with anthracite. Except for these incessant difficulties in Pennsylvania the manufacturing States which have no coal beds might refuse to touch this duty; but it would be manifestly wrong to continue it under the circumstances. If the duty were removed an immense amount, suitable for engines, would be received from Nova Scotia.

The fear expressed in some quarters that the owners of Provincial coal mines may purchase those of Nova Scotia to secure themselves in a monopoly need not be entertained. The Cumberland and Pictou fields in Nova Scotia are estimated at a hundred square miles, but seams having a thickness in the whole of fifty feet, while the available seams in Cape Breton are estimated at a hundred and twenty square miles of a thickness of from one to twelve feet. As the coal-beds are convenient to numerous harbors it will be impossible for monopoly to command districts so extensive and available.

If the duty on coal should be taken off, which is the evident policy, our manufacturing industry would have one of the obstacles removed which prevents competition with others; and as Nova Scotia does not extend further north than parts of Maine and convenient to our coast, it is easy to foresee the combinations upon us which large supplies of coal would produce; and it would appear to be putting aside one of the great forces of Providence in maintaining a state of duty which practically denies us the benefits of this fortunate provision.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

GOVERNOR PALMER, of Illinois, has recently made a speech in which he very well defines a party as an agency for the public good, and remarks that no party will be sustained on account of its past services. He then proceeds to speak of the questions of the time upon which parties must express themselves; of the common concern in politics, and of the necessity of restoring the proper relations between the National and State governments, which the war and the policy which it necessitated have naturally disturbed. This is the point upon which he chiefly insists, evidently with the fancy that there is a tendency toward forgetfulness of the just rights of the States. Senator MORTON, of Indiana, has made a speech in which he reviews with pride and pleasure the career of the Republican party, and declares that, great as its history has been, it is not yet ended. It has done one thing at a time, and done it well; and it will continue in the glorious path of progress. Senator MORTON also shows his chief interest to be in the two parties, and that the Democratic party has nothing to offer but negations and dissatisfactions.

Senator SHERMAN, of Ohio, also has given his view of the political situation. He claims that the Administration is reducing the public expenditures within the appropriations, and that a firm policy will without difficulty pay the debt within twenty years. The condition of the currency, in Mr. SHERMAN'S judgment, is due to the timidity of public opinion which opposes its reduction; and he holds that the responsibility can not be charged upon any party. He thinks the Democratic party entirely useless, because at present there is an undoubted preference of an indirect to a direct tax. The present tariff is designed to raise about $150,000,000 upon imported goods and its protection is purely incidental, and not so great as to prevent a healthy competition between foreign and domestic manufactures. Mr. SHERMAN sums up his views upon this point in these words: "The question of protection is purely incidental; and until our debt is so reduced that the Union's revenue system will be ready to discuss the mere policy of protection as a measure of national economy. It is enough for us that now the duties is paid in money; and before this necessity ceases the manufactures of this country will be on so stable a footing as to defy the competition of the world." Mr. SHERMAN does not show a specific and flexible knowledge of the exact question, which is the true method of levying duties.

The general tone of these speeches show a perception of the fact that the party in which they are all conspicuous must address itself with such vigor and intelligence to the actual issues as to command the confidence and guidance which it now enjoys. For eight years it has had a positive, progressive, and therefore a responsible policy. It has dealt promptly with its doubts and fears, but with its faith and hope. For however courteous, however conciliatory, the tone of party discussion may be, a party policy must be clear, intelligible, and heroic. Whether the object be, with WALPOLE, internal peace, or, with CHATHAM, foreign victory, the policy must have the force of universal assent. It is not necessary that the Republican party now unroll a dazzling programme of annexation and foreign hectoring to propitiate the worst part of the population; but it is necessary that it grapple at once with evident and increasing evils. Corruption is one of them. Let the party pronounce upon it by a vigorous support of a reform in the civil service. The complexity of the tariff and of the system of internal taxation also demand reform. Mr. SHERMAN says that he hopes soon to see all internal taxes repealed except those on whisky, tobacco, and incomes. Let the party demand a simple and efficient system. As for the currency, its regulation, under existing circumstances, is so entirely a matter of experiment that it would be useless to proclaim the details of any method. While the country sees a steady reduction of the debt, and an increasing economy of administration, it will not insist upon specific theories.

The Republican party is master of the situation, and if it will not retain control of the country if it remembers its own history. Principle, intelligence, boldness—these have been its conquering agencies, and with these it will continue to conquer. The Democratic party is strong only by the faults of the Republican. In all the Democratic platforms that have been put forth for the canvass an electious there is no system of principles except such as are no less odious to honest and intelligent men than they were when first announced. The only positive proposition that appears in those platforms is some kind of repudiation, a revelation of the tendency and sympathy of the party. Upon the question of repudiation, which the Republican party is happily and justly settling, these platforms are contradictory. For unconditional free-trade they do not distinctly declare, because Pennsylvania holds an election. They sneer and denounce and declaim, but the only reason that any voter should prefer a Democratic to a Republican ticket in any of the States in which an election is pending is, that he thinks the Republicans need the spur of defeat, not that the Democrats have any honesty, economy, or constitutionality of administration would be secured by the ascendency of the party from whose supremacy sprang the corrupt system which have disgraced the times and immortalized assailed the Government. It is for the Republican party to show that it does not need such a spur by the character of the principles it proclaims upon its platforms, and of the candidates whom it nominates to office.

EMIGRATION TO LOUISIANA.

THE State of Louisiana devotes great and intelligent attention to the subject of immigration, and appointed Agents to further that purpose. Gov. DR. JAMES O. NOYES is President, take care to furnish the most ample and various information for all who are looking for a new home. Thus it appears that Louisiana, contrary to the general impression, is shown by the statistics to be one of the most healthy States in the Union. Louisiana is as healthy as Massachusetts, and the climate is delightful, the mercury seldom rising above 90° in summer or falling below 30° in winter. The mean temperature being about 70°. The rate of annual mortality, also, even in New Orleans, which has had a bad reputation upon that score, is much less than that of cities in the Northern States to be much healthier. In Boston the ratio is 1 to 41.26; in New York, 1 to 27.84; in London, 1 to 40; in Paris, 1 to 32; in Havana, 1 to 23, and in New Orleans the mean of three years unaffected by yellow-fever is 1 to 47.48. The Commissioners pass rather lightly over the yellow-fever, speaking of "occasional epidemics," as confined to certain localities and cities, and which scourge we shall in time learn to obviate altogether." There has been no yellow-fever since 1858.

Louisiana has a remarkable system of natural means of transportation in twenty thousand miles of navigable rivers and bayou navigation. To supply the transports the whole northern part of the State produces cotton; the rice lands of Louisiana are incomparably the best in the United States; the results of the cane sugar produced in the United States come from the delta of the Mississippi. The orange grows in the most virgin soil. The orange crop on 85 acres containing 600 trees, and belonging to a poor man, was sold last year for $7000. Many sugar planters realized last year a profit of more than $150 per acre; many, also, cleared a net profit of $1000 or $1500 per hand. Indeed, the Commissioners set forth several appetizing facts of this kind; and then add, as if to make temptation irresistible, that sugar plantations cleared, ditched, and fenced, with comfortable and convenient buildings, can be bought at less than half the cost of the improvements. Sugar lands are to be bought at $5 to $75 per acre; cotton lands from $3 to $30. Rice lands are offered by the United States Land Office at 3,000,000 acres in Louisiana at $1 25 per acre; and there is about the same quantity of State land at 32 cents per acre. If the immigrant is too poor to buy, there is the Homestead law to befriend him. In no other State, says the Board, will a dollar buy so much; in no other State can a man live so well.

Such is the mildness of the climate that there are about 250 fair working days on the farm in Louisiana against less than 150 in New York or Wisconsin; and the Commissioners could immediately find places on plantations for 10,000 able-bodied men at $20 per month, with house rent and the principal articles of food included. Indeed the natural resources of the State are remarkable, and with intelligent labor and enterprise its material tranquillity, prosperity would be among the most prosperous of States.

NOTES.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is a sagacious man, and in his case the only question is whether he is as sagacious enough to keep his word. He has established many of the fundamental forms of a constitutional and responsible government in France; and upon the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of his uncle he granted a complete amnesty to press and political offenders, and to sundry other classes of delinquents. But M. THIERS, now an old man, who has seen much struggle in France, and who is the author of Frenchmen, shakes his head and says that the republic is coming in France, but coming in blood and revenge. M. THIERS, however, is a disappointed Orleanist, and was always a man of little faith.

THE discovery of the shocking abuse of a nun in the convent at Cracow has so stirred the Austrian people and Government that the Minister of Public Worship has informed the Governor of the Province that the Government believes itself bound to stop the payment of the annual subsidy to the convent, and also to propose an inquiry whether the convent should not be suppressed. The feeling with which an event like that of the Cracow convent is received shows how profound is the popular doubt and jealousy of the ecclesiastical régime.

IT is quite time that Congress relieved from legal pursuit the military officers of the United States who, during the rebellion and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, arrested and imprisoned suspected persons. JOHN MITCHEL, whom to name is to describe, has brought an action against General DIX for illegal imprisonment, and the General was arrested under a MCCUEN writ and held to bail in twenty thousand dollars. It was easy for General DIX to procure the bail, but an ingenious system of such actions might cause the most serious annoyance to officers who are also fortunately situated than General DIX, and who are as guiltless as he.

SENATOR BROWNLOW has written a curious letter in regard to the Tennessee election. It is curious from the moderation of its tone, and from its admissions. MR. BROWNLOW says that a majority of the Republican Tennessee SENTER men, and that SENTER is a sound Republican, but he is very careful not to claim the result of the election as a Republican victory. Indeed, he admits that the Legislature is not Republican. MR. BROWNLOW does not explain why it is that the Tennessee Republicans preferred to take a course which gave the State to the Democrats. If the reason was that the Republicans preferred Democratic ascendency rather than continued disfranchisement, it was, if a mistaken, certainly not a discreditable motive, and he ought not to have omitted to state it. In MR. BROWNLOW silent because that was not the reason, which is to be found in political jealousy? If so, he would do his party friends elsewhere a great service if he should clearly and briefly explain the reason why he refuses to call himself a Republican?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

IN July 839,877 citizens of Boston—men, women, and children—availed themselves of the cheap fares and advantages afforded by the various public baths established in the city.

THE Labor Congress, recently assembled at Philadelphia, voted that they would favor the law introduction of coolie labor into this country. It also voted that the Labor Reformers should support no man against their employers. It was proposed to organize a political party in favor of labor-reform.

MR. Peabody has donated $60,000 to Washington College, Virginia, in memory of ROBERT E. LEE its President of that institution. This gift is alluded to in terms of grateful gratitude by the Virginia papers. It is the feeling shown rather than the money given that is important.

IT is reported that several mills in Rhode Island that have been running on cotton will shut down until the new crop of cotton comes into market. At WOONSOCKET, however, they are producing this fall will soon run on "short time."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Senatus Consultum, recently presented to the Senate, proposes to the Legislature to take the means of proposing laws. It makes the Ministers dependent upon the Emperor alone; for it gives to the legislative body a much larger share in the government than it has hitherto possessed. The Session of the Senatus Consultum commences August 30.

THE Spanish troops from Cuba include many cheering prospects for the patriots. A strong Spanish force, under General Jordan, defeated the rebels in Victuba by General Quesada. One hundred and eighty-two rebels were taken. In another engagement, near Trinidad, General Jordan defeated the Spaniards, capturing 200 rebels, prisoners. Two hundred of the Spaniards deserted and joined the Cubans. It is reported that the Spanish volunteers have petitioned Captain-General De Rodas as they formerly treated Dulce, that he will expel the priests from Holguin.

A complete reconciliation has been effected between the Pope and the Viceroy of Egypt. The Spanish and French Consuls at Alexandria have congratulated the Viceroy on the termination of his difficulties with the Pope.

THE Rome correspondent of the Prussian *Crux Gazette* asserts that the late Syllabus of the Pope will form the principal text of the deliberations of the Œcumenical Council. The paragraphs concerning the relations of the Church and State will be specified, and probably intensified. The dogmas of the infallibility of the Pope and of the bodily and corporeal assumption of the Virgin will be promulgated. The Holy Father has expressed his regret that no Schismatic or Protestant bishop has offered to take part in the Council.

THIRTEEN hundred stores and three hundred dwellings-houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Junina, Turkey.

THE Rev. Mr. Hughes—the well-known "Tom Brown"—of Rugby, has been chosen referee in the international boundary dispute between the Oxford and Harvard crews.

General Lebœuf has been appointed Minister of War to succeed Marshal Niel deceased.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—THE OXFORD CREW.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—THE HARVARD CREW.—PHOT. BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, 297 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

OUR NEW CURRICULUM.

AS TOM SEES IT.

A rio for your Latin, and less for your Greek,
No longer with Euclid we'll trouble;
The pets of the "Varsities" now, for a week,
Are the boys who exhibit the muscle.

Of all the formations, since Chaos was drowned,
As marked by geologists graves,
The very best stratum that ever was found
Is the new one of wherry on waves.

The student of nature may dive after fish,
If he likes, to the depths of the sea;
But the chap who just covers his blade with a swish,
Why, he is the boss for me.

The chemist who catches a crab in his boat,
And throws a precipitate there;
By-'gones astronomer he never can float,
Nor pass the professional chair.

The sage engineer, with his sector and square,
May study his best to begin it,
But he can't find a power with his to compare,
Who can go forty-eight to the minute.

Hurrah for the steersman that pulls with a will,
Hurrah for the swell of the oar!
And good-by to Loomis, and Anthon, and Mill,
Old codgers, he's all up with you.

A fig for your Latin, and less for your Greek,
No longer with Euclid we'll trouble;
The pets of the "Varsities" now, for a week,
Are the boys who exhibit the muscle!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW VICAR FOR SHIPLEY.

THE Church Intelligencer announced one day, much to the fluttering of the village of Shipley, and also to the fluttering of some disappointed hearts in clerical breasts, that the Reverend Charles Levincourt was presented to the vacant living of Shipley-in-the-Wold.

The Reverend Charles Levincourt was presented to the living of Shipley-in-the-Wold by Sir William Delaney, to whose only son he had been tutor.

Sir William had always expressed his sense of obligation to Mr. Levincourt for the unremitting and judicious care he had bestowed on his son James's education. The young man was sickly in body and inert in mind; nevertheless he had passed through his university career in a fairly creditable manner. This was mainly owing, in every one minuted, to his tutor's talents and zeal. Therefore when he was very inexplicably left himself sincerely grateful. But neither Shipley-in-the-Wold nor the world out of the Wold by any means understood the mainspring of this sincere gratitude.

James was the baronet's only son, but Sir William was also the father of two daughters. While the elder of these young ladies—Hilda—was going through the gayeties of a London season (at the end of which she became Lady Tallis), Clara—a girl of seventeen—was quietly falling in love with her brother's tutor in the country.

The Delaneys were Irish people. They lived chiefly at the place which bore their family name—an estate called Delaney Park, in the South of Ireland. James passed the long vacation at home, and Mr. Levincourt came with him. Clara was a delicate, shy, sweet-natured creature; motherless, and more innocent of worldliness in her eighteenth year than many a precocious inmate of a Belgravian nursery.

Charles Levincourt loved her better than he was destined ever to love another human being. But he "behaved admirably," Sir William always declared.

How? Well, in a word, he went abroad with a rich minor to whose guardians Sir William Delaney warmly recommended his son's tutor.

Before years were over the Delaney family knew Park learned that Mr. Levincourt was married in Italy, to a foreign lady of great beauty, but no fortune.

Soon afterward Clara yielded to her father's solicitations, and accepted the hand of Sidney Power Digwell, Esquire, of Digwell Court, County Cork: a gentleman of good family, whose estate adjoined her father's. On his second daughter's wedding morning, Sir William wrote to Charles Levincourt, promising him the next presentation, then likely to fall in a year shortly, to the English living of Shipley-in-the-Wold. No one save her father knew that it was Clara who had asked and obtained this favor.

But she had said to Sir William in her quiet sweet voice, "Papa, James had a letter the other day from Mr. Levincourt. He has not succeeded in getting appointed to the foreign chaplaincy he was trying for. His wife has just had a little girl. I am afraid they are very poor. I wish you would promise him the next presentation to Shipley. You could not do better. He is so clever and so learned, and—and he was very good to James, papa dear."

In this way the Reverend Charles Levincourt became vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold.

CHAPTER II.

SHIPLEY VICARAGE.

The small and obscure village of Shipley-in-the-Wold stands in one of the westernmost of the midland counties.

Its name was given in days before the whole of that part of England had been marked by the plow and spade, like a page by the tracings of a pen. Generation after generation has left its sign-manual on the face of the land: each writing the record of its labors in straight furrows on many a fertile field: furrows effaced and changed and renewed, from season to season, and from age to age, as are the waving ripples on a seaside sand washed by the eternal tides.

A stretch of furze-grown common is, perhaps, the only remnant of that characteristic aspect of the country which gave Shipley its distinctive appellation.

There are wide, flat meadows all round about it, where herds of cattle graze on the dew-fed grass. The principal farms in the immediate neighborhood of Shipley-in-the-Wold are grazing farms. All the land is flat and monotonous as far as the eye can see: save to the westward, where the horizon line is broken by a range of low furze-covered hills, called by the inhabitants of those parts emphatically "*the* Hills." Behind "the Hills" lies another Shipley; Shipley Magna, a tiny market-town.

If it could be reached by a direct line cut through one of the swelling gray hills, Shipley Magna would not be more than two or three miles distant from Shipley-in-the-Wold. But the road winds about and round the hills; and it is six miles from the village to the town. Southward the landscape grows prettier and more smiling. There are trees, and there is arable land where, in summer, wide fields of sun-burnt grain wave, and rock, and change color in the breeze, as a lake ruffles and pales in a sudden whisper.

But Shipley-in-the-Wold only beholds these things from afar. The stretch of furze-grown common already mentioned, and beyond that a considerable extent of coy marshland separate it from the smiling southern country.

In the winter season bleak winds sweep scythe-winged over Shipley; the snow lies deep about it; and often a single track of hoofs, and wheels, and feet may be traced in long black lines and uncouth dots, for miles across the otherwise unbroken whiteness of the level.

The village straggles over a considerable extent of ground, but the number of its actual inhabitants is scanty. There is nothing which can be called a main street belonging to it.

The dwelling-houses are scattered irregularly; here a cottage, and there a cottage, and each one is set within its own little patch of kitchen-garden.

The place is remote from any extensive centre of commerce and activity. No railway passes near it.

Twenty miles to the southward, among the trees and the corn-fields, lies the cathedral city of Dunecester: with its bishop, and its dean, and its manor, and its canons residentiary, and excellent institutions. But Dunecester is, after all, but a silent, sleepy, old-fashioned city; and it was there, and only there, that Charles Levincourt had chosen a small, wind-swept flats.

There is a very ancient church in Shipley: a low-roofed, stone church with massive Norman pillars of disproportionate thickness, and a square, squat tower. It has a deep porch, to enter which you descend two steps from the churchyard. The laboring centuries have piled their dust high around the massive masonry of St. Gilda's church, and the level of the churchyard mold is considerably above that of the stone pavement within the little temple.

The grave-yard is inclosed by a low wall, and its gateway is a relic of antiquity coeval with the church itself. The said gateway is of brown stone, with a projecting pediment, and beneath it on one side is a large stone slab, cracked, weather-stained, and half sunk in the earth. Here, in the old time, the coffin-bearers were wont to set down their burden, and a preliminary prayer for the dead was said before entering the church-yard.

There is no beauty in St. Gilda's grave-yard. It lies defenseless and unsheltered every wild northeasterly gale that sweeps over the flats. Its clustered mounds are turf-grown. Sheep graze there sometimes. There are few fine grave-stones, as yet undefaced by time and weather, bear humble names of yeomen and peasants, born, living, and dying at Shipley, generation after generation.

There are some rank flaunting marigolds growing beside the porch, and a few dark cypress-like thymum nises its head to peer over the low rough wall of the grave-yard. Other growth, save nettles, and leaves, and dank, shadow-loving, nameless weeds, there is none.

Hard by the church stands the vicarage house. It is a lonely dwelling. There is no habitation of any kind within a mile of it: none above the rank of a peasant's cottage within two miles.

Shipley vicarage is altogether a modern or too old to be picturesque. It was built in the middle of the last century, and is remarkable for the ugly age; the period, namely, during which the four Georges successively occupied the throne of these realms. It is a square, substantial pile of yellowish-brown brick. Its rooms are oblong and rectangular, its windows mean, its staircases narrow. There is no beauty or regret here for the wall-surfaces, nor in the blank desert of the whitewashed ceilings.

Behind the house extends a large garden, the high wall of which skirts a by-lane branching from the main high-road to Shipley Magna. In front is a lawn, cut in two by a long, straight gravel path that leads from an iron wicket in the box hedge up to the hall-door. This lawn is only divided by a paddock from St. Gilda's church-yard.

Two quivering poplars whisper to each other and nod mysteriously from either side of the iron gate: and the windows of the lower rooms look in front of the house on nothing but clumps of evergreens, among which an old yew-tree rises gloomily conspicuous.

The vicarage faces due south, and looks across the common and the marsh to where tufty woodlands break the level and hide the distant spires of Dunecester.

The Reverend Charles Levincourt, vicar of St. Gildas, arrived to take possession of his new home on a dreary day in the latter autumn, when the rain dripped sadly from the limber evergreens, and low, lead-colored clouds were melting into slant showers over the common.

"It is not a hopeful thing," said he, as he looked about him and shivered.

He afterward saw the scene under a countless variety of aspects; but that first disquieting impression of Shipley struck the key-note of the place, and became an abiding under-tone, sounding through all subsequent changes.

CHAPTER III.

A WARD.

Mr. Levincourt had been established some years at Shipley, when one day he received a letter from the junior partner in a London firm of solicitors, Frend and Lovegrove, informing him that he (the Reverend Charles Levincourt, vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold) had been appointed coexecutor with Mr. Lovegrove (Augustus Lovegrove) of the will of the late Mrs. Desmond, relict of Sidney Power Digwell, Esquire, formerly of Desmond Court, county Cork; and further requesting the vicar's presence in town as soon as might be.

Communication between the country clergyman and the family of his old pupil had long since been very shy and distant. The old pupil himself had died, at five-and-twenty; his sorrowing father had not long survived him; and this was the first intimation Charles Levincourt received of the widowhood and death of his old love.

He journeyed without delay to London, and saw Mr. Lovegrove. The latter informed him that their joint responsibility, as regarded the administration of Mrs. Desmond's will, would not be an onerous one: the property she had had to leave being very small.

"But," added the solicitor, "your share of the business will be more troublesome. Here is a letter which I solemnly promised our poor friend to deliver into your own hand. She informed me of its main object. It is to request you to undertake the guardianship of her daughter."

"Her daughter?"

"Yes; a nice little girl about nine years old. The only survivor of a large family. But I thought you knew all the circumstances. You were one of Mrs. Desmond's oldest friends, were you not?"

"I—yes; I was a friend of Mrs. Desmond's family many years ago. But Time flies away very fast, Mr. Lovegrove, as he hits him. Was not Mr. Desmond wealthy? I had always understood so."

"My dear Sir, Sidney Power Desmond ran through a fine fortune, and sent his paternal acres to the hammer. I saw a good deal of him, and of her too, poor thing, when I was professionally engaged in 'winding up his affairs,' as he would persist in calling it. He tangled a wonderful relation of affairs, I can tell you. Mrs. Desmond was a sweet woman. She had a bad life of it, I'm afraid. I don't think he treated her ill. He was fond of her, in his way. But he shook her children's inheritance away out of the table-boy, and left them beggars years later than he ought to have done for the welfare of his family."

The vicar declined Mr. Lovegrove's proffered hospitality, and went back to his dingy hotel chamber to read Clara's letter in solitude.

The best part of an afternoon had to be appealed to him, on the ground of old friendship, not to decline the trust imposed on him.

"My dear husband," she said, "that it ran, "have long been estranged from us. Papa and poor James are dead, and distant cousins who know little and care less about us, possess my old home. My sister, Lady Tallis, is childless, and she would gladly adopt my little one, and would, I well know, be very kind to her for the orphan. But her unhappy domestic circumstances render this impossible. Neither, to say truth, is Hilda's present husband a person whose roof I should like my daughter to be brought up, even were he willing to permit it. Hilda has her own troubles, for I know her kind heart is in any spirit of bitterness, but simply that you may understand how utterly friendless my Maud will be when I am gone, for I know her helplessness will appeal strongly to your kind heart.

The letter was commonplace and prosaic enough—a mere expression of what Charles Levincourt, sitting there with the sheet of folded paper in his hand, thinking of the writer as a woman he once loved so well, there was both pathos and eloquence in the sharply written characters. It was touching and sadly to the point of the past years that had so strangely resulted in giving Clara's only surviving child to his care. He felt no reluctance or regret beyond the misgivings awakened in his mind he imparted to no one.

The next day the vicar returned to Shipley, bringing with him a new inmate to the vicarage house. The little orphan was kindly received by the new mistress of her new home. Mrs. Levincourt was an Italian by birth. Her mother had been an Englishwoman, her father a Neapolitan. She had lived abroad all her life until her marriage; was very uneducated, very frivolous, and very beautiful. She had perhaps as small a share of imagination as ever fell to the lot of a human being. The self-confidence arising from this total inability to conceive another person's point of view, was, perhaps, her short, low-roofed

municate a certain bent to his mind, and even a certain aspect to his body. But the work which a man does grudgingly, without thoroughness and faith, will be to him as irksome as an ill-fitting garment, and will, like such a garment, be laid aside and put out of sight altogether, whenever its wearer can get rid of it.

People did not get intimate at the virange. The neighborhood was but sparsely peopled with families of the rank of gentlefolks. Without the command of some vehicle, visiting was out of the question.

At first Mrs. Levincourt had gone out rather frequently to formal dinner-parties at great dull country houses, and also to some county balls that were not dull. The hosts sent their carriages for the vicar and his wife, if they lived at a great distance from Shipley. And the Shipley old chaise was hired from the Crown at Shipley Magna.

But gradually such intercourse dropped. Mrs. Levincourt was not strong. Mrs. Levincourt did not care for dinner-parties, Mrs. Levincourt had her little girl to attend to. The vicar knew that Stella liked society, and she was by no means conscious of the surprise which her sayings and doings were apt to excite among the Danesbire magnates. But her husband was very thoroughly conscious of it. And, as the only kind of visiting they could have afforded for amusement, their life became more and more secluded.

When the two girls were aged respectively seventeen and fifteen Mrs. Levincourt died, and then Stella returned home to "take charge," as they said, of her father's house.

Maud also came back to Shipley vicarage, having "completed her education" in other words, having learned all that they could teach her at the Duneester school.

For two years Veronica reigned mistress of her father's household. Perhaps the burden of the song, Veronica being nineteen, had only so far changed as to run thus: "Now that I was grown up, I won't stay at Shipley."

We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCIDENT.

SOME subtle influence—a sight, or sound, or smell—touched the long-drawn links of association in the lawyer's mind as he walked his own door one February afternoon, and made him remember that dreary autumn day on which he had first seen Shipley.

His thought flashed back along the past years, as the electric spark thrills through a long chain of electric links.

"Poor Stella!" he said, half aloud.

Mr. Levincourt was apt to spend a good deal of his waking hours of composition in soliloquy. But there is no more effectual check to the indulgence of our own failings and weaknesses than the unexpected manifestation of the like defect in another. That which in us is only a reasonable and well-grounded dissatisfaction, becomes mere selfish unjustifiable repining in our neighbors.

So long as his wife lived, therefore, Mr. Levincourt was not aware by her look and by her compliments from expressing one-half the distaste he really felt for his life at Shipley-in-the-Wold, although he had secretly deemed his wife far less entitled to pity than he was, whose qualities of mind and refinement of education enabled him to understand much better what he had lost in being thus buried alive at Shipley.

But Stella Levincourt, born Bartlett, slept in St. Giles's churchyard, and a white tablet shimmering out of the gloomiest corner in the dark little church bore an inscription to her memory. And since her death he had unconsciously felt much retrospective sympathy with his wife.

"Poor Stella!" he said again; and, shutting the door behind him, he walked down the gravel pathway, passed through the iron wicket, crossed the paddock, and proceeded thus through St. Gildas's churchyard to the Vicarage.

It was not a day to loiter in. It had snowed a good deal the previous night, but since early o'clock the weather of a strongly thaw had set in. The roads were deep in mud, whose chill penetrated the strongest shoe-leather. An icy cold dew seemed to exude from every thing one touched, and the sky spread a lead-colored canopy from house to zenith.

Mr. Levincourt made for the school-house. This was a bare lath-and-plaster building, erected at the close of the late vicar's reign on the Sunday-school. The present incumbent, while adhering to its founder's first intention, had found an additional use for the vicarage school-room. It served, namely, as a place for the choir of St. Gildas to practice in.

Before Mr. Levincourt's day the music at divine service in St. Gildas consisted solely of portions of Tate and Brady, bawled or shuffled out in monotonous succession. Mr. Levincourt had refined and critical ear suffered many a shock from his congregation's strenuously uplifted voices. He resolved to amend the singing, and he applied himself that he would find support and encouragement in this undertaking. But folks were as loth to be schooled in Shipley as in most other places; and Mr. Levincourt's first attempts to teach them harmony resulted in chaos and riot.

By degrees he lowered his pretensions. He had begun with high-flown ideas of foreign massmusic adapted to English words. Then, some of the simpler compositions of our English cathedral writers were attempted. At length he resolved to be satisfied with Martin Luther's Hymn, and Adeste Fideles, sung in parts. Things began to go better. The younger generation, trained to some knowledge of music, became capable of succeeding in such modest attempts as these. Nor was it, indeed, from the younger generation that the great difficulties had arisen.

Farmer Meggitt, and Farmer Sack, and other middle-aged farmers and graziers, could not be got to understand that it behooved them to be passive listeners to the music during service.

"What do ye mean then, by 'Let us sing to the praise—I' Let us," Farmer Meggitt said *oos*, "sing! Not 'let the little lads and wenches in the organ-loft, sing to the praise!' Parson Lavincourt's on a wrong tack altogether. And as to his new-fangled tunes—why they're Popish; that's what they are: and I don't care who hears me say so!"

The implied slight to Farmer Meggitt's vocal abilities made him very Protestant indeed. And the choir-master, who had been originally only supposed to be a very colorable and serious one, losing that he had a foreign wife.

However, from a wrong tack to the right of new-fangled things into old-fangled. And the congregation of St. Gildas had long grown very proud of their singing. Farmer Meggitt led a class of village children to whom she taught some of the mysteries contained in the queer black-handed book brought from Italy by her aunt, and the choir met to practice every Saturday afternoon. And on this one special Saturday afternoon in February, Mr. Levincourt having floundered through the thick mud of the lane, arrived at the school-house door, turned the handle, and walked in, when the sound of voices here ceased.

The children were making ready to troop out. Some of the little things—many under the stern glance of Mr. Mugworthy—were putting on their hats, others were pulling on the parish shoes, which sat on the wooden benches, from which their corduroy-clad owners had, with a sound, as unceremoniously as the pendulum of the big wooden clock that ticked away the hours above the door.

At a little distance from the stove, and in front of it, Mr. Mugworthy, the choir-master, was standing, one hand on a rich Danecester banker. This young gentleman had been educated in Germany, and had brought home with him

His dilettantesim was strong enough to induce him to make the journey from Duneester every every week, during the winter months, on Saturday relearsals, the place of the professional organist, who was only engaged to come to Shipley for the Sunday services.

Not far from him stood Mr. Plew, the village doctor, talking to the vicar's daughter. Mr. Plew had the smoothest and whitest of fat, rosy cheeks, and gave the choir the benefit of his assistance whenever his professional avocations would permit him to do so.

Then there were Kitty and Cissy Meggitt, with their governess, Miss Turtle. Mrs. Meggitt was not at aspiring mood herself, but encouraged her husband to engage a "real lady" to teach her girls manners. Farmer Meggitt paid the "real lady" five-and-twenty pounds per annum, and he thought in his heart that it was an exorbitantly high price for the article.

Then there were Captain and Mrs. Sheardown, of Lowater House. They did not sing; but they had come to fetch their son, Master Philip Sheardown, who was on a high school-bench among the trebles.

Lastly, there was Maud Desmond.

"Good-evening," said the vicar, walking into the room.

Immediately there was a shuffling and scraping of feet. Every boy slid down from his bench, and drew each one a hob-nailed boot noisily over the bare floor in front of him, and took about time a bunch of sun-burnt knuckles to his forehead. The little girls ducked down convulsively by the smaller ones standing behind, and rose again with an odd struggling movement of the elbow.

This was the ceremony of salutation to a superior among the rustic youth of Shipley.

"How have you been getting on, Herbert?" said Mr. Levincourt, addressing the pale, dark Sheardown? Captain, when I saw that the West Danesbire were to meet at Hammick, I scarcely expected to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening!"

"No; I didn't hunt to-day," answered the captain.

Captain Sheardown was a broad-shouldered man of some five-and-fifty years of age. His red face was fringed with short gray whiskers. His eyes were surrounded by a net-work of fine lines that looked as though they had been graven on the face with by an engraver's tool. He was generally good with his legs somewhat wide apart, as one who is balancing himself on an unsteady sea floor.

The gentlemen gathered together into a knot by themselves while they waited for the ladies to get on their cloaks and bonnets.

"I wonder what sort of a run they had with the West Danesbire?" said Herbert Snowe.

"I heard, by the way, that a fox was killed in the field," said Mr. Mugworthy, who had edged himself near to the group of gentlemen.

"An accident?" said the vicar. "What was it? Nothing serious, I trust?"

"No, Sir; from what I can reap out of the rumor of the boy, there was no very serious accident. Jemmy Sack, he seen it, Sir. It happened close up by his father's farm."

"Sack's farm, eh?" said Captain Sheardown.

"Why that's at Haymoor!"

"Well, sir, it is," rejoined Mr. Mugworthy, after a moment's pause, as though he had been casting about in his mind for some reasonable means of contradicting a statement. But finding none, was resolved to be candid, and make a clean breast of it. "It is, Sir, at Haymoor, is Sack's farm. And it is quite as near, as anywhere."

"Whew!" whistled the captain. "Who'd have thought of a fox out of the Haymoor coverts coming for Haymoor! With the wind as it is, too—and as it has been all day."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Herbert Snowe, whose foreign education had left him lamentably ignorant on certain matters of which Captain Sheardown conceived that an English gentleman ought to know a good deal.

"Why shouldn't he?" echoed the captain, screwing up his eyes and mouth into an expression of comical vexation, and thereby deepening the finely-grave lines before mentioned. "Why shouldn't he? Bless my soul, Herbert! Because a fox going from Hammick to Haymoor to-day must have run straight up wind the whole time! That's why. Why shouldn't he? Tshah!"

"A dog fox, Sir," put in Mugworthy, solemnly, "*will sometimes* run up wind at this time of the year when he's agoing home, Sir."

"Well, well," said the vicar, with the slightest possible air of contempt for the whole subject: "we will suppose that this was a Haymoor fox, who had been visiting his relations at Hammick. But about the accident, Mugworthy?"

"Jemmy Sack, he seen it, Sir. Come up here, Jemmy, and tell the gentlemen and the gentleman as was precipitated off of his horse alongside of the five-acre field."

Jemmy Sack, a boy of thirteen, came and stood before the vicar, and with many writhings, and in agonies of bashfulness, delivered himself of his story.

The story simply amounted to his having seen a gentleman flung from his horse with a good deal of violence, and then the horse ran on, either not seeing or not heeding. After a while the gentleman's servant had galloped up to his assistance. When the gentleman had risen again—not again: but not the same horse. He took the beast that his servant had been riding, and sent the groom away on the animal that had thrown him. The gentlemen had then ridden after the rest of the hunt toward Upper Haymoor.

"Ah! Well, then, not much harm done, I'm happy to find. If the gentleman went on following the hounds he could not have been much hurt," said the vicar. "I didn't know the gentleman by sight, Jemmy, did you?"

Jemmy did not know the gentleman's name: but he knowed that he was a-staying at the Crown Inn, Shipley Magna, and that he had four horses in the stable-yard. And the people about the inn, he was a friend of Lord George Segrave's, him as had taken Hammick Lodge for the hunting season. And after becoming more confused by the sound of his own voice addressing gentlefolks, and finding himself listened to, began to grow loquacious and to volunteer his opinion that the gentleman had a-got a cogsly spit, for he turned welly green and seemed all queer in the head like. So when the groom come after him, for he would go on a-horseback again, and he (Jemmy) had run nigh enough to hear him a-cussin' and a-swearin' at the groom like fun.

In fact so loquacious and graphic in his narrative did Jemmy become that Mugworthy perceptibly grew alarmed, and he held his tongue and he gone with the other lads.

The boys shuffled out, glad to be released, and then presently heard a shouting down the lane after the manner of their kind.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN the visitor at Saratoga begins to weary of the set routine of drinking Congress water to the music, and the promenade of the Lake in the afternoon, he may break the monotony by a little excursion to Lake George. We say *little*—for although seven miles is spent agreeably in the steamboat on that lovely Lake, a rapid but pleasant trip may be made in twenty-four hours, with the loss of but one evening's entertainment. The "constitutional," the gaze of a charming will upon the "silvery waters," the pine overhanging the hotel—are all over by seven o'clock go to the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway Depôt. Do not get impatient if, after having been hurried off to the depôt, you wait long and wearily for the cars. Probably you will do so. Such, at least, is our experience, and we have had a little more than an hour brought us to Glen's Falls, nine miles from Caldwell. Three coaches were awaiting the arrival of the train, and we secured ample accommodations. Alas for our expectations! All the passengers bought tickets for the steamboat, and though upon a single coach, until there was not an inch of room to spare, and trunks upon trunks were fastened with cord to the top, we were left to ride on the platform—in scorn!—and so it is: but if tourists are like to be left behind, as we were, by the Lake steamboat—built the railroad is extended—purchasing tickets to Glen's Falls only, and taking a private carriage thence to the Lake House.

Fort William Henry Hotel, the largest at Caldwell, stands on Lake George, commands superb and splendid rooms, and the interior arrangements are fresh and elegant. The Lake House also gives pleasant accommodations at reasonable rates. A walk through the grounds, a good supper, a chatty promenade on the long piazza of the Lake House, a night's sound sleep, a nice breakfast; then at eight in the morning, the pretty *Minnehaha* starts on her trip down the lake. Two days—a little more than one day's sail—in a *day steam North* without hesitation. Lake George is about 36 miles long, and from one to three miles in width, and the shores are mountainous, and other fancy titles have no longer been used. Trout Pavilion, Holiday Point, Bolton, etc., are favorite resorts for those who delight in fishing. The "365 islands" rise up fresh, green, and lovely, from the deepest frost and the hottest dog-days; a nice breakfast; then at eight in the morning, the pretty *Minnehaha* starts on her trip down the lake. Two days—a little more than one day's sail—in a *day steam North* without hesitation. Lake George is about 36 miles long, and from one to three miles in width, and the shores are mountainous, and other fancy titles have no longer been used. Trout Pavilion, Holiday Point, Bolton, etc., are favorite resorts for those who delight in fishing. The "365 islands" rise up fresh, green, and lovely, from the deepest frost and the hottest parest depths; some quite large, others mere dots, but every one beautiful in its own peculiar style. At Black Mountain encircle the Lake, their wild heights rendering the landscape most picturesque. Indeed, the whole scene is picturesque—no less wild and romantic completeness of its romantic and lovely beauty. A brief description can give no idea of it—it must be seen.

At the foot of the Lake we took stages, roomy and comfortable, and fine scenery and historical reminiscences made the four miles' drive to Ticonderoga short. It appears to be a part of the regular programme, when in sight of "Old Fort Ti," for the agent of the route, mounted on the wheel of one coach, to deliver a pithy little address, which causes great merriment, while the passengers gaze at the ruins.

We chanced to take passage on the *Adirondack*, a new and elegant steamer on Lake Champlain. Sailing from Ticonderoga up to Whitehall is a curious contrast to the trip on Lake George. The scenery is fine—the Green Mountains appear in the distance on the left, the Black range on the right; rugged cliffs sometimes loom up on either side, and then low, irregular border-lines appear; but the water has none of that peculiar clearness which marks the other lake. Flags, smiles, trees, and bushes grow up lawlessly in the very midst of it—all the more noticeable after one has just viewed the chaste borders of that silvery sheet which in olden times was called "Horicon."

The boat will steam only half long enough when the *Adirondack* will be ready, which will make a ride of less than two hours brought us, well pleased with the day's, back to Caldwell.

The University Courses of Instruction at Harvard for the current year will be given to competent persons, "men and women," according to their attainment. The idea is good. The lessons of the course are to be given by such men as Professors Bowen, Peirce, Child, Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Howells. They will be adapted to either sex, and will doubtless be alike appreciated by both.

The Macon *Telegraph* reports that the first bale of new cotton in that State was brought to market on the twelfth of the current. It weighed 498 pounds, and was to be shipped to Boston.

An Indiana barber attempted to dye a youth's mustache. Result, the total disappearance of the whole ornament. The youth brought a suit against the barber. But the barber's defense, that "the hide wouldn't hold the hair," was conclusive.

M. Laîche, a French inventor, proposes to do away with the nuisance of fresh paint in dwellings by preparing the wood-work with a solution of gelatine, selling the same by the yard, and pasting it on walls like paper-hangings. To prepare it he takes thin fin-foil, usually in glass, forming thus a sheet of gelatine upon which he paints or colors in oil. After drying the surface is varnished, and the foil or film is removed from the glass. When ready for hanging the wall or surface to be decorated is covered with the same water-mixture, the new covering is cut and applied, the flexible foil allowing it to follow all the irregularities of the wall mouldings without cracking the paint film.

One of the most singular cases of insanity known is reported from the Missouri Democrat. A boy only eight years old lost his reason from a blow on the head. Nothing can be learned from him; he declines every thing—in short, he is the ideal of saying no like chimney.

As a Boston merchant declined one of the new fifty-cent currency the other day, remarking to the man who tendered it that he "couldn't come that sort of thing on him," it may not be amiss to mention that the clean-looking "Fifteen Cents" now circulating moderately are genuine, and one may safely take as many as he can get—Greeley.

The *Evening Mail* gives a detailed account of the swindling ticket-offices of New York. There is a law which makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment for two years, in any persons other than railroad officers to sell railroad tickets, whether their employés, at their proper offices, to sell or issue tickets of passage on their lines, except agents, elsewhere, duly appointed and commissioned by them. Nevertheless, there are over thirty bogus ticket-offices in the city, open and well-known to everybody, whose business it is to plunder unsuspecting strangers, and who do a thriving trade in spite of the police. Frauds and robberies of these miscreants are of every occurrence, but it is a difficult and often an impossible thing for the victim to obtain redress or punishment.

The far-famed "Dexter" was a few days ago driven by Mr. Bonner on the Prospect Pair Grounds in Brooklyn, making the current season time of a mile in 2:17. This is said to be the fastest time ever made to a road wagon. Two years ago Dexter trotted a mile in a single race in 2:19, which was considered, on this fast occasion he carried nearly a hundred pounds more than on the former, proving that he is not losing any of his powers.

A religious impostor, who pretends to be Jesus Christ, has been attracting much attention in Peshad. He has chosen twelve followers, and promises to perform miracles. The Polish peasantry have been full of credulity, and the wily impostor is now turning his success into political capital.

A genuine "clam-bake" is said to be a Rhode Island institution. In a lately published Newport Newport, the special parades of clam-bakes. The first step preparatory to a clam-bake is to dig a hole in the sea-ground; next to build a huge fire upon them. When the stones are as hot as they can be the extinguished coals are raked off, and the stones levelled and piled on the stones. The mass is then covered with sea-weed. Then are cooked the delicious clams in an exceedingly primitive manner, with fingers instead of forks, and a mixture of melted butter and vinegar for a sauce. Hundred-fold quiet on their sharp edges while cooking, remain closed, and thus retain their liquor and flavor.

A Western journal has broken the key of his safe, and can not get his valuables. He advertises for a burglar.

"Hydrotherapia," or the cure of diseases by metals, as practiced by a physician of Paris, is the most astonishing new thing in medicine. The uncertain ache of the rheumatic is to be cast plates of gold, silver, zinc, steel, and silver are placed successively on the skin of the patient, and the rheumatic pain vanishes in a given time—say in two hours—produces the greatest smarting and redness, is chosen as the remedy agent to cure the rheumatism.

The biggest "bite" of the season was obtained by a young lad while fishing in the canal at Cincinnati. He cautiously drew in his line, when he found on the hook a small tin box, which he opened and found to contain $38 in gold, $12 in greenbacks, and two gold pens, worth about $10 each.

The telegraph is making progress—It is being introduced into private houses in the West in connection with a little box which contains a lettered dial with a steel pointer revolving and stopping at the letters of the message. It is much used for calling in the services of the physician.

Fire insurance in Japan is simple but effective. No paid-up capital required. The "Company" consists of the Mikado, who issues one general "policy," which he calls an edict. The chief condition of the policy is, that every person whose house catches fire shall have *his head cut off*. The losses have been very light.

ALONG THE DOCKS, NEW YORK CITY.—

K CITY—VIEW FROM WEST STREET.

LOOKING BACK.

Turn in the old farm-house
With its deep, rose-tangled porch,
Where hover and rise white butterflies,
And honey-bees hold debauch.
Oh, many a time and oft
In the dear familiar croft,
With a lifted eye to the summer sky
I have followed the lark aloft!
And my heart, my heart, flies back
On the dead years' shadowy track,
And now in a moment, on a loaded waste,
I'm a happy and hot little boy again!

Just such a windless noon
As this, is it not, Jane,
When the scented hay in the meadows lay,
And the locust-trees all in tune,
On the staggering load I, exultant, rode,
And the wain-ropes' wagoner "wo'p" and "wo'd"
Long ago in a buried June!

Days when to breathe was bliss,
Perfect, and free of sense,
No pulse of the heart amiss,
No best of the brain-work wrong:
When care was a word, and love an absurd
Fabrication of story and song.

It is so long ago,
This life of color and light?
Will it not show some after-glow
Ere day dips into the night?
O youth, have ye left me quite?
O years, have ye dimmed my sight?
Lo! the light is shade, and the colors fade
And the day dips into the night.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

WHEN the old servant next came to ascertain if her mistress required her services, she was struck by the solemn stillness that pervaded this chamber: a stillness unbroken by sigh or wail. On going near the bed she found Douglas lying senseless over the body of the dead. The girl hand twisted in her long fair hair, his cheek resting on the cold hand.

"How is she?" the doctor asked, as he stood in the hall that evening, taking off his hat and gloves preparatory to making his usual visit up stairs. He had asked similar questions for these last forty years, but his wrinkled face saddened when the woman answered—

"She's gone, Sir."

"How, and when?"

We all like to hear the end of a story. From the sportsman, who, from untoward accident, has been prevented seeing the finish of a run, to the Æschulapian who watched his patient's every halt on the road to death.

"Some time this morning. I can't rightly say when, for I was not in the room."

"No further use for me," he said: "I have some distance to go. Good-evening."

"Stop, Sir, stop!" the old woman cried, panting after him to the door of his carriage. "What ever am I to do with *him*?"

"Him! I suppose you mean Mr. Douglas—he isn't ill, is he?"

"I don't think he is altogether in his right mind," Sally said, looking uneasily toward the open window above. "When I first went into the room, I found him lying at unpleased near the body. My son, Sam, was down stairs, and I got him to come and lift the poor gentleman away, and attend to him while I dressed Miss Azalea for the last time."

"Well, now?"

"Mr. Douglas is sitting by her, and keeps stroking her hand, and talking just as if the poor thing could hear or answer him. I don't feel easy about it, Sir. I wish you'd come and t- him; perhaps you could give him something—or him good."

Dr. Randolph shook his head.

"I fear it's a case beyond me, Goody," he said. "Keep him quiet, but will not all at once heal the wounds he thinks fit to inflict on us; however, I will come."

He entered the house again, and the two ascended the stairs with stealthy steps. The hasty movement or violent sound would have jarred against the deep stillness of those lonely chambers.

They paused at the open door of the room where Azalea lay, and for some minutes stood in silent contemplation of the scene before them.

The time was sunset, and the face of the dead was all aglow with the red light; the fair girlish countenance wore an expression of ineffable peace. The soft, small mouth was partly open, and drooped at the corners. The brows were slightly contracted. Azalea looked to be weary even in death. Her hands had been crossed over her bosom, but one was now displaced; the other lay on her heart as if enforcing the repose it had so long known.

"Azalea, look at me—speak to me—oh, my love! let me hear one word! Were it ever so unkind I could forgive it, just for the pleasure of hearing its sound. Why do you not speak, Azalea? Are you to be voiceless forever? What have I done against you or Heaven that I should be cursed with this horrible silence?"

The speaker was Douglas; the harsh broken voice—the wild anxie ar gue—the living, suffering, mutable face war his. She whom he adjured had lain before him motionless ever since noon, neither stepping to r waking, neither grieved nor wondering at the strangeness of her state, neither hearkening to his plaint nor seeing the misery in his eyes.

The old doctor advanced to Douglas and touched his arm.

The latter looked round with his finger uplifted.

"Hush!" he said; "she must not be disturbed."

"She can not be disturbed," the old man said, gently. "She is dead."

"So they told me this morning." Douglas answered, with a bewildered look in his big gray eyes; "but how can that be?"

Then he lifted up the lifeless hand.

"It is very cold," he murmured; "the fingers will keep clasping as fast as I open them, and they seem, oh, so cold! Will you please feel her pulse?" he added, gravely.

"My Sir," the elder man replied, much distressed, "learn to know and bear the truth; this poor girl's pulse will never beat again."

"Then perhaps you can tell me where she is," the other said. "I do not know where she can have gone. You see she is not here, or she would speak or look at me, instead of lying, her mouth fixed like that, and her eyes always staring the same way. I have fancied that I had made some mistake—that *this* might be some one else; but these are the lineaments, this is the form that was Azalea's, only the face looks strangely sad, and the hand is shrank. Yet if this were she, it would arise and sing, and pluck flowers in the garden, and I should hear its laugh after off, and the sound of its happy feet."

"Come with me; come away a little while," pleaded Randolph.

"Excuse me, but I can not do that," Douglas answered, courteously. "While there is any doubt about it, I must stay and watch, in case it should move, and ask for me. A little while ago," he added, musingly, "I had no doubt but that it was she; but now I almost question her identity. If it were she, she would certainly answer me when I entreat it so earnestly. She has a passionate nature before she grew ill; but she was never long sullen. Where do you think she is?"

"With God," Dr. Randolph said, reverently.

"You mean in Paradise; but what is she doing there, and what is Paradise? We people it with earthly images, and fancy it a place where fair and angelic musicians, decked with wreaths of amaranth with which

The spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with leaves

But surely if the spirits are enshrined in earthly forms, no shape could be fairer than was Azalea's. Why should she change her lovely features here to assume some unfamiliar aspect in Heaven? Why did she not take with her the same face that I so loved? Then I should know to recognize it in the mighty realms of the awakened dead. How shall I know her, if she is naught but a shadowy spirit, with lilies instead of her hair and clouds hiding her dear little feet? If she is in Paradise, doctor, sentient, loving, and lovable as she was on earth, she will not be kinder of them to let her cease from pulling ethereal harp-strings, and from practicing celestial harmony, and long for to breathe down in the words of comfort to me, just to relieve my troubled heart? Oh, Azalea! my darling, be merciful; speak one word to me, and I will forgive the coldness of my soul. It is the uncertainty that maddens me."

"Will you come away, just for a few minutes?" Dr. Randolph said, earnestly.

"Why would I come away?" Douglas asked, fiercely. "What is there I should come for? The problem is *here*."

"At dead, dreary hour."

"I would rather not go to sleep," shrinking from him, and looking suspiciously at the profound draught. "I would be worse to go to sleep, and forget what she has been to me, the troubles me, doctor, is, that it is all so terribly commanding. Her eyes used to rule with expression, and now they are dim and sightless; her hands used to be so dainty and clever, and now they lie as helpless as if they were made of marble; her feet were so quick, but they have remained in the same place for six long hours." He seized hold of her hand and placed it on his forehead.

"Once when I had a headache," he continued, "you kissed it, your cool lips, and the touch was a heavenly balm which cured me; now your fingers are very heavy. I fear they won't make me well. Why, you are more like the leaden weight which is to drag me down to hell."

"You must drink this!" Dr. Randolph said, authoritatively. "Azalea would wish it."

"If she wishes it, she can't be quite gone away," Douglas muttered. "I'll take it, darling, if it were hell's own fire."

He swallowed the draught, and the old doctor gave a long drawn sigh of relief.

"I will call again in a few hours," he whispered to Sally, "and we will get him to bed if possible."

Then he went down stairs mourning.

"Had it been a woman, we could have wept away half her grief by this time. Being a man, he has ponderous work to brain, poor fellow! I wonder if he'll pull through."

When Douglas was once more left alone with the dead girl he bent over her and whispered in her waxen ear,

"I love you, Azalea, I love you."

And when, after some hours of very slumber, produced by the opiate he had taken, he awoke to find himself in another chamber, he arose, and stepped mechanically to the familiar room where the dead lay, calling,

"Azalea! where are you, Azalea?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

"The rest is silence."—*Hamlet.*

"It is a dreary hour for her to take her last good-by of Auriel in," Douglas thought, as he looked out of the window on the morning of Azalea's funeral. "Fate has not been kind to her, even on her burial day. I wish my darling could have been carried away in the sunshine."

He saw one or two dark figures looming through the mist in the avenue, and with a shudder he walked up to the coffin and kissed the plank that hid Azalea's face from him.

"I'll be ready to take you away," he said. "They will take me too, my own: I shall be buried with you as surely as though I were lying stiff by your side."

There was no father to bow his face in solemn anguish over the shrouded form, no mother to shed tender grief from the empty room where the dark burden had been carried out, and the dear presence had passed away forever. Only old Sally had placed a few bright flowers in the hands that knew not what they held, and but one token of affection was pressed on her forehead, and that was the last caress Robert Douglas ever gave to any living creature.

A few mourners, among them Jara, save for a few yellow leaves that shone and quivered in the stir of rain and wind; a dark shape carried down the pathway by those who knew how courtesies fell softly on the golden drifts of sodden foliage. Tombstones, dull grey in the wet, and vivid lued moss, that had crept over and obscured the humbler wooden records of the dead. The marble tomb of the Mowbrays, shining white in a small patch of sunlight in the open grave, with fresh scented heaps of earth crushing down the tall grasses by its side, and the low voices of a bareheaded priest, whose prayers were almost inaudible in the sob and rush of the storm. Douglas asked himself was this scene real, or was it a dull hideous dream—was the incubus of which death alone could relieve him?

"He is an old man, that Mr. Douglas. I suppose he has seen a good deal of a father of the deceased," the clergyman remarked to his clerk, when disrobing himself in the vestry.

"He did not look so long ago; he has got shrunk and bent lately. I don't think he's past the prime of life," said the clerk, who was himself about Douglas's age.

"He wishes to remain here alone for a while; you may leave him the keys, Smith. Good-morning." And as the words were darkening, and the rain falling more thickly, the priest and his assistant walked away as soon as possible to the comforts and shelter of home.

"They have gone to their firesides," thought Douglas, as he heard their receding figures disappear in the mist: "they have gone to be welcomed by the laugh of their children and the loving eyes that watch for them; they have their households on the warm side of the earth; with them the day is glad with sound and light; with you, my poor Azalea, it is all darkness and silence; your home is under wet weeds and sodden mould." For the first time since his great despair had come upon him he burst into a passion of weeping, and flinging himself down on the grave sobbed out hot tears and matriculate moans on the heaped-up mound that now was the only symbol of Azalea's presence. "Oh, child!" he cried; "have we parted forever to-day? and is not how and then to be when we meet the only grief? Will your face be transfigured into angel's, Azalea? and shall I distinguish the mortal features I loved so well in the splendor of your glorification? Will it seem but as yesterday that we parted? or shall I run to meet you with the same heart-rapture as when I saw you come forth from your grave now, and said, 'Robert, take me home again; it is cold.'"

"Oh God!" he added, bowing his face on his clasped hands, "make my heart strong with faith; let hope redeem the anguish of this hour. I am sickened with fear. My heart has gone down into the grave with this woman. I dread lest infinite ages should roll on, and I still be severed from her. Let not nonsensuless time and impenetrable silence should intervene between us. Thou knowest, and Thou alone, the last mysteries of the imperishable hereafter. Comfort me, O Lord! Comfort me and give me light!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LO! 'TWAS A GALA NIGHT.

DERE HOUSE was the wonder and admiration of Martin Forest for many months after Miss Orme's wedding-day. The windows sparkled with light, and the air was glad with jubilant music. Even the ragged children in the street were infected by the spirit of rejoicing breathed by the festal strains, and they took hands and whirled round and round in the pavement or the couth imitation of the gliding shadows within.

A prettier wedding, a gayer scene, had rarely been witnessed in Brighton," old gossips said, with approving nods of the head.

All the near friends of the family were present; the only absentees were Lord Lady Di Mertoun and Thurstan Mowbray. The day had been cloudless—sun and sky two vast sheets of blue; and in a blaze of sunlight, which harmonized well with the exultance o' the bridal party, Beatrice Orme had passed from her father's door, her fair hair gleaming among clouds of lace-work, which trailed over robes of flowing white, while bare-headed mourners shone like white stars on her head and bosom.

A scent of crushed flowers came from the flowery chaplet, and a glistening light of flowing draperies moved through the dim aisle, a bevy of fair faces were bent in prayer round the altar; and the ceremony having been performed by the bride's uncle with more than usual solemnity and more than usual assistance, the Hon. Amelia Orme had returned to her father's house the Marchioness of Grandacre.

The presents to the bride were magnificent. Had she married a poor man, and really required some substantial proofs of her friends' regard, she would have probably been inundated with kettle-holders, inkstands, and many other varieties of such-like "nice useful things;" but the future possessor of the Grandacre diamonds was not to be insulted by such paltry tributes; her gifts were of the costliest description; and every woman who looked at the superb bridal deflared that Amelia must indeed be happy.

She was very happy, and was the sharpest speech from Ross, who suffered somewhat from envy and its consequent uncharitableness, could ruffle her sister's serenity.

Joy of heart made Amelia amiable and comely. As Marchioness of Grandacre she was pronounced to be beautiful: while Beatrice was fain to remain that ordinary-looking girl, Ross Orme.

Lord Orme looked earnestly after the traveling carriage which bore away the newly-married couple.

"I never saw a better matched pair," he murmured; "nor a handsomer."

"Do you mean the young people?" said Lady Diana, coming up to him to see if any advantage could be taken of his apparently sentimental mood.

"No," he answered, with enthusiasm; "I mean the two grays. I chose them for Grandacre myself. How well they step together!"

All the same, Lord Orme was very proud and happy in his daughter's marriage; and he did honor to the event in one of the sumptuous entertainment given to celebrate the event.

That night, when the festivity was at its height, Lady Diana summoned Lord Orme to her side.

"They are all dancing," she said; "come and talk to me a little. I am tired."

Very lovely in her fatigue Lady Diana looked as she leaned back in her chair; her shoulders displayed to the dazzling relief by the dark crimson back-ground; her eyes half closed, her under lip drooping, and revealing a pearly gleam of teeth.

"You seem to have no handsomer lady," she added, with a significant glance at Ross, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a pretty, fair-haired young nobleman; a mere boy inexperienced and simple to know how to defend himself from the spirited assault the vivacious Ross was making on him.

Lord Orme followed the direction of Lady Diana's eyes, and for an instant looked pleased; then his face clouded over.

"No daughter left!" he repeated mechanically; the echo of her words smote him with pain. Those gay young noblemen in costume of the dancers rose up a pale face, whose questioning eyes seemed to demand, "And where, then, is she?"

"Of what are you thinking?" Lady Di said, gently.

"I was thinking that, should I ever meet in Paradise the two women my life was linked with on earth, her whom I most loved I should have most cause to thank."

"Why?"

"Because, by some strange perversity of my intentions, I have injured her who was dear to me, and exalted her whom I ha—I mean for whom I did not care."

"Lord Orme," Lady Diana said, with sudden energy, "why should you not marry again?"

"Eh! what?"

"And marry me," she concluded, leaning toward him, and trying, with all the power of each expressive feature, to make him feel her beauty. "You are alone—and I am alone; you are no longer a young man—and I have left girlhood far behind me. We are both of us easy tempered; of equal rank and—and circumstances. (Lady Di hesitated a little, remembering her millinet's bill.) I have many friends who love as well as yourself since (here her voice broke) I —lost my poor—Stuart. But that was a long while ago" (recovering herself); "and I am sure that if he could look on me now"—here Lady Di gave an upward glance at the brilliant lustres of; a chandelier—"he would approve my choice."

"But—" began Lord Orme.

"I know what you would say," she interrupted; "you would remember Azalea."

"No, no, Lady Diana, I am only too much flattered; but the honor is so great—I am overwhelmed—and pray will you not take some time to say to sacrifice—" He paused. What could he say? and how could he say it? All the ordinary expressions of astonishment would fail to convey his amount of surprise and perplexity.

It was a man averse to innovations. His first impulse was always to reject any proposition which bore the impress of novelty; he hated change; he was unhappy during the late Lady Orme's lifetime, but he got used to his unhappiness, and was sorely aggrieved when death relieved him of his tyrant. Now he had become accustomed to his liberty, and liked it in a sweet to him. What was he to say to this proposition, which took away from him with its magnitude? Lady Diana had played a bold stroke, but she knew the nature of the man with whom she had to deal. He was honorable, conscientious, tenderminded to judge her harshly if she failed. If she succeeded she should not regret the means she had taken to attain the end.

"If there is but one road to a place, one must take it; and in attacking a man who lives in a continual state of mental ess-say, one's only game is to frighten all the oscillation out of him," she said to herself. Nevertheless, she was feminine after all, and a genuine blush mantled her face when she spoke the words that were to decide all.

Lord Orme walked up and down with hasty nervous steps.

"I am aware that I ought not to hesitate for an instant," he said; "but—"

"It would be odd if you did not," muttered Lady Di, low.

"But I am so unworthy."

"Not so," Lady Diana said, rising and edging toward the conservatory. "Blame me as

much as you will, but do not seek to escape—I mean, to evade—the position by self-depreciation; remember, Lord Orme, that by so doing you deprive me of the only excuse I have for my conduct. If any thing could justify my frankness, it would be my conviction and appreciation of your worth."

Lord Orme looked doubtfully toward the conservatory.

It was there Grandacre had proposed to Amelia, and perhaps my lord fancied there might be infection lurking in that sweet, heavily perfumed atmosphere.

"You are too beautiful to throw yourself away; besides—"

"Am I beautiful?" she said, softly; "do you really think me beautiful?" a quiver of joy seemed to run through her voice, her lovely gray eyes dilated with emotion. He was so perturbed to appreciate these delicate signs of tribulation, so she recovered herself; then she pleaded earnestly and calmly, as one man might reason with another.

"I am growing old, Lord Orme, and I dote on the thoughts of a lonely old age. The time comes a season—it is coming to us both—when pleasure turns to pain; when the vigorous grasp of life fails; when infirmities crowd on us in place of the graces of youth; then we wail over our failures, and yet dread their termination. The dark leader-reins are near us, and we shrink away yearning for companionship which may give us courage to face the enemy of life. We call this young and happy to our aid, but they are blinded with the glory of their own strength and joyousness. They rush by us, unheeding our plaint, and not perceiving its cause. When you and I grow older, Lord Orme, would it not be pleasant for us to clasp each other's hands as the darkness gathers? But I forgot—you have children—your fate is happier than mine. When I die there will be a single being who will care to listen for my last words, or—"

Here the feminine element reasserted itself, and Lady Dacre turned away her head and wept, or at least held up a lace handkerchief to her eyes.

Upon my word, this is most extraordinary! I really don't know what to say, Lady Dunn-Pray—pray don't agitate yourself. I am not worth it."

"But your wealth and title are," Lady Di murmured, *sotto voce*; and then she wept more.

"I tell you what it is," Lord Orme said, desperately; I will—"

"You *will*?" Then you do not despise me!" Lady Dacre cried excitedly.

"Dear lady," he said, "I am immensely flattered. I was unprepared, of course; but still your proposition has given me unutterable gratification. I am the happiest of men, and I will—" He paused; he looked at her with tenderness. How could he otherwise at such a beautiful face? "You will excuse me for a few moments; my guests require my presence in the supper-room. Believe that I retain your friendship, and have determined that I will—"

"What will you do?" she said, eagerly drawing nearer to him and laying a hand on his arm. "*I will think it over.*" And Lord Orme vanished in the crowd.

Have you ever seen the baffled face of a cat when its intended victim slips from under its feline paw and darts into a sheltering hole in the wall? If so, you may picture Lady Di's expression at this juncture.

Nevertheless, she was not altogether dissatisfied.

"It is half the battle to get him familiarized with the idea," she thought. "I rather like to marry him if only for the personal long enough, far less me? I shall be Lady Orme yet."

"I want to speak to you, Lady Di!" The tone was imperative, such a tone as no man uses to a woman unless words of love have passed between them.

Lady Di looked up and hesitated.

"Where is he?" she said, ignoring the conservatory, which she had been so anxious to enter a few moments previously.

"I know you of the sex by this time to be aware that while no one can make opportunities so quickly as a woman, no one can evade them more dexterously when she cares to desire them," Captain Mowbray said, rather bitterly. "Did I not see you, just now, signifying by look, if not by word, to Lord Orme your wish to find yourself on the fauteuil in the shadow of yonder fern? Come."

He offered his arm, and Lady Diana accepted it with something very like a curse between her rose-pink lips. Your coquette is never very far from hating where she has loved.

Supposing that Lord Orme should return, swayed by his mutable inclinations, and she should find him absent?

"This comes of teaching one's mule how to drive," she murmured, discontentedly. "There must be an end to his: he shall have his final congé to-night."

She sat down in the seat to which Thurston pointed, and he placed himself by her side. For a while there was silence between them, such silence as is sometimes everything and yet means much more bitter than the harshest words.

Lady Di was resolved to give her companion no assistance. She sat still, so still, that a few overripe fuschia blossoms that dropped on to her shoulders rested there; and when he put out his hand toward her own with an entreating gesture, she did not seem to see the movement, for her little wrist never stirred from the fold of the dress where it reposed. Despite her annoyance at her position, she could not help feeling a soft sense of enjoyment in this luxurious atmosphere. The sharp edge of the world was closely excluded from this warm luscious recess, where the vivid hues of tropical plants were subdued by the dim light, and rare fragrance made the slumberous air heavy with sweetness.

"Will you valse?" Lady Diana said, suddenly.

"No."

She was conscious of the gloom in his eyes, of the harsh intonation of his voice, but she affected to perceive neither. The time was gone when she cared either to lull his doubts or soothe his anger.

"They tell me," he said, presently, in a voice that she felt grated sorely against the harmony of the scene, "that you are going to marry that old man."

"What old man?" she answered, indifferently, toying with the feathers on her fan.

"You know whom I mean. You have given me enough pain of heart: do not hurt me with small meanesses. What is the use of humbugging?"

"There is no use," Lady Diana said, quietly. "The old Lord Orme is quite convinced am I that, to be thoroughly comfortable, one should never take the trouble to humbug; it's much easier to be busy, and selfish to tell the truth."

"It can not be true" (leaning over her, and grasping her arm) "that you are going to give yourself to Lord Orme for the sake of his money?"

"Did he tell you so?" Lady Di asked, eagerly, with a vague hope that Lord Orme might have been more explicit to his friend than to herself.

"No; it is you who tell me so," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily. "Your own face is an index to the falseness of your heart. You never threw away your wiles. I was watching you just now, Lady Diana. I am only too well acquainted with the meaning of the various female features can express; but for once I must force the truth from you. Do you or do you not still love me?"

So strong is the force of habit, and so rarely did Lady Diana ever give such questions a definite answer, that she answered mechanically, "Yes." Then she thought better of it, and added, with an outbreak of genuine candor, "I is of no use my nursing any other delusion about myself, Thurston. I believe I love people sometimes, and a little time ago I quite thought I was very fond of you; but now I hate you—"

She hesitated. A glimpse of the young man's wrathful face, gleaming pale in the dusk, checked her for an instant.

"Go on!" he said, savagely: "the truth does not often grace your lips."

"Well, then, I hate *no* one but myself."

And Lady Diana sank back in her seat with a little sigh of relief. She was rather glad to be found out, and to give an unconstrained vent to disguises had become wearisome to her.

He looked at her for a while in silence; then he came near to her, and took her by the hands.

"You do not love me?"

"No, on my honor, I don't think I do now," Lady Di said, frankly.

"Have you ever loved me?" he repeated, with emphasis. "Are you sure, quite sure?"

"I don't know. I dare say I did, until you began to love me back again, and then it got so uncomfortable—really, I positively was not sure not ask such unpleasant questions, Thurston."

"Then you have sinned simply for vanity's sake?"

She looked uneasily round.

"Do not speak so loudly," she muttered.

"Do you know what the sin of you?" he said, with increased excitement, and tightening his clasp on her hands. "I think that if the Magdalen were living, you would be unworthy to touch the hem of her robe. When the day comes for you to be judged, Lady Diana, I would Lord Christ wrest which walks the street than you—you—"

The next word was whispered in her ear, and perhaps was the hardest word of all that passion had ever listened to during the whole course of her evil, pampered life. He kissed her as he spoke it, and for the kiss there was more contempt than even that bitter word conveyed.

In another instant he was gone, and the sobbing woman and gilt fan-sticks were strangely blended with the harsh echo of that parting word.

Lady Diana looked up pensively at the stars, which flashed through the thick black panes of glass.

"I'll never speak the truth again," she thought; "it had lied, he would still be thinking me an angel."

"Do you think I had *better* do it?" Lord Orme said, looking rather wistfully at Lady Diana, when, after a short interval, he rejoined her in the conservatory.

His disconnected phrase was perfectly understood by the person to whom it was addressed: but a hovering domestic fancied that he referred to coffee, and forthwith offered him that beverage.

Lord Orme took some, mechanically: but put his hand on the cream-jug when, in the agitation of the moment, Lady Diana filled her own cup.

"That is enough," he said, as he tilted back the creamer with a view to its economy. Then he pondered again.

"I am sure it would be for your happiness and mine," Lady Di murmured, softly.

"Ah, yes; I dare say it might be," was the doubtful response.

Lady Diana's heart began to fill with anger; but she concealed it under the guise of emotion.

"I am very unhappy," she stammered. "I have forfeited your respect, and—"

Here she sobbed, not knowing well what to say next.

"No; no: don't say that," replied the kindhearted nobleman, in distress. "Let it be *Yes* (if it will make your happiness); no doubt I shall get used to it, and no doubt I shall be very happy. Let it be *Yes*!" then, Lady Diana.

And, with a deep sigh, he gulped down the rest of his coffee.

Lady Diana dejected and Lady Diana elated were two very different persons. Never was a lowlier or brighter face than that which she turned to Lord Orme now. She caught her breath with a little quick sob of delight as she leaned on his arm, and murmured,

"I am so happy."

The game was won. Defeat would have been disgraceful; but victory brought a thousand honors in its train.

Pacified duns, angry rivals, wealth, comfort—all these luxuries would be secured when she was Lady Orme.

"I wonder if Amelia has got the family diamonds?" she thought.

Then she gave Lord Orme's arm a little squeeze, and said:

"I shall see my friends to-night. Come and dance this quadrille, won't you?"

"Don't tell them until after the quadrille, then," pleaded the other.

And then they went into the dancing-room, and Lady Diana did not tell her friends for the remainder of the night, through the figures of the dance with a little song of triumph in her heart, and the words of the song were—

"I am Lady Orme—Lady Orme!"

Her eyes shone, her lips kept moving into tremulous smiles of delight; her beauty irradiated by joy was almost queerly to-night. The flashing jewels, the showy sweep of her robes, the graceful languor of her movements, all appertained to her, seemed enhanced by the charm of her triumphant loveliness.

Lord Orme watched her with mild satisfaction. He was glad she was fair, as she meant always to live with him. He hoped she wouldn't want to ride—he hated to see women looking about valuable horses; and he should stipulate with her she wasn't to make the tea. Women were so wonderfully spoiled the tea all over the place, deluged it with water, then said it was weak, and rang for more.

And then there was one other thing he determined on. He would fetch Azalea home to live with him; the long dreamed and unsuspected-of event was to be named for at length—

Lady Diana to watch over and protect her, scandal would be in a great measure averted. His new wife could help him to place the neglected girl in her proper sphere. He would no longer be burdened with the sickly feeling of remorse which had haunted him since he rejected the duties of a parent, and cast his own flesh and blood away from the shelter of his love.

"I will have a real home," was the refrain of his thoughts as he walked restlessly through the great salons with Lady Diana on his arm.

"Will I be happy?" she said dear Rose?" Thurston whispered, as they drew near a brilliant group, in which Rosa's sharp eyes and Ross's shrill voice predominated.

It was indelicate of her, this precipitation; she felt that. And, then, she dared not let Lord Orme "sleep it over" without his making his decision public.

"I will have that pleasure myself," Lord Orme said, with a certain grave dignity not unbecoming to him.

He put his hand gently on his daughter's shoulder.

"Rosa," he began, "I have something very agreeable to tell you."

He paused, as a servant drew near to them, and presented him with a letter.

"If your pardon, my lord, a person left this here just now, and was particular about its being delivered to you at once."

Lord Orme glanced at the letter. "Immediate" was written outside; and he stepped quickly up to a small table where candles were burning.

"Pray excuse me," he said to those near him; "but it may be from my stud farm. I will only just look at it."

Rosa and her friends moved away. Lady Diana alone remained near him, furtively watching his face as he read the pencil-traced.

Then she suffered her glance to wander round the richly-appointed rooms; and her little foot beat time with the music as she exulted over the luxuries of her new home.

Look at Lord Orme now: such she is enjoying the dancing, and how devoted her partner seems. Unless I am much mistaken, Lord Orme, you will soon rejoice over the bridal of another daughter.

She turned laughingly toward him, and was about to put her hand on his arm to attract his attention; but when she looked round and saw his countenance, her heart quivered with a great pang of terror.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, tell me, what is it?"

Lord Orme did not speak. His face looked shrunk and livid; his eyes were fixed on the paper, which his fingers held with a stiff grasp, like hands that are dead.

The dance music swelled into a frenzy of jubilee: the dancers whirled faster and faster. Rosa and her partner circled near them, in a perfect whirlwind of diaphanous skirts. The girl's eyes were shining with happy excitement. She had forgotten her father she gave him a bright look of recognition, not observing the expression of his face.

"What is it?" Lady Diana reiterated, her alarm increased by a silence which seemed so full of pain.

"It is God's justice, I suppose," Lord Orme said, slowly, his words coming out, with an effort, from his drawn lips—"and my punishment.

Then he put the letter into her hands, and turning away as one who can not endure that his face should be seen, because of its sore trouble, he abruptly left the room.

She looked after him blankly, and then her eyes fell on the letter. It ran as follows:

"MY LORD,—Your daughter Azalea is dead. She died in my presence a week since, and I saw her buried this morning. The only reproach she ever made against you consisted in her not mentioning your name during her last hours.

"Her last words were for me who loved her; but she did not speak of the man who was once dear to her, nor of the father who was as nothing to her.

"Her foster-parent, George Moore, told me before he died, that he believed in his heart that you were married to the dead girl's mother. Whether this be true or false matters little now; for once you were married to her, that might bring her and you in contact, and for the honor of your name and wealth could reanimate my girl into the beauty of life.

"That she should never move again seems to me more wonderful than that she should have ceased to speak: for her heart was dumb even very silent, but her fingers were always restless, and her eyes continually sought the window, as though she expected some active duty that might bring her happiness; but no one came, excepting the old doctor.

"I am, my lord, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT DOUGLAS."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied, "What you do in every thing." What was his age? XL.

"Are you fond of tongue, Sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, Madam, and I like it still."

"Nineteen dresses in three weeks, and she said last night that she could not go to supper because she had not a rag to her back!"

"What did Gerry say?"

"Why, that he could not either; he had no coat to his stomach."

A GRECIAN BEND TRAGEDY.

At midnight in her chamber bone,
While round her form the lamp-light shone
A maiden fair did sadly moan.
She was a girl of mighty pride,
Her breast was heaving wild with passion,
She wore no bustle on her back behind
Because she couldn't catch the fashion.

"I'll do it, sure," the maiden said,
The while with wrath she shook her head,
"And that before I sleep in bed;
I'm bound to have the grecian bend:
No more I'll bear the idle scorning
Of other girls whom Heaven sends
Or break their necks the first fine morning."

But here she ceased, and with a sigh,
At thought she has would buy and cry,
Before the glass with courage high,
I'll fix the night before the noon,
Her lovely form she squirmed and twisted;
But with the duves she'll be "mooned to-morrow,"
And from her efforts vain desisted.

Then pouted on by wounded pride,
Nor knowing where her shame to hide,
In angry mood she left the room,
Yet though it sorely seems too bad,
Her sorrows should be soothing,
Her spectral form, a vision sad,
At midnight with the grecian bend-ing.

Young ladies who ply croquet are known as "maids all for lawn."

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your new boots?"

Willie stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, answered, with a sigh,

"Father, what am I made of?"

"Why, Willie, you know, says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

Well, father, I'll be darned if how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

Archie and Tom sparked the same girl. One night Archie called on her and found her alone. After some conversation he burst out with "Miss Mollie, do you think you could leave this comfortable home, kind father and mother, your numerous brothers and sisters, and go to the far West with a young man who has little to offer you but a true heart and willing hands?" Then laid her hand gently on Archie's shoulder, with her eyes about to effect pity, and answered in a low, sweet and soft voice: "Yes, Archie, I think I could." "Well," said Archie, "I'm bound Tom to the Rocky West, and wants to marry. I will meantime it to him."

Her "Photo" album richly bound,
And shining fair with lustrous gold,
I from the table raised and said:
"Is this your album, Miss?"
"Ah, no!" she said, with happy smile,
"We wished to have, you know, all one,
And though devoutly pondered o'er,
We didn't like it *Book of Mine*."

"Pretty girl, Amanda is." "Ah! is she blonde or brunette?" "Oh, she has her days of both."

"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you said you could turn my thing nearer than any man in this town."

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I never like to brag, but there is no man on earth that can turn a thing as well as I can with a lathe."

"Pish, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about your whittling—what can you whittle as well as I can turn it?"

"Any thing, every thing, Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whittle, bet you one hundred, and I will give you a V if I don't do it to the satisfaction of the most unwilling purchaser."

"Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for trial; you may whittle and I will turn."

Mr. Smith slid.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day."

"Indeed, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Phil.

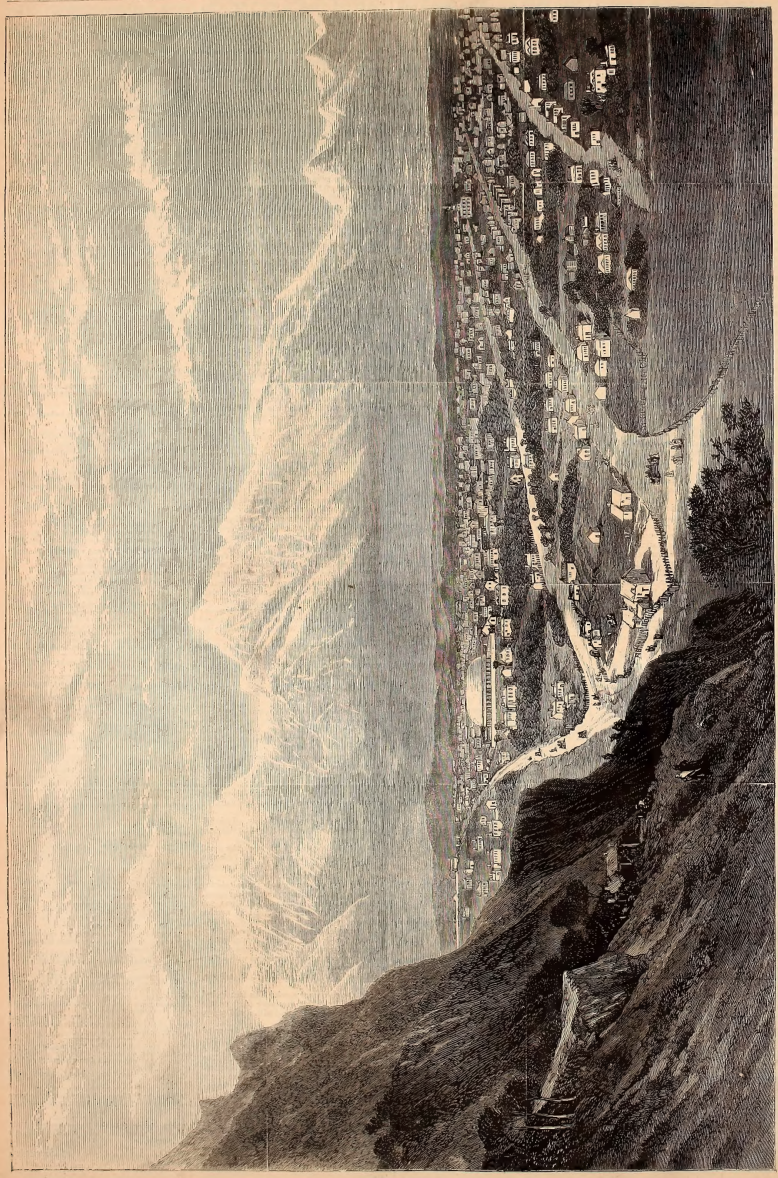
"Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

A man who had been sick away from home wrote back thus: "I am so changed that my oldest creditors would hardly know me!"

The provisions of the new Massachusetts Prohibitory law are so exacting that the Boston police are watching the tumblers in the circus.

The most reflection some young ladies have is in the mirror.

THE BEST DRAWING LESSON.—Drawing a salary.



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—[See Page 573.]

SALT LAKE CITY.

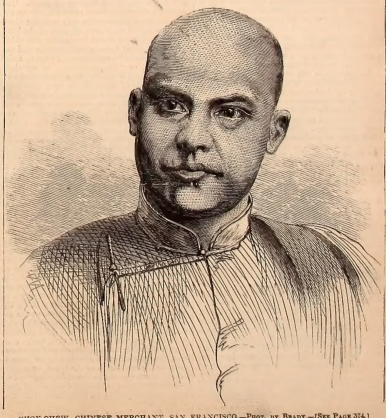
We gave in our last Number illustrations of Omaha, Nebraska, and of a Prairie on Fire, on the line of the Union Pacific Railway. On page 572 we give this week a picture of Salt Lake City. This settlement, situated in the Territory of Utah, was formed by the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, after their expulsion from the city of Nauvoo, in Illinois. Their prophet, JOSEPH SMITH, and his brother, were murdered in the jail of Carthage by an armed mob. In the beginning of 1846 the van of the Mormons, under the guidance of BRIGHAM YOUNG, the successor of JOSEPH SMITH, crossed the Mississippi on their journey for the Western wilderness; and, after enduring great privations on their journey, the pioneers reached, in 1847, the spot where they established the city, and in autumn were joined by the main body. During the winter and spring they suffered from famine; but on the arrival of harvest provisions became abundant.

There can be little wonder that the more ignorant of the Mormons, when they first see the "City of the Saints," believe that they have reached the promised land. The city site has been well chosen. It lies in a charming and almost entirely level valley, surrounded by hills and grand mountain peaks, watered by innumerable rivulets. The waters of "City Creek Cañon," divided into innumerable streams, run down every principal street of the city. The roads are wide, and, except in three or four business streets, each house has a large garden, and very frequently an orchard attached to it. Light and graceful trees line each street. The climate of the valley is good; peach and apricot trees are flourishing every where. So calm and tranquil is the course of life in the Mormon capital that the remark of the Shaker to Artemus Ward would seem to be applicable to it, "Here all is peas." And whatever may be said about those peculiar institutions which have made the Mormon religion a by-word and a jest, every visitor is constrained to admit that the industry of his remarkable people has made what was once little else than a barren alkaline desert to "blossom as the rose." Their local government is excellent. Crime, in the full sense of the word, is almost unknown among them, or is confined to the "Gentile" residents. There are but four bar-rooms and one billiard-saloon in Salt Lake City to a population of 27,000—a remarkable fact in this Western country, where there is usually a bar-room to each twenty or so inhabitants. Rapid changes will no doubt follow the progress of civilization in this community, and the completion of the Pacific railroads can hardly fail to inaugurate them.

Our illustration shows the general plan of the city. The Tabernacle, irreverently termed by Gentiles "the great egg-shell," from the form of its roof, is plainly seen in the middle distance. The building will hold 10,000 persons, and 7000 persons can be comfortably seated. It is one vast room, the dome being supported by a Howe truss, resting on stone columns. It possesses the second largest organ in the United States, and has an immense platform, with several desks for the president, the twelve apostles, and others. It is the place of worship for the Mormons of the city; and on every Sabbath they gather there to listen to exhortations often delivered by a dozen speakers. The roof is composed of wooden shingles, which, having turned somewhat gray with age, have the appearance of a dull metallic

"UNDER A PALM-TREE—WAITING FOR A SAIL."—TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

SING-MAN, CHINESE MERCHANT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 574.]



CHOY-CHEW, CHINESE MERCHANT, SAN FRANCISCO.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

surface. The "Temple," of which we have heard so much, is a separate building, and its foundations, of granite, only are laid, although the work was begun fifteen years ago. The grand range of the Wasatch Mountains is seen in the distance.

Salt Lake City will be in direct communication with the Pacific Railroad in October next, by the branch line to be known as the Utah Central Railroad.

OUR CHINESE VISITORS.

THE visit of CHOY-CHEW and SING-MAN, the Chinese merchants from San Francisco, who arrived here on the evening of August 11, will further the influences of the recent visit of MR. BURLINGAME and his diplomatic party. It will even more directly promote the friendly commercial relations which it was a main object of the BURLINGAME mission to inaugurate. CHOY-CHEW, in his speech at Chicago on the 6th of August, admirably expressed the sentiments of the more enlightened among the great merchants in the Chinese empire when he said: "China must break away the dust of her antiquity, and, looking across the Pacific, behold and profit by the lessons of the New World." That she has already begun to do this is manifest from the facts stated by him that "steamboat lines have been established in our country, and the telegraph will soon connect us with this wonderful sovereignty, where the people rule, and where every thing proclaims progress and good-will to all." About thirty-eight years ago the *Edinburgh Review* exposed the falsity of the statements made by those interested in the monopoly of the East India Company as to the anticommercial character of the Chinese. It proved that they were on the contrary highly open to mercial people; that they were, as they still are, the great traders of the Eastern Archipelago; that vast numbers of them were settled at Batavia, Singapore, and other commercial emporia, all actively engaged in trade or in some species of useful industry. The *Edinburgh Review* predicted even then the growth of that American trade with China which now promises to assume such gratifying proportions, and the prediction in which will be materially helped by the visit of CHOY-CHEW and SING-MAN to our metropolis as representatives of Chinese houses in San Francisco.

These Chinese merchants have been long settled in California, and have practically become American citizens. They speak our language with perfect freedom, and are well acquainted with our country. Of course, they are particularly interested in the schemes lately projected for Chinese emigration to America.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HEALTH-BOARD.

IN order to learn how to preserve health it is necessary, first, to understand what health is. A not inapt, though somewhat negative, popular description of disease is as a condition in which there is no consciousness of the existence of any organ or member—when we do not *feel* that we have a heart, a stomach, or any other organ or piece of mechanism within us. Professionally, it has been worded as "a state in which all the functions are exerted with regularity and harmony." A better and more scientific definition, however, would be—a state wherein the nutrition of all the tissues is properly performed, and we put it in language intelligible to the uninitiated —a state wherein every part of the body is repaired as fast as it is wasted.*

All the various textures of which the body is composed are built up of materials of food. No nution, no function can be performed without involving the destruction of some of these cells, and the organs called into play cause such a certain extent incapacitated for action until the worn-out elements are removed, and their place supplied with fresh and appropriate matter. Nutritional destruction and continual repair are the two; sus conditions of our being, and any disturbance of the balance between them more or less disastrous results. When St. Paul professed that he "died daily," his spiritual applied unconsciously a familiar truth of human physiological fact. The manual laborer with every stroke of his hammer or pickaxe commits infinitesimal suicide as regards some particles of muscular molecules; the brain-worker annihilates when he thought a portion of his nerve substance; each throb of the heart, each twitch of grief or laugh of mirth, implies the death of numerous particles of matter. It is evident, therefore, that the two most important pieces of business to be accomplished are, to dispose of these dead particles—to clear away the rubbish, and to incorporate fresh, vigorous ones in their stead. To these two great ends all the complex operations of the different organs are directed. The former—the removal of dead matter—is effected through the agency of the lungs, skin, kidneys, and intestinal canal. To the latter—the process of repair—it is necessary, to use a mercantile phrase, first, that the raw material should be required; second, that it should be converted into the manufactured product; and, third, that it should be sent to a market. These three desiderata are attained by the co-operation of the three grand functions of digestion, respiration, and circulation; the digestive organs being importers and, to a certain extent, manufacturers; the respiratory apparatus putting the finishing touches to the fabric; and the heart acting as wholesale dealer, while the arteries are jobbers of small lots to suit retail customers. The commercial microcosm thus figured is very much like its outside prototype. Under judicious legislation (on the "non-interference principle) affairs go on quite harmoniously, demand and supply are equalized, all classes are fairly represented, taxes are not burdensome, and the "general welfare, and fraternity" are peacefully maintained, the only "national debt" being the "debt of nature." But sometimes should be awarded requisite priority; whether force is a property of matter or matter a property of force—to sketch briefly what it is hoped intelligibly, the main conditions of health; and now, with the reader's permission, we shall point out a few very obvious inferences with regard to the means of fulfilling these conditions.

In the first place, wholesome food is sufficient but not excessive quantity, and containing the requisite proportions of tissue-making and heat-producing materials. Care must be taken at proper intervals. A normal appetite, and the ordinary mixed dietary resources of every household, will generally suffice to meet these two desiderata; but there are two errors frequently committed, against which we wish to give a mild warning. The first of these is the consumption of inordinate amounts of liquids, especially of cold water, during or soon after a meal. By this practice not only is the gastric juice diluted to some extent, but, what is of more consequence, the digestive organs are cooled below their working point; and it is to be borne in mind that the stomach, when called upon for action, must raise its temperature nearly three degrees above the heat of the rest of the body. The other bad habit to which we would call attention is the custom prevalent among business men of the protracted interval between an early breakfast and a late supper by "any thing to stay the stomach" in the middle of the day. Under the deceptive title of "lunch" the most outrageous injunctions are practiced upon the good nature of the internal economy. As though compounds hitherto named cake, or crude atrocities termed by imaginative vendors pie, not uncommonly form the staple of this refection-repast; or to the apple with which crews flesh-forming pabulum, its owner gives a "stone" in the shape of a half-cooked apple-dumpling! If we had our way, all such ill-judged apposés to perverted tastes—all pastry and confectionery of whatever grade—should be abolished by "reconstructive" act of Congress. While appetite lasts it is better to supply it with substantial, nutritive viands; after a longer time has been satisfied the stomach should not be overloaded with superfluous substances which merely tickle the palate.

For the process of respiration pure air, and plenty of it, is needed. With every breath we deprive the atmosphere of a portion of its oxygen, and replace it with a certain amount of carbonic acid. This latter gas always exists in the atmosphere in the proportion of from four to six parts in ten thousand (to an even greater extent in cities); and in addition to this, every pair of human lungs generates and exhales it at the rate of about three cubic feet in twenty-four hours. Now, air containing one per cent. of carbonic acid gas becomes unfit for breathing purposes; and that one man confined in an air-tight apartment of moderate dimensions would before long commit involuntary suicide merely by breathing; and when we add that, besides carbonic acid, a constant elimination of more positively poisonous organic matter is always occurring from the lungs and from the skin, and state the further fact that a cubic in burning roses as much oxygen and gives out as much carbonic acid as an average human being, and that an ordinary gasburner equals eight living adults in this respect, we trust that a homily on the importance of ventilation, or an inferential sermon against crowded hall-rooms and other similar poison vats, may be left to the good sense of the reader.

More especially is the precaution of securing a supply of fresh air to be observed at night, for then the processes of vegetation are reversed, the sunlight lasts plants under its influence possess the property of absorbing carbonic acid and setting free the other oxygen; but after dark they cease to perform this function, and the animal world is left to take care of itself until morning.

To maintain the blood in active circulation no better advice can be given than that conveyed in the old saw: "Keep the head cool by temperance and the feet warm by exercise." Without exercise (limited on the hither side of fatigue) no function can be adequately performed. It is not necessary, however, to adopt a stimulated for newer and better material; by it the blood is called to every portion of the frame, and that equilibrium of temperature produced which we speak of as "the glow of health." In speaking of exercise, however, we do not mean the too often overdone exercise of the gymnasium, where one set of muscles is monstrously distended at the expense of all the rest. Moderate training of this sort is well enough in the absence of outdoor practice; but an exaggerated training is a conclusive evidence of a perfect sanitary condition. Neither do we refer to dancing vehemently at thronged assemblies, where physical and sudorific activity are devitalizing the close atmosphere, and lending it with carbonic acid and organic matter. Under such circumstances exercise merely forces the lungs to contaminate the system by introducing impurities in excess of those already existing in it. A brisk "constitutional" walk, taken regularly in pure open air, and not prolonged to weariness, is all that is required in the way of exercise for most cases. In all cases, however, the amount or the violence of the exertion should be proportioned to the strength of the individual.

To sum up briefly: a good digestion and appropriate food; sound lungs and pure air to fill them withal; an active circulation and regular exercise to keep it in motion—these are the principal requisites of health, and if these be fulfilled by a man's physical condition and habits of life, the less he has to do with pills and potions the better for him.

A. L. C.

* This general definition is, of course, intended to apply to the mature period of life. During infancy and youth, while the process of growth is going on, the supply of material exceeds the waste proportionally. The opposite condition, in old age, when the waste exceeds the supply, indicates a decrease of the vital powers, and is therefore a departure from health.

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WHY, Pat, you grow, that's what's the row
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Let Ki Hi pass, you silly fool—
He'll not be in your way, Sir.
Leave it to me to trot him out,
And show you all his tricks, Sir;
That done with me, you can move off work,
And only carry bricks, Sir.

And you, John Bull, don't strain yourself,
And of Hold Hengland prate, Sir;
For when he comes, depend upon't,
You'll sit in royal state, Sir.
Drink 'arf-and-'arf, and read the news,
And tell us all the figgers—
How, down in Abyssynny there,
You British whipped the niggers.

Monsieur Crapaud, my friend in red,
You need not feel alarmed, Sir;
The glory of the Louvre and Tuileries
Will not the least be harmed, Sir.
Of equal power and equal rights
You yet may see the day, Sir;
But till that period comes round
Let Ki Hi work away, Sir.

And you, my blue-eyed plodding cuz,
Just hauled from the Rhine, Sir,
You'll soon have leisure on your hands
To sing away your time, Sir;
For in the shops on one hand
He'll do your work quite clever,
While you lay off, and treat the wives,
And lager swill forever.

Ha! Sambo—you there—hi, this way!
I want a word with you, Sir;
So come along, my dusky friend,
And bring your banjo too, Sir.
Quick—step it out—and mind it off;
I vow, you're quite amazing—
Now can yourself the rest o' the day,
While Ki Hi does the slaving.

For by Jerusalem I swar,
By all the laws of nations,
He's just the motive pow'r we want
That civil need of nations.
A little rice, a little salt,
And work up to the handle;
To leave each dicker round
Would be a mighty scandal.

So, Ki Hi, bring your spade and pick,
And, while you dig or strike, Sir,
I'll sit and whittle you a pipe
And fix things as I like, Sir.
Then, first, we'll turn the country round—
The fields in level ranging—
And make the Southern end the North
To stop their cussid wrangling.

Next, we might level off the farm
(When you've had time to rally)
And dump the Rocky Mountains down
In Mississippi's valley.
But, first and foremost of the hull,
You bet, I've got the notion,
We'll build a bridge from Cubey hum
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SING SING, *March 23*, 1868.

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PRINCE ARTHUR IN AMERICA.

PRINCE ARTHUR, the seventh child and third son of Queen VICTORIA, arrived in Halifax, from England, August 22, in the steamship *City of Paris*. The passage from Queenstown was made in six days and eleven and one-half hours—the shortest trip ever made between those two ports.

PRINCE ARTHUR is a pleasantly appearing young gentleman of thirteen. He is named after ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the Duke of Wellington. Our readers will be interested in the portrait which we publish on this page. The Prince is an officer in the British army. He is of nearly the same age that the Prince of Wales was when he visited America nine years ago. All three of the Queen's sons have been extensive travelers. They have thus become acquainted with the ways of the world, and therefore better fitted to occupy the position assigned them in social life, and as the possible rulers of a great nation.

SHERMAN STATION.

SHERMAN, Wyoming Territory, is the highest point attained by the Pacific Railway on its whole course from ocean to ocean. Fifteen months ago nothing but bare hills and crags marked the spot. Now there is a little town, containing a large machine-shop, a "Wells Fargo's express office," newspaper shops, and even a millinery store. Its two hotels, of course, are of a rough kind, but good meals are to be obtained in them. Our illustration of Sherman is the first that has been published of the place in this country. Wyoming is to include parts of Dacotah, Utah, Colorado, etc. The embryo town of Sherman is 8262 feet above the sea, yet the ascent to it from the Missouri River, a distance of 549 miles, is made with the greatest ease. The grades never exceed 90 feet to the mile, while for the larger part of the distance it is not over 30 feet to the mile.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

IN the contest between the Harvard and the Oxford crews, August 27, the latter won the victory. The race began at 14 minutes 6½ seconds after 5 o'clock, and lasted 22 minutes and 40½ seconds. The Oxford crew won by six seconds. It would give us the greatest pleasure, of course, to be able to announce a different result. But next to the pleasure of claiming a victory is that of yielding the prize to our rival.

But though we have to chronicle a defeat for the Harvard crew, it is not a disgraceful defeat. The gain of less than two boat-lengths 6½ seconds and one-quarter miles—or, if we consider time, the gain of six seconds in thirteen hundred and sixty and a half seconds, while sufficiently deciding the contest, affords no basis for extravagant exultation on the part of the victors.

The Harvards had the choice of position, and they took the outside of the semicircle. The boats started at 5 o'clock 14 minutes 6½ seconds P.M. The Harvards gained the lead from the start, and kept it until passing "Chiswick Ait," two and a half miles from the starting-point. From this stage onward the Oxfords gained.

We had before the race made arrangements to give the best possible illustrations of so interesting an event. We accordingly had selected views of the most critical points along the Thames between Putney and Mortlake. Two of these views—Hammersmith Bridge and Chiswick—we give on page 969.

The boats have been put in to correspond to the telegraphic account, which was received in New York several hours before the time (in London) set for the race.

The Harvard crew used the ELKTON boat, which they had brought with them from America. So that the rivalry was not simply one between two crews and two distinctive styles of rowing, but also between the boats used.

At all the principal points along the river, from the starting-point to the goal—at Putney, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Barnes, and Mortlake—the banks were lined with spectators, wearing either the Oxford or the Harvard colors. It is believed that no crowd so immense ever before gathered on the banks of the Thames.

We gave last week portraits of both the Oxford and Harvard crews. The crews, as we gave them, were those that contested the race. FAY and LYMAN remained as substitutes for BASS and RICE in the Harvard crew.

We will not be so ungracious as to add any thing to excuse our defeat, or expatiate upon the disadvantages under which the Harvard crew labored. A better knowledge of the Thames, or the adoption of their own style of rowing without a coxswain, might have changed the result. So also might any one, probably, of one hundred things that might be mentioned. We were beaten, and acknowledge our defeat.

The first telegraphic dispatches indicated that the Oxford crew reached Mortlake three or four boat-lengths ahead. But a later dispatch informs us that the judge at Mortlake decides that the actual difference was but one length and a half. The time of the race, according to the *Tribune* correspondent, was 22 minutes 59½ seconds, as taken by FRODSHAM'S chronograph, registering fifths of seconds. The Oxford crew were in perfect condition, and after the race they rowed back to Putney, keeping pace with the Press steamer.

After the race the two crews dined at Mortlake with Mr. PHILLIPS, who had invited a large party to meet them. During the dinner the Oxford men, in their speeches, said that the race was, if not the hardest, at least as hard, as any they had ever contested, and praised the pluck and work of the Harvard men.

The London *Times*, in its comments, said that the Harvards failed in a most pardonable point —the steering; but added, that the ground lost by the coxswain was not enough to account for the distance between the boats at the end of the race.

The race was well contested, and the Harvard crew met with perfectly fair play. Were the Oxford men to repeat the contest on American waters they would meet with a similar reception.

PRINCE ARTHUR, OF ENGLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTMAN, MONTREAL.]

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—SHERMAN STATION, WYOMING TERRITORY.

DROUGHT.

THE sun uprises, large and red,
The dawn is lost in a sultry glow;
Like a furnace roof is the heaven o'erhead,
Like tinder the thirsty earth below;
Hushed is the grateful voice of streams,
The famished fountains and brooks are dry;
And day by day do the burning beams
Pour from the pitiless sky.

All things languish and fade and pine;
Buds are withered before they bloom;
The blighted leaves of the window-vine
Chase each other about the room;
Vapors gather, then melt in light;
Rain-clouds promise, then burn away;
And all hearts faint as the sultry night
Follows the sultry day.

Sadly adown the orchard lines
The apples shrivel and shrink and fall;
The scanty clusters among the vines
Wilt, half-ripe, on the scorching wall;
The peaches perish before their prime,
The trim espaliers are bare and lorn;
Dry and dead, as in winter time,
Stand the ranks of the cutting corn.

No longer the cool and gurgling songs
Of warblers freshen the lifeless air;
The simmering noise of the insect throngs
Sounds incessantly every where;
The ringing rasp of the locust tones
Piercing the sense like a wedge of sound;
The wasp from his nest in the gable hums,
And the cricket shrills from the ground.

The hard dry grasshopper, sought by all,
Grates the ugliest and thinks he sings;
The castanets of the katydid
Chime with the rattle of sharded wings;
Blundering, booming, the beetles pass,
While bats flit silent as daylight dies;
And loud in the tangles of seedy grass
The peevish cat-bird cries.

Open-billed, with his wings a-droop,
The worn sun slinks, and sinks on more
The half-built nest in the sunny stoop,
Or the children's crumbs by the open door;
Resting with dead and brittle stalks
The paths of the garden are thick with dust;
And the rows of flower-beds down the walks
Are baked to an ashy crust.

Parched to blackness the roses die,
Robbed of sweetness and form and hue;
Vainly the languid butterfly
Seeks as of old, their garnered dew;
Vain the humming-bird's sweet pursuit;
The honey-bee's quest is sped or crowned;
Happy the mole that gnaws a root
In his cool nest underground!

The fading foliage of waiting woods,
The fields all barren and bare and brown,
The city's suffering multitudes,
The parching roofs of the thirsty town,
The herds which snuff at the yellow grass,
The leaves which open their palms in vain,
The sea that mirrors a sky like brass—
All these do pray for rain.

FLORENCE PERCY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

A LAUGHING POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER.

THE action of the late Democratic Convention in Massachusetts is but another proof that the party has no common principle, except opposition to the Republicans, and no national policy whatever to propose. In Virginia and Tennessee the Democrats vote for negro suffrage; in Pennsylvania they denounce it. In Ohio they demand that the bonds shall be paid in greenbacks; in Iowa that they upon the strict letter of the contract. In California they declare for a white man's government, and in Massachusetts they acquiesce in results. With the Republicans they entirely agree. Indeed, whatever may be said of the Republican party, however justly it may be reproached for the unworthy members who always follow success, and for such faults of administration as can be fairly charged upon it, it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that the public welfare would be promoted by the success of an opposition which has no common principle or policy.

The Democratic candidates further illustrate the condition of the party. In Pennsylvania the banner-bearer is Mr. ASA PACKER, a gentleman of whom it is actually impossible to say any thing but that he is very rich, and belongs to the Bourbon wing of the party. In Ohio, Mr. PENDLETON is a gentleman of education and ability, an original Secessionist, and the representative of the repudiating policy in finance. In Massachusetts, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is a gentleman also of education and ability, who can not conceal his sense of the extreme comedy of his position; a laughing Republican of yesterday, the Democratic guide, philosopher, and friend of to-day. A steady Republican and earnest supporter of the war, Mr. ADAMS differed with his party upon the policy of reconstruction; and with no respect for the Democratic party, or faith in its doctrines, but apparently supposing that not to approve the Republican policy is necessarily to become a Democrat, upon the principle that what is not white must be black, he suddenly makes his bow as "the rising young Democratic statesman of New England," telling his followers that if they would win the battle their arms must have new locks, stocks, and barrels.

The situation is evidently as amusing to Mr. ADAMS as to every body else. It is as if four excellent and honorable friend, Mr. WOODBURY, the late Lieutenant-Governor of New York, should suddenly appear as the chief sachem of Tammany, directing the serene Mr. TILDEN and his fellow-statesmen, SWEENEY, PETERS, and HALL, what they must do to be saved. To complete the entertainment at the Massachusetts Convention, Mr. WOODBURY, the President, announced that the Democratic party, the party of JAMES M. MASON, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and WADE HAMPTON, the party whose chief leaders fought desperately to overthrow the government in order to perpetuate and extend human slavery, "had always battled for human rights." No one enjoys a joke more than Mr. ADAMS, and no one fancy the smile upon his face as he listened to this daring flight, just as he was about to begin his own speech by telling his new pupils that they must blot their record as fast as possible.

Mr. ADAMS's vote will probably be larger in proportion than usual because of the prohibitory amendment. In his speech he avoided meeting this question fairly; and the best part of his remarks was the shrewd satire upon the vituperative style of the temperance advocates. Mr. ADAMS said that the prohibitory law is an invasion of personal liberty; but whether it be not one of the legitimate invasions of that liberty for the common welfare, which is the ground upon which its friends place its justification, he did not say, but,

"Smiling, put the question by."

There is no doubt, however, that the laughing Republican gave the Democratic party very sound advice. If it would succeed, it must stop talking about its battling for human rights to a generation which has won the victory of human rights in the teeth of Democratic hisses and Democratic bullets. It must prove its honorable acceptance of the situation. It must present some policy that will lighten the financial burden of the nation more speedily. It must eradicate its inhuman and bloody traditions from the memory of the American people; and it must cease to attract to its support the ignorant and the vicious. When it has done all these things, and in consequence nominates cheerful Republicans like Mr. ADAMS, the Democratic party may reasonably expect some favor from the country.

IS CUBA IN THE MARKET?

"RELIABLE authority" is very busy with the Cuban question, and the English and French papers are disclaiming on behalf of the jealousy of the new bond which may be formed between Cuba and the United States. Meanwhile the Albany *Argus* naively suggests that independence is one thing and annexation another. How different is evident from the unanimous resolution of the revolutionary Congress at Simbaron on the 13th of April, General CESPEDES presiding, that Cuba is fighting for independence of Spain and annexation to the United States. The most persistent and really interested workers for the Cuban cause in this country aim at annexation through independence. The proposal of the purchase of the island is transparent. The mortgage of Cuban bonds is merely the form of a mortgage. If any such arrangement as is spoken of were made with Spain, does any body suppose the interest would be paid by Cuba? We should be the guarantee, and to whom and to what should we look for reimbursement? General CESPEDES, who is the Revolutionary chief, desires for annexation, and the leaders unanimously approve. Does that look like an independent Cuba? If the proposition has been made to the Spanish Government by more than Cuba, and Cuba for a certain sum, it is merely an offer of the United States to buy the island for that precise price.

How much, then, is the United States to pay for Cuba and Porto Rico? What advantage will it be to this country to acquire two millions of a foreign race speaking a foreign tongue, a third of whom are slaves just emancipated? Will such an increase be cheap at ten millions of dollars? Is it necessarily an advantage to a nation to acquire a tropical state which seeks the Union because it is unable to govern itself? These are inevitable questions, although the annexation may be no less inevitable. It is undeniable that the hold of Spain upon her colony is so relaxed that it can hardly again be established. Six months ago one of the shrewdest and most conservative of European diplomatists said that Spain had lost Cuba. *La France*, a French journal, says that the sale is the only way for Spain to save some fragments of the wreck. The colonial tenure is an inevitable question to every political student who is considering, and the disturbances in Spain will gradually develop a party of separation there. There is as yet, however, as we write, no authentic account either of a proposal from the United States or of its consideration by Spain; and until something is known, it must be conceded to be extremely doubtful whether Spain is likely to renounce her traditions, and consequently whether the Cuban revolution will not, like the South American revolt of fifty years ago, smolder indefinitely before we should interfere.

If the United States should offer to mediate and the offer were rejected, public opinion would undoubtedly demand that that belligerent rights should be conceded to the Cubans, followed in due time by recognition. If the offer were accepted, and a sale proposed upon the terms already published, which would not be agreeable to Spain, the result would be the same. If the terms were agreeable, however, we should virtually buy Cuba. If not, the recognition of Cuban belligerence or independence would naturally occasion complications which would lead to war, a result in every way undesirable for us, but in no way in which we should be the vulnerable combatant. It is in this view that the policy of the Administration has been so pacific. It has restrained from choosing that time to insult Spain in which Spain most appealed to the sympathy of all generous hearts, but a time in which also the power of Spain was evident. And in the spirit of that policy the Administration should persevere. Neither deluding Cuba nor defying Spain, consumers that there is no general interest in the country upon the subject, and that the acquisition of the island is not an advantage, however unavoidable, we trust that the Administration will firmly respect the law of the American traditions, and to justify American good faith and sagacity.

EAST INDIAN COTTON

THAT English manufacturers should feel and express a lively interest in the quantity and quality of the great staple received from the British empire in the East is natural enough, and that we in this side of the Atlantic should attentively observe the extraordinary efforts which the government of India is making to increase the cotton export is not surprising. There are, however, other and far facts which are apt to be overlooked by those writing of the probable effects on American industry of the success or failure of the East Indian experiments.

In the first place, whatever may be the total amount of cotton raised on the plains of Hindostan in any one year, even if it were 5,000,000 of bales, there is a native population in that and adjacent countries capable of absorbing the entire quantity—a population of people, clothed solely in cotton, for the most part fabricated in their own primitive looms.

In the second place, the better price the Indian ryot receives for his staple, the more money he is able to spend on his own clothing, thus increasing the demand for cotton on account of home consumption.

In the third place, after experiments extending over thirty years, all authorities concede that Indian cotton can not be raised in any quantity to compete with American in length and strength of staple.

In the fourth place, however the production of India and America, Egypt and Brazil, may increase, the demand for cotton will supply the ever-increasing number of spindles and looms more than keeps pace with the product of the new machine.

It may be stated in general terms that the Indian cotton crop is raised on farms varying in extent from three to twenty acres, the cultivators of which are mostly very poor, and generally in debt to the village shroff (or banker), to whom the cotton is mortgaged so soon as sown. Such persons are not admitted entering into a detail of the effects of such a state of things. Formerly the result was evident in the dirty condition of the product when offered for sale in the market of Bombay. That evil was the first seriously taken in hand by the government. Inspectors were appointed with power to seize, confiscate, and destroy cotton unfitted for export by reason of excessive dirt or wilful negligence in the removal of the wool from the seed. This supervision, with the partial introduction of the American saw-gin, in the years from 1850 to 1860, raised the price of the best Surat (Dhollerah) from 3½d. and 4d. per pound to 5d. and 6d. per pound in the Liverpool market. Our war, and the consequent scarcity, gave an immense impetus to the Indian cotton trade, and Dhollerah cotton was sold in bales as high as 24d. per pound. This enhanced value must have greatly benefited the Hindoo farmer, who, with such inducement before him, in succeeding years would naturally sow an increased breadth of land with the now valuable crop, the reasons for this increased demand being yet utterly unintelligible to him. But in two years, 1866 and 1867, his cotton had fallen in value sixty per cent., from causes as completely beyond his comprehension as those of its sudden rise. He found his visions of wealth dissipated; the extra pair of bullocks his prosperity had induced him to buy on credit unpaid for; and he returned to the sowing of jowarree and linseed, more firmly clutched than ever in the vampire embrace of the village usurer.

This is the reason that the East Indian cotton crop does not keep pace with the demand. The cultivators are poor and ignorant. They can only comprehend that their cotton is subject to fluctuations over which they have no control, and that when sowing it they have no data to guide them as to its probable value at maturity. The fall of one cent per pound is a very serious matter to a farmer of five acres, four of which he has planted with cotton, mortgaged to Ayah, Dhurm Doss, Ramchuckjee, or Peep in November for a market that had fallen thirty to fifty per cent. It is true that railways and good macadamized roads to the interior have been brought, as a recent writer says, "the ryot to face with the foreign dealer;" but what good does that face do the farmer if the hand does not hold the money which the needy farmer was led to expect for his crop?

All that legislative enactments, model farms, improved seed, and improved apparatus for cleaning and baling can do has been done, and the success, so far as the increased value of the crops is concerned, is very great. Twenty years ago New Orleans cotton quoted 20d. per cent. higher price than the best samples of Surat. In June of this year the quotations in Liverpool were: New Orleans Middling, 11¾d. per pound; Surat, 9¼d. per pound—a difference of only sixteen per cent.

This rise in the *value* of Indian cotton may be attributed, apart from the increased cleanliness of the wool, to the fact that during the "famine" tens of thousands, probably millions, of spindles were altered to suit the short fibre of the Indian plant, and manufacturers have constantly excited with hopes of an increased Indian supply, have more and more directed their mechanical ingenuity to the use of it in their looms.

After all, the English would appear to be very short-sighted in their attempts to foster the Indian cotton trade at the expense of their cotton trade with this country. It is universally known that for every pound of Surat landed in Liverpool an equal amount in bond was sent to India, while imports from the United States are paid by exports of manufactured articles. During the cotton famine years the balance of trade with India averaged the seventy-five millions of dollars in gold annually, since then the average drain from England has been nearly fifty millions of dollars. It is all very well for individual manufacturers to obtain cotton a cent or two per pound cheaper from one country than another, but if this accommodation to one class of the community be injury to many others, as must be the case by such continued depletion of the precious metals, we should say that some political economist might be found to warn his countrymen of the suicidal nature of the policy now pursued.

The truth is, English manufacturers have an innate belief in the possibility of making the two hundred millions of Hindoos with "dozes," "long cloth," and "mull-mulls" woven in England from cotton raised in India. For more than forty years the English manufacturer has had the Indian market open to him, and with what result? To-day England does not send to India sufficient cotton cloth to make a turban for every wearer of that head-dress. The *total* English exports to India are £20,-000,000 sterling, and that is only equivalent to one half-dollar for each inhabitant. A total change must come over the natives before this is much increased.

What of Indian manufacture does a Hindoo farmer require? He does not use knives or forks or spoons. He would not know what to do with a pin. He does not wear boots or shoes. A stove would be a curiosity he is taken as the model of a Christian church. A Brummagem razor is about the only thing that would suit the plains of Hindostan, and the market *might* be found for *one* in every large village. The Hindoos are utterly beyond the temptations of trade. They have no wants beyond food, clothing, and shelter, and of these clothing is the one thing possible to be supplied by their English masters, and that more of this is not supplied is because manufacturers therefore have themselves to thank. Their own dishonesty is the stumbling-block in their path. Common native-made cloth may be rough and dirty in appearance, but it is honestly made and will so wear. English cloth looks better, but "won't wash." The lime or chalk with which it is finished does not stand the daily ablutions of the Hindoos, who, having on an average about twenty-four dollars to find food and raiment for a whole year, are naturally exceedingly fond of about the serviceable nature of the cloth they purchase.

Before a revolution occurs in Hindoo nature and consequent habits new markets will have opened all over the globe, and whether Indian cotton can ever fully compete with American will be—indeed now is—a question of no moment to us as a nation. We shall always find ready purchasers for every pound of cotton we can raise, even were the amount increased fivefold.

LADY BYRON'S STORY.

SINCE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" MRS. STOWE has written nothing that has made so great a sensation as her late article upon the separation of Lord and Lady BYRON. It has been discussed with as much feeling as the event itself when it occurred; and from the tone of some of the remarks upon the subject it might be supposed that MRS. STOWE had been guilty of some very great offense in making public Lady BYRON'S statement—as if the truth, however shocking, must not be told of Lord BYRON because he was a great poet and has been long dead.

Lord BYRON, one of the most worthless and unprincipled of men, always asserted that he did not know the cause of the separation. He did not hesitate to overwhelm his wife with satire and ridicule before the world. No man with the least pretend to the character of a gentleman and man of honor was ever guilty of more wanton and disgraceful conduct toward a silent and defenseless woman, and she his wife. But her very silence was imputed to her as a crime. Not to contradict the "ten or twenty" different explanations that MACAULAY says were offered, and which bore heavily upon BYRON, was declared to be malignant persecution upon her part. Was it also malignant persecution to endure, in the same silence, his sneers and calumnies?

Having been reviled for keeping silence, Lady BYRON is now reviled for speaking. It was collenerated malice not to speak before; it is odious murder or insanity to speak now. The fact is, that it may be true her silence and the whole life of Lord BYRON and MRS. LEIGH was the purest humanity; and it will be very difficult to disprove the story of that one of the two most interested persons whose word must necessarily be preferred to that of the other. And in saying her story we do not necessarily mean MRS. STOWE'S version of it—for perhaps the accuracy of which, however, we have no reason to question, for the facts of Lady BYRON'S representation are written by MRS. STOWE from memoranda; but we mean the version Lady BYRON gives for the separation. Evidently this is not now told for the first time, although it is now first universally public. Mr. HILLARD even says it has been long known to many persons in England. Dr. LUSHINGTON, of course, knew it. The writer of an article in the *Temple Bar* Magazine for June drew it. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* says that he heard it differently told ten years ago. And we know it to have been told at a literary party in Edinburgh more than eight years ago by a gentleman of some literary distinction. But it was hooted by the company, and the gentleman was judged to have committed a great wrong in repeating the story.

The disclosure is shocking, as that of all enormous crimes is—but there is nothing in it which is essentially improbable; and if the charge were true of any man of his time, of none was it more likely to be true than of BYRON. That Lady BYRON believed it true can be no doubt, and as little that it was the substance of her statement to Dr. LUSHINGTON; nor is there any doubt that he believed her representations. In his letter to Lord JOHN, in 1830, he does not say that he qualified his advice by any ifs or buts. "When you came to town about a fortnight or perhaps more after my first interview with Lady NOEL [the mother of Lady BYRON]—I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir MATTHEW or Lady NOEL. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed—I considered a reconciliation impossible." He altered my opinion, and added that, if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part toward effecting it." There is not the least appearance of doubt. It is evident that Dr. LUSHINGTON believed what Lady BYRON told him; and, as we have said, there can be no doubt that she told him in 1816 what she told MRS. STOWE in 1856. That Lady BYRON was deceived is most improbable; for Dr. LUSHINGTON would not have spoken so peremptorily until he had thoroughly cross-questioned her, and satisfied himself that she told the truth. If that truth was the present story, Dr. LUSHINGTON'S late disposes of the theories that Lady BYRON was jealous or of failing faculties.

Apart from this, Lady BYRON'S direct assertion must outweigh her husband's suppositions that he ardently desired an investigation, and that he had not the least suspicion of the cause of the separation. Lady BYRON'S statement fully justifies her silence, and explains the life that BYRON led after leaving England. The chief difficulty in MRS. STOWE'S report of the circumstances is, that Lady BYRON is represented as living with her husband after she knew the intrigue, and as actually discussing it with him. That she loved him devotedly is unquestionable, and that love sufficeth all things is true; but the version that the editor of the *Nation* heard seems, at least, more probable, that Lady BYRON knew nothing of the facts until her child was born, and that then she believed her husband to be deranged; which explains her consultation with Dr. HARTLEY, and the light tone of the letter which she wrote after leaving London.

On the other hand, MRS. STOWE'S statement of the reasons why Lady BYRON was willing that the truth should be finally known must be received as satisfactory; and, although that was not her object, every honorable mind will be glad that she, who, by the accident of her relations with Lord BYRON, must be always conspicuous so long as his genius endures in the world, will not live in the immortality of ridicule with which that genius had invested her. It is desirable that all the truth should be known even about great men. If SHAKESPEARE had committed a brutal murder nothing could be gained by concealing it; and if the charge were now first made, the weight of the evidence should be regarded rather than the enormity of the accusation. We once heard a very distinguished poet ruling MR. PARTON soundly for saying in the *North American Review* that DANIEL WEBSTER sometimes appeared upon the platform drunk—the worse for liquor. But CROMWELL was wiser, who told the painter not to omit the warts in taking his likeness. We should not consider the writer a hyena reveling among graves who should give us a solution of the relation of SWIFT and STELLA as authentic as that which MRS. STOWE has given us of the BYRON separation.

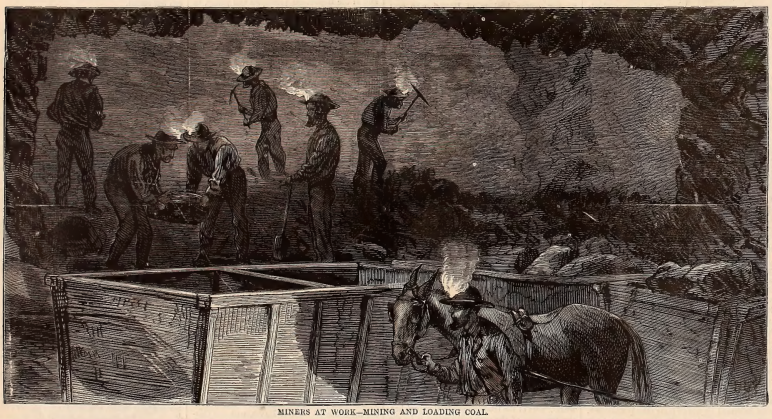
INDUSTRY AT THE SOUTH.

UPON the whole, the most copious and admirable report of the condition of the cotton culture and cultivators in the Southern States is that just issued by Messrs. LORING & AYKINSON, cotton brokers of Boston, who sent several hundred circulars to intelligent cotton planters in every where in the South, and who now publish a careful digest of the answers. The report is a neat pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages, and by far the most perfect one studied as a faithful representation both of facts and feelings.

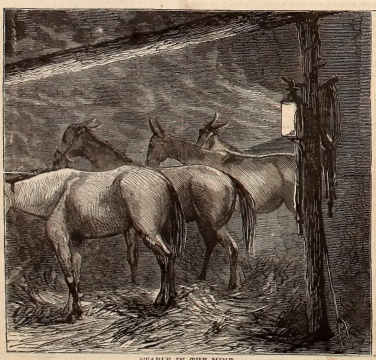
The general testimony in regard to the cotton culture is, that the crop will be more than better labor. That is imperative. One correspondent says that Georgia alone could produce two millions of bales. But the colored laborer is now showing a disposition to idleness. An unnatural system will sooner or later revenge itself. The mortality among the negroes succeeding the abolition of slavery for at least three hundred per cent. greater since they were made free than before, and it is the general estimate that it takes three freedmen to do the work of one slave. The causes of cause, are the opinions of those who are probably generally in favor of coerced labor; but there can be little doubt that the colored population is very rapidly reduced by the greater recklessness of living and negligence of disease, which naturally follow emancipation, and by the increased sterility among the new children, which is universally remarked. The women, too, are largely withdrawn from field labor, and the listlessness and wilfulness of those who have been

MINERS AT WORK—TAMPING A CHARGE.

MINERS AT WORK—THE MINER'S CHEST.



MINERS AT WORK—MINING AND LOADING COAL.

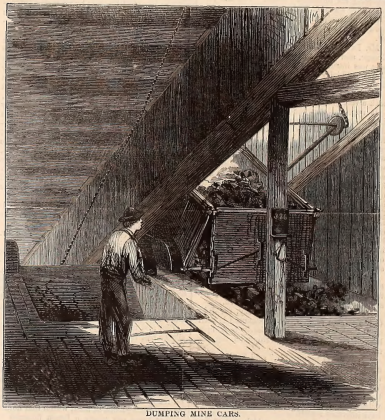


STABLE IN THE MINE.

BOTTOM OF THE SLOPE.

THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA—MINING THE COAL.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

HONEY BROOK BREAKER, No. 2.



DUMPING MINE CARS.

SEPARATING THE DIFFERENT SIZES OF COAL.

SLATE-PICKERS.

THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA—PREPARING THE COAL FOR THE MARKET.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

LALAGE.

I could not keep my secret
Any longer to myself;
I wrote it in a song-book,
And laid it on the shelf;
It lay there many an idle day,
'Twas covered soon with dust:
I graved it on my sword-blade,
'Twas eaten by the rust:
I told it to the zephyr then,
He breathed it through the morning,
The light leaves rustled in the breeze,
My fond romances scorning;
I told it to the running brook,
With many a lover's motion;
The gay waves laughed it down the stream,
And dimpled it in the ocean.
I told it to the raven sage:
He croaked it to the starling:
I told it to the nightingale:
He sang it to my darling.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER V.
AN INVOLUNTARY GUEST.

By this time Mrs. Sheardown had enveloped herself and Bobby in water-proof wrappings. Maud Desmond was waiting, warmly protected by a thick shawl, at the vicar's elbow. Herbert Severn stood and locked the harmonium. Every one was preparing to depart.

"Veronica!" called the vicar.

Miss Levincourt was still conversing with Mr. Plew.

"Veronica!" repeated her father, impatiently, "are you not coming?"

She turned round at the summons, giving her hand in a farewell grasp to the doctor as she did so.

She was very handsome.

The first thing that struck you on looking at her face was its vivid coloring. Her skin was of a clear, pale, brown tint; and on each smooth cheek there glowed a rich bluish lake in the heart of a June rose. She had large, dark eyes, fringed round with thick lashes, and surmounted by semicircular eyebrows as black as ebony. Her hair was also black, shining, and very abundant. It was disposed in elaborate coils and plaits, which displayed its luxuriance to the full, and was brought down low on the forehead in crisp waves. Her lips were very red and her teeth very white. There were dimples in the form of her face. Had the brilliant eyes, glancing under their arched brows, so attracted attention to themselves that few observers would have passionately criticised, or to observe that the lower part of the face overbalanced the upper; that the nose was insignificant: the mouth full as to be almost coarse; and the cheeks and chin so rounded as to threaten to lose all semblance of outline, and to become heavy in middle life. Now, however, at nineteen years of age, Veronica Levincourt was a very beautiful creature. But there was something in her face which was not so easily analyzed by a casual observer as the form and color of it. There was a dissonance in it somewhere. Most women perceived this. Many men did so also. But they perceived it as a person with a good ear, ignorant of harmony, perceives a false note in a chord. Something jars: what he knows not. The skilled musician comes and puts his finger on the dissonant note.

When Veronica laughed her whole countenance grew harmonious at once. And herein lay the key to the secret.

The habitual expression of her face in repose seemed to contradict the brilliant glow of youth and health which made her so strikingly beautiful. The rich gipsy color, the ripe red lips, the sparkling eyes, the gleaming teeth, seemed made to tell of light-hearted, abounding, girlish happiness. But the expression of Veronica's face when she was not speaking in animated lines was wistful, sad, sometimes almost sullen.

For the rest, her figure was slight and straight, and she carried herself with an erect and yet easy grace.

"Coming, papa," said she, carelessly. And then she gathered over her shoulders a scarlet cloak with a hood to it.

"You should have had your shepherd's plaid, Veronica," said her father. "That shawl is not nearly warm enough for such an evening as this."

"Oh, it is so becoming to Miss Levincourt," said little Miss Turtle, the governess. She and her pupils had been watching Veronica unwinkingly all the evening, as their custom was.

The dreary walk to the vicarage-house was across St. Gildas's church-yard. But the ground now lay in death-cold pools between the swelling grave-mounds; and although the lanes afforded no good walking in the present state of the weather, they were yet rather better than the way by the church-yard.

Mention has been made of a by-road through the village from Shipley Magna which skirted the garden wall of the vicarage. Mr. Levincourt and the two girls had not gone many paces down this by-road when they perceived through the fast-gathering dusk a figure, which had evidently been on the watch for them, start and run toward them very swiftly.

"I do believe it is Jemmy Sack!" exclaimed Maud Desmond.

Jemmy Sack it was, who presently came to a sudden stop in front of the vicar, and began a breathless and incoherent speech.

"Dunnot ye be frighted, please, Sir, Joe Dowset sett says. They ha'n't a took him into the house, please, Sir. And it's the same un as I send nimble after. On'y he's a-lying on his back a regular wi' dreadful fire. But Joe Dowsett says as ye bain't to be frighted, nor yet the young ladies neyther, please Sir."

Long before the combined cross-examination of the vicar and the young ladies had succeeded in eliciting any connected information from Jemmy, they arrived at the garden door, and then the matter to a certain extent explained itself.

A man in a velveteen shooting-jacket crouched with mud lay on his back in the road beneath the garden wall, and close by a heap of flint stones lay ready for the use of the road-menders. On to these he had apparently been flung, for his face was cut, and a thin stream of blood trickled slowly down his forehead.

The prostrate man was totally insensible. His head was supported on the knee of Joe Dowsett, the vicar's gardener, groom, and general factotum, who was endeavoring to pour some brandy down his throat. A cart, in a neighboring field, was being harnessed by the bridle. Three of the village boys who had been practicing in the school-room stood at a little distance looking on, and two frightened women-servants, with their aprons huddled round their shivering shoulders, peered nervously from the garden gate and called to Joe Dowsett with shrill questions, of which he took no notice whatever.

A chorus of voices arose as soon as the vicar was perceived: but a few words will suffice to put the reader in possession of the facts of the case. The fallen man was the same gentleman whom Jemmy had seen thrown earlier in the day. The day's sport had terminated at a considerable distance from Shipley Manor. The gentleman was a stranger, had probably missed his way, and gone by roundabout roads. He had evidently not been informed that Shipley Magna, having struck into Bassett's Lane, as the by-road was called. His horse and he were both tired. And when they came to feel the effects of his first fall more severely than he had felt them in the heat of the chase and at the beginning of the run, a little distance looking on, the gentleman's horse stumble, and at the same instant the boys returning from the school-house had appeared on the scene, whooping at the end of the lane. In a moment the gentleman had been pitched heavily off his horse, and was now in the keep of Joe Dowsett.

The first thing to be done was to send for a doctor. Mr. Plew would probably not have reached his residence. Jemmy Sack was also dispatched to fetch him, and set off running at a famous rate, throwing out his long legs, and followed by all the boys but Joe Dowsett, the discussion seemed to be one of intense and concentrated ecstasy.

But prevailing Mr. Plew's arrival, the swooning man could not lie there, with the night falling fast, and a bitter wind blowing from the marshes, he was very ill, Joe Dowsett said, to flread the hard marrow in your bones.

There was no other house at hand. The vicarage was a desirable dwelling-place. Joe Dowsett and the carter, with a little assistance from Mr. Levincourt, carried the stranger into the house. Veronica's room had been taken from an old oaken press blankets and coverlets for the spare bed. A fire was lighted in the inmate of the bedroom—a room on the ground-floor, looking toward the garden. For that night, at least, the gentleman must remain at the vicarage.

Mr. Levincourt was very uneasy, and asked Joe over and over again if he thought it was serious. To which Joe always returned, "Seems to that it might be or it mightn't, but that for his part he didn't think it wouldn't be much: an vascular existence in which he had served as groom to find some comfort. Veronica sat at the window, drawing eye and ear to catch the first signal of the doctor's arrival.

"He's quite old, this poor man, isn't he, papa?" said she, with her face pressed against the glass.

"Old? well—that's relative, my dear. Here is Mr. Flew at last! I hear his step on the gravel, although I can't see him yet."

Mr. Plew's report was not very reassuring. If the patient were not better by to-morrow, he would fear that he could not safely be moved for a day or two. Meanwhile Mr. Plew would like Dr. Gunnery, of Danecester, to be called in, in consultation.

When Dr. Gunnery arrived on the following afternoon he shook his head very gravely, and said that he had better wait until the patient being able to leave his bed for some weeks. Even if—and here Dr. Gunnery lowered his voice, and reversed the movement of his head by bending it up and down instead of shaking it from side to side—even if he pulled through at all!

CHAPTER VI.
SUSPENSE.

THE vicar's first thought on hearing Dr. Gunnery's opinion was that it behooved him (the vicar) to communicate with the family of the stranger whom Fate had thrown — literally thrown—into the midst of the quiet household at the vicarage. As it was, they could hardly have known less about him had he dropped among them from the moon, instead of from the back of a startled horse.

But for many hours the injured man was incapable of communicating with his host. Fever set in. He became delirious at intervals. And on no account must he be disturbed or annoyed by questions. Dr. Gunnery confirmed Mr. Plew's first statement that the principal visible injury had been done to the stranger by his fall.

"But," said he, "he is a bad subject. If we had a young constitution, or even a sound constitution for his years, to deal with the whole affair would be a mere trifle. But in this case it is very different."

"Very different, indeed," assented Mr. Plew.

"No accident," continued the Danecester physician. "The whole machine is in a worn-out condition—constitution gone to the deuce."

"To the—ahem! quite so!" assented Mr. Plew, again.

"Then, Dr. Gunnery," said Mr. Levincourt, nervously, "do you mean to say that he is in danger?' Dear me, this is dreadful! Really dreadful!"

But to so direct a question Dr. Gunnery could, or would, give no direct reply. He merely repeated that, in his opinion, Mr. Levincourt ought to lose no time in communicating with the sick man's family. And then, saying that he would return the day after to-morrow, and that meanwhile the patient must possibly be in better hands than those of Mr. Plew, the great Danecester doctor drove away.

Beyond the fact that had come under his own eyes, the vicar knew but two circumstances regarding his involuntary guest. The first was contained in a letter which he was staying at the Crown, in Shipley Magna; the second was that Lord George Segrave was said to be a friend of his.

Mr. Levincourt dispatched a note to Lord George, and ordered Joe Dowsett (to whom the note was given) to ride off on from Hammick Lodge to Shipley Magna, and tell the people at the Crown what had happened.

From Hammick Lodge, Joe Dowsett brought back a very polite note.

It appeared that the acquaintance between Lord George Segrave and the stranger was of the slightest possible kind. They had met in Rome one season, and had hunted side by side on the Campagna. Lord George knew nothing whatever of the gentleman's family. His name was Gale, Lord George said. Lord George was deeply distressed that the vicar of Shipley and his family should be so seriously inconvenienced by this accident. The same time he could hardly regret, on Sir John Segrave's account, that the latter should have fallen into such hands. Lord Georgeleft it to himself the honor of calling at Shipley vicarage, and, meanwhile, he begged to know if there were any way in which he could be of service to Mr. Levincourt, himself or to the invalid, under these painful circumstances.

This note, although extremely civil, left matters pretty much as they had been before. But from the Crown Inn Joe Dowsett brought back something more definite and unexpected.

He brought back, that is to say, Sir John Gale's foreign servant, who announced himself as "Mr. Plow," and immediately took upon himself all the duties of waiting on the sick man.

"If you will permit, Sir," said Paul, in very good English, "I will have a mattress laid by the side of my master's bed on a few nights. You have but a man to attend him, and needs not to have all night, I shall find to sleep at the village. There is a small cabaret there, as I have informed myself."

The arrival of this man, which was at first looked upon by the vicar and the inmates of the vicarage, proved before long to be an inestimable comfort and relief.

By the first night he eased the vicar's mind by taking upon himself the responsibility of communicating with Sir John's friends. Or rather he relieved the vicar of responsibility existed. Sir John had, Paul declared, no relatives. He had neither wife nor child, brother nor sister, whose sole concern in his life had lived a great deal abroad. Paul had not been with Sir John in England before this winter. He would write to Sir John at once on the matter of business. That was all that would be necessary.

Mr. Levincourt, never unwilling to shift responsibility on to the shoulders of others, told Paul that he must do as he thought best. There was something in the grave, steady aspect of the little man that inspired confidence. Then Paul took upon himself the whole business of the sick-room. He waited by day, and watched by night. He administered the medicines. He reported progress to the doctors with an intelligence and accuracy which won those gentlemen's good opinion very soon. He relieved the vicar's servants of all trouble as regarded Sir John Gale. He prepared and served the kitchen, and, a certain grave tact which characterized him, won over old Joanna to allow him to prepare culinary delicacies for his master's delectation. He was always at hand when wanted, and yet entirely unobtrusive. He was never tired, never sleepy, never surly, never indiscreet.

In a word, before many days of his sojourn at the vicarage had passed over, the whole household began to wonder how they had managed to get through the few hours that had intervened between the accident and the arrival of the admirable Paul.

He very soon contrived to let it be understood that money expenses would not at all matter, and added to the burden thrown on the vicar's family by his master's accident and illness. Sir John was rich: very rich. No expense need be spared. If, even, it were deemed necessary to send to London for additional medical assistance, they need not hesitate to do so. This, however, did not appear to be desirable. And as soon as Sir John was enabled to understand his own condition he expressed himself entirely satisfied with the skill and care of the doctors who were attending him.

Lord George Segrave fulfilled his promise of calling. Lord George was a bachelor. He was a great sportsman, and some folks said that he was too fond of other pursuits which persons holding strict principles could not approve. Lord George was well known on the turf; and in his youthful days had been a patron of the Prize Ring. Without belonging to the category of those whose lives were openly scandalous, he yet was a man whose acquaintance could by no means be taken to be a certificate of good character.

Retired as was Mr. Levincourt's life at Shipley-in-the-Wold, he yet knew this much of the present occupant of Hammick Lodge, and the knowledge had not served to make Sir John Gale's enforced residence beneath his own roof the more agreeable to him.

But Lord George Segrave soon made it appear that his acquaintance with Sir John was really and truly no closer than he had stated in his note. It need scarcely be said that Lord George had no idea what a signal service he was rendering to the invalid in his host's opinion by disclaiming any thing like intimacy with the former.

Lord George was rather good-natured, and extremely selfish, and he deemed that it would be more pleasant to understood that, while he was willing to send his servants scouring the country on on a search after Sir John the moment he might suggest, he (Lord George) by no means intended to put himself to the personal inconvenience of making frequent visits of inquiry at the vicarage.

"Pray, command me, Mr. Levincourt," he said, on leaving the sick-room, "in any way. I quite feel what an uncommon bore this business must be for you. Though, as I said before, Gale may be considered in luck that he didn't break any on any other heap of flint stones than the one at your door. I'm sure I hope he'll pull through, for there's a good thing. You'll find he will only just a kind of bowing acquaintance with him in Rome. And then he hailed me on the hunting-field at Sudbrook's (over the other side of Danecester), and—and that sort of thing. Hammick Lodge is twelve miles from Shipley as the crow flies, but fifteen by road, so I'm afraid I can't be able to look him up myself very often, you know. But I hope you will do me the favor to command me if there's any thing in the world my fellows can do, or—or that sort of thing."

And then Lord George Segrave departed, feeling that he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him.

Dr. Gunnery came again and again. And Mr. Plew was constant in his attentions.

The house, always quiet, was now hushed into stillness. The piano remained closed. Joe Dowsett was bound to whisper as he worked in the garden. The servants stole up to bed past the door of the guest-room, making every sound of the utmost delicacy to prevent their ordinarily cautious footfall. Paul's noiseless step glided through the passages, and he came on you like a ghost.

Even the peasant are contagious. So are silence and the hush of suspense. But though Veronica was naturally stiller than it was wont to be, it was less dull. All the household was conscious of a suppressed excitement, which was merely quieting, and not reach its height till the next day, every hour of the day, presented a question whose answer was deferred—Will he live or die? And on the answer to this question hung no ingrained human heart—none, at least, within that house.

Was there any where a breast fluttered by hope or rewards, by fears, for the sick man who lay feverish and uneasy on the stranger's bed in Shipley vicarage?

No breast for him. No friends inquired.

He was discussed in the vicarage kitchen, and in other kitchens in the neighborhood. He was discussed in the village alehouse, in the farmhouses, in the tap-room and the stables of the Crown at Shipley Magna. He was spoken of, once or twice, at the different guests of the West Danesbire hunt. Lord George Segrave mentioned that he believed Gale was going on all right, you know, and that sort of thing. That was a nicish nag of his, not the one he had been riding when he was thrown, you know, a hand little chestnut. Lord George wouldn't mind having him. He wondered what the figure would be. If Gale's executors were still at the crown he had a good mind to go over and have another look at the chestnut, and to ask Gale's groom whether he thought his master would sell him. He supposed that Gale had had enough of hunting in England. He was doocsd sorry for him, you know, and that sort of thing. And then he could he expect? With that seat he (Lord George) only wondered how Gale had been able to stick on his saddle five minutes. And most of the field wondered too. For it has been observed that of all the trials to which human cavalry, modesty, and magnanimity are ordinarily apt to be subjected, the trial of comparing your own riding with another man's is the one that most frequently develops mortal frailty.

There was probably not a man who habitually hunted with the West Danesbire who did not secretly nourish the conviction that his own seat on horseback was admirable, and that the majority of his friends and acquaintances rode like tailors!

Little it mattered to Sir John Gale what was said of him in the parlor, kitchen, stable, or hunting-field. Little, perhaps, would it ever matter to him now. For although, as Dr. Gunnery

had said, the absolute injuries resulting from the accident were trifling, and to a young and vigorous constitution would have been matters of small importance, yet in this case there seemed to be no elasticity or power of rebound in the poor man's frame. A low fever took hold of him: a dreadful insidious fever, that might be figured as a weird phantom, invisible to the eyes of men, but with two bony, cruel hands, whose touch was terrible. Of these hands one was cold as ice; the other burning, like the heart of a furnace. Alternately the victim of fate stroked the sick man's body, drawing long shuddering thrills through every limb, or clutched him with a lingering grasp that made his very heart sick. Now he was consumed with scorching heat; anon he shivered to the marrow of his bones.

Mr. Rew still not trouble his mind, perhaps it were better to say his brain was not troubled; seeing that such fancies come to a man, or may come to him, without any conscious exercise of his will—with any fantastic embodiment of a Fever Phantom. But he reported day after day that John was in a very low way—a *very* sa-*avity*, low way—and that he couldn't get him to rally.

"Do you think he is troubled in his mind?" asked Mr. Levincourt. "Is his heart ill at ease? He is perfectly conscious now, and, I think, clear-headed enough to give orders. And yet Paul tells me that his master has entirely approved what has been done, and will have been left undone. He desires to see no one; has received no letters—except, as Paul tells me, one from his agent sent to the Foreign Office by Shipley Magua—and, in short, appears to be singularly isolated in the world, for a man of his wealth and position. I should fear his life has not been a very happy one."

"Well," said Mr. Pleve, musingly, "I don know, of course. But—but he doesn't seem to me to be at all that sort of man."

Mr. Pleve's statement was vague enough; and the vicar did not care to be at the pains of probing the little surgeon's meaning. Yet the latter had a meaning, although he would have found it difficult to put it into clear words.

His meaning was this; that from his observation of Sir John Gale he had, half-instinctively, drawn the conclusion that his wealthy patient was not a man to allow sentimental troubles to prey on him.

Wounded love, tender regrets, affectionate yearnings after a lost friendship, or a longing for softer attentions and closer companionship than could be had from servants and strangers, did not seem to Mr. Pleve likely to enter into the category of drawbacks to Sir John's recovery.

Material comforts, nay luxuries, he did not lack. As to sentiment—Mr. Pleve of course had encountered ailments arising from purely spiritual causes. Very troublesome ailments they were, and very inefficacious proved the powers of physic to cure them. He remembered the case of an old clergyman who had been a famous preacher in the days when Benjamin Plew was walking the hospitals in London. His business was to the effect that the bodily health of half the world would be marvelously improved if a mechanical, remedy contrivable by human skill could be substituted for a heart of flesh in the human breast. "We might defy the doctors then," said this old clergyman, "and the world be not be worth having!" But of Sir John Gale, neither Mr. Plew nor the reader as yet knows enough to enable him to judge whether the baronet's heart be of flesh or of stone.

A fortnight passed; three weeks; a month had nearly elapsed itself away since the accident when the doctors pronounced that Sir John was somewhat stronger.

The pallid hands, the hand of fire and the hand of ice, slowly relinquished their prey. By degrees the interval between the attacks of Danger lessened. At last they ceased. Danger was over; and from the beginning of March the invalid began slowly, but surely, to mend.

COAL-MINING AND THE COAL MARKET.

LUZERNE, Carbon, Schuykill, Columbia, Northumberland, and Dalton counties comprise the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, and, so far as has been ascertained, this is the richest coal-bearing field of the United States. Previous to 1860 the price of coal from these mines did not average, at wholesale, $5 per ton, if we except the year 1855, when the price rose to $5 40 per ton, by the cargo, which, at that time, was an unprecedentedly high figure. During the present month (August) stove coal is quoted, in New York, at $8 50 per ton, the consumer paying a very considerable advance upon this price before it is lodged in his cellar.

The Honey Brook Mines are located at a point where the counties of Carbon, Luzerne, and Schuykill meet, this point being the highest in Pennsylvania, if we except the Alleghany Portage Rail district, which is 50 feet higher. The coal mined here is of excellent quality, and the mines may be regarded as fair specimens of the best style. They are managed closely by men of experience and excellent judgment. The names of the superintendent and chief engineer of the colliery boys are on their pay rolls. With this force a thousand tons of coal per day can be mined, prepared, and shipped, when the mines are worked up to their full capacity.

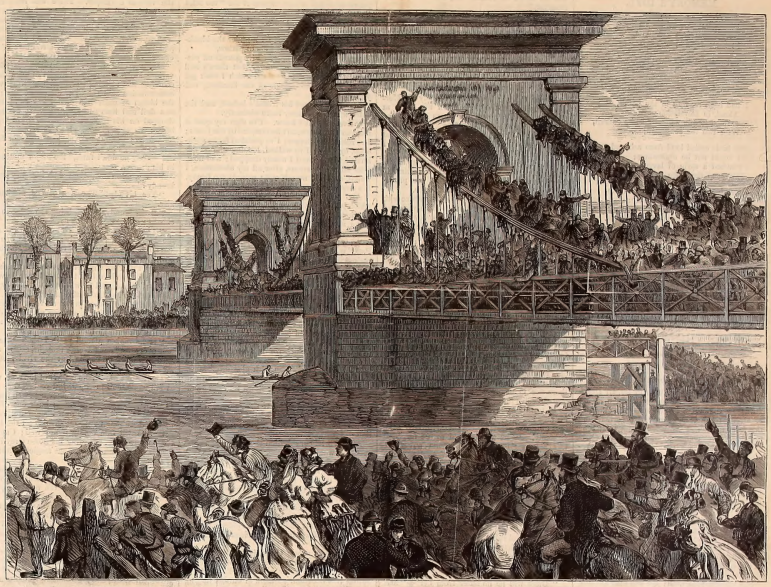
It would seem best to describe a visit to the mines by showing the coal first in its native state, and then following it from the "basin" to the car in which it is shipped to market. Accompanied by the superintendent and the mining engineer, we step into a car and are lowered down an inclined plane of 35° for a distance of 1,000 feet, when we are at the bottom of the "basin," where but for the flaring lamps attached to the miners' hats the darkness would be impenetrable. There is activity every where: loaded cars going up, emptied cars descending, and cars moving hither and yon, drawn by quick-stepping mules; miners and laborers hastening to and fro; the boom and reverberation of the "shots" that are displacing coal, the quick clip of the miner's drill, and the thud of his pick; and above all this the cries of the miner who has lighted his match and is fleeing to a place of safety, crying first fire! to warn those near of the danger, and then fire! to announce to the come used to these noises, and as you trudge along in the darkness you grow aware of the perfect system that prevails. Civil as they are, miners are at work drilling with their sharp crow bars, or ramming home the powder which is to blast out tons of coal if the charge has been "well placed."

At another point is the miners' arranging his cartoons on brown paper, the edges of which he snips to keep the powder dry after the charge is placed. His mining chart has a key of powder in it, with oil, tools, fuses, and blasting barrels, not to mention various other articles necessary to his operations. On a hand you see the miners at work in a great cave leading from the gangway in which the tracks are laid for the transit of the cars, and which is lined quickly loaded by the miners' laborers. During your peregrinations you will visit the stables—caves cut out of the solid coal—and, finally, after a long walk, will reach the slope where the coal cars are ascending and descending, and the same hustle is going on that you noticed on your first arrival from above. Jumping into a coal car, up you go again to the dazzling glare of day light. Possibly you will be under the safe convoy ance of Mr. HOPKINS, the superintendent, as you do at your own when you reach the hotel.

To be brief, the Honey Brook mine structure at which the coals are prepared for market is designated, is better described by the illustration than is possible by words. The coal is fed to the breaker you make your way by means of stairs much worn by the tread of miners. The coal runs over the cars arriving from the mine in hundreds of feet below, drawn up by means of a stationary engine and hoisting gear, is soon dumped by mechanical means, and the coal commences its descent toward its market. Before the car starts on its return to the mine a weight on tag is removed, and hung upon a coil corresponding in number to that on the tag. This is the miner's check, by which the superintendent indicates that of car loads of coal sent up with the miner's name.

The coal dumped from the car passes down an inclined plane, which at one point has a flooring of iron bars placed a sufficient distance apart to permit coal to pass through, but not slate. The best passes on down the slope to the cars which are to convey it to market. Such lumps as may be deemed too large for the trade receive a mark in the tag as

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—THE HARVARD CREW PRACTICING IN THE ELLIOTT BOAT.—[DRAWN BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—HARVARD LEADING, AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—OPPOSITE CHISWICK, OXFORD LEADING.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

MEMORY'S IDYL.

THE low brown house, I see it now;
Grandmother, with her knitting,
A holy calm upon her brow,
In shaded porch was sitting.

All down the path the poppies flamed,
Stiff box made green the border,
And small blue violets, half ashamed,
Grew low in sweet disorder.

I had been reading in the porch,
Aloud, in Revelation;
It seemed like Sunday, and like church,
With two for congregation.

The birds called loud from ash and fir—
I could not be unheeding;
I plucked a sprig of lavender,
To keep the place in reading.

I wandered down by balm and rue,
And clumps of China-aster;
I thought—well, Jack, I thought of you,
With heart-beats somewhat faster.

Do you remember how the vine
Grew close o'er all the darling?
It was a favorite haunt of mine,
A dear secluded harbor.

So in I strolled, and there you were,
In all your summer's glory;
Ah, you remember? Tell it, Sir!
Ay, dear, you end the story.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.

LADY DIANA read the letter of Robert Douglas with a look of strange perturbation in her face. In this letter, written under the influence of strong feeling, Douglas had departed from the forms of caligraphy which for a long time past had been adopted by him, and these characters resembled some which Lady Diana remembered to have seen many years ago.

As she held the letter under the lamp, that she might discern the words more clearly, a flush of joy came to her heart, and the fingers holding the paper trembled exceedingly. Doubt did not strengthen into conviction until she turned over the letter mechanically and caught sight of the seal on the envelope. For a moment or two eyes stared at it with painful intensity; then she moved quickly toward an alcove and seated herself on a sofa, for her feet seemed about to fail her; she felt a proud horror of letting her suffering be overcome by the spectators.

She knew the seal well; she was only too well she did. She had a keen memory for trifles, and she remembered how, when, in the first sweet hours of her wedded life, she took to wife his signet-ring from her husband's finger, he had laughingly repulsed her, saying that "not even Ana should deprive him of his father's last gift."

There are many things pleasant enough to have recalled to one's mind in a dreamy pang of recollection—the air of a sweet old tune associated with a vanished hour of jubilee—the smile of your lover when he turned his head to give you that parting look—the crow of your babe when it welcomed home your face—the last words of your first love-letter—but these reminiscences is fraught with an exquisite sadness; they believe for a long number of years that you are eternally free of the companionship of one whom you had feared rather than loved—you be seized by a fearful suspicion that the unloved dead are not, in fact, silent in death's helplessness, but live—live to judge, to condemn, and perhaps avenge!

Lady Di was brave even in this extremity. She nerved herself to answer with apparent gayety the letter which of one of her attendants presently approached her. She accepted his escort to her carriage, and she gave him a jarring smile of such evidently that he instantly stopped to look at himself in a mirror on his way back to the ball-room.

Although some knew, and many suspected, that the news of some affliction had come to Lord Orme that night, no one guessed what a terrible anxiety was consuming this fair, gay-mannered woman.

"I must see her—*make sure*," she iterated, in the solitude of her own chamber. "A stranger's man might inherit and wear that ring; but how should any other possess *his* trick of handwriting?"

She sighed heavily as she dragged herself toward her bed.

"I have a great mind to say my prayers," she said, ruefully.

Habits enforced in early youth frequently recur, after long disuse, in hours of trouble. Lady Diana had been taught by her good old nurse always to pray fervently when any affliction impended over the household, that it might be averted.

She could not sleep. The pillow might have been bristling with spikes for all the comfort she could find in it. In repose the dread seemed to grow stronger, the fear bigger. With a groan, she arose from her bed, and paced up and down the room. She caught sight of a dim, ghastly face as she passed by her mirror, and shuddered to think how soon such wearing anxiety would make her old and ugly.

"I *must* ascertain the truth," she muttered. "Suspense is the worst phase of sorrow. To-morrow—or rather to-day, for those wrangling church clocks are all chiming five together—I will go down to Auriel, and see this Robert Douglas."

There was something Roman and heroic in her, after all. She preferred to invoke her own fate to waiting for the creeping progress of Atropos's scissors.

CHAPTER L.

MOWBRAY.

WHEN Captain Mowbray left Lady Di Mertion's presence, he walked down the stairs at Orme House feeling less timid than as if some one had dealt him a blow in the face.

"Idiot! fool that I was ever to dream that woman could have even an interval of veracity! Ha!—a her!"

His heart felt very sore as he looked up at the brilliantly lit windows, and imaged to himself how she, who caused his grievance, was probably breathing more freely in his absence.

I do not expect the reader to sympathize with his pain; in novels we only condole with the sorrows of the virtuous; but the sorrows of the vicious are none the less acute for the absence of commendable motive.

Thurstan had simply *forgotten* his beautiful young wife during the fluctuations of his hopes and doubts concerning the evil-hearted siren who had wiled him away from the thought of Azalea.

He felt additional bitterness when he reflected on that useless journey to Auriel. "So expensive, too, and one can't get railway tickets on credit," he growled. To do him justice he would not have grudged his most sovereign (pennies do not enter into the calculations of spendthrifts) to secure him the woman he longed for, but the most extravagant will like to buy that for which they have thrown their money aimlessly at a phantom target.

Thurstan did not go back to barracks at once; there are moments when solitude is the most grateful solace that can be applied to a sore heart: so he turned from the lights of the town and set his face toward the sea.

"I'll go to Azalea," Captain Mowbray said, suddenly. "She will be glad to see me." He was always "me," with Thurstan nowadays. So Captain Mowbray thought of Azalea, not as one injured, but as one who had been unkind to him for his injury. His letters had not been forwarded to him from London. He remembered this now, and remembered to curse the idle porter for having failed to send them on; not that it was of so much importance after all: he could calculate tolerably well upon the full reception of missives awaited him; a tender little cog from Azalea, another from Lucia from irritated creditors, a duty letter from his mother, telling that he was well, commenting on the weather, and sending him a good deal of unasked love.

With a sudden blank he thought,

"There will be no letter from her"—! her" meaning Lucia.

However, he kept to his decision about going to Auriel, if only for a few hours; he thirsted for the solace of Azalea's presence, a presence which was in itself a caress. His wounded vanity yearned for the balm of her devotion; he looked on her in the light of a cheroot or cigar, something to sooth his irritation and dull his pain.

Yes, he would go to her." He imaged to himself how she would glow at his approach, how she would run to welcome him with eye, lip, and voice. He had forgotten the fearful fears raised mound in the Auriel church-yard; he could not guess that the color had gone out of her cheeks forever, and that the ghastly sign of moonlit earth, slanting between two sullen stunted cypresses, shielded her from further unkindness.

The wind rose and the sea grew more troubled. He turned his weary homeward, and as the clouds thickened over the moon's face he could no longer see his way clearly, but moved through a dark gulphous space which was filled by wild hints of storm and shipwreck. He was glad when he had got away from that dismal shore haunted by ghosts and ghastly forms, to the brackish scent of deep-colored sea-flowers, by the ominous moan of the rising wind, and by the sting of the rain: he had brought with him to the water's edge.

The more he pondered over the wrong done to him, the more fierce his longing for her who was to palliate the smart.

"I will run down to Auriel to-morrow," he thought; but the next morning, when he took his seat on the point of starting for the station, the servant of a rival brother officer came with a message, asking him to be there as good as stop as and see the Major before he went.

The Major was Major Welter, the "Gentleman Jack" of the regiment, and one of its most popular officers; young (as majors go), handsome, but a broken man, honorably gained in a full over a stiff flight of post and rail, rich and popular. What more could a man desire to insure his happiness? Major Welter did not desire more; but to be something, or rather something less, was necessary to his peace of mind; he had an unhappy propensity to grow—according to the Banting standard, but heavy in handicap point of view.

On this particular morning any one uninitiated in racing mysteries would have viewed the Major's appearance with concern and alarm, fearing that he was the victim of some prostrating distemper.

When Thurstan entered the room nothing was visible of his friend save the tip of a damp-looking nose. The mother that bore him would scarcely have recognized her son in that heaving mass of yellow flannels which represented, or rather misrepresented, the manly outline of John Welter.

Mowbray exhibited neither surprise nor commiseration. He was accustomed to these desperate attempts at liquefaction of the "too solid flesh" of thirteen-stone men.

"Been wasting, I see. What have you brought it down to?"

A faint voice answered from under the blankets, in a Desdemona-like tone of pathos,

"It's no use, Mowbray. Five pounds off yesterday, four pounds on to-day, but there will eight pounds too many on me which I *can't* get down. Just ease off one of the blankets, will you?"

Mowbray obeyed his friend's behest, and the fellow was himself once more distinctly.

"I've tried all I know. I've shut my eyes at mess so that I shouldn't be tempted by the joints; I've resisted my liquor. I've qualified for an anchorite, by Jove! I've walked, looking like an unlimited turnip, until I nearly dropped; and now, after all my exertions, all my self-denial, I weigh, and find myself eight pounds too heavy. It's enough to break a fellow's heart!"

And something like a tear shone in the eye which peeped out above the shining nose. Scoff him not ye who have never known what it is to strive against the misery of "superincumbent flesh," and to fail in the strife.

"I was going to ride my chestnut horse, Piff Paff, the Major continued, dolorously. "I've backed him for a heap of money. You see he's such a queer-tempered beast I couldn't put an ordinary amateur on him. I wish you'd ride him, Mowbray."

"When is it to come off?"

"To-morrow; it's the Wharnesbie Hunt Steeple-chase. The horse will go on to-night; you can go down to-morrow morning; and if we catch an early train back we'll have such a jolly dinner in town!" And the speaker's eyes glistened once more, this time with pleasurable emotion.

"I'll ride him for you with pleasure," Mowbray replied. "I have no leave to leave town in the evening. I am going down into the country."

Captain Mowbray's heart was still very sore, and as he had not fasted he did not feel that a dinner would afford him any especial consolation.

After a brief consultation the friends arranged that they would go together to Wharnesbie that evening, and Captain Mowbray's servant was dispatched in town for his master's letters, and follow the latter down to the race meeting on the following morning. Mowbray knew in Thurstan's mind a lingering hope that Lady Diana might repent her decision, and dispatch some sign of grace in the shape of a letter. He had known any one to hope it was faint and fine as a spider's thread, and he himself was hardly conscious of its subtle existence.

"That boy, young Orme, is going to ride a mare of his own, which he has hunted once or twice. I do not think his father knows he is out on this occasion. Belton of ours is up too, and Flitter rides Antelope."

"Antelope is a screw-pigeon; and he, the Major added, with solemn emphasis, "was dangerous.

CHAPTER LI.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

AT an early hour on the following morning six men might have been seen studying the topography of the Wharnesbie Hunt Steeple-chase course with somewhat of the solemnity of chiefs of an army surveying a disputed field of battle. These were Mowbray and Count Orme (riding under the name of Ennro to evade paternal scrutiny), Major Welter, Captain Belton, Flitter (the "dangerous" and Mr. Knowlton, a well-known performer in the pigskin. Four of the lookers-on were mounted, for the latter gentleman was serene; he was not going to ride, and the fences didn't look nearly so big to him as they did to the others.

"Do you think your little mare is up to this, Orme?" Mowbray asked, anxiously, of Count Orme. "I wish you'd let Captain Belton, Flitter

if he got spilled, or even had a very bad fall; this would was a bothering world after all. At any event he should get free of the burden of intolerable self-reproach. He dare not dwell too long on the horror of that letter, he feared he might lose his head altogether. As it was, Anna's white, dead face kept rising before him, and once he even lifted his hand to put it gently away.

"I wish you'd take it away until the race is over," he remonstrated, half aloud to himself. Meer Welter, thinking his friend alluded to the brandy flask, put it out of sight; and perhaps it was well he did so, for Captain Mowbray had already consumed a considerable amount of its contents.

At present, however, his judgment was not one whit impaired by the stimulant he had taken, nor by his mental distress. The force of habit is a strong controlling power. It is said that men in their sleep sometimes sit down boxes with consummate grace and skill, even while Death is in their hearts. Mowbray, with a growing madness in his brain, sat and handled the uneasy beast he rode with all his usual ability.

He walked Piff Paff slowly up to the hurdles, and flapping the reins loose upon his neck began to pat and talk the chestnut into a belief that nobody wanted him to jump.

"What's your jock about, Welter?" asked a horsey-looking man, clad in the costume supposed to be identical with a taste for sport—*i. e.*, tight trowsers and stunted coat.

"Can't tell, can't tell," was the hurried reply. "Never interfere with another person's ride, especially when he knows as much as Mowbray does."

Soothing the while, Mowbray having approached as near to the hurdles as he dared, veered his horse round, and picking up his reins, quickly darted off in the opposite direction for a breathing-space. The spectators looked blank at being balked of the anticipated jump.

He of the horsey trowsers, who had watched the proceeding with undisguised scorn, shouted in derision—

"Is it to one against Piff Paff."

"Put it down to me, Sir," coolly rejoined Major Welter.

"I'll do it, if you like," said the other.

"It's a bet," replied the Major; adding to a keen-eyed bookmaker standing near to him—

"I only bet to one from you."

"No, Sir, and I wouldn't give you three to one now."

The horses now walked quietly down to the post, where Lord Pastern, who, as the "correct card" of the day, was acting as starter, had already arrived.

"Come back behind the post!" shouted my lord, with a view to some lessons in the art of starting; "I won't start you till you're all behind the post. Now, Captain Mowbray, why are you hanging back? Come on, you must not."

Piff Paff makes a few steps in a forward direction, and Conrad, taking this as a hint to be off, digs his heels into Primrose, and away they go, the others, infected by his example, also spring forward till they have gone about two hundred yards, when Flitter, who has more than sees there is something wrong, pulls up and returns. Conrad Orme and Knowlton soon follow his example, and so would Cleopatra, only that if Greyling permitted it; but the latter bolts as far as the stand, where he stops short, like one of those wilful toy-mice, which, when once wound up, run their own way or none at all.

"Get inside him, Captain."

"Really, I see not much start do you want?"

Amidst such like derision, Captain Belton "winds his solitary way" back to the starting-post.

"What, Flitter, you here?" cries Lord Pastern, as the jockeys rejoin him. "Why, what on earth made you poke your nose in here, sir, the doves in the dove-cot said to the eagle, 'I suppose you've got a certainty?' What's your nag?"

"He's a four-year-old, my lord," whispers Flitter, confidentially, "but I don't like jockeys; they tried him to be a fairish horse last year; but he turned cur, so they put him to cross country work. I've given a fence or two over worse a bridle, but I'm sadly afraid he'll cut it to-day if there's any thing good enough to stretch his neck. Still his owner has backed him for a heap of money."

"Well, he has to carry ten pound extra for professional purposes, Flitter; but I fancy you can give away that little lump."

"Not to Captain Mowbray, my lord. I don't know why—he's given him weight over a country he knows as much as most of us."

By this time the horses were nearly all in a bevy, and Lord Pastern dropped his flag—not with a hearty "go!" The three bounded away in close order and kept pretty well together until the leading Orme had made a quarter of a mile from the starting-post, were nearly reached, when Captain Belton shot to the front, and with outstretched neck and star-gazing head, his hasty brute, never rising, smashed through the hurdle in front of him: almost simultaneously Conrad, Flitter, and Knowlton topped the gorse, while Mowbray quietly slipped through the passage cleared by Greyling.

Passing the stand and betting ring, the riders catch occasional shouts of five to four against Antelope, ten to one against Piff Paff, and from Captain Belton, if he were still within ear-shot, might have heard the mocking cries of fifty to one against Greyling; the latter never slackens as he draws near the fence in front of him, but taking off out of distance crashes down to the bottom of the ditch and there reposes. His jockey has just time to arise and swear that he is a dead man, when Conrad, by this time two lengths ahead of the running horse, comes down to the obstacle; Mowbray and Knowlton take the jump shoulder to shoulder; while Flitter, easing his nag, shaves the flag in cutting off the corner. A beautiful piece of sound turf succeeds, and the four sail away as if the field had no boundary, Flitter holding Antelope hard by the head, as much as to say—

"Now, this is the finest fun in the world, and if you don't take care I won't let you have the spree of going at all."

Thereby deceiving the wily nag and infusing courage into his cowardly heart.

The ice it is at last arrived at, and a trumpery little thing it looks—a mere ribbon of green Canada mare blunders on to the wrong side of him on to her neck, so that he has to work back by degrees and fish unconcernedly for a lost stirrup, which seems like a stirrup i possessed, and keeps shadowing, hanging its leg thinly encased in his riding-boot. Then, in consequence of Primrose's inattention to the ditch, Knowlton finds round Mahomet's neck in a small thornbush which he thinks will make her rise.

His ruse succeeds. Meanwhile Piff Paff, who is in an unwonted hurry, has responded to the soothing influence of Mowbray's delicate yet firm handling, simply strides away, and seems not to see the gap. Mowbray, while flitting with a "Come up, horse!" also follows in safety.

They now cross a deeply-plowed fallow field, which necessitates some holding together, after the land is so dry that the horses move in a cloud of dust; and Flitter, who is lying back, thinks in his eyes uncomfortably of the sweet clover and small stones thrown up by his predecessors. Antelope also shows his disgust by shaking his head from side to side, and finishes by a cross-furrow, Knowlton drops Madonna into it, feels the effort of coming on to firm going, sends her along at a flattering pace, immediately followed by Mowbray. The mishap at the gap had frightened Piff Paff out of the lead; but he now works his way to the front, and pounds along, regardless of the furrow, thinking only how to regain that forfeited place, which object he achieves, not without trying poor Primrose severely. The fallow runs out into a green lane, patched by an occasional cottage and tawny children, who resemble the received notion of imps, shout with glee as Primrose, springing to the summit of the opposite bank, disappears in the meadow beyond.

Madonna, Piff Paff, and Antelope follow, and the pace improves with the horses' appreciation of the elastic sod.

"Hang it!" ejaculates Conrad, "what a deuce of a wind there is!" It is true that there is a gale, from the pace at which he is tearing along; but, in fact, there is not a breath stirring. "I don't keep my mouth shut," he thinks, "for my tongue feels like leather. What wouldn't I give for a wine-glass of water? Hold up, old woman!" he cries to Primrose, who is making heavy play of her fatigue, and, putting her foot into a water furrow, threatens to somersault.

The brave little mare answers up at the sound of his voice, and changing her leg, gathers herself together for the next fallow rails, which now show new, hard, and forbidding at the further end of the pasture.

"Flitter's more's no breaking *them*," thinks Flitter; but he yet resolves that the other three shall have the first chance.

Mowbray gnashes his teeth as he mutters, "I wonder if—" and sits back on the chestnut, prepared to rouse him with the spurs at the very last moment.

"Yoi, ove!" screams Knowlton to Conrad, whose unswerving cheer rings in the air as he lands well in the next field, Madonna, with Knowlton, both horses performing faultlessly. Mowbray draws Piff Paff nearly into a trot until close by, when he drives the chestnut at the rails more vigorously, his tactics serving him so well that he gets over with a bang which reminds the horse that oak oaks carry *not me tangere* plainly on their faces.

"Lucky I didn't put over those hurdles at the stand," thinks Mowbray. "He'd have been sure to sweep them away, and to have tried the same game here."

Flitter, not daring to check his uncertain Antelope too much, rises simultaneously with Mowbray and gets over with the same luck. The brook is running very full, and Primrose, greeting to the disappointment of the crowd. Steeple chase fences are not the only ones brooks, and afford no fair trial to a hunter's water-jumping abilities. In the steeple-chase brook the take off and the landing are generally cramped, a few slight of gorsed hurdles conceals the sheen of the water from the horse until it is too late for him to retract. But in a country, where, while Mowbray listens mechanically to the changes in the bedding. The twenty to one against Primrose becomes so wonderful that Conrad Orme, who can not resist urging his mare to "leave those duffers standing, and win in a walk." Poor lass, she does her best to obey her lord but though her rider has sense enough to save her a little by selecting the sound furrow in the fallow field, and although he does continue to lead first out of the lane, this time lined with the usual crowd of children, she jaded mare reels over the bank, and is passed immediately by the other horses. Ah! Primrose passed by those you bid so gallantly, who shall tell the pain you feel?

Mowbray now takes up the running: he conjectures that to tire first-hearted Antelope will be his most workmanlike plan. He sees Madonna his done her best, and that henceforth the race lies between Piff Paff and the favorite. Calculating with reason that the previous bruises over the timber have taught his horse a lesson, he faces the gorse boldly and confidently, and gets over cleverly, succeeded by Antelope, who rapes all fours, and Madonna, who follows suit. Conrad comes laboring on, the mare struggling painfully to keep her companions in sight.

"I may yet do it," the lad thinks; "they may all come to grief afterward; and I shall run but get over *this*, I may win even now. Poor old fellow!" to Primrose; "once more, old girl, it's the last time!"

And hand and heel go desperately to work. Primrose looks helplessly from side to side as though seeking an alternative, and then, game to the last, although she feels her strength is nearly spent, she gives a pitiful spring, catches both fore-legs on the top rail, and crashes headlong down on the grass beyond. Presently the exhausted mare struggles up again, but the rider does not move. The ladies in the stand see through their *lorgnettes* that a huddled heap of pink and white lies there, like a crumpled rag on the green meadow, but fortunately for them they can not distinguish the face of the poor boy beneath.

The sun shines down fiercely on him, but his upturned eyes do not shrink; awe-stricken men whisper question to him, but he preserves an ominous silence; his cheek is stained by something redder than a blush, and his features have lost their shape under the imprint of the horse's foot.

But just now and he had flashed through sun and shadow a gracious living presence; now he lay stiff and ungainly with the quietness of death sweeping on him. Once the gentlest sound and he had passed the grand stand a gay-hearted lad, his cheeks glowed by the wind, his bright short curls glistening in the sun, and with no more solemn thought in his mind than that, "If he won, perhaps the governor would not so much mind his having run away."

Now he was something which could not even think; something with a face which was a fearful parody on himself; something which even an instant was going further away from the world without being able to breathe it a farewell.

"Breathing, but quite motionless, breathing stertorously," as the doctor expressed it, who is one minute quickly collected round the fallen youth; some half a dozen take off their coats with eager kindness, and stretching them over the hard bars of a neighboring gate, carry the body to a farm-house, where the doctor and a few of the farmer's friends keep watch over the unfortunate gentleman, Madonna, lying still, but too true a prophet when he shouted to Primrose, "For the last time."

Unconscious of Conrad's fate, the other three pursue their way; Thurstan increasing his lead, Flitter waiting with the bravest patience, for he knows he must win, and once Antelope, and Knowlton gradually tailing off; the *lorgnettes* at the stand can now discern the state of the race, and the general practice of the ring to discredit Antelope.

"The favorite's beat!" roar the bookmakers.

"Piff Paff *wills* in," they add.

But Mowbray has not yet won over the brook, and nearly as he thinks of it he would be more cautious and less confident if he saw a starving white bird appear, and, perching on the rail, survey the people, and the open space left for the steeplechasers, comes bounding along and arrives on the opposite bank just as Piff Paff is making his spring. It is too late to make any effort to avert the catastrophe, and in an instant dog, horse, and rider are rolling in the mud. Thurstan looks round to the reins, and taking them over Piff Paff's head, gallops on to the finish, feeling immediately throws his arms round the horse's neck, while a by-stander assists him in readjusting the bit.

The fallen jockey is raised to a sitting posture, followed by Madonna, and dreading Mowbray's reappearance, makes play at the best pace his tiring legs can afford, having no conviction that even the slow but honest Madonna may, if she can only get alongside of him, snatch the victory at the last few strides.

Layers look black, and backers rejoice.

"The favorite wins easy!" thinks the crowd, and in the excitement of excitement even those who forget to wonder if that dear little boy, carried away on the litter, was much injured.

"It is Mowbray coming on!" shouts Flitter to a countryman, staring with all his might at the closing issue of the race. But Antelope has not yet given way before the pressure of the query reaches the stupefied yokel.

The other riders are coming on, hand over hand, knowing his horse will try, and that Antelope will show the white feather if Piff Paff can but overtake him. Mowbray does all he knows, and clearing the last fence is soon within fifty yards of the leader. Catching and passing the hazen Mowbray creeps up inch by inch; at the distance he is within ten lengths, and resolves to wait to the last. They are now close to home. Antelope's ears are up, his tail is over his tail, a symptom of defeat not lost on Mowbray, who calls on his horse with all the power of his voice, and with a last effort finds Antelope raising, and almost against his better judgment, picks up his whip; he finds no response from his exhausted nag, and sits at once on the ebullition of punishment Antelope lays his right short and reels round, the jockey flies, and the favorite is the winner by half a length.

"You have ridden magnificently, my boy," Major Welter is heard shaking his jock's hand energetically, "and by Jove! it's the making of me, Mowbray."

Later he added, "Don't go down into the country, Mowbray; stay and make a night of it in town with me."

"No," Thurstan said, with an odd look on his haggard face. "I shan't go down into the country, I'm going abroad. Welter. Between you and me, there was a dead woman holding her face close to mine during all that race, and I want to get away from her. I shall go home to my people."

Late that night Lord Orme bent over his dying boy, yearning for one look, one word of recognition, but "For the last time. For the last time," was all that Conrad said; and these piteous echoes of his fatal encouragement to poor Primrose were the only coherent words that passed his lips.

When the sun next dawned the lad was at peace, and Lord Orme, stricken to the heart by the unexpected anguish of this last misfortune, kissed the poor bruised lips with his face streaming with tears, and asked himself if this were retribution!

THE AUSTRALIAN REPUBLIC.

We have received a printed document setting forth sixteen reasons for the independence of the six Australian colonies, and their federation in the form of a Republic. The reasons are good, and the time is ripe for the establishment of it. Some have only room for the following extract: "As Australia and New Zealand, with area and capabilities for supporting a population of 50,000,000, count as yet less than 2,000,000, their first great vital 'want' is, of necessity, the want of more people, the want of that more capital and labor, energy, enterprise, art, and skill, ever, by the golden stream of emigration, flowing from the Old World to fructify the New. That in the last fifty years, while only one million British colonists have settled in British colonies in America, four millions have settled in the adjacent United States, and that as German and Continental emigrants have been wholly so the latter, it may fairly be estimated that, in the last half century, for every one emigrant family settling in Australasia under the British flag, we have chosen to settle under the Stars and Stripes. That as the natural advantages of large portions of the British colonies in America are not inferior to those of the United States, this sixfold superiority of the latter over the former in popularity and repute, as an emigration field, proves that, politically and socially, an independent Republic of British origin and genius is vastly more attractive to Continental emigrants than a British World than are subordinate British colonies, and that this pregnant fact alone might wisely determine Australasia to cease to be the one, and to become the other."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANY THING BUT A FICTION-IN-LAW—A Mother-in-Law!

May a glass of spirits taken in a garret be called a *dram-atic* performance?

A "HARD" QUESTION—A blind man's dog.

The Earl of ——, of pompous notoriety and pare-monious celebrity, superintends personally the pedigree of his cattle. He sent word last week by his valet to the village children with his own hands. One morning a group of them presented themselves at the door, either to be hobnobbed with. Pleased with the appearance of the child, he patted her on the head and gave her a kiss. "Now, my pretty lass," he said, "you have got a kiss from your lord; but you have been kissed by an earl." "Ah! but," replied the child, "*we look for nothing though!*"

John Smith fell in love with a maid;
Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there, with his air personal,
He wakened the whole neighborhood!
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house
She slept in the little back kitchen.

An old lady was asked what she thought of the ecliptic. "Ecliptic, indeed, no ever heard such a thing; and that is, that the papers don't always lie."

A quick medicine vender at the South beads one of his advertisements as follows: "Sick Babies Wanted.

APOLOGETIC.

I'd offer thee this bunch of mine,
If thou but hadst the dimes.
But posies wort sell and slim se thine
Won't do for these hard times.
I view her fees in thy wistfulness,
As one too poor to mate,
For thou art rich in thy loveliness
When based on real estate.

MARK TWAIN AT THE TOMB OF ADAM.—"The tomb of Adam" is what we should have been in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all else dear to us, but for the kindness here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. And now—for I am still but in sad sooth—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas! I die and he is not. Now, he is gathered down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand years before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is.

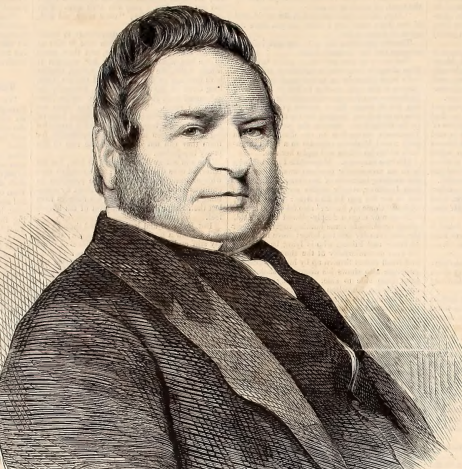
A WHEELCIPEDE.

It has only one wheel,
Neither treadle nor saddle;
It is built to stand still,
That you don't have to straddle.
The man who performs
Takes hold with his hands
Of two upright arms,
And on the ground stands.
Pats his feet in order,
One after the other,
While the arms go slow.
While the feet go faster,
This funny machine
Goes—for a mile or spring—
It is useful to carry
Material for building—
Shingles and shavings,
Brick, lime, and plaster—
And the lighter the load
It can travel the faster.
It is better than a bicycle,
For it isn't so nervous
And our wheelcipede
Is not a wheel-to-borrow!

"Bridget, what became of the tallow I greased my boots with this morning?" "I fried the buckwheat in it." "Oh, I was afraid you had wasted it."

REV. F. J. JOBSON, D.D.

At the opening of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Hull, England, early in August, the Rev. FREDERICK J. JOBSON, D.D., was elected President of the Conference during the twelvemonth ensuing, and received from Mr. HALL, the retiring President, the official seal of the Conference, and JOHN WESLEY'S pocket Bible. Dr. JOBSON was born at Lincoln in 1817; and, having received a good education, was articled to learn the profession of an architect, with Mr. WILLSON, F.S.A., of Lincoln. While living under his master's roof Mr. JOBSON received much literary instruction from the Roman Catholic clergy who frequented Mr. WILLSON'S house. But he remained a Protestant, and entered the Wesleyan Ministry in 1834. From that time to this he has been untiring in his services to the Church of his choice. He has been stationed in some of the most important circuits in the Methodist connection, including the First London, First Leeds, Fifth Manchester, and Bradford Circuits. He was also appointed by the Conference to visit the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, in company with Dr. HANNAH. While in America he expressed his humane sympathies with the negro race, and declined to be separated from them either in traveling or at the table. It was from one of the American universities that he got the degree of D.D. Dr. JOBSON has published several works which have attained success in Methodist literature; among his other works are "Australia, with Notes by the Way;" "A Mother's Portrait," and "A Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Bunting." He is one of the best preachers in the connection; and his conduct as President is distinguished by strict impartiality and amiable manners.



REV F. J. JOBSON, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

THE WAR IN CUBA.

It is impossible even yet to ascertain the precise situation in Cuba, as between the Spaniards and the Patriots. But, whatever may be the result of the conflict, there can be no doubt as to its desolating character. The picture which we give on this page is a characteristic representation of the Vandalism to which both parties seem to have abandoned themselves. Confiscation and despoliation are the order of the day. Such events as that illustrated have frequently occurred.

HON. FOSTER BLODGETT.

Few men of any age or country have been the object of more unmerited abuse and persecution, at the hands of political opponents, than the Hon. FOSTER BLODGETT, Chairman of the State Central Committee of the Republican party in Georgia. A man of strong native intellect, a bold and original thinker, independent in character, sincere in his convictions, ardent in devotion to principle, and uncompromising and determined in the execution of his plans, Mr. BLODGETT has long been regarded as a representative man of his State, and one of the most formidable opponents of the pro-rebel Democracy of his native section. That such a man should be assigned leadership in his own party, and thereby excite the bitterest animosities of his opponents, is not unnatural. The first public man in Georgia to openly advocate the organization of a political party in the State looking to the overthrow of the old sectional hierarchy, and the restoration of the State to its proper relations with the Union, upon the basis of Republican principles, he early endeared himself to the Union men of his section, and he also called down upon his head the anathemas of the decaying political dynasty of Georgia.

Mr. BLODGETT was born in Augusta, Georgia, January 15, 1826, and is consequently now in his forty-fourth year. He was educated in the common schools of his own State, and entered the arena of politics as a Union Whig of the HENRY CLAY school—thus beginning his career as an uncompromising opponent of the dominant party of his State. Only three months after attaining to his majority he was elected member of the Common Council of his native city, and served in that capacity for several years. At the age of twenty-four he was elected Bridge Keeper, and to that position of trust and responsibility was annually re-elected for five successive years, when he refused longer to be a candidate for the place. In 1856 he was elected Judge of the Probate Court, and School Commissioner for Richmond County; and the appreciation of his services in this capacity was shown by his re-election in 1860. In August, 1859, at the age of thirty-three, he was chosen Mayor of the city, and the Augusta Water-Works, which have been carried on so successfully, were planned by him, and completed during his administration. In 1860 he was again the choice of the people for Mayor. He was also appointed a delegate for the State at large to the Convention that met in Baltimore, May, 1860, and which nominated BELL, of Tennessee, and EVERETT, of Massachusetts, as candidates of the Whig-Union party for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—THE PATRIOTS BURNING A SUGAR-MILL IN LOS INGENIOS, NEAR TRINIDAD.

States. It was during this memorable year that he presided, at the hazard of his life, over the last Union mass meeting held in Georgia previous to the outbreak of the rebellion; and it was from this date that those persecutions by secession leaders commenced, which have steadily pursued him to the present moment. At one time, during the progress of the war, these persecutions became so bitter and relentless as to victimize him under the military exactions of the DAVIS government, and force him for a time into the rebel army. He succeeded, however, in so far extricating himself from the military shackles as to return to his family with an honorable discharge, without ever having fired upon his country's flag. After the surrender of the rebel forces he was appointed, by President JOHNSON (June 25, 1865), Postmaster at Augusta. Refusing to become a party to Mr. JOHNSON's defection, he was suspended from the functions of his office, January 1, 1867, but was restored by the Postmaster-General, March 31, 1869. On the 1st of May, 1868, and during the period of his suspension by Mr. JOHNSON, he was appointed Mayor of Augusta by General PORE, then Commandant of the Third Military District—a position which he held until December, 1868.

Mr. BLODGETT was President of the first Republican Convention ever held in Georgia. This occurred on the 4th of July, 1867, and will be long remembered as the opening of that memorable political campaign which, for bitterness of invective and malignity of personal hatreds, stands almost unparalleled in the annals of partisan warfare. It was, in very truth, "a time to try men's souls." Inspired by the audacity and leadership of the old secession magnates, and encouraged by the defection of Governor JENKINS and the obstinacy of President JOHNSON, the Democratic press of the State teemed with the grossest personal abuse of the more prominent leaders of the Reconstruction movement, and sought to manufacture a public sentiment that would rigidly ostracize every man suspected of "Radicalism," and even encourage wives to leave their husbands, and justify assassination itself for political opinions' sake. So terrible was this storm of malevolent invective and denunciation, so rigid the social ostracism it occasioned, that many true Republicans lacked the moral courage to assert their honest convictions; and, rather than subject themselves and their families to such an ostracism, abandoned the field, and, in some instances, publicly recanted their faith! It was under such circumstances as these that FOSTER BLODGETT—a Southern man—took a bold and determined stand for the Right, as against the clamor of a turbulent mob, and thereby became the central figure in this momentous drama. His election to the position

HON. FOSTER BLODGETT.

of Chairman of the State Central Executive Committee seemed less a matter of form than necessity; and under his able administration confidence was restored in the Republican ranks, and the Convention was called by a respectable majority of the registered voters. As a member of the State Constitutional Convention he was active and vigilant, originating many of the most important resolutions and ordinances that were adopted by that body. At the close of the campaign, and after the new State government had been inaugurated, Mr. BLODGETT received the nomination of his party for the position of United States Senator; but, through the defection of one or two Republicans, who essayed to become "respectable" with the pro-rebel faction, he was defeated by his election before the General Assembly, and Dr. H. V. M. MILLER—the representative of a compromise between the Reconstructionists and the Democrats—was elected over the regular Republican nominee. As a delegate to, and one of the vice-presidents of, the National Republican Convention at Chicago that nominated GRANT and COLFAX to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Mr. BLODGETT was active and conspicuous, and few men in the South contributed so much of time, energy, and personal sacrifice to the interests of the Republican ticket as he did. At present he is Treasurer of the Western and Atlantic (State) Railroad—the great railway thoroughfare of the State, northward, to the Tennessee Valley—a position of great trust and pecuniary responsibility, to which he was recently appointed by Governor BULLOCK.

In person Mr. BLODGETT is of medium height and size, slenderly but compactly built, and possesses extraordinary powers of physical and mental endurance. His moral and intellectual faculties are well developed; in temperament he is nervous-sanguine, and walks erect, with a light, elastic step. In manner he is quiet and engaging; in conversation ready and always interesting. His words are generally few and well chosen, and never fail to elicit attention, whether spoken in a tumultuous assemblage or in the more quiet decorum of the committee-room. He is eminently one of the representatives of the "self-made men" of our times; and has attained to great political influence in his section, without appearing to have sought it, or to have suspected that he possessed it.

RAKING FOR CLAMS.

THE fleet of boats engaged in the clam business in Prince's Bay, south of Staten Island, numbers about one hundred and fifty vessels, of from two to twenty tons burden, and manned each by two or three men. This fleet sends to the New York markets during the summer season between 300,000 and 400,000 clams per week, and during the fall and winter seasons about double that quantity. The clams sell at the boats for about $3 50 to $4 per thousand.

Our illustration on this page is from a characteristic drawing by Mr. EDWIN FORBES.

RAKING FOR CLAMS, PRINCE'S BAY.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

A VERY SMALL COLONY.

When the great Napoleon was conveyed to "Wild St. Helena," there to wear out his giant heart chafing against the iron rule of Sir Hudson Lowe, the English placed a garrison on the little island of Tristan D'Acunha, thirteen hundred miles to the south of the sentry-girt Longwood, to act as "outposts," or picket, to the naval guard around St. Helena.

The Conqueror of Europe, obtaining in a few years the whitest comfort of Europe, the garrison was withdrawn from Tristan D'Acunha, and three men-o'-war sailors were left undisputed masters of this bright little gem of the sea.

When H.M.S. *Gorgon* visited the group of Islands of which Tristan D'Acunha is the largest and only inhabitable one, the approach to the shore was found difficult; indeed, it would be inaccessible were it not for a beautiful and copious provision of Nature, which has erected on the northeast side a natural breakwater of giant sea-weed, which makes the water as quiet as a mill-pond. The *Gorgon* was boarded by six straggling seamen, who came off in a very fine whale-boat, and accompanied some officers to shore.

They found there about a dozen huts, all built of solid stone, evidently the work of much patience and labor, but necessary to withstand the furious northerly gales. These huts were boxes are built here, there, and every where, more detached than one would think they should be for society's sake. Each has its little garden of potatoes, "cask" kennels, mongrel Newfoundland dogs, and substantial pig-sties. The inhabitants of the island were, in all, forty-three—seven men, and children. They are all related, but it is difficult to say how, as they have intermarried with each other until a few years ago, when Mr. Taylor visited them from the Cape of Good Hope, and for the sum of $3000 (which a philanthropic old Englishman left for the purpose) remanned five years, improving and training their morals, etc.

This would be a happy family, but, strange to say, they are quite the contrary.

The patriarchs, at the period of the *Gorgon's* visit, were Peter Swain, aged eighty-two, and Alexander Cotton, seventy-nine, both old man-of-war's men, discharged from the service half a century before on this their island.

The inhabitants subsist mainly on their land productions, having herds of fine sheep and cattle, but obtain their luxuries by exchanging the monsters of the deep with masters of ships calling for water. During the months of January and August considerable numbers of sea-elephants are caught, the larger of which yield about four barrels of oil each. They are very small and of little value. The islands also swarm with seals, from two thousand to three thousand having been seen in one year.

Whales are also caught, but seldom. The sea alone would make this dreary colony rich had they a good and safe Yankee population, the present possessors making no exertion until a ship arrives; then the whaling, sealing, etc., commences. The latter all they catch for the English and American goods, and then they lie on their cots instead of laying in stocks of valuable oil, skins, teeth, and beef, etc., ready for the next ship, the sure sale of which would speedily enrich them, and enable them to return to their father-land with independent fortunes.

THE SOLAR MUTABILITY.

Science is every day teaching us to think of the sun, and what have now been so long called the "fixed" stars, with less and less of that sense of fixity which these enormous journeys to planetary beings would seem to render desirable. Not only have we learned that all these so-called fixed centers of our immediate universes are themselves traveling in different directions (dragging their planetary systems after them), with enormous speed, through vast distances from any system we can see great that, in the few centuries we have had to study them, the change has not become even sensible to ordinary perception; but we have also learned that many of them are "variable" stars—now sun among the numberless, becoming brighter, and again less bright at fixed intervals of years: that some of them have broken up and disappeared in the years (or perhaps thousands of years) before the blank caused by their disappearance could have struck the human retina. Nay more, we now know that some suns (resembling in this probably most other solar bodies of the same kind) is in so highly fluid and excitable a condition as to be constantly sending out from its surface forked tongues (thousands of miles in extent) of inflamed hydrogen gas, like the flickering flames of light from the stars of a street illumination; and, moreover, as to be subject to great periodical disturbances, now called "magnetic storms," which are in all probability caused by certain combinations in the movements of those little solid bodies, on one of which we live, round them. Even now one such epoch of magnetic storm seems to be thought pretty near at hand. The sun has been lately exhibiting the most surprising forms of disturbance, and presenting to scientific eyes less "fixity" of essence than ever. Spots so vast that we must estimate their dimensions by millions of square miles have broken out from time to time, and have presented rapid changes of figure, indicating the action of forces of inconceivable intensity. Clusters of smaller spots, extending over yet vaster areas, have exhibited every form of disturbance known to the solar physicist, and every degree of light, from the apparent blackness (in reality only flatness) of the nuclei, to the intense brilliancy of the faculous ridges.

And we now know that these appearances are NOT merely matters for the curious, with which, as they happen at a distance of above ninety millions of miles, practical men need not concern themselves. In point of fact, it is by no means impossible that the issues of peace or war, of a financial crisis, or a religious agitation, may be closely bound up with these phenomena—if not, indeed—which is also quite *possible*—the sudden disappearance of our whole system after the fashion of other solar systems which have thus disappeared. This much, at least, is certain, that the vast electric energy which is the physical constitution of the sun are changes which do most powerfully affect the electric condition of our earth, which, in the form of aurora and the most violent disturbances in the various artificial as well as natural electric apparatus of the world we live in, is rapidly becoming a great of all its possible effects, might, just as well as not, happen some day to throw the electric condition of either a department or the whole planet, under the sea or above it, into the most dire confusion, and send down telegraphic companies' shares to zero in a lump, even if they did not contrive to telegraph to us, after some strange matricidal fashion, that there is all public mischief in store, even in that very limited public company, the human race, are, in a physical point of view, of very doubtful value indeed. Let us explain briefly to what we allude.

On September 1, 1859, shortly before noon, two astronomers, Carrington and Hodgson, watched—one at Oxford, the other in London, were at the same instant scrutinizing a large group of sun spots, when a sudden flood of intense white patches of light appeared in front of the cluster. So brilliant were they that the observers thought the darkening glasses through which their eyes must have become fractured. But the truth was found not to be the case. The bright spots indicated some portion going on which was not merely a process of such activity that within five minutes the spots traveled over a space of nearly 240,000 miles. Now, in point of velocity there are self-registering magnetic instruments which indicate the processes of change by which the subtle influences are thrown through space, and wane. At one time the line traced by the pointer will be marked by scarcely perceptible undulations, showing the almost complete repose of the great terrestrial magnet. At another, well-marked waves along the line indicate the undulations of the magnetic system, influenced in a manner as yet unintelligible to the physicist. And then there are the fits of violent agitation, the sharp, sudden jerks of the pointer exhibiting the occurrence of those mysterious phenomena termed "magnetic storms," by which the operators of the Kew Observatory came to be looked over, it was found that at the very instant at which the brilliant spots of light on the sun had been seen, Hodgson and Carrington, the self-registering instruments had been subjected to the third and most significant form of the influence—a magnetic storm began, in fact, as the light broke out on the sun's surface. But this was not the only evidence of the sympathy of the earth with the sun's surface. At this

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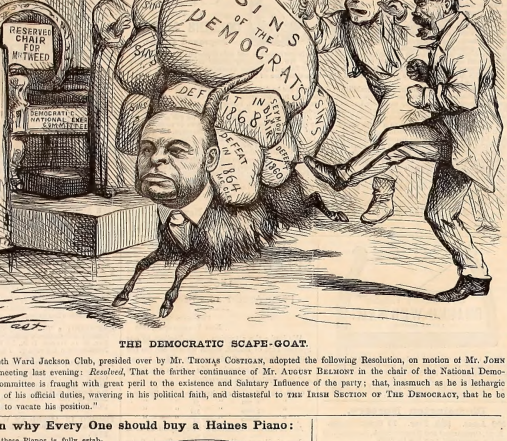

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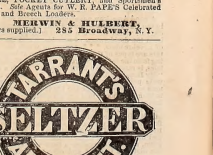

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 664.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

The new Mercantile Library Building, San Francisco, California, is considered the finest building of the kind in America. This is conceded by even Bostonians who have visited San Francisco. It is located on Bush Street, near Sansom, and was completed in December of last year. The building is three stories high, with an attic. Its frontage is 69 feet on one street and 136 on another. The style of architecture is the modern Italian, with a Mansard roof. The front, rising 65 feet to the cornice, is largely composed of cast and wrought iron, and the designs are elegant. In the rear, on the first floor, there is an extensive lecture-room. On the second floor is the library, smoking and chess room, ladies' parlor, and apartments for the use of the Library Association. Above, on the third story, is the reading-room, museum, and art-gallery. The attic is divided into twenty-five rooms, and is let for various purposes, many of the apartments being used as studios by some of the leading San Francisco artists.

THE PLACE OF ARMS, HAVANA.

The beautiful situation of the chief city of Cuba, on the western shore of a magnificent landlocked harbor, from which it slopes into the luxuriant upland, clothed with dark verdure of the cocoa-nut palm groves, and adorned with numerous villas, has often been described. The interior of Havana, with its mean and narrow streets, except in one or two modern quarters of the city, is scarcely worthy of its commercial and political importance. The Plaza de Armas, shown in our engraving, is tolerably handsome, with several public edifices around it, and with two broad streets intersecting each other in the middle of the square, dividing it into four pleasant gardens or shrubberies. In the centre is a statue of FERDINAND VII., King of Spain, overtopped by four majestic palms. The palace of the Captain-General, or Viceroy of the island, fills one side of the square. Opposite to this stand several palaces, and a chapel is erected on the spot where, at the first founding of the city, the first mass was celebrated, under the shade of the ceiba-trees, some of which still exist. To the right are the Intendencia and other government buildings, and to the left is a line of houses and shops. During the daytime the burning heat of the tropical sun drives the Havana population into the shade of their own houses, or of the narrower and cooler streets; but in the cool of the evening the out-of-door life begins again. The military band performs every evening on the Plaza, and crowds of people swarm there to listen to the music. The streets are thronged with the elegant "Volanti" and "Quitrin," the characteristic national equipages, filled with ladies in brilliant toilets, while the promenaders enjoy the cool air beneath the starry sky or in the clear moonlight until the cessation of the music gives the sign for the general dispersion of the groups. Such is the aspect of the Plaza de Armas in peaceful times; but we had occasion, not many weeks ago, to give an illustration of a very different scene, when the Governor's palace was attacked at midnight by a mutinous mob of Spanish volunteer soldiery, whom the regular troops did not venture to disperse, so that General DULCE was forced to leave the island. Under the more vigorous government of his successor, General CABALLERO DE RODAS, the city of Havana is again tranquil; but the Cuban revolt is not yet subdued.

IMPORTED POULTRY.

The attention paid by farmers and poultry-raisers to imported breeds recently introduced into this country was illustrated by the interest manifested in the sale of fowls at the rooms of the *American Agriculturist* on the 18th of August. These fowls were sent here by JAMES C. COOPER, of Cooper Hill, in Limerick, Ireland. Specimens of the lot are given in our illustrations on page 604.

Each of the different "fancy breeds" has its peculiar and special merit. They are all valuable for their size, delicacy, and laying qualities. Perhaps the most generally and deservedly popular fowl is the Houdan, unsurpassed even by the Dorking for quality of flesh or for size. They are very hardy, and good winter layers. Their plumage is a mixture of black and white in large spangles. They are of French origin, and, like the Dorking, have five toes.

The duck-winged game are birds possessing elegance of form and beautiful plumage, yet they are the best of layers, and the flavor of their flesh is beyond comparison with that of any other fowl. They are small eaters.

The dark Brahmas are bred heavier than any other, single specimens having been known to weigh thirteen, fifteen, and even eighteen pounds. The pullets lay when six months old, and usually from thirty to forty eggs before they are inclined to hatch. They often begin to lay in autumn, and continue without a single day's interruption till spring.

The black, white-crested Polands weigh from five to six pounds, have an erect and bold carriage, and their crests are large, full, and regular.

The Crevacœurs and Cochins are greatly preferred in France for the quantity and quality of their flesh. A full-grown cock often weighs ten pounds. They are easily raised in confinement, mature early, and lay large eggs. The Cochin chickens, though they feather slowly, are hardier than any other breed except the Brahmas, and will thrive where others would perish. They grow fast, and may be killed when twelve weeks old. They are gentle, can not fly, and the hens are unsurpassed as setters and mothers.

The silver-spangled Poland is a most beautiful breed. It is bred to a very good size—six to seven pounds in the cock and four to five in the hen being the average weight. The Poland is an affectionate bird. Its favorable localities it is a prolific layer, and its flesh is remarkably good.

The La Fleche is a French variety peculiarly adapted to our Southern and Southwestern States. In colder climates they require great care, but they well repay it.

The Spanish breed, from which probably the La Fleche proceeds, is also sensitive to cold and dampness. They lay large white eggs, and, in moderate weather, very abundantly.

The Dorkings are an artificial and celebrated English breed. They are unsurpassed as table-fowls, combining the flavor and delicacy of game with an abundance of meat, and that in the choicest parts—the breast, merry-thought, and wings. The hen is an excellent setter and mother. The Dorking is a poor layer, especially in winter, and is difficult to raise in confinement.

The game Bantams are a comparatively recent variety of that breed, but they are hardier than any of the other varieties. They are delicate as food; there seems to be a peculiar closeness of texture in their meat, greater than in that of even their larger progenitors.

The Sebrights are a beautiful and ornamental variety, which may be recommended for exhibition, as well as for its intrinsic value.

AN ESQUIMAUX PARLIAMENT.

After the expenses of the very elaborate machinery of a company of Governmental merchants is defrayed, a quarter of the profits of the trade is credited to each district, to be again distributed among the natives. About $25,000 is the average amount derived from the sale of the oil, walrus, and narwhal ivory, whalebone, seal-skins, etc., in Copenhagen; and supposing the share of the profit from this falling to the settlement of Egedesminde to be $250, which is, I suspect, more than the average—it would be distributed in the course of the year by a sort of hyperborean Parliament called the Partisok. This assemblage is composed of representatives chosen by universal suffrage from all the little Esquimaux fishing-stations, each one of which returning one member—generally some talkative old fellow, not over much use as a seal-hunter, but who is intimately acquainted with every body. The president of this body is the governor, and the priest, doctor, and assistant trader have also seats in it. All the native members wear a scarlet cap with a white band, with the badge of the Royal Board of Greenland Trade in front—a bear rampant, its head surmounted by a crown. They meet generally in the winter, when traveling from settlement to settlement over the frozen sea is easy. Then assemble from all the outposts the claimants—the clients of the Partisok. A widow will say that her

NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—(SKETCHED BY L. R. TOWNSEND.)

husband is dead, and it is now time that her boy should learn to kill seals in his kayak; but she can not afford to pay any body to teach him. The Partisok in its wisdom votes the munificent sum of five rigsdaler per annum for that purpose. Then a young fellow comes—blushing through the oleaginous dirt on his cheeks—and avows that he is going to be married, and has not money to purchase a musket or a kayak; and, with a deal of good advice from the assembled sages, he is lent the money for a term of years. Or a family in poor circumstances, on the catcher of the family being sick, and to them a sum for their immediate necessities is voted; and so on until the balance is expended.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscription to this Paper will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as convenient* before the Expiration of their present Subscription. *It will avoid the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

THE DEMOCRATIC BOURBONS.

WE have already mentioned the struggle in the Democratic party between the old and the new spirit, between the dogged retention of the old doctrines and policy and the cordial adoption of new measures in harmony with the actual situation. The signs of the contest abound on every side. The different tone of the platforms in the various States, and the different and antecedents of the candidates of which we spoke last week, all reveal the want of a common expression and a common purpose in the party. It begins to appear, however, that the progressive wing of the party yields to the Bourbons, and that one more effort will be made to prolong the angry debate out of which the war sprang.

This contest in the Democratic party began with its organization under JACKSON. General JACKSON was substantially a Jeffersonian. He was in favor of a restriction of government to the lowest terms, and although he approved a tariff for revenue, he was opposed to a national system of internal improvements and magnificent enterprises. Long before General JACKSON left the Presidency, Mr. CALHOUN, whose general political philosophy was much less sound than JACKSON'S, had fixed his heart upon it. His instinct indicated to him his chief rival, during the Presidency of Mr. MONROE Mr. CALHOUN was hostile to "the hero," who did not suspect it. JACKSON'S election presently made CALHOUN his open enemy. The first contest between them was the nullification movement of 1832. JACKSON was honestly a Unionist man, and heartily despised as well as disbelieved the Southern theory of the government. His proclamation was as admirable and sound as WEBSTER'S speeches, and he made preparations to keep the peace and enforce the law. In the latter resolution his party supported him. But in his Message of 1832, previous to the proclamation, he virtually recommended the policy that CALHOUN demanded. From that moment the CALHOUN element in the Democratic party grew stronger, until it absolutely controlled it, and the war that was always latent in that element broke out.

The conduct and event of the war proved that the people rejected the CALHOUN theory while they enjoyed slavery, for whose protection the theory was urged. The Democratic party, as a party, passively opposed the war; and as it was a party organization maintained. The internal conflict was therefore inevitable. There were the party traditions, the Southern alliance, and the hatred of the negro, with the old party leaders, apologists of slavery, and supporters of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions—in fact, the CALHOUN men, on one side; and on the other, the feebler element of this party, young proselytes who held philosophically to the limited functions of government, and who insisted upon abandoning the plainly closed issues of the last generation. Of this wing the New York *World* became the organ; a journal skilfully and intelligently managed, but whose tone of half-hearted loyalty was always paralyzed in influence and destroyed its power.

In the Democratic National Convention of 1868 the two wings of the party met and tried conclusions. CALHOUN reappeared in the flesh as WADE HAMPTON, and he swept all before him. The New York managers had secured the meeting of the Convention in Tammany Hall itself, and intended to secure their preference in the nomination. But the wilier the New York plotting the more conspicuous was the triumph of South Carolina. One of the ablest and most honorable of New York Democrats, HENRY C. MURPHY, reported the platform, and the New York trick of nominating the New Yorker, HORATIO SEYMOUR, succeeded. But Mr. MURPHY'S platform was repudiation, and Mr. SEYMOUR, who had opposed repudiation at Tweddle Hall, accepted as his own the repudiating platform of Tammany. The question of the campaign, therefore, was simply whether the people would surrender the results of the war, and the election of General GRANT was the answer.

The progressive wing of the party was compelled to submit to the Bourbons of the Convention, and their hopes of the prompt abandonment of old issues and a bold dash at the future in the nomination of Mr. CHASE being baffled, the progressives made a show of failing into line; but after the premonitory thunder of Maine and Pennsylvania the *World* called for a change of front, which was a confession of inevitable defeat. It came, and the new issue mentioned was opposed to and resisted by the Bourbons. But they forgot that nothing can instruct the Bourbons. The *World* hailed the nomination of General ROSECRANS in Ohio, urged that of General HOFFMAN in Pennsylvania, and rejoices over that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in Massachusetts. It has stringently set forth that compromise demands acquiescence in what is actually accomplished. But it pleads in vain. The Bourbons conquer. General ROSECRANS, in declining, echoes the *World*; and the Bourbon spokesman in his place VALLANDIGHAM'S candidate, FENDLETON, the chief national representative of repudiation; and in Pennsylvania ASA PACKER, an extreme Bourbon; and answer JOHN QUINCY ADAM'S speech, advising a general renunciation of old issues, by the stolid declaration of the platform that they mean nothing.

Not content with condemning the war by replacing ROSECRANS, a Union general, by FENDLETON, a Vallandighamite, and PACKER, a repudiator, and by preferring PACKER to HANCOCK, the Bourbons now begin to demand the head of the Chairman of the National Committee, who opposed repudiation. They will not demand it in vain. Every where, also, the Bourbons insist upon opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment as the denial of political rights to the colored citizens. It is the reaction nationally attempted last year at which they now aim in the separate States. And its complete is their victory that the *World* itself, whose one principle of party action since the surrender of Lee has been the abandonment of issues that were dead, has undertaken to prove that Mr. PENDLETON'S proposition to pay the bonds in currency is not bad faith, and that the negro contest must be continued. The passage of the fifteenth Amendment, which the *World* opposes, would formally close the great debate of the last generation; and the acquiescence in equal suffrage, which was by the adoption of the new Constitution would open the way for the consideration of new issues. The Bourbons have conquered the *World*, which has surrendered to the advantage that the result of the Presidential election gave it. It hurrahs for PENDLETON and hurahs for ADAMS. It hurrahs for SEYMOUR and CHASE and then for CALHOUN. As for its Democratic readers, "Gentlemen, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

The question for the country then is, shall we put the negro out of politics by completing the work which is nearly accomplished of securing his equal rights? Let the voters in this State, and in every State, remember that the Bourbons insist upon fighting the same old battle over again. We fought it in a way that they remember in 1865 and 1866. Let us show in '69 that there can be no radical change in parties until the question which divides them is settled.

THE LARGE WHITE WIG.

IN one of his private letters Mr. WEBSTER speaks of a gentleman who had "the Presidential air. When Mr. BUCHANAN, who, as Minister in England, had been known to expectorate upon carpets, was elected President, there were those who were delighted that there was at last "a gentleman" in the White House—Mr. BUCHANAN'S claim to distinction being frequently residing in his white cravat. When Mr. LINCOLN succeeded Mr. BUCHANAN there were many Southern "gentlemen" who could easily break an oath to the government, but who bitterly regretted that such an "uncouth boor" was made President. Undoubtedly there are many persons who take great comfort in Turveydrops, and in what may be called a grandiloquent deportment; and Mr. CHARLES ROBINSON, in his lately published "Diary," speaks of a clergyman who "was a gentlemanly person, and inspired respect—especially by a very large white wig."

It happens that President GRANT does not wear a very large white wig of any kind whatever, and for that reason, apparently, he forfeits a good deal of respect in certain quarters. The great constituency of Buncombe, for instance, is in high wrath. Here is a President who is one of the simplest of men. He does every thing in the quietest way. He never, it is said, includes, rolls off so resounding twaddle, but tranquilly and efficiently attends to his duty as a modest and faithful officer. "Is this brilliant, is this splendid, is this the Presidential air?" roars indignant Buncombe, with one accord; "where is the very large white wig, pray; and how can a President inspire respect without it?" The prestige of his administration, we are more soberly told, is declining, and, absurd as it may be, simply from the absence of the great white wig.

This is very possible. There is such an immense quantity of white wig in our politics and statesmanship that its absence may really appear to some persons to be the absence of wisdom. If General GRANT had only followed the counsels of Buncombe—if he had staid steadily in the White House, and had made solemn speeches to complimentary delegations—if he had surrounded himself with reporters, and loudly expressed declarations of doing this and that—if to all invitations he had replied in fine flights of epistolary eloquence instead of by a plain yea and no—if he had only worn an immense white wig that could be seen from every corner of the Union, even the Turveydrops would have conceded to him the Presidential air, and his administration, being, as it is, really efficient and economical, would have been saluted as splendid.

But the truth is, that Americans like rhetoric and flap-doodle, and what is very commonly and expressively called "squirt." Our representatives talk to Buncombe, not to the House. The very nature of our political debates in late years has increased this tendency, because they have dealt with the rights of human nature and with moral duties. Before this debate fairly began the questions at issue also admitted of magnificence in the treatment. After the war of 1812 Jefferson, in his fourth, "the American system," internal improvements, and a national university. Thus President JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, unlike his grandson, amplified the functions of government in classical scholar and well-read in history, he enriched his messages with allusions to the monuments of Rome, the magadavi, and the Pharaohs; and he filled the national imagination with the vision of a vast system of explorations, and structures, and institutions, which were all words, but such amazingly fine words as no other old duty for things. No President ever wore a more enormous white wig than the excellent JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. General JACKSON wore a large, but it was very different. Ignorant, imperious, violent, and vindictive, he destroyed the bank and removed the deposits, and whatever he did was done with such a high and bold air as "by the Eternal" that delighted Buncombe was in raptures over the hero as an "old Roman" of the purest Republican type. General JACKSON understood the use of the large white wig as well as any body.

General GRANT utterly despises it. He and his Secretary of State are two of the least bewigged personages that American politics have produced. They do their work with so little swagger that those who confound bluster with business might suppose that none done. The President leaves the White House in the summer, as most Presidents have done, and as all ought to do. Instead of going to the Soldiers' Home in Georgetown he moves leisurely from point to point, not far away from Washington. He travels as quietly as he can, not making a progress as the Presidents have done before, and very properly, if they liked it. He has a most edifying and amusing contempt for the cries that assail him, and is conscious that none of them can really injure him so long as he is not truant from his duty as well as from the White House. The Springfield *Republican* says that no man at this time is the task of kings, not of Presidents, and advises the President, if he must travel, to go to the Southern States, and learn from the South his friends from his enemies. To such a sneer the conduct of the President is sufficient answer. There is not a man in the Southern States who does not know what he is doing as his sympathies, nor does the *Republican* show in the least point how his absence from the capital has injured the public welfare. If the supremacy of the party, as the *Republican* alleges, is fast passing away, it certainly is not because the President passes the hot weather at the sea-side rather than in Georgetown. And if there is a feeling that his administration disappoints expectation, it is not because of what it has done or failed to do, but of its total want of swagger, its unprecedented freedom from large white wigginess.

THE FALL TRADE.

THE diffusion over the South of a much larger portion of the specie circulation than they enjoyed last year has had the same effect upon the Northern and Eastern States, from which the drain proceeded, as if the currency had been so far contracted. The South, thus strengthened, have powerful reasons not only for holding all that they can, but for obtaining, as the fruit of the crop of cotton now about to be gathered, as much money as may be necessary for the convenient prosecution of all their various industries—an object which will be far more easily overcome than with them, as the strength of a part is the strength of the whole.

This policy restrains speculation, and induces great caution on the part of buyers. The transfer of capital from the Northern to the Southern section has made money less plentiful; but yet there are many reasons for the confidence still felt that the fall trade will be considerable and remunerative.

The freights to Chicago, *via* the Erie road, were raised from 38 cents per hundred to 45 cents for first-class goods; but this, while it is the rate on other lines and very nearly the measure for other points, is so far below the combination rates which lately prevailed that it still stimulates to activity in the hope of moving goods before the expected advance in freight occurs. A low rate by one line controls the price by the other great lines, and it may be that the Erie, which acts capriciously and scarcely at all with a view to remunerating its stockholders, may for some time obstruct any complete arrangement. There are intimations of a moderate advance next week.

So far as dry-goods are concerned, their prices turns largely upon that of new cotton, present and prospective; and it is to the judgment which individual buyers of dry-goods form on this point that they are the one or occasional purchasers. The price of raw cotton is still maintained in foreign and home markets at a high figure—higher than is warranted by the interests of manufacturing industry here and abroad.

It would seem from the experience in the trade which we have lately had that more looms for both cotton and wool have been running than can be supplied by consumption, and that this excess of production has not been corrected by the necessary suspension of work in England and in this country. This species of property feels the effect of this condition of the trade, and must continue to do so until a proper adjustment has been reached between what is produced and what is consumed, and between the price of the raw material and of manufactures. That such an adjustment must take place is very evident, accompanied with important effects.

It is thought to be somewhat singular, in the face of these facts, that the English are complaining of the poverty of the cotton crop, and are making powerful efforts to increase the growth of cotton in their Indian possessions; but their opinion is that the present high price of cotton limits consumption, and that if it were reduced, the use of manufactures would increase in the same proportion.

Our annual crop testing the accuracy of this theory are fortunately less ample than theirs, for we are in the midst of thriving populations not required to look to the cotton harvests with the care to which older communities are condemned. In England there is a large population on the verge of pauperism, to whom any advance in the price of cotton comes as a hardship which must be met by economy. We produce in this country a large portion of the staple, and we produce more in the advantage of a high price for it than do the English, who must pay the foreigner the whole excess.

The greatly improved condition of the South in the State is a contribution made from the manufacturing industry of the whole world, and is a fortunate result of circumstances not likely to be of long duration. The South will not be permanently managed with great adroitness from a clear comprehension of the whole situation, on the part of an intelligent body of planters and merchants. We have unfortunately combined to produce the result. The tendency hereafter will be in the direction of more reasonable rewards; but it is not to be feared that cotton in both can not be produced at a loss as long as the opinion prevails among British manufacturers that the whole production is inadequate. The means do not exist for an immediate extension of the cultivation in India. Expensive irrigation, model farms to instruct the Ryots, and a large increase of personal facilities are the means recommended at Manchester; and these require time for their development. It is safe, therefore, to urge Southern planters to go on vigorously with this great industry.

Until the new crop begins to come forward, it is thought, from the combined influence of the present deficiency in middlings of good quality and the resort on the part of mills to short time, that the price of cotton fabrics will continue very firm. The strength given to the dry-goods trade is due in great part to this cause, but also to the fact that country distributors have light stocks.

A meeting was recently held in Liverpool to encourage a direct trade with the Southern States, and cut off New York from the advantage of being the chief importer and distributor for the whole Union. A planter from Memphis urged this policy, which had its advocates before the war as part of the scheme of independence which was formed for the protection of the peculiar institution of the South. If it was impossible then to secure this change it must be so now, when the chief object of this isolated policy no longer exists. The eminence of New York in trade is not due to circumstances that can be controlled. The issues of importation and exportation can be done cheaper by New York than by any Southern port; and it is this which will prevent its transfer to any other locality.

The Board which was convened to listen to the Memphis appeal would, perhaps, from some little jealousy of the growing influence of this city, aid the scheme if it were possible; but the motives for building up a direct trade between the South and foreign parts have been so much weakened by recent events, and the motives for

a more perfect union are now so powerful, that it may be safe to predict that the loss attending such an attempt will not now be incurred.

SENATOR BROWNLOW AND THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

IN the Knoxville *Whig* of August 31 Senator BROWNLOW makes a courteous reply to our suggestion that he should explain why he wished "a sound and reliable Republican" to be elected Governor by those who will not elect such a Republican Senator.

The Senator says that the Convention having failed to nominate, he was at liberty to choose between the two Republican candidates, and he believed Mr. SEXTER to be the better man. Personal jealousy had nothing to do with the decision. As to the franchise, he thought it safe and necessary to restore it to those who had forfeited it by rebellion, and among the considerations that influenced him was the fact that the Supreme Court had restored some twenty thousand, including most of the leaders, and he saw no reason for further excluding the rank and file. Yet he thought it should be done in a constitutional manner by a convention. For "conducting the question" by improperly manipulating the registration, however, the Senator claims that he is not responsible. He is of opinion that SEXTER'S Republican vote would have been larger except for the interference of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General, but that his Republican vote is now to be disregarded. For the possible action of the Legislature in choosing a Democratic Senator and rejecting the Fifteenth Amendment, Senator BROWNLOW declines to be held responsible. Should it do both, he says that his action in the premises will be determined by his convictions of duty.

The foregoing has rests his support of Mr. SEXTER upon his personal knowledge and preference. But when the registry was "manipulated" under the auspices of Mr. SEXTER, in what Mr. BROWNLOW believed to be a most unconstitutional manner, was it not plain that the candidate whom he preferred was willing to be elected by unconstitutional means, and by the votes of those who were unfriendly to the professed principles and to those of Senator BROWNLOW; and was it not equally plain that Mr. SEXTER would come under such circumstances, although he was personally a Republican, could not be considered a Republican victory, and must necessarily put the Legislature and the Senator to the Democrats and defeat the amendment? Is it surprising that, under such circumstances, Republicans out of the State who knew the Senator's fidelity thought that he should postpone his personal preference to the general advantage? However wise and desirable the reasons of disability may have been, the Senator himself concedes that his action was "improperly manipulated." He thus added a result which was due to questionable means, and which gives him an opportunity of the Administration as a colleague. Senator BROWNLOW certainly has the right to vote for the candidate whom he prefers. But a party man must see that when a Republican supports the candidate whom all the Democrats support he is helping to bring the Democrats into power. This he will of course do when he prefers the Democratic policy. But as we can not see that Mr. SEXTER'S success was essential to general enfranchisement, we must regret that the Republicans did not leave him to be elected by the votes inevitable, by the "manipulated" votes.

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

MR. J. ROSS BROWNE, late Minister to China, denies that he has opposed the ratification of Mr. BURLINGAME'S Chinese treaty, or that he has stated that it would be rejected. What Mr. BROWNE'S reply to an address of the British and American merchants in Shanghai shows that this view of the case points to the observed toward China is radically antagonistic to that of Mr. BURLINGAME. The treaty negotiated by the latter was a arrangement between two absolutely independent and sovereign powers. Mr. BROWNE, on the contrary, says that in his judgment China should be treated as a power sovereign in its internal aspect, "but as occupying an organization incompatible with absolute equality." "We carry on business here," says Mr. BROWNE, absolutely, "by force and against the will of the Chinese; it is, therefore, China's duty to profess to respect a sovereignty which we practically disregard. It may be necessary, for our interests, to regulate the internal affairs of the country, and we had better not say in advance that we will not do so." In fine, Mr. BROWNE says that we have no trust in Chinese just as the Europeans treated the wild Indians—that is, make our pleasure and interest the law of the country. In this spirit he virtually says to Prince KUNG, the Chinese Minister, that he must hasten to do certain things or they would be done for him.

This policy seems to us neither honorable nor wise. Nothing, certainly, can be more disgraceful than the old British policy in China; and really it is not easy to see how it differed from this. Its principle was that the Chinese were barbarians in possession of a vast country, some of whose productions were desired by England, and should be had at any cost. Suppose that England were to inform us that our tariff was a barbarous Chinese policy, that Chinese policy was distasteful to England, and that if we did not "hurry up" and establish free trade she would do it for us, as she was resolved to trade with us upon conditions agreeable to herself. If China is to be treated as an incompetent child because of the barbarian ignorance of the rest of the world, why is not this country equally childish and barbarous in the degree that it excludes the rest of the world? Mr. BROWNE will see that there is a sad confusion of beams and motes here. His policy is untenable. We ought to trade with China upon terms agreeable to China, not upon such terms as we choose.

If, indeed, we deny the right of "an ignorant pagan nation," as Mr. BROWNE calls the Chinese, "to do as it pleases," of course a treaty like Mr. BURLINGAME'S is ridiculous. But by what right does Mr. BROWNE make the supposed pecuniary interest of trade to be pleased to call a Christian nation the measure of its duty? Which was the more admirable, the conduct of Christian and intelligent England making war upon China to open a market for opium, or that of the ignorant pagan nation refusing to buy it? If England can not carry on an opium trade with China except at the cost of war, is that trade so essential to Christian civilization that the war is justifiable? And if Christian England can not carry on hard and chow-chow to Christian Americans, shall we cut their pagan throats by way of persuasion?

If Mr. BROWNE alleges, there is really no authority in China to enforce a treaty, that is no good reason for not making them. But that has nothing to do with ignorance and paganism and our right to do what we choose with ignorant and pagan nations. In the eye of what are technically called Christian nations, Turkey is both ignorant and pagan; but we contrive to maintain equal and friendly relations with the Sublime Porte. If it be a fact that the condition of China is such that foreign merchants can not protect themselves without large guns upon the local authorities, then it is certainly not a country to which we should send a minister any more than to New Zealand or Madagascar. But we ought certainly to come to some conclusion. If Mr. BROWNE'S statements are correct, we ought to withdraw from a treaty with a government which can not protect its citizens, and which is, therefore, of course, incompetent to observe the stipulations of a treaty.

NOTES.

IT has never been surprising to those who know that EDMUND BELMONT was a gentleman of ample fortune that he was the chairman of the National Democratic Committee. But there is evident disposition on the part of the Democratic party to relieve him of that honor. We think that the other statesman, Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED, would be a good party manager. Perhaps it would not be so easy to furnish majorities for the whole country, upon information by telegraph, as it is for one district in New York, but what could be done in that direction Mr. TWEED is unquestionably the man to do. Yet there are objections to his nomination which will probably force the nomination of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR and General FRANCIS P. BLAIR we met one of the murderous Democratic conventions of the radical districts. Speaking of the impending nomination of the Chief Justice, which Mr. TWEED was stopped, we do not see why it would not be edifying to see so unmitigated a Hard-Shell as our indescriminate vote for so original an abolitionist as Mr. CHASE. Associated, as they will certain forcible epithets, replied, "I've just seen Jeff. Davis, and I told him that he could manage this city very well, but that Mr. CHASE would were too *compound expletive*) big for him!" They certainly were so for the present honorable chairman.

THE course of Philosophical and Literary lectures proposed by the new President at Harvard College is not only sure to be most attractive and instructive, but it will mark a decided revolution to keep pace with the rapid movement of the times. Mr. EMERSON lectures upon "The Natural History of Intellect," which will be a study to derstand him to propose a series of discourses upon memory, imagination, etc., which will be treated not as a branch of mental or moral "school," but by the insight of genius. Professor DOWDEN'S lectures upon Locke and the Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century, upon HUME, a most admirably accomplished scholar, upon Deism, Pantheism, and Atheism. The two new names in this department are J. LEAVITT CABOT upon "KANT," and JOHN FISKE upon "The Darwinian Philosophy." Mr. CABOT is a scholar of very remarkable and widely various attainments, thoroughly familiar with the German philosophy, as with other and wholly different departments; and Mr. FISKE, a young man, is known as the author of a reply to Mr. PATTON'S pamphlet upon smoking and drinking, and of the more elaborate literary reviews in the *World*, among which a sketch of Greek life published last winter was a very striking paper. Mr. FISKE'S scholarship is extensive and accurate, and he has proved his power to deal vigorously and brilliantly with a subject in the article in the English *Fortnightly Review* of last year. In the literary course the names are Professor BÜCHER, upon the French Comedy of the 17th Century; "History and Relations of the German Language," by Professor W. D. WHITNEY; "Goethe and Schiller," by Professor CORNEL—all of whom have the best reputation in their departments. There are then "English Poetry of the 16th and 17th Centuries," by Professor FRANCIS J. CHILD, who is unquestionably the master of American, and certainly the peer of English, scholarship in the subject. It is to Professor CHILD that we owe the recovery of the original Percy manuscript, and from him that the best edition of Chaucer is expected. Professor JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL lectures upon "Early Italian and Spanish Literature." Those who have heard him upon Dante know with what wealth of knowledge, what delicacy of insight, what subtlety of humor and fine imagination, what deep and noble sympathy, what generous wisdom, he will treat his subject; while the "New Italian Literature" will be presented by WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, whose articles in the *North American* upon the subject show the utmost familiarity with it, and are full of that thoughtfulness, tender grace, and sweet, sparkling humor which are so delightful with inexpressible charm in his two books of life in Italy. The Literary course begins on the 15th of September, the Philosophical upon the 16th; the fees for both courses will be $200, and they are open to all "competent persons, men or women."

THE Secretary of State has written an admirable letter to the Vice Consul-General, at Havana, upon the abuses of American citizenship. Certain Cubans, exiled by revolutions in their country, and returning to Cuba have concealed their flag, and even accepted offices that can be conferred only upon Spanish subjects. Of course, when some duty to the Spanish Government was to be enforced at personal cost, these persons declare that they are citizens of the United States. Mr. FISH states that both naturalized and natural citizens are entitled to the same protection from the Spanish government. But it is very possible for any of the latter class to abandon the United States country, and pass for native subjects or citizens with impunity and protections. He instructs the Consul to use his discretion in regard to such applications, and to interfere only when he is convinced that the applicant has in good faith maintained his allegiance to this country. We hope that this is not to be considered another illustration of this practice of trucking of this government to the bloated despotism of Spain. It seems to us that it is scarcely as fair and honorable as enforcing the Neutrality Laws. But when Spain once has a nation under her thumb, she is determined that she had as thoroughout the Cuban business, every action of a subject Secretary must be suspiciously scrutinized.

MR. LOSSING'S "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution" is universally known as one of the most delightful and valuable of histories for the family library. It was the result of careful study and personal exploration with pen and pencil in hand; and it was so warmly received that the author instantly continued his work; and the HARPERS have just issued the "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812," which renders the same service to that where it was left by the first work, and brings it down to the peace of 1815. Beginning with a faithful sketch of the condition of the country under the Revolution, the rise of parties, the war with Barbary, and the European wars, it proceeds to develop the causes of our second war with Great Britain, which it then describes in most ample and interesting detail, with every kind of quaint and attractive illustration, in the most picturesque and simple style. The research and labor in both books must be very great, and they are treasuries of important facts. They are also most entertaining to readers of all ages, however familiar with the stirring events, and are indispensable to every library.

THE system of Lyceum lecturing has now become so extensive and so complicated that a Bureau for conducting correspondence has become both a necessity and a convenience. The American Literary Bureau in this city has engaged in this work for three or four years with such success that it has become at last a great number of lecturers, among whom are some of the most desirable in the country. The value of the system established by the Bureau has been approved in the Western States, and Lyceum committees will save themselves a great deal of trouble by applying to the Bureau in communications with the American Literary Bureau, 132 Nassau Street.

IT is time that the stockholders and directors of the city railroads were heard from. The general complaint of the cushions in the cars which are supposed to be infected with disease, and known to contain vermin. The cushions in the cars of the horse-car Companies are, which always forbid crowding their cars, for instance—who, we say, will doubt that the cushions of the uncleanly cushions will have disappeared?

A CLERGYMAN in England lately published a work called the "Perfect Man," which the *Spectator* praised, but said that it had its origin in "Echo Homo." The author thereupon wrote to the editor that his book was chiefly composed of sermons written during the year 1865, and was then laid by. Yet at the time he had written for it as a good title "Ecce Homo," which, of course, he rejected when he decided to publish his book, as his name had been already appropriated. It is another curious illustration of the unconscious plagiarism and imitation of which literary history is so full.

AS ingenious gentleman, signing himself President, bespeaks our sympathy in his proposition to establish the "Order of the Eagle," the object of which is to be "the saving of our country by the purifying of politics." Each member is to swear that he will support the Constitution, vote for the best candidate, and take no bribe. These are most excellent purposes, but as every honorable and intelligent citizen virtually takes this oath, as fast as he perceives the situation, the Order of the Eagle is already very much larger than its President is probably aware.

THERE is a new singer, and her name is GIULIA MARINONI. She appeared in Boston last year, and has been singing in Sweden this year. Tid Sweden was glad to prove if she could rival the Swedish nightingale?" With what curious memories JENNY LIND would listen! A correspondent writes to the *Tribune* that in an experience of twenty years he recalls no *débutante* who unites so many excellences and charms as Madame MARINONI. Indeed, he calls her an imminently formidable rival of NILSSON and PATTI.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR has given an opinion as to the Reconstruction of the State of Virginia by the Virginia Legislature. He says that the Legislature must, as a preliminary condition, submit the Constitution, or their action thereon, to Congress for approval. Their action without approval will not be required. If the Constitution and the action of the Legislature be approved, the Legislature of Virginia, the Legislature of the Legislature of the State of Virginia, and the provisions of the Constitution of Virginia, the qualifications of members of the Legislature necessarily prescribed—the requirements of the registration laws of Virginia being thus approved as to the matters to be concerned. But before such approval by Congress, a Virginia must bring in all respects a State of the Union, the Legislature, as a provisional body, can not exercise the functions of a State government, and the Reconstruction acts require the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States before the State can be admitted to representation in Congress.

The diminution of the public debt during the month of August was over five and one-half millions. The reduction since March 1 has been $40,666,750.

There were 352,192 immigrants arrived at Toronto. Of these only 7154 remained in Canada, and 345,038 passed to the United States.

The Thornton property, one of the old colonial estates of Virginia, on the Potomac, in Alexandria, London, and Hampshire Railroad, and known as Accotink, has been sold to the Washington Southern Company for $180,000. It is to be divided up into small lots, and the Accotink Springs will soon be a watering-place.

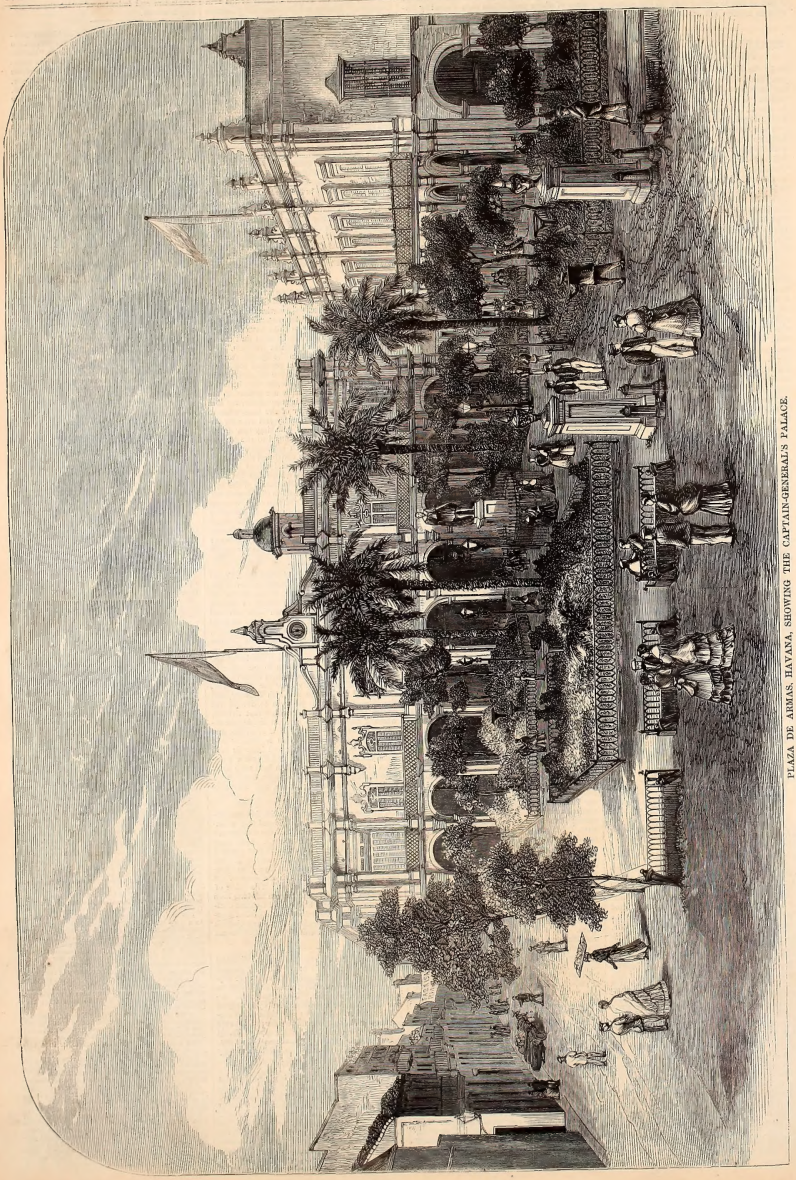
On August 31 there was a fire at Cape May, which destroyed many hotels, including the United States and Atlantic, and numerous other buildings, involving a total loss of over a quarter of a million of dollars. The fire broke out in a house which is the morgue, driver," who was arrested and held to bail for arson.

The election of a Democratic Legislature in California will probably postpone the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by that State.

The Democratic State Convention of Wisconsin on the 1st instant nominated for Governor Lucius Fairchild, the present incumbent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE monument commemorative of the Council, substituted to that of the architect, Count Vergiganal, has been approved. It will consist simply of the column of Alexandria, raised from the emporium, raised on an hexagonal base, which will be surrounded by a row of the towns, which will be surrounded by a row of the towns, which will be surrounded by a row of the towns



PLAZA DE ARMAS, HAVANA, SHOWING THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE.

BOAT-HOUSE OF THE LONDON ROWING CLUB, ON THE THAMES.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

VIEWS ON THE THAMES.

THOSE of our readers who have perused the accounts which have been given of the late international boat-race between the Harvard and Oxford crews will be interested in the views given on this page. They are views upon the Thames along the line of the race. One of them represents the boat-house of the London Rowing Club, the other Crab-Tree Inn, a favorite resort of boating-men. We have given these views from sketches by our own artist, from whose pencil we gave last week several equally characteristic representations connected with the great race. Before this reaches our readers the Harvard crew will have returned home

THE CRAB-TREE INN, ON THE THAMES.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

A SUMMER SUNSET.

GREEN islands in a golden sea,
With amethyst cliffs that melt away
At every wash of the sleepy wave,
While towering Alps that greet the day;
And still through rents in the further space
Glimpses of distant ocean bed,
Burning with restless changeful light,
And veined with the flushes of glory spread,
Far as the living are from the dead,
Far as the blessed are from hell's night.

Then the islands grow to radiant realms,
And shoot forth golden tongues of land,
And the Alps fade down to a level plain,
And the ocean rolls in a threatening band;
Then murky towers, where ghosts can reign,
Rise like a city of dusky dreams;
While low in the west in a narrow vein
There spreads, through the dusk, one golden beam,
Like heaven's last and lingering gleam
Seen through hell's vein by those in pain.

Nature is changed, and, like the sea,
Has its autumn ebb and its summer flow.
Cloudlets of morning pass with dawn;
Who can tell where the midsteams go?
Dead flowers turn to mere earth at last,
Earth to blossoms bursting forth in May.
Life and death are ever at war
On this great changeful world, I say:
Which is victor, or leaf on the tree
Yet cloud or flower, it seems to me,
Is not so changeful—that a feather can sway.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PLEW.

At Shipley-in-the-Wold people dined at two o'clock, and took tea at six or seven. "Tea-time" was the vicar's favorite hour of the twenty-four, especially in the winter season. The work of the day was over. The fire blazed up companionably, and filled the pauses of conversation with light and warmth. And if a forlorn wind were moaning without upon the "glooming flats," its voice only heightened, by imagined contrast, the comforts of the ingle nook.

The family dinner-room—named in Daneshire the parlor, the parlor—was no exception to the assertion that Shipley vicarage was an old house. Yet even here the magic of the leaping flame and glowing coals worked wonders. It sent flickering shadows to play over the high ceiling; it made the glass panes of a tall bookcase sparkle with flashing rubies; it found out every gleam of gilding on the tarnished backs of the well-worn books; it mellowed the hue of the faded crimson window-curtains, subdued the staring pattern of the wall-paper, and made the old-fashioned furniture covering on the furniture seem rich and harmonious as an Indian carpet.

"Give me another cup of tea, Veronica," said the vicar, sitting in the parlor on a drear March evening.

His daughter and his ward were both with him. On each of the three faces there was, for once, a look of cheerfulness. That morning's dinner guest had been pronounced out of danger. The shadow which had darkened the house was passing away.

"Give me another cup of tea," said the vicar once more, rubbing his hands together. And then he resumed the discourse which his demand had interrupted. "Yes; and I assure you I am very much pleased with Sir John altogether. Nothing could be better chosen than his manner of expressing himself."

"What did he say, papa?"

"Oh, I am not recollect word for word. Thanks, of course, and gratitude, and—and so on. But not overdone. Very earnest and good, themselves. He appears to be a man of the world, yet not exactly worldly. He has, in short, I should say, a great deal of savoir vivre."

"Savoir vivre!" repeated Maud, musingly. "That would be an art to learn; how to live."

"The acquirement of all arts, Maud."

"Yes; and it would include—would it not?—how to die: if one did but consider aright."

"Maud and Veronica, with a little shudder," I do beg of you not to be solemn. Don't talk of such things. It makes me cold. We are worse than a northeast wind blowing over the snow-drifts."

Veronica inherited from her mother a more than childish horror of death. The slightest allusion to it sufficed to cloud her bright face and make her invritable.

"Well," answered Maud, quietly. "Sir John Gale is not going to die just yet, they say, so there is no need to be solemn, as you call it. It is to be hoped he will give up hunting, or learn to get a better seat on horseback. Joe Dowsett says that manner of his is as gentle as a lamb, and has such a mouth that a baby might ride him. And yet Sir John could not contrive to stick on his back."

"That's not quite fair, Maud," observed the vicar. "When Sir John was thrown opposite the garden door he was in a half-fainting condition, you must remember. But it was not then that the mischief was done. It was an ugly fall he got earlier in the day from a fresh, hot-tempered beast. He changed horses afterward, and persisted in continuing to 'assault the chace,' as Mogworthy says. So I do not think we are justified in concluding any thing to the disadvantage of his horsemanship."

"But don't you know, papa," Veronica put in, "that Joe has inoculated Maud with the true Daneshire notion that only Daneshire folks, born and bred, can ride?"

Maud smiled and shook her head.

"Sir John charged me," said the vicar, "with 'a thousand heart-felt thanks to my amiable daughters.'"

"Thanks?" exclaimed Veronica. "You rare have done nothing for him. Paul takes care that his master shall lack no service. So, then, Sir John thinks that Maud is your daughter as well as I?"

"I suppose so. It matters nothing. In a short time he will go away, and in a—perhaps—a rather longer time, will have forgotten all about us; so that it was very unnecessary to trouble him with family details."

"If he forgets all about you, it will be very forgetful, indeed, dear Charles," said Maud.

"From the earliest days of her coming to the vicarage, Maud Hilda Desmond had used to call Mr. Levincourt and his wife "uncle" and "aunt;" although she was, of course, aware that no relationship really existed between them and herself.

"Ungrateful? Well, I don't know. It would scarcely have been practicable to have him outside the garden gate all night. Do you know any one who would have shut the door and gone in quietly to bed under the circumstances?"

"Forget us!" cried Veronica, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders; "he could be will first shrug of her shoulders; "he could be will forget us! Why, he never turned his back on Shipley would care ever to think of it again?"

"Jl'would," replied Maud, quietly.

"Would! I am not sure of that. But at all events the cases are widely different. Sir John is wealthy. He can travel. He has seen many countries. Paul says: France, Italy, the East. He can go where he pleases; can enjoy society. Oh, Shipley-in-the-Wold must be a mere little ugly blot on his map of the world!"

The vicar sighed, uncrossed his legs, and stretched them out straight before him, so as to bring his feet nearer to the fire.

"What made him come to the little ugly blot, then, when he had so many places to choose from?" demanded Maud, indignantly.

"He came for the hunting, I suppose."

"And, then, when he found there was something in Shipley that he couldn't get in his France, and his Italy, and his East!"

Veronica laughed scornfully. She seated herself on the rug at Maud's feet, and leaning back rested her head on her friend's knee. She looked up into her face.

"Well, Maud?" she commanded. "His France and his East! Yes; I suppose rich people find good things every where—even in Shipley."

"Maud shook herself off their horses, and are bruised and cut, and burnt by fever, and prostrated by weakness, in search of their riches," observed Maud, philosophically.

"Children," said the vicar, suddenly, "do you want to go to Lowater or Shipley to-night?"

"Of course not, papa. What is it? Have you had an invitation?

Veronica's eyes sparkled, and her rosy lips parted, and she clapped her slender hands together joyously. Maud, too, looked eager and interested.

"Yes," answered Mr. Levincourt; "I have had an invitation for us all to dine with the Sheardowns on the nineteenth. It is next Wednesday."

"How exquisite!" cried Veronica, seizing one of Maud's hands that rested on her shoulder, and squeezing it hard. "A dinner-party! A well in the desert! A tuft of palm-trees in a harvest land!"

"I suppose we must go," said the vicar, plaintively.

"I suppose we must," indeed. Why, papa, you know you like the idea of it as much as we do."

"I am always charmed to meet Mrs. Sheardown and the captain."

"No doubt of it," cried Veronica, now in a full glow of excitement. "We know that you are Mistress Nelly Sheardown's most devoted cavalier. But it isn't you that I am thinking of. It is the dinner. A change, a break in the monotony, a peep at something beyond Shipley. You would like to go, if it were even to dine at Hogcote with old Lady Alicia. And quite right too, say I."

The vicar made an attempt to assert his progrative of victimhood, but in vain.

The varying thermometer of Veronica's spirits had risen to fever heat, and she insisted on volubly, speculating as to who there would be at Lowater; whether Mrs. Sheardown would contrive to get a dance at the evening party, and what she should wear (exhaustless theme), and so forth.

At length the stream of words ceased, and then ceased. The last accents of scarlet and amber ribbons demanded an absorbed and silent consideration.

"Don't you think, Uncle Charles," said Maud, "that Mrs. Sheardown is the sweetest woman you ever saw?"

"She is charming, in truth; charming and excellent; and, moreover, possesses a mind of a very superior calibre."

"Bravo, Uncle Charles! And then she is—in my eyes, at least—so pretty. That quality must not be omitted in the catalogue of her perfections."

"I am not quite sure on the point, Maudie. Is she very pretty? I don't think that any man would ever have fallen in love with Mrs. Sheardown for her beauty."

"Perhaps not. And if so, all the better. Sure I am that any one who once loved her would never cease to think her beautiful."

Veronica looked up. "All true," she said.

"I agree with your eulogium. And observe that it is pure magnanimity which prompts me to do so. For sweet Mistress Nelly does not like me one bit."

"Oh, Veronica!"

"Oh, Maud! It is so. I have a sixth sense which never deceives me in these matters. I *know* that to Mrs. Sheardown I am not simpatica."

"Simpatica! Nonsense. Whenever you use an Italian word where an English one would serve, I know that you are saying something that won't bear daylight. Why should not Mrs. Sheardown like you?"

Veronica clasped her hands behind her head, and rested both head and arms on Maud's knee. Then, with her eyes cast contemplatively upward, "I suppose," she said, "it is not good," said she.

The vicar's brows contracted into an uneasy pucker as he looked down on his daughter's beautiful face.

"Veronica," he said, almost sternly, "I wish you would not say such things."

"Very well, papa. I won't."

"Still more, I wish that you would not think such thoughts."

"A, quoto poi—"

"If you please, Sir," said Catherine, the maid, putting her rosy face into the room, "here is Mr. Plew."

Mr. Plew was hospitably invited to enter. The surgeon of Shipley was a small man, with a florid face and high, light hair round a bald crown. His eyes were of a weak blue tint, his skin usually pale yellow. On the present occasion, however, it glowed with a fiery red, in consequence of the change from the piercing outer air to the temperature of the well-warmed and well-lighted parlor. His eyes watered, and his frostinflamed nose glowed like a hot coal, above the white cravat that enveloped his throat.

"I fear I am intruding at an unseasonable hour," said Mr. Plew, speaking with a strong provincial accent and a gentle, deprecating manner.

"By no means. Pray come in. It is our little hour, you know. Veronica, ring for a clean cup, and give Mr. Plew some tea," said the vicar.

"Not any, thank you. Pray don't move, Miss Levincourt. I have just left our patient's room. I could not resist coming to congratulate you on the favorable verdict that Dr. Gunnery pronounced this morning. Paul told me. I was unable to be here earlier in the day. But there is very little danger now. Sir John's condition this evening, I am quite able to indorse what Dr. Gunnery said. Danger is over for the present."

Mr. Plew sat in a rather hesitating, shy way. And, although he seemingly tried to control his wandering glances, he could not for a moment keep them at every minute toward the hearth, where Miss Levincourt still remained in her nonchalant attitude on the rug.

"Veronica, get up," whispered Maud.

"Why? I am very comfortable. Mr. Plew is an old friend. He won't treat him with ceremony; do we, Mr. Plew? Paul Veronica aloud.

"Oh dear, Miss Levincourt, I trust not. I beg—that is—I would not think of disturbing yourself on my account."

"Then you must seek another cushion," said Maud, blushing, in the severity of your weight. You are as well able to support yourself as I am to support you.

With that, Miss Desmond rose, crossed the room, and took a chair beside the vicar. Mr. Plew's face uttered a mute and disapproving commentary on the deed.

Veronica caught his look, and instantly answered it by speech.

"I feel myself bound to give way to my whims, pray? I have more selfishness in my little finger than she has in her whole composition. She is worth three times my weight, in pure gold. Ain't you, Maudie?"

"I should say," answered Maud, stiffly, "that a discussion of our comparative merits would be highly uninteresting to Mr. Plew."

Mr. Plew looked extremely uncomfortable. The conversation came to his rescue.

"We are much obliged to your unremitting attention, Mr. Plew," said the vicar, "to which, under Providence, the happy issue of this affair. I can venture to say that Sir John is very sensible of it. He said to you, I am sure, and spoken with him to-day for the first time."

"Oh, indeed, Sir?"

"Yes; a very agreeable man, Sir John."

"I dare say he is, Mr. Levincourt. But you know the circumstances under which I have had the honor of seeing him exactly." Here Mr. Plew tittered faintly.

"H'm! Not a good patient, eh?"

"Very good, Sir. But I should say he had not been accustomed to be restrained in any way. His servant manages him, I believe."

"Paul is a good fellow; one of those excellent servants that one never finds in England."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"No, not still won't grow them. Or, if one is to be found here and there, they are, at any rate, not indigenous to Daneshire.

"Daneshire people, high or low, are not remarkable for civility," observed Veronica.

"Nor even for hospitality."

"I suppose we shall soon be losing our guest, resumed the vicar. "He spoke to-day of returning at his pressure, et cetera. The fact is, that to us personally his stay involves scarcely any inconvenience. But he will naturally be anxious to get home as soon as may be. How soon do you think he will be able to travel?"

Mr. Plew could not tell. He would be able to judge better on that point when the sick man should have left his couch. He anticipated that Sir John would find himself very weak. There had been much prostration.

"I hear," proceeded Mr. Plew, "that Sir John Gale's groom and three hunters have been sent away from the Crown. I was at Shipley Magna to-day, and was told that the servant and horses left for Lowater on Wednesday. They are bound for a place that Sir John owns, in the south somewhere. I forget the name of it. He is immensely rich, from what I can gather."

As thus Mr. Plew gossiped on, in a monotonous tone, the vicar listened, or seemed to listen, with half-closed eyes. His thoughts were in reality harking back to Veronica's phrase that Shipley must be "a mere little ugly blot" in Sir John's map of the world. And then the vicar indulged in some "sweet self-pity" commiserating his days spent among Daneshire hinds, and under Daneshire skies, with the brightness of his three years' existence abroad. And yet those years spent in foreign lands had been haunted by the ghost of a lost love, and by a vain regret.

Presently Mr. Plew's talk turned on the choir of St. Gildas, the progress it had made, and the desirability of introducing still further improvements. Then Mr. Levincourt roused himself to attend to what was being said. He longed to talk himself, and he talked very well. Veronica and Maud sat a little apart, away from the glare of the fire, and held a whispered consultation as to their toilets on the nineteenth.

Maud had her share of natural girlish interest in the topic; but she tired of it long before her companion. With a quiet movement she drew a book from beneath a heap of colored wools and canvas in her work-basket, and began to read, almost stealthily, half hidden behind the vicar's arm-chair.

Veronica advanced to the hearth, drew her chair up opposite to Mr. Plew, and disposed one foot, exquisitely peeping from under the folds of her dress, on the polished steel bar of the fender.

Mr. Plew stumbled, stammered, and lost the thread of his discourse.

"I beg your pardon," said the vicar, "I don't quite understand your last remark. I was wrongly comprehend your last remark. I was wrongly comprehend your last remark. I was wrongly comprehend

am your elder by two years, you little solemn white owl!"

Maud quietly released the hot cut-of her hair from its bonds, and said nothing. Suddenly Veronica knelt down by her companion's side and clasped her arms round her waist. So she remained, still and silent, for some minutes. Then she slid down into her favorite posture on the rug, and continued, without looking up, "I wish I could be good like you, Maud!"

"Nonsense! Good like me? I am not very good! But we can all be better if we try hard."

"I can not. No; I can not. I—I—want so many things that good people despise—or pretend to despise."

"What things?"

"Oh, I don't know: all sorts of things. Is there nothing you want?"

"Plenty of things I should like. But I don't see how wanting things should prevent your being good."

"But I want vain, wicked, worldly things, Maudie!"

"And do you think vain, wicked, worldly things would make you happy?"

"Yes, I do. There! Don't look so scared, and open your eyes so wide, white owl. That's the truth. You always advocate speaking the truth, you know. Good-night."

"Good-night, Veronica. You are in one of your perverse moods to-night. There is no use in arguing with you."

"Not a bit of use!"

"But you are wiser than sorely we think you know better."

"That's the worst of it! I wish I didn't know better. Fools do. Fools are never troubled by knowing better. I know the better and want the worse. There, now, you are frozen into an ice maiden again!"

Maud remained pale and silent, gazing straight before her.

Veronica waited a minute, lingering near the door, and then, with a little defiant toss of the head, shrugged her shoulders and left the room without another word.

The house was still; the vibrations of the last stroke of eleven, boomed out by the deep-voiced bell of St. Gilda, were dying away; the glow of the fire had died down to a faint red glimmer, when a white figure glided noiselessly to Maud's bedside.

"Maudie! Maudie! Are you asleep?"

"Veronica! What is it? What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Kiss me, Maud. I can not sleep until you have done so."

Maud raised her head from the pillow and kissed the other girl's cheek.

"Good-night, dear Veronica," she whispered. "God bless you, Maudie!"

VACCINATION.

IN Chinese chronicles tell the truth, mankind had been scourged by a loathsome disease, which maimed the few whose lives it spared, for nearly three thousand years before an obscure medical practitioner in Gloucestershire stumbled upon a means of palliating, if not altogether arresting its ravages. So far as can be known, the existence of small-pox in man is traced back in the records of the Celestial Kingdom as far as 1122 years before Christ, and in 1798 Dr. Edward Jenner published an unostentatious essay setting forth the results of several years of careful investigation into what at first seemed a rustic superstition, and modestly expressing a "hope of its becoming beneficial to mankind." This superstition was, that cow-milkers who contracted sores or hands from cows suffering under a peculiar and then prevalent eruption on the udder, were thereby given immunity from small-pox. Jenner probed the village gossip, had his attention drawn to certain corroborative facts, pondered the matter, tested it in his own ways, and finally promulgated his scheme of "VACCINATION."

In consequence with Jenner's researches, and as showing his superior perspicacity, two circumstances are noteworthy. The first of these is, that a popular belief in the protective power of the infection, derived from this peculiar kine disease, was not confined to Gloucestershire, but existed in the dairy districts around Hanover, where acute medical observers have never been wanting. The second is, that the similarity between the "vaccine" in cattle and small-pox in man was noted by Italian writers before Jenner announced his belief that the two maladies were identical. Subsequent experiments have conclusively proven the validity of this hypothesis. Small-pox was transmitted from the human subject to the calf and other animals, and in 1836 a Russian physician named Thiele produced on cow's udders, by inoculation with the virus of human small-pox, the characteristic vesicles of the kine-pox. There is found that the lymph from these retained its specific power after seventy-five successive transmissions through human subjects. Among the results of other interesting experiments it may be stated that human small-pox has been transmitted through the horse to the cow, and from the latter children have been vaccinated with genuine cow-pox; and furthermore, that when a cow is inoculated with *vaccine* matter from a human arm, the lymph produced in her has comparatively little activity, but gains intensity by successive transmissions through human subjects.

It seems certain, from these and other data, that the same cause which produces small-pox in man gives rise to a specific disease in cattle, but that in the latter the virus undergoes a modification which renders its manifestations much milder, without, however, destroying its essential attributes; in other words, by vaccinating a child we communicate to it a very light form of small-pox, and thereby prevent it from contracting a graver form of the same malady.

That this protective power is really exerted by vaccination, statistics show beyond the possibility of dispute. In England, during the last half of the eighteenth century, out of every 1000 deaths 96 were caused by small-pox; while in the half century from 1800 to 1850 the rate was reduced to 25 in 1000. In the German States vaccination reduced the mortality from small-pox from 66.5 to 7.26 in every 1000 deaths. Every where experience has shown that the more thoroughly vaccination is enforced the fewer deaths occur from small-pox. Thus, in Glasgow (where vaccination was voluntary and rare) the disease killed 36 out of every 1000 deaths, while in the Rhenish Provinces (where vaccination was compulsorily) its ratio was but 1 in 1000. During the twenty years from 1817 to 1837 several epidemics of small-pox visited the West Indies, but among the British troops stationed there (an aggregate strength of 86,661 whites and 40,934 blacks), out of a total mortality of 6803, there was but a single death from the disease. Statistics of this sort might be adduced almost *ad infinitum*, if it were requisite to give further evidence of the data afforded by vaccination.

Strange to say, in the face of all these facts, there has been, since Jenner's time, a doggedspirit of opposition to vaccination periodically manifested itself against his discovery; and at the present day, more particularly in England, not only the ignorant classes, but many persons of intelligence and culture, have declared open and organized hostility to vaccination, and accuse it of committing ravages worse than the havoc of the disease which it supplants. According to popular belief, vaccination produces every one of various kinds, erysipelas, and indeed nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, are transmitted by vaccine lymph; the more thoughtful opponents of vaccination, among whom are included a few medical men, confine their argument to the possibility of communicating syphilitic and cancerous forms of skin-disease. The first of these theories is thus clearly answered in the recent work of Professor Simonson, than whom no higher authority on such subjects exists:

"Leaving out of consideration certain foolish objections that have been urged against vaccination, it can not be denied that it sometimes endangers life, and in other cases leaves permanent impairment of health, especially cutaneous eruptions and other scrofulous affections. The hypothesis that scrofula was transferred by the vaccination from one child to another is false, however, as can be proved. Sometimes children become scrofulous after vaccination, although the lymph from which they took the germ of a perfectly healthy child; and sometimes children remain perfectly healthy after being vaccinated with lymph from a decidedly scrofulous child. The occurrence of scrofula after vaccination seems to be due to the debilitating influence of the first accompanying fever, whereby the full prominence of the exanthems among these scrofulous affections appears, and also in the order of the skin, artificially induced at the point of vaccination. At least, *other febrile diseases, as well as all debilitating influences, produce in young children with a tendency to scrofula, have the same influence in developing this disease that vaccine has.* And the fact that the pustule and other irritants to the skin not only induce inflammation at the point of application, but also increase the susceptibility to inflammatory affections. Many children who have never previously suffered from any exanthems are affected for months with eruptions about the face after having their ears pierced, as well as after vaccination. But it is only in rare cases that the occurrence of scrofulous affections is due solely to vaccination, and is not influenced by other causes, such as weaning and teething, which usually take place about the time that vaccination is done; and it is still rarer for life to be endangered by the operation. Complete impossibility of vaccination, which show a decided decrease of mortality since the introduction of vaccination, must be the only excuse for urging these objections as a ground against vaccination. It may be readily seen why more children die of measles, scarlatina, croup, and hydrocephalus, since small-pox has a smaller number for these diseases to attack, as it were, than previously. Vaccination and all the above diseases does not, by any means, equal the diminution of mortality in variola (small-pox). Unless the vaccination be done during epidemic throws all other considerations into the shade, I do not vaccinate weakly children, inclined to scrofula, but wait for a time, and wait till the second or third, after the teeth have developed, because I am satisfied that, in such children, very severe attacks of scrofula may be first development from injurious influences."

With regard to the skin-diseases attributed to vaccination, the observations of many skilled physicians shows that in the majority of such cases the eruption is of a kind not communicable by inoculation, and therefore to be viewed as a previously latent tendency, roused to activity by the vesicatory disturbance, as it would have been by any other exciting influence. To the question: "Have you any reason to believe, or to suspect, that vaccinated persons, in being rendered less susceptible of small-pox, become more susceptible of any other infective disease, or of phthisis?"—a question addressed by the English Board of Health to eminent medical men at home and abroad—342 answers were received, all decidedly in the negative. Sir W. Jenner, Dr. West, and Mr. Marson, in an aggregate of 79,000 vaccinations, had not a single case giving color to any suspicion of the kind. Time passes, and a long list could be given of the most distinguished and conservative members of the medical profession who have written to the same effect.

That certain forms of syphilitic disease may be inoculated from one person to another is certain, but it seems equally certain that the transmission can not take place through vaccination, if properly performed. Just as the virus of scarlet-fever will communicate only scarlet-fever, the contagion of whooping-cough only whooping-cough, as the syphilitic poison itself produces nothing but syphilis; just so the vaccine virus transmits none but the vaccine disease. The vesicle which forms and matures in a vaccinated arm on the eighth day contains a clear lymph which represents the specific virus of the vaccine disease, totally independent of the condition of the person from which surround it. As Dr. Ballard, in his "Prize Dissertation," says: "The purity or quality of vaccine virus is not regulated by any specific healthiness or unhealthiness of the child who furnishes it, in the sense that it partakes in any way of that child's particular constitution. It is the same thing whether a scrofulous or rickety infant as from a robust one; it is vaccine virus, weakened and deteriorated somewhat, perhaps, but in no essential nothing more. Now, if the lymph from this vesicle be procured on the eighth day, we may be sure that it possesses but one specific property, namely, that of communicating the disease of which it is the product. If we wait until the contents of the vesicle have degenerated and become purulent, not only are the results of vaccination less certain, but there may even be an inoculation of something besides vaccine. If, however, the lymph be important point to instead of merely puncturing the vesicle, the surrounding tissues be wounded so that blood be mingled with the lymph, then the use of such lymph becomes dangerous. That syphilis may be communicated when the blood is no longer a matter of doubt; but if we inoculate both blood and lymph it is obviously unfair to impute the ill-effects solely to the lymph. Such cases, however, are exceedingly rare, and anything but the most inexcusable clumsiness can cause the dangerous admixture. A. L. C.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SPECIAL Committee of the Prison Association of the Legislature of New York have reported to the State Senate Chamber at Albany to consult in regard to the best method of punishing in our State Prisons. After considerable discussion a paper was read by one of the Committee, in which the opinion was expressed that one of the most important points of prevention is bad conduct in prison, encouraging the inmates to conduct themselves properly, and proving to them the advantage of good behavior, in the law which rewards them for it, by an abbreviation of their sentence. Reasoning on the effect would also manifestly be marked if bad conduct and disobedience of the prison rules should increase the length of sentence in the same proportion as good conduct and obedience now reduces it. If, when sentence was pronounced upon a convict, the court should inform him that a good behavior in prison would diminish the time, and bad behavior increase it in the same proportion, it was thought it would in many cases exert an influence on the convict in regard to his deportment. It was also suggested that improper conduct and violations of prison rules should not be punished by whipping, shower-bathing, and solitary confinement, which seldom have any improving influence, but that the offender should be confined alone until he evinced a change of spirit. But it was thought that in every close cell should be well ventilated, kept free from any foul air, and perfectly clean, that the physical and mental health of the occupant be preserved. It was thought desirable to make a thorough examination of the prisons, and report concerning them. The conference is to be renewed at Sing Sing some time in October.

IT is stated that the Right Honorable Stephen Lushington, who was consulted by Lady Byron in regard to a separation from her husband, is alive, and will doubtless be able to clear up the so-called "Byron slander." Dr. Lushington is now eighty-seven years of age.

A sad report is current that Miss Grinnell has become insane since learning of the recent accidental death of her betrothed, who was killed by falling from a window at the Isle of Wight.

On one occasion during the recent Presidential tour in Vermont, the President and his wife alighted from the cars, each an eager crowd gathered to catch a glimpse of the distinguished pair. Mrs. Grant was apparent lost in the throng. Her simple, unpretentious dress and manner prevented her being recognized, when the gentleman next to her, thinking he requested to "stand back, and let the President's party pass!"

The interest which Boston felt in the result of the international boat-race was intense. A public announcement was made that as soon as the telegram was received from England by ringing the fire-bells—2-3 to be struck if the Oxfords were victorious, and 5-6 if the Harvards—a salute would be fired from "Bull" assembled in Boston to obtain the earliest information; and when the heavy 5-2 sounded the Harvard pointment was great. Yet when fuller details of the race came, many a hearty cheer went up for the plucky Harvards.

A dangerous new counterfeit \$10 greenback is thus briefly described: It is one of the new series, No. 85, letter D. The coat lest is to fold the note, bringing the two ends together. The counterfeit note is not perfectly square at the ends. The engraving in the plate being made at true right angles, and when folded the discrepancy between the genuine and counterfeit can be detected.

THERE must be some chance of confusion in the books of the Bank of England, there being no less than 5409 fifty-pound notes bearing dividend warrants in the public stocks. There are also 9475 Browns, and 2190 Joneses.

A novel association has been formed in Portland, Maine—the Aged Men's Society, it is called—and bought no one under sixty-five years of age is admitted, there are already 111 members. It is stated that Judge Luther Fitch is the oldest member, he being eighty-six.

According to President Woolsey, of Yale College, "Connecticut is at the bottom of the list" in regard to the number of divorces in proportion to the number of marriages. From tables which have been prepared in some few of the States, it has been ascertained that the ratio of divorces to marriages has annually averaged, since 1860, in Vermont, one divorce to twenty marriages; in Massachusetts, one to forty-four; in Ohio, one to twenty-six; in Connecticut, one to ten. In twenty States the Constitution prohibits the Legislature private bills of divorce; yet in several States the courts have power to grant divorces for what shall seem to them "sufficient reasons."

THE well-known Professor Anderson, who proposed to announcement, crossed Niagara River on what was termed a "velocipede." The machine used in this foolish feat was the same as any ordinary velocipede, though a bicycle. The wheels, three inches wide, were made heavy, weighing 100 pounds, the grooves nearly two inches deep. The connectingrods were iron, so also the balance-pole, which was eight feet long and tipped with lead weights, and weighed twenty-eight pounds. The whole thing, with the man, weighed 300 pounds. The propelling power was a pinion cog-wheel made of brass, about nine inches in diameter. The cable was securely fastened on the American side, and the end, after being coiled around a windlass, so that it might easily be hauled in. The front wheel of the bicycle was placed on the rope, and standards from the under side so arranged as to bring two strong bars of iron on either side of the rope. Every thing was securely fastened, and the whole arrangement such as to throw the centre of gravity on the cable and ride very steadily. Some little disappointment was evinced among the large spectators when this was apparent. But, dressed in costume, the feat of the day was performed on his ride, the crowd preserving deathlike stillness. When he reached the middle of the abyss the cable sank back, in response to which a faint cheer arose. When, after a passage of seven minutes, he reached the edge of the cliff, the applause was loud and long.

A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method for recovering one's debts. A crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odeon round a gilt and handsome sign, whom a gentleman at an adjoining window was apostrophizing with loud curses and gesticulations. It turned out that the girl was a washer-woman who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and was waved it declaring that she would not return it till she was paid.

A mechanician named Gennod has invented a machine which registers the number of kisses. He lies in the same as that which governed the "mechanical composition," from which each great things were once produced. The machine sits down between a man and playe, as it were, upon the keys, each stroke placing a kiss on the human lyre over. When it is full practice he can outstrip the swiftest speaker. †

Corporal punishment is not inflicted so frequently in the public schools as in England. In one opinion every where out of New England being against its performance. It is prohibited by law in the case of girls, and in light and primary schools. The New York schools, with an aggregate attendance of 1900 pupils, dispense with it altogether, and manage without it; and it was found that discipline and good order were more effectually preserved by other means. Another batch of schools was omitted to adopt extreme moderation instead of total abstinence in this matter, and they discovered very soon the evil to which when other means had failed. The result here was that a number of boys only of mature years found impervious to the new method of persuasion. It is an interesting question what would have become of these boys if they had happened to be in the schools where the rod was totally forbidden.

It is said that the thread of a certain species of spider, found in the Society Islands, is equal to that of a grains. As this fibre is only the one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, this is at the rate of 12,649 pounds, or 6¼ tons, per square inch. Good iron wire sustains 87 tons per inch; good steel 66 tons; good gun-barrel 75 tons.

Paper garments promise to displace cotton and woolen fabrics one of these days. Moreover, imitations leather are made from paper, which supplies a cheap and useful covering for furniture, and even serves for shoes.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is the most ill-natured invention of the times. The *carte de visite* of a lady friend, for example, is thus by the *Magazine* described: "It appears distorted in a thousand hideous ways, the innumerable combinations of the kaleidoscope being successfully applied to the art of making ugly cow's-fellow creatures.

An exchange, evidently regarding Rochester as a monomaniac, says: "The Rochesterians are about the devotion of that city to the famed Century Plant. It declares that for the last three months Rochester has been entirely suspended in Rochester, and Jack's bean stalk has been completely left out in the wet. The keynote of the people has been so unmelodious that even at restaurants the bills of fare offer Aloe Soup, Roast Century Beef, Century Plant, and Mutton reticulated, Lamb with Pericarp Sauce; while Pods, Pistils, Stamens, and Petals come into *Entrees*; and Baked Cotyledons, Refreshing Cups, Spring, and Auricula Meringues help to make up the list of Pastry. Moreover, "seventy-eight new Century Aloe steamers and all-through railroad lines have been chartered for the transportation of the gigantic Agave to Chicago."

The cause of "woman's rights" is advancing rapidly in Great Britain. The women of England have obtained the Lancashire Franchise, the Queen of Commons has passed the married woman's property bill, and it has been announced that Miss Jane Hume of Castle. Moreover, the provisions of the endowed school bill will give young women a fairer share of educational privileges than they have hitherto enjoyed.

A prominent South Carolina newspaper asserts that "during this fall every cotton State in the entire country will show more true prosperity than any other section of the world." There is reason to anticipate, according to the paper referred to, a crop of about "3,000,000 bales of cotton, valued at \$168 a bale;" a "corn crop worth \$320,000,000 ?" and sugar, wheat, tobacco, and other crops which "will bring \$150,000,000 more," making a very large income "for a population of about 11,000,000." Reconstruction certainly has not ruined the South, as was so fiercely prophesied by many and long ago: and Southern statesmen and rulers in what seems to be only the beginning of a brighter and better career.

APPARENT DEATH.

CERTAINLY we manage some things better than they do in France: among them being the interval allowed to elapse between death and interment. Still, there are circumstances and cases which, even here, afford matter for serious reflection.

It will easily be supposed that the dangerous briefness of this interval has been urged upon the attention of the French Legislature, and been ably discussed by the French medical press. In 1856 a petition was presented to the Senate from a person named De Cornol, pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences. Among other things he prayed that the space of twenty-four hours between the decease and the interment now prescribed by the law should be extended to eight-and-forty hours. A long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of opinion that the petition should *not* be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the Minister of the Interior for further consideration and inquiry. Some of the venerable prelate's remarks produced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular notice. He said he had the very best reasons for believing that the victims of hasty interments were more numerous than people supposed. He considered the regulations on this head prescribed by the law as very judicious, but unfortunately they were not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance attached to them. In the village where he was stationed as assistant curate in the first period of his sacerdotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour fixed for his interment by the municipal officer. The second was a man who was quite restored to life. In both these instances a trance more prolonged than usual was taken for actual death.

The next case in his experience occurred at Bordpaux. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished names in the department, had passed through what was believed to be her last agony, and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heart-rending spectacle. At that moment, as God willed it, the cardinal happened to pass the door of the house, when it occurred to him to call and inquire how the young lady was going on. When he entered the room, the nurse, finding the body breathless, was in the act of covering the face, and indeed there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or other it did not seem so certain to him as to the by-standers. He resolved to try. He raised his voice, called loudly upon the young lady not to give up the hope, and that he was come to cure her, and that he was about to pray by her side. "You do not see me," he said, "but you hear what I am saying." Those singular presentiments were not unfounded. The voice reached her ear and effected a marvelous change, or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl survived, and in 1866 was a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two most respectable families.

The last instance related by the Archbishop is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be given in his own words:

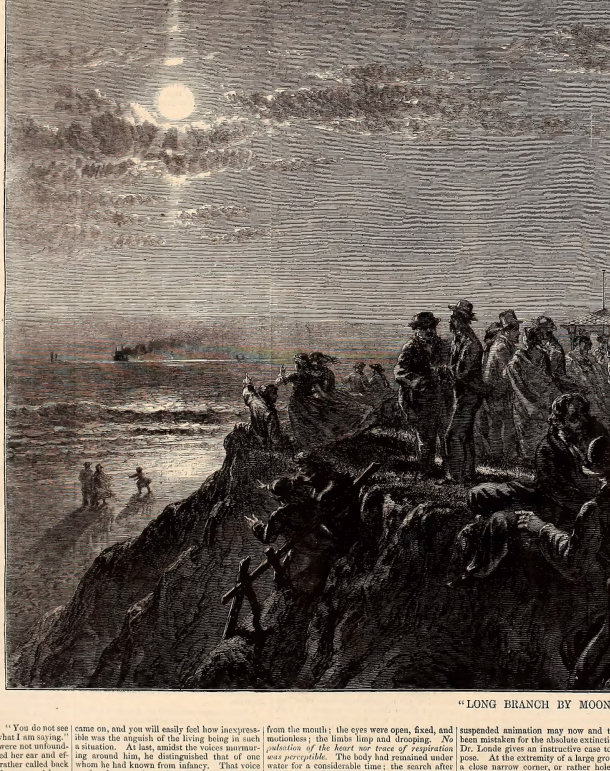
"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried home. Every body thought that all was over. Some hours afterward the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if, like the young lady I have mentioned, he could see nothing, he could nevertheless hear: and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age, the place of his birth, etc., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the De Profundis. The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amidst the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvelous effect, and excited him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit from which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

A remarkable pamphlet, Lettre sur La Mort Apparente, Les Conséquences Réelles des Inhumations Précipitées, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister L'Aptitude à être Rappelé à la Vie, by the late regretted Dr. Charles Londe, records accidents which are more likely than the preceding to occur in England. Even were the bathing season not at hand, deaths by drowning are always to be apprehended. We therefore cite the following:

On the 13th of July, 1829, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris, a body, which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the river. It was that of a young man, twenty years of age, dark-complexioned, and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick and yellowish froth exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed, and motionless; the limbs limp and drooping. *No pulsation of the heart nor trace of respiration was perceptible.* The body had remained under water for a considerable time; the search after it, made in Dr. Bourgeois's presence, lasted fully twenty minutes. That gentleman did not hesitate to incur the derision of the lookers-on, by proceeding to attempt the resurrection of what, in their eyes, was a mere lump of clay. Nevertheless, several hours afterward, the supposed corpse was restored to life, thanks to the obstinate perseverance of the doctor, who, although strong and enjoying robust health, was several times on the point of losing courage, and abandoning the patient in despair.

But what would have happened if Dr. Bourgeois, instead of persistently remaining stooping over the inanimate body, with watchful eye and *attentive ear*, to catch the first rustling of the heart, had left the drowned man, after half an hour's fruitless endeavor, as often happens? The unfortunate young man would have been laid in the grave, *although capable of restoration to life!* To this case, Dr. Bourgeois, in the Archives de Médecine, adds others, in which individuals who had remained under water as long as SIX HOURS were recalled to life by efforts which a weaker conviction than his own would have refrained from making. These facts lead Dr. Londe to the conclusion that, *every day, drowned individuals are buried, who, with greater perseverance, might be restored to life.*

Nor is suffocation by foul air and mephitical gas a rare form of death. It is possible that suspended animation may now and then have been mistaken for the absolute extinction of life. Dr. Londe gives an instructive case to the purpose. At the extremity of a large open court, in a close narrow corner, or rather hole, was the sleeping-place of the shopman who managed the night sale till the shop was closed, and who opened the shutters at four in the morning. On the 16th of January, 1825, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As nobody stirred to open it, the grocer rose himself, grumbling at the shopman's laziness, and proceeding to his sleeping-hole to scold him. He found him motionless in bed, completely deprived of consciousness. Terror-struck by the idea of sudden death, he immediately sent in search of a doctor, who suspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His suspicions were confirmed by the sight of a night-lamp, which had gone out with oil and wick, containing the remains of charcoal reduced to ashes.



"LONG BRANCH BY MOONLIGHT."—[ENGRAVED BY W. J.

In spite of a severe headache, he [illegible] the patient taken up and placed in a chair in a position favorable for breathing. The limbs of the body, drooping, the pupils of the eyes contracted, no trace either of breathing or pulsation in the heart or arteries; in short, all the appearances were those of death. The most energetic means of restoring animation were resorted to, but for a long time without success. At last, about two hours after noon, that is, after the commencement of the operation, a slight movement was perceived in the region of the heart. A few minutes after, the patient opened his eyes, regained consciousness, and was able to converse with those around him. He spoke of his resurrection, and drew conclusions as to the cause of his death, which, although suffocated by mephitism, were not unnatural, namely, that he had been murdered while he was asleep. He was not undeceived when they mentioned to him the charcoal in the stove, which he had not seen when he went to bed. Nevertheless, he soon recovered his memory, and remembered perfectly all that had occurred previously to his having gone to sleep. Several days elapsed before he was entirely restored to health, and he still suffers from almost unavoidable attacks of nervous headache, which are peculiarities of the mephitical poisoning. Some of the symptoms of death, namely, the coldness, and the total suspension of all vital action, which we have mentioned as characteristic of death, are not infallible signs of death. In fact, the life has taken refuge in the heart, and is only concentrated there, as an asylum, in a state of suspended animation, which may last for a considerable time, and from which the individual may be recalled to life by the application of proper means. Such is the case with persons who are drowned, or who are suffocated by the fumes of charcoal, or by the effects of the gases which are found in wells, and in other places where the air is vitiated. Many persons have been restored to life who were supposed to be dead, and were on the point of being buried, when they were saved by the sudden appearance of some of the symptoms of life. Many persons have been buried alive, and have awakened in the tomb, when they might be saved by the application of proper means. We have had occasion to speak of this subject before, and we shall probably have occasion to speak of it again. Such cases are of frequent occurrence, and the public should be informed of the means of restoring life in such cases. Many lives might be saved by the knowledge of these means. Many persons have been buried alive, and have awakened in the tomb, when they might be saved by the application of proper means. We have had occasion to speak of this subject before, and we shall probably have occasion to speak of it again. Such cases are of frequent occurrence, and the public should be informed of the means of restoring life in such cases. Many lives might be saved by the knowledge of these means.

although well supplied a portable stove con- charcoal partly reduced

e, he immediately had open air, and kept on nearly vertical as possi- sufferer hung loose and motionless, with no pulsation of the heart were all the signs of moved modes of restoring ion for a long while with- hour three in the after- Assoc[illegible] continued exer- ment heard in the region hours afterward the patient

to Poland to study the cholera) was opening a subject in the dead-house of the Bagatelle Hospital in Warsaw, he saw another body (that of a woman of fifty, who had died in two days, having her eyes still bright, her joints supple, but the whole surface extremely cold) which visibly moved its left foot ten or twelve times in the course of an hour. Afterward the right foot participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Trachez sent for Mr. Searle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the phenomenon. Mr. Searle *had often remarked it*. The woman, nevertheless, was left in the dissecting-room, and thence taken to the cemetery. Several other medical men stated that they had made similar observations. From which M. Trachez draws the inference: "It is allowable

was about to wrap the corpse in its winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Thévbe's chest. She opened her eyes, and, in a hollow voice, said to the nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you." She recovered, and felt no other inconvenience than a deafness, which lasted about two months.

In Germany coffins, with the corpses laid out in them, are placed in a building where a keeper watches day and night. During the forty years that this system has been in force not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. This negative result can not be cited as conclusive, either for or against the system. In a country where a million of people annually die, an experiment embracing only forty-six thousand

Docteur Bouchot has shown that atropine has no action on the pupil when death is real. In a state of lethargy the pupil, under the influence of a few drops of atropine, dilates in the course of a few minutes; the dilatation also takes place a few instants after death; but it ceases absolutely in a quarter of an hour or half an hour at the very longest; consequently, the enlargement of the pupil is a certain sign that death is only apparent.

This promised, imagine a little camera-obscura, scarcely so big as an opera-glass, containing a slip of photographic paper, which is kept unrolling for five-and-twenty or thirty minutes by means of clock-work. This apparatus, placed a short distance in front of the dead person's eye, will depict on the paper the pupil of the eye,

rolled marks the time during which the experiment has been continued. An apparatus of the kind might be placed in the hands of the minister or one of the notables of every parish. Such a system would silence the apprehensions of the most timid. Fears — natural enough — would disappear, and the world would be shocked by no fresh cases of premature burial.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

THE innocent eccentricities of certain members of the human family have afforded much entertainment to the rest since the world began. Whether queer people were more plentiful in by-gone times than they are at present; whether the world be less or more fatuous than it was, we have not the slightest notion. As it gets older, we should hope it grows wiser; though this does not, in individual cases at least, always follow. But that we have still eccentrics among us, persons whose doings are just as *outré* as any vagaries previously recorded, there seems no reason whatever to doubt.

The newspapers recently announced that a married lady in New York had left the whole of her property for the purpose of building a church, on the condition that her body and bones should be made into mortar, in which to lay the corner-stone of the edifice. What a very eccentric lady she must have been! Think of the originality of the notion! None but a person of irregular mind could have conceived it. Her object or motive we do not and can never know, but her last will and testament is certainly one of the most extraordinary curiosities of testamentary literature on record.

A short time previously we read that Professor W. B. Powell, an eminent American physician and physiologist, lately dead, bequeathed his head to one of his pupils, a Mrs. Rinsey.— The executor of the deceased employed Dr. Curtis, of Cincinnati, to take off his head, which is now in the possession of the fortunate legatee. What will she do with it? We never heard of a foot being bequeathed by any body. There is, however, the legacy of a hand on record. The will of Philip Thicknesse, Esquire, who died during the last century, runs thus: "I desire that after my death my right hand may be cut off and sent to Lord Dudley, that he may see the hand dead which when living had not only often given him many guineas in his youth, which his father wanted in his age, as well as an expensive education, with a view of what he *was to be*, rather than what he *then was*; sincerely hoping thereby that such a deadly sight may awaken his deluded mind, and teach him his duty to God, that he may obtain pardon for his neglect of a father who once loved him with unbounded affection, and who dying forgives him, as he does all his enemies." Few persons, we dare say, would be inclined to consider the legacy a handsome one; but the story is pathetic.

An inhabitant of London, who lived about four centuries ago, left eight shillings to be expended annually in the purchase of faggots with which to burn heretics. John Hodge has kept his name out of oblivion by giving twenty shillings a year to a poor man to go about the parish church of Tryvall during sermon-time to keep people awake and boys out of church. Henry Green, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, gave his property to provide green waistcoats for four poor women every year, such waistcoats to be trimmed with green galloon lace. In the same neighborhood, and inspired by a similar feeling, Thomas Gray provided gray waistcoats and grey coats. John Nicholson, a London stationer, was ac-

W. J. LINTON, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ROSENBURG.]

ded consciousness, and was ble spectators attracted by Londe drawn the same ner, namely, that persons suf- were not unfrequently buried ed.

ses in this country, and may ch by dying times, if ever, and merely excusable, but Nevertheless, one of the fatal diseases is to bring on fit of death, the prostration, ental livid hues, long before ortune. Now, Dr. Londe neglected fact, that patients cholera have been repeatedly ptures of their limbs after Trachez (who had been sent

to think that many cholera patients have been buried alive."

Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix, Savoy, was sent for to La Roche (Department of the Yonne) to visit a cholera patient, Thévbe X., who had lost all the members of her family by the same disease. He found her in a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein; not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit, and immediately loosed their hold. He covered the body with stimulant applications, and went to take a little rest, requesting to be called if the patient manifested any signs of life. The night and next day passed without any change. While making preparations for the burial they noticed a little blood oozing out of the leech-bites. Dr. Veyrat, informed of the circumstance, entered the chamber just as the nurse

corpses is too partial to be relied on as evidence. Moreover, mortuary chambers exist only in a few great centres of population; and it is especially in small towns and country districts, where medical men are too busy to inspect the dead, that premature interments are to be apprehended.

M. de Parville announces the possibility of distinguishing every form of lethargy from real death. He professes to place in any one's hands a self-acting apparatus which would declare, not only whether the death be real, but *would leave in the hands of the experimenter a written proof of the reality of the death*. The scheme is this: It is well known that atropine possesses the property of considerably dilating the pupil of the eye. Oculists constantly make use of it when they want to perform an operation or to examine the interior of the eye. Now M. le

which will have been previously moistened with a few drops of atropine. It is evident that, as the paper slides before the eye of the corpse, if the pupil dilate, its photographic image will be dilated; if, on the contrary, it remains unchanged, the image will retain its original size. An inspection of the paper then enables the experimenter to rend upon it whether the death is real or apparent only.

By this simple method a hasty or careless certificate of death becomes impossible. The instrument applies the test, and counts the minutes. The doctor and the civil officer are relieved from further responsibility. The paper gives evidence that the verification has actually and carefully been made; for, suppose that half an hour is required to produce a test that can be relied on, the length of the strip of paper un-

tached to his family name that the bulk of his property was given in charity for the support and maintenance of such poor persons in England as shall appear to be of the name of Nicholson—a very catholic benefaction, certainly. Then we have "The Brown Bequest," published a short time ago. Joseph Brown, Esq., of Goldsworth-all, left a splendid estate to endow a hospital at Silleston for the education of boys of the name of Brown, preference being given to those who combine the names of Joseph with the surname. According to one of Brown's executors, the enormous sum of £50,000 is being expended upon the building, and all for the accommodation of only *nineteen* boys. We incline to think that so magnificent a fortune might have been turned to much better account. The executors propose to exhibit "in a glass case, in the great entrance-hall of the institution, the original ragged coat in which the founder came to Silleston, in March, 1794." This story of the tattered coat reminds us of another instance where an extraordinary *penchant* for present as well as posthumous admiration may lead a man to commit an act of the most egregious folly, vanity, and bad taste. In the museum of the Chambers Institution, at Peebles, which was founded at a cost of some £20,000, there may be seen, carefully framed and to the wall, a small box or chest, on the lid of which there is an inscription to this effect: "This box belonged to William Chambers when an apprentice in Edinburgh, between the years 1814 and 1819, and which then contained all he possessed in the world." Incredible as it may seem, the inscription, as we happen to know, is in the hand-writing of the founder himself, who is no other than the author number of the well-known firm of publishers. Surely this is pushing "Chambers's Information for the People" to the very utmost. We take one man even, college, another provides for a cat. With others the rule is reversed, and here for dogs, horses, and parrots. Thus the will of Sir Jacob Astley, who died so recently as 1867, contained an annuity to his servant, and £10 to provide food for his parrot. Mrs. Hannah White, in 1798, left in trust to one of her servants the sum of £25 per annum for the maintenance of her favorite cats "during the term of their natural lives."

About the same date (1790) we find the Right Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, of Grove House, Chelsea, bequeathing his sent to Mrs. Luther, under the following very singular restrictions: All the horses and dogs on the premises were to be carefully fed and attended to until they died a natural death, and his own servant was to have two rooms in the house as long as he lived, in default of such attention to the animals, Mrs. Luther would have only a life-interest in the premises; but if she carried the intention of her will the estate would be absolutely at her own disposal. All the animals and the servant being dead, the property was put up for sale in 1819. Regarding Mr. Morrice, Colman, in his "Random Records," says, "I remember seeing this gentleman in his own park, where, in summer weather, they reposed beneath the shade of the trees, when a boy was employed to flap the flies from their backs by the bonnet shown by Mr. Morrice to his beasts of burden were only inferior to those which Caligula lavished on his charger." The testator, in this instance, showed his affection for his horses and dogs by conferring annuities upon them, in a very different feeling, however, operated with the late Mr. Berkley Wingfield. Mr. Wingfield was a wine and spirit merchant and resided at Bath, where he died in August, 1867. In his will he requested that his horse, to which he was much attached, should follow him to his grave, afterward have a good corn, and then be destroyed. The injunction was strictly carried out. The horse, with the closed carriage of the deceased, followed in the rear of the funeral procession, and the next day, after being well fed with corn, it was taken to the side of a pond, which had been dug in a field adjoining the residence of its late master, and there "knocked on the head" by a veterinary surgeon. The operation was performed in the following manner: The jugular vein was opened, and an iron pipe having been inserted in the vein, the pipe was blown down until the horse expired, which occurred in about half a minute. Mr. Wingfield had also requested that the whole of his domestic animals might be destroyed at the same time and buried with the horse. Several cats were accordingly killed, and the remains of a beautiful dog which had died about a month before were exhumed, and all were buried in one grave. The testator left annuities to the whole of his servants, but, as was jocularly remarked at the time, the annuities were not to be destroyed! We have had more than one instance of late of a person disposing of his or her surplus cash to found a Refuge for Cats; and a few years ago one of the partners of a well-known firm of drapers in London left the enormous sum of £50,000 with which to build a Home for stray dogs. The deceased's relatives have here struck up a hornet's nest, but will set forth that as it was usual to put flowers into the coffins of departed friends, and she had never found any flowers so fragrant and refreshing as the precious powder, her old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, was to take care her body was covered with the best Scotch snuff. Six men, the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, were to carry her to the grave, each wearing a snuff-colored beaver hat instead of mourning; and the half-dozen old maids, selected to act as pall-bearers, were to be supplied with boxes of snuff wherewith to refresh themselves on the road. The officiating clergyman was also to be paid five guineas on condition that he walked in front of the hearse, and "took a certain quantity, not exceeding one pinch" of the same. Finally, on condition that she strewed at least two bushels of the said snuff at the door of the testatrix's residence, and walked three times around it for the purpose of distributing "every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the crowd." Lastly, in every legacy bequeathed to Dame Thompson was attached a gift of one pound of what she called "the grand cordial of nature." The story of another old lady and her tea may appropriately follow. Mr. Day, the founder of Fairlop fair, had a housekeeper who had lived with him for many years, and was equally eccentric. She had two strong attachments; one to her wedding-ring and garments, the other to tea. When she died Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off. It that were attempted, he said, she would come to life again. He directed that she should be buried in her wedding-dress, and a pound of tea to each hand. The latter part of the will was duly obeyed. It is a sad reflection on the frailty of human nature that some persons do not allow their remembrance to rest with the dead in the grave, but leave behind them wills which excite the bitterest animosities among their surviving relatives and friends.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER LII.

AND THE WORLD RUNS MERRY AS HERETOFORE.

It was evening at Auriel; a sad-hued evening, full of damp vapors and wan colors: only in the west was the dull, misty sky illumined, and there every leaf that quivered in the glow of the rosy light appeared a tiny blaze of gold; elsewhere all was dimness and gray: the hedboughs were soaked black by rain, the tawny foliage lay thick over the rose-beds, or made bronze colored circles round the dead-looking shrubs.

It was very dreary, Lady Diana thought, as she walked up the avenue on her way to the house. When she drew nearer to the huge red building with its many lights gleaming and glittering in those last fierce beams of the winter sun, she paused with a sudden terror lest eyes by her unseen might be watching her approach from behind those uncanny-looking squares.

Then she reasoned herself into composure. Who could be watching her? Her movements were thus, muffled up in dark clothes—a thick veil obscuring her face, a black velvet net concealing the brightness of her hair—as two grays were black, and her pretty feet were disfigured by clumsy-looking shoes.

She walked on toward the door, but her heart beat so fast as she stood on the threshold that she felt almost faint; it was some minutes before she nerved herself to ring the bell, and then that a quick-eared mouse would scarcely have been startled by the sound. The dead old woman who sat crooning over the kitchen fire, thinking in her aged fatuity, and dreading, she scarce knew why, the return of the young lady to the house, Lady Diana peered in at the only window through which she saw a gleam of fire-light, and looked intently at the aged occupant.

Only one person was visible, and that was old Sally, who crouched over the fire with her hands stretched to the blaze: the wind roared, and her lips were murmuring some little lullaby which had stilled her babe's cry many weary years ago.

"There can be none in the house," the watcher thought; "she would not be so still and inactive if she were not alone."

Emboldened by this idea, Lady Diana lifted the latch of the side-door, and finding that it yielded to the touch, she walked in, and, directed by the fire-light, made her way to the kitchen.

"Who's that?" the old woman said, suddenly waking up and looking at her visitor with an air of suspicion.

"I hope I haven't startled you," Lady Diana said, kindly, for she had remembered that she had been sent to Auriel by some friends of the girl who had lately died. They wish me to make some little compensation to you for all your trouble," she added, judiciously, producing some gold, and old Sally's confidence was won at once.

"So you've come back to the darling that's gone; well now I've often thought it strange no one come to see the last of her. Ah! how she did suffer, to be sure," the crone said, in a tone of melancholy satisfaction. "And she was carried out, ma'am, by that very door you just come in at."

Lady Diana shivered and looked round uncomfortably.

"Don't talk about it," she said, hastily. "I hate to hear of death."

"Well, it isn't much good shutting your eyes to him when you're sure to see him some day," Sally answered, composedly. "For my part, I'm ready for him. P'raps, if you spent fifty years in working to keep hunger from your inside and rheumatics from your limbs, you'd be tired out at last, too. Poor Miss Alice, she used to whirl about the house gay as a kitten, and sing something about life's being beautiful; but, bless you! that's all according to one's weekly wages and state of health. My life's been ugly enough."

"Did any one but yourself take care of that poor girl?" Lady Diana asked, abruptly. "I must make amends to every body."

"There was only the old doctor. Maybe he won't be sorry to have a present for all his new carriage; and there's Mr. Douglas, but—"

But what?" the other broke in with impatience.

"I was thinking, dear, the old woman answered, slowly, "that no one can comfort *him*, since not the Great Power of all has done it; he sits there—up stairs where she died—and he looks there now and then, sometimes: when I pass the door, I think I hear him calling her name; but softly, as if he feared to wake somebody."

"Is he there now?"

"I count he is."

"Could I look at him? Could I see him without his seeing me? I should like to carry away with me what I looked; they would be sorry if he were ill; but I should be afraid he might be angry if he saw me," stammered Lady Diana.

"I don't think he'd take notice," Sally suggested, "if you was to go to the door (it mostly stands open) and look at him."

But her companion turned a shade paler under her veil, and shook her head.

"I dare not risk it," she murmured.

She had resolved, as she set out this man that she might face the truth; but if her suspicions were correct, she would have met the awful eyes of the murdered man with a fainting glance.

"He could never forgive, for he can never forget what my fault led him to," she thought.

And so (in a veiled sense after all) is magnified by his consequent crime; what a fool he was to come to this that night! But what a fool I am—it may not be he after all. I declare, if it is not, I'll put up a memorial window to him in his parish church!"

"If we go to the top of them," Sally said, indicating the last flight of stairs, "you can stand behind me, and he won't never notice us."

Lady Diana walked up to a dingy fragment of mirror which hung on the wall, and took heart when she saw how complete her disguise was; at the same time, with a pang of vexed vanity, she noted what an ungainly appearance she made.

"If *he did* recognize me by any chance," she meditated, "I should pull down my back hair and fly accident, and toss aside this ugly bonnet."

When they reached the door of Azalea's room she hung back with a desperate dread creeping over her heart.

She experienced that sudden sense of failure—failure of moral courage, failure physical power, which sometimes afflicts us when we are brought face to face with the peril which at a far distance we have defied.

Then her heart strengthened with resolution, such resolve as sustains the wretch who welcomes the last agony which puts an end to unavailing torture.

With a long-drawn sigh, and a face contracted with the pain of the moment of sharp anguish, Lady Diana advanced to the threshold of the room where Sally had just beckoned the red face of the sun. There was, in his glance, a certain sad wistfulness—the pathetic doubt of one who looks for the last time out of silence, when implores hope from darkness; but there was no interest or sympathy expressed in external objects. His countenance was in the dull immobility of despair—despair such as no human being might remove or console. Lady Diana looked intently at the grey shadows of hair, at the deep lines under the eyes, at the ashen cheeks and withered hands, crossed listlessly one over the other, which hung down freely. The more she remembered, the man whom she had feared to recognize to-day, had worn a very different aspect. Stuart Merton's face was of a sunny brown, his forehead white, and his full lips red; his cheeks had always been pallid, but when they last touched hers in the parting embrace they were as smooth as ivory, and unscarred by a single wrinkle. His hair was full and broad, shouldered, carrying his head with a certain proud grace, not unbecoming to one whose heart was rich with treasure. This aged man, bowed, marred man, sitting so strangely quiet in the gathering dusk, bore no resemblance to him whom the sea had sucked down into its depths eighteen years ago.

Some books were lying partially open on the table, and Douglas, on which the ink was dry, were spread before him.

The wan streaks of sunset that were narrowing toward the west suddenly streamed over a vase filled with dead flowers, which stood near him, and made a piece of blue ribbon, which, trailing close to the glass goblet, cast a dim reflection of its hue on to the slender transparent stem of the vase.

Glancing mechanically at the varying colors of the glass, Douglas's eyes presently fell on the ribbon, and in an instant the whole expression of his face changed; the lips quivered, the eyes shone out under a sudden blur of tears like stars dimmed by mist. He took the ribbon in his hands gently, as if it were a living thing which would shrink from a rough touch. As he caressed it with his tender fingers, building some inarticulate murmur of love, every hard line relaxed as all the tense composure of despair gave way. Something of youth's fire and youth's mobility returned to his face in the sudden storm of passion which swept over it. As the dying light shone on his eyes, all afire with the pain of memory, on his lips, tremulous in their struggle to keep grief restrained, his changed expression was revealed to the watcher at the door. She involuntarily shrank back a few steps, and, as she put her hand to her heart, she could scarcely repress a groan. It was with a thrill of terror, she admitted the suspicion that this man's countenance was not, after all, unfamiliar to her.

"I can not tell, I can not be sure," she moaned to herself; "how am I to decide it without risk of detection?"

She stretched out her head, so as to get a fuller view of the occupant of the room without obtruding herself on his notice, but did not again stand in the doorway, but peered round with the little grace and attitude of a child watching an inimical approach; then, with a sudden access of resolution, with a desperate desire to terminate this prompt pain of doubt, she crouched yet further out of sight, and called, in a tone strangely hoarse and troubled—

"Stuart—Stuart Merton!"

She was conscious of his startled gesture; of a pale face looking in the direction of the door; and then, as his tall figure bowed and moved toward her through the gloom of that lonely chamber, she put out her hands with the desire to clutch at the dread of the old man who had accompanied her; praying, in a choked whisper, "Hide me away; keep me from his sight!" but the old woman was gone, and had vanished of standing there in the dark, cold atmosphere, when her little fire down stairs was blazing a welcome for her; and so she was left alone while Lady Diana lingered; and the latter felt voice and hands alike become powerless, as with a sick sensation about her heart, and a dull pain closing over her eyes, she lost all consciousness, and dropped down on the step at her husband's feet.

When Lady Diana awoke to the pain of returning sense she felt like one who moves in the dull atmosphere of a dream; a dream encumbered by the presence of a hideous terror.

What was this dark chamber illumined only by the fitful flickering of a wood fire? and who was he who sat opposite to her, looking intently at the flaring light?

If it was not—and she saw the sheen of a blue ribbon, which dangled from his neck, that she thoroughly realized the full trouble of her waking state. Then Stuart, with a pang of repentance pierced her; a glow of shame made her cheek hot as she remembered that in her life had been since she parted from this man, by no act there motionless in the twilight; the very sight of him, and those memories he evoked, were, in themselves, her punishment and condemnation.

Douglas was wearing the same absent look in the eyes with which he first saw him on the light of the dreary winter sun. He did not notice her return to consciousness, of which, indeed, she gave no outward sign, excepting in the irrepressible quiver of her lids, and a slight tremulous movement of her pale lips.

Lady Diana then looked at him stealthily, not daring to break the grim silence. Then, with a quick movement of her hand, she disengaged the ribbon from his fingers: the man, recovering not, freed herself of the heavy shawl which concealed her figure, and, rising up before him, stood for an instant as if irresolute, and then sank down, clinging to his knees, an embodiment of Corregio's Magdalen. The Magdalen in grace of form, in softness of disheveled tresses—tresses which made a glory of soft light over Douglas's head—but not the folded hands of the Magdalen in penitence of face and in her shamed attitude: a Magdalen who believed herself to be suffering as she had never suffered before, but who in reality only writhing under the wound of detection—one, in fact, who would sin again as soon as she had screened herself against the mischances of discovery.

Still clasping his knee, she cried out, "Forgive! forgive!"

She did not venture to lift up her face to his; she did not dare to counterfeit joy in meeting his eyes; she felt that such an assertion would be impossible to her, and would seem incredible to him; she could only wail out all her terror and remorse in a passionate entreaty for pardon.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "Oh, Stuart, speak but one word to say that I need not fear a curse in your eyes."

A flush of color had come back to her cheeks, and her hair streamed like gold in the light of the fire. Her sleeves had fallen back from her outstretched arms, revealing their fair roundness. As she wound them tighter about his knees, he was reminded of the strange sinuous beauty of Lamia.

"Won't you *know* me?" she said, at last, in a subdued, caressing tone. "Have you not one word to give Ana?"

He removed her quietly; not as if she was an object of aversion, but simply as something which incommoded him.

"Yes, I know you very well," he said, quietly; "but what then?"

Something in his tone exasperated her.

"Is that all you will say to me?" she answered, with somewhat of reproach in her tone.

A gleam of anger lit up his deep gray eyes. "I will say, if you will, that you are the devil who led me to do a murder. You have made memory a hell to me..... Do you remember that man who kissed you in the final convict that I saw for distant and unconscious of my shame?..... Do you ever recall his fierce look as you left me, as flushed with the feeling of your parting embrace?..... and did you see him afterward?"

She shivered, and bent her head lower. "No," she whispered. "I never saw him again. I knew he was there, close by; but I would not look at him."

"But does he never look at you?" Douglas said, his face burning with excessive excitement. "Do you not see his dim set eyes, his pinched nostrils that never dilate with breath, but which appear day more shrivelled and contracted? Do you not see how all the proud blood had gone away from his wax-like face—all the brightness from his lank, dull hair? Does he never reproach you in your dreams, for not having given him 'more time?'—two hot, angry minutes sent his soul to God, and he thought sometimes, Ana, that those two minutes would be repaid to me by an eternity of hell; but God's mercy is the grand altar, the solace for those who fly from the ban of their own consciences, and it is my hope that He has let me work out some of my penance here, so that I may yet meet her hereafter."

His voice died away in a murmur of prayer. He seemed to be appealing for the Divine consolation of which he had just spoken, and as he communed with invisible Glory, his whitened face became transfigured with a beauty surpassing that of youth.

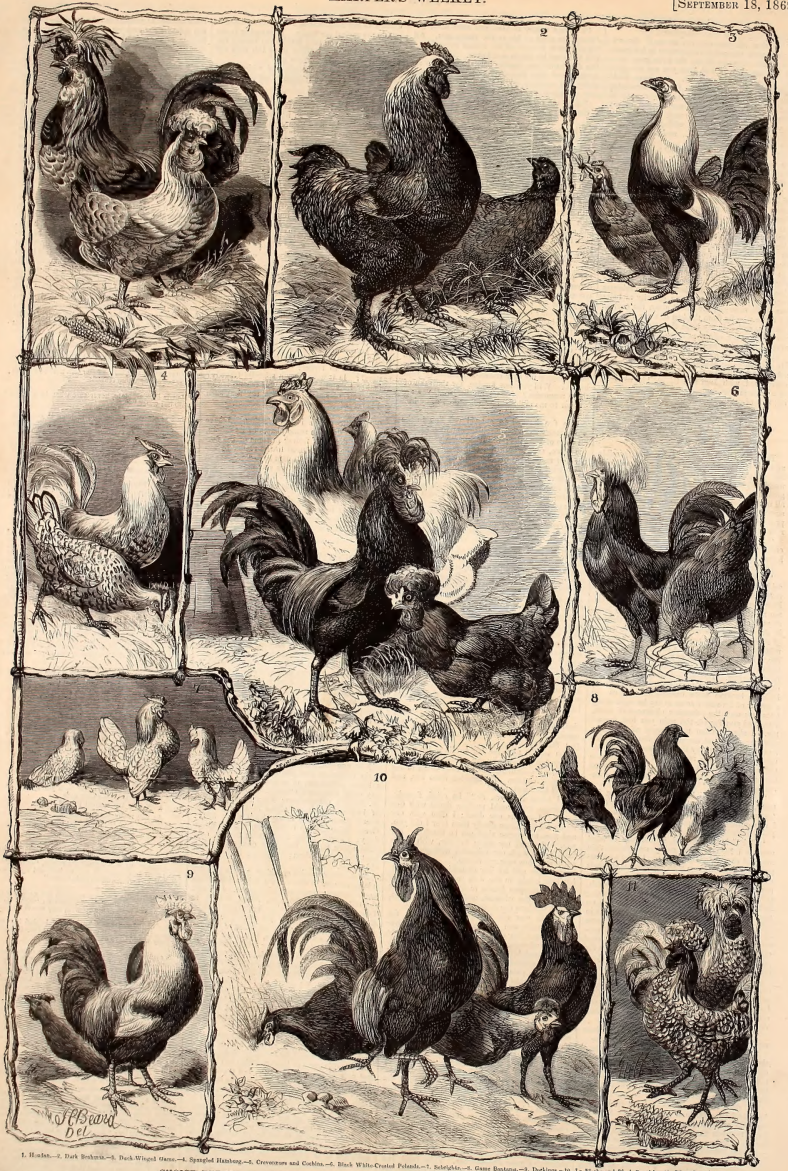
CHAPTER LIII.

THE END AT LAST.

THE woman at his feet felt inexpressibly awed and humbled. Was this the husband who had gone mad for jealousy of her?—who had wrecked his whole because of her sin? Was his great love, and his great wrath for love's sake, all merged into a religious frenzy; or had much sorrow unsettled his fine intellect, making him a prey to all the troubled fancies and weird terrors of an infirm imagination?

"Is it you, Stuart?" she moaned, as she still crouched at his feet. "Are you the husband I knew—the Stuart who loved me?"

He looked at her with sudden anger in his face. "Why do you come to torment me?" he said, impatiently. "Have you not worked me trouble enough? Can not you let me be at rest? If ever I shall again receive my mortal body," he said, impatiently. "Have you not worked me trouble enough? Can not you let me be at rest? If ever I shall again receive my mortal body, in the wicked light of your eyes. I see your tricks of gesture, your caressing hands; and I am reminded of the time which blasted my youth and life. I tried to put it away from me—all the old sickening despair, the keen, deep wound of that blighted time. I succeeded in so far as I myself concerned; as years went on, and your worthlessness became more evident to me, as the glamour of love died away in my heart, and my eyes saw with the relentless clearness of truth, I loathed you for all the pain you had caused me. I drowned the thought of you in the cup; I poisoned it with opium;



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CHOICE BREEDS OF POULTRY RECENTLY IMPORTED FROM IRELAND.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

VIEW OF MAUCH CHUNK, CARBON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

MAUCH CHUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

MAUCH CHUNK, the capital of Carbon County, is situated on the west bank of the Lehigh River, where that stream passes through the Mahoning Mountain. The town lies on both sides of Mauch Chunk Creek, and between the Mahoning and Sharp mountains. It is a location so contracted in breadth that it is really a long cañon. No room is afforded for gardens. The hills on either side rise precipitously to the height of several hundred feet; some of them are a thousand feet above the river. The name of the town is Indian, and signifies Bear Mountain.

The narrowness of the valley in which the town lies added greatly to the destructiveness of the memorable flood of 1862.

In 1818 the whole country in this vicinity was a complete wilderness. It was known, indeed, that anthracite coal was to be found here, but every attempt to get it to market had been baffled. In 1817 JOSIAH WHITE, accompanied by G. F. HAVEO, visited this region for the purposes of reconnoissance, the object of which was to ascertain the feasibility of using the Lehigh River to convey the coal to market. The project was any thing but encouraging, but it was determined to commence operations. Accordingly, roads were made from the mines to the Lehigh, and upon the latter were built a series of dams to aid the navigation by slack-water. Thus was established the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. In 1832 the dependencies of this Company gave work to 400 men, principally miners, who, with their families, made a population of 2000. After passing through many a perilous crisis, and after an expense of $2,500,000, the enterprise was at last consummated.

The town is at present in a flourishing condition, the coal shipped from this point amounting to some millions of tons per annum. The Lehigh Valley Railroad, which is one of the best-managed roads in the country, affords the traveler admirable facilities for reaching this region, which is so remarkable for its picturesqueness that it has been termed the "Switzerland of America."

Judge ASA PACKER, the Democratic candi-

WORKMEN LAYING THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

gate for Governor of Pennsylvania, resides at Mauch Chunk; and the grounds around his place, originally laid out by the exiled gardener of LOUIS PHILIPPE, form one of the chief attractions of the town.

The tourist who has not ascended to Mount Pisgah in this region, and taken a trip over the Gravity Roads, has failed to experience one of the most novel of the pleasures incident to modern travel.

THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT.

THE number of experiments which have been made in the matter of street pavements in this city, and the partial or total failure of these experiments clearly illustrate the deficiency of the system adopted by our municipal government. This fault can be repaired only by the establishment of a bureau of construction and repairs, consisting of competent engineers, not subject to the interference of the Common Council, except possibly in the matter of expenditure. The success that has attended the limited independence of the Central Park Commissioners is a proof of the policy and economy of eliminating the questions of politics from the conduct of public works.

The statistics of the several kinds of pavement laid down within twenty years, presented by a survey of the city, would stand approximately as follows:

	Square yards.
Stone-block	1,913,342
Nicolson	50,564
Fiske concrete (estimated)	8,000
Stafford (estimated)	100
Cobble-stone (estimated)	3,000,000

Since 1866 the cobble-stone pavement has gone out of use. During that year 17,254 square yards were put down—under contract to 1870—by the private expense 7032—but one ordinance looking to the laying of its any part of the city being passed while the previously mentioned work was going on. This ordinance provided for a cobble-stone pavement on Bank Street from West Street to the river. The curve of the new Bank pavement began with the disuse of the cobble-stone, in the starting down of 400 square yards on Nassau Street in 1866, of 29,000 in 1867, and of 29,073 in 1868. A contract was also made for laying of the Fisk concrete pavement along One-hundred-and-seventy-fourth Street from Third to First avenues, and an experiment with the Stafford pavement was tried at private expense in Wall Street, between William and Pearl over. An ordinance in favor of the latter on Seventh Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, was also passed, together with six ordinances, amounting in all to 50,000 square yards, in favor of the Nicolson; six ordinances amounting to about 60,000 square yards, in favor of the M'Gonegal; two ordinances, amounting to 40,000 square yards, in favor of the Fisk & Miller; and three ordinances, involving about 20,000 square yards, in favor of the Fisk concrete; fifty-six ordinances, amounting to 400,000 square yards of stone-block pavement, complete the provisions for the year.

It has been estimated that in the course of twenty-four hours 17,000 vehicles pass the Astor House, in Broadway, up or down. This would wear out the stone-block pavement once in every fifteen years. Estimating the number of horses and vehicles in use in this city at 120,000, it is calculated that not less than $10,500,000 might be saved annually by the adoption of some less grinding substitute for the "Belgian" of the Russ and Belgian and stone-block superstructure; and the inference may be drawn that the question of expense of construction and repairs is not the only important economical question involved, but the relative cost per square yard of the several pavements in use may be averaged as follows:

Stone-block (Belgian)	$2 50
Russ, or stone-block with concrete bed	4 00
Nicolson	4 00
Fisk concrete	3 00
Stafford	3 50

In Paris, since 1854, a strong preference has been manifested for the asphaltum pavement upon a concrete foundation. This pavement is quite similar to the Fisk concrete, which is now being laid in the most fashionable streets of this city and in Central Park. As a rule, experienced foreigners express doubts as to the merits of the Nicolson and Fisk concrete pavements of all patterns. The Stafford type of wooden pavement, though later in the field, possesses some advantages over the Nicolson, the principal of which are its simplicity and the ease with which it may be repaired. The wooden pavement question has been practically settled in the negative by English experiments during the past twenty years. Its merits are its noiselessness, its reduction of the mortality of horses, its reduction of the wear and tear of vehicles, and its effecting a utilization of the utmost percentage of draught force, and these are all merits to an equal degree of the asphaltic road—may be made merits of any concrete whatsoever. The increased mortality in horses occasioned by the Russ and Belgian and other stone pavements in this city is estimated at 3,000 annually—an item of considerable importance in the discrimination between pavements for thoroughfares. As between the two typical systems, the Belgian and the Nicolson, from data already supplied, it may be estimated that, with the attrition of Broadway, the former would last fifteen years against a duration of half that period in the case of the latter.

The concrete pavement—the value of which has been happily settled in Paris—effects a union of the better qualities of both the wooden and the stone block, without the objections appertaining to either, and, as the minds of engineers and inventors are already beginning to turn in this direction, nothing is hazarded in predicting that the ideal or coming pavement will be developed from the present crude concretes.

Our illustration on page 605 shows the manner in which the Fisk concrete pavement is laid. This pavement is composed of gravel, broken stone, cinders, and coal ashes (free from all foreign substances), mixed in definite proportions with tar, resin, and asphaltum. The road-bed, properly prepared, the composition is spread on in layers of moderate thickness, successively rolled with heavy rollers for uniformity and compactness. These layers form a softly-steady strong roadway of about one and three-quarters of a foot in depth, and can be put down at as expense, per square foot, not exceeding the expense of the Belgian pavement as constructed in Paris. It remains for years and attrition to test the practical value of this concrete; but, from the data already presented, it is heartily and highly commended by thoughtful engineers as a step in the right direction. The sole objection to it, as it seems to us, against the pedestrian to measure the imminence of passing vehicles, is an abatement of concretes over wooden pavements, illustrated in our engraving by the asphaltic road, the value of which as a preventive of accidents to life has been amply tested. This style of pavement has been adopted by the Central Park Commissioners.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE CHINESE.

WE all columbus the first discoverer of America, or did we learn it from our geography when it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America were the direct descendants from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or the Indian species of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation—the development of man from a lower species of animal, not descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose original would be contained in the Bible. If we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was some time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the globe, and the natives of eastern coast of Asia and the side of America must remote from Europe: and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World was ignorant of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese have always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the universe of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have had a knowledge of America to themselves, or at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have seen that many arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before they were known in Europe. The arts of paper-making and printing, among others, had been practiced in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally, or more, in advance of us in navigation? The steady trade of Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of Egyptian skill, would point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact, corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is, that many of the Arabian writers with whom I have conversed on this subject are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America; and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of Rajah Govind Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on American affairs, called *Ex-Never-Ex-Tayar*, quotes from Djeldeki and other old writers to this effect.

There is, however, among Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus's time.

A competent authority on such matters, J. Haslay, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers.

Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. Fifty years later, and to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist priests repaired there and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusang;" after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian, Prescott, about the maguay-tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for paper-making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper of which they made their tools for working in stone and metals, out of a mixture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the natives of Europe, were but thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hundred years since. There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between many of the customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Mexico and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Haslay, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, asserts, between the ancient and modern of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice such things as existing already. Perhaps no one will receive any recovered in Europe which may furnish full particulars of this question; but, as we may rate remarkable and confirmative of the idea of intercourse with China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of infancy of human growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic slope were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America has not been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it undergoes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and I hesitate not to say that is bold but beautiful lines—"Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not in part America when we were plunged in barbarism? And, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in which our present civilization seems may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined to a state of great civilization, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.

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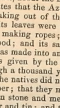

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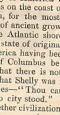

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—BRINGING OUT THE DEAD.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

OVER his war-worn face has come
The still, white sign that he knew no well,
Hushing afar the rolling drum,
Stilling the noise of shot and shell,
The holy sign that wiped the stain
Of blood from the face of the slain.

A strenuous soul, deep-built within,
The years were few from the cool pit's flame
To beleaguered Richmond's dying din
And the name that settled on his name;
But not of years was his strength of deed:
The man was based on a full-grown creed.

Out from the dusk of common fate
He stepped when the cry was loud for men;
Mounted his dead, by his chair of state;
Is his stature greater now than then?
Did he get or give by the country trust?
Behold that drunken form of dust!

He stood where but few had strength to stand
In the wild fore-front of a giant time,
With the great commander, hand in hand,
Doing humanity a work sublime;
Nor even in triumph put it by,
But under it laid him down to die.

No more for him is the hurried day,
Filled with threats of the tangled fight;
His now, the dread lines that lay
Drawn out when the battle closed at night;
Their orders are deep in bree and breast,
And the weary Chief of Staff may rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

AS we suggested last week, the resolution of the Kings of the Democratic party of the North to resist the Fifteenth Amendment gives a peculiar and unexpected importance to the political situation. That amendment provides that no State shall disfranchise a citizen by reason of color, and it is opposed upon two grounds: first, that the subject should not be regulated by the National Government; and, second, that colored citizens ought not to be allowed to vote upon equal terms with others.

The tone adopted in pressing the first objection, as if there were some outrage in a citizen using a proper question to the country in the constitutional manner, is merely ridiculous. Even if it were settled now that the conditions of suffrage should be determined by the National Government, it is certainly not improper that the people should be asked to decide the question in the mode that they have themselves provided. Consequently the assertion of the Ohio Democratic platform that "the attempt to regulate suffrage in Ohio by means of the so-called Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment is subversive of the principles of the Federal Constitution" is transparent folly. The Federal Constitution is the body of fundamental laws, to which additions are made as experience and reflection suggest. The principle of the Constitution, so to speak, is that it shall be supreme over all the States in every particular that shall seem expedient for the general welfare. Thus, the Thirteenth Amendment forbids any State to tolerate Slavery: the Fourteenth secures the equal civil rights of every citizen of the United States in all the States; and the Fifteenth proposes to prohibit unreasonable disfranchisement.

Is it desirable, then, that the States should be allowed to prescribe a qualification for the suffrage from motives of color? Upon reflection, not, because nothing is gained by it but the gratification of a prejudice. Color does not determine intelligence or political capacity. The color of the skin is a disqualification as unreasonable as that of the hair or eyes. Moreover, color is a disability which, by perpetuating a distinction of race among the citizens, tends to arouse the freshness of the feelings from which the war arose. The Pennsylvania Democratic platform declares that the party in that State "is opposed to conferring upon the negro the right to vote." It gives no reason, and how could it? How could a party which courts ignorance, and which does not consider confirmed drunkenness to be a valid bar to the suffrage, offer any plausible reason for excluding honest, intelligent, well-bred men from the polls? How is it opposed to the voting of the colored citizens because it knows that the votes of a class which the Democratic party has done its best to degrade will naturally be cast against it. The colored vote of Pennsylvania and Ohio were sure for that party, does any observer suppose the party would object to the voting of negroes? If the same vote were not sure to be thrown against the party in New York, is it supposable that the Democrats would insist upon the present inequality of the suffrage in this State? The Democratic party endeavors by every kind of fraud, as at the last election in New York, to secure the voting of the most ignorant foreigners, who have, and can have, no possible knowledge of the merits or tendency of the issues; is it conceivable that such a party opposes the equal voting of intelligent native citizens because they are colored?

Until this question is settled there can be no escape from the old issues; and the question may be postponed, but it can be settled in one way only. No man in his senses can imagine that this State, or this country, will finally rest in a policy of discrimination among citizens so baseless and infamous as this. A qualification of residence, of education, of familiarity with the language, is reasonable and intelligible, but one of color is contemptible and exasperating. Apparently the Democratic Convention in this State will decline to accept the Fifteenth Amendment, and against the provision of the new State Constitution that equalizes the suffrage. It will then be the orderly and intelligent citizens to determine how the public welfare is to be promoted by the success of a party pledged to perpetuate upon such grounds the difference that has to-day produced the present war.

Or are there other considerations in favor of its success that make this objection insignificant? Ohio will, undoubtedly, reject Mr. PENDLETON; but shall New York virtually declare in favor of him and of his repudiation? If there is general discontent with the character of the Legislature, it is in effect whether whether it is likely to be improved by voting opposed entirely or in a majority of such members as the city of New York may send. The Republican party is the friend of the Fifteenth Amendment, of the national faith, of equal suffrage in this State, of a strict registry, and of the utmost protection of the ballot-box from fraud of every kind. It is certainly not less honest and economical than its adversary. When it is added that it is in favor of settling the long disturbing difficulty of our politics in the most just, reasonable, American, and inevitable manner, can any man who has hitherto sustained it doubt as to his duty?

THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

THE decision of the Attorney-General in the Virginia case ingeniously compromises the difficulty. The dilemma, however, should not have arisen; and we cannot help hoping that it would have been better avoided by leaving Congress to interpret its own law. The registered voters of Virginia have, indeed, voted in favor of a Constitution that, when accepted by Congress, becomes the law of the State. But, until accepted, it is not the law of the State, which is still governed by Military Orders to the laws passed for its regulation, and among these laws is that which requires the oath of all officers, including the members of the Legislature. The Attorney-General says that it is impossible to suppose that Congress could intend that a Legislature under the Constitution of a State should be subject to a military commander. But is this Legislature, before the Constitution has become valid, properly described by the Attorney-General as "a Legislature under the Constitution of this State?" If it be, it is certainly not a provisional Legislature, as the Attorney-General afterward asserts. And if it be provisional, all its acts must be equally so, including the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. But is a provisional ratification valid?

It is plain that the Legislature is not a Legislature of full functions until its action is approved by Congress; and is it not therefore equally plain that, in the language employed by the Attorney-General's remarks, *does* "undertake to furnish the State with a suitable Legislature to start with?" If this Legislature does not do what Congress wishes, will it be held to be unsuitable. If, on the other hand, Congress is satisfied with it, it will, for that reason, and for no other, be considered a suitable Legislature. But in considering the action of the Legislature, Congress will necessarily investigate its origin and authority. The Reconstruction laws do not compel Congress to approve the assent to conditions which is made by a body that is not qualified to make the assent; and although General CASEY will not question that origin, under the circumstances, and the Legislature will therefore probably meet and ratify the amendment, yet Congress will have to satisfy itself of the justice of the Attorney-General's decision before it accepts the Legislative action.

Of course we have no desire to prolong the controversy, but the Attorney-General's opinion would defeat the manifest will of the registered voters of the State. In the dilemma which the law of Congress has itself occasioned, we would have suggested the proclamation of the commanding General, which would have enabled Congress to deal with the subject before the Legislature assembled. It will be much more difficult to manage the matter when the Legislature has organized and acted, without any clear conception of the limits of its authority. If it does not, as the Attorney-General suggests—namely, ratify the amendment, and then wait and see if Congress will choke it with full Legislative functions by accepting the Constitution and approving its action—the difficulty will be passed. Or if Congress is willing to accept the action of those who by existing laws are incompetent to act, thereby suspending the laws in their favor, there will also be no trouble But was it not better to avoid such contingencies and all the questions that may consequently arise?

WALL STREET.

THE cable telegraph has produced effects nowhere greater than in the financial centre of the Union. It brings us into immediate contact with London, Paris, and Frankfort, with this advantage, that the business-day is over in what of the great European markets before it commences in the United States, and can be studied and weighed before entering upon the conflicts of the trade in which we are respectively engaged. The foreign and domestic markets for cotton, food, manufactures, public debt, etc., and whether money is plenty or otherwise at any controlling point, constitute the essential subjects of inquiry at the outset of the business-day, and fortunes are lost or won if information is accurate or false in these matters.

The morning press furnishes information of the markets of the previous day, but private telegrams sent by leading houses to their correspondents here give the latest advices, and constitute the basis of immense transactions. Only those who deal largely can afford the expense of frequent telegrams, and in a time of excitement the lines are incessantly used.

The great bankers in England and on the Continent have access to all the important sources of information in their respective localities; and if the press telegrams are erroneous with respect to the health of NAPOLEON, some other topic of interest at the time, furnish their agency or branch here with exact knowledge, upon which it acts with effect while the public at large remain in the dark.

Perhaps in no matter has the cable been used more effectively than in transactions relating to United States bonds. The Germans were the first to invest in them largely, which they did with great pecuniary advantage to themselves, while at the same time they have aided to establish over Europe the credit of the Union, which alone was wanted after the successes of the war to elevate us to the condition of a first-rate power. In the course of these transactions, on the part of the great bankers on the other side, news would reach us of a glut; apprehensions would exist here of a return of bonds; purchases of gold on speculation would follow in this market, to end in disappointment and loss on finding that the absorption of our securities still continued, and that those who held the latest advices had become free sellers of gold. The turn in the market would be immediate and overwhelming.

We have thus arrived at a time shown how the cable was used to accomplish not only a sale of the bonds, but of their proceeds in the shape of "cable transfers," so as to produce instantaneous results, and the effect of the market here, who were speculating for an advance in the gold premium. The anticipated shipment of gold by which the premium for a rise was based became unnecessary from the sale of cable exchange; which sale, effected here on the afternoon of one day, would be in a condition to complete on the morning of the next, to the dismay of those who supposed the foreign purchasers overstupid with our securities.

Perhaps never again in the history of the country will such great opportunities for amassing fortunes be found as the negotiation abroad of our securities has furnished. We hope that we may forget that such a time will be used to enable us to substitute a four per cent. bond in the place of those earning six and five per cent. It will be folly to do this will depend on the skill with which the national finances are managed. If, on the one hand, the Repudiator is kept down by the pressure of public opinion, and a sufficient rate of tax is regularly collected and applied to pay the interest as it accrues, we shall in time reach that position of safety which arises from having to pay only a low rate of interest. It is our highest policy to look to this with never-failing eagerness, or the country may be tempted by heavy bounties to lose sight of the object. The latter there is a constant tendency toward the accumulation of business on the part of those who wield large capitals, as they are found to command success in a variety of ways. If they speculate for a fall in prices, they will lock up capital at a moment when money is already scarce from the application to investments in mercantile produce or breadstuffs; and as the small houses know nothing of the combination or the moment of its termination, they must proceed timely, and never without risk of being caught by such sudden changes of policy. These speculations ordinarily embrace in the combination outsiders who are admitted on the strength of their supposed wealth, on the agreement that they shall not be required to make a deposit as security for the risk; and it is the temptation to engage in a large business that the plan of buying stocks without any margin is invited by the smaller houses, who, in truth, take the risk of the speculations of their principal. The recklessness of a corner—which can not be engaged in without an abandonment of all claim to high commercial or moral position—is communicated to too many for public advantage. The policy of issuing convertible bonds and suddenly converting them into stock; of watering stocks without the consent of stockholders, and sometimes without the knowledge of Directors; and the appointment of a Court, armed with lockbreakers and Receivers, belong to the new state of things.

Great uncertainty is communicated to business in the street by these events; for it is scarcely possible to tell what portion of the price of particular stocks is due to the power of outside combinations, and when it will unload their watered stock upon the unwary. It is painful to find that at Chicago and other Western cities the dealings in grain are subjected to the uncertainties and the vicissitudes of Wall Street gambling.

A large amount of the business of Wall Street is conducted upon proper business principles by bankers of high standing, who earn their profits by buying bills of exchange representing cotton or grain produced for export, and who sell their own bills, drawn on bankers in Europe, to the merchants engaged in importing foreign goods. The profits of the transaction of this character are large, as the banker takes the risk of the foreign market for the cotton or grain on which his purchase of exchange is founded. The merchant can not keep these bills founded on the produce which the country exports, because the business requires the close attention and particular knowledge which bankers only from long experience reach.

Many young men start in the street determined to avoid speculation and confine themselves to legitimate business, and progress greatly to their profit and honor, continue on in this course, securing respect and confidence; but the general tone is adverse to this, and leads the majority away from the true path.

THE COAL-MINE TRAGEDY.

THE fearful catastrophe at the Avondale coalmine should stimulate the inquiry whether there is not great carelessness in the general management of the mines. It seems incredible that there was no ventilating shaft into the pit where the miners were at work, and that their sole hope of safety lay in a shaft whose safety was constantly and peculiarly threatened. It will be easy hereafter to avoid this especial peril, but why was it not perceived and guarded what other dangers as appalling still menace the miners? It is a sad life, away from the fresh air and the sunlight and the green earth. There are no gloomier tales than those which tell the story of the miners; and legislation has been obliged to interfere to save little children from the thoughtlessness of employers at the mines.

Government is, first of all, founded upon experience and common sense. The theory of the *laisser-aller*, of letting "things look out for themselves," may be abused in practice, like every other. When women and children were worked sixteen hours a day in cotton factories, it seemed almost impossible to pass a "short time" bill. Hundreds of thousands of wearing labourers were ready to starve more in order to release wives and children from the horrible bondage; and at length the bill passed. It was not theoretically correct, but it was actually most humane. No visitor to the workhouse in a coal company would be unjust to the miners; but corporations have no souls, and managers are responsible only to open spend little and make much, or they are in danger of losing their places.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that this terrible tragedy will lead to the most searching and thorough investigation of the general management of the Pennsylvania coal-mines; and that every seeming which experience may suggest may be made obligatory upon the companies. There is a vast mining population in that State, and its character must necessarily affect that of the Commonwealth. It is for the interest of the State that the miners do not feel themselves more and more excluded from general sympathy, and this can be done by wise evidence of the care of their fellow-citizens.

MR. FESSENDEN.

By the death of MR. FESSENDEN the country loses one of its most patriotic and able statesmen, and his party a man who commanded the confidence and respect of both friends and foes. His name is not especially identified with any single measure, nor with any peculiarly memorable speech, but it will be always conspicuous among the leading advocates of the wise and humane policy of the Republican party.

During the anti-slavery debates that preceded the war MR. FESSENDEN'S intellectual keenness and stern logic, and the sharpness of his sarcasm, were always most efficient in exposing and ridiculing the sophistry and malice of the slavery-leaders. Through the struggle as Chairman

of the Senate Committee on Finance, and for some time as Secretary of the Treasury, his sagacity was of the utmost service. And after the war ended, his Report to Congress as Chairman of the Committee upon Reconstruction, in which the principles of the policy afterward adopted were set forth, is one of the most admirable political documents of the time.

With the Republican Senators FESSENDEN and GRIMES, Mr. FESSENDEN voted against the conviction of President JOHNSON when he was impeached. The question had been made a matter of party, and the abuse of these Senators by a large part of the Republican press, and especially by the New York *Tribune*, was unmeasured for its outrageous vehemence. It is hardly accurate to say, as that paper states since Mr. FESSENDEN's death, that he was "every where condemned" for his vote. There were many of the most radical Republicans who differed with him, but who no more condemned him than they did Mr. SUMNER; and it was the influence of those men which prevented the censure of Mr. FESSENDEN and the Senators who voted with him by the Convention that nominated General GRANT. Of the fidelity of all these gentlemen to the great purpose of the Republican party there has never been any more reasonable doubt than of their ability and spotless integrity.

Mr. FESSENDEN's feeble health for many years, joined to a peculiarly sensitive temperament, made him especially impatient of mere display, and sometimes too irritable in the vicissitudes of debate. He had a certain disdainful independence, a scornful honesty, which indicates the character most desirable in a public man amidst the tendencies of our politics. In many ways he recalls the men of an earlier day; grave, simple, devoted, with a profound consciousness that this is a government of laws, not of persons. Of the sycophancy of the politician he had no trace whatever. His character and his services were full of the dignity of self-respect; and the loss of such a living example of the rarer civic virtues is not the least cause of regret at his death. It will be very difficult to fill adequately the place of such a man, who in the one act of his political career for which he was most severely censured by a large number of his party friends showed that not the least valuable moral service of a most honorable and useful life.

GENERAL RAWLINS.

The general assent of the country to the words of Attorney-General HOAR's touching message, in spite of General BUTLER's sneers—"a man so upright, able, and faithful"—shows how deep is the public sense of his loss. It shows also the sagacity of the President's course in selecting for so important a position a man with whose character and capacity he was thoroughly satisfied, although his name might not be familiar to the public. From the beginning of the war intimately associated with General GRANT, General RAWLINS constantly proved his ability; and the testimony of all who knew best, since his appointment to the War Department, proves the vigor and sagacity with which, even in his extreme ill health, it was conducted by the Secretary. Had he been a conspicuous politician, is it likely that he would have been a better officer, or that the country would more truly mourn his death?

In selecting his successor we hope the President will look among those whom he knows rather than those whom the politicians expect or present. We understand the necessity of party sympathy and support, and we only insist that it is the duty of every man to be a politician, so far as that word implies a knowledge of the principles involved in the questions upon which he votes. But the word politician has come to mean distinctively the hucksters in the party, and in that sense we are glad General RAWLINS could not have been the candidate of the politicians; but the party that supported General GRANT, as well as the country at large, were satisfied with his appointment. They will be equally pleased with a successor whom upon his appointment they may not know, if his administration of the office shows them, as in the case of General RAWLINS, that the President has selected a man "upright, able, and faithful."

THE THORNS OF TRAVEL.

"A SUBSCRIBER" writes to the *Times* the story of his experience upon a railroad. He went to the Erie station at the foot of Twenty-third Street and asked for a ticket to Niagara Falls, the advertised price of which was seven dollars. He was asked by "the bland and gentlemanly agent" if he intended to return by the same road. He said no. Thereupon he was politely informed that the fare would be eight dollars and seventy-five cents. He was unwilling to turn away, and paid the sum demanded, with the impression that he was swindled. When near Buffalo the conductor informed him that he must wait at that place for three hours, and gave him sixty-five cents to pay his fare to Niagara Falls. He improved the delay in writing his letter to warn his fellow-citizens of the snare into which he had fallen.

And he did well. He did what every traveler ought to do under the circumstances, and what most travelers are too lazy or thoughtless to do. It is only of the great catastrophes that the public hears, not of the myriad small vexations that sting the traveler. The constant failure to make time, and the consequent "making up"—the minor miseries at the Mugby Junctions—the runnings of the track, and the slight collisions without serious results, the toleration of drunken passengers, and all the annoyances which the traveler habitually suffers, seem to him not worth complaining of, and he would fear to be called an old Betty. But the public pays quite enough for its railway accommodation to have it of the best; and it will certainly not be of the best without the incessant spur of exposure.

The posted placard announces, "To Niagara Falls via Erie Railroad for $7." It means that the condition is, that you will take a return ticket by the same road; but the condition is not mentioned. This is mere petty swindling, and of a kind that we have known before. Perhaps the Company will explain it. If not, we shall all have cause for still greater gratitude to Governor HOFFMAN for continuing the present direction of the road beyond the term for which it was elected.

NOTES.

The Democratic Bourbons who are victorious every where else must attend to their own affairs when the Democratic Convention lately resolved that it "rejoices in the extinction of slavery; in the prompt and general acquiescence of the southern people in the results of the war; in every well-directed effort for the enlightenment and elevation of oppressed humanity at home and abroad; and in every measure compatible with good government and public order to broaden the basis of human rights and to secure the blessings of free institutions to all classes of the people." It then proceeds to deplore that the policy of the Republican party during the war has seriously ends; but that is of course. Here is a Democratic Convention that turns OVERBOARD out of doors, and tells to revolution and the shot-holes bones of the right of a man with a white skin to "wallop" a man with a black. But, as it is the duty of the Democratic party to denounce, the same Convention resolved that the national bonds ought to be taxed. The Wisconsin Democracy, after all, is "humanity" that needs "well-directed efforts for its enlightenment."

JUDGE DENT has been nominated for Governor in Mississippi by those who are called the Conservative Republicans, and who are in direct opposition to the Democratic party. The platform is wise, generous, and progressive, including amnesty and education; but the hand that most remarkably developed for the Dent which a few of its professed friends are trying to make, with the aid of its enemies, is the word "Conservative." The movement in Mississippi is as suspicious as all other movements which take that fine name. It is really the attempt of those who have been opposed to acquiesce in the settlement of reconstruction to obtain power under false pretenses. Such a judge DENT, with his eminent personal qualities, is a most undoubted "carpet-bagger" —a fact so repulsive to the Democratic press—we should expect to have it denied forth with gibes and grimaces in the "Conservative" journals.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE has written a cheerful letter to Mr. JAMES A. BRIGGS, in which he says, "I want nothing whatever of a political character, and desire that my name may be disassociated in men's minds with all political action." When he was younger he says that he thought it would be a good deed of kind if the people should trust him with great powers; but now that he is older, he is not at all sure that he deserves the trust of men who have been trusted with them. There is no reason to doubt that the Chief Justice says precisely what he means; and it is too old a politician to suppose that he will be understood as meaning finally to withdraw from political life. He says, of course, that he means to allow his name to be used, with a certainty of success, for a Presidential nomination by the surely winning party. In his "Reminiscences of Men and Events," just published, and full of interesting political correspondence and history, JAMES A. HAMILTON quotes an amusing and characteristic monoplace-book of Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, an old merchant of New York. General WASHINGTON one day expressed a low opinion of Mr. JEFFERSON, saying that when he resigned the office of Secretary of State Mr. JEFFERSON said that he was tired of public affairs, and meant to live in private, even forbidding newspapers to be brought to his house. Speaking of this with General HAMILTON, WASHINGTON said that he hoped Mr. JEFFERSON would be happy in his retirement. HAMILTON replied that for his part he should not be surprised to see the ex-Secretary a candidate for the Presidency; and when Mr. JEFFERSON afterward became a candidate, even General WASHINGTON thought that his renunciation of public life was not sincere. Such is the fate of public men.

The great public services of Mr. VANDERBILT in buying and controlling the Harlem and Hudson River railroads, and in going round the world in his own steam yacht, have been recognized by Captain ALBERT DE GROOT and some other friends, who have caused the erection of a huge bronze statue, surrounded with emblematic designs of the methods by which Mr. VANDERBILT has accumulated his fortune.

ROCKWOOD'S very elaborate display of pictures at the Rooms of the American Institute constitutes one of the leading attractions of the American Institute Exhibition. Among the pictures is a large oil-painting of the late JAMES HARPER, copied from the photograph taken a few hours before the lamentable accident which caused his death.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

We publish this week, on our first page, and on pages 614, 615, and 617, a number of illustrations of the recent calamity at Avondale, Pennsylvania, accompanied with detailed narratives. The subjoined cut is a diagram of the gallery, showing the position of the shaft and the counter gallieries. Among the papers in the possession of the company there is to be found no plan of the mine, which was consequently a new one. But one artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, who visited the scene of the disaster, and from whose sketches our illustrations have been prepared, has succeeded in producing an accurate diagram from his own personal observations, aided by the efforts of a Welshman, the superintendent of a neighboring colliery.

The scene presented during the exhumation of the unfortunate victims can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. Upon the side-hill, as it were, amphitheatrically, was the waiting multitude with anxious faces. The scene immediately about the shaft was gloomy in the extreme. The relief to the breaker; the descent to the brave, stalwart miners detail relief—their re-appearance at the top of the shaft with their sad burden from below; their hurried departure with the deadly grave with their head uncovered: the recognition of the dead by friends, followed by the anouncement, one by one, of their names—all these features made up a picture of horror which cannot be given by pen or pencil.

But there was another scene that would bottle the acuity of hearing to experience, none of which no record is left, for there is no one to tell the tale. This was when the fire-damp first came upon the fire breaking out of the fire, when all the fresh air in the mine was being drawn toward the roads to feed the exhausted flames, and when the fatal gases were being driven back into the interior. The bewildered miners hurried to the front. Who can describe the tumult of that gathering, or the panic which followed when it was known that there was no hope of escape or of rescue? At length the terrors had all unmanned from every sense of the mine. Friends, hitherto separated, now had met. Their fortunes, though, were fixed, and to him they all looked for counsel. He seized upon the one resource that was left. If the fresh air could be imprisoned and a barrier built against the invading gases—then, perhaps, the men could live until help could come from above. Resolutely, under the orders of their captain, they fell to work and built the first "bottice" or barricade. There sat Hughes, as he above stated, giving instructions to the men and boys. But all in vain. At last, exhausted by their work, and overcome by the deadly damp that would not be repulsed, they fainted at their post and died.

Most of the victims—all but eight or nine—were Welsh miners. They had rented work only a few days before, after a suspension of three months. But for the last suspension, which would have been made with the old tunnel, and through the outlet then in use, the mine would have been secure against any calamity like that which has now proved fatal.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. James J. Brooks, a special United States Revenue Agent on duty at Philadelphia, was shot by a party of ruffians September 6.

The Vermont election took place September 7. The Republican majority was 20,000.

The President has appointed General Sherman to act as Secretary of War until the vacancy caused by the death of General RAWLINS shall be filled.

The Allentown Iron-Works, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire September 7, and a thousand workmen thrown out of employment. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

There have been sixteen cases of suicide in Lowell, Massachusetts, within eight months, mostly of young girls.

The new Senate of Kentucky will consist of two Republicans, two Independents, and thirty-four Democrats. The House of Representatives will consist of eight Republicans and ninety-two Democrats. The Fifteenth Amendment will be raised much of a chance in a body thus composed.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, George H. Pendleton, made a speech at Cincinnati on Friday last, in which he opposed the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, because he regarded it as a material and radical change in the present system of government, and as destroying the constitutional relations of States to the Federal Union.

The Wurrumbung coal-mine at Carbon Hill, Missouri, caught fire in the main shaft on September 6, while fifteen men were in the mine. Seven of the men succeeded in escaping, but by clinging to the rope of an ascending car, although they were badly burned; but the remainder were forced to remain in the mine until the fire was extinguished, when they were rescued in a mass of two injured condition, the foreman, Mr. Halvey, probably fatally.

On September 8 General Canby issued his proclamation declaring the result of the late election in Virginia. Kellogg, Walker will be installed as Provisional Governor on September 11, and John W. Lewis Provisional Lieutenant-Governor on September 15. The Legislature will be called together October 5. The adoption of the proposed Constitution is announced.

The Republican State Convention of Minnesota met at St. Paul September 9, and nominated Mr. Austin, of St. Peters, for Governor.

John Bell, of Tennessee, died at Nashville September 10.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate has closed its sessions, after adopting the Senatus Consultum. The amendment giving that body the power to elect its own President, and which had been previously rejected, was finally passed at the last hour by a vote of seventy-one.

There is a rumor, reaching us by a recent cable telegram, that the Empress Eugenie may abdicate in favor of the Prince Imperial.

The Ministerial responsibility is to be proposed in a measure to be introduced by the Liberal Party at the next session of the Prussian Diet.

There are 22,000 men, women, and children starving in Paris, and 200,000 more have been reduced to want by a strike among the nail-makers.

The great Gladstonian preparations are being made for the Œcumenical Council. Twenty-three shorthand writers are engaged to make a report of the proceedings at the Council. They have been selected from different parts, no local interest of any one acquainted with every variation in the pronunciation of the English tongue. The Pope's chair has been placed in St. Peter's, and seats have been arranged for 750 bishops. "The seats are to be covered with crape," says the correspondent of the *Morning Post* (London). "They are constructed in the usual manner, and each obsee prelates will be somewhat squeezed in them. Each stall has a writing-desk in front, with a cushion underneath."

The Belgian Government has declined to join Bavaria in carrying out Prince Hohenlohe's policy respecting the forthcoming Œcumenical Council. The Government has also determined to send no official delegate to the Council.

Republican organizations in Portugal are said to be increasing in numbers and influence.

Lady Palmerston, widow of the late Lord Palmerston, died September 11.

Arrangements have been made to repeat the Boston Peace Jubilee at the Crystal Palace in September, England.

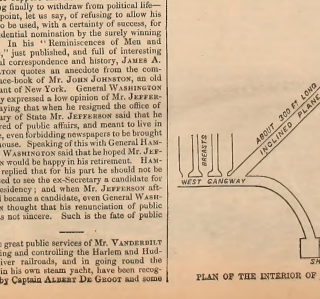
The London *Morning Post* says: "His Holiness the Pope is about to make great efforts to convert the negroes of America. Two hundred of them are now studying for the priesthood."

Letters received from Cuba at Washington on September 9, by way of Key West, purport to give full accounts of the battle at Las Tunas, which is regarded as the most important that has yet taken place. The fight lasted five hours. The Spanish forces were under General Valmaseda, and numbered over 4000 effective troops. The insurgents were about equal in force. The Cuban loss, as reported, is killed, 72; missing, 47; wounded, 267. The Spanish loss is killed and wounded over 600. Two hundred of their dead and wounded fell into the hands of the rebels, 200 were captured, and nearly 400 deserted. The result of the battle compelled Valmaseda to give up and fall back on his fortifications. There is great rejoicing throughout Cuban army.

In the mean time 16,000 troops are reported ready to start from Spain to reinforce the Volunteers. General Sickles, our Minister to Spain, has notified the Spanish Government that, although the United States Government has not yet recognized the Cubans as belligerents, the situation may soon call for such a recognition.

It is reported that the Spanish Regency under Marshal Serrano will be extended.

King Victor Emanuel, of Italy, in reply to overtures made to the Duke of Aosta in connection with the Spanish throne, declares that his son shall never rejoice in a free country ruled by the unanimous call of the Constitutional Chambers.



PLAN OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STEUBEN MINE, AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

THE 14th of September, 1869, was the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Baron ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, the great German traveler and savant. This anniversary was to his German countrymen a day of great interest, and in this country it was celebrated by them with peculiar enthusiasm. We give on this page an excellent portrait of Baron HUMBOLDT, who in many respects was the greatest man of his age. He died at Berlin, May 6, 1859, at the age of ninety years.

Few, if any, possessed so varied a range of attainments; no one ever used vast knowledge more nobly than he. The sciences — astronomy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, natural history, physics, anatomy—were not more familiar to him than politics, law, and belles-lettres: in all he was a master. Whether we consider the sum of his additions to the general stock of known facts, or the valuable generalizations and laws which he deduced from the discoveries of others, we shall find it difficult to name any philosopher of the present day who can be compared to him. Personal advantages enhanced the fame of his mental triumphs. After a youth spent in the successful pursuit of knowledge under surprising difficulties and in spite of formidable dangers, he enjoyed a serene and beautiful old age, and set an example of rare industry and unvaried equanimity at a time of life when neither the faculties nor the temper are expected to be bright. Unlike many benefactors of humanity, he was fortunate enough to reap his reward in his lifetime. He saw his fame surpass that of conquerors and monarchs, and received, for the last quarter of his life, a homage more universal than any other man of his day. No funeral honors or posthumous eulogies can enhance the veneration with which the name of HUMBOLDT has been worshiped for a quarter of a century throughout the civilized world.

He was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769; his father was a soldier of distinction and a man of wealth. Left fatherless at the age of ten, FREDERICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER—this was his name—was carefully educated by judicious relatives, and spent a creditable career at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. His taste for scientific pursuits led him to devote especial attention to geology and mineralogy; and, after a couple of years study at Fribourg, he became, at the age of twenty-three, a director of the works at Baireuth. He had previously traveled extensively through Germany, Holland, and England, and had published a small work on the basaltic rocks on the Rhine. His labors at Baireuth increased his love for science; he made himself master of all that was then known of chemistry, galvanism, botany, and geology; and the death of his mother placing him in possession of independent property, he sold his estates, threw up his situation, and determined to devote himself to science.

Having decided to choose a new field for his observations, he was somewhat embarrassed in his selection. War was raging throughout Europe at the time. He proposed to explore scientifically Southern Italy, and actually set out with a friend; but the British cruisers compelled the relinquishment of the enterprise. He planned a tour through North Africa, and got as far as Marseilles; but the war again interfered, and he abandoned the project. He had met at Paris the late M. BONPLAND, then appointed naturalist to a scientific expedition to South America; but the war put a stop to this too. Almost in despair, he and BONPLAND resolved to devote themselves to a series of scientific experiments and observations in Spain, and left France accordingly. While they were in Spain the Government of that country became acquainted with HUMBOLDT'S extraordinary attainments, and anticipated his fondest hopes by soliciting him to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. The offer was joyfully accepted.

DARK OR FAIR?—[SEE POEM, PAGE 614.]

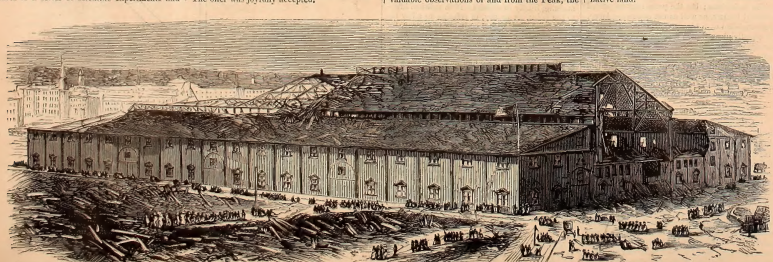
On June 4, 1799, HUMBOLDT sailed from Corunna on his great voyage. Even to give a brief summary of the results of his five years' journey-ings would exhaust far more than the space allotted to this sketch. It must suffice to say that, having touched at Teneriffe, and obtained some valuable observations of and from the Peak, the illustrious traveler landed at Cumana, in the middle of July, and devoted eighteen months to a thorough exploration of the wilderness which now constitutes the State of Venezuela, laying down the true course of the Orinoco and other rivers, and collecting the materials for an accurate account of the physical geography of that section of country. From thence he went to Cuba, traveled over the island, and made so thorough an examination of its resources and peculiarities that his work on Cuba, old as it is, is the most valuable we have. In March, 1801, he left Cuba for the main land, intending to make Panama his starting-point. Accident drove him further south. He made Bogota his point of departure, and from thence, in spite of the rainy season, crossed the continent to the Pacific, and carefully surveyed Peru, Chili, and the whole Pacific slope of the Andes. It was during this tour that he made his famous ascent of Chimborazo; he attained an elevation of 19,300 feet—over three miles above the level of the sea; and amidst mists and cold so intense that the blood started from his eyes and ears, planted his instruments on a rock which the wind had bared of the eternal snows, and enriched science with an unprecedented series of observations. In Chili he was enabled to study the phenomena of earthquakes, as, in Venezuela, he had studied meteoric showers; his views on these important subjects have never been controverted. After spending twenty-two months in South America he repaired to MEXICO, visited its great volcanoes, laid down the course of several of its rivers and mountain ranges, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the country. From Mexico he sailed, by way of Havana, to Philadelphia, and spent a couple of months in this country. From whence, at length, in July, 1804, he sailed for France, with the fruits of five years' indefatigable and intelligent travel—such a store of facts, drawings, and observations as no previous traveler had ever been able to collect.

Some idea of the value of his American harvest may be gathered from the fact that his published account of his travels in South America and Mexico comprises seventeen volumes folio, and eleven volumes quarto, and costs $2,000 a copy. It took him twelve years to write.

After the completion of this gigantic labor he traveled through parts of Italy which he had not seen, and spent some time at Rome at the villa of his brother WILHELM. He was enabled to witness a great eruption of Vesuvius, and obtained some valuable observations. In 1818 he finally took up his residence at Berlin, where he was eagerly welcomed by the king and court as well as by the savans. The Prussians were so proud of him, and so fearful of losing him—strong inducements were held out to him to settle in France—that he was made a councilor of state, and given to understand that any favor would be too great for him to ask. He had no political ambition, however, and was happy in being able to prosecute his studies.

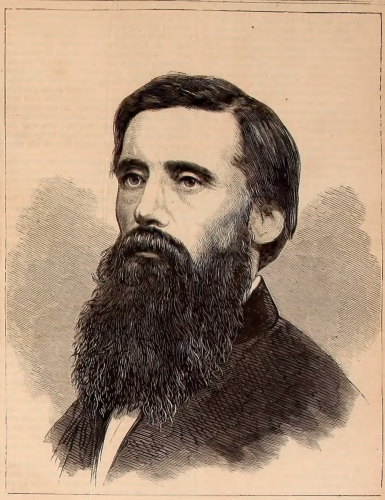
In 1829 the Emperor of Russia resolved to have a survey made of his Asiatic possessions, and offered HUMBOLDT the direction of the work. The offer was accepted, and in company with two distinguished savans, HUMBOLDT traveled through Siberia and Tartary, spending nine months in collecting ample material for an account of the physical geography of Central Asia. His travels were published by the Russian Government in a magnificent form, and at his suggestion a series of observations was undertaken which has been of great use to science. NICOLAS would gladly have retained HUMBOLDT in Russia, but found him inflexibly attached to his native land.

BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.



THE COLISEUM AT BOSTON AFTER THE TERRIBLE GALE OF SEPTEMBER 8.—PHOT. BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.—[SEE PAGE 614.]



THE LATE HON. JOHN A. RAWLINS.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

On his return home HUMBOLDT found the revolutions of 1830 in progress, and filled his first diplomatic part by going to Paris, on behalf of Prussia, to recognize LOUIS PHILIPPE. He was much occupied then and for some years afterward in political concerns. With the King of Prussia he lived on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; and though his political opinions were much too liberal for his sovereign—he was, in fact, a thorough republican—he represented Prussia faithfully and honorably on several momentous occasions. The crisis of 1848 is said to have led to some decided expression of his liberal views, and for a time to have estranged him from his royal friend; but the separation was brief—the King was a very good man at bottom, and meant well—he could not live without HUMBOLDT, who, for his part, was so much engrossed with scientific concerns as to be rarely anxious about politics.

Shortly after his return from Russia he planned his *magnum opus*, which, he intended, should contain the sum of his acquirements, and should demonstrate the harmonies of the universe. To this great work he gave the appropriate title of "Cosmos"—the World. He began it in 1831; but for a long period the work was interrupted, and the first volume did not appear till many years afterward. The fifth was published shortly before his death. The work is so well known as to need no description here. It is enough to say of it that it contains the sum and reason of the knowledge of the most comprehensive mind of the present age.

The problem he sought to solve—the demonstration of the perfect unity of the divine purpose, and the harmony of all the divine laws—has not been solved, because all science is yet in infancy, and the sum of what we know is small in comparison with that which we have yet to learn. But any one who wants to know how much the human mind grasps, and how far the human eye has groped into the mist of knowledge, will find what he seeks in "Cosmos."

One of the most striking characteristics of HUMBOLDT was the remarkable quickness with which he turned every thing to good account—even accidents and disappointments. Every man was for him a teacher of something; every object a theme for study; every event a new problem solved, to be stored away in the proper shelf in his capacious mind. TUCKERMAN says of him: "If delayed by the events of war from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied himself in ascertaining the height of the central plains of Castile; when becalmed on soundings,

THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—FRIENDS CLAIMING THEIR DEAD.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

he examined the weeds collected on the lead to gain new light for the theory of the coloring of plants; the haze that for many hours concealed from his sight the Peak of Teneriffe induced ingenious speculations on the effects of atmosphere on vision." Our countryman, Mr. Squier, who visited him at Berlin, thought, after a few hours in his company, that the rapacious *arcaut* had pumped him dry about Central America; but he was mistaken, for, before his departure, an urgent note reached him from Humboldt, imploring him to say whether the potato disease had ever existed in Nicaragua!

Between American and Humboldt there always existed a strong bond of sympathy. His early travels; the respect shown him on his visit to this country; his republican principles and his intimacy with some of our greatest men, always led him to feel a strong affection for the United States, and to show to American travelers more attention than to foreigners generally. It is not enough to say that his regard was reciprocated by the American people. No foreigner enjoyed such general veneration in this country as Baron Humboldt. The proposal which was made to leave the Oregon dispute to his arbitration was one of the many evidences of the unexampled esteem in which he was held on both sides the water.

DARK OR FAIR.

See Illustration on Page 613.

Maiden fair
With the golden hair—
Sweet Brunette
With the locks of jet
As you range side by side
On the margee of the tide,
I know not on which my heart I should set.

The hazel orb
Will the heart absorb,
And the eye of blue
Is tender and true:
But what orb are together
This sunshiny weather,
Their powers combined must our peace undo.

Beautiful pair,
Our bosoms spare!
The moon and the sun
Shine never as one,
And why should you two
Both rise on our view
When either alone had our worship won?

From crown unto feet
In beauty complete,
Like the Night and the Day
Together you stray,
Past the pier and the shipping
So daintily tripping
In your pretty, bewitching, unconscious way!

The maiden fair
Would I gladly declare
My darling and yet
There's the dark-eyed Brunette!
And I vow on my word
To say that I preferred
Is a question with terrible doubt beset.

What shall I do
To decide twixt the two?
So beautiful both
That to choose I am loth,
And which was the fairest
The sweetest and rarest
I could not declare, were I put on my oath!

Brunette and fair maid
Like Sunshine and Shade—
Each in her sphere
Is the loveliest here,
And I own I'm as fond
Of Brunette and of Blonde—
A shocking confession I very much fear.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

For some days before Mr. Fessenden's death we were assured that his illness was serious, and that there were no hopes of his recovery. He died at Portland on the morning of September 8, in his sixty-third year.

William Pitt Fessenden was born October 16, 1806, in Boscawen, New Hampshire. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and after four years' study of law was admitted to the bar in 1827. He began the practice of his profession in Bridgeton, Maine, but in 1829 moved to Portland, where he ever after resided.

Gaining prominence as a lawyer he entered into politics in 1831. In 1831 he was elected to the State Legislature from Portland, and was distinguished in that body for his skill and legal acumen as a legislator, and for the power which he displayed as a debater. At the expiration of his term he returned to the practice of his profession, and was soon known as one of the most distinguished members of the bar in his State. In 1840 he consented to run again for the Legislature, and was elected. He was then a strong Whig, while a majority of the Maine Legislature was Democratic. Notwithstanding this fact Mr. Fessenden was placed on the judiciary Committee, and afterward elected Chairman of the Committee for the revision of the State Statutes.

In 1840 he was elected to Congress. His speeches on the Loan bill, Bankrupt law, and other measures, and his reply to Caleb Cushing fully sustained his reputation as a lawyer and as an orator. He declined a re-election, and but for the Democratic majority in the Maine Legislature would have been chosen Senator. In 1845 we find him again in the State Legislature, having been elected by the prohibitionists. From 1846 to 1852 he took no active part in politics, except as a member of Whig National Conventions. In 1848 he was a member of the Convention which nominated General Taylor for President, though not Taylor but Webster was his favorite candidate. Four years later he supported the nomination of General Scott. During this time, while engaged in the practice of law, Mr. Fessenden, in conjunction with Mr. Wendte, gained a reputation in the Supreme Court against an opinion previously rendered in a lower court by Judge Story. The case involved the question of the liability of the owner of property for the fraudulent acts of his auctioneer.

Though supporting General Scott as candidate for President in 1852, Mr. Fessenden opposed the platform of his party, and predicted its defeat. His mind at this time was occupied with the imminent question of savery, and, after the action of the Southern Whigs on the Nebraska bill, he advocated the formation of a new party. Scott was defeated; but by a combination of Whigs, Democrats, and "Free-Soilers," Mr. Fessenden was elected. His celebrated speech in the Senate was Hannibal Hamlin, then a Democrat. Mr. Fessenden's speech on the Nebraska bill on the 25th of March, 1854, established his reputation as one of the ablest debaters in the Senate. He served on the Finance Committee, and on the expiration of his term, in 1859, was unanimously re-elected.

From this time Mr. Fessenden's reputation was a national one. He held his position on the Finance Committee during both terms, and his knowledge of monetary matters and Secretary Lincoln to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury upon the resignation of Mr. Chase in 1864. He consented to retain his position until March, 1865, when he was succeeded by Mr. McCulloch.

Mr. Fessenden's course in the Senate during Andrew Johnson's administration was eminently conservative, though he was a sound Republican from first to last. One of his most memorable acts of his Senatorial career was his vote against the impeachment of President Johnson.

Personally, Mr. Fessenden was a pleasant, affable gentleman. He was tall and dignified in his appearance: but his natural severity of demeanor was relieved by the suavity of his manners.

GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS.

General John A. Rawlins, late Secretary of War, died on the afternoon of September 6. The loss to the country will not easily be repaired; that sustained by the President is totally irreparable, for the latter has not only been deprived of a faithful servant, but also of a trusted friend.

John A. Rawlins was born in Jo Daviess County, Illinois, February 13, 1831. At his death, therefore, he was in his thirty-ninth year. He received a common-school and academic education, and until twenty years of age was only engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1853 he entered the law-office of J. P. Stephens, of Galena, where he made the acquaintance of President Grant. In 1854 he was admitted to the bar, and was afterward tolerably successful in his profession.

Previous to the war General Rawlins's career was comparatively obscure, but he had that force of character and energy of purpose which, in the new era that opened in 1861, made him a prominent soldier. From the beginning of the war his record is closely associated with that of General Grant. Soon after the fight at Sumter a large public meeting was held at Galena at which Grant presided, and Rawlins spoke. The latter had been known as a Democrat, and his declaration of the line of coercive measures to maintain the Union had on that account a great effect.

In August, 1861, he was a Major in the Forty-fifth Illinois, known as the lead-mine regiment, but at the request of Grant, then a Brigadier-General, he received an appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General, and was placed at the office at whose request the appointment was given. From that time he accompanied General Grant in all his campaigns.

He was made a Lieutenant-Colonel November 1, 1862, and a Brigadier-General of Volunteers August 11, 1863. He was first appointed Chief-of-Staff to General Grant in November, 1863, and retained that position on the elevation of the latter to the rank of Lieutenant-General. On March 3, 1865, he was confirmed brevet Major-General. His full services as Chief-of-Staff were fully appreciated by General Grant, who in no small degree owed his remarkable success to General Rawlins.

For a short time after General Grant's inauguration General Schofield remained at the head of the War Department. But the President decided to appoint General Rawlins to that place in his Cabinet, and finally prevailed upon him to accept it. He was unanimously confirmed, and his appointment was satisfactory both to Republicans and Democrats. Under his charge the affairs of the War Office were conducted with increased efficiency, and with a wise economy of expenditure.

General Rawlins was a victim of consumption, a malady contracted by exposure during the war. His private character was such as to win the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His temper was equable, and his domestic relations were of the most pleasant nature. His first wife, whom he m. ried June, 1856, died in 1861. In December, 1863, he married Miss Mary E. Hurlbert of Danbury, Connecticut. This lady, who survives him, is herself an invalid.

THE LATE GALE IN BOSTON.

A terrific southeasterly gale visited the entire line of the New England coast on the evening of September 8. Before nightfall it grew into a hurricane, causing great damage to property, accompanied with loss of life. The Boston Common was literally carpeted with foliage, and a few trees were blown down. The Old Elm, however, still stands. Awnings were torn to shreds, chimneys were blown down, and churches and other edifices were unroofed.

One of our illustrations on page 612 shows the effect of the gale upon the Coliseum, in which the grand musical festival of Peace Jubilee was held last July. This once imposing building is now more than a mere wreck, and its ruinous and dismantled condition gives a more striking proof of the fury of the storm and the havoc which it wrought than any one instance that can be cited. Shortly before six o'clock a furious gust of wind struck upon the orchestral end of the building "like a hummer," as sailors say. In a few minutes the large circular window, which is twenty feet in diameter, crashed to the floor. The wind getting within the building quivered like a reed. The whole orchestral end now crashed in, and the blast, sweeping with redoubled fury to the other extremity, as speedily forced out that end. In a few moments nothing but the office seemed to be the sport of the elements, and the wind, getting underneath the roof, playfully lifted it off piece by piece until the whole area of the transept was rapidly unroofed. The air was darkened with falling and flying timbers, which were tossed and blown about like shavings. The crash was tremendous, and struck awe into all beholders. The organ was speedily leveled to the ground and buried in the enormous mass of timber. The big drum was also laid flat and pierced in several places by the falling timbers. Immense pieces of the roof presented considerable distances, and fell on every side.

A large number of vessels were wrecked along the coast.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

If pride myself upon any mental endowment whatever, it is upon that humble one of Common-Sense. I live what is called by the intellectual people a commonplace life. I have my pew in the neighboring church, and sit in it twice every Sunday. I know one captain in the army—just such a person he should be—polished, and yet ferocious, gentle to ladies, but rather insolent to civilian beaux, boastful of his clubs, and giving all his leisure time, which is considerable, to the cultivation of his mustaches; but otherwise I am ignorant of the fashionable world and all its gay doings. I have made no endeavor to break through the gilded pale that separates it from the outside barbarians who crowd the pit. I never go to the Opera-House every day; I return from the City in one; and if it is wet I use the same conveyance in the morning to reach my office. I dine at a restaurant weekly. My best sherry is 48s. a dozen; and when the captain talks of vintage wines (as he will do by the hour at a time) I offer him for what he thinks he is drinking. However, with true good-breeding, he imbibes it in great quantities, as though it were the best. I often see him at restaurants. Our cook can not compass an *omelette soufflée*. My wife trims her own bonnets. We have eight children. We attend the Church Catechising in March, except the baby and the last but one. In short, a more respectable and unfashionable family than ours does not exist in all Bayswater.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily imagined that we are as free from the vices of the great as we are without their privileges. But this was, I honestly believe, the case until within a very recent period. When I used to read in the papers that the Lady Day Coltsy of Coltsmain ancestry and blest blood) had left her husband's roof, and that the Major Fluttery of the Life Guards; or that it was rumored among well-informed circles that the gentlemen of the long robe would shortly present in the domestic affairs of his Grace the Duke of Belgravia, I used to give a prolonged whistle, and remark: "Here then is another case of the total absence in the habits of the *haut ton*. I knew that one hereditary aristocracy were given to these excesses, and that the high tone of life must certainly be crimes, and I perused such details as the press could furnish with an avidity unlike any I am subject to in reprobation. I resented to be reading of a class of persons whose way of life was too far removed from my own to affect me, except as a matter of just as when I went to the play I found myself in an atmosphere of intrigue, and misunderstanding, and jealousy, altogether unnatural to that which I had not the ghost of an experience in common.

Jealousy! Why, I had been married sixteen years without entertaining that passion, so that it was not very likely, however well acted, that I was going to entertain me. Misunderstanding! The thing was impossible for, when ever there promised to be "a row in the pantry"—and every household can well understand me—when I make use of that metaphorical expression—I brought it to a head, and had it out, and off we started again (speaking for self and Mrs. R——) on the smooth current of our lives, with the little fracas buried forever in its depths. As for the matter of eight falling in love with another man—it is all very well in a stage-play, and particularly where the husband is a black man, and, as I have said, belitting enough among persons of quality; but upon the Notting Hill side of Bayswater any such mischance would, I felt, be one of shame, and still-less—actual presumption, as well as a great domestic crime.

Imagine, therefore, my astonishment when my opposite neighbor, Peabody, who also calls himself my friend, did me the honor to call upon me a few weeks ago, to speak, in confidence, of the alarming conduct of my wife. Having demanded and obtained a private interview, it is scandalous old person, who was once an indoor merchant, and yet retains the trace of his calling upon his nose, set before me in detail a number of curious circumstances connected with the "goings on," as he was pleased to call them, of my wife, which, he was sure, would surprise me to say, "might not possibly be only coincidences, after all," but which he felt it his duty as a fellow-creature, and one who had been a husband in his time—here his lips made a dumb motion of gratitude—to let me know. Even as a neighbor, and an individual of no pretension whatever, hitherto remarkable for its respectability, and much, I doubtless remembered, had declined to permit Mrs. Jones to put up *apartments* in her window, lest we should be confounded with the lodging-house localities; nay, which, by the mere force of its public opinion, had prevented No. 48s from being let to a playactor—even in this character, as I say, he would have felt it his duty to make me aware of what was being said, though doubtless falsely, respecting the behavior of Mrs. R——. I should have to be excused the door, and informed Peabody that his late hour was certainly arrived, and that he had better make his game with Providence before I cut his throat; but from ignorance of the proper conduct to be adopted in such exceptional circumstances, and perhaps from the knowledge that there was nothing but a paper-knife in the room with which to effect this righteous punishment, I only frowned out laughing, and called him a meddling and impertinent old fool.

"Very true," returned he, for he always makes use of that form of words—"very true: but still the facts are worth investigating, even from their singularity. Do you know, for instance, that at seven o'clock, three days a week, your wife goes out in a cab by herself?"

"No," said I, "I do not; though, if she does, it is surely better than if he had an ineligible companion. As a matter of fact, however, she does not do so, for I have offered to go shopping with her twice this week, and she has declined to accompany me upon the ground of having a large cheque."

"Upon what days did she give this excuse?" inquired Peabody, taking out his pocket-book.

"Last Monday and last Thursday," returned I.

"Well, here's a memorandum: *Monday 4th. Saw Mrs. R——, short, as usual, at 11; Thursday 7th, ditto, ditto.* She could not be driving to a morning concert, because she had no white gloves on."

"I will grant that much," quoth I, sardonically, and yet not by any means unmoved by this unexpected intelligence. "My wife does not go to morning concerts."

"Very true," observed Peabody. "Then the question arises, where does she go to? Now, as an inhabitant of the Crescent—"

"Peabody," interrupted I, severely, "I acknowledge the right of every man to look out of the man in the moon himself—to meddle in my affairs upon *that* ground. I am obliged to you for the interest you have taken in this matter, but the simple fact is, that it has been entirely misplaced. I have been perfectly well aware of my wife's movements, and they have had my fullest permission and approbation. I only wanted to see to what lengths your impertinence and love of interference would carry you. This is your last, I believe; your umbrella is the alpaca one; I wish you a very good-morning."

I saluted my visitor out, and then sat down at my private parlor with my elbows upon the table, and both my hands thrust into my hair. I had undoubtedly received a shock; but I was on fire with jealous apprehensions myself. What *could* it all mean? For sixteen years my wife had never given me occasion even to cry in company, upon which, she had always given me to understand, she doted; and yet, after refusing to go out with me, she was driving away by last, on the plea of sore throat, she had started, the instant that my back was turned, in a Hansom—or even supposing it was a four-wheeler, in a cab, without white gloves on, and— Confusion! Here was a row in the pantry, and one which my wife would undoubtedly have cleared up at once. "Anna Maria," cried I, from the bottom of the stairs. "Anna Maria, I wish to speak with you immediately."

"Jor' bless me," answered my wife from the top, "you don't think the kitchen chimney's on fire, do you, Mr. Jones?" and she added, in a tell-tale manner, "and didn't I tell Mary to have it swept a week ago; and now the fire-engines will be coming here, even if we are not burnt out of house and home."

Was it possible that this woman could have deceived me, as Peabody had said; and was talk so simply of her children, and of house and home? By the time Anna Maria had got down to the drawing-room I had begun to feel ashamed of myself. When the mother of eight reached my sitting-room door, with her honest face aglow with indignation, and her voice raised to shout the soot, I did not dare to mention what I had in my mind.

"I called you down, dear, to say that I was going to give myself a holiday to-day, and to ask you to come with me to Hampstead Heath, and dine at Jack Straw's Castle to the Marseillaise, it being such a beautiful day."

At my wife's face for an instant over her features, and then, as if recollecting herself, she began to stammer that she was very, very sorry, but really she had so much to do about the house just then; if I would only wait till Friday week,

which was my birthday, then we would go somewhere, and she should enjoy it above all measure. This afternoon, however, the thing was impossible.

"Well," said I, gravely, "we have not many holidays together, and I am sorry. You had a sore throat on Monday and on Thursday, when I offered you a similar opportunity."

"Oh yes," answered she, shaking her little head, which is very pretty—could it be *too* pretty?—and shrugging her shoulders: "it was quite impossible that I could go out with that throat."

"Here," thought I, for the moment, "we have gone out *without* her throat, "is some throat falsehood; but Peabody may have told it, and not she. Perhaps she never went out at all. Should I rather believe the wife of my friend or than that scandalous old retired indigo-merchant? Was it not base even to suspect Anna Maria of deception?" And I said: "I have: but yet I think I would just sasisfy myself with my own eyes."

"Very well," observed I, quietly: "since you can not come with me to-day, I shall go to No. 7 City, as usual. I don't care for a holiday by myself."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Anna Maria, coaxingly, as she helped me on with my great-coat, "I am quite grieved to disappoint you. Good-by, John. And you have a good luncheon; it's very bad for you eating those buns and rubbish."

"Ah, what a tangled web we weave when somebody," when I was practice to deceive," though after but a little trying, there's nothing easier than lying. I pretend I felt like a letter-box in my pocket, and dodged and lurked about our Crescent, watching in the distance my own door, to see whether Mr. R——would come out as usual at the accustomed hour. I suppose I have none of the attributes necessary to the profession of a detective: for whenever my sharp-set eye met that of any of myself blushing all over, and hanging my head on one side, as a dog hangs his tail. I darted round, and round, in the Crescent, but loitered at the corner of a street which commanded it, now trying to dip up the tops of the coal-cellars by measuring the needle of my umbrella in the cellular holes, and now eliciting mournful music by dragging it against the area railings. Exhausted with these exercises, I had been leaning against a lamp-post for about ten minutes, when the door of a house opposite opened suddenly, and a tradesman of neat prepossessing appearance out upon me, with her cap-strings streaming in the wind.

"Now just go away, my gentleman," said she, in a menacing voice, "before the police makes you. *I* know who you're a-looking for, and I can tell you she ain't a-coming. So you've got her locked up in the cool-cellar. *I* know you, although you have not got your red face to-day; and I tell you if you get another slice of meat in my house, I'll prosecute you as sure as my name's Mivins."

"Grocer! Heavens, Madam!" cried I, "do you take me for a common soldier?"

"No, Sir," answered she, meekly; "but for a tipsy-looking, dirty Life Guardsman, who never saw a shoe fired in his life; and if ever you come after my Jemima again——"

I turned and fled into the very arms of the abominable Peabody. "Make haste!" exclaimed he; "there is not a moment to be lost. No; the cab is coming this way; you may see for yourself whether I am not right this time."

And sure enough, who should drive by, at a rapid rate, but Anna Maria, in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonnet, and *with a flower in her hair!* This blow, coming so close upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear. "Where can she be going to?" gasped I, half unconsciously, "in the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have *heard* of similar things," returned Peabody, dodging, "although I never experienced any thing of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is toward St. John's Wood."

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pockets of a great-coat hanging up in the hall. "By-the-by," said I, as the servant who had let me in was disappearing, "I think my master mentioned that he'd be after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who has been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap-ribbons. "Sir," said she, looking confused, "missis has just stepped out: she has taken two of the little girls for a morning walk."

"Which girls?" inquired I, looking this abandoned young person full in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by this course of procedure; she replied that she did not know; she didn't recollect—she hadn't paid particular attention, but she rather thought that it was the two youngest—all in a breath.

"In that case," rejoined I, pointing with withering scorn to the perambulator, "how comes *this* here?" No, Emily Jane; your mistress must have taken out with her to-day the same two children that she took on Monday and on Thursday, when her sore throat was so bad that she could not go out with me."

"Yes, Sir," replied she; "it was the same two."

"Emily Jane," said I, solemnly, "I always tets the truth. *I know all.* Where is your mistress gone to at this present? Is she with her hair recently arranged, and a flower stuck in the left-hand side of her head? and that after telling me she was too busy to move out. Conceal ment is worse than useless. Where is she?"

"Well, horses shouldn't do it," returned the domestic, resolutely. "I told her I would keep it dark, and I won't betray no confidence as has been reposed in me. You must find it out all of your own head, Sir. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Here, to my confusion, Emily Jane cast her apron, by a sudden and dextrous movement, over her features, and with a convulsive sob came rushed down the kitchen-stairs like a bull stung by bees.

At that moment the front-door bell rang with a violence such as none of our visitors, except the captain, ever dare to use. My wretched heart seemed to experience a little throb of joy. He at least, then—and I confess my suspicions had been turned in his direction, for was it not his privilege to come at all unusual hours, and to destroy our domestic peace—he at least, I say, *unless there was more than one*—I started from the kitchen-stairs, and met Peabody coming down the house with Dinah——

I didn't like his impudence, and I didn't like his song, but there was nothing for it but to submit. What could Anna Maria be doing with telegraphs? *From Rupert Mervington, No. 7 Cupidon Villas, St. John's Wood. Pray, be punctual this time. I am engaged after twelve. I trust you will do your duty your best, not yoke, as on Monday and Thursday.*

"There's somebody in the house with Dinah: there's somebody in the house! I *know*——" I rushed out with the receipt in my hand, and the boy snatched it, and took to flight, for he saw by my countenance that I disliked this pleasantful message mean? or rather what meaning could it have but one? Rupert Mervington, a man at a steady sounding name, to begin with: the sender, too, was evidently no business-man, or he would not have exceeded the number of five words. "Rupert, a military smack all over (and I didn't like *that* notion—a military smack!). Mervington was of a different and refined mode. The hashing was good, and so far unlike the captain's; but then people don't write their own telegraphs themselves. No, the whole conduct of the action was necessary, or that I should be suffocated. In a couple of minutes I was at Hanson Street, Baker Street, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often rest descriptions of it in novels which professed to be strictly psychological, and often had seen upon the stage (although principally in farces) the husband racked by jealous pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now? Why should the tenderest emotion of the human heart be the subject of buffoon— But what a wicked-looking set of houses were these which I was now passing! It struck me that every one of them had a certain look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possesses a patent for——

"What number, Sir?" shouted my driver, through the little hole in the roof. "*This is* Cupidon Willas."

"I am about to hear it," groaned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man" (for his countenance evinced much curiosity at my voice and manner) "I know it is not *your* fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 7."

Of all the wicked-looking houses in Cupidon Terrace, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wickedest. The round eye which lighted the entrance window winked viciously in the sunlight, and in the garden door was a little grating, as though for the purpose of witnessing executions in small It was not to hear it," groaned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. "Don't mind me, my good man" (for his countenance evinced much curiosity at my voice and manner) "I know it is not *your* fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 7."

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PARTY'S WEEKLY.

dedicated stand on the question of woman suffrage, and have for their organ object the general welfare of woman. It is rumored that one feature of the society is to give breakfasts to different public men whose influence would be helpful to the cause.

A Senator recently sent one of his speeches addressed to Hon. Wendell Phillips, care Rev. H. W. Beecher, Brooklyn." Mr. Beecher sent the MSS. "in the original package," with the addition, "Boston, Massachusetts," on the memorandum. "Mr. Phillips is under my care, but for safety I keep him in Massachusetts. H. W. B."

Another scientific fest is promised at Niagara. A daring fellow designs taking an aerial flight across the chasm on wings, which are now being constructed in Hamilton, Ontario.

Rev. W. H. Murray did not—as some of the newspapers reported—go to Brooklyn—to shout something in the Wilderness when he first met his congregation on his return. On the contrary, taking the "Lamb's passage," what is to not be wrong is well-doing: for he dies season we shall reap, if we faint not," he announced to them in the language of the very first sentence of vigorous Christian activity. Park Street Church was crowded to its utmost: and Mr. Murray never evidence in his appearance that life in the Wilderness had been beneficial to his health.

There is a report that the Rothschilds mean to invest $500,000 in United States Bonds.

A singular scene occurred in Buffalo early one morning not long ago. A drove of ninety Texas cattle, that had just been driven from one of the ferry-boats, became infuriated, and ran in every direction through the streets, goring and trampling every thing that came in their way. One man was tossed by a mad bull into Niagara Street Park, a woman was fatally injured, and several persons severely hurt. Some of the cattle swam across the Niagara River and scattered on the Canada shore. Had the stampede occurred later in the day, when the streets were crowded, the consequences would have been fearful.

The "great fat vaccination" seems to be exciting much alarm in London, especially among the poorer classes. One woman refused to have her child vaccinated, and was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment in consequence. One of her children had died, evidently from the effects of vaccine vesication. In England vaccination is now compulsory. Most physicians, in the and other countries, are firm in their belief, founded on long experience, that vaccination, when properly performed, is an effectual preventive of smallpox. Dr. Wyld, of London, after forty years' service in the National Vaccine Establishment, during which time he vaccinated 45,000 persons, says that none of those who had had small-pox after a small proportion have been revaccinated, which proves to his mind most satisfactorily the defense of the idea that the protective powers of vaccination are diminished or worn out in course of time. One physician of the New York Dispensary, who had vaccinated 40,000 in sixteen years, has stated that none of them had taken small-pox after the revaccination.

Mr. Wyld, who is a "man-millinee," does not think it worth while to cover every dress with trimmings. Recently, on being consulted by a lady in reference to a dress he had just finished, he declared that none should be put on it—that "it was only an 800 frock." The lady's natural idea is good, but some of the superabundant trimmings were omitted from these dresses—to say nothing of expensive ones—before the world would be better taste than is shown now in numerous cases.

According to an English physician of distinction, "Gymnastic exercises have a special tendency to produce insanity: the lacenes and colors and perplexing gymnastic dresses so act upon the eyes and imaginations of excitable persons—young ladies especially—as to destroy or impair the reasoning faculties." Is it not time they were made away with?

A few days after the International boat-race a complimentary banquet was given at the Crystal Palace, by the London Rowing Club, to the Harvard, Brown and Oxford boat-crews. A hundred and twenty invitations were issued, and among the guests were Hon. Thomas Hughes, Edmund Yates, Captain Anderson, and many other notables. Mr. Dickens made a pleasant little speech, in which he paid many compliments to the Harvards.

A nugget of gold weighing 180 pounds, and valued at $60,000, was recently taken from a mine in Downieville, California. This is, within a few pounds, the largest ever found in modern gold-fields. From the Monumental Quartz Mine in Sierra Butten, Sierra County, two men obtained in one day gold valued at $20,000.

A couple of Brooklyn burglars attempted, a short time ago, to transfer a quantity of dry-goods from a certain shop which they were engaged in, to its ecomplice on the sidewalk. One of the burglars, while pulling a piece of cloth through a broken window, dropped and fell through the hatchway. His companion fled, leaving the wretched man to writhe in agony. Subsequently the man's wife, becoming alarmed at his unusual absence, went to the store in search of him, and he was discovered lying in a mangled and helpless condition. He was removed to the City Hospital, where he died in the afternoon of the same day.

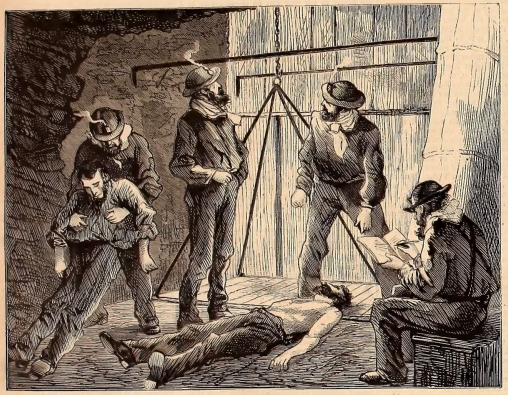
In a biography of the Czar Constantine, which has recently been written by a Russian prince, the following incident is mentioned in connection with the consumption of which he has but sixteen. The Duchess remembered a new, and, in spite of the entreaties of his doctor, insisted on dressing herself. She was in the act of putting on the court-yard of his palace, Dr. Mandt renewed his supplications; begged his Majesty to return to his apartments. The Czar refused. The remained deaf to every warning. "Sire, you are ill; it will be your death!" said, at last, Swine, it is useless you need to commit." At this expostulation Nicholas turned sharply and asked his physician by what right he ventured to constrain his freedom. He held his review, got a chill, and expired after a short illness.

Paris will earn a good name among the lovers of salmon. There are twenty-five salmon fisheries, employing over two hundred men, between the mouth of the Willamette River and Astoria, in that State. Over a million pounds of this favorite fish have been put up in tin cans, and since about two thousand barrels have been packed.

The superintendent of the new post-office lately received unsuccess proposals for the use of the floors surrounding the government property in the Park for advertising purposes. We understand that a firm has obtained the privilege two years for $15,000.

THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—STREET VIEW IN AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

BRINGING OUT EXHAUSTED



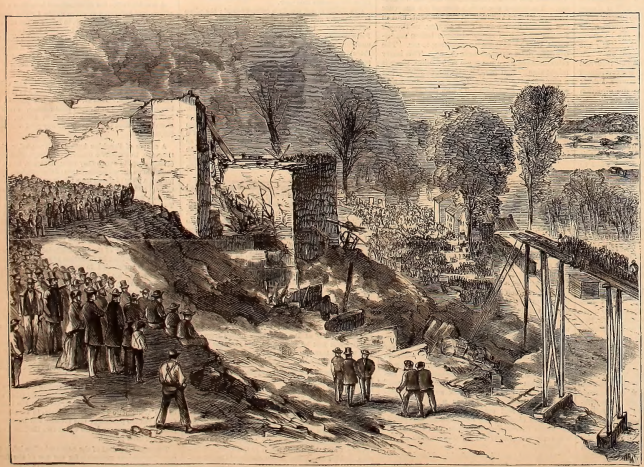
THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—BRINGING BODIES OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

THE scene of the terrible disaster which we profusely illustrate in this Number was at the Avondale Colliery at Plymouth, about twenty miles south of Scranton, Pennsylvania. It is situated in the Wyoming Valley, on the steepest and most commanding side of the Shawnee Hills. This colliery was reputed to be the best and largest in the valley. When in full working order it produced 700 tons of coal per day. For three months previous to the first of September it was idle, owing to the miners' strike. It was leased by the Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, who also lease many other mines in the valley; and by this ingenious plan of leasing in place of opening mines themselves, they avoid the charge of being held responsible for the manner of their construction.

There is no doubt that the Avondale mine was one of the best and worst in the valley. The masonry-work, running down the sides of the shaft some twenty feet, was as strong as stone and cement could make it. The engine-house was firmly built, the machinery of the finest kind used in the colliery business, the breaker that covered the engine-house, and through which the broken coal was dispatched through a long shoot to the railroad track below, was built in the most substantial manner, and altogether the works to the casual observer seemed to leave no room for improvement. The shaft was sunk to a depth of 237 feet, with a space twenty-six feet by twelve, divided in the centre by a wooden partition, on one side of which the pure air descended to the mine, and on the other the impure vapors ascended to the top and were dissipated abroad. After going

THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—MINERS



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—RUINS OF THE COAL-BREAKER.

UT EXHAUSTED MINERS.

THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—CLEANSING THE FACES OF THE MINERS PREPARATORY TO THEIR SEPULTURE.

Y DISASTER—MINERS DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

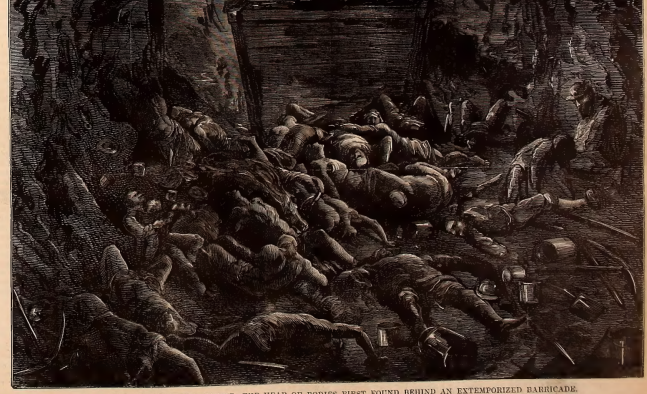
in a sheer descent to the bottom of this shaft the explorer of the mine found on either hand two long galleries, or avenues, one branching east 1200 feet, and the other west 800 feet. Moving straight onward at right angles to the shafts, and at a distance from it of 220 feet, the furnace for creating a draught of air through the galleries and chambers of the mine might be found blazing away in dangerous proximity to the wood-work lining of the passage-way reserved for the admission of the fresh air currents.

On the morning of September 6 a fire broke out, originating, as it appears, from this furnace. A spark ignited the dry scantling adjacent; the flames leaped forward to the bottom of the shaft, caught the wooden partition above-mentioned, climbed to the top, and involved the coal-breaker and the surrounding buildings in the conflagration. Whatever fresh air there was in the mine went to feed the fierce flame, while the sulphurous gases, having no longer an outlet, were forced back into the chambers and galleries of the colliery. As the buildings at the top of the shaft were consumed their ruins fell down and obstructed the only means of entrance to or of egress from the mine.

But what had become of the miners, of whom, by the first report, there were two hundred or more at work in the mine? This was the absorbing question of the hour. Their families were congregated about the opening in great numbers; and the miners from all parts of the region rapidly arrived to rescue their comrades, if possible.

About 6 o'clock P.M. a dog and lamp were sent down to test the air. The dog was found to be alive when drawn up, and the lamp had not been extinguished.

THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—REVIVING MINERS AFTER THEIR EXPLORATIONS.



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER—THE HEAP OF BODIES FIRST FOUND BEHIND AN EXTEMPORIZED BARRICADE.

Soon afterward a man went down, and after seven minutes returned and reported no difficulty in breathing, but said there were obstructions half-way down the shaft which he could not pass. The obstructions were removed so as to reach the bottom of the shaft by 7.15 P.M. The two men who had engaged in this work also penetrated a gangway about sixty or seventy yards, finding three dead mules, and reaching a barricade which the miners, expecting to carry it, had extemporized to shut out the noxious gases.

The next two men who descended—THOMAS W. WILLIAMS and DAVID JONES—were sufficiently rested to death. Except to recover the bodies of three men there was no further attempts were made to descend the mine until fresh air was forced down into the mine by means of a fan driven by a steam engine. These preparations were not completed until 9 A.M. on the 7th. In the mean time a body of forty-six experienced miners was organized as a volunteer force to descend the shaft and make explorations. Several parties descended between 10 A.M. and 1.30 P.M., but they returned so completely exhausted that it was not considered safe to make any further descent until the gangway was cleared of gas. Still four or five descents were made before midnight, but without effect.

Before 6 A.M. on the 8th two of the dead were found in the stable of the mine. At *half past 6 o'clock* A.M. a large number of miners were found dead on the east side of the shaft. The next party which descended reported that they went up the plane, just beyond which a barrier was met, consisting of a car packed with timber and coal "culm" and clothing. This was cleared away, and a little further on a similar barrier was found. One man was found on the outside of the barricade. Upon the removal of this second barrier eight dead miners were received. These were found in all conceivable attitudes. Fathers had died embracing their children, and comrades lay in one another's arms. At 9 A.M. HUGHES, the Superintendent, was found sitting down with his head resting upon his knees. The work of exploration continued all day, and by 9.30 P.M. seventy-two bodies had been brought up. As the bodies were brought to the top of the shaft the faces were cleansed, and they were thus prepared for the recognition of their friends.

By noon on the 9th one hundred and eight bodies had been exhumed, after which none were found—so that the first reports as to the number of victims must have been greatly exaggerated.

It is impossible to censure too severely the culpable carelessness of a mining company who, rather than provide, at the expense of a few thousand dollars, a second shaft for the safety of their workmen, preferred to risk this terrible loss of life. It is to be hoped that such a warning will not be lost upon other companies who have been equally negligent. We are glad that measures have been promptly taken to provide relief for the families which have been made destitute by this sudden calamity. It is a charity which appeals to all.

Our illustrations on the two preceding pages and on our first page are from sketches made by our artist, MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, at the scene of the disaster.

VERONICA.

by the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

XV. The Books.—Book X.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVALESCENT.

"PAUL!" cried a harsh, querulous voice from behind the curtains of the bed in the guest-chamber of the shipley vicarage. "Paul! Where the devil—"

Then followed a string of oaths in English, French, and Italian; not pretty pet-names or epithetes, such as occasionally attributed in the pages of fashionable novels to irresistible young guardsmen and such-like curled darlings of the world. There was no odor of rose-water about these oaths. They were vile, fierce, blasphemous phrases, borrowed from the vocabulary of the lieutenant and degraded.

Sir John Gale was the speaker. Sir John Gale was not handsome, and angry. When that was the case, Sir John Gale was apt to express himself in the strongest, coarsest, most ferocious language in which his tongue was accustomed.

Presently the door opened, and Paul came into the room. Paul Poeli was a Piedmontese. He was a short, thick, ugly, shock-headed man, with grave light-colored eyes, set under overhanging brows. He had a scanty crop of grizzled hair, and a broad forehead, and his face was clean shaven.

He had been a courier, and in this capacity had attracted the attention, and won the favorable opinion, of Sir John Gale. The latter had elevated Paul to the post of confidential and personal attendant on himself. A "confidential" attendant might seem at first sight to be of small value to Sir John, considering that he never could possibly made a confidence to any human being. But there are involuntary confidences which we all make daily and hourly respecting ourselves. The recipient of these in Sir John's case needed to be staunch, patient, and discreet. Paul was all three.

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Before 6 A.M. on the 8th two of the dead were found in the stable of the mine. At *half past 6 o'clock* A.M. a large number of miners were found dead on the east side of the shaft. The next party which descended reported that they went up the plane, just beyond which a barrier was met, consisting of a car packed with timber and coal "culm" and clothing. This was cleared away, and a little further on a similar barrier was found. One man was found outside of the barricade. Upon the removal of this second barrier eight dead miners were received. These were found in all conceivable attitudes. Fathers had died embracing their children, and comrades lay in one another's arms. At 9 A.M. HUGHES, the Superintendent, was found sitting down with his head resting upon his knees. The work of exploration continued all day, and by 9.30 P.M. seventy-two bodies had been brought up. As the bodies were brought to the top of the shaft the faces were cleansed, and they were thus prepared for the recognition of their friends.

By noon on the 9th one hundred and eight bodies had been exhumed, after which none were found—so that the first reports as to the number of victims must have been greatly exaggerated.

It is impossible to censure too severely the culpable carelessness of a mining company who, rather than provide, at the expense of a few thousand dollars, a second shaft for the safety of their workmen, preferred to risk this terrible loss of life. It is to be hoped that such a warning will not be lost upon other companies who have been equally negligent. We are glad that measures have been promptly taken to provide relief for the families which have been made destitute by this sudden calamity. It is a charity which appeals to all.

Our illustrations on the two preceding pages and on our first page are from sketches made by our artist, MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, at the scene of the disaster.

VERONICA.

by the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

XV. The Books.—Book X.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVALESCENT.

"PAUL!" cried a harsh, querulous voice from behind the curtains of the bed in the guest-chamber of the shipley vicarage. "Paul! Where the devil—"

Then followed a string of oaths in English, French, and Italian; not pretty pet-names or epithetes, such as occasionally attributed in the pages of fashionable novels to irresistible young guardsmen and such-like curled darlings of the world. There was no odor of rose-water about these oaths. They were vile, fierce, blasphemous phrases, borrowed from the vocabulary of the lieutenant and degraded.

Sir John Gale was the speaker. Sir John Gale was not handsome, and angry. When that was the case, Sir John Gale was apt to express himself in the strongest, coarsest, most ferocious language in which his tongue was accustomed.

Presently the door opened, and Paul came into the room. Paul Poeli was a Piedmontese. He was a short, thick, ugly, shock-headed man, with grave light-colored eyes, set under overhanging brows. He had a scanty crop of grizzled hair, and a broad forehead, and his face was clean shaven.

He had been a courier, and in this capacity had attracted the attention, and won the favorable opinion, of Sir John Gale. The latter had elevated Paul to the post of confidential and personal attendant on himself. A "confidential" attendant might seem at first sight to be of small value to Sir John, considering that he never could possibly made a confidence to any human being. But there are involuntary confidences which we all make daily and hourly respecting ourselves. The recipient of these in Sir John's case needed to be staunch, patient, and discreet. Paul was all three.

He entered the chamber, bearing in his hand a tray covered with a napkin, on which was placed a small basin of soup

previously—stood on the hearth-rug and talked of the weather, and the hunting, and the Colenso controversy, or whatsoever topic was then chiefly arousing the attention of the British public. Mrs. Sheardown, meanwhile, welcomed the girls, and installed them in comfortable arm-chairs, one on either side of her. Nelly Sheardown was about thirty-five years old. She had not been married more than eight years, for she and the captain had been constant to each other through a long engagement; and Tom Sheardown's head was gray before he could declare that the fight with fortune was fought out, and could claim Nelly Cherbrook for his wife. He was twenty years her senior, and there appeared to be even more difference between their ages. For Mrs. Sheardown looked younger now than she had done before her marriage, during the long years of waiting that had sickened the heart with hope deferred, and graven lines in the face.

"I'm for a your guest?" asked Mrs. Sheardown of Veronica.

"Sir John is getting much better: nearly well, thank you. It is such a comfort for papa to be assured that all danger is over. It was a great responsibility, you know, having a total stranger in the house in that state;" thus, Veronica.

"None of his relations came to see him?"

"He has first-rate friends, and has no family ties in England, Mrs. Sheardown."

"Poor old man! It is a lonely position for him."

Veronica gave a rapid glance at her hostess's honest face, and then buried her own among her flowers.

Maud laughed heartily. "Dear Mrs. Sheardown," she said, "do you know I have a notion that Sir John's ideas does not by any means hold upon himself in that light."

"In what light?"

"As a lonely old man."

"Oh! I thought—I didn't know—"

"Lady Alicia Renwick," cried Captain Sheardown's old servant, throwing open the door. And the hostess rose and went to welcome the new arrival.

Lady Alicia Renwick was the daughter of a Scotch peer, and the widow of a gentleman who had made a large fortune in some iron-works. Still further to enrich him Dantesser was a great black district whose horizon glazed at night with a hundred lurid fires. And there the deceased Mr. Renwick had owned unsightly piles of brick structures, like pyramids with the angles rounded off, and with smoke and flame issuing from their summits. Lady Alicia did not inherit all the gold that was melted out of the iron ore in these grimy crucibles. Mr. Renwick had a numerous family by a former wife, who had provided for them all, handsomely. But his relict enjoyed an income which would have appeared princely to her maiden eyes, and which she now characterized as "genteel starvation." For there is nothing we become more easily accustomed to than the possession of wealth; and a genuine love of money is one of the few passions that age, with its hollow voice crying "All is vanity!" has no power to weaken.

Lady Alicia was a tall, handsome, stiff old lady, who took a gloomy view of life. She had had a good deal of wit of a dry, bitter, biting flavor.

Her ladyship's entrance into the room was closely followed by that of a gentleman. Captain Sheardown, after having greeted Lady Alicia, called to him.

"Come here, Hugh. I want to introduce you to the vicar of Shipley. Mr. Levincourt, this is my young friend Hugh Lockwood. You may have heard me speak of his father."

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Lady Alicia, half aside, of Mrs. Sheardown, and looking about her from a dark and cosy nook, with a not unfavorable glance.

"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Lady Alicia. You may remember, perhaps, that his father was a great protégé of the old Admiral many, many years ago, that is, before I ever saw my husband."

"Oh, ay, to be sure! I recollect it all very well now. Robert Lockwood was a Yorkshireman born and bred. He came of humble folks, small tradespeople in Shipley Magna, but he had an aspiring soul, and he got it into his head that he was born to be a great painter. Admiral Sheardown had a taste for the arts, and helped the lad to a good education. And what has he done? Not bad-looking!"

Mrs. Sheardown explained in a few words that Hugh's father had done credit to his patron's discrimination, and had attained a good position among British artists. Robert Lockwood had died some years ago. His son was articles pupil to an architect in London; and having had occasion to run Dantesser on professional business, Captain Sheardown had invited the young man to stay for a few days at Lowater House.

Presently Lady Alicia, Begbie, rector of Hamwick, with his wife and daughter, and Miss Boyce, a lady who was staying at the rectory on a visit, and these completed the number of invited guests.

Betsy Boyce, as her friends and acquaintances called her, was a simpering, blonde old lady, who prided herself on her thorough knowledge of "society." She lived in London when she did not happen to be staying at some country house. But her residence in the metropolis was never protracted; and her address when there was not revealed to many persons. She called cousins with half the names in the Peerage; and indeed Miss Boyce found a phrase or two out of that repertoire volume act as an "open sesame" to many a comfortable home where bed and board were at her service for days, or weeks, or even months. She was herself perfectly good-humored and humble minded; and, despite her eccentricities, she was kind and esteemed by those among whom knew her best. But she had taken up the Peerage as a kind of profession, just as some reverend Mussulman divine adopts the Koran. She lived by its aid very comfortably; whereas Miss Elizabeth Sophia Augusta Boyce, with very few pounds per annum to call her own, and without any aristocratic connections, would have found it a rather hard task to make both ends meet. "Besides, my dear," she would say, confidentially, to some intimate friend, "I don't really bump my body. Papa and mamma were thoroughly well connected. It never did them any good that I know of; but it may be to a great mercy for me. If it were not for my family and my knowledge of who's who, I might nope by myself in a dingy lodging from January to December. And for me, who am the most sociable creature living, and who detest solitude, it is really and truly a blessing and a mercy, under the circumstances, that there are persons who care very much for that kind of thing."

Miss Boyce, then, was not unduly proud of her descent, but she had a pet vanity, founded—as are not most of our vanities?—on a much less real and solid basis of fact; she had somehow lost her reckoning of time, thought herself still an attractive-looking woman, and devoutly believed that nature had provided her with her wig.

Captain Sheardown gallantly led out Lady Alicia Renwick to dinner, and the rest followed at due order.

To old Mr. Snowe, the banker, was allotted the honor of conducting Miss Boyce. Mr. Snowe was a stout, well-fed, well-to-do man. His manner was pompous, and the habitual expression of his heavy face seemed to say, with an air of puzzled surprise, "Am I not very well?" It did not know myself to be so very important a personage, I should suspect you to be laughing at me."

During the early part of the dinner Mr. Snowe was too busily engrossed in eating and drinking to pay much attention to his companion; but when the later stages of the repast arrived he found himself more disposed for talking. The lavish coils of false hair, flowing curls, and colossal chignon. He became a prey to a species of fascination that obliged him to watch those delicate artificial flowers which crowned the lady's head-gear, and which nodded, shook, and trembled, without ceasing, in a most lymph accompaniment to their wearer's vivacious flow of talk.

The dinner-party passed pleasantly under the genial influences of Sir John Delancey's wine. Dr. Begbie rose and, in an effective speech, rolled out in his richest tones, proposed the health of his absent friend, Captain Sheardown, and wished them many happy returns of that auspicious day, the general enthusiasm was quite equal to the task. Nelly declared the servant to fill her glass a bumper, and grasped her host's hand with her bony fingers as she stood off the Hamwick party.

Mrs. Begbie shed tears. But that may have been from habit: for Mrs. Begbie always made a point of crying at the rector's sermons. And perhaps his manly voice, alone, had power to affect her. As compensation, however, that captain Sheardown had no children, Mrs. Begbie was perfectly dry-eyed.

When the ladies left the table—by which time Mr. Snowe was openly and undisguisedly contemplating Miss Boyce's luxuriant locks with a fixed and vacant glare—and returned to the drawing-room, they resumed a theme which had been discussed at the dinner-table, and on which Lady Alicia and Betsy Boyce were the chief talkers.

"Gale? Gale?" said Miss Boyce, meditatively. "No, don't remember the name. Know if know. Sir John Gale! Never heard of him."

"How very strange!" murmured Mrs. Begbie.

"But don't you remember the name, perhaps, of whom Miss Boyce never heard?" said Lady Alicia. She spoke with a strong Scotch accent, rolling her r's very much, and pronounced "never heard" "nevvert harrd."

"Millions!" exclaimed Miss Boyce, absolutely speaking in the full flow of her voice. "Oh, millions! Your ladyship's married name, for instance, was quite unfamiliar to me, although I suppose you're—what is, I beg, often heard mamma speak of your father, Lord Strathgorm."

Lady Alicia smiled grimly.

"Well," said she, "my dear Miss Boyce, ye might very well remember poor papa yourself, for he only died a few years before mysel' thirty."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Begbie, clasping her hands. "Suppose Sir John Gale's title is not to be an inheritor? A highwayman, or something. No: I don't mean a highwayman; I beg your pardon for the mistake, but I mean a swindler, or something; don't you know? Goodness!"

"Nonsense, Jenny!" said Miss Begbie's mamma. Veronica's face looked unutterable scorn, but she said nothing. The hostess asked Miss Begbie to sing, and for them, and that young lady complied, not unwillingly. She drew very good music out of the grand piano. Her mother was a accent. Lady Alicia's accent was a softened face. Betsy Boyce's quivered again as she nodded her head time to a tune of Chopin's. And the second coming of gentlemen entered in a body. Captain Sheardown took a seat beside Miss Boyce, and made her a few gallant speeches.

"Go along, you false creature!" cried Miss Betsy, smiling and tossing her head. "Men were deceivers ever. One foot on sea, and one on shore. Exactly! And you sailor animals are the most faithless of all. But I always loved the blue jackets from a girl, from a mere child! I recollect a most charming creature with whom I was full acquainted when I was a boy, an admiral of the Red, and had only one leg, and a frightful scar on his face where a cutlass had gashed one of his eyes open. He was a very seventy-four, and I adored him. It was in Ireland, at Delaney Park, in the year after—in short, I was a mere baby, not fifteen!"

"At Delaney Park? Really! That was your grandpapa's place, Maud, was it not?" asked Mrs. Sheardown.

"Possible! Are you of the Delaneys of Delaney, Mrs. Sheardown? Ah, I remember the youngest girl married Sidney Desmond. To be sure! the eldest, Hilda, made a great marriage at the end of the season. Your girl? I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm! What is she doing, poor Lady Tallis? And where is she? No one hears or sees any thing of her now."

"We do not hear very often from my Aunt Hilda," said Maud, gravely. "Do you want me to accompany that song, Mr. Sheridan's for you, Mr. Snowe?"

Maud walked away to the piano, and Betsy Boyce poured into the greedy ears of Mr. Begbie and the old banker a recital of Lady Tallis's troubles.

"It was considered a great match, *the* match of the year (excepting, of course, the young Earl of Mimsey, who was, you know, the richest minor in England, and married Lady Ermengarde Ermine, the day after he came of age); and, I remember, poor old Sir William Delaney was so delighted."

Mrs. Begbie, who was transported with delight at hearing the name of a visitor so fluent and familiar with these noble names, shook her head gently, and said that that was what came of worldliness. She was strange it was that parents should seek heartless grandeur for their children! For her part, she fervently trusted that Jenny would have the better part, and look for sound principles in her husband, preferring them to wealth or rank. Though, on the score of wealth, Jenny were influenced by such mundane attractions), there were few families in whose alliance she might not aspire, her grandfather having been a Gaffer—and it was unnecessary to say that the Gaffers were among the oldest *gens*—Scots families extant—and her paternal great-grandmamma a De Wynkyn.

"How was it, then?" asked Mr. Snowe, senior, in his pompous, deliberate tone. "Do I follow you? Was Lady Tallis's marriage an inauspicious one, Miss Boyce?"

"Mercy on us!" cried Betsy Boyce. "Inauspicious! Her husband is one of the most *dreadful* persons! Sir Hilda Delaney was a pretty, good-natured fool when he married her. It was like the wolf and the lamb; he gobbled her up in no time—never finished her!"

"Law!" exclaimed Miss Emmy.

Mr. Snowe cast a rolling and rather bewildered glance at his daughter, "that," said he, impressively, "is shocking, indeed."

"But how do you mean, Miss Boyce?" said Emmy, who had been quite a little literary, and was excessively inquisitive. "Of course I know that Lady Tallis was not really gobbled up—he, he, he! only a figure of speech, you know—but what did her husband do?"

Herbert Snowe's sons, and at this moment, and the conversation at the other end of the room came to an abrupt close.

Before, she woke up Mrs. Sheardown came and sat by the vicar of Shipley, and told him, smilingly, that she had a petition to prefer to him. She wanted him to allow Maud to remain at Lowater for a few days. The captain and she would bring Maud in to Shipley when they came to church on Sunday; meanwhile they would send to the vicarage for any thing she might need. In short, they had set their hearts on it, and Mr. Levincourt must not refuse.

"I suspect you are not often accustomed to have your requests refused, Mrs. Sheardown," said the vicar, gallantly. "If Maud be willing—as, no doubt, she is—I consent with pleasure to her remaining."

Presently, Maud made her way quietly across the room to Veronica. The latter was seated on a small ottoman, which was made to hold only two persons, and was so contrived that one of its occupants must turn his back on the company in the room, and face the other. And there Veronica was leaning back against the crimson cushion. The dark rich back-ground enhanced the purity of her white dress and fell prettily into of her shoulders. Familiar as her beauty was to her friends, it never failed to strike a fresh admiration on the picture presented by the vicar's daughter. Veronica was radiant with gratified pride when any admiration of her being admired. It heightened the bloom on her cheek, and made her eyes bright with a liquid lustre.

As Maud approached, a gentleman, who had been occupying the other seat on the ottoman, rose to yield her his place.

"Do not let me disturb you," said Maud. "I merely wished to say a word to Miss Levincourt."

The young man bowed, and walked a few paces apart.

Maud told her friend of Mrs. Sheardown's invitation.

At a strong hint please over Veronica's face. For it seemed like a flash of satisfaction; but then came an expression of regret; almost, one would have said, of a momentary alarm. "Shall you stay, Maud?" said she, taking the other girl's hand in both her own.

"Uncle Charles has said that I may, and—But I will not stay, dear, if you think it selfish, or if you fancy you will miss me."

"Of course I shall miss you, Maudie."

"Then I won't stay. I will tell Mrs. Sheardown so."

At this moment Emma Begbie came up to them, giggling after her manner, which was half spiteful, wholly silly.

"Miss Boyce calls Levincourt!" she exclaimed, bending over the ottoman, "and declares that you have been having with that young Lockwood! What is he like to talk to?"

"Very much like a gentleman," answered Veronica, with cold hauteur.

"Oh, a gentleman! But he isn't really one, you know. Lady Alicia knows all about his father. He was quite a common person. But isn't he handsome, this young man? You must mind what you are about if you stay in the same house with him, Miss Desmond. For I am sure Miss Levincourt would never forgive you if you were to make yourself too agreeable to him. She evidently looks upon him as her conquest. Don't you, Miss Levincourt? He, he, he!"

Veronica looked after her scornfully as she went away. "What an ill-bred idiot that girl is!" she said. Then, after a moment, she added, "Of course I shall miss you, Maudie. But you must stay. You will not go away very long?"

"Only till Sunday. Was that gentleman who was talking to you Mr. Lockwood? I had not been introduced to him."

"Yes. Good-night, Maudie. The fly is come, I suppose, for I see papa telegraphing across the room. Good-by."

Veronica threw herself back in a corner of the fly, wrapped in her warm shawl and hood, and remained silent. The vicar fell asleep. In about ten minutes their vehicle drew aside to allow another carriage to pass. It was the well-appointed equipage of the rector of Hamwick. The horses dashed along swiftly, their silver-mounted harness—if it were not fancy—flashing.

Veronica drew still further back into her corner and closed her eyes. But she did not sleep. Her brain was busy with the sifting of the crazy old fly from the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna kept up a sort of rhythmic accompaniment to the noise of strange forebodings, and plans that whirled through her mind.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Every thing has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Can any one tell me what's the use of a red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a sign," said Mr. Jones, "that the gentleman has won all of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

At a fashionable church, where pews are eagerly snapped up at about a thousand dollars each, and very pain and his newly-married wife recently attended public worship for the first two or three times, and were so well pleased with the preacher that they resolved to attend regularly.

Accordingly, as they passed out one Sunday, the gentleman, pointing to the sexton asked, "Any seats, sir, this morning?"

"See here, I think, on the whole, I'll come here to church. Now, I want to hire two seats—good seats, mind you, and I don't mind how dear, only let me see all that you have to let."

"Yes, sir. Do you understand you?" inquired the sexton.

"Yes: I don't mind paying four or five dollars extra for two choice broad aisle seats," replied the upstart.

"Young man," said the somewhat practical coffin-maker, "we have no seats to let; we do not do a retail business at this house."

A Game often Heard of, but Never Played.—Cricket on the hearth."

A DOMESTIC SONG.

From river mud to dinner ye, as vile is it makes my soul to grieve, and after all both take French leave? Ah, Bridget! Why roam up next into a maid, who breaks my nicest china bowl, and says she "didn't see the boy do it?" Ah, Biddy, Why pollutes the kitchen floor, and in half an hour or more has it precisely as before? Ah, Biddy, Why, when I wander fondly and base, who confiscates, under the rose, and wears by stealth my clothes? Ah, Biddy! Biddy, Why, when she comes and goes whenever she chooses, injures whatever they she sees, and then declines to work refuses? Ah, Biddy! Who slams, and bangs, and breaks, and smashes, with hammer, and rends, and knocks, and dashes, who lips, and spills, and slops, and splashes? My Biddy, Why, in fact, is to be found in all houses each such as thee? My way is dark—I can not see. For Biddy, I can only say Biddy, I only wish thou were dead, I only wish that I were free. From Biddy.

We have often heard of ships *running* into one another, but the other day we actually saw a house *fly*.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Let no temptation to a single life
Lead to a union with a worthless mate;
Although 'tis true that single life may be a fool
Would make old maids the butt of ridicule.
A single life though dreadful is at times,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

Some one was talking the other day of the inconveniences which the Slimsee Twins must suffer in their journeyings through life, and how they must ever be severed, when Robinson exclaimed, struck by a happy thought, "What a good time it is for their sisters brothers! Just imagine what they would suffer if they were obliged to walk out!"

"Do you," said Fanny Toher day,
To me upon the lawn,
Of late those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls besides?"
"Dear one! girl" cried I, "forbear!
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—"
She stopped me as she ran away,
And cried, "You're sworn, now kiss the book!"

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it. The prescription is moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and sympathy, "And I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

REPARTEE.

"The best man you ever had," he said,
"Would make a four-quart skillet."
"Your kindness," she replied,
"Is more than big enough to fill it."

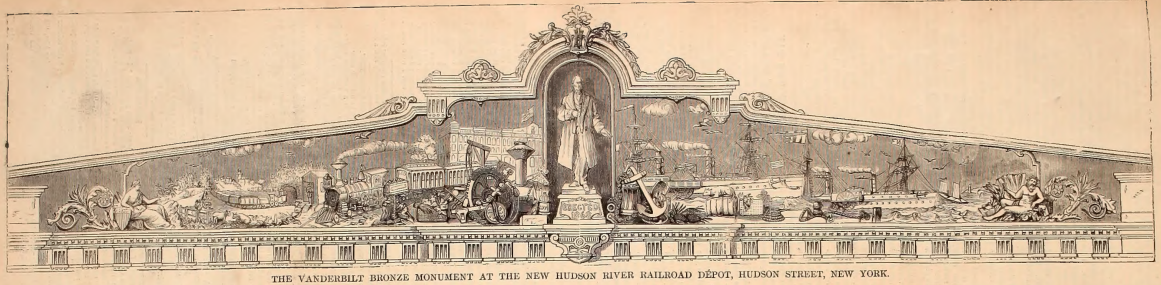
A Strong Difference.—"This medicine," said Dr. Sharp, "will cure you in three days." "Will it?" said Dr. Flat, "I will produce the change desired."

"What!" exclaimed Dr. Thunder-attack patient, "you don't say so, doctor?"

"It's a fact, Sir," said the doctor; "the science of medicine has now reached—"

"Well," said the patient, interrupting him, "it is wonderful! If you'd said postage-stamps, doctor, I should not have been surprised, but the desired change, doctor, it seems impossible."

A little girl, whose father had forgotten, at a distance, to bring her a present, on finding that he was in his dog, exclaimed, "Papa, I've a hungry dog!"



THE VANDERBILT BRONZE MONUMENT AT THE NEW HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD DÉPOT, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

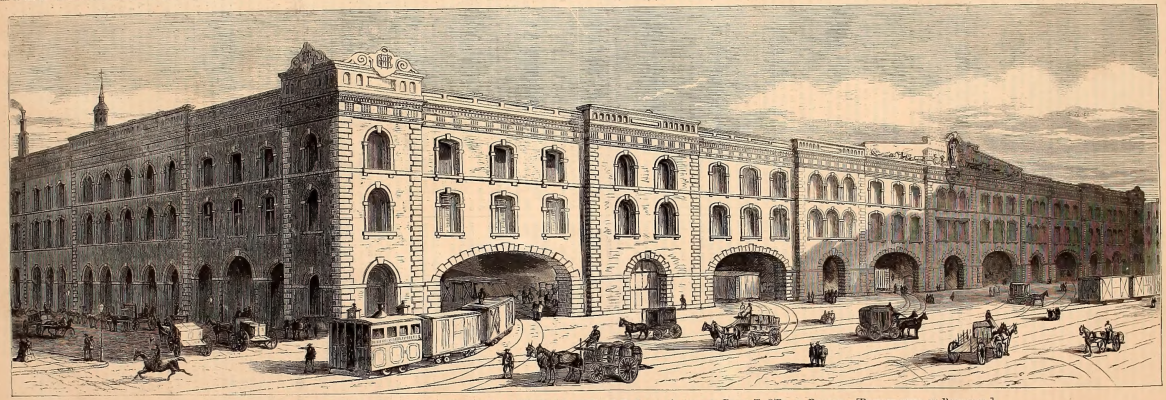
THE VANDERBILT MONUMENT.

EARLY in October is to be unveiled the colossal bronze statue of Commodore VANDERBILT with its allegorical accessories, of which we give an illustration on this page. This monument is erected on the summit of the western wall of the new Hudson River Railroad Dépôt, situated on the former site of St. John's Park, at the corner of Laight and Hudson streets. This work was conceived by Captain ALBERT DEGROOT, a gentleman well known as prominently connected with the steamboat history of the Hudson River, and also as the commander of the *Niagara*, *Reindeer*, and other river steamers. As soon as Captain DEGROOT had completed his designs he laid them before a committee of leading citizens of New York, fully explaining his plan and ideas, and meeting with the full and cordial approbation, as well as the prompt financial aid, of those whose indorsement he solicited.

Captain DEGROOT at once secured the services of ERNEST PLASSMAN, one of the most skillful artists in the country; and a large sum of money was expended in building a foundry for the purpose of making the required castings, two experienced metal casters, GEORGE and VALENTINE FISCHER, having been engaged to superintend this part of the work. As first planned the design was only thirty feet in length, but new visions continued to dawn on the mind of Captain DEGROOT, until at last his grand conception had unfolded to more than five times its original size; and finally, after ten months of faithful labor, the models were all completed. As giving an idea of the labor involved, every piece of this immense work was first done in clay, then in plaster, and finally in bronze.

The monument is an epitome of the life of CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, both as Commodore and as the great Railway King. It is a well-deserved tribute to the genius and enterprise of Mr. VANDERBILT, who is not less noted for his public spirit than for a well-spent life, abounding in works of unostentatious charity.

The work covers an area of 3125 square feet, measures about 150 feet in a straight line, and 31



THE NEW HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD DÉPOT, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—J. B. SNOOK, ARCHITECT; PETER T. O'BRIEN, BUILDER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

feet in extreme height: weighs, we believe, nearly 100,000 pounds; and cost, as nearly as can be ascertained, over $500,000. It consists of an immense bronze statue of Commodore VANDERBILT, placed in the centre of a colossal bass-relief, which is contrived not only to illustrate the career and achievements of the Commodore, but also to represent the marvelous inventions of the nineteenth century, and at the same time to portray allegorically the growth and prosperity of the great American Republic.

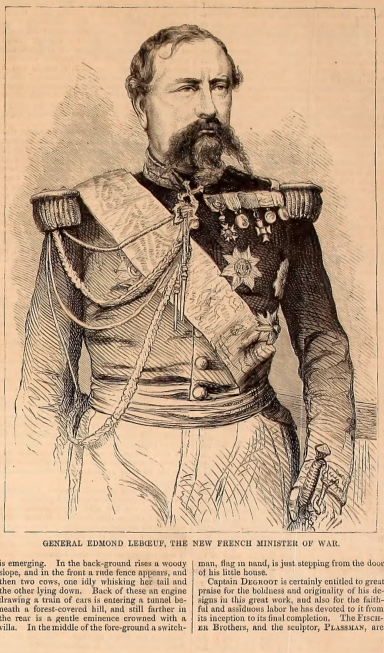
The base line upon which the bass-relief is erected is a narrow tier of blue-stone. In the centre, just beneath this, and solidly inserted in the dépôt wall, is a huge carved block of granite weighing eleven tons. On this rests a bronze pedestal 5 feet square, 14 feet high, and bearing the inscription, "Erected 1868." On the pedestal, within a spacious arched recess, stands the statue. This is 12 feet high, nearly solid, weighs four tons, and is the largest in America, if not in the world. It represents the Commodore with head uncovered and wearing a heavy fur-trimmed over-coat, his left foot slightly advanced, his right hand inserted beneath his vest, and his left extended. The bass-relief is 10 feet high at the ends, and is surrounded by an elegant granite cornice, which slopes gradually upward for about one-third the length from each extremity, turns suddenly up, runs along horizontally, and finally forms an arch in the centre over the statue. The middle portion of the cornice is decorated with ornamental work in bronze. The bass-relief is terminated at each end by massive scroll-work representing leaves and plants.

On the right hand, between the statue and the scroll, is represented the Commodore's marine life, and on the left his railroad life. At the right hand, in the fore-ground, appears, in a reclining position, Neptune, with flowing beard, a wreath of leaves on his head, his right hand grasping a rudder, a sea-monster rising from the water at his feet, and a raccoon peering around the corner of the rocks on which he rests.

In the back-ground at the right arise the forest-crowned Palisades of the Hudson, then a lighthouse is seen, and then appears, rocking on the waves of bronze, the *Jred*, the little two-masted "periauger," in which, half a century ago, young Mr. VANDERBILT carried passengers from New York to Staten Island at 25 cents a head. Next comes, much greater in size, completely rigged, and under full headway, the famous steamer *North Star*, in which the Commodore made his well-remembered voyage round the world.

Finally the climax is capped by the huge form of the steamer *Vanderbilt*, also completely rigged, and plowing along at full speed. In the middle fore-ground a dock appears, on which are coils of rope, bananas, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, a huge and savage watch-dog crouched on a cotton bale, and lastly, next to the statue, a massive capstan, anchor, and chain. At the extreme left, to match the figure of Neptune on the right, Liberty, guardian of the scene, sits erect with flowing tresses and drapery, her left hand holding a sword, and her right arm resting on the national shield, from behind which an eagle is emerging. In the back-ground rises a woody slope, and in the front a rude fence appears, and then two cows, one idly whisking her tail and the other lying down. Back of these an engine drawing a train of cars is entering a tunnel beneath a forest-covered hill, and still farther in the rear is a gentle eminence crowned with a villa. In the middle of the fore-ground a switchman, flag in hand, is just stepping from the door of his little house.

Captain DEGROOT is certainly entitled to great praise for the boldness and originality of his designs in this great work, and also for the faithful and assiduous labor he has devoted to it from its inception to its final completion. The FISCHER Brothers, and the sculptor, PLASSMAN, are entitled to the best praise for the admirable manner in which they performed their labors, and may be congratulated upon the success that has attended their efforts.



GENERAL EDMOND LEBŒUF, THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

GENERAL LEBŒUF,
FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

By an imperial decree, dated August 21, General LEBŒUF, commanding the Sixth Corps d'Armée, was appointed Minister of War to succeed Marshal NEL, deceased.

General EDMOND LEBŒUF is physically the biggest man in the French army. He was born in 1809, and entered the service through the Polytechnic School, and the Ecole d'Application of Metz, whence he emerged a full-blown Lieutenant of artillery in 1833. His promotion was very rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement of the Iron Gates in Algeria attracted the attention of the Orleans Princes, who took a leading part in that engagement, and he obtained his Captaincy in 1837. Like his predecessor, Marshal NEL, he distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Constantina, and was rewarded by the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a mention in the general orders of the army. In 1840 he got a further step in the Legion of Honor for the skill and *sang-froid* with which he protected the retreat of a French column which was in danger of being cut off by the Kabyles. Two years later he was made a Colonel. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as head of the artillery staff with the rank of Major-General, and took a prominent part in the battle of the Alma. He was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1857, and two years later the whole of the artillery of the Italian expedition was placed under his supreme command. The French say but for his timely aid in bringing up an overwhelming number of guns to bear on the Austrian right, commanded by BENEDEK, VICTOR EMANUEL'S army at Solferino would have been crushed, and the position of the French army seriously compromised. Since then he has commanded the camp at Chalons, and in 1866 it was he who was dispatched to Venice to receive the province from the Austrian Government. From 1848 to 1850 he was in command of the Polytechnic School, and at that time he was popular with his *eleves* on account of his liberal views, and his abhorrence of martinetism. His friends state that he is an able and fluent speaker, and a good administrator.

DEATH OF THE LION-TAMER LUCAS, IN PARIS.

THE tragedy which we illustrate on this page took place at the Hippodrome at Paris on the 18th of August.

About four o'clock the great lion-cage, as was the custom every day, was brought into the arena. All four of the lions walked around with such calmness as to inspire no fear. During some days past LUCAS had noticed their agitation; the previous Sunday, on beginning his second

THE LION-TAMER LUCAS, IN THE PARIS HIPPODROME, ATTACKED AND FATALLY INJURED BY HIS LIONS.

representatión, he had said, "Two exhibitions in one day are too much."

The lion-tamer entered the cage and commenced his exercises with a few strokes of the whip. The animals awoke and began to growl; then, when LUCAS undertook to make them lie down by the power of his eye alone, a lioness sprang on him and threw him on the ground. The crowd uttered shrieks of terror. LUCAS tried to rise, but the great lion threw himself on his breast and thus rendered it impossible for him to stir. In this position two of the beasts seized their keeper, one by the thigh and the other by the neck, and buried their teeth in his flesh. Then a servant of LUCAS, who had never before been near the animals, entered the cage, and seizing a musket, began beating the terrible enemies with all his might.

"Run away!" cried LUCAS, "leave me to die alone." But the groom redoubled his blows, answering, "I will die with you."

Indeed, the unhappy man would doubtless have been devoured, like his monster, but not one of the animals, a blind lioness, throwing herself furiously into the midst of the sanguinary group and thus separated them.

LUCAS was at last drawn out of the cage, mutilated and covered with blood. His servant followed him, but only received a wound. This brave fellow, whose name is PÉRÉ, is of Spanish extraction. Before belonging to LUCAS, in whose service he has been for about eighteen months, he was attached to the Madrid circus, kept by REVES. M. REVES is now the owner of the four lions of the Hippodrome, which have been previously exhibited at the Cirque and Porte Saint Martin, and which have already caused the death of three men.

After receiving the attentions of a physician, the keeper was carried to the house of his father-in-law. The physicians counted twenty-five wounds, three of which were very severe; one in the throat and right cheek; another in the left arm, in the right arm and a half deep, and presenting a gaping opening as large as a silver dollar; and the third in the thigh, where the teeth of the lioness were in the mouth, hands, breast, and other portions of the body.

The ambulance physician of the servant, PÉRÉ, was unrewarded. The lion-tamer, LUCAS, died August 23, in the most terrible agonies.

FRENCH SENATUS CONSULTUM.

The Paris *Journal Officiel* publishes the text of the Senatus Consultum, which is promulgated in the name of the Emperor, and is signed by Rouher and countersigned by Duvergier. The following is a synopsis of the document:

ART. 1. The Emperor and the Corps Législatif have the privilege of initiating laws.

ART. 2. Bills which are dependent on the Emperor; they deliberate under his presidency, are responsible, but can only be inspected by the Senate.

ART. 3. The Ministers may be members of either Chamber; they have the access to and right to speak in both.

ART. 4. The sittings of the Senate are open to the public, but on demand of five members the Senate may go into secret session.

ART. 5. The Senate, after pointing out modifications in a bill, may send it back for further consideration to the Corps Législatif. It may in any case oppose the promulgation of a bill, and in such case the bill can not be presented in the Corps Législatif again during the same session.

ART. 6. The Corps Législatif elects its own officers at the opening of each session. The Senate and the Corps Législatif make their own internal regulations.

ART. 7. Every individual member of the Senate and Corps Législatif has the right of interpellations. Votes of confidence or want of confidence (*ordre du jour motivé*) can be adopted, but they must be referred to the Emperor as a matter of right whenever the Government demands it, and the Bureaux will then appoint a commission to consider the matter, on whose report the Corps will decide whether to accept or reject the vote.

ART. 8. No amendment of a bill can be discussed unless it has been previously sent to the committee which considered the bill, and also communicated to the Government. If the Government and the committee disagree on the amendment, the Council of State will pronounce its opinion; but the final decision rests with the Corps Législatif.

ART. 9. The budgets are presented and voted by chapters and articles.

ART. 10. All modifications in customs or postal tariffs made through treaties with foreign nations will require a law to make them binding.

ART. 11. The relations of the Emperor, Senate, and Corps Législatif are changed only in so far as they are modified by the Senatus Consultum. All foreign intercourse will be settled hereafter by Imperial decree.

ART. 12. Certain articles of the Constitution, inconsistent with the above provisions, are abrogated.

POWERS THAT MAY BE.

THE English are inquiring very anxiously "what are we to do when our coal is all burned out?" and before a century has rolled away this question will be a distressing one for England. Her manufactures depend upon coal. It is possible for her to utilize petroleum instead of coal? A writer of elaborate experiments, authorized by the Government of the United States, recalled in the debate, "That convenience, comfort, health, and safety are against the use of petroleum in steam vessels: and that the only advantage to be shown is a not very important reduction in bulk and weight of fuel carried." One American scientific periodical strongly declares petroleum superior from an economical point of view, and proved that the heat from oil cost double that from coal, the quantity being measured by the heat done in evaporating water: but this estimate was based upon the present relative cost of the two materials. When coal grows dear, the aspect of the comparison will be altered, especially if, as is presumable, oil should become cheaper.

Among the undeveloped sources of heat, of which greater or less reservoirs are contained within or on the earth, natural gas suggests itself to the mind that has been thinking of bituminous coal oil. What are the processes at work in the subterranean laboratories it is not our purpose to question; but it is certain that the result of one or some of them is the generation of combustible gas like that which we are burning in our streets and houses, and squandering with a recklessness fearful to contemplate, if we at all heed economy in the matter of the blessings that Nature has vouchsafed to us. It may be that this gas is distilled by the earth's internal heat from beds of coal or coal oil; and if so, we may look for the vapor where we find the substance. It is, perhaps, more than a century since the Chinese are, and doubtless were centuries before us, great consumers of gas, if not manufacturers of it. Their borers for salt-water often pierce beds of coal, and the inflammable vapor streams out in great jets that reach to a height of twenty or thirty feet. Over these vents of civilized gas-fitters, the salt-makers catch the gas from these fountains, lead it by pipes to their works, and consume it in boiling down and evaporating the water for recovery of its useful constituents. Then, too, the tubes are laid through the streets and into houses and kitchens, and the gas is burned for illuminating purposes. The excess—for more is given off than is wanted—is conducted into the country, and burned for the sake of getting rid of it. We are not told that the Chinese work engines with their vapor fuel, and we should not be surprised to hear that they have been doing so for ages; indeed, we would be astonished if it should turn out that they have been telegraphing since the Deluge, and have photographic portraits of their great-grandfathers.

The American oil regions furnish an abundant supply of ready-made gas, which has sometimes given gas companies cause for apprehension of failing profits. The town of Fredonia, in New York State, is lighted throughout by the evaporizing process from petroleum naphtha, and in many places the natural gas is extensively burned for steam generation. A notable instance is that of the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Co. belonging to Messrs. Jarecki & Co. For more than two years they have drawn their fire and light from petroleum naphtha, and have taken up for its barrenness of fluid by an inexhaustible yield of gas. A three-inch main is constantly charged, and the pressure is so great, that the gas from its source, over a distance of 1200 feet, to the factory. The gas is of good lighting quality, and when it is not wanted for the Company's use during the night, it is led up a high shaft and set alight *pro bono publico*. What has become of the burning wells since the oil was plugged? Have they given out? or is their gas still escaping? or is it flowing into the coal mines, to the endangerment of the miners? If any property there is still a supply, is it worth collecting? Not now, perhaps: but if it lasts, its time may come.

A proof that coal oil is to be had on now, and ought to be utilized, is that which is derived from the bituminous coal of the waters. This is one, too, that especially concerns us, during the extent of our sea-board and the number of our lakes and rivers. The use of coal-oil lamps in sea-going vessels and fishing villages should not be the seats of manufacture, and the time may come when the light by which they work can not be carried to the sea-coast to be done, there is no reason why the power should not be trapped there, and delivered wherever it is wanted. We know that electric wires are capable of carrying considerable amounts of motive force over long distances. A little battery, no larger than a needle in Edinburgh; a weak current generated by Greenwich Observatory traverses a telegraph line and pulls the trigger of a gun at Newcastle, while another current from the same place runs to Paris and explodes a mine there, but in fall a time signal ball. There does not appear to be any strong reason why the principle here involved might not be applied to the transmission of great powers from places where the force is most easily generated to others where it can be most advantageously applied to mechanical purposes. It may be asked, what a tide mill has to do with a galvanic battery? To which we would reply that the simplest theories of the correlation of forces shows that any one description of force can be converted into any other description. Motion, which is the rise of a water-mill, can be turned into heat, or into electricity, or first into heat and then into electricity, or vice versa. To the practical side of the question, there are other means of transporting power from place to place. One of the most simple of these is by compressed air, a medium not yet half appreciated. There is no question but that a deal of waste is involved in the practice of making locomotive carry with them the means of generating their power, instead of conveying it to them from a station that might be used in some cases, though of course not of universal application. It has been tried, or soon is to be, in London, where a locomotive car is to be driven by bottled-up air, highly compressed. The car station is to be furnished with an engine to pump the air into reservoirs, two of which are to be attached to the car for each journey of ten miles length, and the stored-up force is to be converted into wheel-driving power by a small engine fixed underneath the carriage. May success attend the trial, and induce engineers of more fortune to do the same by steam—the storage of force! This is the one thing needful for turning to useful account more than one powerful element of nature that is at present wasting itself on nothing, or else doing fearful damage. What a grand thing it would be if the hurricane's power could be entrapped and made a slave of! and why should it not be? Look at what the wind has done for Holland, and what it is doing all the world over on small scales: it is power for work, a willing and a powerful servant, wanting only tasks set before it. True, it is intermittent, coming in great force when it is not wanted; but this only shows the necessity for that means of bottling power, to the perfection of which our mechanics ought to be looking.

Electricity is often spoken of as a power that may be. We have alluded to it as a medium for transporting power, but we hesitate to dwell upon it as a source, because no present prospect appears of any means of generating it upon a scale of economy that would enable it to compete with other sources of energy. If we are to consume mechanical force to get electricity, as in the case of even the most recent electrical generators of great power, we might as well use the original force at once. Where metals have to be consumed in order to galvanic currents the cost is high, too high for economical use while other power-producing materials can be procured at cheap rate in proportion to what that is to be got out of them.

Chemistry opens us better hopes. The terrible powers of explosive compounds may one day be tamed down to manageable conditions. A compound-engine of the chemical description we lately heard it proposed, and it is to be presumed that the projector had, in his mind's eye a fine combination of slowly condensing violent explosions so continuous and governable as to yield a motion having some approach to uniformity. The gas engine has of late renewed from time to a machine, and it answers perfectly. Here we have successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air, and a large piston in a cylinder, converted by crank and fly-wheel into a smooth continuous movement, perfectly under control, and capable, we fear, of the dynamite, or nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, or any mildor source of expansive vapors, should prove in the end of more general application, we by means not their energy be employed to compress air, or otherwise charge a force-reservoir that would pay out its store as necessity or circumstances require?

But there may be powers capable of exhaustion; one of these is the power of patience. So let us play our last card, which stands for a source of energy that is to be drawn from us upon us for centuries, but that we have not yet utilized to a tithe of its capabilities. We allude to the power of heat. The theoretical amount of heat that the earth receives from the sun is so enormous as to appear incredible; but setting theory aside for the present, the practical quantity is startling enough, seeing that every hundred square feet of sun-lit earth receives an amount equivalent to the heat produced by the combustion of a single horse. You may doubt the accuracy of such a deduction, from your knowledge of the comparative inefficiency of horse that are exposed to sunshine for hours together. But the fact is that a body subjected to ordinary insolation loses its heat by radiation as fast as it receives it, and almost as fast as it receives it. Prevent the escape of the heat, and then see to what a height the temperature will rise. Last summer, in the tropical 22d of July, a steak and potatoes were thoroughly cooked by the sun on the south side of a Broadway omnibus. The only apparatus employed was a cigar-box blackened inside, and with a lid formed of several plates of glass. The color lasted about an hour to oven, and before it was trapped; there was no ready escape for it, and in twenty minutes from the time of their first exposure both the steak and potatoes were done.

Ericsson's name alone has been cited as a solar engineer. But there has been another toiler in the field of sun-power. The early Spanish explorers of natural philosophy. The principle involved in the cigar-box oven, and which he had applied to the construction of what he calls a solar receiver. A metallic vessel, blackened outside, is inserted in a non-conducting protecting case covered with a glass case; it is exposed to the sun, and an extra share of heat is condensed upon it by a reflector placed behind. In less than half an hour, the vessel, if empty, is raised to a temperature of 400° Fahr. The receiver may be a boiler for generating steam, or a sauce-pan for culinary purposes, or the evaporator of a still, or an oven for cooking steaks and potatoes. A working engine was among some solar apparatus which M. Mouchot had the honor of bringing before the Emperor, at St. Cloud, in 1866; but the machinery could not be set in action because the weather was unpropitious. However, he was so pleased with the idea that he gave the subject another day's trial at Blenheim, which Phœbus favored, and all worked to satisfaction.

Dreamers of narrow mind ridicule this idea of extracting power out of sunbeams. They say the source is too intermittent—that during cloudy times and in countries not blessed with eternal sunshine it would be useless, because not constant. So there is nothing the matter. But is not the wind intermittent, and water too? Are we to set five to the wind-mill when it is becalmed, and chop the water-wheel when there is a drought? There are scores of mills in the country where wind or water furnishes the power so long as it is available, but where steam is resorted to as an auxiliary when the primary source gives out. And why should not the *sun* come in as an auxiliary also, to act when winds are lulled and streams are dried? Our mechanics are boastful of their prowess, and just now are in the enjoyment of a period of scope for the exercise of their ingenuity. Let them bestir themselves to get the undeveloped stores of power to work, that we may economize the resources of which we are now so reckless, and hand down to our children's children an equivalent—in the shape of perfected means and appliances—for the share of those resources which is their due, but which we are doing our very best to wrest from them.

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Like the restless, surging swing,
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Still for something ever sighing,
Ever longing, ever crying.

Each one in the crowd is being
Toward a retrograding goal:
All things boarding, reaping, buying,
But contentment do not own.
Still for something ever sighing,
Ever longing, ever crying.

For some bliss we're always sighing,
But possessing, find it—what?
That for which our souls were dying?
No; we still search for that,
After something ever crying,
Ever longing, ever sighing.

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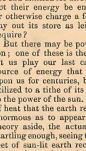

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

THE REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, the pioneer of Methodism in the West, has now been a Presiding Elder for fifty years. In view of this fact, the last Illinois Annual Conference made arrangements for a semi-centennial jubilee, to take place September 24. Among those who take a prominent part on this occasion we may mention Bishops SIMPSON, MORRIS, JANES, AMES, and THOMPSON. Bishop SIMPSON gives a review of DOCTOR CARTWRIGHT'S career as a legislator in thirteen General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from 1816 to 1868. In connection with this pleasant jubilee a large number of presents were given to Dr. CARTWRIGHT as tokens of the regard in which he is held by the Church.

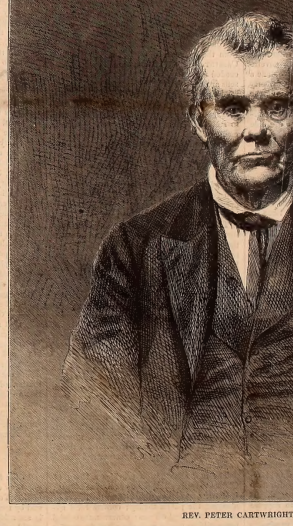
A complete biography of PETER CARTWRIGHT would include the history of the rise and progress of Methodism in the Valley of the Mississippi. He was born September 1, 1785, in Amherst County, on James River, in the State of Virginia. He is now, therefore, entering upon his eighty-fifth year. In a lecture which he delivered at Chicago not long ago, he said that he was living beyond his time. He had not a father, mother, brother, or sister living. His life had been one of hardship; he had known many crosses; but if he were to live his life over again, he would be a Methodist traveling preacher; he would rather choose that than be President of the United States.

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S father was a Revolutionary soldier. His mother, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was an orphan. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Kentucky, then an unbroken wilderness, over which emigrants moved on pack-horses. When PETER was nine years old JACOB LEDGTON, a traveling preacher, held religious services in his father's cabin. This LEDGTON he styles a "real son of thunder. He preached with tremendous power, and the congregation were almost all melted to tears." A small class was soon organized in the neighborhood. This little society was visited by a "mighty revival" in 1799, and a church was built, called *Ebenezer*. This was in what was then called Cumberland Circuit, and Kentucky District, in the Western Conference, the seventh conference in the United States.

Logan County, where the CARTWRIGHTS lived, was called "Rogues' Harbor." Refugees from all parts of the country fled thither to escape justice. Murderers, horse-thieves, highway robbers, and counterfeiters actually formed a majority of the inhabitants, and were able to set the laws at defiance. The honest people, under the name of Regulators, combined together and formed a vigilance committee for the execution of the laws. It was in such a desperate state of society that PETER CARTWRIGHT'S boyhood was passed. "I was naturally," he says, "a wild, wicked boy, and delighted in horse-racing, card-playing, and dancing. My father restrained me but little, though my mother often talked to me, wept over me, and prayed for me, and often drew tears from my eyes; and though I often wept under preaching, and resolved to do better and seek religion, yet I broke my vows, went into company, rode races, played cards, and danced." Gambling became his besetting sin.

At length, about the beginning of the present century, Logan County became more civilized. Murderers and horse-thieves disappeared, and preaching became more frequent. About this time the Cane Ridge camp-meeting was held —a meeting protracted for weeks, and attended by from 12,000 to 25,000 people. Preachers of all denominations were present, and between one and two thousand souls were converted. This was the first camp-meeting ever held in the United States. It was about this time (1801) that PETER was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following incident illustrates the ignorance with which the early Methodist preachers in the West had to contend. The REV. WILSON LEE, preaching in PETER CARTWRIGHT'S neighborhood, took for his text, "Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross, he can not be my disciple." He urged on his congregation, with melting voice and tearful eyes, to take up the cross; no matter what it was, take it up. He made a very profound impression upon a very wicked Dutchman in his congregation, whose wife was a notorious scold. After dismissing the meeting, MR. LEE mounted his horse and rode away. After riding some distance, he saw, a little ahead of him, a man trudging along, carrying a woman on his back. This greatly surprised MR. LEE. He very naturally supposed that the woman was a cripple, or had hurt her-



REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

self in some way, so that she could not walk. The traveler was a small man, and the woman large and heavy.

Before he overtook them, MR. LEE began to cast about in his mind how he could render them assistance. When he came up to them, lo and behold, who should it be but the Dutchman and his wife that had been so affected under his sermon at meeting. MR. LEE rode up and spoke to them, and inquired of the man what had happened, or what was the matter, that he was carrying his wife.

The Dutchman turned to MR. LEE and said, "Besure you did tell us in your sarmon dat we must take up de cross and follow de Saviour, or dat we could not be saved or go to heaven; and I does desire to go to heaven so much as any body; and dish vife is so pad, she scold and scold all de time, and dish woman is de greatest cross I have in de whole world, and I does take her up and pare her, for I must save my soul."

In May, 1802, PETER CARTWRIGHT was permitted to exercise his gifts as an exhorter. In the fall his father moved down the Cumberland River into Lewiston County. Here Presiding Elder PAGE gave PETER authority to travel through that destitute region, hold meetings, organize classes, and, in a word, to form a circuit. Considering his education defective, he entered the best school to be found in the neighborhood, where he staid for a short time, and then went into the active work of the ministry. In 1806 he was ordained a deacon by Bishop ASBURY. He was married to FRANCES GAINES August 18, 1808, and in the following October early bishops: I have outlived every presiding elder that I ever had when on circuits; and I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my contemporary ministers and members, as well as juniors, and still linger on the mortal shores. Though all these have died, they shall live again, and by the power of God I shall live with them in heaven forever."

PETER CARTWRIGHT, in his journeys upon various circuits in the West, met with many very peculiar characters. And, as he himself was very eccentric, these encounters led often to amusing results. He tells the following anecdote of the conversion of two young ladies, whose mother was the terror of all preachers. He was warned not to visit them, but determined to go. The reception given him by the old lady was any thing but inviting, she even ordering him to take the door. He told her he had come to talk and pray with her two daughters. She said he should not pray in her house, and shaking her fist in his face, she again ordered him out. The contest lasted for some time. The husband was a poor henpecked man, and his wife reigned supreme. At last, telling the old woman to be seated, he kneeled to pray. He kept one eye open, for he had to watch as well as pray. In his prayer he gave a description of the woman any thing but flattering. He invoked the Almighty to love her, if possible, and do it quick. But if there was no salvation for her, he prayed to God to kill her, and damn her at once. Afterward he met her, and found her a changed woman.

Of course PETER CARTWRIGHT was a Jacksonian in politics; but the following incident that occurred in connection with the meeting of the Nashville Conference in 1818, showed that he was not to be scared by even "Old Hickory." "The city preacher," he says, "informed me that I was to preach on Monday evening in DR. BLACKBURN'S church, and charged me to be sure and behave myself. I made him my best bow, and thanked him that he had given me any appointment at all; and I assured him I would certainly behave myself the best I could. 'And now,' said I, 'Brother MAC, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the Doctor's church, for I expect they never heard Methodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, Sir, they shall hear the truth for once.' Said the preacher, 'You must not preach controversy.' I replied, 'If I live to preach there at all, I'll give Calvinism one riddling.' 'Well,' said the preacher, 'I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there; and you must preach in the Methodist church Monday evening; and do try and behave yourself.' 'Very well, said I; 'I'll do my best.'

"The preacher's conduct toward me was spread abroad, and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came: the church was filled to overflowing: every seat was crowded, and many had to stand. After singing and prayer, Brother MAC took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' After reading my text I closed my book. At that moment I saw General JACKSON walking up the aisle, he came to the middle and very gracefully bowed against it and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my coat in the stand, and turning to my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General JACKSON has come in: General JACKSON has come in.' I felt a little indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General JACKSON? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'

"The preacher tucked his head down and squatted low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General JACKSON and all, smiled or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When

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the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very quietly said to me, 'You are the strangest man I ever saw; and General JACKSON will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' 'Very clear of it,' said I, 'for General JACKSON, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, "There is two as can play at that game."'

"General JACKSON was staying at one of the Nashville taverns. Next morning very early my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General JACKSON for my insolence in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left I passed by the hotel and I met the General on the pavement, and before I apprehended him by several taps he smiled and reached out his hand, and said:

"'Mr. CARWITHIN, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. MAC, to think he would suppose that I would be offended at you. No, Sir; I told him I was highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love every body and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. MAC that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

OUR DUTY TO CUBA.

THERE was never a public question of importance enough to interest the press of Europe and America about which there was so authentically known than the Cuban question. It seems to be understood that the United States Government is making representations to that of Spain; but nothing is certainly known. To-day it is announced that a distinct proposition of sale and guarantee has been offered. To-morrow it is as distinctly denied. One moment General SICKLES has written a significant note; the next, he has written nothing. The rumor, as we write, is that he has informed the Spanish Government that there is a strong pressure of public opinion in this country to recognize the Cubans as belligerents. We are very reluctant to believe that any such step has been authorized or written. It is not easy to suppose that the Administration would threaten Spain; still less that it would found a threat upon so weak a basis. Public opinion in this country may naturally be presumed to be friendly to the efforts of all people honorably striving for Independence as a foreign power. But it is certainly untrue that there is any pressing general desire to recognize the independence of Cuba, or to take any positive step until something more is known. Cuban recognition and annexation are known to be the same thing, and it would be very far from accurate to say that public opinion in this country demanded the addition of nearly two millions of Spanish creoles and emancipated slaves to the present population.

That the Spanish government of Cuba has been harsh and cruel; that the Cubans have the right, upon proper consideration of means and chances, to attempt to secure an independence by arms; and that in the struggle they have the sympathy of all generous hearts, we have often declared. But it would be unspeakable folly for the United States to take part in every war upon the side which might seem to be in the right to most of those who knew any thing of the facts. For example, when the other Spanish-American colonies revolted, in 1810, the United States remained neutral. They continued so for twelve years, until the colonies were not only independent de facto, but there was no prospect of their ceasing to be so. Twenty years and more passed, however, before Spain acknowledged the fact. And during all this time the United States maintained the strictest neutrality with the frankest expression of sympathy for the colonies; and they departed from their neutrality only when an organized government, fulfilling all its functions, had been established.

But it was not yet be truly said that Cuba, to use President MONROE'S words in regard to the other colonies, has "declared its independence and maintained it." The revolutionary government of Cuba has the military rule of the revolutionary Commander-in-chief. The ports of the Island and the large towns have not yet acknowledged it. General QUESADA, of the Cuban Junta, says that they "need shoes, clothing, and medicines; for none are in the country. Hundreds of brave men are standing in my sight almost naked." These are facts which, as in the case of Crete, attest the heroism and the extremity of the revolutionists. As in the case of Crete, also, there is no reason to doubt that the generous heart of this country will send the needed succor. Crete held out for three years in a just and noble cause. We sympathized, we succored, but we did not recognize her independence nor concede belligerent rights. Would it have been wiser for us to do so? Is it desirable upon any just and reasonable grounds that the United States should become the knight-errant to fight the battles of all distressed people? We do not ask the question from any selfish consideration, but from the highest regard to liberty and civilization. Would either be the gainers if we should challenge every Government in the world whose principles or whose practice we do not approve?

There is still another consideration which ought not to be forgotten. We have called England to account for her conduct during the late rebellion in this country, and now are more vehement in doing so than those who demand that we shall recognize the independence of Cuba. Let us be just to England, however unfriendly we may consider her conduct to have been. During four years the Confederacy maintained absolute independence of the United States. It had an organized civil government, a recognized military force, extensive territory, collecting taxes, holding courts, making and enforcing laws. Generally it repelled our armies upon its lines of war. Even when broken through the people refused to submit, and we held the territory that our cannon commanded, and no more. The conditions that theoretically justify recognition of the independence of a revolting state can hardly be fairly said not to have existed. We did not relinquish the contest, of course, and it was known that we should not hesitate to regard recognition as war. Nevertheless LOUIS NAPOLEON urged England, by the joint action of both nations, to end a hopeless struggle upon the part of the United States. Had England consented, a treaty of alliance between those powers and the Confederacy would have followed, and our difficulties would have been incalculably increased. England declined; France would not move alone; and we were left with no other than the rebels.

What reason is there for our recognition of the independence of Cuba which would not have justified England in recognizing that of the Confederacy? Is there any comparison whatever between the vigor and duration of the war, the actuality of the government, and the maintenance of independence? And it is said that the Cubans have agreed to abolish slavery, and that our interference will lead to emancipation. That is a good reason for recognizing when the Cubans show themselves capable of independence, but not before. If they have declared an emancipation which they can not maintain, they have no right to expect that we should help to maintain it. The recognition of independence is the acknowledgment of a fact, not of a hope nor of an effort. If Cuba can secure her independence, establish a stable and free government, and abolish slavery, she will have done a great and good work which the lovers of liberty everywhere will applaud. But it is not in the interests of liberty and civilization that this work should be done for her by others. Independence is secure only among those who are able to obtain it for themselves.

PROTRACTED ELECTIONS.

THE result of the election in Maine, where Governor CHAMBERLAIN is elected by a good majority, shows the depth and extent of the feeling which would make a separate issue of the prohibitory question. It is, apparently, doubtful whether the prohibitory vote in Maine really exceeds five thousand. By no chance could the movement have done more than elect the Democratic candidate and open every gospel shop without restraint. The plurality is secured by the most noted and influential of the temperance leaders, and they very wisely received into the same organization the element of the party which was most favorable to it. We have little doubt that a result like that in Maine will attend the movement in Ohio, and the respect inspired by the considerable force of the temperance men who are also in favor of a prohibitory law. In such a law of such superior importance to all other issues as that will be properly be imperilled? This truth was certainly not established at the National Convention in Chicago that formed the new temperance party.

The result in Maine also shows that there is not that dissatisfaction with the Administration which has been asserted by some Democratic and foreign authorities to be so pronounced and universal. The Republican party would certainly be very unreasonable if it should renounce the support of Maine in November for any reason that has yet been alleged. It certainly can not be so foolish as to suppose that the financial condition would be improved under the auspices of a party that nominates Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio; nor retrenchment and economy secured by a party whose chief leaders in New York are the ring that is stigmatized by one of the party organs as "corruptionists;" nor the general tranquillity and prosperity of the country promoted by a party that proposes to keep open the question of equal rights.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* asserts that the Republicans will certainly be beaten in that State. It is possible, but even Mr. PENDLETON has not yet given any proof of the probability of such a result. If, indeed, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, were the type of the Republicans of the United States, the case would be different. If, because of errors of policy, from which no party can be free, and of corruptions which are inseparable from every party in power, every Republican should think to find a remedy by going over to the Opposition, the prospects of the Democracy in Ohio and elsewhere would be very much more promising than they are. Mr. ADAMS is emulous of that Chinese school of epicures who burned down their houses to roast their pigs. He applies their principles in politics, and not as yet, it must be confessed, with the same success. He has not as yet "tasted—*crackling*."

At this time the Republican party of the Convention is to settle the feuds in the city, and to refuse to recognize as the representative of the party here a committee which is merely a brokerage for office. It should make a brief and positive declaration in favor of a searching reform of the whole civil service system. It should declare in favor of the new State Constitution, and nominate candidates whose characters and antecedents would be their platform. It need not fear nor shirk. The future belongs to it if it chooses to take it. A bold reliance upon the intelligence and conscience of the State will be triumphantly justified by the result.

THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

THE new Constitution of this State is to be submitted to the people at the next election, and if its provisions are understood it will unquestionably be adopted. It is a very great improvement of the present Constitution, which has been proved to be very far from that master-piece of wisdom which it was at one time supposed to be. The fundamental defects of that instrument, however, can be only partially corrected at present; but it may be fairly said that the changes are all improvements. The Convention was, unquestionably, right to do more than make such changes as were indispensable, and many amendments which experience and reason justified were rejected as being too radical. It was impossible that the entire party could agree upon all the details of the new Constitution, and it was altogether. But with every objection the amended Constitution ought to be adopted.

The first important feature of the proposed changes is the equality of the suffrage. The new Constitution abolishes the property qualification for colored voters. There can be no argument in favor of such qualification which would not logically lead to the disfranchisement of colored citizens. This was plain enough from the speeches of Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CASSIDY against the amendment, which proceeded upon the ground that the colored citizens are of an inferior race. But how the possession of a little property obviated the perils of the polls arising from that inferiority neither those gentlemen nor any body else remembered to state. The justice and expediency of removing the disability were vindicated by a speech with more force and eloquence than by Mr. MAGNUS GROSS, a fellow-partisan of Messrs. MURPHY and CASSIDY.

The term of Senators is to be four instead of two years—half of the Senate retiring every two years. The advantage of such a system of securing a certain amount of experience in legislation needs no argument.

The Assembly is to be elected by counties instead of districts, the change which increases the number of members from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and thirty-nine. Experience has shown that the election by counties generally secures better men than by districts. The Assemblymen are to be paid one thousand dollars—a change which, if of no further advantage, may tend to shorten the sessions.

The changes in the Judiciary system are so excellent that they were supported by almost every lawyer of all parties in the Convention, and will be undoubtedly sustained by all the most eminent men of the profession in the State. By relieving the pressure upon the highest tribunal, the present Court of Appeals, with one judge to be appointed, is continued as a Board of Commissioners for Appeals, with jurisdiction of all cases, which must finally be determined within three years. In 1873 the question is to be submitted to the voters, whether the judges of the Courts of Record shall thereafter be appointed by the Governor and Senate or elected.

The new Constitution provides a Court of Claims to audit all claims against the State; it restricts special legislation, and the power of granting the public money; confers local authority upon local officers; concentrates official responsibility for the management of the canals; places the State prisons in charge of a Board appointed by the Governor and Senate; extends the time for the payment of the Bounty debt so as to lessen the annual tax; requires a uniform rule for the assessment and taxation of real and personal property; makes punishments for official bribery practicable; and ordains free instruction in the public schools for all persons between seven and twenty years of age.

A constitution is not usually a very attractive study. But voting upon its adoption is one of the most important acts of a citizen, and it is his duty to understand its general character. The new instrument has been widely published, and many of the papers in the State discuss its provisions with intelligence and vigor. The articles upon the subject in the *Western New Yorker*, at Warsaw, Wyoming County, are especially good. Between this time and the election we hope to be able to consider more in detail some of the more important changes proposed.

THE ST. THOMAS TREATY.

On the 15th of October the extended time allowed by President SEWARD to Commissioner Minister for the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty expires, and unless it be again extended by Secretary FISH the whole negotiation fails. But it can not end in this way without deep and lasting disgrace to the United States. It was a negotiation undertaken at the urgent entreaty of the Secretary of State, approved by the President. It was conducted upon the part of Denmark with the utmost honor and friendliness, and a strict regard for the wishes of the people most nearly interested. The treaty was ratified by the agents of both governments, and Senators were informally consulted before the definitive vote was taken upon the island. It was then submitted to the Senate, and it has neither been confirmed nor rejected; it has been contemptuously neglected. Such conduct is discreditable to the Senate, and it is mortifying to the nation. It authorizes every government in the world to decline to treat with any authorized representative of the United States, until it learns whether it can regard his authority as evidence of his accord with the treaty-making power. It justifies England in saying to Mr. MORLEY, and Spain to General SICKLES, "We are very glad to see you, but you will understand that we can only formally tell whether you represent the wishes and sentiments of your Government."

It is very true that the Constitution requires the consent of the Senate, and it is said that the Secretary of State has no authority to bind the country to do what he may think ought to be done—to buy the Danish West India Islands, and other real estate at what may be considered enormous prices. But the facts must be considered. The offer to buy was made by the Secretary and President of a party which controlled the Senate. It was peculiarly fair to suppose, therefore, that the Government was a unit. This probability became virtual certainty when the same Secretary's similar action in regard to Alaska was most promptly supported by the Senate, and when personal inquiry of Senators disclosed no hostility to the St. Thomas project. It was only natural under such circumstances that Denmark should take measures to sever her connection with the island; and that she should feel herself insulted by the dissatisfied omission even to consider the treaty enough to reject it. Indeed, the omission can hardly be called dissatisfied. It seems rather an unhandsome evasion of the question, because of a consciousness that no satisfactory and honorable reason could be urged for rejection. There is no doubt that a fairer power would not allow a treaty negotiated under such circumstances to be left without consideration. We would demand examination in a tone that we know Denmark can not use, and which, therefore, it is still less pardonable in us to provoke.

It is plain that the Secretary of State and the Senate should save the country from the ill fame of such conduct, and a friendly power from so gross a humiliation. Let the Secretary extend the term for the ratification of the treaty. Then let the Senate fairly and frankly consider it. If it rejects it let it state the reason, and not commit itself with an *ex parte* act, and then to avoid so unpleasant a complication hereafter, and to make treaty negotiations possible with self-respecting governments, let it strictly define the limits of executive action in the initiation of treaties. But we sincerely hope that a wise regard for the position of a friendly State power and for the fair fame of the United States will, in this instance and under the peculiar circumstances, induce the Senate to ratify the treaty.

CITY ELECTIONS.

In the following article we propose to point out a few of the more frauds which in the city of New York are perpetrated upon the people, and by means of which the will of the majority is set aside in more instances than the public would, without examination, suppose possible. It is not our purpose to refer to the iniquity of fraudulent naturalizations, to false registry, or to the voting by repeaters, all of which criminalities are carried on to a great extent, but simply to those frauds which are perpetrated on election-day at the polls, and in the very room who are appointed to protect the purity and honesty of the elections; to the crimes against the principle of self-government and republican institutions, which have made our municipal politics a reproach and by-word throughout the land. We shall expose only one link in a system of fraud which is so powerful in its various ramifications that it absolutely controls elections in our city, and utterly stifles the voice of the people.

The inspectors, canvassers, and poll-clerks

of the elections are appointed by the Board, which is nominally a non-partisan body, composed of two Democrats and two Republicans. There are four inspectors, two canvassers, and two poll-clerks in every election district, of which there are three hundred and forty within the municipal limits. Of these one-half are selected from among the Republicans, and the other half from the Democrats; and were this selection carefully made, a perfect security would be obtained against fraud; but by reason of the many local quarrels, the running of independent candidates, the schisms in party organizations, and the united interest of rogues to deplete the city treasury, improper and unfit men are frequently selected. The result is this is carried so far that it has become a common expression among politicians "that the canvassers and inspectors have been appointed to certain candidates and denied to others"—an expression which means that the irregularities we are about to enumerate were to be committed in favor of one person and against another. And it must not be forgotten that for these illegalities the Republican Police Commissioners are almost as much to blame as the Democratic ones.

The duty of the inspectors on election-day —and to that alone we confine our remarks—is to receive the votes and deposit them in the boxes. The canvassers count the ballots at the close of the polls, and the poll-clerks keep the records, which are transmitted immediately to Police Head-quarters, and subsequently to the Board of Supervisors, who are *ex officio* county canvassers, and whose sole duty it is to compile the final result either in a Federal, Senatorial, or Aldermanic districts, and give certificates of elections to those candidates who have a majority in all the election districts which in their premises. By this system it will be perceived that frauds by the canvassers and inspectors, if any are committed, are fatal, and can not be concealed at any subsequent stage of the proceedings. The law requires the ballots to be returned to the boxes, and the boxes to be sealed up and sent to the station-houses; but this section is practically disregarded, and consequently there is no legal mode of going behind the returns, except by summoning every voter—a proceeding that is manifestly impracticable.

If an inspector changes the ballot which is handed to him nobody can prevent his doing so; there can be no protest, but if the fraudulent offensive he will be ejected by the police, who are employed by the inspectors, who have control in such cases by their police general authority for preserving order at the polls. Cases frequently occur where parties objecting to the reception of illegal ballots have been arrested, while those depositing them have been suffered to go free, and any protest against the action of the inspectors leads invariably to arrest and detention in the station-house. Inspectors have been known deliberately to throw out the ballots of voters and openly to substitute others, and to continue doing this for hours in spite of all remonstrances, while in other cases they have been observed to effect the substitution by a little sleight-of-hand, and more secretly. In the contested election case of M'KIERNAN *vs.* WALLACE, the following evidence was given:

"LEWIS H. LAFFAN was a register and inspector in this district, and he testifies that during the whole day Inspector M'QUAID received the Assembly ballots, and he dropped many of them on the floor, and subsequently drew from his coat pocket, where he had deposited in the ballot-box. Attention was called to it, and LAFFAN remarked with him, when he replied, 'You have got too much to say around here altogether; if you don't keep it will punch you in the eye.'

"In addition to the substitution proven that, in other instances, offensive and even obscene epithets were used to intimidate the voter who defined to put his ballots for MR. WALLACE. That others who insisted upon their rights to vote for the only opponent of the were violently taken from the polls by persons pretending to act in the capacity of special police officers, with no attempt on the part of the Board of Inspectors to prevent such violence."

Many other instances equally gross could be given, but these are sufficient for the occasion. They depend not upon mere opinion or common rumor, but have been frequently proved by uncontradicted evidence in open court. And as they are they do not equal in enormity the frauds committed by the canvassers. The latter officials, as soon as the polls close, proceed to count the votes. This is usually done by taking up ten votes at a time for a candidate and calling "tally;" whereupon the entry is made in his favor by that effect. But it is the unusual thing for the canvasser to take fifteen votes before he calls "tally" for one man, and require only five for the opponent, thus making an error fraudulently of five votes against one and five in favor of the other, or ten in all. In such cases the packages are immediately thrown around the room or piled on the floor to be burned up as soon as the iniquity is completed.

In one instance the poll-clerk insisted upon standing behind the canvassers who were carrying out this scheme in spite of their orders to him to sit down; and the entire canvass was suspended until a telegram could be sent to Police Head-quarters to ascertain whether the recusant was not under the domination of the canvassers. In this particular case, the President of the Board of Police replied that the poll-clerk could perform his duties in any part of the room, and the result was that the opposition candidate received a majority in that district, and in no other in his ward.

But a simpler and more effectual way of carrying the election is to change the votes bodily from one side to the other. For instance, if MR. BROWN, to whom the canvassers have been privately, receive three hundred votes, and MR. JONES, who is not approved by the political magnates of the city, obtains six hundred, the six hundred are transferred to MR. BROWN, and MR. JONES is only allowed the three hundred that were polled in favor of his adversary. By these means the tally between the politics and the returns is made to agree, and a clumsier and easier operation is performed, while the effect is equally conclusive. So far and accurately do the figures and calculations of the clerks in certain local politicians can often carry a district by a specified majority established beforehand. In one case a Ninth Ward politician was compelled by party pressure to go against a friend who was a candidate, but promised that the district should be given to the opponent by only eight majority; and he came much nearer being made many apologies because by accident the majority rose to twelve. In that case there were seventy-five actual voters in the district, but the returns showed over four hundred votes.

Publicity is always given to the names of the canvassers and inspectors who are selected by the Police Board, and unobjectionable men are often chosen in the first instance. But these are changed afterward in those localities where fraud can be most easily committed, and on the day preceding, or on the very day of election, often as late as three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the commissioners of the Board, and some tool of iniquity substituted for a good man. There is no time for appeal or protest or argument; the new man appears with his written authority in his hand, and the moment he makes any trouble he is immediately dragged away by the police. No candidate opposed to the regular organizations of either party is safe for a minute. He may imagine that he has decent and honest canvassers and inspectors, but they may be removed at any moment and their places supplied by others. In connection we make the following extract from the points in the M'KIEVER case, to which we have already referred:

"The two inspectors, M'QUADE and M'KENNA, were both supporters of WEALEN. M'KENNA admits that he has been arrested several times, and that he was imprisoned in 1864, and that he has since been locked up in the station-house 'for raising a disturbance in his house at night with his brothers.' M'KENNA and M'QUADE can't remember whether he has ever been arrested out."

It must not be supposed that we mean to say that these enormities are committed in every election district; far otherwise; this would be another slander not justified. They probably are rarely carried by other than a close vote, and the manipulation of this in a few districts will usually answer every purpose. Once it will not, the regular organizations have to submit to a defeat. But if any of our readers will take the trouble to go to Police Head-quarters on election-night they will find a number of boxes and bagging waiting there. At occasional intervals a man will be seen to enter one of these and drive off at fourteen miles an hour. Subsequently they will find that he goes to a certain district where the proper men for the purpose are in control, and that he gives them certain directions. This returns have been examined as they come in at head-quarters, the number of votes required to elect has been ascertained, and the orders thus governed by which he makes up the number. It is thus that free expression is given to the will of the people in the city of New York, and Democratic majorities are rolled up which overwhelm the votes of the honest Republicans throughout the State.

We have only referred to a few instances in support of our statements, but we could give dozens of cases which afford positive evidence of public rumor, but duly sworn to, either before some committee of the Legislature or in the presence of the court. Every point that we have specified can be readily sustained, and is perfectly well known to all the practical working politicians of the city. Nor is the sole injury traceable to the ballot-box, but is a consequence of it and of the knowledge of the impossibility of fighting against it. People become discouraged when they find that it is useless to struggle against a superior power; they surrender without an effort when they are assured beforehand that such an effort would be in vain; and especially are the smaller politicians certain to submit to the dictation of the controlling body, when by resisting they could effect no good, and would be sure to incur a dangerous enmity.

THE PRINCE AND THE EMPEROR.

The recent speech of Prince NAPOLEON ought to be studied by party orators as an illustration of independent party criticism. The cousin of the Emperor, a probable member of the Regency should the Emperor die, and a possible successor to the throne, is really of the Emperor's party. But he has outlived many illusions and penetrated many more. He is, to borrow a theological phrase, a rationalist in supernaturism. He does not deceive himself by supposing that any glamour surrounds his heavy cousin in the minds of Frenchmen, and he knows that the family glory proceeds from the uncle. He has observed men and studied history, and he has undoubtedly decided that the only hope for the present dynasty in France lies in its transformation into an entirely constitutional government. In his speech, therefore, he does not hesitate to demand it. He does not propose the end of the Empire or the only plan, but he points out its serious defects, and he criticises the imperial régime with the vigor of a friend. This is the point which makes his speech interesting as a study of true party oratory. It is serviceable, not servile.

Prince NAPOLEON says that the Senatus Consultum introduced into the Napoleonic liberty is to the strength of the empire. This he believes to be an imperial tradition, and he makes the remarkable assertion that his studies have satisfied him that his uncle, the great NAPOLEON, returned from Elba a convert to constitutional principles. He does not deny that the nature of his genius made him prone to adopt old practices, but he is sure that his reason was convinced. The difficulty with the government of LOUIS PHILIPPE was, that it represented the citizens against the people, and the catastrophe was therefore inevitable. But now, when there are ten millions of electors, the government must represent their wishes. The Prince, therefore, logically objects that the Ministers are responsible, not to the Assembly, but to the Senate, which is appointed by the Emperor. Moreover, during the six months' adjournment of the Assembly the Senate may legislate under the Presidency of the Emperor, and even vote the budget. Then the Senate alone has the right to discuss the Constitution, which is preposterous. The election districts should no longer be gerrymandered by imperial decree, and the number of cities should be settled by the municipal councils, and not appointed by the Emperor.

These are the demands which the Prince NAPOLEON makes in the interest of liberty. He perceives, with every body else, the suspicious omissions and complexities of the proposed system, and he very flatly says: "When you seriously intend to practice political liberty, you will do pretty much what all other free peoples have done and are doing." That is the substance of the whole matter. If LOUIS NAPOLEON intends to establish a free constitutional system, the necessary measures are obvious. If he does not adopt them, they may very properly be suspected. The justice of the Prince's criticisms is entirely unaffected by his personal hopes and intentions. Whether he appears in his MAJESTY'S opposition to propitiate public favor, or to act as a scout and feeler for his MAJESTY, or is merely exercising his wits to amuse himself, is not in fact the honest critic that he seems, his speech undoubtedly points out the discrepancies between the provisions of the Senatus Consultum and a true constitutional system.

NOTES.

THE late Legislature of New York omitted to ask the Governor to send to Washington a certified copy of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It was suggested that therefore it would not be recorded in the State Department. The acting Secretary of State therefore wrote to the Governor, who answered that the Legislature had not directed him to apprise the Secretary of State, but that he would send the required, and forwarded a copy officially attested by the clerks of the two Houses. Thereupon the *World* insists that not a word of this official notice. That the Governor has nothing whatever to do with the amendment except as the Legislature may ask him to send the notice to Washington. The "official notice" which the law requires is of course a copy officially attested by the proper Legislative authorities that the notice has now been transmitted to the State Department.

THE poem upon this page was evidently suggested by the illustration in the *Weekly* for August 28, called "An Heroic Boy." It is not the first time that our illustrations have suggested good poems. The striking sketch of "Sheridan's Ride," which was published in the *Weekly* some after the Battle of Cedar Creek, which has been often attributed to MR. NAST, but which was really by MR. ETTENGE, furnished the motive for DR. READ'S poem of that name, which is now in circulation in the form of a broad-side poem of the same title. A volume of poems by HENRY ABBEY, the author of the "Stowaway Boy," has recently been published by A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.

WHO makes and unmakes the postage stamps? The old style was neat and excellent, the new is execrable. Always a pleasant sentiment upon the portraits of distinguished citizens, but pictures of locomotives and jockeys are absurd. We learn that there is to be another change, and we hope that the reform will be a restoration, and that stamps will "stick."

THE Gold Telegraph, erected by Messrs. ALEX. M. HATS & CO., in front of their store, No. 23 Maiden Lane, will prove as useful to all persons interested in the price of gold as it is novel and ingenious to the general public. The indicator is placed upon a pedestal ten feet high, with telegraphic connection at the Gold Room, by means of which all changes in prices are instantly and faithfully recorded upon its dial. As nearly every one in the street is more or less interested in these changes, this new arrangement can but be regarded as of great public convenience.

THE Rev. WM. H. MILBURN has just returned to New York after an absence of sixteen months in England, whither he went annually to submit to an operation upon his eyes by GRAEFFE, of Berlin, the most eminent of all European oculists. Although his sight is slightly improved, the operation was, nevertheless, not a success:

"Seasons return, but not to him returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark;
Surrounds him, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off."

While abroad, especially in England, MR. MILBURN was made the recipient of much attention from gentlemen eminent in literary, social, and professional life. During his travels he had rare opportunities of "seeing" and hearing what was going on among the notable folk of the Old World, and these observations he has embodied in a couple of lectures: one, "What a Blind Man saw in Paris;" the other, "A Blind Man's Experience in search of Sight." These he proposes to deliver during the coming season. They can not fail to be very popular.

THE STOWAWAY BOY.

(Suggested by our Illustration, "An Heroic Boy," in the Weekly for August 28.)

WHERE three days forth upon the salty sea,
There came out to the deck a little boy;
Not wherewithal to pay his way had he,
Yet looked up to the broad free sky with joy.
His face was bright and fair, for what is good
Shines out and rare not to be understood.

But on the boy a doubting eye was cast,
And thus the questioned him the master's mate:
He said that his step-father, near a mast
Had hidden him, with food, and bade him wait
Within the place, nor sell they vessel's hold,
Where a kind aunt would give him from her store.

The mate was slow to feel the story true,
And thought the sailors gave the boy his food,
And often questioned him before the crew;
The boy replied with steadfast fortitude.
At last the mate avowed the glaring lie
Should be considered as the boy must die.

Thereat he bade a sailor fetch a rope,
And pointing to the yard-arm, sternly said,
"Boy, in ten minutes you will be past hope,
And know the solemn silence of the dead,
Unless you speak, and spurn the lie away."
The boy but looked and said he might pray.

Above its ball of fire the tortured steam
Shrieked, hissed, and groaned in terror and in pain:
Yet worked the busy great muscles, limb and beam.
The vessel seemed a sea-gull or a crane
Beating the air that flood with wild wind.
And round and round her watery wings were whirled.

The sky bent over the contested sea,
And, like the boy's face, was both pure and clear;
The ship's folk gathered round more anxiously,
The Lord's Prayer from his earnest lips to hear.
The mate, in tears, by resolute sore oppressed,
Caught up the boy and clasped him to his breast!

Truth's simple grandeur is her priceless wear,
And virtue's at the crown upon her head;
So plain is she that even a child may dare
To take her hand and go where she will tread.
On her shall serpent error fascinate,
She strikes it down and rules in time and fate.

Cling thou to Truth and keep her rigid line,
Nor ponder on the false on which it leans;
Truth dwells with wisdom, makes the face to shine,
Lends on to honor, is the friend of kings;
Oh, in thy trial hour, whate'er befall,
Trust her with firm faith and all in all.

HENRY ABBEY.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK has one mile of railroad to 19285.7 of population; New Jersey, one to 992.5; New Hampshire, one to 760; Vermont, one to 1000; Massachusetts, one to 997.9; Connecticut, one to 816.1; Pennsylvania, one to 1,000; Ohio, one to 1,000; Michigan, one to 849.3; Indiana, one to 689.6; Illinois, one to 718.5; Wisconsin, one to 1,043.4; Minnesota, one to 747; Iowa, one to 700; Nebraska, one to 228; Kansas, one to 407; West Virginia, one to 1044; Virginia, one to 900; North Carolina, one to 1000.1; South Carolina, one to 700; Georgia, one to 1,000; Florida, one to 343.1; Alabama, one to 1192; Mississippi, one to 890; Tennessee, one to 1,000.

Senator Brownlow, of Tennessee, has sold his interest in the Knoxville *Whig*, and says he has forsworn both he owns no part of any newspaper establishment in that State whatever.

Governor Chamberlain's majority in the Maine election in September, is estimated at about 9000 over both the other candidates.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Emperor Napoleon was sufficiently recovered to appear in the streets of Boulogne on the 21st. Two days later he assisted at a Council of Ministers.

The remains of Lady Palmerston, deceased, have been interred in the family vault in Westminster Abbey.

The title of Baron is conferred on the State Department at a letter from Liverpool to the contagion called murrain, Washington that a bull has been broken out among the cattle or hoof and mouth disease in England. Although not as fatal as the rinderpest, at which it is similar, it has occasioned much concern and the importation into the United States.

Victor Emanuel has consented that his son, the Duke of Genoa, shall be a candidate for the Spanish throne. The prospects of the Duke of Genoa, as a candidate, are reported to be encouraging.

The Spanish press is quite excited on account of General Sickles's note to the Government intimating that the United States may shortly recognize the Cubans as belligerents. Some journals go so far as to say that he will be dismissed before he quits Spain because he favored the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

Thomas John Penn, the last descendant of William Penn, recently died in London.

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

THE HUMBOLDT CENTENNIAL.

THE 14th of September—the centennial anniversary of the birthday of ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT—was celebrated generally throughout the country. In Boston there were three distinct celebrations, the most important of which was at the Music Hall, where Prof. AGASSIZ delivered an eloquent eulogium upon the scientific career of his great countryman and predecessor in science. But the most remarkable of the celebrations in this country took place at the New York Central Park, where was unveiled a bust of Baron HUMBOLDT, of which we give an illustration on this page.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that the only busts that have yet been located in Central Park are those of SCHILLER and HUMBOLDT, both Germans. This bust of HUMBOLDT is said to be the best in existence. It was made by Prof. GUSTAV BLAESER, of Berlin, who was a friend of HUMBOLDT in his lifetime, and who possessed the only mask ever taken of him. He has recently modeled a bust of HUMBOLDT for the King of Prussia.

The bust of HUMBOLDT in Central Park is located near the Scholars' Gate, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. It rests on a square pediment of granite, and has a total height of twelve feet from the ground. It is about three times the size of life, and presents a most attractive appearance. In front it bears the inscription, "ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT;" on one side the name of the artist, "GEBR. BLAESER—*Berlin*, 1869;" and on the other the names of the makers, "GEORG HOWALDT & SOHN, gegr. Braunschweig, 1869."

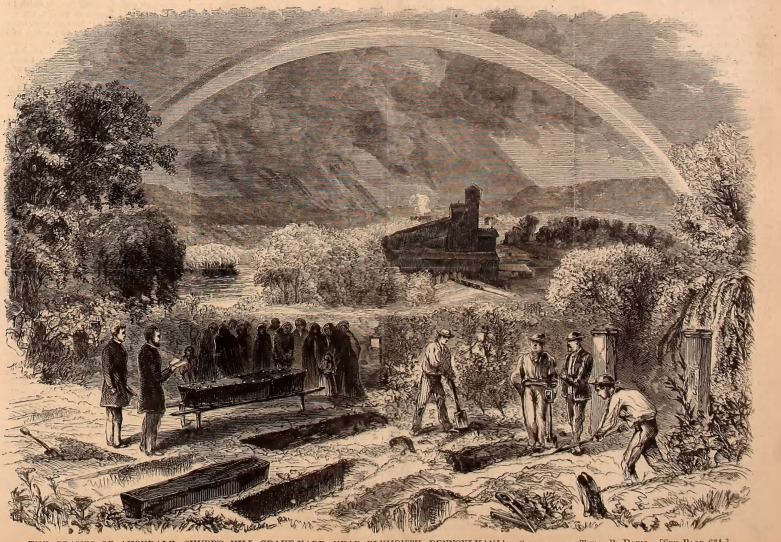
The number of persons present at the celebration was not less than 25,000. On either side of the bust a platform was erected, covered with a large awning, and hung around with bunting (the American and German flags intertwined). Small American flags also decorated the front and sides of these platforms. The one on the right was reserved to the speakers, the Committee of Arrangements, and the invited guests, and the other was appropriated to the reporters. The various singing societies, having filed into the Park, took places in front of the bust, the flags of these organizations being grouped together on the left of the orchestra, which was seated in front of the northernmost platform.

BUST OF BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, NEAR THE SCHOLARS' GATE, NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

At 2 o'clock the assemblage was called to order by C. E. DETMOLD, Chairman of the Humboldt Monument Association, and after the orchestra had performed the overture to "Oberon," he formally presented the monument to the Commissioners of the Park, with an appropriate address. Then the statue was unveiled by FRED. KUHNE, consul at this port for the North German Confederation, and WILLIAM AUFERMANN. ANDREW H. GREEN replied to the presentation address, and his graceful speech was followed by a scholarly and elaborate address by Prof. FRANCIS LIEBER. Speaking of the appropriateness of locating the bust in this city, he said:

"HUMBOLDT, though a German in the lineaments of his character and talents, was, of all modern men, the one whose endeavors, aspirations, and fame were least limited by national demarkations. If we take the word Catholic in a sense agreeable to its etymology, he was the most catholic man in modern times. Europe, Asia, and America were equally his by visit and discovery. He wrote scientific dissertations with equal satisfaction in German, French, and Spanish. New York is for the most international, or, as the Greeks would have expressed it, all-national place in the world, where Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans meet, traveling eastward or westward. This is the fittest, real and symbolical, of the place where we now stand, for the monumental image of ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT—a fitness which will be increased by the proposed Museum of Natural History to be established in yonder building, in former times an arsenal of the United States. A German collection of great value has already been purchased for this purpose, by means furnished by liberal citizens of ours; and the traveler, BECKMANN, the pupil of AGASSIZ, the follower of HUMBOLDT, will be the director of this collection."

It is now ten years since HUMBOLDT's death. The celebration of September 14 was not simply a recognition of his services to science, but also a tribute to the human intellect.



THE GRAVES OF AVONDALE—SHUPP'S HILL GRAVE-YARD, NEAR PLYMOUTH, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

MY BROTHER LEONARD.

By JULIA KAVANAGH.

It has always seemed to me, since I passed those giddy but happy years of youth when we feel too much to care to think—it has, I say, always seemed to me, that some of us are born to act and to suffer, and others to sit passively and look on. From childhood upward to this present hour—when I sit writing alone, a white-haired woman, in an old chateau of Provence—to be the silent witness of my brother Leonard's life has been my lot. No lover ever came to me in dream of love ever crossed my path. But I do not regret it; no, I do not regret it, though I am now a childless old maid, pale and withered. If love, with its blessings and its torments, had sought me, if a husband had taken me to another home than this, what should I have known of this shy and noble heart which grief never conquered, but a great joy broke and stilled forever?

According to the world's estimate my brother Leonard's life was not an eventful one. For in this, too, the years allotted to the actors in the great drama of life are unequally divided. Some get the glorious destinies. Their star sets or rises in a sort of conspetuous splendor, and after a long track of light behind it through the dull pages of history. So far as I can see, they are not more noble, more heroic, more beneficent than others of whom there is no record, who live and die unremembered save by a few faithful hearts. But, after all, what matter? What is it to my brother Leonard in his grave if the world never knew that it lost in him a pure heart, efficient and true as that which once beat in the breast of Bayard—of the knight who knew neither reproach nor fear, and who died in the midst of a living without a stain? My brother Leonard never wielded lance or sword, but there are other battles fought in life than those in which blood is shed; and of all who ever struggled nobly against adverse fate, who knew how to bear defeat, or, harder still, how not to triumph over a conquered enemy, none were ever more worthy of honor than this unremembered man.

He was the younger and I the youngest of a large family of children, all born in this old Provençal nest built on a rock above the Mediterranean Sea. It is an old manor enough, as you will think it so; I like its yellow sun-burnt front and the square tower which rises above its low roof, and its many arched windows, with stone balconies, which flash again in the fiery light of the setting sun. I like its broad view of an azure sea with a whitened sail thereon, and even the old vine which surround our old home I like too. For in that desert our green garden is like a beautiful oasis, cool and shady. It is an old-fashioned garden—they have none such now—with straight alleys and clipped trees; here and there are a few heathen statues, moss-stained and mildewed, appear in the bowers; and on the lawn, in front of the house, a handsome fountain sends up all its waters, howsoever hot the noonday sun may be. But why do I speak of all this? I am the last of the line, I suppose, and in my heart of hearts their once hot Provençal blood is dying away feebly.

We were great and rich once, say the records of Provence; but the religious wars proved our undoing. We were Catholics, and had many a fight with our old foes and neighbors, the Huguenots of Saint Saint Foys, who held the new faith. We beat them, of course; but though we were fierce and revengeful, we scorned to enrich ourselves with the spoils of our enemies; and as they soon bent to the storm, the warfare which well-nigh ruined us left them rich. Better times succeeded them, and worse times for us; they married heiresses and throve, while we wedded poor girls, had large families, and got poorer and poorer. We had but a slender pittance left under the First Napoleon's reign, but we hated the De Sainte Foys, whose old château can be seen from our hill went on adding wings and building "pavilions," while our poor old manor remained much the sight of it fed our hate. As a child I looked at it with wrath; and even now, when it holds all that is dearest to me, I never care to gaze at its broad façade.

My brother Leonard and I were the only survivors of a large family, and many years older than us. Both our parents were dead, and we lived here alone with a maiden aunt, a pale, faded woman, now dead. I am now, why glided noiselessly about the old rooms and seldom spoke.

All the De Sainte Foys were handsome, and all the De Launays were tall. My brother was six feet high, a gaunt, thin young man, with harsh features, keen eyes, and hasty eyebrows. He was a great sportsman, yet most conscientiously tender-hearted. I never saw him strike his dogs, I never saw him hurt a fly; once his gun was out of his hands he was the gentlest of creatures. For all that he was a great hater. Especially did he hate the Comte de Sainte Foy, Bonaparte, and perhaps he hated him all the more that the De Sainte Foys were devoted to the new dynasty, and spent all their time in Paris. I remember the scornful looks my brother often cast on the closed windows of their château, when he met them, "he cannot even keep his servers; any thing for money, any thing for rank; just like them!"

I was not in a convent when I was ten years old, and I remained there till I was seventeen. The nuns were very kind to me, but spite their kindness I pined for my old home, and the sea dashing up the beach, and the green garden with its mutilated statues and its little fountain. So, when I stepped out of the convent-gates into the little carriole which had been sent for me with our old servant Saint Jean, I was, spite a few tears shed at parting from my kind companions, as gay as a lark. The sun was setting when we reached home. The sun-burnt hind looked delighted with fire and gold, and our old manor seemed almost fresh and young again in the glorious light. I skipped lightly out of the little jolting car; I ran up the stone steps, still as worn and uneven as of yore; I entered the hall and hall with all the grim De Launays looking down at me from the walls—we were not a handsome family—and I felt the happiest creature on earth till my aunt, coming down stairs to meet me, told me that Leonard was away in Paris, and that no one knew when he would come back. This sobered me at once. I felt anxious. The times were troubled. Napoleon had left Elba and been crushed at Waterloo. Louis reigned in Sainte Foy, I knew, was a proscribed man, for we had met a party of soldiers in search of him. Yet, sadly-constantly, my heart, the young hearter, was safe! "Oh yes, quite safe," answered my aunt. Then, looking at me wistfully, she added, "Of Rose"—she was the youngest sister of mine seems now!—"we have a guest. Our old cousin the Viscount died, you know, leaving a widow and child almost destitute; they are both here, and are likely to remain. You will do well to be friendly with them. Madame Delange is a great beauty, and has been rather spoiled, and her little girl is very willful; but still," said my aunt, looking at me in her doubtful way, "you will try to be friendly with them." Youth is inclined to friendliness, and so my aunt's cool reception did not overpower me, I cheerfully promised to be all that the beautiful Madame De Launay could wish. I had an immediate opportunity of showing that my amiable I was; she did not appear, and when my aunt left me to attend to some domestic matters I remained alone.

But does solitude really exist for youth with the delightful companionship of its thousand dreams and hopes? Is it not better than any sitting about it like gay motes in the noonday sun? Besides, could I feel lonely in the home of my childhood? I went all over the house, and found it unchanged after all those years; then I ran down to the garden, so fresh and spicy in the morning dew, to the melancholy green nook, I looked fondly at the poor old statues and fancied that they looked back kindly at me. I was half crazy with the joy of being home again.

Of all the rooms in the manor there was one which, even as a child, I had loved best—the upper room in the square turret, whence there was a view of land and sea unrivaled in the province, it was said. I remember I had climb up to it now, like the Lady of Malbrook in the ballad, and gaze at a blue sea and a pale sky, where white stars hung. Then, through the horizon was still rosy with departed fires! Perhaps I might even see a boat gliding into the entrance—one of those low boats with broad lateen sails which I had so often thought of in my juvenile convent home.

There is a broad central staircase in our manor, with steps of massive stone and balustrades of iron, which runs from the ground floor to the house, and ends in a long corridor, full of doors, all leading to untenanted chambers save one. Which gives access to a small, winding wooden stairs that climb up the body of the square tower, and take one to a little room with four windows and a terrace outside. This room I entered now, for my breath has failed me of late; my sight, too, is weak and dim, and sees no more than it once beheld from the top of God's world, but I was light as a bird then, ay, and as keen-eyed too, and in a few minutes I had reached the room in the tower. It was just as I had left it, even my childish remembrance of it. I had ever known it bleak and bare-looking, and now it had a mouldy sort of look. Nevertheless, there was a flask of wine on a table, and when I cautiously lifted up an old piece of tapestry which divided the room from the terrace, I discovered a low camp-bed behind it. "I suppose some servant sleeps here," I thought, and stepping out through one of the windows on the terrace, I looked around me with a delight which made me forget all the evening cares of my childhood and clear, the sea lay calm and lovely beneath me, and far as the eye could reach there spread a noble land stretching away in the distance, looking hills. It was very fine, but I had no time to linger over the beauty around me. It was resumed if ever, and I returned quickly to the room within. Hiding behind the shutters of the open window I listened and peeped in.

"I tell you I won't!" cried a shrill voice; "and I never said that I could. You must marry him."

The low weeping of a woman answered him. I saw the man first. He was no servant, as I had thought, but a gentleman, and, though long dead youth, one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He stood facing me with his arms folded across his breast, and a careless, defiant look in his dark eyes. He was speaking to the clear evening sky. The lady was leaning against the wall with one of her hands resting on a chair. I could see her at the back, but could not see her face to me I was bewildered at her beauty. He was handsome, but enchanting loveliness are the only words that can describe her. If such she looked to me when overpowered by sorrow, what must she have been when gladness beamed from those deep blue eyes, and happy smiles played on that sweet young face with its cloud of golden hair? I was a child, and had seen handsome creatures out of the fairy tales, and I was all amazement to see them here.

"O heavens!" she cried, wringing her white hands in an agony of grief, "have I betrayed him for that?"

"Why need he know it?" asked her companion, drawing toward her. I was very young, very innocent, and would not understand their meaning; but some instinct made me rise to me when the door of the turret-chamber, which had remained ajar, opened, and my brother Leonard came in with such a look on his white face as I had never seen there before. She uttered a low cry, and starting back he turned pale as death; but Leonard raised his hand, and uttered an imperious "Hush!" which silenced them. For a moment the room was so still that I could hear the low dash of the water on the shore below.

"So that is the end," said Leonard, looking at them in sorrow and in scorn; "that is the end of trust and faith in man and woman. I can answer—I will answer—for myself. I shall deal first with you. As the widow of my cousin you asked me for a home, and I gave you one. When you came to this house with your child, your beauty, I confess it, touched my heart; but if you had not one day given me to understand that you had seen my love, and that it might be welcome, I never should have wooed a lady so young and beautiful as you are. On such a basis, however, I spoke, and was accepted. I promised to become your protector and the father of your child; and you, I suppose, promised to be true to me. How have you kept your pledge? Speak—but no, do not answer; be silent—let not at least your lips be perjured, even though your heart is false." He ceased: he was dreadfully agitated, and the lady sobbed pitifully: but he soon recovered, and turning to her companion, he said, almost calmly: "You, Monsieur De Sainte Foy, came to me in your pavil, and, trusting to my generosity and honor, bade me reverse the old feud of our ancestors by saving your life. How did I receive you? Like a brother. And how have you requited me? You know me to be your errand I went to Paris. Well, Sir, I have succeeded; you are pardoned. You can leave this house; you can see her before me more. I will go back openly to your own home, where you, too, have a child, Sir, a boy, for whose sake you implored my protection, but much, much sooner do not forget to take this baby with you."

"I can not—I am married," sullenly said Monsieur De Sainte Foy, for the first time attempting to answer my brother.

"You are a widower, Sir," answered Leonard, gravely; "I pity the wife died while I was in Paris. I repeat it, you can take this lady with you. And, Sir," he added, with a look of scorn which, even beneath his heavy eyebrows, "let me advise you to do her justice. She is the widow of your kinsman, and she has no protector now. I say no more; you are my guest, and though you have forgotten it, Sir, I remember it still." So he sayings, he turned and left the room. My eyes were blind with tears, and my heart was full of sorrow for my brother Leonard. I stood a while shaking down in my hiding bosom as he came out then, when I was, or at least when I looked calm, I entered the room. The guilty pair had vanished: they left the manor that night, and this was the story of my brother's youth.

From that day forth Leonard was an altered man. He became silent and bookish—a great reader. His gun was added to the rusty old armor in the hall, and remained there unused; his days were spent in the library. His two hounds, Capitaine and Diane, used to go and seek him there, looking at him with wistful questioning eyes as if they thought he was unkind to caress and a kind word, they could not lure him forth. "Why should I go and murder poor harmless creatures? I never wronged or betrayed me?" he once said, and that was the only allusion I ever heard him make to the treachery that had darkened his existence. The blessing of a long life was not granted to the betrayers. Both died within a year of their marriage. A young De Launay brought up in Paris, and seldom came to Provence; his step-mother's child was adopted by a distant relation of the family, and lived with her mother; she, too, married and died young; we never saw her. And thus time passed, and I, the youngest child and favorite of my aunt's death kept house for my brother Leonard, a hale and vigorous old man, whose locks were gray indeed, but whose eyes were as firm and whose eyes were as keen as ever. He was cheerful, too, and the joyous heartiness of his laugh was something to remember in a man of his years. We left home rarely, and the last time that business took us forth our return was made memorable by a very unpleasant event. We had been a week away, and I felt heartily glad when I saw once more the square tower rising above the trees, and the old manor. Leonard, too, uttered a relieved "Ah!" as the helped me to alight, and Geneviève, our trusty old female servant, came forth to meet us with a beaming face.

"Thank Heaven!" she said, crossing herself, "it had come back safely, and you are safe, too, and gone away, but all was right now, and the little girl had come quite safely, praised to Heaven!" A real cheer of thanksgiving her grandmother had been foolish and wicked enough to marry a De Sainte Foy, the child—glory be to all the saints!—did not take after that breed."

Here was news for us! The relations of that poor little orphan, on such scarce and scanty a soil with such a scanty nourishment her as we, had taken advantage of our absence to deceive poor Geneviève. Without uttering a word my brother opened the door of her sitting-room. In a large room, with brown oaken walls and a polished floor. A stream of red sunshine from the west was pouring in through the farthest window, that at which I always sit, because it has a deep recess in the thick wall, on which I put my work. To this ledge the little stranger had climbed, and there she now sat in a forlorn attitude, with her feet gathered beneath her, and her little hands clasped around her knees. She might be six or seven years old. She looked fair as a lily in her deep mourning, and when she turned toward us, and shook back her yellow curls to look at us with wistful wonder in her deep blue eyes, I knew that we had found the most beautiful grandmother. I looked at my brother Leonard. His heavy brows were bent, and his keen eyes fastened on the child with a steady gaze. He smiled, too, rather a grim ironical smile, which seemed to say, "So the traitress has come back to De Launay after all." But the little thing returned his look very fearlessly, and, to my surprise, smiled up in his face, and never minded me.

We had not the heart to send her away. We kept her, and I soon loved her dearly. She was a good, lovely, and joyous creature. It was like having a bird in the house, or any thing bright and gay, to have her in the house. Leonard never took the least notice of her. I sometimes fancied he did not see her, so unconscious did he seem of her presence. Yet of us two it was this child and servant whom the man of reserve child preferred. She would leave me any day to sneak after him. Lucie had been a year with us when Geneviève, who doted on her, came in one afternoon with startled looks. The child was missing; she had been searched for over all the manor, and she was not to be found. My brother looked up from his book, and rose. I followed him up the central stairs, then up again in the tower to the chamber, which he unlocked, and there we found Lucie fast asleep in his chair, curled round like a faithful little spaniel waiting for its master.

My brother never said a word, but took her up and carried her down stairs, still fast asleep, and when Lucie woke she was on his own knee, in his arms, and from that day forth in his heart. They were seldom apart. If you heard my brother's stately tones calling for Lucie, you also heard a pair of little feet pattering after him. His loud, cheerful laugh was ever echoed by a child's voice chiming in with it, and if he looked himself up in the library for a book to read, the case was vain unless Lucie stood by the window: for Lucie would climb up to the sill, jump down, and, stealing behind his chair, lay her rosy cheek on his and mingle her golden locks with his iron-gray curls. How could he help loving a creature so endearing—one who thought, did, loved, and hated as he did, and who detested the De Sainte Foys as cordially as if she had been a genuine De Launay? I tried to check the feeling in the first place from motives of Christian, and in the second because the De Sainte Foys were in the shade just then. The son of my brother's betrayed love fell ill and died, and squandered or gambled all his large property away. The old chateau itself would have gone if he had not died rather suddenly, leaving his son son, a young man of whom report spoke well, and who, after his father's death, came to Provence with the intention, it was said, of remaining. It seemed strange to see the windows of the old château open again after they had been closed so many years; but we were glad to do it.

Monsieur De Sainte Foy had not been back more than a month, and Lucie was about seven years, when he unexpectedly called upon us one morning. I was working, Lucie sat by me unwinding silk, and my brother was reading, when our solitary servant, Geneviève, showed in the young man—all the De Sainte Foys were handsome—with a manly young face, in which I felt my heart to read a hereditary perfidy, but could not. There was truth in his dark eyes, truth in his smile, and truth in the very sound of his voice.

"Monsieur De Launay," he said, coming forward, "our cousins have not been friends, I am told; but I am young, I feel guiltless of the past, whatever it may be, and have no wish to cherish its remembrance in my heart. I had come to offer some to you hoping that you will be so good as to grant your neighborly advice and friendship as one who, though a stranger in this place, means to live and die in the home of those who have gone before him."

My brother looked very kindly, and held out his hand, and thus a league of amity was struck between the last of the De Launays and the last of the De Sainte Foys.

I had always deplored the old feud, but I had my fears about this reconciliation; and when young De Sainte Foy, who had married my brother's advice, became a frequent visitor at our house, I plainly told those fears to Leonard. Lucie was very lovely and very young, and both if the young gentleman should be smitten with her, and win her heart! "Well, and if they should love, there would be the harm?" he replied, very kindly.

Ah! what changes time can bring in its train! My brother would have wished for it, and when months passed, and no change came over the spirit of a dream, I read disappointment in his looks. Well, I was disappointed myself. Lucie grew each young, both handsome, both gifted and good, and both exactly suited to each other, as seemed to me. I could not imagine how they were without pleasure and parted without pain, as unconcerned as if the magic of the words "love" and "lover" were to them. Besides, I longed for a love-story. There had been none in my own life; my brother's had ended in bitterness, and my world out there perverse young things give me one? It would have been so pleasant to see them adoring each other, wandering about the garden hand in hand, and going through their pretty idyl in the green garden of our old manor. I was sorry that they did not care for each other, and I used to help saying so to my brother one evening as we walked alone in the garden. Lucie was up in the tower: she had taken a great fancy to it of late, and went up to it every evening.

"And I, too, am sorry," replied Leonard, shaking his gray locks regretfully: "for, Rose, I like that young man very dearly; strange that a De Launay should say so, is it not? But he does not care for the child, and love will be free. Where is she? In the tower, as usual. Let us go to her. I could close down here."

We had not known why I opposed Leonard's wish.

I seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil, and yet all I thought was that the stairs were steep and high, and that the exertion would be too much for my brother. But he only laughed, and said he would go and see what state the child was reading up there. He was soon tired, as I had foreseen, and obliged to rest on the dark stairs of the tower. A sound of voices from above came down to us. Lucie, if she was there, was not alone. I heard my brother breathing heavily.

"Leonard," I whispered, "let me go," for it was a man's voice that mingled with hers.

He did not answer, but he put me by; in a moment, as it seemed, he had reached the door and pushed it open. I followed him in. Lucie was alone in the room. Without looking at her, my brother went straight to the window, and said, calmly, "Lucie, you may come in, Sir."

And thus summoned, young Monsieur De Sainte Foy left the balcony and entered the room. I looked at them both. There they were—the two ingrates—as I had seen them so many years before; beautiful and deceiving, again bowing in the kind friend and the generous enemy; but they were younger than in those by-gone days, and I could read a deeper trace of grief on their two faces. My brother looked at them with the very look which I remembered—a cold and angry look; and he said, in a cold, hard voice:

"I have read somewhere that what has been is; that the same men and women have again and again to do the same deeds over and over, and I find the truth of it this day. You, Monsieur De Sainte Foy, come to me, your benefactor's enemy, asking our old animosity to be forgotten; and when I opened my house to you, as if you had been only a stranger, you abused my hospitality. Even so did your grandfather act, Sir, when I saved his life many years ago. Hush! you will speak directly. You," he added, turning to Lucie, "have betrayed me, your adopted father, as she whose image you are betrayed me, but I little thought a year, nor to your mother, you chose to do so with the descendant of the man to whom I was sacrificed. I, too, fulfilled my part in the sacrifice of an old man, and I was blind, trusting, and easily deceived. Well, as I acted before I shall act again. Let the lot you have chosen be your lot. You want the young girl, Monsieur De Sainte Foy? Take her! For the sake of the few drops of De Lancac blood which flow in her veins no one harm in the house till she becomes your wife; but I shall thank you both to have the wedding over quickly, and then let me see either of you no more."

Lucie buried her face in her hands and sobbed pitifully; but the young man became crimson and said, passionately,

"You are unjust, Sir; we have been imprudent, but treachery was not in our thoughts. I repeat it, you wrong us."

"Do you mean I am angry?" replied my brother Leonard. "Why, you could not help yourselves. It was in your blood to betray me, and it was not for me to be deceived by you."

"Ah! do not say so," cried Lucie, attempting to detain him as he turned to the door; but he who had so loved her looked at her with a look that she shrank back afraid. So we left them, and, turning back, I saw her, sinking on a chair, pale as death, while her lover stood there after my brother, gnawing his nether lip, as if he still smarted under the sting of those bitter words —"It was in your blood to betray me."

Sad and bitter were the days that followed this ill-fated evening. I attempted to say a few words for my brother, but my heart failed me, and I swear was, "Keep her out of my sight till they are married."

He was a willful man—one, too, whom the memory of a great wrong had embittered. It was useless to dispute his commands, and I told Lucie so.

"I have deserved it," was her only answer; and she submitted, and kept out of his way.

The wedding was to be a speedy one, according to my brother's wish; but, oh! how joyless were the few preparations, and with how heavy a heart I made mine! Three days before this he appointed for the marriage I again tried to move Leonard. I was a clear and calm evening, and we sat together on the wooden bench in the bower where the dilapidated Pan is ever playing on a broken reed. I pleaded for the two culprits. I spoke of their youth, of the wish he had felt for their union, of forgiveness and indulgence. He heard me out, then said to me:

"I trusted them, and they deceived me without need, without cause. By what magic can I ever trust them again?"

I felt silenced. What is there, indeed, that can restore a lost faith? Still, I was seeking for some argument wherewith to meet his own, when we were both startled by a sound of steps on the graveled path. Lucie and young De Sainte Foy stood before us. My brother's pale face flushed; he took a slight hectic tinge, and he looked angrily at them both, but said not one word.

"Monsieur De Launac," said the young man —and I had never seen a nobler and a more loyal look on man's face than I then saw on his—"we would not thus intrude upon you if we could help doing so, but we can not; be so good, therefore, as to bear with us for a few moments."

"Speak," impatiently said my brother.

"All you have to say is this: love was born and ripened in ignorance; our interviews were the result of accident; we never designed to deceive you, or to betray your trust, and you have laid upon us the burden of a sin and a shame which, however much appearances may condemn us, we will not bear. We love each other sincerely dearly, but having no other means to convince you, we have resolved to part forever rather than give you the right to think that we, the descendants of two who unhappily wronged you, have combined to betray you in your old age as you were betrayed by them in your youth. In your presence, therefore, and with her full consent, I give up all claim to this young lady's love. Here I bid her adieu forever, and let the bitterness of this parting be a penance for the imprudence which has cost us both so dear."

I looked at Leonard; I could scarcely see him, my eyes were so dim with tears; but he replied, in a low bitter voice:

"Yes, the old man has but a few years to live. It will do to wait till he is in his grave, will it not?"

"Ah! we have not deserved this!" cried Lucie.

"No, we have not deserved it," answered her lover. "Sir, you wrong us very much indeed. A thought so cruel as that of waiting for your death never came to us. Your wrong is to be irrevocable. My house and land are to be sold, and the first vessel which leaves Marseilles will take me to India. We may never meet again; and if we do, years will have passed over us—years and their changes. If you do not trust us, if you think we are acting a part and speculating on your grave, the sin be yours, not ours."

"Marvelous!" replied my brother Leonard, with a low, ironical laugh. "A young man gives up his mistress, a girl gives up her lover, and all for the sake of a gray-headed old man! Do not ask me to believe it."

"Sir, it is not merely for your sake that we part," said Monsieur De Sainte Foy, with more light in his dark eye; "it is also for the sake of our honor. Our error has sullied it, but our sacrifice shall redeem it. Sir, you yourself, Sir, you our accuser, shall confess it."

My brother was staggered, but he would not relent.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, impatiently; "you think I am one of those soft-hearted stage fathers, who, when the lovers kneel, weep over the blessing in the last act. You are mistaken. If Lucie gives you up, she must give you up entirely. I will not bear, like a fool—entirely I ask for no sacrifice; I expect none. But if you do give up this thing for the sake of your honor, you must not look for mine."

"We mean it so," answered the young man, in a low tone. "Lucie." He turned to her. She twined her arms round his neck, for a few moments they stood before us in the pale moonlight, clasped in so passionate an embrace that it seemed as if they would never part. Then they fled. Neither spoke, neither wept; but when I looked at them—so young, so fond, so noble, and so handsome—and thought that they were to part, I could not restrain my tears. My brother looked on unmoved, and remained cold and relenting. Young Monsieur De Sainte Foy at length put her by, and walked away without bidding us farewell. She stood looking after him, pale and tearless.

"Lucie," quietly said my brother, "you may call him back, if you please, to-morrow."

She looked at him swiftly, with a vague hope, poor child; but there was no relenting in my brother's eye, so back she went to her room, to only shook her head, as much as to say, "I do not repent."

I have often wondered how my dear brother, so generous, so kind, could be so hard to these two. But he had trusted them entirely, and it seemed his very heart had been broken. He was deceived him. Indeed, there was no reason why they should have done so. It must have been the wayward impulse of youth, which, from the first into this needless secrecy, giving sweetness to a hidden love. I could have made all these allowances for them, if others did not; but Leonard could not. He was hard because he was himself the soul of truth and honor, and he was unrelenting because the memory of his old wrong had never left him. It may also be, that in his secret heart he thought that the two could easily forget him, and forgive them in the end; but it was not to be.

Lucie bore this great trial with quiet fortitude. She looked pale, and her old joyousness was gone; but if she grieved or wept, she kept both from me and everyone besides. To her father she was as gentle and affectionate as ever. His manner to her was unaltered, save for a slight shade—a very slight shade—of more severe sadness. I think my heart must have been young still in those days, for I kept on hoping to the last. I used to watch my brother's inflexible face, trying to read signs of pity or forgiveness in his harsh features, but I saw them not. Then, I confess it, I acted a little lie. I went out daily, sheltered under his hearing, or lock persistently at the château of the Sainte Foys, when we were in the garden, or sometimes in the house, but whenever Lucie left the room; but my brother would not see, he would not hear—he never remembered me, nor gave me the opportunity I wanted. At length I got desperate, and spoke to him one evening.

"Leonard," I said, "will you not relent? Do you know that young De Sainte Foy's house and land are for sale, and will go to the highest bidder? Do you know that he sails for India tomorrow on board the *Memphis*?"

"You have seen him, then," Leonard, knitting his heavy eyebrows, "and he has asked you to say all this to me?"

"I have seen him, but not spoken to him," I replied, a little angrily. "He is the shadow of his former self—so pale, so worn, so sad, has he grown at all this. Do not let him go, Leonard."

"He will come back when I am in my grave," answered Leonard, moodily. It was useless to argue. Mistrust had taken an iron grasp of him, and would not let him go again.

The evening of the following day we missed Lucie. Geneviève told us that Mademoiselle had gone up to the tower: I guessed what had taken her there, but Leonard did not seem to think that she might wish for solitude, for he said to me, "Let us go to her."

Never shall I forget the sight that met us as we entered that ill-fated room. It was full of a broad ruddy glow which came from the sea, lighting up the coast for miles around; a vessel was on fire! My heart seemed to stand still in the horror of that moment, and yet how I remember the pale evening sky, with the round white moon so dim and Lucie's ghastly face and wild eyes, as she stood gazing on the cruel sight in mute despair!

My brother stared at the burning vessel. "God forgive me, miserable sinner!" he cried—"God forgive me!" And he sank back with a groan, and would have fallen but for me.

He never recovered that blow; for it was the *Memphis* whose destruction we thus witnessed, and young De Sainte Foy on board. He had sailed in her, was not among the few who escaped to tell her lamentable history. He was the last of his name, and with him, and the line of our landed proprietors, ended.

And Leonard, as I said, never recovered that blow. His vigorous old age gave place to decrepitude; his gray hairs grew white, his form was bent, his step became feeble and unsteady. The knowledge of his innocence and hardness had doomed that brave and true young man to a cruel death. I could comfort Lucie, his darling, to go through the agony of such a grief, was more than he could bear. He brooded over the bitterness of remorse.

The weather was fine, and that part of the garden where he could sit and look at the château of the Sainte Foys, now closed and shuttered on its ancient tenants, was that which he liked best. He would sit there, gazing at the shut-up mansion for hours at a time. When I found the house him from this bitter contemplation he only shook his head and said: "It was an old quarrel, a long quarrel, and its hatred ages, but the De Sainte Foys had the best of it in the long-run, Rose. For better perish on board the burning *Memphis*—their own best, their own life for honor, than live to be a hard and revengeful old man."

This was the thought that was killing him. He took like a child, and the doctor was recalled in, "and then you may hope to save him."

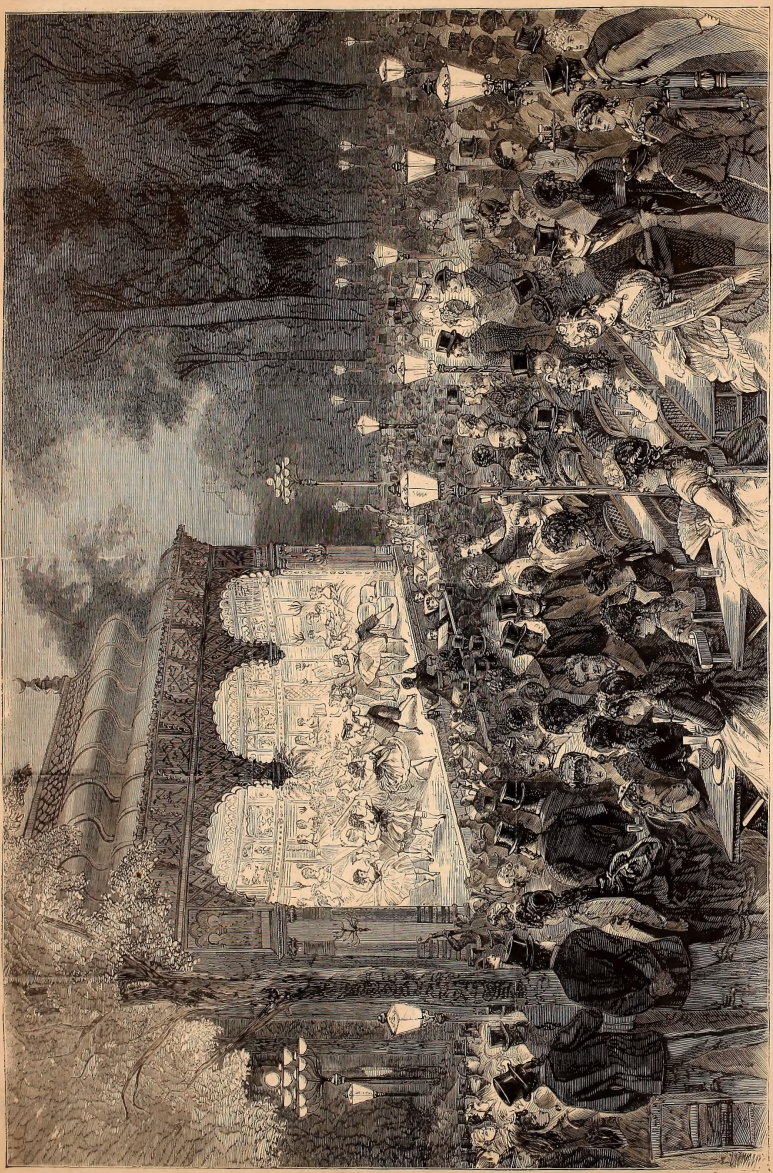
Make him forget! I would have laid down my life for it—oh, how gladly!—but it passed my power; Lucie herself did her best, and failed. Then she, too, really fell and suffered, and never showed. She was a generous little creature, and from that day forward her grief clung to her heart, and kept it there fast locked from our view. Her one thought seemed to be to help to console, and no longer read now, though when he could not go to the garden to look at the château of the De Sainte Foys he would sit in the house with a book lying unread before him, his moody eyes ever seeming to gaze on the tragic ending of the ill-fated *Memphis*. And he once more was intensely cold to Lucie. She would stand in upon him as she had so often stolen in her childhood, and by her chair, or at her feet, sit and silently believe she had never loved him more tenderly than she did then, perhaps because of the same old grief pressing on both they both suffered, and which, as I saw with an aching heart, was wasting them both away. This had lasted three weeks—weeks that are years—when the end came.

We were all sitting in the garden, I remember, in that very arbor where the poor girl had first met her lover, and by whom Geneviève used up to us with startled looks.

"Monsieur!—Mademoiselle!" she gasped.

He is alive—he is here!"

My brother rose as with an electric shock. His strode rose as with an electric shock. His strode rose as with an electric shock. His strode



AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN PARIS.—[See Page 637.]

THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

SEPTEMBER.

FLASH out, thou glowing ember
Of a year that is expiring,
With the flame of red September
The maple woodlands firing;
With the sparkle and the glinter,
And the flash of royal wine,
Warm our chilly hearts ere Winter
Shall seal thee with his sign.

The sumach bush is turning
To gold and crimson splendor,
The maple woods are burning
Far in the distance tender;
The tinted hill-sides glimmer
Within a purple haze,
Their brightness growing dimmer
As fade the Autumn days.

The vines, in gorgeous tangle,
Over hoary rocks are trailing;
Each roughened point and angle
With brown and scarlet veining;
And where the pine-tree towers
The purple asters bloom,
Lifting their starry flowers
To light the emerald gloom.

The apple-tree commences
To shed its fruitage mellow,
Beside the orchard fences
The goldenrod is yellow;
And all the green things growing
Have ripened to their full,
With Autumn sweets glowing
And golden over all.

Flame higher, fading ember
Of a year that now is dying,
While the haze of red September
Are on the hill-sides lying;
In the beauty and the sweetness
Of these perfect Autumn days
Crown all the year's completeness
With a coronal of praise.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER X.

THE GAUNTLET.

SIR JOHN GALE, after his first appearance in the vicar's parlor, came daily to sit there.

His afternoon visit became an established custom, and, after the second time, it seemed as though he had been familiar there for years.

He grew stronger very quickly. It was not long before he began to speak of departing. There seemed, indeed, to be no valid reason why he should linger at the vicarage. And yet he staid on.

"I shall go abroad as soon as we have some assurance of milder weather," he said to Mr. Lewincourt. "Spring is delicious in Italy. I shall wait, however, until I hear that the Alps are not too impassible; for, of all things, I detest a sea voyage, and the two hours in the Channel are always worse to me than a week's hard travelling. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, why not remain here?" said the vicar. "There is no need for you to make a move until you set off for the south."

To this Sir John Gale replied that his instruction at Shipley vicarage had already been long enough; that he should never forget his host's kindness, but it behooved him not to trespass on it too far; that, although he certainly had no ties of friendship or relationship which specially claimed his presence just then in any other part of England, he must nevertheless make up his mind to set off south to Shipley as soon as the doctor's permission to travel could be obtained.

All this, with more to the same purpose, said Sir John Gale. And yet he lingered on.

The spring set in early, after a severe winter. By the beginning of April there came soft, bright days, with a southerly breeze which tempted the inmates of the vicarage forth from the house.

Scene-and-arrangement-mindedly followed the dinner-party at Mrs. Sheardown's.

One afternoon Sir John, beholding from his chamber-window Miss Lewincourt strolling in the garden, presently ventured forth to join her.

"May I walk here, Miss Lewincourt?" he asked, pausing at the threshold of the glass door that led into the garden.

"Oh, by all means! But is it sunny enough here? For the morning-gown you wear, and if you are not afraid to venture further, you would have more warmth and a southern aspect there, beyond the gate."

So Veronica and her father's guest wandered slowly on and on, looking out over the country, dappled with cloud shadows, gazing at the far, hazy horizon, pausing now and again for a moment, till presently proceeding in their course until they reached the church-yard of St. Gildas.

Sir John declared that the balmy air was a cordial that he could take more good than any medicines. Still, warm as it was for the season, he dared not sit in the church-yard to rest, and, as he turned to go back, he was evidently tired.

A frown darkened his face. "I ought not to have come so far without Paul," he said. "I am still so de—so unaccountably weak."

"It is my fault!" exclaimed Veronica. "Let me be Paul's substitute." She offered Sir John the support of her arm with perfect tact and self-possession, as though it were the most natural and ordinary proceeding in the world.

After that occasion the daily walk became a matter of course.

The temporary absence of Miss Desmond from the vicarage was by no means regretted by Sir John. In truth, he did not like Maud. Some word to that effect escaped him in speaking to Veronica.

"You must not say that to papa, Sir John," said she, looking quietly up at him.

"Say what?"

"That you do not like Miss Desmond."

"Of course not. I never said so to any one. It would be untrue. Miss Desmond is a very charming lady, very charming and very young, and perhaps her youth explains a slight touch, the very slightest touch, of—self-sufficiency. Yes. We grow tolerant and sceptical as we get older. Helas!"

"Maud is not self-sufficient. She is only very earnest and very honest."

"Miss Desmond is happy in having so warm and generous a friend. I am sure you have been kind to her out of respect for Miss Desmond. I have no doubt that she possesses the most admirable qualities; only her manner is a little—a little hard and chilly, if I may venture to say so."

"At heart she is really very impulsive."

"Is she?"

"But she has great self-command in general."

"I am bound to say that she must have. Any thing less impulsive than Miss Desmond's manner I have seldom seen. But forgive me. I will not say another word that shall even seem like disparagement of one for whom you entertain so warm an affection."

Sir John spoke with a winning deference of sweetness of manner, and looked with indignized admiration into the beautiful face by his side.

Such looks were now not rare on his part. Veronica, in her retrospective meditations, could recall many such glances; could recall, too, many soft words, so soft as to be almost tender, spoken in her ear during the progress of their meadow or garden. She was flattered and touched by the deference toward herself, and by the whole-hearted appreciation of her father, to whose affection her presence seemed to be imperious, almost arrogant, to the rest of the world.

Others had been admiring and deferential before now. But Vere would endure her scornful raillery with abject submission; but then Mr. Vere was habitually submissive to every one, and was, after all (she reflected), a very insignificant individual indeed.

That young man, that Mr. Lockwood, the other evening had shown himself very sensible to the fascinations of her brightness and her beauty. He was not abject, truly. No; he was simple and modest, and he looked, and spoke, and moved in a way which showed that he thought himself the equal of any one among Captain Sheardown's guests. Nevertheless, in Veronica's apprehension, he was not so. Although she had chosen to put down his manners to his ill-breeding, she had been, to a certain degree, mortified by her contemptuous tone.

Sir John Gale had a different kind of person from this young Lockwood, whom perhaps fate had been educated by the bounty of Admiral Sheardown.

To be "my Lady Gale!"

The words rang in her ears. She whispered them to herself in the solitude of her chamber. Wealth, station, and all that was alluring to the girl's vanity and ambition, were in the sound.

In these modest years of her youth a thing which, as some think, the deepest and most abiding impressions are made on the character, the kind of thought which is subjected to every one was an essentially ignoble one. The possession of such delights as may be summed up in the vague word "fine" (fine dress, fine jewels, perfectly taught to look upon as an sin to be attained. As she grew older, and, with her father's help, her fine shipley-in-the-Wold became clear to her apprehension, an eating discontent took hold upon her like a slow fever at times, in recalling her mother's stories of her young days in Florence, a passion of envy and longing would make the girl heart sick for all that. And that those things which had made Stella Barletti gay and happy would have altogether satisfied her daughter. Vere had inherited her mode and less simplicity. Stella liked to "far figura," as the Italian phrase goes; to make a figure in the world. But her mother's ambition was a very daring wing. She was perfectly contented to accept Rossian hospodnesses laden with comeralds, or even Russian ones of gold and lace, crowned with paste diamonds and enameled with effrontery, as her social superiors, and to enjoy the spectacle of their splendor and grandeur exactly as she enjoyed the spangles and tinsel of the ballet in carnival.

Not so Veronica. She would willingly be second to none. There were moments when the chance mention of Maud Desmond's family, or an allusion to a speech of the ancient matriarch at Delaney, made her sore and jealous. She would even be rendered irritably impatient by Maud's indifference to the grandeur or fame of her ancestry; though the least display of pride of birth on the part of her father's ward would have been intolerable to Veronica's sensitive taste.

Yet Veronica was no monster of selfish consistency. She was impulsive, generous, and impulses and longing for a nobler aim in life. But the first shock of practical effort and selfdenial repulsed her like a drench of ice-cold water. There came no reaction, no after-glow, and she shrank back shivering, with a piteous cry of, "I can not be good."

She knew herself to be wretchedly dissatisfied. And, although her youth and bodily health at intervals asserted their elasticity, and broke forth into a wild flow of gayety and good spirits, she was yet, at nineteen years old, secretly consumed by dreary discontent.

Then she told herself that it was easy for happy people to be good. "If I were but happy, I should be good and kind and generous," she said.

And latterly she thought had taken possession of her that it would make her happy to become my Lady Gale.

Opportunity is the divinity which shapes the ends of most love affairs, let even the rough-hewn how they will. Under the favoring influence of residence beneath the same roof, daily walks together, and evenings spent in each other's society, the intimacy between the vicar's daughter and the stranger sojourning in her father's house grew apace. The disparity of age between them offered no obstacle to the familiarity of their intercourse.

There are some men who accept the advance of age, and even make a step to meet it; there are others who painfully and eagerly fend it off; again, there are some who simply ignore it. To this latter category belonged Sir John Gale. You could not say that he indulged in any undue affectation of juvenility. He merely seemed to take it for granted that such affectation would have been entirely superfluous.

Even after the first moment of seeing Veronica he had been struck by her remarkable beauty. And not the least attraction in his eyes was the consonant between her loveliness and her position.

"Who the deuce would have dreamed of finding such a girl as that in an English country parsonage?" he said to himself.

In their conversations together Veronica had spoken of her mother's early life, and had not attempted to conceal her own longing to quit Shipley-in-the-Wold, and Daneshire altogether, for other and brighter scenes. He had noted, with a sort of cynical good-humor, the girl's aspiration after wealth and display; her restless discontent with the scarcity of the vicarage, and the love of admiration which it required no very acute penetration to discover in her. But these points of character by no means disinclined her to Sir John. Coupled with a plain face or an awkward manner they would have—not disgusted so much as—bored him. United to rare beauty and a quick intelligence they amused and attracted him. And then, to complete the spell, was that young girl's reliance without which all his rest would have wasted their sweetness on Sir John Gale: the fact that this young, brilliant, and beautiful girl desired very unmistakably to be pleasing in his eyes.

> If she be not fair for me,
> What care I how fair she be?

might have been said, and said truly, by the connoisseur, respecting the loveliest woman ever cast in mortal mould. Time and self-indulgence, in proportion as they had indurated his heart, had rendered his egotism more and more keenly sensitive.

It gratified his egotism to be, from whatever cause, an object of interest to Veronica. He cared not to ask himself whether she would have lowered her beautiful eyes to have regarded him in that manner if he had been poor and delicate. His wealth and rank were part of himself; inseparable from that capital I, which filled up for him so large a portion of the world's universe.

"The girl would make a furore if she were known," he said to himself. "Her coloring, hair, and eyes are perfect. And she has spirit enough for Lucifer!"

Nevertheless he had not gauged the height of Veronica's ambition.

Day by day, and hour by hour, the attraction she exercised over him by her beauty grew stronger.

"You are a votary of Mrs. Grundy, then, as your friend," he said to her one day.

"As Maud?" answered Veronica, laughing. Then she continued, with a disdainful toss of her head, "No, truly; I suppose my Italian blood renders me incapable of worshiping at that shrine. Dio! Life is so short! And so little sweet! Why embitter it voluntarily with Mrs. Grundy?"

"Yet in some quarters—confess now—you are a little afraid of her?"

I might answer you as you answered Maud: am I a pickpocket to be afraid of the policeman?"

Miss Desmond's retort did not hit the case. The policeman only *administers* laws: Mrs. Grundy makes them."

"She shall make none for me," said Veronica, flashing very bright eyes of utter scorn.

Sir John gazed upon her curiously; but he said no more at that time. The subject, however, seemed to have a peculiar attraction for him, and he returned to it frequently.

On the Friday morning preceding the Sunday fixed for Miss Desmond's return there came a letter to the vicar from his ward. The purport of it was, to ask his leave to stay a short time longer at Lowater. Mrs. Grundy was to be at a concert at Danecester, to which Mrs. Sheardown had promised to take her. At the end of the letter were a few lines about Hugh Lockwood.

"Do you know, Uncle Charles," wrote Maud, "that Mr. Lockwood knows my Aunt Ellis? He heard something of her, and was a tutor of Mr. Tallis, and he then mentioned that he and his mother had made her acquaintance at a watering-place three or four years ago; and that Mrs. Lockwood and my aunt became quite intimate. They have not seen her for a long time; but she promised to let them know whenever she came to London. I can not have seen Aunt Hilda since I was seven years old, when she came one day to see poor mamma; yet my recollection of her is a correct one, for Mr. Lockwood describes her as a stout, jolly woman with delicate features and beautiful eyes. This is just what I remember. Only he says she is now sadly faded.

"Dear me!" said the vicar, "odd enough that these Lockwoods should have come across Lady Tallis! Here is a postscript for you, Veronica, asking you to send back some dress or other by Captain Sheardown's man. See to it, will you? Dear, dear! Losing touch of my daughter the letter, went away to his study.

Veronica read the letter from beginning to end. She read it more than once. There was a good deal in it about that Hugh Lockwood, she thought. She remembered what Miss Begbie had said about him, and her lip curled. She care for the attentions of such a one as Mr. Hugh Lockwood! Emma Begbie should change her tone some day. *Parsienza!*

Veronica got together the articles for which Maud had asked, and as she did so she scarcely knew whether she were glad or sorry that Maud was going to remain a while longer at Lowater House.

"Dear old Maudie! I hope she will enjoy herself." Then she wondered what Maud would say to her daily walk with Sir John Gale, and whether Maud would perceive the growing decision of his manner toward herself. And then she looked in the glass with a triumphant smile, that in a moment the blood rushed up to her brow, and she turned away impatiently. Was she afraid in her secret heart, as Sir John had said? No; not afraid of the gossiping malice of the world; not afraid of Mrs. Grundy. But she had a latent dread of Maud's judgment. Maud had such a lofty standard, such a pure ideal. Bah! People all wished to be happy; all strove and struggled for it. She, Veronica, was at least honest to herself. She did not gild her motives with any fine names. She longed to be happy in her own way, instead of pretending to be happy in other people's way.

That very afternoon, Sir John Gale announced that Mr. Vere had told him he might quit his safety venture to travel. He made the communication to Veronica as they stood side by side leaning over the low wall of St. Gildas's church-yard, and looking at the moss-grown graves, all velvety and mellow under the slanting rays of the declining sun.

"Mr. Flew was very hard and cruel," said Sir John, in a low voice. "Very hard and inexorable. I wished to him to him that my strength was not yet sufficiently recovered to render my taking a journey a safe experiment. But it was in vain. He was not cruel?"

Veronica stood still and silent, supporting her elbow on the low wall of the grave-yard, and leaning her cheek on her hand.

"Was he not cruel, Veronica?"

His voice sank to a whisper as he uttered her name, and drawing nearer, he took the unoccupied hand that hung listlessly by her side.

Her heart beat quickly; a hundred thoughts seemed to whirl confusedly through her brain. But she stood immovably steady, with her eyes still turned toward the green grave-yard.

"I don't know. I suppose—I should think not. You ought to be glad to be well enough to go away."

He drew yet nearer, and pressed the hand that lay passive in his clasp.

"You think it natural to be glad to leave Shipley?"

"Very natural."

"You like this place and this life. I have seen how unconcernal all your surroundings are to you. You are like some bright tropical bird transplanted into native sunshine, and caged under a leaden sky. Leave it, and fly away into the sunshine!"

"That is easily said!"

"You are not angry?" he asked, eagerly, as she made a move to walk back toward the house.

"Why should I be angry? But the sun is sinking fast, and papa will expect me. We had better return to the house."

"Stay yet a little instant! This may be our last walk together. What would papa do if you did not return home at all?"

"Heaven knows! I do not see the use of discussing so absurd an hypothesis."

"Not at all absurd. It must happen some day."

"There is Catherine at the gate, looking for us. I must go back."

"Ah, Veronica, you are angry with me!"

"No."

"Then it is the shadow of Mrs. Grundy that has clouded your face. Why do you come between poor mortals and the sunshine?"

"Nonsense!"

"I told you that you were afraid of Mrs. Grundy in your heart."

"And I told you that you were mistaken."

They had begun walking toward the house, side by side, but apart, and had by this time reached the little iron wicket which gave access to the lawn. Here Sir John paused, and, said, softly: "Well, I have been obedient. I have come home; or rather, you have, and I followed. Perhaps there was no great merit in that. But, Veronica, if you are not angry that I have dared to call you so, give me a token of forgiveness."

"I have told you that I am not angry."

"Yes; but you say so with your face turned away, and your hand cold. That glove that you are pulling off—give me that."

"Pray, Sir John!" murmured Veronica, hurrying at the same moment. "I request that you will not touch my hand. The servant is there, within sight."

"The glove, then! Fling it down as a gage of defiance to Mrs. Grundy, if you refuse to give it as a token of pardon to me!"

She rent the glove quickly, up the steps and into the house.

As she entered it a little brown glove fluttered in the air and fell at the feet of Sir John Gale.

THE GRAVES OF AVONDALE.

ON the outskirts of Plymouth, near the scene of the recent colliery disaster, there is an old grave-yard known as Shupp's Hill, of which we give an illustration on page 637. This, apparently, as interments do not seem to have been recently made in the cemetery proper. Tangled briers grow about the graves, and thistles bicker

than one's head wave to and fro, while the golden-red lifts its bright flowers above the most pretentious marble slab. The fences had to be removed to make room for such of the victims of the Avondale calamity as resided in the immediate vicinity of the colliery.

On Thursday afternoon, September 9, the first bodies were brought to this place for interment. Widows and orphans, townspeople, and strangers were assembled on the knoll. The burial-service in the Welsh language was quickly over, and just as the crowd was dispersing a long, beautiful rainbow was set among the clouds. Far in the distance is the Nanticoke Gap, near which the eye may be seen to arise from the ruins of the Avondale breaker.

Many of the bodies of the miners were taken direct from Avondale to Scranton, and other towns, whence they had come to work in the Avondale Colliery. The Slupp's Hill graveyard is the burial-place nearest to the scene of disaster.

HEAT FROM THE MOON

A LONG-VEXED question—one which astronomers and physicists have laboured and puzzled and even quarreled over for two centuries at least—has at length been set at rest. Whether the moon reveals only as any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a moot point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. The honours thought he had accomplished in obtaining heat from the moon, but it will shown that he had been gathering it from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, had the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat-rays effectually. Yet he also failed: Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must invariably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering, power. The great reflector of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long outcreeping arms, the spiral nebulæ with mystic convolutions around their blazing nucleus, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulæ—all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this great telescope, and important as are the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass, will point, indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous weight of the Rosse telescope, its tube—fifty feet in length—down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing a ton and a half, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbrous and seemingly unwieldy a mass might well seem hopeless. Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, when applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock-motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the apex of a slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the examination of the nebulæ, which required an equally exact adaptation of the telescope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial vault. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been overcome, the huge reflector was at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labour thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measurer, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from stars. The moon's rays concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We accurately receive an appreciable quantity of warmth-rays from "the chaste beams of the watry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behavior of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse had been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 300 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual downpour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the heat goes augmenting, at close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched by the same unrelenting consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. The moon's primary heat from,the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is reflected from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror does not thus come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of *reflecting* heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a burnished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected toward his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the sun until it is well heated, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and can only happen when the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the conditions of the case to form a safe to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates toward us.

THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

IN these days of steam and universal exploration there is scarcely a habitable spot on the globe that is not brought to us, and in so brief as close as a neighboring village of a quarter of a century ago. Owyhee and Honolulu sound as familiar to us as Newport or Saratoga; and yet every now and then we come, in the course of our reading, upon a description of some out-of-the-way place in which we have hitherto had never before heard. Such are the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean, which the English have made the depôt for their recaptured and released on the east coast of Africa.

Concerning this little known and interesting group of islands little is known. They were in all probability discovered by the Portuguese two hundred years ago. Almost all the islands are fringed with coverers, then by the French, and finally by the English, but by them in name only. They are situated about nine hundred miles due south of the island of Mauritius, the governor of which colony appoints the officials on the Seychelles.

Although the Seychelles are visited by whalers they are apparently French. French schools, French language, French education; even the divine service is performed in the roman church in French. All the merchants, and, in fact, almost the entire personnel of the islands, are French. A few Creoles from Bourbon are likewise residentially, and an English one rarely and then only in case of necessity. The little town of Mahé, the capital, is inhabited by about ten thousand French Creoles and Africans, and has lately been brought into notice by the first call that line of the Messrs. Messageries Nationale Steamship Company have made it a way-station between the Red Sea and Mauritius.

The climate is very healthy, but the morality of the place is frightful. The marriage ceremony is a dead letter. Incest is common to be taken notice of. The author of "A Cruise in the *Gorgon*' makes a very comical statement to the effect that on one of the islands Mauritius (born at Seychelles) is the son of his grandmother by his own brother! The female population are as free to one man as another, and there are very few virtuous girls on the islands.

And these terribly depraved people inhabit a perfect paradise of beauty. The island at Mahé rises almost perpendicularly, fronted by a few miles of flat land, whereon stands the town. The heights, some of which are 2,000 ft. are of solid rock, and to the top covered with luxuriant vegetation. The houses are built à la Swiss, and only want the pinnacled snow-capped mountains behind them to make the comparison perfect.

On this island there are about half a dozen roads—not carriage roads, but roads on which at right angles to the hills in the back-ground, gently inclined toward them. These are lined with hedges of the Cocoanut flowers, the graceful palms and weeping-bamboos rendering them refreshing cool retreats. At evening these roads are delightful, especially when the moonlight night. The aroma from the myriads of pine-apples, limes, and roses is perfectly delicious. In the morning, before the sun has taken up the dew, a little walk before breakfast, besides exhausting one's sluggish constitutional, leaves one in a good temper for the remainder of the day.

One of the greatest curiosities to be seen at Seychelles is a kind of leaf-fly, something like the leaf-butterfly described in Wallace's "Malay Archipelago." Close attention is required to discover the insect on a bunch of leaves: to all appearances it is one of them; its body is quite green, with veins, fibres, etc. These leaf-flies are rare, and very difficult to keep, requiring fresh leaves daily. The ant and other insects perforate and devour them. When first hatched they have the appearance of small dried leaves, but soon turn green as they move about.

The soil is so rich and prolific that a walking-stick stuck into it at random would probably take root and grow. In a short walk, almost within a stone's throw of Mahé, one might be counted an endless variety of fruits—limes, pine-apples, mangoes, bananas, plantains, lychee, the noble bread-fruit, alligator pear, and many others, all growing wild, the two former choking the hedges on either side. Cocoanut plantations of herbs; clove, cinnamon, castor-oil, balsam copaiba, manioc, tapioca, sago, and cassava; trees of all kinds; the valuable gum of one description, cocoa-nut, traveler's rest—which, tapped near the root, yields a refreshing drink—sugar-cane, cocoa-nut, banana—from which, when so hard, they make tiles for houses. The cocoa *de mer*, as the name implies, grows by the sea-side; it is peculiar to the Seychelles, and grows nowhere else in the world; it is valuable for its fine straw; also it has a large nut which contains a kind of blanc-mange, which is very good.

The females are largely employed in plaiting this straw, and they sell the plait, enough to make a very small coat, for fifty cents. They work with ease and rapidity, but charge very high for their manufacture. The whole work of the island is performed by women, the men doing little or nothing.

BIG BELLS.

IN China bells have been made of enormous weight. Nankin was especially famous for the largeness of its bells. At Pekin there were seven bells cast in the year 1406, each of which weighed 120,000 pounds. The sound of the largest Chinese bell was very poor, owing to its being struck with a piece of wood, instead of a metal clapper. A bell given to the cathedral of Moscow by the Czar Godunof weighed 288,000 pounds, and another given by the Empress Anna, probably the largest in the known world, weighed 432,000 pounds. The great bell at St. Paul's weighs between 11,000 and 12,000 pounds, and is ten feet in diameter. On this bell is inscribed "Richard Phelps made me, 1716;" and Peter Cunningham, in his "Handbook for London," tells us that it "is never used except for striking of the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the Bishops of London, Deans of London, and, should he die in his mayoralty, the Lord Mayor." We believe, however, that it tolled at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington and at the funerals of the Duke of Wellington and Dean Milman. The larger part of the metal of which it is cast is the same authority informs us, "formed the celebrated 'Great Tom of Westminster,' once in the clock-tower, Palace Yard, but destroyed by fire in 1834, when the present weight of Mr. Denison's *peerless*, 'Big Ben' of Westminster, was cast." It is not pretended that as Tom of Lincoln, its vibratory power, however, being greater than that of any other bell in the Kingdom. The great bell of York Minster, cast in 1835, weighs 12,000 pounds. The Great Tom at Oxford, 17,000 pounds. The great bell cast in 1845 for Montreal, the heaviest in the United Kingdom, weighs upward of 12 tons, or about 27,000 pounds. This bat, though so much heavier, is not to be heard in St. Paul's. The same spirit which caused people to build immense monasteries, and decorate churches, induced them to vie with each other in the size of their bells. The number of bells in every church gave rise to the singular and curious architecture often found in the country side. Mr. Glover, in the constant appendage of every parish church belonging to the Saxons, and is distinctly mentioned as such in the laws of Athelstan.

The custom of welcoming distinguished visitors by a joyful peal is derived from very ancient days, when the emperors, kings, and bishops used to be thus greeted.

The different modes of bells have given rise to many poems, some of which are inscribed on the bells themselves. Perhaps the finest is Schiller's "Song of the Bell," a description of the casting of the bell and its uses. The old inscriptions on bells are in some cases of historical value. Certain bells of the parish of London have the historical notes: that, for instance, at the top of the bell-tower in the Tower, which was tolled at the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and other state prisoners; and sounded alarms of fires and other calamities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE terrific tornado which swept with such fury all along the New England coast is believed to have traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour. A great deal of the orchards stripped of fruit and foliage, and similar disasters, would fill columns. It is wonderful there was so little loss of life, and the effects of the most unreasonable equinoctial gale. We believe a storm that occurs any time between the autumnal and the vernal equinox may be regarded as the Equinoctial, unless it is afterward overshadowed by another more furious. The height of the tornado blows, the tall chimneys blown down, of the tall spires demolished, of the shipping driven on shore, of the windows broken in,

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

FISH CULTURE IN FRANCE.

THE French Government maintain a great establishment for fish culture. It is situated near the route from Basle to Strasbourg, and takes its name from the old castle of Huningue, near by. The principal building is a long, low structure, with a pavilion at each end and in the middle. In front are numerous ponds and water-courses, in which the young fish—trout, salmon, perch, pike, and others—are distributed. The row of poplars behind the buildings in the first view marks the line of the canal which connects the Rhone and the Rhine. The mountains upon the right, in the back-ground, are the spurs of the Swiss Alps. Those upon the left are the range of the Black Forest. The Rhine lies in the valley at their feet.

All the springs in the vicinity of the buildings are carried by a canal into one end of the structure, and the fresh, sparkling water, distributed into several troughs, runs incessantly from one end to the other, every part of the course being occupied with the process of impregnating or hatching the eggs, or nurturing the infant fish.

After the eggs have been taken from the fish and impregnated in the way which has been often described, they are placed in shallow baskets in the running water. Attendants watch them night and day, remove those that are "sick," separate those which the water masses together, change the baskets if they become foul from too long exposure to the water, and pick off every floating straw that might injure the eggs. The salmon eggs are large enough to be counted; and so complete is the organization of the establishment that records are kept of the daily changing numbers. Other eggs are too small to be known except by measurement.

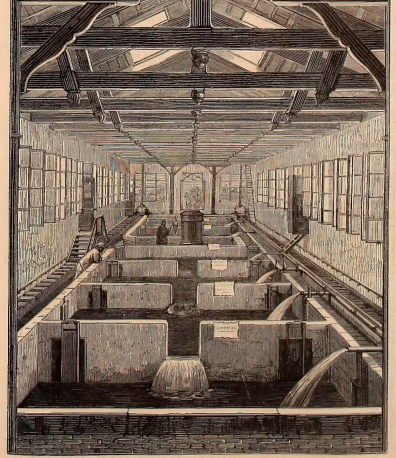
In the other wing of the building are the pools or tanks in which the young fish pass their earliest days, and from which, after proper growth, they are transferred to out-of-door pools, or sent to stock the ponds and streams of France.

The establishment at Huningue is for the benefit of the public, and the eggs are sent throughout France to all who apply, with no other charge than transportation.

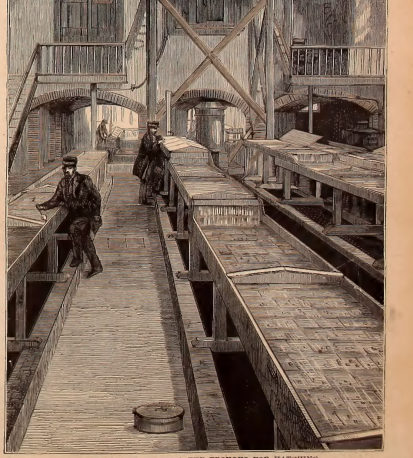
GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHMENT FOR FISH CULTURE AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE—GENERAL VIEW.

AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT PARIS.

THOUGH it is the customary affectation of the journalists who keep the record of Parisian gayeties to protest, about this time of the year, that the French capital is a perfect desert, abandoned by all its proper inhabitants, and only frequented by the savages of the provincial departments, or by ignorant foreign tourists who have lost their way on the wide continent of Europe, we are nevertheless credibly informed that the native bourgeoisie continue to dwell in that lively city; and we believe they may be found assembled in considerable numbers, any fine week-day or Sunday evening, at the various places, urban and suburban, where popular entertainments are provided at a cheap cost. The open-air theatres in the Champs Elysées and in other favorite haunts of pleasure contrive to draw pretty large audiences for their brisk little vaudevilles or farces, and plenty of spectators willing to be gratified by the performances of the nimble, if not always graceful and decorous, nymphs of the ballet. It is an exhibition of the latter kind, associated with the temptations of social idleness, a cup of some dainty and exhilarating beverage, alternating with cakes, or ice-creams, or comfits, or cigars, and especially with the opportunities of flirtation and coquetry under the public eye, which has attracted so many young men and maidens, besides not a few old men and children, who might perhaps have been more wisely occupied at home. But the world does very much as it pleases: and the illustration we have engraved on page 632 pretends but to show what the Parisians like to do.



INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE POOLS FOR YOUNG FISH.



INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE TROUGHS FOR HATCHING.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SOME years ago I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault: he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweler, on giving him the stone. "I must have it without fail on the 15th of this month; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last work that you will ever have from me."

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skillful hand the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when, unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris: what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the cabaret, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The concierge assured him that Montin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied, the jeweler went away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the master charged one of his men to seek him, and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade, and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble, the diamond became unfixed; he seized it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window! Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips murmuring the words, "Lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lethargy by the entrance of his master.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, finished or unfinished."

Montin looked wildly at him without uttering a word.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweler. "Why don't you answer? Have you drunk all your senses away?"

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured, "It—is—lost!"

"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when?"

"The stone."

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It was now the turn of the master to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried, "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was the *coup de grace* for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweler, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it is not irreparable.

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" and Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin; you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth £200; you must endeavor to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a week. With industry and sobriety you will soon get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "Yes, that will be it, Sir, that though I have been a drunkard, I am not a thief.

"I believe you," replied the jeweler. "I have every confidence in you; you are a good workman; I will furnish you with plenty of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Will I not that visit you?"

"Oh yes, Sir! only tell me once more that you do not think I sold the diamond."

"I repeat, on my honor, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced you are an honest man—in fact, I prove it by trusting you with more work."

"Yes, Sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault: the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits."

Montin kept his word—he rose early, and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was replaced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly his eye was attracted by a brilliant bright glittering on the extreme edge of an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between Heaven and earth!

At this sight his emotion became almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dared not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure.

"It is—it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears," said he; "but how shall I reach it? If it were not for that, I will take every precaution; not too fast!—let me consider well!"

At this moment his employer entered the room.

"Oh, Sir!" cried Montin, "it is there!"

"What?" said the jeweler.

"My diamond—the ruther yours. Ah, do not touch it, we shall lose it forever."

"It is true; it is certainly the diamond that has so tormented us; but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it." So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid, and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and fish the precious stone—Montin, hardly daring to breathe, watching all his movements with the greatest anxiety. At last the jeweler were crowned with success, and he cried, "Here it is, Montin! I congratulate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. What do you intend to do with the amount?"

"Leave it in your hands, Sir, if you will be kind enough to keep it for me."

"Most willingly; I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it, you will soon have a nice little sum," replied the jeweler.

This was the beginning of Montin's fortune. In a few years he became a partner with his master, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewelers in Paris.

HINDOO MARRIAGES.

SORELLY is some amelioration of the Hindoo marriage law required. Tied together as infants, there is rarely much love between the Hindoo man and wife; and too often the husband (if not indeed the wife) seeks elsewhere that affection which can not be kindled on the domestic hearth. But to the women this is not all. Married while yet a baby, she is by the old Hindoo law refused once for all. Her lord and master may die before the marriage has gone beyond the mere betrothal, but she is therefore forth a widow whom no other man may wed. Old Mr. Weller might, as far as this matter is concerned, have found favor among the strictest Brahmins of the old school, so entirely in accordance with their views were his sentiments as to widow marriage. Left a widow, the Hindoo woman is for the rest of her life a slave in the household of her husband's family. No hope may she cherish of having a home and children to call her own. She may not even decently her womanly vanity by wearing the trinkets that her sex (only in India, of course) delight in. And her existence is one of hopeless drudgery and unsatisfied desires. But the Bengalee Baboo has appeared as a modern Perseus to rescue the Hindoo damsel from her chains. Already, in the face of old-world prejudices, many Hindoo widows have been re-elected to the privileges of matrimony, and as the opinions of young Bengal extend, such marriages will become every day of more common occurrence.

A HEART UNFELLOWED.

TUNE autumn mellowed the year, the year,
And by the sea
Sat an aged man, or lady rare—
I know not which—with a shell at her ear
That from the depths of the sea
Wailed this melody:

"Oh! if it were mine to love, to love,
And when wert thou
Thou should'st not be an isle of the prime,
Where, rolling backward the wheels of Time,
All bliss shall meet in an Eden clime,
And I would be the ambient sea.

"Oh! if to thee, my love, my love,
Mine eyes were given:
Thou should'st no me be the fount of light,
The star of noon in the realms of night,
And I, as worlds glowed into sight,
Would be the gazing soul of heaven.

"Oh! if, in the might of thee and love,
To dare were mine,
The throne of the world should be my seat,
The neck of the world should bend at thy feet,
And the waves of praise should roll at my seat ever,
Like that they were doubly mine and thine.

"Oh! if to thee I brought my love,
Thou
My captives of victor thought, I ween,
Should march in flowers with silken mien,
And, prostrate, homage to thee their queen,
Tell me I was the more a king.

"'Tis mine, alas! to love, not be,
Not be
Not a word? not a sigh?—I am too bold;
My hopes are in vain, and my love is cold;
Thus the empty sum of my life is told—
Thus I am naught, and naught aught to thee!"

Such were the words of the shell, the shell,
Words sad and few
But when was the voice that spoke to her ear,
That whispered and wailed forth its deep despair,
Was more than a sigh, or a tear?
Or fay, or shell, or ocean knew.

METEORS AND COMETS.

A MOST remarkable feature of modern astronomical discovery is worthy of mention. A phenomenon which men had long feared, and for which in looking upon as a meteorological one has been at length recognized in its true light, and has been found wonderfully to enhance our appreciation of the complexity of the systems which exist within the solar domain. Meteors, shooting-stars, and aerolites have their place among the attendants of the sun; and, in several instances, the orbits they have followed before the eyes of the earth have been approximately determined.

But it is rather as members of systems than as individuals that these objects acquire their chief interest and meaning. There was not much, perhaps, to attract attention to them when they were supposed to be only two rings occupying a position in space very nearly coincident with that of the earth's orbit. But it has now been placed beyond a doubt that the earth encounters fifty-six systems, at least, of these small bodies. And these systems are found to be of enormous extent. Their paths are not circular rings, but ovals of great eccentricity extending far into space, even in some cases beyond the orbits of Uranus and Neptune. It is clear, then, that we can no longer look on these systems as resembling in the remotest degree the constitution of Saturn. We are compelled to admit as a legitimate *à posteriori* deduction, the extreme probability, we may almost say the certainty, that such systems are to be reckoned, not by hundreds and thousands, but by millions on millions.

Nor is this all. Within the last few months the startling discovery has been made that two of the meteoric systems, at least, and probably more, if not all, are physically connected. The exact extent with the orbits of known comets. According, we are led to trace an intimate connection between the cometary and meteoric systems, and to recognize the importance of such comets as Newton's, Halley's, and Donati's.

LIFE INSURANCE.

LIFE INSURANCE in this country seems to be safer than in England. In the latter country the Albert Life Insurance Company, established over thirty years ago, with an income exceeding $1,500,000 a year, and sums insured reaching $40,000,000, has suspended payment. This means that some 16,000 heads of families see their premiums, since repayment has been made for those dependent on them vanish into air. In many businesses a certain amount of risk seems inseparable from success. But in life insurance there can be no legitimate development of trade except on the understanding that risks are excluded.

In this country the government exercises a supervision over the insurance companies. An officer, called the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, takes care that the nominal capital is both subscribed and fully paid up before the company begins business, and that on taking any fresh risk a sum is set aside which, annually invested in approved securities at a low rate of interest, will be sufficient to pay the policy at maturity. To this officer every company is obliged to furnish on oath an annual statement, in a form compiled by him, of its exact financial position. The State does not trust, however, to the oath alone. The Superintendent, if he sees reason to suspect the annual statement of any company, may at any moment make a special investigation into its affairs, and where he believes insolvency to exist he may order the company to suspend the issue of new policies until after such an investigation has been held. If the result of the inquiry does not establish the solvency of the concern, the matter is referred to the Supreme Court, the company is dissolved, and the assets are distributed among the policy holders.

REARING CHILDREN.

IT is a settled matter of demonstration that about one-half of all the children born die in their infancy. If statistical tables are correct, the mortality is greater in civilized society than among semi-barbarous or savages. It is not to be denied that the Indians lose a large number of their papooses before the second year; but not in the midst of a given population in a civilized community where all the appliances, conveniences, and knowledge are in full exercise for their presence.

The negroes of Africa and the nomadic races in Asia lose many children early; but they appear to be more successful in their efforts to rear them than the best informed people of civilized Europe or America. No doubt this assertion may be called in question. Figures are not to be disputed, however. If it be admitted that the manner of everyday life of multitudes of children is injurious to their nursing babes, one direct cause of the mortality among infants, never practiced by unsophisticated outdoor, open-air women, will be established. Our civilized mothers bundle up their babies too closely, and too often deprive them of the fresh, invigorating atmospheric air. They are wilted like cut flowers in a stifling nursery. Their freedom is too much abridged, from the mere idea that they may catch cold if exposed. The Esquimaux mother refreshes her nude nursling in an Arctic snowdrift. Circulation overdoes—the uncivilized lets nature do more.

THE NORTHERLY LIMIT OF THE OYSTER.

At the northern extremity of the Province of Nordland, between 68° and 69° north latitude, are situated the Lofoden Islands, or Vesterlaane Oerne, which are separated from the main land by the Vestfiord. This broad arm of the sea is remarkable both for its violent currents and whirlpools, among which the Maelstrom has attained a world-wide celebrity, and also from its being the most northerly limit where the oyster has been found.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I HAVE used my WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine over ten years without repairs, and without breaking a needle, although I commenced the use of it without any instruction. Have used it constantly for family sewing, have quilted a whole quilt of the largest size, and it is still in complete order, runs like a top, and bids fair to be willed to those who come after me, with better powers of production than an unbroken prairie farm. MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Whitewater, Wis.

DR. AYER'S LABORATORY, that has done such wonders for the sick, now issues a potent restorer for the beauty of mankind, or the curative work advancing age is so prone to diminish and destroy. His VIGOR restores gray locks on the bald and gray pates among us, and thus lays us under obligations to him for the good looks as well as health of the community.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE THORN IN THE FOOT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S NEW SYSTEM.

IT is announced that the majority of the Prince Imperial of France will be declared upon his next birthday. This fact, so ominous and recent illness of the Emperor, so serious that the Empress abandoned her Eastern tour, must remind every Frenchman who really desires permanent repose for his country that the prospect of obtaining it is rapidly disappearing. Nearly seventy years ago NAPOLEON said to LAFAYETTE, "The French are unfit for liberty." LAFAYETTE answered that they were tired only of license, and their sufferings from the abuse of liberty made them only the more desirous of real freedom. "And that," he said, "Citizen First Consul, the French expect from you."

When LOUIS NAPOLEON overthrew the French Republic, he said, substantially, that nothing was to be hoped from a government of doctrinaires and visionaries quarrelling among themselves, and that he would justify his usurpation by the tranquility and confidence which he would bestow upon France. This was the significance of his famous remark, "the empire is peace." In a certain sense he has redeemed his word. During the seventeen years of his reign there has been no serious public disturbance in France. He has silenced Paris. In the Mexican war Italy he maintained the national prestige; and although in the later Italian movement, and in Mexico, his majesty was at fault, the incompetency did not lead to domestic trouble. The principle which he extols in his "Life of Cæsar," Cæsarism or absolute personal government, has been the guide of the imperial régime. But the fatal fault of the system has been evident from the beginning. The empire may be peace, but the Emperor is the empire. While LOUIS lives the power that establishes his rule continues; but when Cæsar dies Cæsarism is impotent.

The present situation of France is the final criticism of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He has sought his own glory, not the welfare of France, and he has not been able to see that, even for himself, a true patriotism was the best policy. He has preferred a strictly personal government, and in so doing, despite the claims of his friends that he is a remarkably sagacious man, and despite a certain reputation for political study and philosophy due to his "Napoleonic ideas," he has shown that he has not comprehended the cardinal principle that a stable and progressive government is one of laws, not of persons. In the last days of a fierce civil war lasting for four years the President of the United States is assassinated, but his death does not in the least degree affect the operation of the government, and, while it terribly shocks, it does not injuriously disturb the public mind. But at the end of seventeen years of undisputed and peaceful supremacy, the mere prospect of the death by illness of the Emperor of France is the sure portent of confusion and dismay.

For this situation LOUIS NAPOLEON and France are equally responsible—the Emperor for supposing that permanent order could be established upon personal supremacy, and the French for not demanding a constitutional system. This has indeed been the demand of a party; but it was not so plainly the resolution of the country that it could not be disregarded. And that it has been disregarded is not denied. LOUIS NAPOLEON has chosen by restrictions of the press and by his whole system of centralization to be deaf to the voice of the nation, conscious him of a supremacy rightful to use it as that he seized, and makes his usurpation a crime. No reason can be urged for the concessions of the *Senatus Consultum* now that were not urged by valid ten years ago. The moment for an absolute ruler to begin a constitutional régime is when he is in the fullness of his power and renown, not when his force is failing, and the constitution is seen to be a tub thrown to the whale. LOUIS NAPOLEON'S true policy was the extremest constitutional liberalism, and that is almost the only form of government which France has not tried within the last century.

The radical defect of the system now proposed by LOUIS NAPOLEON is, that the Ministry is not responsible to the people. If the change in the direction attempted is necessary, then a more radical change is imperative. A Ministry responsible to a Senate which the Emperor appoints is not a responsible Ministry in the legitimate sense. The point for which LOUIS NAPOLEON ought to hope to provide is the peaceful succession of his son. But how does the *Senatus Consultum* do that? It is plain that the security against trouble when the Emperor dies would be the conviction of the people that they really have the power. The new system does not assure them of that. The majority of the Prince Imperial may be declared, but nobody can declare that of the empire. "At any moment the Emperor may die, and apparently the empire must fall with him.

THE SICKLES NOTE.

WE have never supposed that the Administration would choose this moment to threaten Spain, or to depart from the honorable tradition of American neutrality. We have therefore been constantly unwilling to believe that propositions of the kind reported for a settlement of the Cuban question had been made to the Spanish Government; and we are not surprised to learn that the note which General SICKLES was said to have addressed to that Government, conveying a menace, was not approved at Washington. Nothing could well be more superfluous and insulting than to say to Spain that if she did not more differently we should recognize the Cubans as belligerents. This, however, is merely the reported threat of the note. As we said in our last, it is useless to know precisely any thing upon the subject.

The United States need not threaten. Their power is recognized and assured. Their respect for treaty obligations, and the amity of nations, and their own neutrality laws, have been demonstrated. Whenever it shall seem to them that good faith requires, and the general welfare demands, intervention, or concession of belligerent rights, or recognition of independence, in the case of any struggling people on any shore, they will not hesitate to declare it, and with the full consideration of every consequence. And especially under this Administration would they act without Buncombe. The proper course for the United States Government to pursue, with a due regard for its friendly relations with Spain, and for the present condition of affairs there, is to wait, to propose any thing, is to offer friendly mediation. When that is declined in the same spirit, there is an end of the matter. If the war should continue, the Government would watch it narrowly, and act accordingly.

If the war upon the Spanish state in Cuba is distinguished by peculiar barbarity, it is becoming in any power friendly to Spain to remonstrate at its discretion. But it should remonstrate in the name of humanity and civilization, and not make the occasion to bluster. Every remonstrance of this kind implies a reserved possibility. If the warfare is so inhuman as to provoke remonstrance, the alternative of Spanish solution be disdained or unheeded, the warned nation is prepared for all consequences. Should it appear that the note of General SICKLES contained nothing more than the usual remonstrance of this kind, the perturbation of the Spanish press would be entirely unnecessary. But if it were conditional upon any expectation, that perturbation would hardly have arisen.

It is to be presumed, therefore, that our Minister has gone further, and as a politician estimated in the manifest disposition of Spain it is impossible that he has seriously transcended his instructions. The London *Times* says there is no doubt that the alternative offered Spain by the United States is abandonment of the island or American recognition of the insurgents, and apprehends severe events. The *Times* is unquestionably mistaken. The Administration would not take such a responsibility, and it would not be sustained by public opinion if it did. The probability that the annexation of slavery in Cuba has been determined by the home Government, and that negotiations have been begun for the severance of the island from Spain. Does it not occur to the *Times* that these are facts the conduct which it attributes to the United States Government is ridiculous? If they should we be surprised to learn whereas Spain else does not do what she has already done?

When the Cortes and Congress meet, the Cuban question will probably not be settled. We still doubt whether Spain will offer absolutely to part from Cuba. As we said some weeks since, it is more likely that before yielding to the revolution she will offer to grant justice, a plan of reforms, and a vote of the Cubans upon the question of separation. Confess, if it faithfully proposed, Spain would will not depart from the national traditions of conduct in such circumstances, and will not allow any supposed desire of annexation to influence its action.

CATHOLIC PROTESTANTS.

ALTHOUGH when Pope PIUS THE NINTH was elected to the chair of ST. PETER he began his Pontificate by the display of a liberal political spirit, although, after the gloomy régime of GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH, the words and acts of the new Pope seemed to promise a millennium of joy and progress to the Roman States, and a fresh inspiration to the piety of the Church, it was tranquilly said by those who thoroughly comprehended the nature of the Church, that if PIUS were only another GREGORY THE GREAT or HILDEBRAND, he could rule the Church to the centre, and shake the religious world; but if he were only what his career to that time had led every body to believe, then he would be a leaf upon Niagara. POOR PIUS has certainly not been a HILDEBRAND; but he has summoned a Council.

It is more than three hundred years since there has been a General Council of the Church of Rome, and its authority is so vast and vague in assumption, and so undecided in fact, that to invoke it has always seemed to threaten more danger than profit to the Church. The call for the present assembly by a Pope who has denounced the whole spirit of modern civilization as irreligious, and whose organs have plainly foreshadowed the enormity and stringency of the dogmas likely to be declared, has, of course, profoundly moved the great body of Roman Catholics.

The consequences are already begin to appear. The two old tendencies in the Church, the Ultramontane and the Gallican, are becoming daily evident. The names describe in general the liberal and the anti-liberal movement—the assertion of universal ecclesiastical supremacy, and the protest against it. The Bavarian Prime Minister has expressed his dissatisfaction. Austria quietly awaits events, but will, of course, resist any extraordinary assumption. Most significant, the *press chronicle* of the Roman Church among European laymen, has declared his sympathy with the Germans, who protest in advance against the probable action of the Council; and the telegraph announces that the Dominican Father HYACINTHE, the honeyed tongue of the Church in Paris, has abandoned his convent, and has published a letter to the General of his order, protesting against the Pope and Council, and against doctrines and practices of the Church which he asserts are anti-christian.

Such signs are significant. When Pope INOCENT censured FENELON he submitted without a word. But he is not the age of INOCENT, and a priest who defies the Council in advance is not likely to yield to its demands nor to dread its anathema. If the conservative and reactionary party in the Church in Council—and in ecclesiastical assemblies it generally prevails —there will be many a MONTALEMBERT, many a HYACINTHE, who will be forced to oppose the decrees of an authority which they are taught to believe infallible, or to admit that an infallible body may be mistaken in the subjects to which its infallibility extends, or to renounce their Church altogether.

As yet, indeed, the reasons for assembling a Council which can only confirm and declare what the great perils of its probable action have not been made evident. It was hardly worth while, for the sake of declaring the dogma of the divinity of the Virgin Mary, to run the risk of convulsing the Church; and what can be gained by the assertion of the personal infallibility of the Pope more than the cost of a schism? To those who are not of the Church the spectacle will be interesting; while among the most extraordinary incidents in history would be the declaration of the highest authority of the greatest multitude of Christians in the world, that the era of the greatest general enlightenment and active progress, the period of breaking chains, and of the most careful study of human welfare, was radically hostile to the spirit of Christ.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

THE New York Democratic Convention was an assembly of the most noted party leaders; but nothing in its proceedings commended it to the sympathy of those who believe that this is a truly democratic government intended to secure equal rights for all the people. Mr. TILDEN exhorted his friends to let by-gones be by-gones, and declared for the right to be called white labor against the Chinese immigrant and the colored citizen. But he did not intend to forget the by-gones, because, including a bloody war, were the work of Democrats, and that certain dogmas of the party must be abandoned because the people had spurned them; nor did he intend to unconsciously that in a country of which a seventh of the population is colored, and which invites immigration, to declare by word or race against another as to forbid fair play, and to encourage hatred, confusion, and anarchy.

Mr. TILDEN having said that he did not wish to see any immigrants coming to the country who could not be amalgamated with the population in one homogeneous mass, Mr. O'GORMAN said that the population of Europe would flock against the colored native vote in Georgia. Mr. O'GORMAN also said that the Republican party had obtained influence by "interpreting that sentiment among the angry passions, which now, thank God, is eradicated from the American heart." The transient emotion and angry passion which have given the Republican party power, which maintain its continued dominance in the minds of the most intelligent men and in the most enlightened parts of the country, were the love of liberty and the perception of the relation of justice to national prosperity, which have abolished the most infamous slavery against the protest of what is called Democracy, and have proclaimed the equal rights of all American citizens against the most desperate Democratic endeavors.

Mr. TILDEN and Mr. O'GORMAN, and all Democratic orators and conventions, may be very sure that it is not by contrasting the history, character, and measures of the two parties that they can hope to make converts among intelligent Americans. Mr. CASSIDY, who is one of the ablest of the Democratic editors, and who is understood to have written the resolutions, also points us to the history of his party from the beginning. But surely he, equally with his friends the orators, knew that the reason the Democratic party was constantly defeated from 1860 to 1868, during the deadly struggle to save the country and the government, was the universal conviction of the American people that a party which had furnished every rebel and every sympathizer with rebellion was not a truly patriotic party.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

MR. SUMNER'S speech at the Massachusetts Republican Convention took the ground that the chief consideration in the pending election is the position of the State upon the great national questions. His very property assumed that if Massachusetts, of all the States in the Union, should, upon some issue of prohibition, abandon her place at the right of the Republican line, that line throughout the country would be dismayed and demoralized; and by its defeat not only would the grog-shops in Massachusetts and elsewhere be free from all without restriction, but the policy which is most favored at such resorts would become the policy of the country. The speech, by its forced construction of the great national issues, undoubtedly had a powerful effect. The action of the Convention was singularly harmonious. The only question which the Democratic might have arisen—that of prohibition—was declared not to be one of party, but one which should be properly left to the Legislature.

The points of the speech were that the national faith must be kept to the uttermost with the freedom and the credit; and that while the most liberal policy should be pursued through justice, our foreign policy should be peace through honorable and friendly neutrality. Cuba should not be recognized as belligerent, because belligerency is a fact, and recognition is not accomplished revolution. Against England the case was re-stated as in the speech in the Senate, in which Mr. SUMNER stated that he did not demand damages, but simply declared the nature and extent of the claim of the United States.

This plain and those in the New York Convention show how entirely our politics proceed upon general and national, not upon State and local issues. Mr. SUMNER, indeed, said in the New York Convention that the Democratic Canal Board had cleaned out the canals. But the remarks he made could not be regarded as controlling upon the whole question. The tendency of which we speak is inevitable, and it is instructive, nor is it to be deplored.

THE SCHOOLS.

THE Board of Education has resolved that the Latin and Greek languages shall not be taught in the College of the City of New York. Mr. LARREMORE, the President of the Board, claimed that it was not the business of the trustees to decide whether the College was a desirable institution or not. It has been founded by the State; he and his associates have been made guardians; and as the language are a recognized part of every college curriculum, it is, in his judgment, the duty of the Board to allow the pupils that, unless positive can be urged against it. This he has not found, and he warmly advocated the study of the Latin and Greek, and opposed dropping them from the course. The Opposition made the mistake of underestimating the value of the classical studies as a reason for discontinuing them in the College. It was not urged that they had, but not for the reason that they are valueless.

This question being settled, there are subjects of more importance that will demand the attention of the Board. It is alleged that the accommodations of the schools are wholly insufficient, and we have even read one statement that thousands of children were excluded for this reason last year.

The one thing that we can all clearly see is, that ignorance is fatal to a popular government, and that a thorough kind and degree of education are so indispensable to the public welfare that the State is justified in providing for them at the common expense. Unquestionably, also, the same consideration would justify making that education obligatory.

First of all, there must be room enough in the schools, and the school-houses must be not only sufficiently spacious, but perfectly secure, well-lighted, and properly ventilated. Of course, in the city of New York, with the rapid increase of the population by immigration, it is not easy to keep pace with the demand of such accommodations. The schools must be built in every part of the city, and the highest prices for land, material, and labor must necessarily be paid. These indispensable expenses are very great, but they are unavoidable, and the Board should not hesitate to ascertain, from statistics and calculations which are at hand, just what is necessary for the proper school ac-

commodation of all the children, including in the estimate a liberal rate of salary to skilful teachers. Let them report to the public, but take care to show that the money will not be wasted. The new Constitution provides that instruction shall be free to all children in the State. Economy is always desirable; but parsimony in the support of schools is not economy. We do not believe that the taxpayers will grudge the payment of any sum for school purposes, so long as they are persuaded that it is honestly necessary.

It is true that the proper lines of a public school education are necessarily arbitrary, but they may still be drawn with a great deal of uniformity and precision. It is to be a general and not a special training; it is to furnish the elementary instruction, which at his own inclination and expense the scholar may afterward develop. We hope that the new Board will have plenty of work and a definite policy, and not fear to trust the public good sense upon this most important of public interests.

TRADE AND THE CROPS.

THE principal trade thus far this season has been with the South and Southwest, and on a scale which shows a decided improvement in those localities in financial power, due mainly to the results of the cotton crop for the year ending on the 31st of August last. The total crop amounts to 2,260,557, in addition to 362,398 on hand on the 1st September, 1868; which, together, have yielded from two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of dollars to the cotton-growing States; while this advantage over former years that, having at the same time produced more food than is usual, the net profit from cotton equals that of those years when double the quantity of this staple was grown. Of the crop of this year 1,444,668 were exported to foreign countries, 821,924 were consumed within the limits of the North-western States, and 173,203 in Virginia and the Cotton States—giving a total of 995,127 consumed in the United States, which quantity includes 230,903 bales burned, and 141,160 the estimated stock on hand on the 1st September, 1869.

It will be thus seen that foreign states contribute to this renewed strength of the South in the proportion which 1,444,668 bears to 2,297,795; and that the States north of Virginia and those of the Northwest in the proportion which the figures applicable to them bear to the whole produce.

The exemption in Virginia and the Cotton States—173,203 bales or thereabouts—shows the extent of the manufacturing industry in cotton fabrics which has grown up in the South —a result of the close of the war. This manufacture consists of cotton yarns and coarse shirtings and sheetings, the latter distributed quite largely in New York in free competition with cloths of like description proceeding from the old establishments. This industry will no doubt increase with advancing immigration into their midst, and all the materials for success are found in the Southern States. Cotton and woolen mills are also springing up in the West, which supply their respective localities with many articles of trade.

The time is not distant when the Eastern and Northern States will bear the same relation to the Southern and Western in manufacturing industry that the European manufacturers now bear to us. The foreigner now supplies only fine goods, in the manufacture of which in four or five years we shall be actively engaged the result of successful competition with us in the coarser fabrics which the spread of mills over the South and West will occasion. No other resource is left to us; and it may safely be assumed, if protection to our industry is not too much reduced, that we shall advance to the new condition of things in the foreign markets to which we shall be driven, with the skill and activity necessary for success. No American can examine the display of goods which are now in progress in this city without just pride at the advances made within a few years in woolen and dress goods—advances which leave no question of the eminence soon to be attained.

Another change has occurred in the condition of the trade. More than one-half of the buyers from that quarter during this season are of the Jewish persuasion—a fact very perceptibly felt during the Jewish holidays, when the quite frequent and very well observed, leading to diminished sales by the jobbing and importing houses on the days when they occur. It will be recollected that during the war the Jews passed the lines of both belligerents very freely, as it was difficult to distinguish to which section they belonged by what they had carried by way of profits. The old houses of the South, which were in the habit of giving long credits to the planters, were many of them either killed or wrecked out as the result of the conflict, and a new system of trade and new men followed. The aversion to long credits is shared not only by the new traders, but here also, and there is consequently greater safety in this respect. Efforts have been made this season to extend the credits on cotton goods, on the ground that the profits of the purchasers would be light, and that payment from home customers was expected only after the new crops began to come to market; but the effort was generally resisted by our leading houses.

Northern and Western buyers have not arrived very freely thus far, owing to their ability to receive goods rapidly, and to the tendency to hold low stocks which is common among the small dealers. Chicago has become a large distributor for the region pierced by her railroads, and she buys from first hands more generally than usual. Money not being plenty among Western farmers, they are confined to the supply of immediate wants; and although it will continue to be good and remunerative, it is not likely to partake of speculation in any part of the season.

The condition of the country as to its crops is now being regarded, at least in portions of the Northern States, with anxiety. A drought of uncommon severity had prevailed along the Atlantic coast, and it has become necessary to resort to stores laid up for the winter to supply the want of pasturage. The corn crop in light soils has been severely injured, in some cases entirely destroyed. In the southern county of Westchester farmers not favored with living springs have been obliged for nearly a month to send long distances for water, and they are now learning what is the full meaning of the English during the season of 1868. The autumnal equinox, which has been awaited with anxiety, has occurred; and as the drought has not been very general, the new useless pastures will scarcely be restored this year. Water, however, is abundant.

The crops of small grains had been gathered throughout the Southern Atlantic States before the drought set in. In portions of South Carolina and Georgia the dry weather has affected the cotton as well as the corn, having into view the whole cotton-producing region, there is scarcely a doubt that the quantity will be as large if not larger than the crop of 1868-69. Shipments of wheat from the South have been restrained by the fear that it will be necessary to call upon this cereal to supply the place of corn.

In the Northern States the crop of cereals was quite good, but owing to the severe rains which fell at harvest-time much wheat has been injured, and the movement has been delayed in ripening in the Northwest that an early frost would inflict serious damage.

The vast extent of the whole Union, and the varieties of climate which we are favored, do not permit uniformity either in the benefits or the injuries to the farmer which attend the annual production. Neither the continuance of drought nor the undue prevalence of severe rains is ever general over the entire country, and all do not simultaneously suffer. The advantage which some portions enjoy in the way of fertility more grain than we shall need for consumption, but not much from Atlantic ports to satisfy the wants abroad. Whatever the harvests of 1869-70 will produce as large rewards as did that of 1868-69 is much discussed. There seems to be no fear that the production of cotton in the cotton-growing States sufficiently in excess of the last crop to affect the demand for what we shall have to sell; but it must be remembered that consumption is great and at home were not generally able to make a profit last season, and it can scarcely be expected but they will run their mills for another year at a loss. The stock of cotton goods in the middlings during the week which ended on the 18th September, due very much to the approach of new shipments, it has been long understood that 34½ cents for middlings could be maintained only during the prevalence of the scarcity which the nearly total consumption of the crop of 1868-69 occasioned. The demand for cotton goods is a necessity, and she will make as powerful efforts to accomplish it as have been made since last season, when it became thus far, to command the market-price of grain.

Business, however, of all descriptions was brought to a pause on Thursday and Friday by the calamity of the Gold Panic. The latter is conducted on a scale of frightful extent and with the effrontery which disregards the substantial interests of the community. At this point, "Hans Breitmann's Party." It is irresistibly delicious. Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued the poems in a very handsome and pretty volume, with a grave glossary at the end.

By the death of Mr. JOHN RIDGEWAY, on the 4th of August, Boston lost an exemplary citizen, and the country one of its most remarkable inventors. He was well known as the inventor of the RIDGEWAY "Vertical Revolving Battery," which did not succeed, securing the adoption of his invention by the United States Government, but it has received from army and naval officers the highest commendation.

The first number of the *College Review*, a neat and attractive monthly of the form of the *Nation*, has appeared. We learn that the editor is Mr. F. C. GILBERT, and that the literary reviews are by Mr. W. L. STONE, who has also a general supervision of the paper. The opening number has some timely and interesting articles, and the foreign correspondence is announced as of especial interest. A story by the late WILLIAM L. STONE opens gracefully, and we do not doubt that the College Review will heartily agree with the remarks upon College Education, and give a hearty welcome to the view who appeals peculiarly to their sympathy, and who will be devoted to their service.

THE *Times* says that "Paraguay is a republic threatened by a monarchy," and, therefore, appeals to our sympathies as republicans. So old Venice was a republic, but we doubt if Republican liberty suffered severely when it was overthrown. The people of Paraguay have as much share in their government as the people of Turkey. It is not with the name of Republic, but with the life and spirit of government, that Americans naturally sympathize.

MR. HENRY MORRISON, a gentleman hitherto unknown to us, sheds a good deal of light upon the present political situation in a late speech before the Young Men's Democratic Committee. His view of the Democracy, especially, is inspiring and novel. MR. MORRISON remarked that,

"The genius of the Democratic party was as eternal as the country, and that both must expire simultaneously, without hope of resurrection by the light of the past. In the silent watches of the night the watchman's responsibility was that his sisters were there in their weeds and in their volume rolling in; and in this moment of exposure and trial and undoubted good and evil of Democracy—her timbers strained but sound—was floating—yes, it was! In the darkest days, when faith had not faded, the morning dawned. It broke, and with it came the sun upon the deck, bearing on its wings their omen and their pride: she came with evidence that the United States had set her foothold and wreckage, for on each leaf and evergreen, in letters of light and life, spoke in the Democratic party, was inscribed, 'Excelsior.'"

After observing at some length that greatness and prosperity were the glory were the glory with the Democratic party, and reviewing our political history with what the reporter invidiously describes as "considerable accuracy," the orator concluded by exclaiming:

"Say not that republics were ungrateful. They had their way. Even in CLELLAN's night they were displeased by jealous interference, was illustrious; whose fame shone like the sun and was reflected in all eyes—men dazzled them with incomprehensibility when they should have been gratified. Johnson, Democratic as he was, administered the government as a Democrat takes advantage of the interregnum which success of his party has created, and so saves a nation in spite of the allegiance of the first principles of their existence. Johnson, like CLELLAN, would be lost sight of in the expanse of reason and justice in the admiring but intelligent gaze of the people, and would be eclipsed in the reign of the so-called Republican party. Russia has her Poniatowski, Austria her Hungary, England her Ireland, and America her South. Democracy said unto blood, 'Rise,' and it rose up and lived. Unbound, they rose disenthralled and free, and resumed their place among the sovereign States of the world and perpetuated Union, and by the living light and life of the Democracy. The Democracy was and is. Once returned to heaven, redeemed, regenerated, and released by the mercy and the humanity of a people, they claimed their birthright and their attributes of immortality."

If not entirely perspicuous, this will yet be universally agreed to present the subject in a very striking manner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. CATACAZY, the new Russian Minister, presented his credentials to the President on September 24.

The Democratic State Democratic Convention met at Syracuse September 15. The present State officers were renominated.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention met at Worcester September 22, and was unanimous for Senator SUMNER. Governor Claflin was renominated.

GEORGE F. PEARCE, of the famous Powell Exploring Expedition to Colorado, has returned to Chicago, and reports that the country traversed through which he traveled is barren and not susceptible of cultivation to the extent that was supposed.

The damage inflicted upon the wheat crop in Minnesota by the late storms is estimated at 20 per cent.

The engineer who a few weeks ago caused the Mast Yard explosion has been acquitted by the jury.

We give on page 634 a table, showing the remarkable fluctuations of the value of the New York City from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., September 24, 1869.

FOREIGN NEWS.

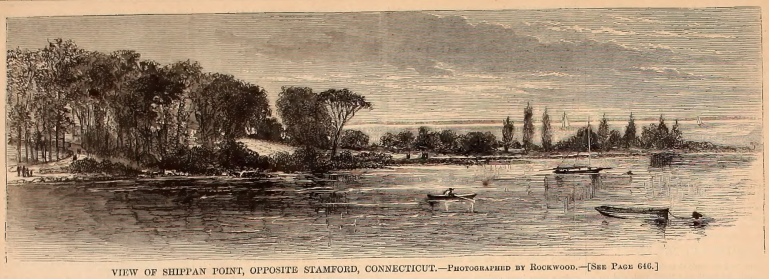
THE Paris papers recently published a letter from the preacher-monk, Father Hyacinthe, addressed to the Father General of the order of Barnabites, announcing that he abandons his convent, and ceases henceforth to wear the habit of his order. He declares that he has a reason for this radical step, he declares that he can no longer be a member of the Holy Synod of Barnabites, before the Pope and the Council, against doctrines and practices of the Church which he believes, as he contends, are not in accordance with the principles of Christ. Father Hyacinthe has published also the letter of Pere Hyacinthe as a great religious and political manifesto.

Father Charles Loyson Hyacinthe was born at Orleans, France, in 1827, and received his education at Pau. In 1852 he was ordained at St. Sulpice, in Paris, and for a period of fifteen years was a professor in the main while he studied theology four years at the Sorbonne, graduating as Master of Arts and Doctor of Theology at Nantes. Having passed ten years in the service of the Church of God as a priest, he entered the convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of this order, and began to preach at Toulouse. In 1864 there, his sermons, delivered at Notre Dame, were received with a revival of the old fervor. In 1865, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Advent season of 1866 at Toulouse. It was during the summer of 1868 that he made his first appearance in the pulpit of Notre Dame, having preached in Lent, and afterward at the Church of the Madeleine. His sermons in Notre Dame, having proved so attractive, he eloquence and boldness of his utterances attracted public attention, and he became at once a brilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent sermons excite such wide-spread comment. The latest report from Paris intimates that the Father Hyacinthe has left his convent, and at present is living with his wife and child as declared in the home of his parents.

Our last advices from Spain report a revival of the republican movement against the Government. The time is fast approaching for the Cortes, both the Republicans and the Carlists, to battle. There has already been a barricade fight in the streets of Barcelona, and an outbreak seemed imminent in Madrid. Cuba and the Republican leader, had recently addressed 30,000 people at Saragossa.

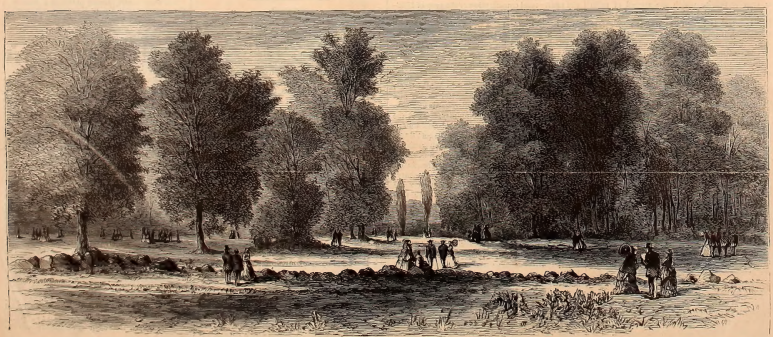
We have from Cuba a confirmation of the Las Tunas victory. Cespedes has assumed command of the Cuban forces.

The Pope has politely informed Dr. Cumming, of England, that these only will be admitted to the Oecumenical Council who are in accord with the papal idea.



VIEW OF SHIPPAN POINT, OPPOSITE STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

SHIPPAN POINT—JOHNSON AND MILLER'S AUCTION SALE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1869.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



SHIPPAN POINT—VISITORS INSPECTING PROPERTY PRELIMINARY TO THE SALE OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1869.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

BARBARA UBRYK, THE INCARCERATED NUN OF CRACOW.

BARBARA UBRYK, THE INCARCERATED NUN.

OUR readers will remember that, a few weeks since, we published a detailed narrative from the Vienna *Presse* of the incarceration of the Cracow nun, BARBARA UBRYK. We give this week a portrait of this victim of conventual cruelty.

The Hull Convent scandal, in England, and this Cracow disclosure have each excited the most profound attention throughout Christendom, and have done much to disabuse the popular mind of the romantic notions so often associated with convent life. These revelations have also led some of the European governments to insist upon the right of exercising inspection over convents, as over other institutions where the lack of such supervision might lead to abuses.

The following is the substance of the information made public soon after the discovery of BARBARA UBRYK'S incarceration:

About the 20th of July, an anonymous notice reached the Criminal Court at Cracow to the effect that in the Convent of the Carmelite Barefooted Nuns one of the order, named BARBARA UBRYK, had been forcibly kept in close confinement in a dark cell for twenty-one years. The Vice-President of the Criminal Court, RITTER VON ANTONIEWICZ, immediately laid this information before a judge of inquiry, who, in company with the public prosecutor, repaired to the bishop, VON GALECKI, with the request to permit them to enter the convent. Herr VON GALECKI suggested to the judge that the notice might have arisen out of a false report; but when the officer of justice urged him to give him an ecclesiastical assistant, he declared that he would grant the request in his capacity as Papal delegate, and sub-delegated the Papal prelate SPITAL, a very intelligent and worthy priest. In his company and that of his actuary, KWIALKOWSKI, the judicial witnesses, STANISLAUS GRALEWSKI and THEOPHIL PARYL, the judge drove to the convent. The latter, which is one of the strictest female orders, is situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of CRACOW. The convent was first entered by Father SPITAL, and the commission went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom showed the judge the cell of Sister BARBARA. This cell, between the pantries, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window and a double wooden door, in which there was a movable grating, through which, very probably, food was handed in. The cell, seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is almost impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century presented. In a dark, infected hole, adjoining the sewer, sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands and pitifully implored: "I am hungry: have pity on me; give me meat, and I shall be obedient—" This hole, for it could hardly be called a chamber, besides containing all kinds of dirt and filth, and a dish with rotten potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing—no stove, no bed, no table, no chair—it was neither warmed by a fire nor by the rays of the sun. This den the inhuman Sisters, who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. For twenty-one years the Gray Sisters daily passed this cell, and not one of them ever thought of taking compassion on this poor outcast prisoner. Half human be-

THE OLDEST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND, AT WICKFORD, RHODE ISLAND.
SKETCHED BY CHARLES E. HUBD.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

ing, half animal, with a filthy body, with thick knock-kneed legs, hollow cheeks, closely shaved, dirty head, unwashed for years, came a hobble-looking being forward, such as DANTE in his wildest imagination was unable to picture, with her deeply-sunk eyes staring on one spot, such this wretched victim in her cell in the Convent of the Carmelites. The judge immediately ordered the nun to be clothed, and sent himself for Bishop GALECKI. The bishop was deeply moved, and, turning to the assembled nuns, he solemnly remarked them for their inhumanity.

"Is this," he said, "what you call love of your neighbor? Fiends, not women, these you are, to let this that you purpose to enter the kingdom of heaven?" The nuns ventured to excuse their conduct, but the bishop would not hear them out, but, "putting with a fearfully wild gesture and in great excitement to the Sisters," they are out angels!

This fearful personal history, which was brought to the light of day by the above alone, shows what iniquity may be covered by the sacred name of religion even in this 19th century.

SHIPPAN POINT.

SHIPPAN POINT, of which we give a view on page 644, is a beautiful and fertile peninsula of 300 acres in extent, opposite Stamford, Connecticut. The surface slopes in every direction, and it is surrounded on all sides by the most picturesque scenery. In front, stretching westward and seaward for a long distance, lies Long Island Sound, with Long Island beyond. Through the groves and orchards of Shippan Point several miles of serpentine roads have been recently constructed, and other improvements are in progress. One of our illustrations on page 644 represents the sale at public auction of a portion of the property at the Point, by JOHNSON & MILLER, on the 21st of September.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR JOHN IS DISCUSSED.

DURING the first four or five years of Maud Desmond's stay at Shipley, Lady Tallis had written several times to Mr. Levincourt, asking news of her niece, and requesting the tidings of her own troubles and injuries in long, tangled skeins of sentences, wherein verbs and their nominatives were never invoked together in intricable confusion. Moreover, as she wrote with very pale ink, on very thin paper, and crossed each page of writing, the trouble of deciphering her epistles speedily became a greater one than Mr. Levincourt was willing to give himself.

Her ladyship's mode of expressing herself was singularly enigmatical. This did not arise from any intention of being mysterious, but simply from what the vicar styled "a puzzle-headedness," and from a conception of the grammatical construction of the English language considerably at variance with the best authorities.

Lady Tallis invariably wrote of her husband as "he." This was intelligible until some gentleman individual requiring the same personal pronoun appeared in the letter. But when that other individual—whoever he might be—had also to be mentioned, the difficulty of distinguishing the "he's" became considerable.

Add to this that every word which could be abbreviated was cut down to two or three letters: "which" became wh, "your" yr, "morning" mg, and so forth. As the writer of the letter-paper were so inestimably precious to the writer that they must be economized at all hazards. Enough, in truth, she had to write in both of the one and the other as she knew what to do with.

Mr. Levincourt would glance at the beginning and the end, and then would fold up the letter, saying to himself, as he put it on his desk, that he would read it carefully "by-and-by."

As years went on the communications between Lady Tallis and the family at the vicarage grew rarer and rarer. Her ladyship was traveling about. The town-house was let on a long lease. Her address was uncertain. It became more and more apparent—or would have become so to any one taking the trouble to consider the poor lady's epistles with patience and sympathy—that her married life was wretched. She would, she said, very gladly have received her niece for a while, but "circumstances" forbade her doing so." What those circumstances were, the vicar knew with tolerable accuracy.

Veronica, too, had learned from her mother more of Lady Tallis's history than was known to Maud. Mrs. Levincourt had often expressed her contempt for Lady Tallis's weakness in submitting to be crushed and tyrannized over by her husband, and had said that the woman must be an imbecile.

Veronica was inclined to think so too.

Occasionally Maud had spoken of her aunt to the vicar. "I should like to see Aunt Hilda," she had said. "She is the only one left of dear mamma's relatives. And I know mamma loved her very much."

Then the vicar had explained that although Mrs. Desmond loved her sister, she by no means loved or esteemed her sister's husband: and that there was no possibility of Maud's desire to see her aunt being gratified, unless Lady Tallis should come to Shipley-in-the-Wold.

Once Maud had said a few words to Veronica on the subject.

"I can understand plainly," said she, "that poor Aunt Hilda is very harshly treated, and very much to be pitied. During dear mamma's lifetime I was, of course, too mere a child to know any thing about it. I remember once Aunt Hilda came to see mamma; and she cried and talked very excitedly, and mamma sent me out of the room."

"I think," answered Veronica, "that Lady Tallis's history may be summed up in a few words. She was good-natured and weak. Her husband was bad-natured and strong. Eece!"

"But I wonder why he does not love her? Aunt Hilda had beauty and gentle birth and a kind, sweet nature."

"I believe, Maud, that men love what amuses them. Now it is possible to be handsome, and well-born, and good-natured, and yet to bore people to death."

When, during the first day of her stay at Leicester House, Maud discovered that Mr. Levincourt could not hear aunt, she asked him many questions about her.

"I am unfortunately not able to tell you as much of Lady Tallis as my mother would be," answered Hugh Lockwood.

"Mrs. Lockwood and my aunt were quite intimate, were they not?"

"They lived in the same boarding-house at Torquay for some time. My mother was an invalid, and had been ordered to go to Devonshire for the winter. Lady Tallis was there alone; so was my mother; and they found each other's society more congenial than that of the rest of the people in the house."

"And Aunt Hilda was quite alone?"

"Quite alone. At first we supposed her to be a widow; but after a short time she became very confidential with my mother, and confessed that her husband was still living, but that—that—her marriage was not a fortunate or happy one. You must understand, Miss Desmond," proceeded Hugh, seeing Maud's countenance fall and the color flush into her cheek, "that Lady Tallis volunteered this statement to my mother, however, has a singular power of winning confidence. It has more than once happened to her to receive the most serious particulars of family private history from almost total strangers. I think that if you knew her you would not distrust her."

"I never distrust people," answered Maud, looking up candidly into his face. Then a thought came into her mind, and she added, hastily, "Not quite never—of course I am bound in conscience to own that there are some faces, and especially some voices, which inspire me with distrust, perhaps unjustly."

She was sitting alone with her hostess next evening before dinner. Veronica still was struggling with the blaze of the fire. It was that peaceful hour between day and night when old people are apt to dream of the past and young people of the future.

"Maud," said Mrs. Sheardown, "do you know when your guardian's guest is to take his departure?"

"Not certainly. As soon as it was well enough to travel, he said. I left him in that stage. That is vague, of course. But I should think he might go by this time."

"That sounds a little like 'I wish he would go.'"

"Does it?"

"You don't like this Sir John Gale, Maud. Have you any reason for not liking him, or has he one of those faces or voices which inspire you with distrust?" This was a confession, Maud. I have a strange distrust of this man, and with less excuse than you; for I have not even heard his voice or seen him long. It is one of what I call my presentiments, and what Tom calls my unreasonable feminine prejudices. I wish the man were fairly away out of the vicarage. Does Mr. Levincourt like him?"

"Very much. Uncle Charles finds him amusing, and able to talk upon subjects which my guardian seldom has an opportunity of discussing."

"And Miss Levincourt—does she like him too?"

"Oh— Yes; I think so."

"That he admires her is a matter of course. She is very handsome."

"Veronica has the most beautiful face I know."

"Yes, she is strikingly handsome Our young friend, Hugh Lockwood, was quite captivated by her beauty the other evening."

"Yes."

"I warned him not to burn his wings, for I do not think a poor man would have much chance with Miss Levincourt."

"N—no—I don't know."

"I don't—and she would be deliberately mercenary—only—only I don't think she would happen to fall in love with a poor man."

"Dear Mrs. Sheardown, I always cite you as one of the most just persons I know. But—don't be angry with me—I do think you are a little unjust to Veronica."

"Am I? I will try not to be, Maudie."

"It would seem presumptuous in me to talk to you in this way, only that I, of course, know Veronica so thoroughly. She has fine qualities; indeed she has."

"She has, at all events, one good quality, which I am willing to admit; she is fond of you, I truly believe."

"Indeed she is, Mrs. Sheardown. And you don't know how I try her. I lecture her and scold her sometimes terribly. And you know I am two years younger than she. And yet she bears it all so well. I am sure that if Veronica loved only flatterers she would detest me."

"Who is it that does not detest Miss Desmond?" demanded Captain Sheardown, entering the room at this moment with Mr. Hugh Lockwood.

"Never mind," returned his wife; "the reference you heard on coming in concerned neither you nor Mr. Lockwood."

"We have been to Shipley-in-the-Wold, Nelly."

"What took you to Shipley-in-the-Wold?"

"Captain Sheardown was kind enough to go, partly on my account," said Hugh, "I wanted to have a look at the church there; and as we are to go to Dancester for the Sunday service due to-at the vicarage—and that his master would be leaving Shipley at the end of the week."

"Oh, how relieved and glad I am to be rapidly, not to tell me that, the very first thing!"

"So you see, you need not attempt the very disagreeable duty of giving a word of counsel to Mrs. Levincourt."

"I disagreeable enough! And ten to one I should have done no good by it. Well, Sir John is going, and it is all smooth. Maud will be delighted to get rid of him."

"I am not to understand why you two should take such a hatred to the man, though! As for you, Mrs. Nelly, you know simply nothing whatever about him. He may be a model of manly virtue for any thing you can tell."

"I hardly think that a boon companion of Lord George Gordon's is likely to be that! But I am willing to allow him every virtue under the sun; if he will only relieve Shipley vicarage of his presence."

"There's the dinner-bell. Come along, you illogical, prejudiced, unreasonable—dear little woman!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE VICAR IS NOT ALARMED.

RAIN, rain! It poured down on the open country. It dashed and stripped from gutter and gargoyle. It sank deep into the miry uplands, and covered the marsh-rushes on the wide flats with beaded pearls.

The sun went down amidst clouds that looked like dun smoke reddened by the reflex of a distant conflagration.

Splash, splash, from the slated eaves came the sit-water-drops on to the evergreens outside the sitting-room window at Shipley vicarage. Splash, splash, splash!

The log hissed in the chimney. They always consumed their coal fire with a log of wood at the vicarage of an evening. It was a custom which Stella Levincourt had brought with her from foreign parts. She said she liked the smell of the wood.

Not that the pungent, acrid odor was grateful in her nostrils; not that the blue flame leaped brighter than the deep glow from the steady coal; but that the economical and unsentimental housewife (who had learned to cherish a sixpence with the lingering grip that had been wont to cherish a Louis or a napoleon) must on the extravagance of a log of wood upon the evening fire.

It was the memory of her youth that she loved, and to which she offered this slight sacrifice. Phantoms of old days revisited her in the pale gray smoke that curled up on her hearth-stone, like the shades of departed friends at the Styx.

And the custom survived her. It was continued on the same ostensible ground as that on which she had originated it—"because I liked the smell of the wood." Veronica "thought the bright flame so much prettier than the steady coal-fire, that Hugh had once described."

The vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold sat alone by his hearth. He was deprived of the light that outlet from the corner had left him, and the vicar missed his evening chat.

Maud was still at Leicester, and Veronica had gone to pay a long-promised visit to old Mrs. Plew, the surgeon's mother.

"Mrs. Plew is always due to drink tea with her so often," Veronica had said. "I ought to go. I will walk over there after the afternoon exercise in the school-room."

The vicar had made no opposition at the time. But now that he was alone he began to think himself lonely and ill-used. Veronica was at home, evening after evening, while there was a stranger in the house. But she cared nothing for her father's society. She had communicated that he might feel solitary. She had declared herself to be moped to death, and so had gone out to seek for change. Selfish girl! How selfish and inconsiderate people were!

Splash, splash, splash, fell the rain from the slates of the roof. In the garden the spring rain was falling, fine and close. Now and again came the west wind, flying fast, and with a sweep of his wings scattered the trembling drops, and dashed them against the window-panes.

Each time that the vicar heard the rain pattering against the glass he looked up from his book and moved uneasily in his chair. Sometimes he stirred the fire. Sometimes he moved the reading-lamp. Once he rose, went to the window, drew back the curtains, and put his face close to the glass, and looked out into the darkness. As his eyes got used to the darkness he could distinguish the outline of the old yew-tree, solidly black, against the vague, shadow-like clouds. A wet stormy night! How would Veronica get home? Joe Dowsett had gone to Shipley Magna to buy corn, or the vicar would have made him take a mackintosh and water-proof shoes to his young mistress. It would not suit either of the women out in this weather. Then he sighed, and went back to his chair and his book.

"No. But she distrusts and dislikes the man. I am not fond of Veronica Levincourt, but I can not help feeling that I ought to hold out a hand of womanly help to her—ought to give her a word of counsel. The girl is motherless, and, in spite of all her self-confidence, we must remember that she is but nineteen. I wish I had invited her here with Maud. I wish, to say the truth, I was afraid of Hugh Lockwood getting entangled by her. He was greatly taken with her beauty. I—I—I am very foolish! How would lend her to encourage him without the smallest compunction."

"Well, my dear child," said the captain; "this Sir John Gale will be gone in a few days, and—"

"Is he going?"

"Yes, to be sure! Oh, I forgot to tell you. His man—a little foreign fellow, who called this his man—a little foreign fellow, who called this place to us at the station-garage—said that his master would be leaving Shipley at the end of the week."

"Oh, how relieved and glad I am! I was stupid boy not to tell me that, the very first thing!"

"So you see, you need not attempt the very disagreeable duty of giving a word of counsel to Mrs Levincourt."

"I disagreeable enough! And ten to one I should have done no good by it. Well, Sir John is going, and it is all smooth. Maud will be delighted to get rid of him."

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In the kitchen old Joanna was knitting a coarse gray stocking, feeling rather than seeing her work; and Catherine, with the solitary candle drawn close to her, was trimming a smart cap.

"How solitary-like the house seems now!" exclaimed the latter, after having plied her needle for some time in silence.

"Quiet," responded Joanna, briefly.

"Oh, quiet enough! But for that matter it wasn't much better. Like a little life in a place. Somehow, Sir John being here, and Paul, liv ened us up a bit."

"You're a queer notion of liveliness, Catherine. It was more like deadliness a deal for one while! And very nigh *lossy* deadliness, too." The old woman nodded her head in grim satisfaction at her joke.

"Well, but there was something going on all the time. Not but what Paul gave us little enough of his company; and as for Sir John, I didn't hardly see eyes on him from week's end to week's end."

"No great loss, neither!"

"Lawn, Joanna, why are you so set agin' Sir John? I'm sure he was quite a handsome-looking gentleman for his time of life. And behaved handsome too, when he went away."

"*My* liking ain't to be bought with guineas. Nor yet with five-pound notes."

"Well," observed Catherine, reflectively, "I think guineas helps liking. I hate stingy folks."

"You're young and foolish. It's a pity my wisdom and judgment mostly comes when folks hasn't no more need on 'em."

There was another and a longer silence, during which the wind blew higher, and the rain rattled against the casement.

"We shall have Miss Maud back to-morrow, I suppose," said Catherine. "She's a nice young lady; only a bit high. I don't mean high exactly, neither; but—she has a kind of proud keeping you at a distance somehow. Miss Veronica's more to my taste."

"H'm!" grunted out old Joanna, with closed lips.

"She's a bit overbearing sometimes," pursued Catherine. "But then she has such taking ways with her when she is in a good humor."

"Did ye ever remember Miss Veronica taking any trouble about anything? I don't mean if *somebody else to take trouble*, and her getting the credit of being very kind and generous for it! but right-down putting of herself out of the way for you quietly, where there was no show-off in the matter? Because I've know'd her ever since she was born, and *I* can't call such a thing to mind."

Catherine opined, under her breath, that Joanna was "very cross-grained."

The old woman's ears were quick enough to catch the words, and she answered, emphatically, "No, Catherine, you're mistaken. It ain't crustiness as makes me spek as I spoke then; but I'm nigh upon fifty year longer in the world than you, and I've seen a deal of people, high and low. I'd do more for that young lass than you would; but, all the same, I read her as plain as print. I tell you, it makes me sorry to see her sometimes."

"Sorry! What for?"

"What for? Well, there's no need to say whether it's for this or for that; but I am sorry to see a young creature with no more religion than a heathen—Lord forgive me!—and her head turned with vanity and vainglory, and caring for nothing but show-off and being admired. I tell you, if Miss Veronica was sent to live among black Indians, she'd paint herself blacker than any of 'em, if that was the best their considered handsome. Ah, deary me, Catherine child, don't get to think too much of that rosy face of yours. It is pretty now. You needn't plume yourself up. God made it, and he didn't make it to last very long."

"There's the door-bell!" said Catherine, jumping up, not unwilling to escape from Joanna's moralising.

In a few minutes the hall-door was shut heavily, and almost immediately afterward the vicar rang his bell.

"Was that Miss Veronica?" he asked, as the girl entered the room.

"No, Sir; it was Jemmy Sack, Sir. He brought a message from my young lady to say as she wouldn't be home to-night."

"Not be home to-night!"

"No, Sir. Jemmy Sack saw Miss Veronica at the school-house, and she bade him say, as it threatened rain, she should very likely stay at Mrs. Fletcher's for the night. And you wasn't to be alarmed, please Sir."

"Alarmed! No, of course I am not alarmed. But—What can Jemmy? Is he gone?"

"Yes, Sir; he's gone. He wouldn't hardly stay long enough to give his message. He was running down with rain."

"Ha! It is raining still, then, is it?"

"Pouring, Sir. And the wind was in the rain against your face so as I couldn't hardly shut the door."

"Let me know when Joe Dowsett comes back."

"Yes, Sir."

"What o'clock is it?"

"After eight. I looked at the kitchen clock just afore I came up stairs."

When Catherine related to her fellow-servant what had passed, the old woman shook her head.

"Ah," said she, "that's the way. The strange face is gone. There's nobody at home to admire my lady, so off she goes to make a fool of that soft-hearted little surgeon, that would just lay down and let her walk over him, if she had a mind to."

"But, Joanna, it's a real bad night. I don't wonder as she didn't like the walk home, all along that sloppy lane, or through the churchyard, as is worse a deal, and lonesomer."

"It ain't sloppiness, nor yet church-yards, that could keep Miss Veronica if she wanted to come. And, what's more, if Miss Maud had been at Plas-y-Mor when you have said at old Mrs. Fleyer's, For Miss Maud she do take her up pretty short about her goings on with that soft little man. If there's any body on God's earth as Veronica minds or looks up to, it's Miss Desmond. And I've wished more than once lately that Miss Maud hadn't been such a fine lady herself."

"Why?" asked Catherine, gazing with openmouthed curiosity at Joanna.

"Why! Never you matter. I may ha' been wrong, or I may ha' been right; but all's well that ends well, as the saying goes."

And with this oracular response Catherine was fain to content herself.

THE SUMMER POOL.

Tansy is a-ringing to the summer air,
The blue and brown and yellow of the grass,
The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,
And perch'd upon the hedge the yellow-hammer
Flaps his wings tinsel. O the golden world!
The stir of life on every blade of grass,
The motion on the fur on every bough,
The glad feast every where, for things that love
The sunshine, and for things that love the shade!

Aimlessly wandering with weary feet,
Watching the woolly clouds that wander by,
I come upon a lovely place of rest.
A still green quiet, with soft sound and stir
The shadows of o'erhanging branches sleep,
Dappling the silvery hours over the grass.
Over whose soft stillness ever and anon
The feathery cirrus blows, like thistle-down.
I pause, and leaning on my staff I add
A shadow to the shadow on the grass,
And down the stem shoot down upon me, with a hum
Of little wings, a murmuring of boughs,
The dusky and the gaudy insect here
Within this small green world. Overshadowed
By dusky greenery, though the sun is bright
The sunshine throbs on fields of wheat and bean,
Downward I gaze into the dreamy blue.
And part with a waking sleep, wherein
The green boughs rustle, feathery wreaths of cloud
Are softly piloted by gliding wind,
The air is still, no bird sings any more,
The distant lowing of the cattle dies,
I am alone in all the world with God.

The wind dies—not a leaf stirs—in the pool
The fly scarce moves a crumpled wing, a bold bee breath
Until my sense is numb, listening silently
For the far footsteps of the coming Rain!

While thus I pause, it seems that I have gained
Rest, peace and joy, and all the summer showed
To trivial things that, at another hour,
Had passed unheeded. Now the air shall stir
Shivers, the shadows in whose midst I stand
Tremble and blacken—the blue sky or the pool
Be closed and covered with a shrill, sharp cry,
Oiling its wings, a swallow darteth past,
And wanting flowers hasten their fair breast up
Their leaves to feel the coming shower. O hark!
The rain comes, and the thirsty earth
And up above me, on the glistening boughs,
Patters the summer rain!

Into a nook,
Screen'd by thick foliage of oak and beech,
I creep for shelter: and the summer shower
Murmurs around me. In a dream I watch
And listen. And the sweet, soft rain sounds
The pattering rain, the murmurous sigh of leaves,
The deep warm breathing of the aroused air,
They sink into my soul—until at last
Comes the soft ceasing of the gentle fall,
And lo! one of my little wings in the pool
Opens again, while in a silvern gleam,
The sun breaks through the parted leaves,
Or, shaken downward by the summer wind,
Fall melting on the pool in rings of light!

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

We publish on page 648 an engraving of the new State Capitol building at Albany. Our illustration is from a photograph of the head of the ring of the shield, and shows the general character of the edifice. It has been designed in the *Renaissance* style, similar to that of the Louvre in Paris, and many of the finest modern public buildings in Europe.

The location is a very commanding one, the grounds having about 170 feet above the level of the Hudson. The main walls of the building will rise to an elevation of 150 feet above the level of the adjacent streets, and the corner and ventilating towers from 20 to 90 feet still higher, while the main tower will reach a height of 300 feet above the street. From its cupola the valley of the Hudson, for more than thirty miles north and south, and of the Mohawk for the same distance west, will be seen, as well as the intervening slopes and plains, for a circuit of more than twenty miles radius.

The open public grounds around the Capitol will have an area of ten acres, and when the building is completed the Capitol Library, the Governor's mansion, and Congress Hall will all be removed, leaving a park on the east front of 1,000 feet long and 320 feet wide, the ornamentation of which will be made to conform to that of the structure.

The chief avenue, State Street, will continue this open space for nearly half a mile eastward to the river; on the north will be Washington Avenue, 100 feet wide, and on the south the continuation of State Street; and on the west Swan Street. All of the streets which formerly crossed this large area are now closed by law. The grand north and south entrances will be exactly in the line of Hawk Street, the grade of which falls off rapidly, both to the north and south. Thus, standing upon almost the highest ground in the city, with the land falling off in all directions, except to the west, surrounded by these wide, open parks and broad avenues, with its big walls and still higher pavilions, turrets, and towers, this building will appear to great advantage.

The exterior walls are 230 feet long north and south, and 380 feet east and west. There are four entrances; three of which will be to the first-floor, and the west one to the second-floor, upon which will be the legislative halls and Library. Three of these portices will be arranged with carriage entrances.

The main entrance will be at the east front, and will be approached by a very broad flight of steps in front up to the level of a broad terrace which will surround the whole east front. From this terrace will extend another broad flight of steps to the level of the first-floor, and will lead to a large vestibule, from which will extend broad corridors to all parts of the building. On the left of the main entrance will be placed the suite of rooms designed for the use of the Governor, of his secretaries, and of the Military Department; and on the right will be rooms for two or more of the State officers, with whom the Governor has the most immediate official relations.

On the second, or principal floor, will be placed the Senate and Assembly chambers, and the State Library, all of which (in elevation) will occupy four stories, making 45 feet of height. Rooms for the Committees, and other purposes, will also be placed upon this floor.

The Senate Chamber will be 75 by 55 feet on the floor, with a gallery on three sides, of 20 feet more width. The Assembly Chamber will be 92 by 76 feet on the floor, surrounded by a similar gallery, which in both chambers largely increases the area of the upper portion. The Library will occupy the whole of the east front of these two stories, and will be 283 feet long and 45 feet wide. This will be the most important room in the building, and perhaps in the world. Its large area and lofty proportions, its views toward the north, east, and south, overlooking the city, and bringing in the valley of the Hudson and its western slopes for miles in each direction, will make it a favorite place of resort at all seasons of the year, even by those who have no taste for the mental pleasures afforded by its 300,000 volumes.

The great tower is 66 feet square, and the upper portion will be a quadrangular dome of nearly 100 feet in height, which will be the principal access to which will be had by a spiral staircase.

In the middle of the building will be a court or court of light 90 feet by 60, to give light and air to the inside rooms. This court will be a grand and attractive feature, being treated in the same elaborate manner as the exterior fronts, and will no doubt ultimately have its fountains and be surrounded with statuary.

The plans for the foundations have been prepared with great care. The entire structure will weigh 150,000 tons, and the great responsibility in the heights of the various walls, and the distribution of the enormously heavy fire-proof floors, and corresponding loads with deep piers, bring very unequal weights upon the parts of the foundation adjacent to each other, and without care in the distribution would settle unequally and crack the walls, as is so frequently seen in modern private, and even in many of our public buildings.

The stone foundation of the walls commences on concrete, and is made of large blocks of closest immediately under the six tons weight, laid in regular courses, the first one of nearly the width of the concrete, and each successive one narrower by offsets, so that the wall is contracted to the width necessary to support the structure, arranged so that they will afford an equal bearing on each square foot of the centre of gravity of the walls and the weights which they are to sustain.

The work has been carried on with very rapid progress. Several hundred masons, stone-cutters, and laborers have been employed on the building, and several thousand men at the various quarries and in transportation.

All of the stone and the other materials which have been brought in by railway or water have been unloaded by steam-derricks, and hauled up the hill on the railway, on cars specially built for the purpose. The Commissioners expect to complete the foundations and a considerable portion of the superstructure before or before winter.

The building is estimated to cost four millions of dollars, exclusive of the cost of the land and the furnishing, decoration, or ornamentation which may be hereafter ordered by the Legislature. It will require four more seasons to fully complete it.

The names of the Commissioners are as follows: Messrs. Hamilton Harris, John V. L. Pruyn, Ex. Officio, Thomas J. Shayer, Alonzo B. Cornell, William A. Rice, James Terwilliger, and John T. Hudson.

Mr. Thomas Rogers Kinnicut is the Architect, Mr. William J. M'Alpine is the Engineer, and Mr. John Bridgeford the Superintendent.

A VERY OLD CHURCH.

The Old Church represented in our picture on page 645 was built at North Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1707. In 1800 it was removed to the village of Wickford, where it now stands. It is the oldest Episcopal church now existing in New England. The building is guarded with the most jealous care, as a precious relic of the past. It has been closed for services only a few times since.

Within, however, one afternoon the long-closed doors were thrown open for worship; many old people of the town once more entered the pews they had not sat in since they were children. Ancient Prayer-books were brought out, and the beautiful service of the Church performed. Then the doors were closed, the broken windows boarded up, and the dust was once more left to settle on the pews, and the mould to gather on the walls. Not many years can elapse before this venerable memorial of the past will go the way its first congregation went more than a hundred years ago.

AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.

This carefully-executed and agreeable picture, on page 645, has an air of rural quiet and repose congenial to the nature of the subject. The artist, we feel, must often have lingered at the evening hour, when the milkmaid settles to her labor, near some such comfortable homestead. The cottage, with from the principal object in the composition, has a tether round her horns, which the young woman holds; and we presume also that this cow is the mother of the white calf which straggles from her side to look at the dog, and that her maternal instincts have rendered her less amenable to discipline than the others. The secondary groups of cattle carry the eye well into the composition, and the glimpse of the farm and the stretch of rolling country beyond complete a picture which is thoroughly English in its character.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Artful *Ben a hint to his friend*). "Bless me! five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly time does fly now!"

Lazier. "Why, then I calc'late it's all owin' to the vast improvements effected in clocks by our great country."

A little Buffalo girl wants to know if fleas are white—because her uncle told her that, "Mary had a little lamb with the fleece white as snow."

Wild Oats.—A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest sets in about ten years after, and the reaper is apt to complain of a bad crop. Sometimes, two weeks'legs, a bad cough, and a large trunk filled with wild oats, is the result. We can hardly say that the yield pays for the time and labor expended in the cultivation.

NEW NOVELS.

"Near and Nearer," by the author of "Far and Wide."

"Strings of Barley Sugar," a sequel to the thrilling tale of "Ropes of Sand."

"Downy as a Sleeping Duck," a fascinating sequel to "Simple as a Dove."

"Tight as a Drum Tilted," a romance of real life, written by the author of "The Girl He Married."

"Fast Friends," a sequel to "Sweet Story, by the author of "Burned Butterflies."

"Faint Heart Never Won," a tale of most unreal life, by the author of "Fatal Zero."

"Married by Good-Humor," a sequel to the story of "Handley Cross."

There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at the noise his children made during the study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of it. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Why not, my child?" "Why, ma, I'm afraid I'll see." "I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpapa says he never, was in heaven, for he has a wife." "Well, just as soon as he sees us he will come down to us." "Why, then, I'll stay where I am, for there are those boys here for!"

Slender Party (*who is not very comfortable*). "These street cars ought to charge by the pound."

Stout Party (*who is*). "Ah, if they did they would never stop to pick you up."

Extraordinary Phenomenon in Nature.—A fast horse.

We have it on the best authority that the ancient patriarchs wore their hair and beards so long that they could not be cut.

A lady, having discharged her cook, said, "Thank Heaven, there are no cooks in the other world!" Her husband said, "Ah, memento, remember, remember! for you know they must have a big wash, as their garments are always in a flame."

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two hundred pounds unaccounted for, and the attorney put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with the most impressive air, "Sir, by I want to tell the court and jury how you used those two thousand pounds!" The bankrupt looked at the attorney, then winked at the audience, and exclaimed: "The lawyers got the first, the judge and the solicitor-general divided with laughter, and the counselor was glad to get the bankrupt off.

Why did the American lose the boat race?—Because they did not pull "*hat*/ hard" (Harvard) enough.

Where is there no end of cats?—In the Isle of Man, where there is no tails.

A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in permitting the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another very nice thing to Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech (save whispering) has had forty offers of marriage.

Receiving Tellers.—Rewarded informers.

The gas is so bad in Erie, Pennsylvania, that the boy who paid the bills uses a lantern to find the posts.

To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venetian red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

An Ohio journal pointedly remarks that "every cord of wood given to the poor will be so much fuel saved from use in the next world."

Upon Caleb Cushing a spinster poetess of Newburyport once wrote an epigrammatic epitaph, as follows:

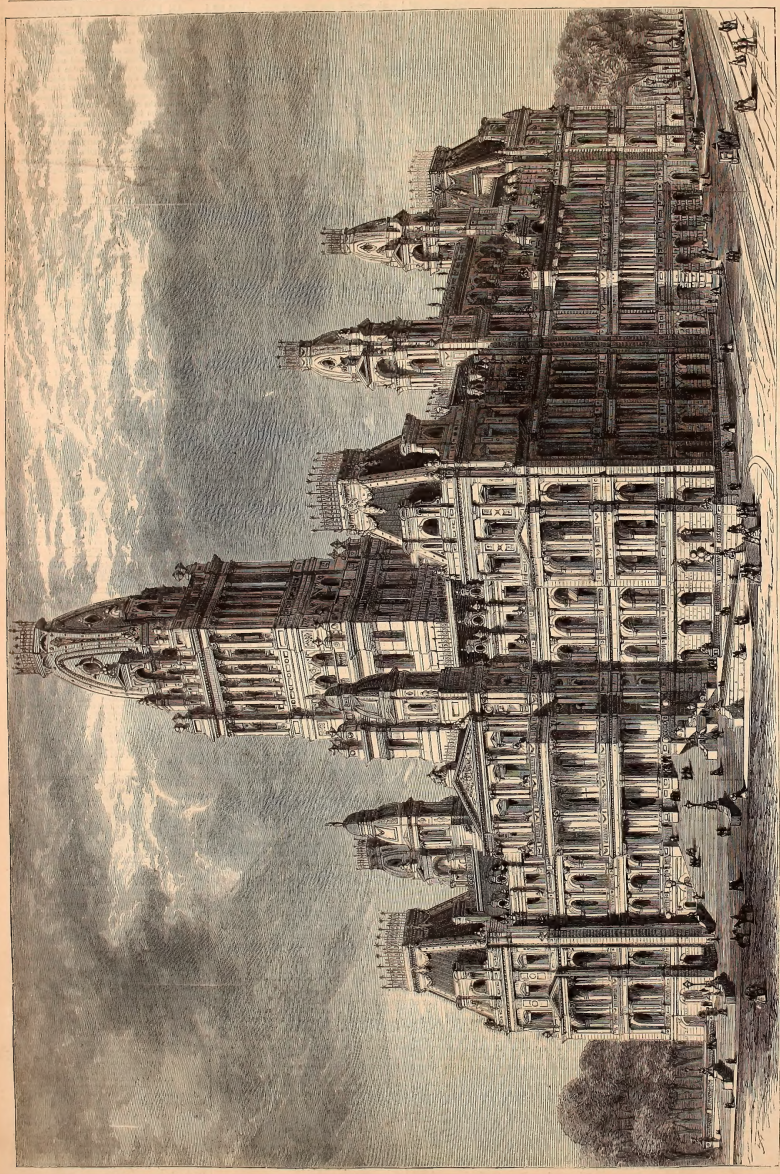
"Lay aside, all ye great,
Your titles of state,
Repose the head of your race
He has crowded his way
Through the world, they say,
And even though dead will be jostling."

Mr. Cushing wrote down the following rejoinder:

"Here lies one whose will
Without writing will be,
And green grows the grass that's above her;
She's gone where the good
Will be treated as bad,
She has gone down harmed for a lover."

An editor says, "Our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with most of the world.

"Father," asked a little three-year-old the other day, at dinner, of his pa, "what is it that makes the lightning?" "You can't understand it now, my son," the answer. "I'll tell you when you get a little older." and the father went to his avocation. In the evening he returned, and the young, climbing upon his knee, said to him, "Pap, I know now what makes the lightning. It is God scratching matches against the sky!"



THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.—THOMAS FULLER, ARCHITECT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. S. M. HALSEY.—[SEE PAGE 641.]

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK—MUSIC ON THE MALL.

NOT A DREAM.

"WHAT I have got to tell you are plain facts. You can try and account for them by physical rules if you please, or you can take them as belonging to the category of things that are not to be explained. That is what *I* have done for many years. I have never told the story before, because there were those for whom it was a painful subject. They are all dead and gone now, so it does n't matter.

So spoke the old General, whom we had been teasing for a story one winter's night. Hitherto his talk had been of tigers, pig-sticking, Mahratta battles, and other Indian subjects, on which he is considered the best of authorities, and would be dilated with the rest of a boy, white headed veteran at his feet. But there was something in his tone now which seemed to prepare us for a very different topic, and we were not mistaken.

"I was then a subaltern of twenty-five (he continued), and had just got my company, when it suddenly occurred to me, without rhyme or reason, that I must get home, and go home. I was in good health, and I had a promise of a valuable civil appointment. I had no one in England to expect me, and I cared peculiarly to see again, for I had been left an orphan very early in life, and my uncle, who was my guardian — Well, let by-gones be by-gones. I have seen other youngsters with the same fit upon them. You might as well tell a quail that he need not migrate as to try and persuade them not to ask for leave; and they are not worth their salt till they get it, as I have told the Directors over and over again. At last, then, I was on me, and home I went. The voyage in those days was no hop, skip, and jump over Egypt and Paris, but a weary round of three months—if you had good weather—in sailing-ships round the Cape. I had plenty of time to think of the many really pleasant things I would do when I landed; and when at last I found myself in London I was a little disappointed.

A blame of many years plays the very deuce with one's friends and acquaintance. Some people seemed to think that I must send cards to them, when I called upon them, and others were so forgetful that I had made up my mind to make no further attempt at renewing slight intimacies, when one day, while taking my solitary dinner at a restaurant affected by "Indians" (we had not a club of our own then), the waiter came up with a card, and, "Beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "gentleman in No. 4, Sir, hopes no offence, Sir, but my master would be his Honour, Sir?" I looked at the card; "Mr. James Stuart Cazenove" was elegantly engraved thereon.

"Say I will wait," is Davenport, "and I'll be confoundedly awkward, you see, for a fellow to claim acquaintance, and you not to know who the deuce he is. I gave the waiter back the card, and the next moment its owner had taken a seat opposite me. "I should have remembered you on your own land, you know, but one does n't up with a card, and, "Beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "gentleman in No. 4, Sir, hopes no offence, Sir, but my master would be his Honour, Sir?" I looked at the card; "Mr. James Stuart Cazenove" was elegantly engraved thereon.

"Say I will wait," is Davenport, "and I'll be confoundedly awkward, you see, for a fellow to claim acquaintance, and you not to know who the deuce he is. I gave the waiter back the card, and the next moment its owner had taken a seat opposite me. "I should have remembered you on your own land, you know, but one does n't remember me. I took the name of Cazenove for a fortune I was about to enough get on years ago." In little Jim Stuart. Lord! don't you remember 'Cocky' Stuart at Dumbertey's?" Then I knew him in a moment. 'Cocky' Stuart the little rascal I had licked at school, whose verses I had done, and who had been my faithful accomplice in many a poaching adventure at poor old Dumberley's.

Oh yes! you girls may smile. You are all very well, I know, and "'deareste" and "dearest" at two days' acquaintance, but you don't know what men feel at meeting an old school-fellow, especially when one of them has been looking eleven years in India.

"Cocky" Stuart was one of your lucky ones. He inherited a fine business from his father, which seemed to take care of itself. He was made a rich man's heir, and he married well as every sensible man would. He was in London to complete some business matters connected with an estate he had recently bought, and I was one of the first batch of guests who assisted at his house-warming.

"What, a man," he said, when he had shown me over most part of the house—a huge old Tudor Gothic place which he had restored, to my thinking in great good taste—"what do you think of it?"

I told him I liked it immensely—that he had just the happy mean between comfort and quaintness.

"That's just what Bessie says—it's her doing. Have a look at it, I take no credit. It's all handiwork. I wanted to pull the place down, and build a modern house, but she would not hear of it.

"And quite right too," I told him. "Why, there's many a duke would envy you those old carved oak wainscotings, those deliciously ugly corbels and stained-glass windows. These must be a legend for every stone, and I'll be bound there's a haunted room.

"Oh! that's nonsense," he replied, rather sharply.

"My dear fellow," I persisted, "a house like this would be nothing without a haunted room. If you have ever seen a ghost, pray invest one." I just as soon be without a butler if I were you. It's quite *de rigueur* in such a dear, quaint old place, I assure you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Davenport."

"Nonsense! Do you call ghosts nonsense?"

"Yes, I do."

"It's very wicked to call ghosts nonsense."

"Davenport, I'd trouble you to drop the subject; I don't like it."

Of course I could say no more after this, and, it being nearly time to dress for dinner, I was shown to my room.

It was somewhat surprised when I entered it. All the other rooms I had seen were, as I have hinted, quaint, old-fashioned, with low ceilings, polished oak floors and wainscotings, some hung with tapestry, and all furnished in keeping with those surroundings. My room was a lofty apartment with a French paper on the walls, a brussels carpet, a polished steel fire-grate, and a bed and other accessories of the latest fashion. Perhaps it was that the contrast with the old fashion of the house made it appear at first harsh, vulgar, and garish. The colors on the walls and floor appeared unnecessarily bright; the two large pier-glasses with gilt frames, and a mantle-piece covered with crimson velvet, on which a handsome clock ticked loudly, and two large ornamental candelabra, gave it an unusual air for an English bedroom. "This isn't Bessie's taste, I'll be bound," I mused, as I laid my white choker at one of the glasses. "It's a room they have added to the old house, and Master Jim has had his wicked will upon it, I'll be bound! If he had taken a Clapham villa he could not have done worse."

Bessie was a very gem of a hostess, and before dinner was over her guests, some ten in number, were on perfect good terms, and all ready the laugh at certain small flirtations had been laid.

When the ladies had retired, and we were alternating in the smoking-room—a rare luxury in those days—"Cocky" took me aside and whispered, "I've got something to-day, Davy, I think. I didn't mean to be cross, you know; but don't talk about it, like a good fellow. Servants get hold of such things, and play the very deuce.

"Get hold of what things?"

"Oh! you know—about haunted rooms and that. It's all nonsense."

I was half vexed with him for thinking I would pursue a subject which could only annoy him, and, lighting a cheroot, turned to a young person who had amused me greatly by lectures on India, books of travels, and the information from tracts written by people who was a himself.

At last it was bedtime, and as I was accompanied me to my room, where he fidgeted about a good deal, and seemed reluctant to leave me. He set the clock right, I think, and asked me if I had lights that I possibly want, and walked about touching small articles of furniture, putting them a little more to his taste or left, backward or forward in a nervous way.

"Is there any thing you want?" he asked at last.

"No," I said; "nothing, thank you."

"If you do want any thing, my room is the door next to the corridor on the left hand."

"My dear fellow, I'm an old campaigner. I shall sleep like a top in that luxurious bed," I replied.

"Well, good-night. Remember the third door to the left if you want any thing. Don't forget."

As I lighted him out by the door, he took a short passage between the door of my room and the corridor, and this confirmed my idea that the room had been added to the house.

Directly opposite to where I had sat at dinner was hung the portrait of a very beautiful woman, dressed as a shepherdess of the last century, in hat and a flock of sheep in the distance. I dreamed that this picture came into my room, which suddenly became like an open field in the house, only larger. I awoke, and found the lights in the candelabra (which I had ordered to be put out) burning brightly, and very thing just as it had been when my host took his departure. I fell asleep again, and was off to dreamland, when I heard a knocking at the door, and saying that the breakfast-bell would ring in twenty minutes.

"Hi! you sleepy-head, what's the row?" he asked.

"Like a child," I replied, jumping out of bed. "I say, Jim, so glad!" he cried, with what struck me at the time as unnecessary warmth; and away he went.

When the servant came in with my shaving-water and boots, I was standing in front of the window, I got a little start. *It was the window of the room I had seen in my dream!* A large, old-fashioned, stone window, divided in itself, with stone copings and divisions and lancet-shaped lights, the small diamond panes in which were set in lead—a window evidently out of keeping with the room and its furniture. I had dressed for dinner the day before by candle-light, and never noticed the incongruity now so suddenly brought back my almost-forgotten dream with, as it were, a mental crash which staggered me for a moment.

Angry with myself for giving way to such fancies, of course I said the latter to no one else, and inwardly abused my host for his anachronism. "With such a window as that standing, why the deuce could he have rebuilt the room in harmony with it?" I growled.

When breakfast was over I could not help mentioning into the conversation to have another look at the picture which had troubled my repose. The original must have been very beautiful, and as a work of art I suppose was almost perfect, except for the position of the right hand—a small white hand—but, as I thought, too prominently displayed. There was something even threatening in the attitude.

As I guzed Cazenove came in, gun in hand (it was the 1st of September), and asked me for not being ready.

I told him that I was not only ready, but had been waiting for him. "Only, before we start," I said, "tell me who is that?" pointing to the picture.

"Oh, that? That's a portrait," he replied, becoming suddenly grave.

"So I suppose; but of whom?"

"Oh! of some one belonging to people who used to live here long ago.

"Connected with the surface family, I should think, from their selling their ancestors?" I said.

"But, I beg pardon, perhaps she was some relation of your own?"

"God forbid!"

"Well, I'm sure you have no reason to be ashamed of her personal appearance. Show me as beautiful a girl living now, and I'll show you a man who would make a fool of himself for her," I said.

"I've begged and prayed Bessie a score of times," he muttered, angrily, not appearing to heed me, "to let me have the infernal thing locked out of its panel, or painted over, or something—it's a fixture, confound it!—and she won't. I'll do it, though, in spite of her. For God's sake, Davenport, don't stand there fooling like an idiot! Come and shoot, if you're coming."

This was the second time he had broken out at me rudely, for no apparent cause, and I began to think that my fortunate friend had had a bad temper left him among his other legacies.

At dinner he did me a grievous wrong. Contrary to all law and custom, in defiance of the British Constitution, and the Habeas Corpus act from an exceedingly nice little girl, whom I had taken down, and sent me to the other side of the table, on the pitiful plea that there were two ladies together there. I remembered afterward that this change brought me with my back to the picture.

The manor had been badly preserved by Cazenove's predecessor, who never lived on it, and we had a good deal of walking for our twenty brace. I was glad indeed when our fair hostess told us we were to have a day's rest, instead of the next in the shooting season, and that the best thing we could do would be to go to bed. If I were a man to write for sheeting I am also an animal, I had one that night; but I could not sleep. I could not help thinking of the beautiful shepherdess—the lovely lady hard, and wondering why my host had spoken so irritably in answer to my questions about her. What did he mean by saying "I'll be forbid" with so much vehemence when I asked if she were a relation? Why should he want to destroy so admirable a painting?

Small things affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire was burning brightly in its polished grate, lighting the room so that almost every object was visible. Of all the rooms in the world, it was the last to have any such legend as I had heard on the day before connected with it. A thing of yesterday, with the smell of French polish and new carpets not yet laid in a way, what association could it possibly have with a lady who probably died before Queen Anne? What story, beyond what was told in an upholsterer's bill, could belong to it? When midnight struck, and a cold shiver passed over me, I said to myself, "Davenport, my boy, you got your liver in the tropics. Dwellers in the tropics can not afford to play tricks with their health. Go to sleep—fever you ought naturally resolved to sleep. Small things, I say, affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire wants mending, and I don't do it? Empty the water-jug on it?—that would rust the reflecting bars, and bring on my head the maledictions of an injured housemaid. I'll look off the couch—where was I to put them? Besides, there were no tongs, and only a sort of gigantic skewer for a poker. I'll read—I had had words of that fire and its new-fangled irons as I turned my back on it and tried again to sleep.

And so I fell into a tremendous doze, during which the light faded away; and then there came over me that pleasant sensation when says, "You may as well turn over on your other side, and you will go fast asleep." I turned over, and saw that the old enemy of my rest was on the opposite side in total darkness, save where the moonbeams fell in through the window. This struck me as odd, and I turned back again, being impressed that the heavy cloth curtains were drawn close when I went to bed. "Bother the curtains!" I grumbled, and then in the act of jumping out of bed to shut it out, when another light shone suddenly from the opposite side of the room. It was—I solemnly awake to my senses as I am at this moment—saw that the size, shape, furniture, every thing about the room was the same that it had become the room of my dream the night before!—a sombre oak-panelled room, with a high vaulted roof, in which the moonlight waved to and fro in the night-air mournfully. Even the bed, on which I sat in horror, was not what it had been. Any one who has seen the rich, massive and dark heavy drapery, embroidered with quaint devices, as the state-beds of kings and queens in olden times were used to be, beautiful as they are, I instinctively turned toward where I fancied I had seen the picture the night before, and there it was, and I saw—but the picture, BUT THE ORIGINAL, standing with a lamp in one hand, and the other in the attitude of the picture, but with this difference—that the palm was pierced through and through as though by a stab, and blood trickled from it on the ground. There she stood in her fanciful dress, and a look, not of pain or of anger, but of deep unutterable sorrow, branding the figure and features so innocent and beautiful, for, I suppose, some minutes, though they seemed hours to me, that I walked slowly toward the room, *close to the wall*, and vanished the instant that she returned to the spot where I had first seen her, and again in dark shadow.

Now, I dare say there are some of you who will say that all this can be explained; and so perhaps it can, *so far*. You may argue somewhat in this wise:—"The old-fashioned part of the house had made an impression on my mind which was strengthened by the contrast presented by my bedchamber. The portrait in the dining-room had also made an impression. I had dreamed of the latter, and, naturally enough, gave it a fitting back-ground." So much for what you will, no doubt, call my *first* dream. You will go on to urge that, "overtired with a long day's shooting, and with a touch of intermittent fever on me, that first dream made an impression which developed itself into the *second*." I say again, so far such an explanation might pass. But when, impelled by terror—of which I was afterward heartily ashamed—I knocked up Cazenove, his first words were—

"My God, Davenport! *Have you seen her?*"

Then I knew in a moment why he had answered so impatiently my nonsense about haunted chambers, and the inquiries I had made about the portrait.

"I have seen some one," I replied, "and it may be a trick. Bring your lamp and come at once."

"Not for the world!" he cried, drawing back. "She never appears a second time to the same person. She has been once, and is not seen yet. You may take the light and satisfy yourself without the slightest danger. It is all over."

I went back to my found-every thing exactly as it had been—the thick curtains closely drawn over the window, and the fire still burning. Then I rejoined my host in the corridor.

"Don't blame me for what has passed," he said, in a low voice, "until you hear my excuses. I have a haunted chamber—worse luck! Look here."

As he spoke he lifted the tapestry, and disclosed a small door, which I saw from its position should lead into the room I had just left. "Go in," he continued, opening it by pressing a spring, "and look about you. No, there is nothing to fear; I tell you again, she never appears twice to the same person. Go in, and judge for yourself if there be any trick."

I went in, and found myself in what appeared, at first sight, to be a passage between the corridor and my bedroom, but on examining the outer wall I recognized it, with a cold shudder, as the wall of the room against which the bed had been standing that I had passed. I looked up, and there was the dark vaulted room, there were the tattered banners. *The new room had been built inside the old one.*

The Dream theory will not do now. A dream may make an impression on the mind, especially if which the sleeper has seen or known of when awake. I had never seen that room; it was hid from me after the building of the house of brick. I had every reason to suppose that I was in a new part of the house. How, in a mere dream, could I have made a thing at which I had number within a chamber? Again, with regard to the picture, I was half in love with the winning face and graceful figure of the original of the fair shepherdess. In a mere dream I should have made her the central figure of gay scenes, court revels, music, and the like, which, I am thinking, I fancied she must have graced. How could I *invent* such an improbable thing as that her portrait had already been painted in my dream-thought?—that she should be wandering about alone at night with that awful look of despair fixed on her face?

It was no dream.

"Of course, there's no more sleep for either of us to-night," said Cazenove, as I rejoined him. "Come into my dressing-room, and I will tell you all I know about this miserable business."

I was angry with him for what I considered his unfair treatment, and had determined not to tell him; but there was something so dejected in his voice and manner that I checked myself with the words that were on my lips, and followed him in silence to his room.

His narrative was a long and not intelligible one, for he rambled into many details which had nothing to do with the story, and wasted a good deal of time talking about his bad luck, and grumbling generally; so I shall not trouble you to sit in the shape into which I reduced it afterward, with the help of some further conversation.

Cazenove's grandfathers were friends. On the exile of King Charles the Second was a certain Sir Hubert Dyke, a gentleman who had done things in his time for the Spanish Main which would not call by ugly names, but who was a stout soldier, a faithful subject, and—what was more to the purpose—a man of large means—a thing, indeed, his exploits among the galleons of the Don.

When he must have been nearly sixty he married a young Frenchwoman, of whom when I say that she was very lovely I have told you the best that can be said of her.

"I'll tell you my own again"—that is to say, he was brought back to waste other folks' property; and Sir Hubert and his wife got their own. Cazenove considerably improved by having passed through the hands of a crop-eared knave, who, if half the stories of his conduct as a landlord be true, was worth a whole regiment of lawless dare-devils like Sir Hubert.

The latter's estate was held in honor of Restoration at the manor, and its beautiful lady was the life and soul of the revels, not the least splendid of which was a mask composed by Dryden, in which she appeared as a shepherdess. Among the company was a then unknown artist named Lely, who painted her portrait, and had the honor of painting her portrait on a panel in the dining-room. The fame of that mask went abroad, and the King himself commanded its repetition.

But for one thing Sir Hubert would have been a happy man. Among my lady's train, and the actress with her in that mask, were a certain countryman of hers, who, it turned out, had wooed her before she had charmed the eye of the exbuccaneer, and whom she loved in spite of her marriage-vows. Dark hints reached Sir Hubert's ears, and I dare say he would have stood on scent ceremony with the disturber of his peace, but that there was the royal visit and the grand entertainment; and, as the exile could not be performed without Monsieur Le Goffe, his hateful presence had to be endured. Only

one-half of the truth appears to have been known to Sir Hubert, for he is reported to have been most affectionate and courteous toward his beautiful wife up to the last.

The mask went off more brilliantly than before, and all that is known with any certainty of what followed is, that shortly after midnight a wild piercing shriek was heard, and my lady rushed to the King's chamber, calling for help and justice, and showing her hand pierced through and through by a dirk. The result day the establishment was broken up. My lady is said to have returned to France, and to have entered a convent. The short obtained a military command in Scotland, but Monsieur Le Goffe *was never heard of again*. The legend goes that the lovers were surprised: that the lady threw her arms round Le Goffe to protect him from her injured husband's fury, but that he stabbed him be the heart *through her head*.

The scandal was hushed up, as such things could be in those days when great people were concerned; but no one could live in the same chamber, and eventually the fine old house was sold for about a fifth of its value.

"I took a look as I was," said Cazenove, "I made no inquiries. I saw the place and liked it; so did Hessie. I offered a sum for it which I thought ridiculously small, and to my surprise it was accepted. Not a servant belonging to the vicinity would consent to live with us, and at last the truth leaked out—the place was haunted! Bessie said it was all nonsense; that the state-chamber was far too large and gloomy for a bedroom; that its dark walls, and the shadows and noises in the vaulted roof, *created* fancies; and as we could not pull it down without ruining the house, we built a modern room inside, which you were the first to occupy. But you see it is no use; there is a curse upon the place."

"Has *it* appeared in any other part of the house?" I asked.

"No, never."

"She has appeared to many persons?"

"To every one who has slept in that room—once."

"And—tell me truly, Cazenove, what has followed?"

"Oh, it's no use talking about it any more," he replied, with a renewal of his old petulance.

"Cazenove, I insist on knowing. There is something you wish to conceal—out with it, man! The thing is done, and can not be helped. What has followed?"

"That no one has chose to whom she appears never marry."

* * * * * * *

"And were you ever married, General?" asked a pretty girl who sat next him.

"Never, my dear," replied the old soldier; "but whether that was my fault, or the ghost's, I can not say."

"You think it really was a ghost?"

"What am I to think?"

That is a question which has yet to be answered.

ON AN ICEBERG.

I was once summoned home from my travels on the Continent by very important news. There was no time to lose in getting back, so I went as fast as I could to Havre, and took the first ship that sailed for New York. It was in the month of June, when I considered the most pleasant time in the year to cross the Atlantic; and though I found after leaving that my ship was an old and rather leaky concern, yet I did not feel any very great anxiety.

We went on for several days; and as we were favored with a fine breeze, perfectly fair, we made very rapid progress, and soon came within the region of the Banks of Newfoundland.

But here a stop was put upon our progress. On the second day after we arrived on this spot the wind died away altogether.

For an entire day we lay becalmed, with the ship tossing lazily over the huge ocean surges. All hands were very impatient. Each moment had been in high glee at our quick progress, and had expected by this time to be sailing in New York Harbor; now but his patience and speed the greater part of his time in cursing alternately the wind, the waves, the sky, the sun, the ship, and his own luck.

This did not help the matter at all, however. In fact, worse things than a mere calm were in store for us. During the night of the second day and when we arose in the morning it had closed in all around us with a density that I had never imagined before and have never since seen equaled.

Here was a pretty situation. A dead calm, a smooth sea, and not a breath of wind. I blamed myself a thousand times for not going on to Liverpool and taking an ocean steamer.

However, there was no remedy but patience. Patience we had to be whether we liked it or not.

In the middle of the following day, however, we felt a slight breath of air. It was the first breath of the glorious wind which now again was blowing favorably as before. Through the day it increased, blowing stronger every hour, until, when I went to bed, I retired with the pleasing thought that every hour carried me ten miles nearer to my home.

I slept soundly.

But suddenly, at about three o'clock in the morning, as far as I can recollect, I was awakened by a sudden crash which sounded like thunder in my half-aroused senses, and seemed to shake the ship to pieces.

In a moment I was out of my berth and up on the deck.

Great Heaven! what a spectacle there met my gaze!

All around was the blackness of darkness. The wind was howling fiercely through the rigging. The sailors were running wildly to and fro. The captain was standing like a man paralyzed, and, beside him, while he wrung his hands, "We're lost! we're lost!"

I spoke not a word to say one, but quickly and nimbly, as a cat, I leaped down from the quarter-deck on to the poop deck and rushed forward. It was so intensely dark and thick that I could see but little with distinctness. Yet a strange feeling of intense cold made itself evident even then to my senses.

I leaped upon the forecastle.

Then a sight of horror burst upon my view.

High before me, extending out of sight, was a vast precipice—apparently a huge mountain of immeasurable proportions. And at this the ship was crashing and plunging. At each stroke of the ship huge masses came thundering down, and falling with deafening noise into the ocean.

What was it? Was it the rocky coast of Newfoundland? or was it a lonely rock in the middle ocean?

It was neither. I soon knew all.

It was a vast iceberg!

The ice itself was not colder than the chill that rushed through every nerve as this appalling thought burst upon my mind. Then in one moment an utter sense of ruin, of hopeless desolation, took away my breath.

But now there was no time to lose, nor was there time even to mourn. For the ship, acted upon by the long rolling waves of the Atlantic, was driving with fearful violence full against the enormous mass. I heard the crashing ice—I heard the shattering of timbers—I heard the rush of the water as it poured into her.

The ship seemed alive, struggling like some drowning wretch to save her life. The groaning of her parting timbers sounded like a human voice—the voice of one in agony.

A mighty wave of gigantic size now lifted the quivering mass high into the air. Retreating backward it bore its body with it. Retreating for some considerable distance, but only to hurl it back with more tremendous force. Returning with redoubled power it dashed the fair building against the enormous mass. I, who was standing on the prow, was thrown as though I had been a straw, off from the shattered hull. I felt prostrate and almost senseless upon the iceberg, on a declining surface along which I shot for a long distance, until I was stopped by an upright mass of ice.

All around me I heard a burst of fearful sound—a sound of crushing ice, falling masses, roaring waters, crumbling masses of ice, and howling winds, while high and distinct above them all arose a shrill wail of human agony which shall never be forgotten by me, until my ear is closed to all earthly sounds forever.

* * * * * * *

"Miserere!"

Alone there in the thick darkness, clinging to the mass of ice before me, with the tongues howling around, and the horror of horror at the fate of my companions, it was wonderful that through the accumulated terrors of that fearful moment my mind passed without failing beneath the unequaled trial.

"Miserere!"

I too reclaimed the last word of my companions, and sunk senseless upon the ice.

How long I lay I know not. I could not have been less than an hour, but at last sense returned, and with it all the recollection of my situation.

I came to my feet painfully.

I was first aware of my own physical condition. Yet before doing any thing I cast a look around.

The fog had cleared away altogether.

The touch of cold which I knew before me, its deep blue surface reflecting the gorgeous rays of the sun which was just rising. There was not a breath of wind, and the ocean was as undulated as a mountain lake.

I cast a glance downward to see if there was a single vestige of the ill-fated ship.

Alas! not a single vestige could be seen. Not a plank—not even a chip floated on the water. All had gone down. Not a wretch was saved. I only—I only had escaped to tell the tale.

I was standing upon a broad surface of ice nearly half an acre in extent. It was smooth and slippery as glass. The mass nearly level, but was at the lower end of it, and had been stopped by a high wall against which I had struck.

The iceberg, was of immense height and magnitude and grandeur. At the side of the slippery surface where I stood it went sheer down perpendicularly into the ocean. This surface extended over on either side for an immense distance. Its edge ought to be called a *coast*, so extraordinary was its extent. On the other hand, behind me it ascended far into the air. Not all at once or abruptly, but by a series of terraces, until at last far away in the distance seemed to touch the clouds. The terraces were regular and even. At intervals along the ascent arose magnificent pinnacles of ice, from the topmost point a vast spire of glittering ice shot up straight into the skies for at least a hundred feet. Seen from a distance it looked like some glorious city, some magnificent capital such as we read of in the fantastic story of the Arabian Nights.

Alas! to me there was no time for admiration or wonder. All this I took in at a glance. I quickly returned to myself.

I was chilled through. Fortunately I had slept that night with my clothes on, or it would have been worse with me. As it was, my hands and feet were perfectly numb.

I rubbed my hands violently, struck and beat them, and at the same time ran up and down stamping my feet. The violent exertion brought warmth into my system. My hands began at length to have something like sensation, but my feet were frozen.

I began to think now with greater despair upon my situation.

There was no hope for me!

I could see all around. Not a sail was upon the vast expanse. Yet on one side I could not see. It was hidden by the lofty island of ice.

In a moment my resolution was formed.

"I will go there," I said, aloud. "I can but die. To stay here will be to perish slowly. To go there will be to seek a chance for life. Moreover, it will distract my thoughts, which here will drive me mad. I will go."

And go I did. I set forth boldly. I mounted terrace after terrace as I went along on a journey such as no man has ever undertaken before. Buoyed up by the dear hope of life, I went bravely on.

Deep chasms intercepted me—awful precipices rose before me. My footstep disturbed immense masses of ice, which came crashing down, yet still I went on.

What will not hope make a man do?

On! on! Nearer! nearer! And now the summit is near—nearer—nearer. It is gained! There, at last, I stand at the foot of the lofty pinnacle—alone on my vast iceberg!

Alone! Oh, what is that upon the ocean?

Never before was the presence of men so dear to his despairing fellow.

There, out to sea from me, was the form of an ocean steamer, slowly passing by on the course toward America. I saw the tumult, the hurry, the throwing of the life-preservers.

I was seen.

The steamer bore to. A boat was let down, and in a few minutes was within hail. I pointed back to the other side of the island.

Back again I went—shrieking—praying—singing with joy and gratitude.

I was saved!

A jump from the sea, and I was caught up and taken into the boat and into the steamer.

I am a saved man—and an artificial foot which I now am compelled to use ever reminds me of my fearful adventure.

LOST.

THE moon comes out and glimmers,
The stars like diamonds gleam,
And long grey boughs are waving
O'er a pleasant mountain stream.

And my thoughts travel backward
Into the long dead years,
And your face comes before me,
Seen through a mist of tears.

We met—we loved—we parted,
The story ever new;
We lived—we hoped—we waited,
And so the long years grew.

A vast sea rolls between us,
A gulf that time has made,
New habits grow upon us,
Old beauties pale and fade.

Take one last look behind you,
Into the vale of years,
Does my face come before you,
Seen through a mist of tears?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

UNTIL there is some change in the law by which the confinement of Lunatic Asylums is practiced, almost any one is liable to be adroitly captured, and unscrupulous persons can shut their quarters from the desirable for any who are not either morally or mentally insane. Instances have been recently brought to light in this city and in Hartford—latterly, cases are *frequently* occurring which show clearly that the present law affords no protection, at least, of harmful wrong-doing. Ambition, revenge, and cupidity may find in it an easy method of putting out of the way any one who is troublesome or undesirable. Any little eccentricity may be brought as proof of insanity, and if that be wanting, two unscrupulous can easily be found who will pocket a bribe and testify as is required. Charles Reade does not portray too darkly in his "Hard Cash" the horrors which a sane person might experience if confined in a "retreat" for the insane.

Another accessory has received a new addition in the shape of a lake of pure water which suddenly made its appearance one day last August, where a few seconds before a field of corn had been growing. The land fell in with a crash like thunder. All sorts of theories have been formed to account for the phenomenon. The event transpired in the village of Moll, near Steyer, in Upper Austria.

The Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College has received a large addition of physical and mechanical appliances, recently purchased in Europe by Professors Lyman and Norton. The number of students at the Scientific School is this year larger than ever before.

From Salt Lake City there comes a story of an attempt made by one of Brigham Young's daughters to elope with a Gentile lover. She was discovered, however, and carried back to the king's castle and locked up to prevent further mischief.

Statistics show that there have been forty-one fatal cases of sunstroke in New York city within the last eighteen years. The months in which these cases have occurred indicate clearly that the majority of them have not occurred in what are called "dog-days." Facts confirm the opinion that dogs are not given much to sunstroke.

It is said that many quarrels which occur between brothers, sisters, husbands and wives, and other persons who habitually room together, may be referred to electrical changes in their nervous systems consequent upon lodging together night after night. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as the ill at ease in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest well, but the eliminator will be trembling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged.

Yankee, who doubtless spends her evenings meditating by the kitchen fire, has invented a machine that the pitch of the singing of crickets depends directly on the temperature. Can not crickets be utilized, and barometers be superseded?

M. Sorrolevy, the patentee of a new kind of coffin made of paper, seems to believe in the adaptability of paper to all the needs of civilized life. His object in introducing it into the manufacture of coffins is to obtain a perfectly air-tight, water-proof, and decay-defying shell, which nothing from without can penetrate, and which, from within, will be impervious. To express paper coffin, in which these conditions are said to be fulfilled, is a solid looking structure, very much resembling in build and thickness the ancient mummy cases preserved in the British Museum.

An English magazine, reviving the question of the woman's rights, has suggested as "ladies' privileges," bidding the fair sex to consider how far they surpass the stronger sex in all the bravery which tends to recall their partners, walking attendant at their sides, like ravens or jackdaws, in sober black, while they appear in the finest colors of Persia, Ind, and the Indies of Araby, and despoiling the very rainbow of its hues for the ornaments of their charms. In this then reflect how differently all this is arranged in the world of birds, beasts, and savages. The tiger in the jungle tenderly and with paternal pride or pleasure in beauty than that which Nature has bestowed upon his spouse. The lion only wears the mane. The peacock spreads his gorgeous plumage in the sun, while it has pleased Providence to make the peahen a very so-so affair. And so it is with the civilized pair, from the feathered and plaid-bedaubed savage in his wigwam to the Grand Turk on his throne. In the lords of creation for whom the tailors make the rich and showy robes. And contrasting husbands, fathers, and brothers with wives, mothers, and sisters, the pertinent query is made, "Is all this to stand for nothing?"

A new method of curing hay has lately been tried in England, and promises to succeed so well that the man's interest in haymaking will not be so intensely essential as it has been in past times. By this method the grass is taken from the field as fast as it is mown, and subjected to a blast of hot air for about ten minutes, when it is perfectly cured, and fit to be stowed away. The hot air is obtained from a furnace, and is drawn out by means of a revolving fan, worked by horse-power.

Can any thing be sadder than the last words of a little boy who lately died from injuries received by being run over in the street: "Don't whip me, father: I'll never do so again!" He was only seven old.

Chicago has a couple who met for the first time on Friday, courted Saturday, were "engaged" on Sunday, and married on Monday. The divorce is expected soon.

Boston has recently organized a National Musical Association, the objects of the society being to elevate the people to an appreciation of music, to improve the social standing of professional musicians, and both to create and supply a demand for educated musicians and good music. This enterprise grows out of the Peace Jubilee.

The "Aged Brotherhood" of Portland has been very successful, and now includes 118 veterans between the ages of 60 and 80. The annual inspection by the organization an "Aged Sisterhood," as there is great difficulty in finding any widow of 60 years of age.

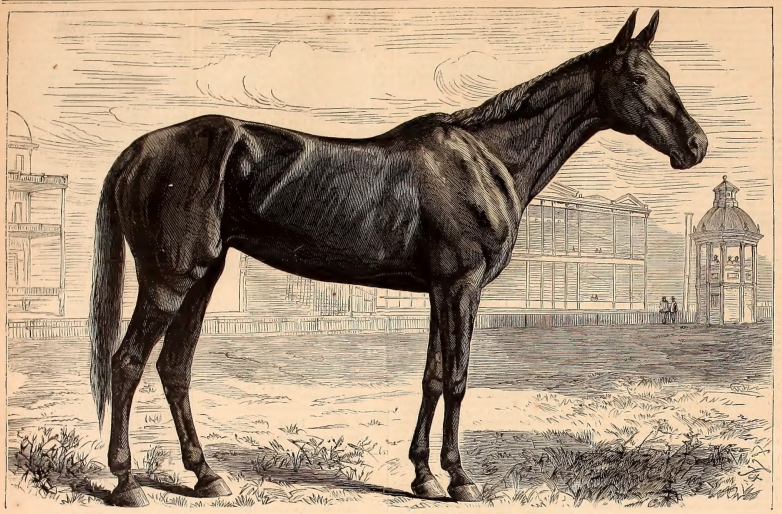
Between two of the highest of the Adirondack Mountains, at the bottom of a crevice a thousand feet or more in depth, precipice-walled and gloomy, lies Avalanche Lake, 2000 feet above tide-level. It is surmised by many that this lake and Lake Colden, at the south of it, were once one sheet of water connected by a deep ravine. A slide, rolled down from Mount Marcy, choked up the channel, threw back the waters, and the lake, avalanche born, was formed. Last August a furious storm of wind and rain occurred among the Adirondacks, and it is supposed that during that storm a mighty avalanche rushed down the side of Mount Colden, hurling into Lake Colden a huge and literally making a dam across it, and dividing it into two lakes. Another many difficulties he visited the wild spot found on this occasion—that as yet the dark waters were muddy from recent disturbances. The new lake swarms with floating timber. It is predicted that after a few more mountain slides Avalanche Lake will become Avalanche Pass.

The lake which is now known as the so called "An Obstacle to Longevity beyond Seventy," which has been revealed to a learned Englishman, being nothing more or less than a drought in a modified epiglottis. A paper was recently read before the British Association, in which was a careful examination of five thousand throats, it had been ascertained that in all persons over seventy the position of the epiglottis was reversed, without a single exception. Consequently it is argued that those who are so unfortunate as to pos sess this reversed epiglottis will not live beyond seventy. This new discovery may be important to life insurance companies. But query, Where is the line of nature may yet be revealed whereby pendant epiglottises may erect themselves after the age of seventy? The question is left to the future.

Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven, recently Inaugurated President of the Northwestern University in Illinois, remarked in his address upon that occasion, "I can not doubt that she (woman) has an equal claim with man to all the advantages of a liberal education. Nature can not be duplicated for the accommodation of the sexes any more than churches. There is no sex in learning any more than in law. It is the supreme prayer for man to determine this question for woman than it is for woman to determine it for man. Science should be free to all.... I doubt not that before the nineteenth century shall close, all the best universities in Europe and America will educate both men and women."

Buffalo proposes to have a public park. The ground which will be taken for the purpose possesses unusual natural advantages. Trees are already growing upon it, a few feet through. A year or two hence unusual springs contribute value to the proposed site or the park.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, where Mr. Spurgeon preaches, is a large and rather elegant edifice, with a portico and six massive Doric columns in front. The house seats five or six thousand, though, including those who stand, the audience usually is not less than seven thousand. Two deep galleries go all around the interior. A semi-circular platform, projected from the front of the lower gallery, is occupied by the speaker, who stands but before him a small table upon which are a Bible and hymn-book.



"LADY THORN."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER AND SON, 818 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.]

FOUR FAMOUS TROTTERS.

WE give on this and the next page four illustrations representing some of the most famous trotters that have recently distinguished themselves on the American turf.

"Lady Thorne" is owned by JAMES D. M'MANN and WELCH; her sire was Mambrino Chief; her dam, Gano. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19¼ seconds.

"Goldsmith Maid," owned by JACKMAN and DOBLE, was sired by EDSALL'S Hambletonian; her dam was Old Abdallah. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19½ seconds.

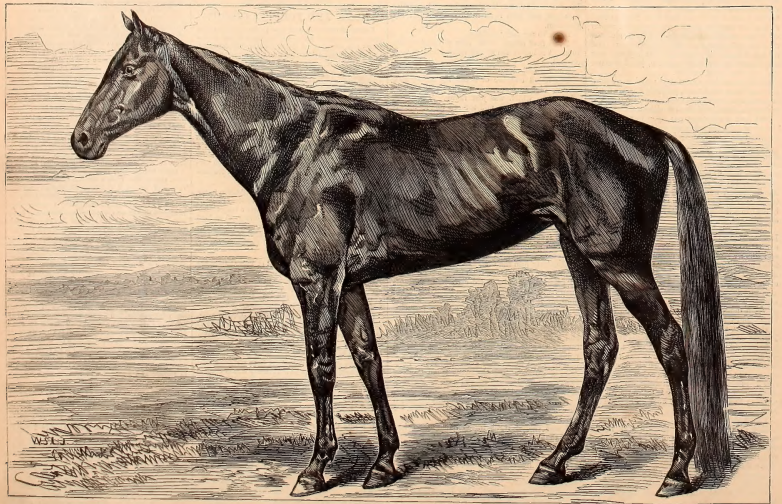
"The American Girl," owned by WILLIAM LOVELL, was sired by Cassius M. Clay, Jun.; dam's pedigree unknown. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19 seconds.

"The Mountain Boy," owned by Commodore VANDERBILT, was sired by Major Winfield; dam unknown. His best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 21 seconds. He is said to lack wind, and not to be good for a long heat, but is admitted to have the best trotting movement ever witnessed on the course.

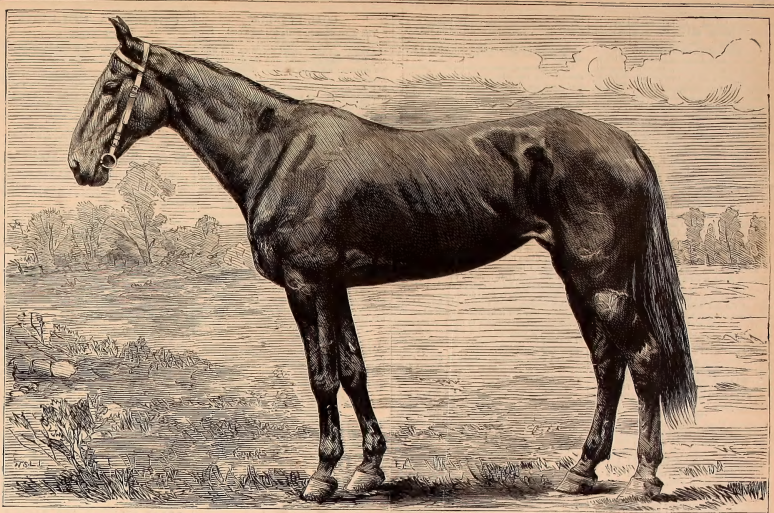
The three trotters first mentioned contested the course at Prospect Park Fair Grounds, Long Island, September 28. The following account of this affair was given in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* for September 4:

"The great trot on Saturday last, between three of the best mares that ever came together on the turf, was one of the finest ever witnessed any where, and the fastest that was ever seen on the Island, if we except the three heats of Dexter at the Fashion against Ethan Allen and his running mate.....

"*First Heat.*—American Girl had the pole, and Lady Thorn was second in position. After several efforts, in one or two of which Goldsmith Maid broke near the score, they got the word, American Girl having a trifle the best of it. On the turn American Girl led a length, and Lady Thorn was second. At the quarter, in 36½, Lady Thorn was at the girths of American Girl, and Goldsmith Maid two lengths behind. The wind was now behind them, and they squared



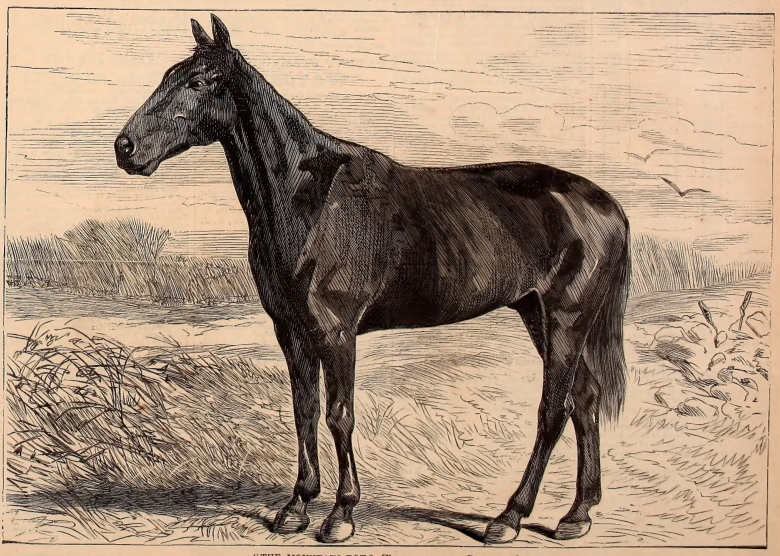
"GOLDSMITH MAID."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER AND SON, PHILADELPHIA.]



"THE AMERICAN GIRL."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER AND SON.]

away fast and free. Half-way along between the quarter and the half mile Goldsmith Maid broke. The others kept up at the rate, and at the half mile American Girl and the Lady were head and head. Time, 1m. 9¾s.; the second quarter having been trotted in 35½s. On the lower turn the old mare showed a trifle in the lead. Goldsmith Maid broke again. At the three-quarter pole Lady Thorn led American Girl only a neck. The pace was strong and the interest intense. The two big mares swung around the last turn close together, and came on in a whirl of dust. In the straight bit DANIELS laid on the whip, but it was no go, and the long, low stroke of the Lady cut the Girl down, although she had the inside, and beat her by a neck, in 2m. 20½s. Goldsmith Maid was two lengths behind them, and her backers began to look blue.

"*Second Heat.*—A strong friend of the old mare's and of DAN FETER'S carried the news over to his bedside, whereupon he said, 'The track is smooth and hard; she's fit to trot for a man's life, and they won't beat her!' So thought the public, for she was made the favorite at two to one against the field. Six times they scored before they got the word, American Girl having become somewhat unsteady. The old mare moved like clock-work, never expended an ounce of exertion that was not required, and never seemed to pull a pound. At the start American Girl had a trifle the worst of it. On the turn Thorn led a length, and Goldsmith Maid was two before American Girl. There was a break on the part of the Maid, and she took a little gallop. At the quarter in 36s. she was at Lady Thorn's haunches, and American Girl was



"THE MOUNTAIN BOY."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

three lengths behind. Again it was hot work in the second quarter, and the fine old mare again trotted it in 33½. Before they reached the half-mile pole she and Goldsmith Maid were neck and neck, but at the pole the Lady led half a length —time, 1m. 9¾.—American Girl five lengths behind. The work was still very strong and close between Thorn and Goldsmith Maid. The latter nearly overhauled the old mare, but again the long, steady stride got her into difficulty, and carried her to a break. Still she came again, and at the three-quarter pole the Lady led half a neck. But now the strong, staying power of old Thorn began to tell a tale. Goldsmith Maid broke again at the head of the short home-stretch, and the Lady won it by six lengths. American Girl was six lengths behind the Maid. Time, 2m. 20¾. When Mr. McMAHON and the old mare passed by the stand they were saluted with much clapping of hands and cheering.

"*Third Heat.*—Any odds on Thorn, and no takers. At the start American Girl led a trifle, and Lady Thorn went on second. Down they to reach the pole from behind; but "Adams" knew just about where a sulky could go and where it couldn't. On the turn the old mare took a slight lead, and at the quarter in 36s. she and American Girl were neck and neck, and Goldsmith Maid a length behind. The pole was very near again in the second quarter. It was trotted in 33¾., and American Girl led a length at the half-mile in 1m. 9¾., and Goldsmith Maid a length behind Thorn. The latter took the lead upon the turn; but the race was so close that they were as near together, all around as might be, at the three-quarter pole. American Girl now made a skip, and the long, steady stroke of the old mare began to more them down. She lasted the longest, as before, and coming clean away from them at last, won it by four lengths in 2m. 20¼. Thorn saved a little for a last effort, and beat American Girl two lengths for the second place."

SUMMARY:

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, L. I., August 28.—Purse $1000—$2500 to the first, $1000 to the second, and $500 to the third horse.

James McMann's br m Lady Thorn	1	1	1
Budd Doble's br h Goldsmith Maid	3	2	2
Ben Daniel's b m American Girl	2	3	3

TIME—2.20¼—2.20¾—2.20¼.

NEW YORK GOLD MARKET FLUCTUATIONS.

FROM 10 A.M. TO 3 P.M., SEPT. 24, 1869.

10.03	150	12.10	133
10.04	150¼	133	133
10.08	150	12.35	136
	150¼	12.36	136
10.50	150¼	12.36	136
10.56	150¼	13.17	134
10.57	150¼	13.17	134
11.00	150¼	13.17	134
	150¼	13.28	136
11.01	150¼	13.28	136
	150¼	13.30	136
11.02	150¼	13.54	136
11.07	150¼	13.56	136
11.08	150¼	1.00	136
11.10	150	1.02	135
11.15	150¼	1.05	136
11.16	150¼	1.13	136
11.19	150	1.30	135
11.20	150	2.00	134½
11.21	150¼	2.09	134½
11.23	150¼	2.10	134½
11.24	150¼	2.11	134½
11.30	152	2.11	132
11.34	150	2.12	132
11.35	152	2.13	132½
	152	2.13	132
11.36	152	2.14	132
11.40	152	2.14	132½
11.46	160	2.14	132½
	160	2.14	132½
	160	2.14	132½
11.52	160	2.14	132½
	160	2.16	132½
11.59	160	2.18	132½
11.58	170	2.19	132½
	155	2.19	132½
11.59	160	2.20	132½
11.59	140	2.20	132½
12.00	160	2.20	132½
12.00	150	2.31	132
12.06	140	2.32	132
12.07	150	2.33	132½
12.08	140	2.36	132½
12.09	147	2.36	134½
12.10	140	2.36	134½
12.16	141	2.36	134½
12.17	140	2.36	134½
12.19	138	2.36	134
12.20	140	2.36	134½
	135	2.53	134½
12.30	134	2.53	134½

CLOSED.

COMMERCE.

COMMERCE in its general sense means no more than a reciprocal communication, intercourse, or correspondence between man and man; but usually it is restricted to mercantile intercourse between individuals or companies of different nations.

Trade, properly speaking, is that traffic which is limited to one particular county or town, but in familiar conversation it is frequently used synonymous with commerce; as the West India trade, the African trade, etc.

Trade began when men, becoming civilized, associated in large communities, and it was found necessary for each individual to follow but one employment—and the superfluity of the produce of his labor be exchanged for that of his neighbor; this was called *barter*.

But it soon was found inconvenient, because it frequently happened that one person wanted the commodity of another, without having any thing to give in return that could render exchange desirable.

This inconvenience was remedied by taking the precious metals, gold and silver, in exchange for every kind of commodity that could administer to the real or imaginary wants of mankind.

They were made the medium of exchange at first by weight; but, as weighing them afforded no security against the debasement of their quality, they were coined into money, bearing a particular stamp, significant of the weight and quality of the metal contained in the piece—to counterfeit which has always been considered a capital offense.

In the course of time, as the wants of men increased with the refinement of their manners, they found the produce of a single country insufficient to supply them; they therefore explored distant regions, bringing home such produce as they could not find in their native land, and exchanging it among their own superfluities. Such is the origin of commerce.

Trade and commerce may be, with propriety, considered as the means of enabling to present usage the latter may be called foreign, the former domestic commerce.

So great is the advantage arising from an early attainment of commercial knowledge that thousands, who have taken pains to acquire it, have risen to opulence, and many have in consequence discharged some of the highest offices in the state.

The Egyptians were the people who first extended their commerce to foreign lands, by the encouragement they gave to navigation. They were a luxurious but prudent people; for while they indulged themselves in the costly products of other lands, their industry enabled them to export so many of their own as apply to repay the balance greatly in their favor.

What rendered it more peculiarly favorable to commerce was the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants, and subordinate to this was the level nature of the country, which afforded a facility of making numerous canals, thus rendering internal intercourse easy.

When every other advantage is equal, commerce will flourish most in those countries that exercise the most sagacity and enterprise in facilitating it.

The Phœnicians next, possessing only a narrow slip of land on the coast of Asia, raised themselves by their extensive commercial transactions to a high consideration among nations; they are said to be the first people who reduced the commerce of the world to a system.

After the destruction of Tyre, the capital of Phœnicia, it was transferred to Carthage, became the chief seat of commerce; and so successful did it prove, that in a comparatively short period that favored city contained no less than 700,000 inhabitants; and above three hundred cities of Africa were dependent on her, and she had colonies in Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia.

After the destruction of Carthage, the city of Rome became mistress of the profitable trade of the East Indies. This, however, introduced a refined luxury and elegance, which, while it brought the fine arts to the highest degree of perfection, was carried to such excess, as ultimately to cause the destruction, not only of commerce, but of the state itself.

We derive a few remarks the insurance or assurance of ships and merchandise from losses at sea. This has been adopted and considerably improved by modern nations.

The city of Bruges next, in the Austrian Netherlands, became from its situation the emporium of Europe; but the riches acquired by the inhabitants rendered them idle, inattentive, and negligent. They became oppressive and proud, that commerce which had been the chief source of their opulence. In a short time they felt the ill effects of their folly, and Bruges declined as rapidly as it rose.

Antwerp next became a celebrated trading city, and its inhabitants possessed immense wealth so deficient in the former city a permanent state of prosperity might reasonably have been expected. But their unbounded bigot, Philip II. of Spain, commencing a religious persecution in the Netherlands, and introducing the hated inquisition, thousands of artists, manufacturers, and merchants took refuge in foreign countries, and thus the sun of Antwerp's prosperity set in darkness.

An extension of the intercourse of nations is between civil liberty and commercial freedom and national prosperity—where the former, the latter can not reasonably be expected.

England being at that time governed by a princess (Queen Elizabeth), who possessed superhorted heretical opinion, great numbers of these refugees settled in her dominions; there they encouraged trade, and from the introduction of that commercial greatness which England has since attained, in spite of Government attempts to exploit industry for the benefit of courts.

The commerce of most of the ancient nations was principally that of fruits, salt, skins, rice, sugar, cloths, linen, perfumes, jewels, precious metals, precious stones, and flax and wool. But compared with the present day commerce in ancient days was small, for in the year 1698 the value of the exports from England to all the world amounted to only £2,030,640. And this was some time after the first founded colonies in America. In 1806 English exports were declared to be of the value of £43,000,000, and the imports in proportion. True, they have fallen something since, on account of the general depression of the last few years.

We may well pause a moment to inquire where are the nations whence commerce flourished of old? Where is she now? Greece, Carthage, Imperial Rome, Venice, Pisa, Genoa? Where are the confederated maritime cities—the Hanse Towns, once the mistresses of the northern? Where are the discoverers of the passage to India by the Cape, and the first settlers in America, the Portuguese, Spaniards, and the Dutch? Alas! their spirit, prosperity, and glory departed to the Anglo-Saxon race, and there it yet remains. And the English Bights, Goldwin Smiths, and Macaulays, declare that the United States will yet become the power, manufacturer, and carrier of the world, and that while the English are only distributors of the treasures of others, America will be the distributor of her own!

COAL IN INDIA.

THE great want in India has been coal. For some years past it has been found in some parts of Bengal and the Central provinces, but with very little effect compared with the demand for the mineral; and even the local railways, when English coal is scarce, have to be fed with wood, to the canger of the trains and their contents, which have suffered severely at times through accidents by fire. But a new discovery has been made in this direction, promising most important results. An extensive field of useful coal has, we are informed, been found at the sandstone districts of Chanda, in the Central provinces, the chief town of which is about eighty miles from Nagpore. The discovery is due to Mr. Lucie Smith, the deputy commissioner of the district, who followed up the traces of a slaty coal picked out of the bed of the Wurdah, and the search has been continued, it appears, by various scientific gentlemen ever since 1865. Conclusions have been arrived at with great caution; but at length a report has been made to the Supreme Government of so decisive a character as to warrant more active and extended operations.

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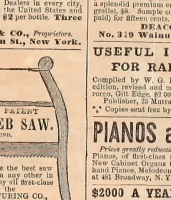
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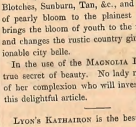

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII. No. 668.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE

FATHER HYACINTHE.

FATHER CHARLES LOYSON HYACINTHE may be properly called a "Catholic Protestant." His present position may be best explained by a brief allusion to the peculiar claims and dogmas upon which Pope PIUS IX. so strenuously insists. When this Pope was first elected great hopes were entertained by the best educated and most advanced of Roman Catholics that a new era would then be opened for the Church—an era characterized by a liberal policy, which, while it maintained the Catholic faith, would denounce errors and correct abuses. These hopes have been disappointed. Notwithstanding the liberal political spirit manifested by PIUS IX. at the beginning of his Pontificate, he has proved one of the greatest enemies to the progress of the age. If he had been content with a negative or neutral policy, he would have been secure against opposition from within the bosom of his own Church. But he has assumed a belligerent attitude, and has arrayed the ultramontane or anti-liberal party against the Gallican or liberal. By calling an Œcumenical Council, to meet next December, for the assertion of universal ecclesiastical supremacy, he has awakened the spirit of opposition, of which Father HYACINTHE is one of the best and ablest representatives.

Father HYACINTHE was born at Orleans, France, in 1831, and completed his education at Pau. In 1853 he was ordained at St. Sulpice, in which parish he subsequently officiated as a priest; but in the mean time he studied theology four years and taught philosophy at Avignon, and afterward theology at Nantes. Having passed ten years in the Lyons Convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of the order, and was first a preacher in that city. While there his sermons delivered at the Lyseo were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864 at Perigueux. It was during the summer of 1864 that he made his first appearance in Paris, preaching the Conference of the Madeleine, and afterward at Notre Dame, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here he at once, by the eloquence and boldness of his utterances, attracted public attention and gained a brilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent letter protesting against the coming Council, and the fearful policy which that Council is pledged to support, excites such comment. It is reported that Father HYACINTHE has left the convent, and that he will at the home of his parents await the decision of the Council.

Father HYACINTHE is known in Paris as the "preacher-monk." Some idea of his appearance, and of the effect of his eloquence, is conveyed in the following graphic sketch, written by one of his hearers in 1867:

"But now the tall Swiss halberdier, making a passage along the aisle, announces the approach of Père HYACINTHE, and instantly his whole sea of faces is turned toward him, with an expression of sympathy so intense as seemed enough to electrify one who came in all simplicity and sincerity to bring to them the words of life. He followed slowly, with his eyes cast down, his fine pale, sad, mourning face sign of the pulpit, he knelt down and buried his face in silent prayer. Rising, he began with the sweet and majestic form, and for some moments regarded in silence those to whom he was to speak, while a deep sigh involuntarily escaped from his large chest.

"Although I was already under the magnetism of this extraordinary man, my eye, as an artist, took in all the surroundings of the scene. In rustic effect nothing could exceed the beauty of the tableau—the dark back-ground of the pulpit, in ancient carved oak; the form of the preacher, rendered more striking by the robe of his order (he is a Carmelite monk, and wears a long serge gown, with only sandals on his feet, with his white cowl thrown back upon his shoulder, his head shaven so as to leave only a chaplet of hair upon his brow, while the light from above fell upon his bare head, and his countenance, so sad and beautiful, yet responding with quick sympathy to all seemed to wear a deeper gloom, as if in sympathy with the darkness which was described; and when he repeated our Saviour's words, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' it seemed as if every heart shuddered at the cry.

"As Christ suffered and agonized for man's salvation, so should man himself struggle and suffer unto death, that he may be saved—these was his theme. But how do men carry on this spiritual war? Here the preacher turned from the Divine Sufferer to the world which He came to redeem—a world full of sorrow and sin. Instantly we were in the midst of the nineteenth century—with examples of guilt which all could recognize. He drew his pictures from actual life, portraying the tempter and the tempted; and in his charges of selfishness and crime he seemed as if he would array all men at the bar of Divine justice. He did not spare any class or profession—not even his own—but drew a fearful picture of the unworthy priest.

"'It is not by hypocrisy,' he said, 'that the bad priest dishonors his ministry. Hypocrisy is a thing vulgar and base, soon unmasked, which can not long deceive any one; but it is by that cold, cruel Pharisaism, which puts the letter in place of the spirit, the law, which puts the form of sanctity, in a religion which is all dogma in place of charity, in a religion which is all love. It is not with hands hard and cold that the priest must touch the wounds and sores of humanity, but as a mother, in her love for her children, covers the plague-spots which mark the outbreaking of revolting disease. It is with burning lips that he is to suck the poison from the very blood of the death-smitten; it is with tears of charity and of tenderness that he is to work and to purify the sinful soul!' As he said this there was in his voice, and in the whole expression of his sad and beautiful countenance, something of the tenderness of a father: he seemed to yearn toward those who listened to him with an irresistible attraction; and with one of his electrifying gestures he threw open his arms as if he would take upon his own heart the griefs and the remorse of every troubled spirit.

"'I give you but a faint outline of his sermon, though every word was engraven on my memory. But I only refer to repeat his arguments and illustrations. I will give you my impressions of his power, for it was the man, in his eye, his gesture, and his voice. In true eloquence there is something which escapes analysis—a power beyond words—a magnetism subtle and mysterious, which penetrates the inner being, which can not be described, but which is only felt as the intensest action of the human soul. To many who understand the effect I must point for you that countenance so noble, now grave and calm, and now wearing a look of ineffable tenderness. His gestures were full of energy and animation. There was intense life in every limb and every motion. Now he supersaid as if he were the accuser of his hearers, flashing the light of conscience on every deed of guilt. At such a moment you might believe that you heard another SAVONAROLA thundering against the vices of the age. Then suddenly his tone changed, and his manner became tender and almost caressing, as if he would draw the multitude to the feet of Him whose agony he described.

"In rebuking the spirit of this world, which has such empire over men, a priest has an immense power from his own example of self-abnegation. The Protestant pastor comes to the pulpit from his comfortable home, from the sweet companionship of his wife and children. But the priest has no domestic ties. He has no home, and no one to love him more than others. If a monk, he has taken a vow of poverty, and lives in a cell. His life is one of daily self-denial—at least such is the theory of his order—and he speaks to the popular heart and conscience, exalted in public esteem by this impression of extraordinary sanctity. I need not say that many priestesare far enough from realizing this ideal of their profession—that they are very coarse and commonplace, alike wanting in intellect and in moral elevation. But others there are of a different stamp—and at least try to live up to a saintly ideal, with whom life is a daily self-crucifixion—men full of the sweet impulses of nature, yearning for human sympathy, who are yet doomed to live in solitude, craving a love which they can never know. In the gospel of this contradiction between its tastes and its actual existence jives and adjusts to all human life. But what a power it gives to him who can thus speake out of his lonely and desolate heart to others in sorrow, using the very words of the Christian Consolator!

"In the PÈRE HYACINTHE it is easy to see the struggling of two natures. Under that coarse monk's dress throbs a great human heart. As CARLYLE said of EDWARD IRVING, 'He strove to be a priest in an age often to the character,' so it seems as if this man also were striving to realize, even here in the gayest city in the world, and amidst the allurements of modern degeneracy, the heroic type of one of the old confessors.

"In recalling this marvelous preaching it seems to me that there is in it something of the scenes as well as of the spirit. I will not use the word unusual, for it would not express my thought, nor be just to the preacher. But there is an element of passionate emotion which is so marked in the writings of SAINT TERESA and Madame GUYON—a dignifying of human with Divine love, an overflowing of a heart yearning for affection, but finding all domestic ties, pure and sweet in a love for all mankind. But what a fascination in this eloquence, and how irresistible to move to God and to men!

"If you think me carried away by my enthusiasm, I can only give you the more sober impressions of others. Our Protestant friends here speak with homage to his genius and eloquence. M. DE PRESSENSÉ says that his manner is the union of dignity and natural gifts with the most consummate art. It seems he does not shun Protestant society. Not long since he passed an evening at Madame AGÉNORIE MOHON's, and they were charmed with his dignity and courtesy. Although he goes every where in the dress of his order as a Carmelite monk, with his naked feet shod only in sandals, yet his bearing is so distinguished as that of a gentleman of the Court of LOUIS XIV."

FATHER CHARLES LOYSON HYACINTHE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

In this connection the following extract from the letter of Father HYACINTHE, which has created so much excitement, and which was ad-

dressed to the General of his order at Rome, will prove interesting to our readers:

"The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most scathing, dark, and decisive crises of its existence before long. For the first time in 300 years an Œcumenical Council is not only convoked, but declared necessary; such is the expression voiced by the Encyclical. It is not in such a moment that a preacher remains in the more dogmatical prohibitive positions, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to distinguish "sour mud, non salubris latrum." The times are never silent. I am not one of them, but nevertheless I am not a dumb dog. Therefore, as you see me, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps where they might, if necessary, lay hands, in the cause which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my profession as Christian and preacher against those doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, which are not such Christian, and which in their encroachments, always most insidious and most baneful, tend to change the Constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of its government, and even the spirit of its piety. I protest against the divorce, no implies as it is famous, which is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eternity, and the mother of the nineteenth century, of whom we are the sons according to the times, and toward whom we have also some duties and attachments. I protest against the more radical and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and wounded by recent by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the heart and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that in France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are deserved over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is without doubt not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practiced. I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek the remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with an ardent zeal for gentleness. But if force in which I do not wish to share come to be realized—if the signal were to be not more than that of the deliberations than it has already in its preparation—if in a word, it is deprived of the essential characters of an Œcumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another Council in the Holy Ghost, that is the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

☞ *A New Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of "*The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Moonstone"), *will be commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *in November,* 1869. *New Subscribers will be supplied with the* WEEKLY *from the beginning of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE platform of the late New York Republican Convention will be regarded with the utmost satisfaction by every citizen in the country who sympathizes with the fundamental principles of liberty, and it is strongly and honorably contrasted with the Democratic platform of the previous week. The Convention declared that the national honor should be maintained without equivocation, that the Fifteenth Amendment, securing in the Constitution the equality of all citizens of the United States, should be adopted, and that the Government should be supported in the recognition of Cuban belligerency, whenever the facts in its possession should justify such a declaration.

The platform is positive and frank. We should have been glad to see an approval of the proposed reform in the civil service, and a recommendation of the new Constitution of the State. But what is said is so well said, and is so important, that we can wait. It is enough that the civil service reform has already been generally discussed, and is perhaps too imperfectly understood to be a subject upon which the party can safely vaguely pronounce. All Republicans are known to be the authors of the proposed improvements in the fundamental law of the State. Upon the chief points of present political interest the Convention has spoken plainly, and it remains for the people to decide whether the voice of New York shall swell the chorus of history to the great principles of public policy which are associated with the proudest and most heroic epoch of our history.

It is evident from the tone of the resolutions of which we speak, as from that of the State conventions generally, that the main interest of the autumn elections, although they are State elections, is national, and not local. The question of this is that the great issues involving the honor and prosperity of the National Government have not yet been settled, and every expression of public opinion at the polls affects that settlement. In Ohio, for instance, the Democratic party supports Mr. PENDLETON, who was a favorite candidate for the Presidency against General GRANT, and who is the representative of a financial policy which is virtually repudiation; a policy which, until it is conclusively exhausted by the American people, will disastrously affect the national credit and honor. In Pennsylvania the Democratic candidate is Mr. PACKER, a gentleman known only as a Copperhead in the days when that term had a most serious significance. Both Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER were opposed to the war and to the policy of reconstruction, and are, of course, equally opposed to the Fifteenth Amendment, which removes from the domain of politics the vexing question that occasioned the war, and finally secures the honest results of the struggle.

The elections have thus inevitably a national aspect. They are the expression of opinion upon the very gravest measures of public policy.

Should the Democratic party prevail in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, it would not be unfair to conclude that the people of those States, and possibly of the country, believe that the national honor would not be sullied by a course which no honest private person would countenance in his own affairs, and which would be a virtual abandonment of even the security of equal rights among American citizens and the prosperity and permanence of the Union. In short, it would be impossible to separate the national from the State issue. The election of Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER could not honestly be regarded as a personal compliment to the candidates, but as General HAYES and General GEARY as Governors of their States, but it would unavoidably be regarded as a decision of much more important consequence.

This is to be regretted. It may be unfortunate that the people can not vote for Governor in Ohio or Pennsylvania, nor in this State for Comptroller or Secretary of State, without saying whether they wish to be honest to the national creditor and just to all their fellow-citizens. But that is, nevertheless, the practical question. Candidates of both parties may be equally honest and capable—if not, the dishonest and incapable should be so unanimously rebuked by the voice of public affairs and a public policy which would be as effective in the State as in the nation. Thus the success of the Democratic party in New York would defeat the State Constitution, which removes an arbitrary restriction now imposed upon a class of voters; while the success of the Republican party would be the equally popular voice the action of the Legislature in adopting the Fifteenth Amendment. The party that can be most safely intrusted with the management of the two great parties at the country. If he thinks that the financial policy of Mr. PENDLETON is wise and honorable, and that the principles of a Democratic victory in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, and of his friends in New York, promise harmony, economy, and peace to the country, he will vote the Democratic ticket in whatever State he lives. But if he believes that it is better to pay our debts honestly, and to do justice to our neighbors, to put the national faith beyond question, and to finish the work which the war left incomplete, he will support the party of the noblest record and of the best promise in our history, the Republican party.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AND CUBA.

THE New York Republican Convention resolved that "whenever the facts in possession of the Government of the United States recognized Cuban belligerency we shall heartily approve such recognition, and pledge our hearty support to any action on the part of the Government tending to the final annexation of Cuba whenever she shall have achieved her independence and her people desire such action." This is a resolution of entire fairness to Administration with which every Republican will cordially agree. The country reposes with satisfaction upon the conscientiousness of the President more than once spoken that we have an Administration singularly free from Buncombe of every kind, and which will regard our international conduct from the highest point of view. Our American traditions and of perfect good faith.

The gun-boats which were lately detained by the Government have been all released, and there has thus far not been found necessary. The question presented is whether, under the circumstances, the United States shall be made the base of Spanish military operations against Cuba. We have treaties with Spain, and our markets of ships and munitions of war are open to all the world. If the Spanish Government comes as a customer to buy a fleet and equipment, and we have no reason to suppose that they are to be used in hostilities against a nation with which we are at peace, upon what ground can the sale be prohibited by the American Government if the security is satisfactory to the American merchant? The only recognized ground of interference with such transactions is that we have declared our neutrality, and that both belligerents are equally prohibited. But we have no declaration of the belligerent rights of the Cubans, nor are they an independent people.

Yet they are our immediate neighbors, and they have been struggling for a year to throw off a foreign government which has hitherto been most harsh; and our very situation makes us almost a fatal neighbor to them so long as the present situation continues. They and their friends do not fail to remind us that in earlier days France helped the American colonies when they sorely needed succor. But the French recognition of the colonies, although most timely and serviceable, was a conscious and intentional act "of aggression toward England," the treaty of alliance of 1778 contemplates and provides for a rupture between France and England; and the United States agreed that if France captured the British West India Islands they should belong to France. The cases are in this at least essentially different, that we do not wish to injure Spain, which has never been at war with us, has sympathy with Cuba than ever France had with the American colonies. Still the unpleasant fact recurs that our geographical position makes us peculiarly harmful to the Cubans striving for independence. Spain leans her rifle upon our shoulder.

This, however, does not change the great principles that underlie international comity, and which require that no insurgents shall be recognized as belligerents—which is belligerency of an organized independence—until they show, as the American colonies had shown in 1778, not only a hope but a power to secure independence, attested by the virtual unanimity of the country and the undisputed civil supremacy of the Congress. These are the "facts" which, in the contemplation of the resolution that the Convention passed, would justify the recognition of Cuban belligerency. But meanwhile our neighborhood and the nature of the struggle against Spain make the most strenuous and persistent efforts at mediation between Spain and Cuba. This, we have no doubt, the Administration is doing with the utmost self-respect and the most earnest sympathy for the Cubans. The latter, when they began the struggle, doubtless relied upon our neighborhood as a sure help in many ways; but they should have seen that it was an equal disadvantage. Those who move in great enterprises are morally bound to count the cost. The Cubans have known that the United States will be just to them; but the best ground of their confidence is, that the United States will be just to all their duties and all their friends.

LAWRENCE vs. DANA.

THE late decision in BOSTON, in the case of WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE against RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., is very interesting and important. Mr. LAWRENCE, as is known, was a former editor of WHEATON'S International Law, and of Mr. DANA'S international law, and Mr. DANA is a later editor. The family of Mr. WHEATON were dissatisfied with the edition of Mr. LAWRENCE; and when that of Mr. DANA appeared, Mr. LAWRENCE charged that Mr. DANA had appropriated his labor in the notes, and asked that Mr. DANA'S edition be enjoined as a piracy.

But the reading matter in Mr. DANA'S notes, so to speak, the thoughts, suggestions, arguments, facts, and the results of debates and the diplomatic correspondence—all indeed that professes to be original, is allowed to be of such value that the edition can not be enjoined. The Court then considered the question of the use made by Mr. DANA of the raw material of Mr. LAWRENCE'S notes. This was merely a question of the relation of the second annotator of a work to the first, and does not involve character. All of Mr. DANA'S manuscripts were before the Court, and the question was really one of law only, not of good faith. Mr. DANA claimed that he had studied and used the notes of his predecessor as he had the works of other authors, and so they were; and that, drawing from the same authorities upon the same topics, the appearance of similarity was unavoidable. The Court upon this point laid down a rule, which Mr. DANA had failed to heed in some cases, to be fringed; and a master is to examine and report upon such instances.

If Mr. LAWRENCE'S intention, therefore, was to suppress Mr. DANA'S edition altogether, as an infringement of his copyright, he has failed, for Mr. DANA'S edition is not declared an infringement and is not enjoined. The Court says that in some instances he has transcended the proper limits of use of the labors of the previous editor, and done excessive, which is permitted, must be hereafter omitted. The decision of the Court shows that Mr. DANA is, even under its own rule, indebted to Mr. LAWRENCE for nothing but material which the scissors can cut off, and which may possibly be spared without injury.

Mr. DANA, therefore, reserves a right of appeal as to the justice of the rule laid down by the Court; but the great point in the case is decided in his favor.

THE BYRON STORY IN ENGLAND.

MRS. STOWE'S paper upon BYRON is still discussed in England, and the publication of a pamphlet a volume containing the literature of the debate, while another advertises a "Vindication of Lord Byron." Some of the remarks in the journals upon Mrs. STOWE herself has been much the same as in this country. One paper, indeed, says that she will presently be dwindled, as all those who are bold enough to tell the truth always are; and on the other hand, a correspondent who calls himself a member of Congress writes in PARIS a little feeble scurrility intended for the family of which Mrs. STOWE is a distinguished member. The most striking characteristic, however, of the communications which the subject has drawn out, is the irrelevancy of their arguments and statements to the essential point under consideration.

The note of the family solicitors is not a denial of the story, nor an assertion that evidence exists which will disprove it. Lord WENTWORTH, the grandson of Lady BYRON, writes that a manuscript was found among her papers containing account of peculiar circumstances connected with her marriage, but no accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. STOWE asserts was contained therein. Lord LINDSAY also prints a letter written by Lady BYRON to her confidential friend Lady ANNE BARNARD, in 1818, alluding to the separation, but not mentioning the cause now alleged. This, however, is not in itself inconsistent with the impression conveyed by Mrs. STOWE that Lady BYRON told it to no one but her friend to Dr. (then Mr.) LUSHINGTON in 1816. Lord LINDSAY believes that Lady BYRON was a little deranged upon the subject, and Mr. WILLIAM HOWITT describes her as inexplicably cold and moody. Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON, also, declares that many persons, among them the Rev. FREDERICK ROBERTSON, believe Lady BYRON'S mind to have been "touched," and he asserts that she told many persons the story of the separation, and in many ways. He and two other friends of Lord BYRON say that Lady BYRON was of sound mind upon the subject; and he adds that the story she most frequently told is not susceptible of proof, while the one evidence which Mrs. STOWE has now and utterly incredible. But Dr. FORBES WINSLOW considers that the theory of hallucination is incompatible with the known facts of Lady BYRON'S life, and Mr. ROBERT BELL there seen good reasons for supposing her insane upon the subject of the separation, Miss MARTINEAU would have alluded to the fact in her life of Lady BYRON.

It is evident that the story itself is not so universally discredited in England as it seems to be here, although, as we said, there is little mercy for Mrs. STOWE. The *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, papers of the best reputation, incline to believe the story as told. The *Spectator* says that the truth of Mrs. STOWE'S story is "on the evidence more likely than not;" and the *Saturday Review* concludes that "either we must accept all this solution flatter, or we must accept Lady BYRON'S story," while the *Pall Mall Gazette* breaks the force of Lady ANNE BARNARD'S letter by emphasizing the fact that, as Lady BYRON did not tell the story to her parents, she would not be likely to confide it to her friend. Meanwhile, in the general discussion there has been great room for unimportant details. Thus, when Mrs. STOWE'S article was first published it was remarked, with vehemence, that she did not spell Lady BYRON'S name correctly, and that she asserted that she lived two years with her husband. But these were not the kind of inaccuracies that would weaken the probabilities of the story. It was of no significance whether Lady BYRON lived with her husband a month or twelve months after she knew the truth, but that she lived with him at all.

So the Philadelphia *Press*, in some friendly and courteous strictures upon the observations of the EDITOR in *Harper's Magazine* upon the general subject, points out certain discrepancies which do not affect the essence of the question. Thus it is said in the *Magazine* that Lord BYRON lived for three years before his marriage. No, says the *Press*, only a little more than two years. Again, it is said that two or three years after BYRON'S death, at the request of MOORE, Lady BYRON burned the letter. No, says the *Press*, it was six years after, and in reply to MOORE, but at his request. But evidently "two or three years" means a few years, and although it is inaccurate to say that it was at MOORE'S request, the substantial fact is that there was a statement of Lady BYRON'S, and that it was mentioned by MOORE'S Life. Perfect accuracy of dates and times is indeed desirable. But in this kind of discussion the vital points are alone important.

The *Press*, with the utmost good-nature, exhorts its editorial brethren to be "posted" before they engage in the debate; and, in charitably says that CAMPBELL was fully aware what he was about when he printed his commentary upon the "Defense of Lady BYRON." Has Dr. Shadrach read says that the most merciful conclusion in regard to it is that "it was written under the influence of stimulants, which, for the time, had deprived the illustrious author of 'Hohenlinden' alike of judgment and taste;" and Miss MARTINEAU says that "he excused himself by saying it was a mistake of hers that he did not know that he was about when he published the paper." All that CAMPBELL says in the letter quoted by the *Press* is that it "was a bold step on my part," which it certainly was. The *Press* also says that it is known to the readers of the MS. memoir of BYRON that the statement made by Lady BYRON to Dr. LUSHINGTON in 1816 does not in the least resemble "the horrible revelation" made to Mrs. STOWE in 1856. Does the *Press* suppose that Lady BYRON'S statement was to be found in Lord BYRON'S manuscript? How could the readers of that manuscript, Lord RUSSELL, for instance, or WASHINGTON IRVING,

possibly know what Lady BYRON told Dr. LUSHINGTON, but did not tell her mother?

And is not the strongest probable proof of the substantial truth of Lady BYRON's story to be found in the fact that Dr. LUSHINGTON, to whom she told it in 1816, who is still living, and who could settle the whole matter by a word, remains silent? His simple assertion that the story told by Mrs. Stowe is not what Lady BYRON told him could not be regarded as an improper breach of professional confidence, and would dispose of the question. His silence is more convincing than all that has been said and written upon the subject.

LOOK AT THE SITUATION.

In the midst of a healthy and active trade, benefited alike by importers and distributors, the most unscrupulous gamblers of Wall Street, elevated to position and power by seizing the Erie Railroad—a sort of drift which its early friends had cast away from the impossibility of making it profitable—suddenly, as if a bolt had come from the clear sky, ran up the price of gold, buying and hauling it as it rapidly advanced, until, having reached 160, margins were called in, settlements in the consternation produced were made, a vast amount of currency was accumulated in the hands of the conspirators, and, while brokers for the combination were acting in one direction, the principals, on the sudden effluence, the conspiracy, took other roads of escape; and but one rule of action appeared to govern, which was, to pay nothing and hold on to ill-gotten gains—the Board of Gold Brokers being like a arm's-length shake hands with the indifference and contempt which will now be generally applied.

Instead of sending in to the Board the required statement of each dealer, which would conduce to a complete settlement, an injunction was preferred, its effect being to leave the vast transactions of the very unconfirmed; and all the gold at high prices in the hands of borrowers, while those who applied to the courts locked up enough currency to confuse the whole business of Wall Street. The fact of withholding a statement resulted from the conviction that the general settlement of the transactions of Friday would be ruinous, or from want of currency and in the association. What was wanted there was some controlling mind, to carry such amendments to the by-laws as would bring outstanding parties to terms. This the injunction could not prevent.

It would appear from the estimate made by a Committee of the Board that, upon a liquidation of all sales and purchases on Friday —which in the aggregate were several hundred millions—one set of parties remained *short* six millions in excess of which was *long* to the same extent. As the corner was advancing toward 160 or 162), persons who sold at 160, and on the turn of the market covered at 150, find themselves, with gold at 130, ruined, as the purchaser from them can not take, while *they* are held. No transaction in Wall Street at any previous time has so much defied its capacity, or produced greater confusion or more serious consequences. While it was the rule before Friday to trust anybody in the Board, in reliance upon the honor (?) which was supposed to control, now nobody trusts any body. The Gold Exchange Bank has gone into bankruptcy. Of this, therefore, the country may be assured, that the gambling fraternity are so extensively weakened, and confidence is so impaired among them, that a new set will need to grow up before the general business can be disturbed by their unseemly operations. Many of the banks of the city contribute by their loans, and by the direct action of their officers, to such opportunities for injuring all useful industry. It would be well for stockholders to drive from official position all who, under any circumstances, speculate in stocks. The taste for it grows with indulgence, and will generally eventuate in ruin and fraud. The object is not just. Accumulation of wealth, as it is the fruit of honest exertion in a useful pursuit, is not inconsistent with the general interest; but, when sought as the result of speculation with borrowed means, the actor becomes a slave to obtain what his industry has produced without rendering an equivalent, and generally will become unscrupulous in its accomplishment.

Every officer known to be tainted with speculation should be weeded out of all financial institutions, as it constitutes a clear fraud upon the trust and confidence of the general democratization. Our credit circulation is now so guarded from depreciation or diminution by the wise provisions of the Bank authorized by the issue, that the country can stand more of disaster than it could have stood under the State bank system. We shall ride out this storm with safety; but if speculators are not ejected from control, and our banking institutions handed over to the prudent and wise, who will keep the gambler at arm's-length, the time may come when a hail-storm to beat down the coming harvest, or some event not more damaging than the recent raid upon Wall Street, will bring down the whole structure of public credit beyond relief from judges who attend upon speculators to aid them at critical moments with injunctions.

The institutions of a financial character which are scattered over the Union wield an influence the very greatest over its fortunes and its morals. The time has arrived for exerting it with energy, as not pecuniary safety alone, but the general safety, is affected by their management.

It will be recollected that last year a lock-up in funds, brought about by the Erie clique, arrested the prosecution of the full trade of 1868, and inflicted wide-spread injuries. The price load was abandoned by prudent capitalists some years ago, when it was discovered that no profit to the stockholders could be made from it, considering the expense of construction and operation over a difficult route, and the competition to which it was subjected from a rival route in this State better situated as to grades and population. The Erie, thus abandoned by its unfortunate projectors and friends, fell into the hands of those who, to cover the annual loss from operating it, saw in its ill-repute an opportunity for speculation, issued convertible stock under a very questionable power conferred by the general Railroad Act.

The interests of the Company, whose joint liabilities for stock and bonds have been extended to considerably over one hundred millions of dollars, have been sacrificed solely in these nefarious operations, and the road is run and managed chiefly to advance the speculations of those who control its directory. No clearer view what it was of old, a receiver appointed in the interest of some of its mortgagees—it is doubtful which of them will ever derive benefit from the job—would be found to dispose of this scandal upon the fair fame of the State, the judiciary, and indeed the Union would avoid its termination.

The last Legislature of New York passed an act to prevent the ejection at a single election of the present Board from office. It was doubtless well done because it was to prevent a sale of the worthless stock upon the market, and permit a repetition of some scheme of plunder such as occurred in Wall Street on Thursday and Friday.

The most alarming feature of our condition is this, that such legislation can be purchased at Albany, and that the administration of the punishment in the courts can be purchased from a part of the judiciary. A shrewd observer said a few days ago that we were approaching the time when every property-holder would be chained by thieves who would have the effrontery to say, "You are mistaken; this is mine; I own it, and the key in my pocket also the judge who will so decide."

The wants of the city per day of gold for commercial transactions reach from about a half to three-quarters of a million of dollars; but such is the aid extended by banks to gambling in Wall Street, that the operations of Friday at the Gold Exchange were between three and five hundred millions—operations which had no connection with the commerce which the banks are expected to foster. This will in some way be corrected before long by placing the country on the track to specie payments. This policy will require from each bank to withdraw from speculation and to yield to the substantial interests of the people.

HARMONY OF FAMILIES.

There seems to be little doubt that LOPEZ has been at last defeated in Brazil, and that Paraguay is relieved of a most odious tyrant. There are those who have insisted upon calling the government of that country a republic, but it was as absolute a personal despotism as can be found upon the globe. From the beginning of the struggle there has been nothing which could excite sympathy for LOPEZ or inspire hope in his success. The war, which was directly for the freedom of the river La Plata, and indirectly for the progress of civilization in that unsecure and perilous region, was necessary. We have yet to hear Minister M'MAHON's account of the condition of the country and the rule of LOPEZ, for which the United States minister has been repeated. The ferocities of the "President," as related by Mr. WASHBURN, are sickening; and the world will gladly know that an alliance, offensive and defensive, of republic against President SARMIENTO is a member, has obtained control of the river.

Indeed, the people of the people of the United States in all the countries of South America is so vague that the importance of the Presidency of Mr. SARMIENTO has not been properly estimated. He is a man not only thoroughly familiar with our institutions and history, but profoundly sympathetic with their principles. He combines both the advantages of a popular government and the necessity of general intelligence for its security and permanence. During his long residence in this country President SARMIENTO made the most extensive and accurate study of our public school system; and he is sparing no effort to elevate the standard and to extend the range of education in his own land. Such a man, devoting to the highest interests of his country his abilities and the wisdom of his experience, is the most significant figure in political affairs in South America. In the Argentine Republic there is a real tendency toward high civilization, and a sagacious and representative government. The great principles of liberty and the political safeguards of freedom are pondered and practically sought. It is a country to which, especially under its present administration, our kindest thoughts and sympathies should be given; and which, if not the most extensive and powerful, is certainly the most promising of the South American States.

Brazil, on the other hand, is a country from which little is to be hoped. The Emperor, who seems to be a good-natured and somewhat cultivated man, has a way of charming visitors from the United States by praising the virtues of some of our authors; and when the pleased visitors write home that the Emperor of Brazil reads Longfellow and BRYANT, there is an effect produced which, measured by the fact, is very comical, as if Brazil were a peculiarly educated and refined country, the truth being that it is nearly dormant and backward. The Emperor occasionally, also, makes remarks about emancipation. But they evidently mean nothing more than his praises of our poets. He would probably like to see slavery abolished in his empire. But it is one of the languid, ineffective feelings common to all men of good complexion, and to all that we can learn, slavery is firmly rooted in Brazil, and will yield very slowly to the growing humanity of the philosophy and sense of the world.

It is not altogether satisfactory to observe that the victorious General of the allies in the Paraguayan campaign was apparently the Count D'EU. If it had been a native of the country, that consciousness would have inspired a self-respect which would have been of the greatest service to the future development of the people. It is unfortunate for all the allies that they should feel that they owe their success to a foreigner. But, on the other hand, Mr. SARMIENTO is the representative of a higher success, which may justly stimulate the best hope and effort, at least of his own countrymen. Over the grave, in contemplating him in his career, seems the responsibility of every citizen of the United States to justify the earnestness with which men like SARMIENTO, upon that continent and on the other, cite our example and the beneficent working of our system.

NOTES.

Ever since the brave Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT was lost at sea three hundred years ago, crying, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," the profoundest, but also a mournful interest, has invested Arctic travel. This feeling is deepened by the story which Captain HALL tells us. He has removed all doubt from the tragical tale of FRANKLIN's fate, and that of all his companions. They tried to make their way from their ships to the outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, and perished miserably by exposure, disease, starvation, and possible foul play. Yet the heroic devotion which led a quiet citizen of Cincinnati to penetrate the Arctic solitudes and live among fatal hardships that he might learn the fate of his predecessor, can not be regarded without admiration. The North-west Passage is still unfound, but it remains now nothing but to reach the North Pole, an enterprise which Captain HALL affirms to be practicable. But blustering does not destroy the charm of mystery and fearful romance that hangs over the Arctic world. The boys of to-day, provided with the means, regenerate the story of Captain HALL that we older boys read that of Captain PARRY and Captain ROSS. It is a story of astounding attractions, and in expeditions not to find gold or ivory, but to explore regions of eternal ice and silence solely for the increase of knowledge Captain HALL, indeed, "subdue the earth," and extort all its closest secrets.

The beautiful engravings which we published last week of the four famous trotters, "Lady THORNE," "Goldsmith Maid," "American Girl," and the "Mountain Boy," have excited great interest among the frequenters of the course. The first of these fine pictures were from photographs by SCHREIBER & SON, animal photographers, of Philadelphia, to whose courtesy we have been indebted for many valuable favors.

Apropos of the Judiciary article in the new State Constitution, Mr. TILDEN said at the Democratic Convention that "men of stainless integrity, unquestioned ability and learning," were nominated, who will stand "grandly erect, and prove to the people the purpose of the Democracy to restore the judiciary to the bench." Did Mr. TILDEN serenely mean Judge M'CUNN?

Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. have purchased at a cost of over $100,000 the entire collection of musical works, upward of seventy in number, hitherto published by Messrs Boosheys. The catalogue includes, among other well-known books, the popular "Mason and Hoadley Piano Method," "Mason's Musical Organ Instructor," "Carmina Sacra," "Jubilee," etc. We are informed that this addition to the list of publications by Messrs. Ditson & Co. makes it equal in extent and value to that of all other publishers in the United States combined.

History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Albert G. Dreckbe, the watchman of the Passaic River drawbridge, on the New York and Newark railroad. The train was about due, he was closing the draw when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him if the father could take the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but his child was drowned. The pass at Thermopylæ was not more heroically kept. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY giving the cup of cold water to the dying soldier is not a nobler figure than that of ALBERT G. DRECKER keeping the Passaic bridge.

THE DRAW-BRIDGE KEEPER.

Drecker, a draw-bridge keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate to let the vessel through;
His little boy was standing by the side,
Above Passaic River deep and blue.
While he the chains was moving in a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate,
Which should he do? Were you as he was tried,
Could not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
A household star that shone in home's mild skies—
Yet side by side with duty stern and grim,
Each like child's love, was planted in him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the dark, dark water sank from view.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But as he felt the buck pulsh with his feet
Across the bridge in safety passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness was not his. Rich men, ye
To win from men just honor and reward;
Nobility is not of rank, but duty,
And is laborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is most complete. To be just and good
The birth-right of the lowest born may be.
Pray what we are, we are not responsible
And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

HENRY ABBEY.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CUBAN EXPEDITIONS.

American sympathy with the Cuban cause has been shown more strongly than heretofore by the number of expeditions which Spanish Street can find power legislation for the aid of the Cubans. A telegram received in the city from Key West on Sunday, October 3, informs us that the expedition which a short time since left Key West in the *Lafayette* was safe for ports in safety and arrived off the Florida coast, where the *Alabama* and the *Virginius* and *Tenere*, having 600 men, 10,000 rifles, 500 sabres, and 28 pieces of artillery on board. The Alabama was in command of Gen. Rios, also informed that another expedition on a fourth steamer was being organized by General Quesada and Gen. Magruder. The entire force was expected to concentrate in the mountainous windward of the Cuban coast. The military expeditions will be protected probably by the Cuba, of which we shall hear more before the end. It is stated that 5000 American volunteers for Cuba are still in depôt along our Gulf coast.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Republican Convention met at Saratoga on September 29. Governor FENTON was nominated for Secretary of State, but has since declined.

The Public Debt statement for October 1 shows a decrease during September of seven and one-half millions.

The annual meeting occurred at the State Fair at Indianapolis, Indiana, October 1. A steam boiler attached to the fire-engine exploded, killing three, wounding 28 persons, and more or less severely wounding 100 spectators. Governor Baker narrowly escaped death, and his coachman was seriously injured.

Horace Greeley, famous Western newspaper, died September 28. He was owned by Major B. G. Thomas, of Lexington, Kentucky. He was three and a half years old. His dam was "Dixie." Last spring, on the Kentucky Association track, he was made to trot 1.43½, said to be the best time ever made in this country.

The Yale-Harvard boat-race occurred on October 6, against the "American Girl," "Goldsmith Maid," "Lady Thorne," "Mountain Palmer," winning by three straight heats.

Over 300,000 immigrants arrived in this country during the year ending with June.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A commission of fifteen Deputies to the Cortes has been charged with the duty of reporting on the various candidates for the throne of Spain.

Reports from Madrid represent that the republican movement in Catalonia is gaining strength, and is to deceive the hopes of its instigators. In the mean time the Carlists are making occasion of the interruption of telegraphic communication between Madrid and the frontiers to spread false reports of which their revolutionary movement is apprehended.

Prince Bismarck has not withdrawn his note concerning Cuba. That letter has certainly had one good result in influencing the British Government to adopt a more humane policy toward the Cubans.

The Queen was host by the fall of the bridge at Kœnigsberg, Prussia, during the festival in honor of the King on the night of September 27.

The Slave Canal is practically open, water having been admitted, removing the barrier from Bitter Lake, and a steamer has passed through the canal from Suez to the Bitter Lake in safety.

The French Senate and Corps Legislatif have been prorogued to November 18.

Prince Napoleon has written a letter to Colonel Rossel, Chairman of the Socialist Democratic Meeting in London, thanking them for their address congratulating him on his liberal speech in the Senate. The Prince remains them of the bonds which have always united France and America, and continues: "For the present position bears resemblance to that at the close of the last century. France seeks to found a liberal democracy at the moment when America emerges from a great crisis, after the destruction of slavery, which dishonored the Republic. The moral force of the American people, both in the end to the same. Constitutional liberty established in Europe will place the political sentiments of France and America in as complete accord as their interests."

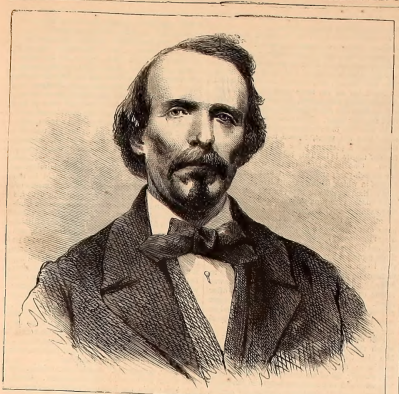
N. Y. GOLD ROOM AND STOCK BOARD.

WE gave last week a record of the fluctuations of the New York gold market during the memorable 24th of September. Those fluctuations were not paralleled during the war period. No such scene as that presented in the Gold Room on the 24th has been witnessed since the JAY COOKE and CHASE panic of May, 1864.

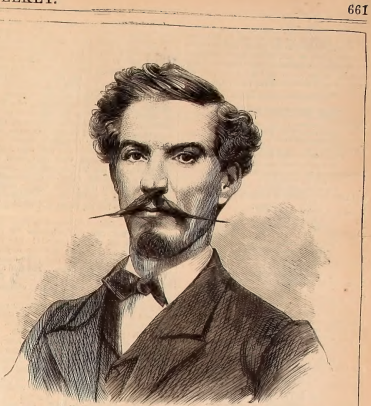
The Bulls when they met that morning were confident. Some of them boasted that they could carry gold up to 200. Much of this confidence was due to the fact that the Bulls felt secure as to any interference on the part of Secretary BOUTWELL. So they blew up their bubble; they carried gold up to 162½, which point it reached at thirty-six minutes past eleven o'clock A.M. Among the prominent operators were ALBERT SPETER, HENRY CLEWS, HORACE WALDO and his brother, Mr. COLGATE, of the firm of TREVOR & COLGATE, Messrs. KIMBER & HELSER, and fifty others. In order to bring before the reader's mind the scene of this exciting conflict between the Bulls and Bears—namely, the New York Gold Room—let him imagine a hippothetron, with a little fountain in the centre. The centre of the fountain is a bronze Cupid with a dolphin in its arms. From the head of Cupid arises a tiny silver stream, which falls in jets into the basin below. Fancy an iron railing ninety feet in circumference about this basin, then a space of some twenty feet between the walls and the fountain, and you have a rough idea of the Gold Room. On one side there are two galleries—the lower for the errand boys, and the upper for the spectators. Beyond the fountain, with his back toward New Street, stands the Secretary, recording the sales which he catches by his ear. Near him is the telegraph operator. Wires run from his machine to nearly five hundred brokers' offices, who are thus instantly informed of the state of the market, and are enabled to make their bids undisturbed by the furious excitement which rules in the Gold Room on important occasions.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE BOARD IN SESSION, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

SCENE IN THE GOLD ROOM, NEW YORK CITY, DURING THE INTENSE EXCITEMENT OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.



GEN. CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.—[See Page 663.]

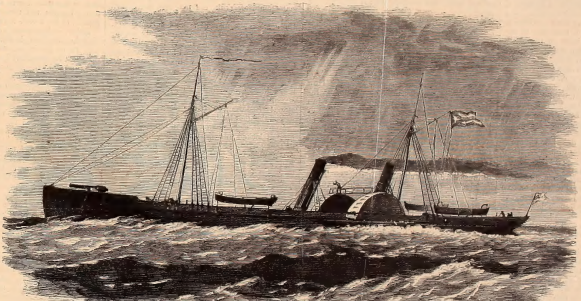


GEN. MANUEL QUESADA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN ARMY.—[See Page 663.]

Well, as we have said, at 11.56 A.M. the Bulls were triumphant. The Bears were nowhere. In one hour and thirty-six minutes gold had sprung from 150 to 162½—12½ per cent. The scene in the Gold Room at this point baffles description. It was a scene of furious, raving, shrieking tumult. Then there was a wavering among the Bulls. A rumor had reached the Gold Room that Secretary BOUTWELL would positively sell $4,000,000 of gold that same day. In twenty minutes gold went down to 140. But three minutes after (11.59 A.M.) it was up again to 160. From that point it went down steadily until the close of the session, at 3 o'clock P.M., when it stood 133½.

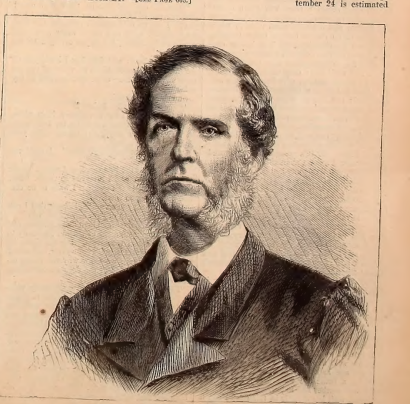
On the 25th the excitement which had ruled in the Gold Room on the previous day was transferred to the Stock Board. We give on page 660 a picture representing the scene during the session of the Stock Board on the 25th. It is said that one hundred and fifty of the operators in the Gold Room are also members of the Stock Board. The confusion, therefore, produced in the latter by the operations of the 24th may be readily imagined.

An idea may be formed of the immense business of Friday, the day of the great panic, by a perusal of the following telegraphic statistics. On that day the Franklin Telegraph sent 5000 messages; the Bankers' and Brokers', 2232; the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at the Gold Room, 900; the office of the same line at 21 Wall Street, 800; and the main line, about 5000. More than four-fifths of this number were quotations of gold. It is stated that under the pressure the wires of the telegraph in the Gold Room were melted. The entire amount of gold sold in Wall Street September 24 is estimated



THE FIRST CUBAN MAN-OF-WAR, THE "CUBA," FORMERLY THE "HORNET."—[See Page 663.]

GEN. FREDERICO F. CABADA, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF LAS VILLAS.—[See Page 663.]



GENERAL JUAN G. DIAZ DE VILLEGAS.—[See Page 663.]

nt $500,000,000. This amount, upon a rough estimate, allowing sixteen dollars to an ounce, and sixteen ounces to the pound, and two thousand pounds to the ton, and one ton to each cart, would require a thousand carts to move it; and allowing twenty feet to each horse and cart, the string of carts would be about eight miles long.

THE RIPPLES' REQUEST.

Tunow us a sunbeam to play with!
We'll break it and sliver it,
Shake it and stir it,
All to the tune that the soon-breeses sing.
The wild rose that blushes
Mid green stalks and reeds
The sky-gazing lily our coming that fears,
In vain to catch it;
We waters will snatch it,
And break it in sparkles of diamonds and tears.

Throw us a bough to play with!
We'll twist it and twirl it,
And spin it and whirl it,
Giddily toss it and float it along.
Vainly it cleaves
To the half-drowning leaves
That stoop'd from the banks and are prisoners too:
Green seeds can not save it.
The breeze pluck'd and gave it
To us, and we'll play with it all the day through.

Sad——ch, send us a moonbeam!
No longer we'll play.
But quiet, so quiet,
Deep skies we will begin, lest it leave us again;
For the silvery beam
Loves to lie on the stream,
And to stir not but dream, while the night-breezes sigh;
And we scarce dare to creep
Round its silvery,
For fear it should hide once again in the sky.

A LOVER'S LEAP.

By the Author of "Carpenters' New York."

In one of the northern counties of New York which innovation and progress have not touched, or which, to quote a famous phrase of Grattan's, "modern improvement has failed to reach," is a queer, quaint, mouldy-looking little old church or chapel. How old it is, unskilled in the archæology of the region, have no means of knowing; but I should think it might well have echoed to the heavy tread of stout Peter Stuyvesant; for the region which now nearly gird it round are themselves ancient of days—almost medieval for a place like New York; and yet they have not grown up gradually from it, since the building of this church or chapel, nay this is evident, because it is so far ground that no mortal has failed to reach, is a queer, quaint, mouldy-looking little old church or chapel. How old it is, unskilled in the archæology of the region, have no means of knowing; but I should think it might well have echoed to the heavy tread of stout Peter Stuyvesant; for the region which now nearly girdles

"And few out of the window there, like a bird, I suppose," replied Chairon, grimly. "Rosebery, you have been drinking, or your jealousy has taken away your wits. Only that I can make allowance for a disappointed man like you I would make you suffer for this. Go down stairs and get away, you fool! I was a greater fool still for paying any attention to your story. Take your dime romance tales somewhere else next time."

Rosebery descended, silent and sullen, and went his way, still determined, some time or other, to convict the lovers and establish his own justification. Old Chairon said not a word on the subject to his daughter, but was very kind and tender to her all the evening. For her part, she felt deep compunction, and only waited until her next meeting with her lover to declare to him that she would keep the secret no longer.

Her time of trial was nearly over. Two days after, a handsome, very gentlemanly young man came into old Chairon's room, and told him he had come to ask for his daughter in marriage.

"I belong to a family one member of which did you a great wrong, Mr. Chairon," he said, gravely; "but I am glad to be able to tell you that he has to the best of his power endeavored to repair it. You will hear within a few days from your daughter Alice. She is now Mrs. Edward Dallas, and is the wife of my brother. I am Robert Dallas—your daughter's sister and I have long loved each other; but until the wrong done to you had been repaired we did not venture to ask you to consent to our marriage. My brother has a good heart, and some feeling of conscience and honor, and he is repentant, and will do his best to make one of your daughters happy. Give me the other."

Needless to say that Robert Dallas was accepted and welcomed.

"Then you were in the church that night?" old Chairon said, with twinkling eye.

"That night, and other nights—for it is quite a romantic story, I assure you. I was the carpenter in the room yonder—I hired the room for the purpose. I always had a taste for amateur carpentering. I planned the pole and beam machinery."

"But how did you escape that night? Rosebery swore he took away the beam and shut the window."

"Just a little venture, and a leap across a few feet of space and through some panes of glass. But we mustn't tell Elsie of that—for the present, at least. It would alarm my mother, perhaps. When the whole affair has faded into a little distance, I will venture some night to amuse her with this odd story of a lover's leap."

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

WE give this week, on page 661, portraits of the most prominent leaders of the Cuban revolution, which we have obtained through the courtesy of the officers of the Cuban Junta in this city. The officers of the Junta, believing that many of our readers may desire to obtain photographic likenesses of Republican statesmen and of General QUESADA, the Cuban Commander-in-Chief, have made arrangements to furnish such pictures, upon application at their office at No. 71 Broadway. The proceeds from the sale of these interesting photographs will be devoted to the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers of the patriot Cuban armies.

CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES was born in HAVANA, April 18, 1819. His parents were JOSÉ MARIA DE CESPEDES and FRANCISCA DE BORJA LOPES DEL CASTILLO, both belonging to most respected and honorable families of that city.

CARLOS MANUEL passed his boyhood in the country, where he breathed in from the exhilarating air of the mountains an ardent love for liberty. Afterward he entered a convent, where he studied Latin and *belles-lettres*, remaining there till he attained the age of fifteen; he then went to HAVANA with the intention of studying law in the University, and completed the course, graduating in 1839, having passed a brilliant examination.

Now a lawyer, with the degree of Bachelor, he returned to BAYAMO, and married MARIA DEL CARMEN CESPEDES, who died very recently.

In 1840 he sailed for Europe, and resided for some time at Barcelona. Here he made the necessary studies for the grade of a licenciado of the law, which he obtained in 1842.

He improved every occasion to defend Cuba against the attacks which were made by Spaniards, and also formed a close intimacy with General PRIM, taking an active part in the republican conspiracy which that distinguished man had incited. He was on this account banished to France by the Spanish Government. In 1844 he came to America, and fixed his residence at BAYAMO, his native city. He obtained there great reputation as a lawyer, cultivated literature, and acquired a considerable fortune. In 1852 he was arrested in BAYAMO because of a demonstration which he had made at a banquet in favor of Cuban independence. From the prison of BAYAMO he was sent to MORRO CASTLE, in Santiago de Cuba, where he was held for five months.

In 1867, and during the early part of 1868, he suffered new persecutions from the government, and, escaping as he best could, he came over to devote himself to the cause of his country with great earnestness, attending Masonic associations and assisting at revolutionary juntas, which were commenced in July of 1868, in which he always declared himself firmly for the independence of Cuba and its emancipation from the Spanish rule. He was also an advocate of negro emancipation.

The discontent of the country increasing, the result was new attempts for reform in the system of taxation, which was as ruinous as it was unjust, under LERSUNDI's government. These attempts, with other influences, in the end brought about the revolution.

On the 8th of October the patriots began to assemble in the mill "Demajagua" of CESPEDES; and, with him at the head, five hundred patriots, on the evening of the 10th, swore allegiance to the flag of liberty.

The first encounter with the Spanish troops was at YARA. The revolutionary column, numbering one thousand, marched to BARRANCAS, which was taken on the 11th; and on the 17th they advanced upon BAYAMO.

Here the number of patriots was increased to three thousand men, and after three days of siege and combat the garrison of the town was obliged to capitulate.

At this decisive moment CESPEDES desired to perform a great act of justice. He granted absolute and unconditional liberty to all his slaves, and took with him in his march all that wished to accompany him. From this time CESPEDES has been at the head of the Cuban revolution, exhibiting the greatest patriotism, and encouraging all selfish aggrandizement. To-day he is President of the Republic of Cuba, and history will register his name among those of the great benefactors of humanity.

General MANUEL QUESADA was born in the city of Camaguey on the 29th of March, 1830, and belonged to one of the principal families of that city. He emigrated, when very young, to Mexico, impelled by the love of adventure.

Inclining to a military life, he entered the service of the Republic in 1846, and was always distinguished for his valor and intelligence. It is not necessary to say that he embraced the Liberal cause, fighting first for Don PABLO BASCONUEVA, and always leagued against the Emperor MAXIMILIAN.

As chief of a column he obtained very brilliant triumphs, and in battles with the French he had the glory of defeating them successively at ICOTIN, Tepeque del Oro, Jaleapa, Orizaba, Alpahuil, Paso Martino, Pesmelucan, and in several other actions, among which figure the memorable battles of the 5th of May, 1862, at Puebla and at Estachuca, where he was honored with the rank of General.

His most brilliant victory was that of Palo-Gacho at Vera Cruz, where he routed a large force of African Cazadores and other cavalry with a small infantry force. Also at Alpahuil, a pan that he attained to the rank of Colonel, and soon after to that of General, for his gallant conduct. The battle of Alpahuil was the first which took place between the Mexican and French troops, and this was soon followed by that of the Cruzay he took at Tepeque.

General QUESADA received medals of honor for the 5th of May and for Puebla, and was selected to fill high official posts, among others that of Governor of the States of Hiascala, Cuadhuila, and Durango.

In 1865 General QUESADA came to New York, where he has devoted himself exclusively to the cause of liberty for his country, and has labored incessantly for that object, exciting in the Cuban patriots an enthusiastic desire to strike a death-blow to the oppressors of the Cuban island. Five months before the heroic President of the Cuban Junta gave the cry for independence in YARA, General QUESADA did the same, escaping, accompanied by the distinguished patriot PABLO PEREZ, they having gone thither for the purpose of organizing the insurrection, and providing for any deficiency in their military resources. He afterward proceeded to NASSAU, from which place he superintended the insurrection of YARA.

He was enabled to collect resources there for the purchase of some thousands of arms; and with these and a number of distinguished patriots of the Sociedad Habanero he embarked in a small vessel, in the midst of a violent storm, on the 22d of DECEMBER, 1868. He succeeded in reaching the port of Guanaia, and disembarked the 27th of the same month, in spite of the fury of the elements and the fire of a small Spanish fort.

General QUESADA did not aspire to any command in Cuba, but the Court of Camaguey named him General-in-Chief of the troops of Comarca; and account of his brilliant organization of the army, and his great services to his country, he was named by the Congress, or Junta, General-in-Chief of the army of the republic, and finally taking part in the battle of Gettysburg. Taken prisoner in that battle, with a part of the regiment that he was commanding as the capacity of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was with General GRAHAM, under whose orders he was serving, carried to the Libby Prison in Richmond, where he remained confined for nine months, suffering the greatest distress and privation. While there he wrote, at the suggestion of his companions in misfortune, a little book, entitled "Libby Life," which he afterward published, and was received with great favor. After having been exchanged, and notwithstanding his feeble health, he accepted the position and performed the duties of Adjutant-General on the staff of General BURNEY; but on account of his sickness, which increased during the campaign against Richmond, he was compelled to give up the service.

Returning to his native country he was appointed by the Cuban Junta Commissioner to the American Consulate at Trinidad, which position he held from his nomination up to the outbreak of the Cuban revolution, the cause of which he ardently embraced. His position in society and his domestic happiness were sacrificed by CABAÑAS at the call of duty; and, leading the uprising in the Cinco Villas district, he began the series of arduous operations which have caused the largest portion in the Central Department of Cuba to be rescued from Spanish tyranny. Major-General CABAÑAS is actually the Commander-in-Chief of the Cinco Villas army, by official appointment of the republican government of Cuba.

JUAN M. DE LA CAMARA Y CESPEDES, a son of Cuban parents, and belonging to a respectable family, was born in Havana on the 24th of June, 1827. He lost his father at a very early age. His education commenced in his native city: but later he came to New York, and entered the college of Mr. PRUNET. On account of the circumstances of his family, he remained but a short time in this institution, and returned while yet young to Havana. There he found himself his own master; and it being very difficult for him to pursue a literary profession, he devoted his attention to the management of his estate in the country, and became a skillful planter. At twenty years of age he married, in Cienfuegos, his cousin, the daughter of his uncle, JOSÉ GREGORIO DIAZ DE VILLEGAS, a distinguished and worthy lawyer, whose landed property he managed until 1846. At that time the conspiracy of General NARCISO LOPEZ was betrayed by one of the conspirators. In that plot VILLEGAS was engaged, as were also his father-in-law and his oldest brother, FRANCISCO. These two, although convicted, were imprisoned, and suffered the most cruel treatment: at the hands of the Spanish Government, being confined for eight months in the dark and filthy dungeons. VILLEGAS escaped by reason of his being at the time in HAVANA.

On the failure of the LOPEZ conspiracy VILLEGAS returned to his rural occupations, but always cherished a lively hope for the deliverance of his country from the tyranny of Spain. The glorious outbreak of YARA, therefore, found his patriotic feelings ready to be awakened. VILLEGAS immediately repaired to aid that outbreak by a revolt in Cienfuegos, and he devoted all his attention to the securing of men and the accumulation of arms for the purpose. As he enlisted the general sympathies of his countrymen, these hastened in great numbers to compromise themselves in the movement, choosing him as their chief; but the want of arms, unfortunately, prevented his profiting by the services of all. VILLEGAS was compelled to act in this dangerous work of preparation; but at last it became impossible longer to conceal his operations, and on the 7th of February he took the field, leading a band of patriots, badly armed, but devoted to the cause. Their arms consisted of pikes, *machetes*, pistols, and shot-guns.

VILLEGAS left his son LEOPOLD in the city, ordering him to accompany his mother and sister but the young man, desirous of serving his country in the field, disobeying his father's orders, abandoned the city and presented himself at his father's head-quarters, saying to him, "Though I am obliged to obey your orders as a father, you can not compel me to serve my country as a soldier; and I ask of you a place as private in the ranks of the Liberating Army." Such a reply as this young man prove that he was a true soldier of a noble cause; he distinguished himself highly for his courage and intelligence.

JUAN DIAZ DE VILLEGAS is to-day one of the most distinguished chieftains of the Cinco Villas army, and it is hoped that through his courageous efforts this part of Cuba will soon be completely free from Spanish thralldom.

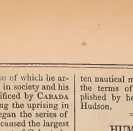
On the same page with the portraits of these illustrious Cubans we give a representation of the first Cuban man-of-war, the *Cubo*, formerly the *Hornet*. She is now fairly at sea, flying the Cuban flag, having a full crew and a heavy armament prepared to make war upon Spanish commerce.

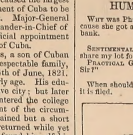
The history of this smart blockade-runner during the last two months has been an exciting one, from the time she left the yard of REANEY, NEAFIE, & CO., at Kensington, until she completed her equipment as an armed privateer during the last few days. She has slipped successively through the fingers of the customs and revenue officers of Philadelphia, the authorities of Halifax, and of the port of New York; has shipped her guns, munitions, coal, arms, and ammunition within a short distance of the latter port; and is now at sea, and likely to do no little damage among the Spanish steamer and sailing marine.

The armament of the *Cubo* consists of three 60-pound Parrotts, two 30-pound Parrotts, two 24-pound brass howitzers, forty or fifty copper torpedoes, ten tons of powder, and a large quantity of shot and shell, besides small arms.

The *Cubo* left the port of September the 4th, and on the 7th of September the *Cubo* hoisted the Cuban flag, and disclosed her true character. She is commanded by Captain HIGGINS, formerly of the United States Navy. She is a very fast vessel, and her only immediate trouble is likely to arise from a short supply of coal. In our news columns will be found an account of the recent expeditions which have been fitted out for the aid of the Cuban patriots.

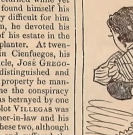
We give on page 668 an illustration of one of the Spanish gun-boats which, as our readers will remember, was ordered to be seized by our Secretary of the Navy a few weeks since. These boats receive their hull at Mystic, Connecticut, but with this exception they have been constructed at the Delamater Iron Works of this city. Our illustration shows the first one of these boats that has been completed on her trial trip up the Hudson. She is a very snug little propeller, modeled somewhat after the old Savannah and Charleston line of steamers—a miniature *Huntsville*, in fact. She measures 105 feet on the keel, is fore-and-aft-schooner rigged, and carries an engine of 150-horse power. She has accommodations for a crew of forty men all told, and will carry a 100-pound Parrott gun. She can steam ten nautical miles an hour, the speed obliged by the terms of the contract, and easily accomplished by her on her recent trial-trip up the Hudson.


Sheridan's Dance.


"Sorstegs and Long Branch—you have seen them," Said Charley one morning to Zoe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them,
For bother my wig if I know."
Quoth Zoe, "'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At the one you go into the water,
At the other it goes into you!"

A Louisville matron, whose husband snores badly, keeps a clothes' pin underneath her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her she adjusts the pin on his nasal organ, and then slumbers peacefully.

Mr. Simms says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.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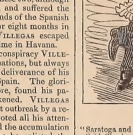
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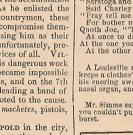

Gold at 130.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WIFE was PHARAOH's daughter like a broker?—Because she got a little profit from the rushes on the bank.

SENTIMENTAL YOUTH. "My dear Maria, will you consent to be the partner of my joys and sorrows?" PRACTICAL GIRL. "How many acres in your lot, Sir?"

When should a newspaper be the sharpest?—When it is filed.

HUMOROUS.

WHY was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker?—Because she got a little profit from the rushes on the bank.

SENTIMENTAL YOUTH. "My dear Maria, will you consent to be the partner of my joys and sorrows?" PRACTICAL GIRL. "How many acres in your lot, Sir?"

When should a newspaper be the sharpest?—When it is filed.

"SOMETHING NEW."—[DRAWN BY CHARLES G. BUSH.]

BYRON, THE FORBIDDEN.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Oh, memories of green and pleasant places,
Where happy birds their sweet notes twittered low!
Oh, love that lit the dear familiar faces
We buried long ago!

From barren heights their sweetness we remember,
And backward gaze with wistful yearning eyes,
As hearts regret 'mid snow-drifts of December
The summer's sunny skies.

Glad hours that seemed their rainbow tints to borrow
From some illumined page of fairy love;
Bright days that never lacked a bright to-morrow;
Days that return no more.

Safe gardens with their many-blossomed alleys,
And red-ripe roses breathing out perfume;
Dim violet nooks in green sequestered valleys,
Empurpled at the gloom.

Sunsets that lighted up the brown-leaved beeches,
Turning their dusky glooms to shimmering gold;
Moonlight that on the rover's fern-fringed reaches
Streamed, white-rayed, silvery cold.

O'er moorlands bleak we wander weary-hearted,
Through many a tangled will and thorny maze,
Remembering as in dreams the days departed,
The by-gone happy days.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In the Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOE DOWSETT'S NEWS.

It was not far from ten o'clock when Joe Dowsett returned from Shipley Magna. He was in consequence an excellent servant, but he had his failings—among which might be reckoned an inability to resist strong liquor when proffered gratuitously. During twenty years Joe had not been known to be drunk at his own expense. But a visit to the Crown at Shipley Magna, where he was an old crony and customer of the head hostler, was pretty sure to result in Joe's partial inebriation.

On the present occasion he had ridden to Shipley and back on the old pony, the sole beast of burden belonging to the vicar. And Joe had presented the enormous amount of time occupied in the journey to his own remarkable humanity to the pony.

"Mustn't press him hard, the old beast," said Joe on his return, standing before the kitchen fire, the heat of which caused his wet clothes to steam again.

"No fear of you pressing him hard to come away from the Crown," retorted Joanna. "I advise you to get to your bed, and take off them damp things. Else you'll be getting a fever, or the rheumatics, or something. Only," she added, under her breath—"only we know there's a special providence for certain folks: and I'm sure you're one on 'em this night, Joe Dowsett."

"All right, Jo-anna. I feel pretty comfortable, thank 'ee. No; mustn't press the old pony. The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

At this moment Catherine came back from the sitting-room, whither she had been, according to orders, to give her master the tidings of Joe's return.

"Master's fine and vexed," she said, "at Joe being so late. He said he wanted to send Joe to fetch home Mrs. Veronica if he had come at any reasonable hour. But now it's too late."

"Why was he unwilling to let her stay at Mrs. Plew's?" asked Joanna.

"Oh, I don't know. Miss Veronica has staid there before. But the vicar said as he'd have gone to fetch her himself, only it's windy and night, and been getting worse and worse since sundown. I think master feels lonely without being used to Sir John's company. And then both the young ladies being away the first evening and all —it's much for him to bear. He says he shall go to bed, and you're to send him up a slice of dry toast and a glass of negus, with not too much brandy in it."

"Negus ain't a bad thing," observed Joe Dowsett.

"You go to your bed, Joe, for merry's sake!" cried the old woman, impatiently. "Don't stand a steaming there like a copper on washing day."

"I feel pretty comfortable, Jo-anna. I'm a friend of yours at the Crown this evening—Mr. Paul."

"Paul at the Crown!" exclaimed Catherine.

"Yes, Paul at the Crown. He pretended not to see me, and skulked through the tap-room like a rat, but I'm a gentleman. I say no thing against Sir John. But Paul—Paul's a sneak."

"Don't you talk nonsense. Paul never did you no harm," said Joanna. "And I don't believe you was at all to-night."

"You don't believe—?"

"No, I don't. Him and his master was to dinner at Danecester last night, and go off by an early train this morning. It ain't likely as Paul should be at the Crown at Shipley Magna all alone. You must have took somebody else with him. Paul would have spoke to you if it had been him. Why shouldn't he?"

Joe turned on her with crushing severity.

"P'raps you'll say I was drunk next, Jo-anna!"

"O Lord, no, I' shan't say so. Maybe you were dreaming. But never mind now. Go to bed; there's a good man."

It proved very difficult indeed to induce Joe to go to bed, however. He protested over and over again that he felt pretty comfortable. Then he required Joanna and Catherine to declare solemnly that they believed his statement about having seen Paul; which, finding it hopeless to get him to go to bed on any other terms, they unscrupulously did. Then he very unexpectedly declared that he and Paul had lived together like brothers; that there was no one for whom he felt a warmer regard; and that Paul's cold and unkind behavior had cut him to the heart. At last, by dint of scolding and coaxing, he was got to his own room, the door of which Joanna shut, with a fervent prayer that they might not all be burned in their beds, and with a gleam of comfort in the knowledge that the end of a candle intrusted to Joe would not be above five minutes.

"Ain't it queer, Joe taking that notion about seeing Paul?" said Catherine, when she and Joanna were alone together. "Do you think it could ha' been—could he have been drinking? Do folk call it when a man sees a ghost walks before they're dead, as a kind of a warning? Like that story you tell of the elder sister, and the tired lover's maid Jane. Oh, I know—a fetch. That's the name. Do you think it could ha' been Paul's fetch?"

"Pooh, child! Servants don't have no fetches. Them kind of things only belongs to great families. Don't you go scaring your wits with such fancies, or I shall never tell you no more of my stories."

"But," persisted the girl, "Joe said that the figure passed through the room very quick and silent, and with its head turned away, and—"

"Well, it was like turned away how was Joe to know who it was? It's just a drunken man's fancy, I tell you. Go to your bed. It's nigh upon eleven, and I have to see to the fastenings of the doors. Good-night. When Joe's sober to-morrow he will tell another story, I warrant."

But the next morning Joe told no other story. On the contrary, he persisted in his former statement, and could produce no proof which it was impossible to doubt. He had remarked Paul's presence at the Crown to his landlord's great surprise, and the hostler had said, yes; he knew him well enough. He was the foreign servant of that Mr. Levincourt who was staying at Danecester, and had put up at the Crown for his hunting quarters. But in reply to a question as to what Paul had come for, the hostler had professed ignorance. It might be to fetch some traps of his master's. The hostler believed that Paul had been a gentleman's servant himself at that kind left in the landlord's care. Paul had brought a fly from the hotel at Danecester, and had to fly back in it. (So the hostler) supposed that he had to carry luggage.

"But why Paul shouldn't speak to me I don't know, nor I don't much care," said Joe, the memory whose feelings toward his dear friend had come down to their ordinary level of stolid indifference since the influence of the liquor had worn off—"but Joe Dowsett was a reflection on the rest of the vicar's household."

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon Maud arrived from Lowater. Captain Sheardown had driven her to Shipley, and had left her at the vicarage viewing without slighting himself, purposing to proceed to Haymoor.

"Where is Veronica?" was Maud's first question to her guardian.

"Veronica has displeased me very much," answered the vicar. "She went to dine with Colonel Mrs. Plew, and chose to remain there all night, although she knows—or might know if she had any sense—that whatever else she may have learned, she has not learned good manners. Her sentiments on any subject whatever—that I object to her putting herself under any obligation of that kind to the Plews."

Maud looked grave, but said, sweetly, "Please don't be very angry with her, Uncle Charles. It was a dreadful night last night. Perhaps she was afraid of the walk home."

"She was assuredly not afraid of incurring the displeasure of whatever else she may have feared," said the vicar.

Maud made no further direct effort to avert her guardian's displeasure, but she took the most effectual means of putting him into a good-humor, by gayly chatting about all the little incidents of her visit to Lowater, the concert at Danecester, and the people who had been to the house.

She was in the midst of her talk, sitting, still with her hat in her hand, in the vicar's study, when the door of the room was opened with a little way, and a voice cried: "Miss Maud! Miss Maud! Would ye please step here a moment?"

The voice was Joanna's; but so shrill and muffled in its tone that an unreasoning apprehension of impending evil fell upon Maud's heart.

She sprang up, and forcing a smile, said: "Uncle Charles, I must go for an instant to say a word to Joanna. I'll be back as soon as possible. The dear old woman has some mighty mystery on hand."

She closed the study door with an instinctive care, for which she could never afterward account, and faced a countenance which seemed, like Medusa's head, to turn her into stone.

The countenance was Joanna's. But so changed, ghastly, and aged was it that Maud would hardly, under other circumstances, have recognized the familiar features.

"Is it the master, Joanna?" she asked, in quick, low tones, whose firmness surprised herself.

"My dear Maudie," answered the trembling old woman, "my sweet young lady, don't ye lose your head. It's all we've got to depend on! I feel my years now as I never felt 'em before."

Maud made a silent, eloquent gesture of impatience.

"Yes, I will speak, deary. Mr.—Mr. Plew's here. He looked in by—by—chance like. And —O Lord be merciful to us, and spare us!—he says, Miss Veronica is not at his mother's, and what's more, hasn't been there all night. And what to do, or what to say, or what will become of the vicar, I don't know!"

"Hush! Where is Mr. Plew? Take me to him. There is some mistake, some misunderstanding. No harm can have happened to Veronica, here, in her own home, among her own people! It is impossible!"

"Oh, my deary, Mr. Plew is more like a mad creature than anything else. And as to harm—My innocent young lady, it goes to my heart to hurt you, but I'm afraid—I'm sore afraid—"

"Of what?"

The old woman made no answer, but moaned and wrung her hands.

A dreadful superstition took hold of Maud that Mr. Plew had brought some fatal and decisive tidings; that Veronica was dead, and that the old servant was endeavoring to break the news to her. Collecting her senses as well as she could, she bade Joanna take her to Mr. Plew at once, and let her know the worst.

Joanna pointed to the door of the dining-parlor, and Maud sprang into the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLED.

JOANNA had not much exaggerated in saying that Mr. Plew was more like a madman than any thing else." He did seem to have nearly lost his senses.

"Oh, Miss Desmond!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of Maud, and then stood dumb with clasped hands.

"Please to tell me at once," he said in earnest, indeed it will! Is she dead?"

The utterance of the word seemed to force a gush of tears into the man's eyes, but she struggled hard to command herself.

The little surgeon recovered some spark of manhood and self-control in sight of the young girl's piteous, innocent face. His professional helpfulness came to his aid, and took him away from the contemplation of his own distress.

"Don't try too violently to force back your tears," he said. "Let them come. You will not let them master you. No: I do not think Veronica is dead. No, on my honor. I would not deceive you."

"What is it then? Is she ill? Has there been any accident? Is she in danger?"

"I wish to Heaven, miss Desmond, that I could answer all your questions. All I know is, that Miss Levincourt did not sleep at my mother's house last night—did not even go there at all—and yet I was told and have by the boy that she meant to do so."

"But the boy may have mistaken her message. She may have said that she was going elsewhere. Have you asked? Have you inquired in the village? Joanna's face and—and yours have infected me with terror. But I can not—I can not—believe that there is any real danger! Can there?"

"Alarm!" echoed the voice of Mr. Levincourt, and the next instant he stood in the room.

Any attempt at concealment was out of the question. A glance at the faces of Maud and Mr. Plew sufficed to show the vicar that some terrible misfortune had happened.

"Dear Uncle Charles," said Maud, taking his hand, "Mr. Plew has told us that Veronica was not at his mother's house last night. Don't, pray don't, give way to terror, dear Uncle Charles. It has been some mistake of Jemmy Sack. I am sure of it. What harm can have happened? We should have been sure to hear of my accident, you know. Ill news always travels quickly. We were startled at first, but now I am coming to my senses a little, and I see how foolish it was to be so frightened!"

The poor old man, standing in every limb, and the hand with which she clasped the vicar's was as cold as marble.

Some time in Mr. Levincourt's case would have rushed instantly forth; would have sought here and there; would have inquired feverishly of every one. But he was spurred by their anxiety into immediate energy and action.

But the vicar was at first stunned, not stimulated, by the blow. He sank down in a chair like one whose bodily powers had been suddenly paralyzed.

"The first thing to be done," said Maud, "is to send Joe into the village. Let him go to Sack's first and question old Jemmy. Then he might go or send to the Meggitts. It is possible that Veronica may have gone there. Miss Turner and the girls were always asking her. And you will make inquiries, won't you, Mr. Plew? I see more and more how foolish it was to be so frightened!"

The vicar, as he recovered from the first shock, and as Maud's elastic courage and young hopefulness rose above the terrible shadow, began to chase away the first ghastly fear that had crushed him, displayed an unexpected phase of feeling: he grew angry. He resented the pain he had been made to suffer.

"I think, Mr. Plew," he said, in a voice whose trembling could not by any means under control, "I must say that I think it highly inconsiderate on your part to come here and cause so very terrible—an unnecessarily terrible—an alarm without having better grounds for it."

The latter part, who seemed to be entirely uninfluenced by Maud's cheering suggestions, stood silent, and cast an appealing glance at the young girl.

"Law dear, Sir!" cried old Joanna, who had remained in the room, "don't ye say that! Mr. Plew came here without knowing a thing about Miss Veronica. He was took aback and scared well-nigh as much as you was when I opened the door and he asked me where she was, and why she hadn't come home with him.

"Is Joe gone? Is he going?" exclaimed the vicar, rising from his chair, and speaking now with nervous rapidity. "Why does no one exert any energy? I shall go in one direction myself—Joe must take another—to Sack's farm—to hear! And, Plew, you—will you still search—" Then a sudden terror overcame him, and he fell back into the chair again with a groan. "My child! my child!" he cried.

"Oh, my child! At this moment she may be —dead!"

"No, no, no—not that!" exclaimed Mr. Plew, eagerly. "Not that! I do not believe she is dead. I do not believe she is hurt. That is not what I fear."

"Then, Sir, what is it you do fear? It is not this, and it is not that! What means have you of knowing? And how should you understand a parent's natural apprehensions, or undertake to limit them? Have you," he added, suddenly having caught a glimpse of intelligence that passed between the surgeon and Joanna—" have you any information that you are concealing from me?"

"No! No!"

"You have! I see it in your face—and in hers. Joanna, I insist, I command, you to speak! Plew, if you think it kind to keep me in suspense you are cruelly mistaken. Tell me the truth!"

"Mr. Levincourt, as God is my witness, I know nothing. I do not, upon my soul. But I—I had a momentary fear—a mere momentary suspicion—that—"

"Suspicion, Sir! Of what?"

"That—that Miss Levincourt might have left her home, purposing not to return to it."

"—Gone *there* you?" gasped the vicar; and then suddenly ceased, as though the words were arrested in his throat and were almost choking him.

"Untie his neckcloth!" cried the surgeon, springing forward. The vicar waved him off, but suffered Joanna to obey Mr. Plew's directions.

Maud looked from one to another in an agony of bewilderment.

"Left her home!" she exclaimed. "Veronica leave her home, purposing not to return to it? Why? Why? For what?"

"Whisht, my deary!" muttered Joanna, still busied about the master. "You'd ye give way. It may not be so bad as we're feared."

"So bad as what? What does Mr. Plew mean? What are you all afraid of? Oh, Veronica!"

"Here he is, Sir! Here's Jemmy!" cried Joe Dowsett, ushering Jemmy back into the room after him. "I was on my way to the farm when I met him. Now speak, you young rascal, and tell his reverence what Miss Veronica said to you!"

The boy was flushed, panting, and very much frightened, and had evidently run the whole part of his own painful excitement in hauling Jemmy Sack to the vicarage with very unnecessary violence.

"I bain't a young rascal!" said Jemmy, driven to bay. "And I told the message here last night as Miss Veronica said, so I did."

"Don't be afraid, Jemmy," said Maud, trying to soothe the boy. "No one will hurt you. You have done no harm."

"No, I knows I haven't!" retorted Jemmy.

"But you will tell us what—what Miss Veronica said, won't you, Jemmy? We are all in sad trouble because we're afraid some harm has happened to her, and we want to find out where she is."

The sight of the sweet, pale face, down which the tears were now streaming fast, and the sound of the voice, whose tones were familiar to all the boy's heart, and he professed his readiness to say all that he knew. But that amounted to very little. He had seen Miss Veronica at the school-house. But she had not remained until the end of the practising. Before twelve she had said to Jemmy that she was going to Mrs. Plew's house to drink tea, and that, as the evening was drawing out wet, he should stay there. Jemmy was to go and take that message to the vicarage. But he was not to go until quite late: not until after seven o'clock at all events. And Miss Veronica had given him a silver sixpence, and bade him earn it honestly by doing exactly as she told him.

"And so I did," protested Jemmy. "I never goe'd near the vicarage until nigh upon eight o'clock, and I was a-growing quite tired of it was soaked through, and when I got home daddy thrashed me."

Old Joanna stood by, emphasizing every word that the boy uttered by a nod of the head, a sigh, or a gesture with uplifted hands, as who should say, "Ay, ay: it is just as I feared!" Ever since the speaking of those words by Mr. Plew which so aroused the vicar's indignation she had latent but not passive—resentment in his chair. He had listened to Jemmy Sack's story in silence, and had apparently relinquished his purpose of going forth to seek his daughter. Now he rose, as though struck by a sudden idea, and hastily left the room. His footsteps were heard ascending the staircase and entering the apartment overhead. It was Veronica's chamber. The steps moved to and fro several times in the house.

The little group in the dining-parlor stood staring blankly at each other.

Maud's face recovered its flow. She was frozen by a new and but half-comprehended fear.

Presently Catherine ran in from the kitchen. People had come to give what information they could. By this time the whole village was acquainted with Veronica's disappearance. Roger the plowman's wife had seen Miss Levincourt by herself walking along the Shipley Magna road very fast. And she had said good-afternoon to her. But she (Roger's wife) thought she might not have seen her, for she was going along in a

quick, scared kind of a way, looking straight before her.

Immediately after this woman appeared a witness who testified to having seen the vicar's daughter in a carriage, driving swiftly on the road between Shipley Magna and Dancecester, between five and six o'clock on the previous evening.

This man was from Shipley-in-the-Wold and Dancecester carrier, who knew Veronica well by sight, as he did most people within a circuit of twenty miles round Shipley. He had just heard, he said, down at the Red Cow that the young lady was missing. So he thought he would step up and say when and where he had last seen her.

On hearing the first words of this man's story Maud had rushed breathlessly up stairs to call her guardian. In two minutes she returned again to the door of the dining-room, and beckoned Mr. Plew to come to her.

The hall-door, Veronica, which had arisen high and confused when she had left the room, ceased suddenly as soon as her white face was seen again in the doorway. There was a pause of expectation.

"What is it?" whispered Mr. Plew, obeying Maud's summons.

"Will you please step into the study to Uncle Charles for a moment, Mr. Plew?"

She repeated him into the study. The vicar was sitting there with a paper in his hand.

"Is there news?" cried Mr. Plew, eagerly.

The vicar's face showed a strange mixed emotion—an agitation different from the first emotions of surprise and alarm which he had exhibited on learning that his daughter was not to be found.

"Yes," he said; "there is news. I am—happy—thankful—that Veronica is safe. It has been a false alarm—a mistake. I am quite relieved."

"Thank God!" cried the surgeon, fervently.

Mr. Levincourt tried to speak with some degree of self-control. His hand shook, and his features twitched.

"I have cause to be thankful," he began, and then suddenly broke down and turned away. "Tell him what I wanted, Maud," he murmured in a stifled voice. Then he bent his arms on the table, and bowed his head, and hid his face in his hands.

"Will you do us the great kindness," said Maud, addressing the surgeon, "to get rid of all those people? Thank them, and say—what is fitting."

"But what am I to say?"

Maud glanced at the vicar, but seeing him motionless, with his face buried in his hands, she answered:

"Mr. Levincourt wishes them to be told that Veronica is in perfect safety. There is no cause for alarm. He has found a letter from her."

"Impious letter," murmured the vicar, with still averted face, "that there has been a mis-understanding! that I had seen the letter soon-er— Miss Levincourt did not leave my house without informing me."

Mr. Plew hesitating, Maud made an imploring gesture.

"Pray, pray, Mr. Plew, send those people away!"

Mr. Plew proceeded to obey the vicar's directions as well as he could. The poor little man's heart was aching and his spirit was troubled. At length he succeeded in inducing the little crowd to depart. They went unwillingly and with a perfect hunger of dissatisfied curiosity. They would fain have lingered in the kitchen to talk and to hear; but old Joanna very unceremoniously bade them begone, and was obdurate forward all attempts at discussing the question of Miss Veronica's departure.

"I know as much as the vicar himself, and more than he knows, too, if he's a mind to tell me," said Joanna. "Thank God the lass isn't murdered, nor any way hurt, nor yet drowned, nor yet stopped. That's all I care to know. Now, her father knows where she is. And so I don't see as the rest is any of our businesses."

Mr. Plew found the vicar, when the surgeon, having knocked at the door of the study, had been readmitted by Maud—Mr. Plew, if I showed undue resentment, you will make us mad just now, I ask your pardon."

"Oh, Mr. Levincourt! Don't, pray don't speak of my pardon! But—Miss Desmond said you had found a letter—"

"I have found a letter from my daughter, and I am going to London to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes."

"To meet Miss Levincourt?"

"To meet Miss Levincourt if possible. I take Maud with me. She is absent some weeks, and she can not remain here alone. I shall place her under the protection of her aunt, Lady Tullis, who is in London. If you are asked about Miss Desmond, I wish you to be able to say that *she*, at least, is in safety."

There was keenness in the vicar's tone as he spoke the last words which sent a pang through the surgeon's heart. He was, as Joanna had called him, "a soft man."

"I hope," said he, wistfully, "that I may be able to say so of Ve—of Miss Levincourt too."

"Mr. Plew," said the vicar, in a sincere frank and that you wish well to all us," said the vicar, suddenly. "I will trust you."

"You may, indeed, sir. I—of course I knew all along that it was of no use; and I never —scarcely ever—allowed myself to feel any thing like hope. She was so superior in every way. But I am not altogether selfish. Veronica's happiness is very dear to me. It's all over now, of course. But if—if there is any thing in the world I can do for you, or for her, you may be sure I shall not flinch."

The vicar took the little man's hand. "Ah!" he moaned, with the cruel candor of a man absorbed in his own misery, "it might have been better if she had been able to bring herself to care for you. Any thing would have been better than this! She has run away, Mr. Plew; run away with that—" he checked himself, "with Sir John Gale."

"I knew it!" cried the surgeon. "I am not surprised." But his face grew deadly pale as he spoke.

"Let it turn out as it may," resumed the vicar, "I can not easily forgive her. She has been ungrateful and deceitful. But she is my child, my only child. I can not abandon her to her fate. She writes me here that Sir John had private reasons for keeping the secret marriage—"

"Marriage! Is she married?"

"If she is not he shall answer it, the infernal villain! But, for my child, recovered to myself somewhat, "you perceive how all-important it may be not to give evil tongues a handle. You will speak of her—you will defend her—as we shall, nothing more. That is bad enough. I must go to London to-night. A train leaves Dancecester at midnight. I might drive to it by-and-by at once, but I should be no better off. We must wait for the twelve o'clock mail; there is no direct train to London between this hour and midnight. Every hour seems an age."

"Yes, yes; you must go. God grant you may find her! Have you any clew?"

A few words dropped by that man's servant, And his own intention, occupied some time ago, of going to Italy. If I can but be in time to prevent their leaving England—"

"And Miss Desmond goes with you?"

"Yes. My poor Maudie! Ah, how little your mother thought to what contact with misery and disgrace she was exposing you when she bequeathed you to my care!"

They were the first words of consideration for any human being's sufferings, save his own, that the vicar had spoken.

Arrangements were hastily made for the departure of the evening. Mr. Plew was helpful and active. He ordered a vehicle to take the vicar and his ward to Dancecester at seven o'clock. Old Joanna was to go with them. Maud's little valise sobbed as she packed up a few clothes for Maud.

"Seems like as if a earthquake had comed and swallowed us all up, miss," said Catherine. The vicar had fought hard to show a brave front to the servants, to keep up appearances; but without much success; for there was no convincing at the bottom of his own heart to enable him to persuade others that all would be well with his daughter. He was too much a man of the world to give credence to the excuses made in the hurried letter left behind her by Veronica, that weighty private reasons had prevented Sir John Gale from openly declaring his marriage, and had induced him to urge her to consent to a clandestine marriage.

"For a man of his age and position to run off with a girl!" muttered the vicar, as he paced the room, with clenched teeth. "Miserable, wretched, misguided, degraded girl! But if there is justice in heaven, she shall suffer. I will shall find that he can not thus outrage and defy the world. He shall marry her by—"

The vicar was falling into a fever and his ward drove away from the garden gate of the vicarage. As they passed the spot where Sir John Gale had been found blustering and insensible on the ground Mr. Levincourt closed his eyes and groaned aloud.

Maud shuddered at the scene recalled to her mind the fact that the accident had happened little more than two months ago.

"Two months!" she said to herself, while the tears blinded her eyes and streamed down her cheeks. "How happy we were only two months ago!"

BIOLOGY.

AMONG the various departments into which science is subdivided, biology is one which is exciting much interest at the present moment. Certain it is that nature acts by determinate laws in reproducing the same forms in the animal and vegetable kingdoms through blending and inseparation. How it so happens that the brilliant colors in the plumage of the peacock, or the stripes on the zebra, or spots on the leopard's skin are there, is quite beyond our ken. The fact is undeniable that it is so, and there philosophy leaves the subject. Every one of these animal organs has a definite shape, color, weight, and specific function to perform. Why all that organism, or how and every one of its parts should be so, can no more readily be elucidated or explained than primal forms.

Physiology is better understood than biology, yet that barely opens the way for thoughtful speculations, which, although very satisfactory in formation on the laws of life. Both of these studies have their value, because they carry a convincing argument on their footsets that if we can not explain the rationale of what is transpiring in vegetable or animal growth, or what makes the egg run in the one or the other, we certainly can not deny the existence of a Superior Power some where, which originated all vitalized mechanism and set it in motion, giving very satisfactory information

THE ANDAMAN MONKEY.

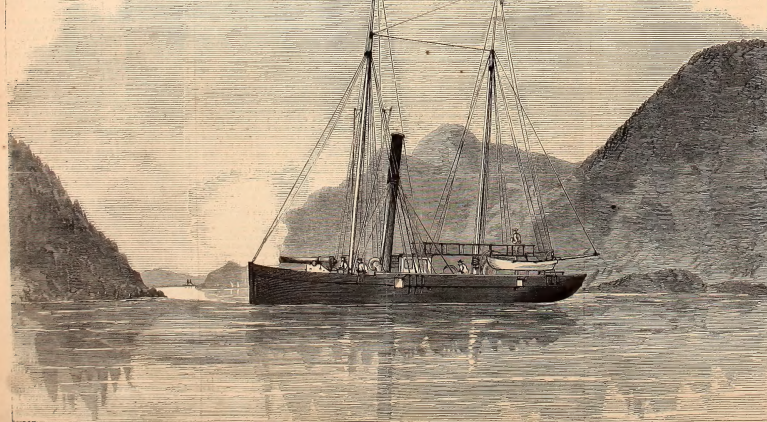
As interesting stranger at the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, in Regent's Park, is the female monkey, of a species hitherto unknown to naturalists, which, having been for some time domesticated on board one of the ships of the Royal Navy, has learned some of the sailors' tricks. This new and unique monkey has been presented to the Zoological Society by Captain BROWN, R.N., of her Majesty's ship *Vigilant*. It dates its joining the ship's company from Port Blair, Andaman Islands, in the Gulf of Bengal, lat. 11° 43' N., long. 92° 47' E., in the year 1864. Jenny (for that is her name) is supposed to be eight or nine years old. For the last four years she has "served" on board the ship, and having passed all the dangers of the Abyssinian campaign, being discharged with a first-class certificate and silver chain and medal for good conduct, is now waiting to receive her share of the prizes taken during the time she was in her Majesty's service. Jenny stands about two feet four inches in height. In general appearance she is most like the "pig-tailed" monkey (Macacus nemestrinus), but is at once distinguished from that species by a remarkable arrangement of the hair on the top of the head, which is somewhat of a V shape, and is parted down the middle. The hair itself is very fine, and is elegantly arranged round the ears. The first impression upon seeing this animal is that it is intermediate between Macacus rhesus and Macacus nemestrinus. The face is by no means fierce; the features may even be called good-natured. She has been made a great pet by the sailors. The result is that she has been educated to an extraordinary degree of cleverness. She is fond of company, and her constant companion is a chicken (a regular ship chicken, with hardly any feathers), which lives with her in her cage day and night, and accompanies her in her perambulations. She walks upright on her hind-legs with remarkable facility, and with much less effort than even the performing monkeys as seen in the streets. When in an erect attitude she will carry things. Thus she will pick up her chicken, and run about with it, holding it in her arms as a nurse does her child. The chicken does not seem to mind this in the least. At the word, "Throw her overboard!" Jenny throws the chicken smartly away from her. It has been said that monkeys would talk, but that they know that if they talked they would be made to work. Now the Andamanian Jenny forms an exception to the "working" part (only that is very agreeable work) of the story; for if a soda-water bottle is given to her she will set to work to untwist the wire. This done, she will get out the cork, if it be not too tightly fixed, and then drink the contents of the bottle. Her attitude in drinking is something quite new. She sits down on her haunches, holds the bottle with both hands, and tilts the end of it up with her hind-foot, so that the liquid shall flow at the proper level into her mouth. In this attitude her appearance is highly comical, and at the same time very interesting. The most extraordinary part of Jenny's performance is that she smokes a pipe. Other monkeys will carry a pipe in their mouth, and pretend to smoke, but this is the first monkey that we have ever known actually to smoke lighted tobacco out of a pipe. Other monkeys will drink grog, but Jenny is especially fond of it, and always takes her glass with her pipe, which she enjoys quite as much as Forecastle Jack after he has been reefing topsails.

THE ANDAMAN MONKEY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.

LADY PALMERSTON.

THE place which Lady Palmerston held for many years in London society will not be easily filled up. There was a sunshine about her Saturday evening receptions at Cambridge House which is not usually seen in gatherings of a similar nature. The most insignificant guest was sure to be welcomed by pleasant smiles from Lady Palmerston, and by a warm greeting from her husband. Lady Palmerston's good manners were the mere reflection of her true kindliness of heart, and it is this which made them so fascinating to all around her.

Nothing is more characteristic of the typical *grande dame* of the past generation than the thorough business habits which she combined with the grace and gayety of the woman of fashion. A memoir of Lady Palmerston in the London *Times* shows that she undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Brandlands, as well as that of her own property: personally inspecting the accounts, leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants but what fell strictly within their respective departments. Her visiting-book also was kept with all the regularity and precision of a merchant's ledger. Her services to her husband extended far beyond the evasion of the brilliant *soirées* at Cambridge House, and the cheering sympathy with which she soothed his labors. She had great tact in extracting information from as well as answering visitors, and was thus of great value to Lord Palmerston in his political enterprises. With all this she found time, too, to keep a journal. Another characteristic which Lady Palmerston shared with the elder generation was her predilection for youth and beauty for its own sake. She would have "those two pretty girls at her party;" and she would not have "that fat woman with her ugly daughters," although the fat woman was the wife of a county member, and the two pretty girls had neither father nor brother in either House.



SPANISH GUN-BOAT NO. 1—TESTING HER GUNS AT COLD SPRING, ON THE HUDSON.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

JAMES FISK, JUN.

IT is peculiarly fitting in this Number of our paper, in which we give especial attention to the recent operations in Wall Street, that we should give the portrait of JAMES FISK, JUN. Three years ago the subject of our sketch was comparatively unknown. Now there are few men in our city who command so large a share of public notice. He is a man of large wealth, and is the centre of attraction in Wall Street, in theatrical circles, and in the law courts.—Perhaps he has not genius; his education may be deficient; but his practical shrewdness, his almost reckless boldness, and his unparalleled effrontery, make up for the absence of these qualifications. He is known as a man who may be a friend to-day and an enemy to-morrow; as one who comes to his conclusions rapidly, and almost by instinct; and as a man whose hostility can not be provoked with impunity. Having said this, what more could we say as regards his peculiar characteristics?

JAMES FISK, JUN., is the son of a Vermont peddler. At the age of seventeen he obtained employment of a very humble character in VAN AMBURGH'S menagerie, his occupation being to assist in the erection of tents and to sweep out and keep clean the cages of the animals. His employer, noticing his capacity, promoted him to the position of a ticket collector. In this capacity he accompanied VAN AMBURGH in his various tours through the United States, the Canadas, and Europe—a service extending over a period of eight years. Leaving VAN AMBURGH at twenty-five years of age, he determined to pursue the calling of his father, and returned to his native State of Vermont for that purpose. He commenced his career as a peddler by selling small articles, such as pencils, pens, etc., on the sidewalks of the different towns of the State. In this way, by dint of perseverance, he saved a little money, and having succeeded in raising a small additional sum, he purchased a horse and wagon, and made a fresh start in life as a peddler of dry-goods. He visited all the principal towns and villages of Vermont, and succeeded in gaining so large a custom in the places to which he traveled that his humble one-horse wagon was no longer capacious enough for the conveyance of his goods. He discarded it, therefore, and invested in a much larger one drawn by four horses. By-and-by he extended his field of operations, and traveled through Massachusetts and Connecticut as well as Vermont, until, finally, the gross amount of his sales attracted the attention of a Boston firm from whom he was in the habit of buying goods. In 1860 they made proposals to him to join their house, to which he assented, and JAMES FISK, JUN., became a partner in the firm of JORDAN, MARSH, & CO., of Boston. But the firm do not appear to have been so well pleased with JAMES FISK the partner as with JAMES FISK the customer, for at the end of two years they paid him down the large sum of $64,000 to leave the firm.

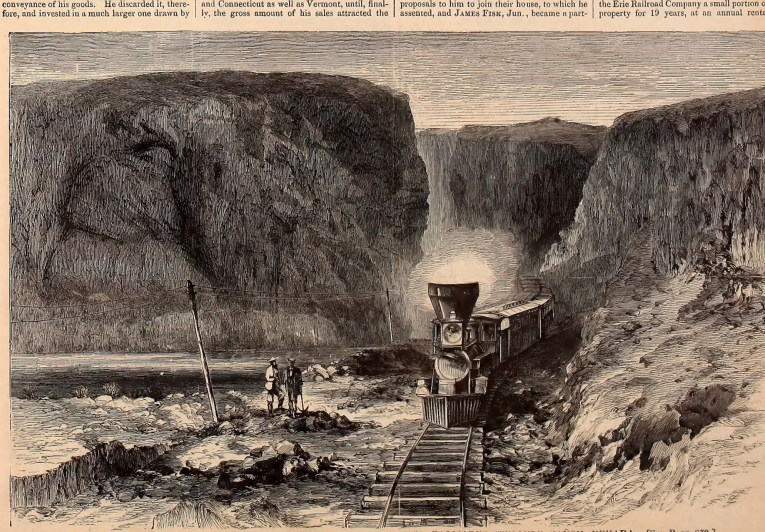
JAMES FISK, JUN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

It so happened that at this time some parties in Boston were anxious to purchase the Stonington line of steamships, then owned by Mr. DANIEL DREW. JAMES FISK was aware of this circumstance, and, thinking he could turn this knowledge to good account, he came, in 1863, to New York. Obtaining an introduction to Mr. DREW, he managed so to ingratiate himself into the favor of that gentleman that he employed him to conduct the negotiation for the sale of the steamers. In this he was eminently successful. The sale was completed entirely to Mr. DREW'S satisfaction, and the ability and shrewdness which FISK had displayed throughout the negotiation gained for him Mr. DREW'S good-will and patronage, and an introduction to Wall Street.

FISK now commenced to operate on his own account; he entered into a variety of speculative transactions in government stocks, gold, and other securities. Success, however, did not attend him in Wall Street as it had done when peddling through the country: the greater number of his speculations were disastrous in their results, and in two years time JAMES FISK had lost every dollar he had in the world. He had, however, a friend in Mr. DANIEL DREW, who in 1865 assisted him to form the firm of FISK, BELDING, & CO., for the purpose of carrying on the business of stock-brokers, and gave them substantial aid by putting business into their hands, and employing them as brokers in many large undertakings.

In 1867 Mr. FISK, in connection with Mr. JAY GOULD, succeeded in making a large sum of money by operations in Erie stock. They got control over stock to the amount of $10,000,000, and were thus able to depress the general value of Erie stock from 72½ to 35. Mr. FISK'S share of the profits resulting from these operations amounted, it is said, to $1,300,000.

Mr. FISK'S next operation was to purchase the whole of the block of which Pike's Opera-house forms a part for the sum of $820,000. This transaction was a highly profitable one. He leased to the Erie Railroad Company a small portion of the property for 19 years, at an annual rental of



THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—PASSENGER TRAIN PASSING THE PALISADES, TEN-MILE CAÑON, NEVADA.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

$75,000. This was in itself a very handsome return on the gross amount invested in the whole property; but Mr. Fisk retained to himself the Opera-house, all the large stores, and a great number of private houses. He has also bought the building formerly known as Brougham's Theatre; and having somewhat unceremoniously ousted that gentleman and his company, he installed there Mademoiselle Irma and a French troupe of opera bouffe.

With his more recent operations, including the proprietorship of the French Theatre in this city, our readers are well acquainted. Mr. Fisk is now about thirty-nine years of age.

VIEW ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Pacific Railroad is no longer a theme of conjecture, but an accomplished fact. Passengers, mail, and freight pass between New York and San Francisco with the same regularity, celerity, and convenience as between Boston and Washington; the Pacific coast has been effectually brought within the national railroad system.

We give on page 669 an illustration showing a passenger train passing the Palisades, Ten-mile Cañon, Nevada, on the Central Pacific Railroad.

The business of the Central Pacific between Sacramento and Promontory Point, between which places it has been operated for the three months since the road was on the 10th of May, are (approximately) as follows, mainly in gold: Gross earnings, $1,700,000; operating expenses, $620,241; net earnings, $783,009. This income, of course, will be largely increased with the continually increasing business of the road.

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143.	The Prince of the Valley.	do.	do.
142.	I can not Sing the Old Songs.	do.	do.
141.	Janet's Choice.	do.	do.
140.	Strangers Yet.	Clifton.	Song.
139.	Water-Lily Polka.	Rogers.	Polka.
138.	Would You be Young Again?	Clippingdale.	Song.
137.	Row, Brothers, Row. Duet and Chorus.	Sweet.	Song.
136.	Call Her Back and Kiss Her.	Clifton.	Song.
135.	The Abbeybell Polka.	Rogers.	Polka.
134.	There was a Simple Maiden.	Macfarren.	Song.
133.	Sunset Polka.	Raymond.	Polka.
132.	Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.	Guglielmo.	Song.
131.	Heaven and There.	Rogers.	Song.
130.	The Emma Mazurka.	Knight.	Mazurka.
129.	The March of the Silver Trumpets.	Wyman.	Polka.
128.	It ought not thus to be.	Abt.	Song.
127.	In Happy Moments.	Wallace.	Song.
126.	Old Simon the Cellarer.	Hatton.	Song.
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124.	The Bridal Ring.	Rodwell.	Song.
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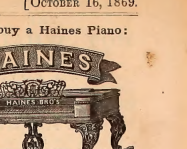
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 669.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

LORD AND LADY BYRON.

LORD BYRON.

LADY BYRON.

MARRIAGE SIGNATURES OF LORD AND LADY BYRON, JANUARY 2, 1815.

IN his prime — between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight — BYRON was undoubtedly one of the handsomest men that ever lived. His head, though beautifully shaped, was indeed somewhat too small for his body. Out of a whole regiment of soldiers there was only one who could wear his hat. In his youth he was very fat. At eighteen he weighed 207 pounds; but this tendency to obesity disappeared as he came to manhood. His height was five feet eight and a half inches, and his usual weight about 175 pounds. He was long and strong of limb; and, notwithstanding his slight lameness, was a proficient in athletic exercises. He was a magnificent swimmer, a clever boxer, a good cricketer, and a fair pedestrian. The defect in one of his feet has been greatly exaggerated. At his birth —owing, as he affirmed, to the "prudishness" of his mother—one foot was twisted out of its position, and so much distorted that in his childhood it amounted to a noticeable deformity. But in the course of time, by the use of an apparatus contrived for that purpose, the foot was brought to its proper position, and was perfectly well-shaped, only it was an inch shorter than the other; but it remained comparatively weak, and at times gave him intense pain. The weakness was mainly in the sole, but extended somewhat to the ankle and the muscles of the calf. At the age of fifteen he writes that he had just been able to wear a common boot upon this limb. Nothing was apparent of the defect but a slight lameness, amounting only to a scarcely noticeable limp. So slight was this that it is even now uncertain which was the limb affected. MOORE was wholly unable to decide from his own recollections; but after inquiring of those who knew him when a boy, who remembered that it was the "off leg which limped as he walked up the street," he decided that it was the right one. JACKSON, his teacher of pugilism, came to the same decision by calling to mind whether he was a right or left hand hitter. Moreover, if MOORE is to be credited, the shoemaker who worked for BYRON for years stated that it was the right foot. But that same shoemaker has furnished a written certificate that it was the left foot; and this is confirmed by the Countess GUICCIOLI. The strength of his limbs, and the soundness and capacity of his lungs, are shown by the fact that he could swim for three or four hours without touching bottom. Until he had impaired his constitution by his excesses in Italy, he seems never to have known what sickness was. In the ordinary course of nature he ought to have overpassed fourscore, and been alive to-day. During the last five or six years of his life his early tendency to obesity returned, and he became decidedly fat; while, owing to his entire abstinence from exercise, except on horse-

TYPES OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT SOLDIERS.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

back, his limbs became so much shrunken that TURLENEFF, who stole a view of the corpse, averred that both legs were shriveled from the knee downward. The portrait which we give is from the picture which is acknowledged to be the best likeness of BYRON in his best state, just before his marriage. The portrait of Lady BYRON is from a picture painted some years later. She sat for the picture for the express purpose that it should be used as an illustration for an edition of BYRON'S poems; and it was so used, of course, with her express knowledge and consent.

TYPES OF CUBAN SOLDIERS.

THE illustration on our first page, "Types of Cuban Patriot Soldiers," is principally interesting from the fact that it shows the importance of the negro element in the Cuban revolutionary army. It must be remembered that these negro soldiers are not fighting for the freedom of Cuba alone, but for their own also.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

IF it be true or no
That rhyme is a four-leaved clover,
As the old stories go,
This night I mean to discover

Ankle-deep in the dew
(With thoughts too sweet to be spoken)
I searched the grass-plot through
Till I found the fairy token.

Shyly hiding from sight
The tender grasses under;
I brought it forth to the light—
Here is my four-leaved wonder!

A small affair, if you scan
Its outward presence merely,
To thrill the heart of a man
With the hope that he holds most dearly.

But love has its mystic lore—
You may name it superstition—
And hope is the open door,
Sometimes, to a sweet fruition.

One thing this night shall show,
Or call me no true lover—
If it be false or no
That luck's in a four-leaved clover!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

☞ *In November will be commenced* "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DUTIES.

IN the present condition of our politics no demonstration of the regard and confidence of political friends can be more flattering, and none ought to be more persuasive with every good citizen, than the unsolicited summons to honorable office. The very fact that a nomination is often the result of intrigue and bargain, and that it does not always fall upon worthy persons, gives it, when wholly spontaneous, a certain commanding authority. Those who feel that a man who asks for an elective office is by no means necessarily the one who ought to have it, and that it is the duty of all who mean by citizens to do what they can to elevate the tone of politics, and to engage in them the sympathy of the best men, naturally and properly expect that no man will refuse a nomination such as we describe without the most serious reasons.

We cordially agree with this view. Nothing should persuade a man to decline the summons but an honorable and therefore imperative regard for existing duties and engagements which make the right discharge of the new duties impossible, or a consciousness of peculiar unfitness for the office. Either of these reasons will justly release him from the duty of obeying the call. And in this country, when, as often happens, the call comes to an editor, perhaps another reason may be suggested. If an editor who is constantly engaged in comment and criticism upon public men and public affairs becomes a part of the executive government, is he not laid under the strongest obligation to forego the frank treatment of all public acts and persons, whether national or local? Upon such a whole range of topics with which he has an official connection, would not his observation almost inevitably be suspected? And is not an editor who does his duty intelligently, conscientiously, and courteously sure to lose his State, his country, and his party quite as efficiently as he could serve them in any office?

The independence of the press, of which we hear a great deal of proud rhetoric, is the independence of the editor. But every editor knows, and every reader can see, how easily that independence may be disturbed. If, for instance, an editor privately solicits for his friends appointments to office, and is successful, his pen becomes naturally very reluctant to censure the appointing power. On the other hand, the appointing power, in fear of newspaper hostility, is sorely tempted to appoint the editor's candidate, even if he does not appear to be altogether worthy. Indeed, to preserve the strict and unsuspected independence of the press, and therefore to enable it to fulfill its real function in our political society, the editor must carefully avoid every thing that creates personal political obligation. The editor who has not free from "entangling alliances" he maintains his highest authority, his best influence.

Yet not the less grateful is the generous call of political friendship which summons him to other duties. If he can not listen to it, he can never forget it. It inspires him to more faithful endeavor. It strengthens him to do boldly what confidence was not misplaced, and that his decision was as wise as it was unavoidable.

NEW YORK TO THE RESCUE!

THE State elections in the year following a Presidential campaign are often hurriedly carried, in a reaction from the natural effort of the previous year, which is generally most seriously felt by the successful party. Of course this is peculiarly true if that party is one which, like the Republican, includes the more intelligent and independent voters; for such men are more impatient of strict party trammels, and are willing to express dissatisfaction by staying at home. Yet it is at these elections that the friends of the successful administration ought to appear in force, that by unanimous vote and support it. They should remember that there is another inevitable reaction following a victory in the national election, and arising from the disappointment which some portion of the party can not help feeling. No administration goes far enough in some ways for some of its friends, but it goes a great deal too far in other ways to satisfy others. A sensible man, therefore, who understands the duties and responsibilities of a citizen, will consider whether, upon the whole, he thinks the administration should be abandoned by its friends; and if he decides that it should not, he will know that the very nature of our politics demands an active and positive support.

The way to give this support is to vote for the candidates and the principles of the party in the election both unexceptionable. In this State no Republican will urge any conclusive personal objection against any of the candidates upon the ticket. Not a single personal character or of purer official reputation are not often presented by any Convention in any State. In the hands of such men the rights and political sympathies were unknown, the interests and honor of the State would be secure. But they are, also, the representatives of the principles upon which alone the party can hope to establish peace and to attain the highest welfare. Necessarily, and for reasons that we have before stated, the election is a State and is the expression of sympathy with a national policy. While the fundamental issues of a morally honorable payment of the debt, and of the constitutional amendments and legal rights are still open, New York can not vote without supporting or opposing both. To vote for Mr. LAMBOM, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, and for his companions upon the ticket, however personally honorable and officially efficient they may be, is to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN, and to vote against the Fifteenth Amendment as a just and wise policy.

It is a very different question from the adoption of the new State Constitution, which the Democratic platform condemns, and it is a censure upon the administration of President GRANT. The State of New York should support an honest vote for him. But a stupendous system of fraud, at which the present Governor HOFFMAN, by his confessed failure to punish the guilty, connived, apparently gave the vote to Mr. SEYMOUR. There is no doubt whatever in the mind of any candid man who has investigated the subject that enormous frauds were practiced, and almost exclusively by the Democratic party, and not without the knowledge of many of its recognized leaders. The effort to punish the honest voters of the State will, of course, be renewed this year. Is it a time for those voters to look listlessly on, and, because General GRANT is elected, suppose that the due observance whether New York sustains him or not?

During the seven months of President GRANT'S administration the public debt has been decreased by nearly fifty-seven millions of dollars. The greater vigor and efficiency which he has introduced into our contemptible system of the civil service are notorious to all. The quiet and efficient maintenance of our obligations to other nations is not less familiar. This simple, unostentatious, and severely method and aspect of his administration are most honorable, and appeal to American pride and sympathy in the best sense of those words. Does any citizen of New York who sincerely supported the late war and rejoiced in its result, who believes that whatever the difficulties may be yet that the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment is essential to a permanent settlement—does any such citizen wish that MR. SEYMOUR were President in place of General GRANT? Allowing, as we must allow in all administrations, that every appointment has not been what it should have been, is it therefore desirable that the essential honesty, ability, and lofty purpose of the administration should be condemned?

It is a plain alternative. To vote for the Democratic ticket is to vote that it is a pity that SEYMOUR and BLAIR were not elected President and Vice-President, and the policy of Mr. JOHNSON was not made the financial policy of the country. Do we wish to keep these questions of dishonor and of injustice finally in our politics forever? Does not New York stand by the war and its settlement? Is not New York resolved upon peace and upon the only reasonable condition of permanent peace? She said so last year, and her voice was stifled. Let her say so this year in a tone that no gag of fraud can choke.

THE BRITISH UNITED STATES.

TENNYSON'S "federation of the world" seems to be passing into the vision of practical politicians. MR. CARDWELL, the British Secretary of War, in a late speech, alluding to the impracticability of the present continuance of the British colonial government system, soared into prophetic flights, and exclaimed, "When the time comes, and England calls for the support of her colonies, there will be a confederation such as the world never saw under a single sovereign." This idea is elaborated elsewhere by LORD LYONS, and there is undoubtedly in the minds of some Englishmen a splendid fancy of a vast consolidation of all the dependencies of the crown into an invincible imperial league. Then Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indian British islands, bound in a common interest, ruled by a common Parliament, and subject to equal laws—that is, a British United States. This is the fancy, and MR. CARDWELL'S speech merely hints at the possibility. It says, "How excellent such a thing would be, even if we can't exactly see how it can be!"

Yet, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* truly observes, in such a league the power of the sovereign and the Parliament of the United Kingdom to declare war for which Australia would be taxed, must necessarily be modified. That implies the creation of a responsible and truly representative of the whole empire—an imperial Parliament, by the side of which the present body would dwindle into a secondary importance, like our State Legislatures by the side of Congress. How should such a Parliament be elected, where should it meet, what should be its powers? Its powers of course be defined by and in a written Constitution; and there must, therefore, be a Supreme Court to interpret the definition, and subordinate imperial courts to administer it as it is interpreted. This, under different names, is the American system. Then comes another inevitable question, the relation of India to the united empire. Shall its government be left as it is, or committed to the new assembly, or shall India be included with the rest, making the British United States "principally Hindoo and largely Mohammedan?" Must it be governed as the Territories of our Union are? In any case, India must necessarily be a recognized question.

The proposition seems to be a dream only at present; but it is curious that it is gravely discussed. It implies such a consolidation of power as to be very different from that nothing would appear to be more unlikely than that it should be entertained for a moment. It would, besides, be a very different thing from the real interests of the smaller parts upon the general policy so evident that they would be willing to take the risks. The eminent member for Liverpool, Congress from England, however powerful his talents and persuasive his eloquence, would find that Australia, and Scotland, and England, with Malta and Gibraltar, were very too strong for him. Yet a mere dream of this kind is prophetic. It is something gained that there should be even the conception of a political fraternity so comprehensive. A very little of the wisdom that contemplates this possibility, could it have been infused into the British counsels of a century ago, would have avoided the jealous hostility that has so long divided the two great nations of the same origin, traditions, and language.

TRANSPORTATION OF FOREIGN CONVICTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

DR. LIEBER has written to Secretary FISH upon a very important subject—one upon which MR. RAYMOND introduced a bill in Congress, late in the session, in 1867, that passed the House of Representatives but did not reach the Senate. It appears that foreign governments are in the occasional habit of transporting their convicts to this country, and DR. LIEBER very properly claims that the matter should be settled by treaty. The latest, most flagrant case, is that of the Government of SAXE-COBURG-Gotha, which furnished some incurable criminals with money and the opportunity of sailing from Bremen to the United States. There is something so offensively uncourteous in such a transaction that it seems hardly credible. Would any members of the Government of that duchy, as private gentlemen, thrust rags infected with pestilence over the fence into their neighbors' gardens? Yet this is what they officially do, when they send criminals to this country. If they can not manage their criminals, why do they pretend to be a Government? and what would be the condition of civilized states if each should make the other a penal colony?

DR. LIEBER states that about a year ago the PRISON SOCIETY of New York received a letter from a convict in the prison of England asking whether some arrangement might not be made by which we should receive a certain class of English convicts who had served a certain part of their penal term, and who promised well; and SIR JAMES GRAHAM, when Home Secretary, made a rule that every convict who had behaved well during two-thirds of his imprisonment should be pardoned upon condition of quitting England. Of course they would come to this country. But the supply of that kind of population from Europe does not seem to require the stimulus of a premium. It is pleasant to know, however, that this kind of transportation is also clandestinely, and is denied when directly charged, for it shows a consciousness of its impropriety. But the custom remains, and its origin is evident. It springs from the old selfish doctrine and practice of national law. States acknowledged what may be called legal and treaty obligations toward each other, but no moral obligations in the true and generous sense.

The remedy, therefore, is as plain as the custom and its origin. It is to abolish the barbarous and barter principle, which DR. LIEBER happily expresses: "The modern law of nations is founded first of all on the principle of mutual interest." The full and generous declaration of such a principle show the immense and beneficent progress of public sentiment. This principle conceives nations as a great family, not as a league of naturally hostile tribes. It gives significance to the phrase, the family of nations. It confesses a common sympathy, a common interest, and is an unexpected and none the less cheering proclamation of the consciousness that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. Dr. LIEBER proposes, first, that we should stipulate by treaty that every attempted exportation of convicts to our shores will be considered a grave offense against the law of nations; and, second, that the captains and owners of the importing vessels shall be heavily fined for introducing convicts, which shall be returned whence they came at the expense of the Government. This was the substance of MR. RAYMOND'S bill. He further suggests that after such a law is passed, and in the case of treaties, the Government of the United States should proclaim that it regards such exportation as an unfriendly act.

The subject is one that deserves consideration and action, and which the Doctor treats with his accustomed point and force.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

THE *Hornet*, otherwise the Cuban vessel of war the *Cuba*, has been seized by the United States at Wilmington. If, as there is no reasonable doubt, it should be proved that she was equipped from ports of the United States for the purpose of making war upon a Power with which the United States are at peace, she will of course be condemned. Our markets, as we stated last week, are open both to Spaniards and Cubans. But the latter are not yet an independent Power. They have no recognized flag. They must, therefore, take the risks of the United States' laws of neutrality, which forbid the fitting out of warlike expeditions against our friendly allies. The facts of a Cuban commission, therefore, and of the flying of the "lone star" flag, and of an illegal attempt to create a Cuban vessel of war, do not make the enterprise of Captain HIGGINS in September essentially different from that of Captain RYAN in August.

It is not the least remarkable fact about the attempt to entangle the United States in the Cuban movement by boastful expeditions from our ports that the leaders of these expeditions are ex-Confederate officers and soldiers. Their zeal for liberty and republican institutions in Cuba or any where else we may be permitted to doubt. But there can be no doubt whatever that those who rejoiced in the escape of the *Alabama* from Liverpool would be unwilling to place the United States in the same position in which that escape placed England. If Captain HIGGINS'S performances should cause Spain to address to us the same kind of demand, and upon the same ground, that we address to England upon the subject of the *Alabama*, it may be doubted whether Captain HIGGINS would not tear his hair with anguish. Such considerations do not, indeed, affect the duty of the United States under its own laws and international comity, but they are at least suggestive.

Meanwhile, before our paper appears, the United States will probably be challenged to show valid reasons for the detention of the Spanish gun-boats. If they can not be proved to be intended to serve against Peru they must be believed, even if they are destined for Cuba. Nor do we believe that the Government of the

United States will regard that fact as sufficient reason for recognizing Cuban belligerency or independence. It is not the vigor and skill with which Spain attempts to maintain her authority, but the force and success with which Cuba resists, that supply the grounds of recognition. Our laws, our traditions, our honorable obligations, beside the moral duties of sincere revolutionists, were, or should have been, fully known to the Cuban chiefs.

It is now stated in the *Tribune*, apparently with authority, that General SICKLES has withdrawn the offer of mediation that he made to the Spanish Government, and also that the offer, although declined, was received in the most friendly spirit. It is further reported in the *World*, whose correspondent is probably the President's confidant, that General GRANT is satisfied with every word of General SICKLES's note, including the threat. Then there was a threat. And the Spanish Government received it in the most friendly spirit! It is a comfort that in the vast and conflicting murmur of rumor a man may hear any thing that he wishes to hear. For ourselves, until otherwise informed, we do not believe that the United States have threatened Spain, nor that General GRANT is a Captain Bobadil. But we do believe that the Government has offered mediation upon honorable grounds, and we trust that it will renew the offer. We feel also very confident that the United States will not recognize Cuban belligerency until the facts authorize and compel such action.

TRADE AND THE CROPS.

TRADE during the past week has suffered from apprehensions produced by the gold speculation, from the difficulties attending the transportation of goods over lines injured by the great storm, and also from the belief that as the crops approached for using extensively the new crop of cotton its price would fall, and carry with it some kinds of domestic goods. The price of some fine shirtings and some prints has already been reduced, and probably during this week a further reduction may occur; but as no general panic followed the disturbance in Wall Street, and stocks are not in throughout the country, large sales are still expected in all departments of business.

So far as our crops are concerned, immense loss has already come from the drought which prevailed all along the Atlantic coast, and from recent storms. The two installments we have had of the equinoctial storm broke the drought and supplied a little pasturage; but the important wheat-growing States of the Northwest complain, and no doubt truly, of serious damage to wheat. The settlement of the Old Northwest has been so recent that farmers are not well provided with barns, and as many of them expect to thresh their wheat immediately after it is made into cocks, so as to avoid stacking, they were caught by the great rain-storm in the midst of this process. Their true policy, instead of counting a point to be kept secret, which is the general tendency, is to erect barns to save their grain.

The loss on the two crops will diminish the amount exported to foreign countries, which will be unfortunate not only for us, but for them. England is now supplying herself largely with wheat from this country. The Red Winter Southern is wanted for her laboring population, and the dry and crisp wheat of California is needed to mix with spongy wheat, which falls in a damp, owing to rains in harvest time and the general moisture of the climate. The English crop of 1868 was flinty, owing to the drought which prevailed in England.

The considerable excess in the quantity of wheat taken from us by England for the year ending September 1, over any previous year, is explained on the ground that the English harvest this year was expected to be defective before it was gathered. To the drought of 1868, however, the English want is largely due. England is compelled now to buy from this country, inasmuch as she will require probably for the year ending the first of September next, full seventy million bushels of wheat over and above what her own fields produce. The admitted defective crops in Russia and other wheat producing countries in Europe, and what is short of the crop in this country, will induce her to store more grain than in 1868–'69. Last year the wheat exported was living from hand to mouth, as there was more confidence in the ability to obtain supplies than is now felt.

The grain dealers of Europe spread themselves over this world to purchase wheat and corn at the lowest prices. They obtain the most exact information of the excess which each nation has to sell, and every dealer has a view to command the most important markets by first draining the weaker ones, which are induced to sell low from fear of the ultimate competition of the largest growers.

The information obtained in the United States of the grain crops of other countries is derived mainly from English sources, and they reach us impressed with the tone which interest prompts. Our farmers are consequently at the mercy of those who skillfully avoid purchasing from us until prices are forced down to English limits. There is but one mode of remedying this difficulty which subjects this great interest in the United States to the loss of millions annually.

Our Consular system should be used to collect statistics from all other countries of the crops and productions which come into competition in the markets of the world with our own. The statements of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington of our crops of cotton and grain, as compared with those of the previous year, are regarded as reliable and valuable. Foreign countries are thus informed of the quantity of our productions, but we lack the statistics of what others produce to put our dealers on equality with the foreigner.

During the war our foreign and our commerce was active the Consular system was extremely beneficial; but as our commerce was destroyed during the war, and is not yet rebuilt, no better employment can be found for a portion of the United States than to devote them to this service. For this purpose it would be expedient to appoint Americans and have them instructed to examine diligently and report fully on this subject. The English have an interest the deepest that can exist to know the most accurate knowledge of the condition of all food-exporting countries, as they annually expend about five hundred millions of dollars—mechanical in one year—about one half for domestic consumption; and the success of their competition with France and Germany in manufacturing industry depends largely upon what may be saved in this foreign expenditure. But as our imports exceed our exports, and the balance has been settled by bonds which will be held ever to us for years, it is the first sufficient but necessary that we shall have that knowledge of the productions of other countries that will enable us to meet the foreigner on fair terms.

This is the more necessary, as other states in Europe are by the growth of population gradually reaching the limit of their food supply, and they will be added to the list of customers for our productions.

The wheat area in the United States is gradually receding from the Atlantic on account of the habit common to most new populations of severe and rapid exhaustion of the soil. Successive crops of wheat are taken from land as it is returned to the land, as it is cheaper for the time being to break up new prairie than undergo the expense of enriching old fields. Under costly transportation it thus placed upon the consumer on the sea-board and abroad, which affects our power to compete in the English markets with the cheap wheat of India, and the inheritance of rich lands without strengthening the condition of the country in other respects, we sacrifice our most important interests. Our ability to pay our public debt must depend in a great part upon the reasonable use of our great natural facilities. It is a crime injurious not only to us but to mankind to exhaust the soil of its strength, and it should be punished by penal laws.

If our lands were cultivated on the plan of keeping up their strength, the foreigner will be obliged to pay the same profit upon what is thus raised as he pays now on a plan of exhaustion. The farmer throws off his capital annually, and ultimately squanders his estate. The old portions of the Union, unable to compete in grain production with the West, are driven into other forms of cultivation; but he who makes his land produce two blades of grass where only one grew before constitutes an exception to the general rule.

We urge upon the Government at Washington to secure the establishment of a Bureau in one of its Departments which shall with the duty of spreading before our people the most exact knowledge of the extent of the crops abroad. We have reached the condition when our resources must be made available for meeting great burdens, and we are satisfied that the industry of the country will be greatly benefited by being able to compare with the foreign countries with as much precision as they can use in ascertaining our productions.

NOTES.

IT is one of the most significant of recent facts that what is called the "Conservative" party in Mississippi—which means the Democratic and late Confederates—have nominated a colored citizen for Secretary of State, and elected him by a large majority. It is a most stinging fact. It shows that one of the tendencies of the Republican policy of reconstruction is to destroy the Democratic party, and make it necessary for politicians to propitiate the new citizens. Ten years ago, we were promising ourselves that every Democratic state in Mississippi would not have been strengthened by the candidacy of a colored man. But we remind Mr. THOMAS SPEIGHT, the colored citizen in question, that however his nomination may prove the progress of public sentiment, yet the political status of those who vote for him in Mississippi deny his race equal rights in New York and Pennsylvania, and oppose those rights every where in the country. Those who vote for him would gladly vote that he should have no vote.

THE Hon. E. G. SPAULDING, who was Chairman of the Sub-committee upon Ways and Means in the House of Representatives during most of the financial legislation of the war, has prepared a very complete and valuable "Financial History of the War"—a subject which the historians of the rebellion have very insufficiently treated. Mr. SPAULDING'S work is a most serviceable manual, fully indexed, and accompanied with ample sketch of all the plans, debates, opinions, and laws in relation to the subject. Naturally the author is somewhat prominent in his work, for he was a conspicuous figure in the legislation he describes. But nowhere else will the student find such an array of important facts and documents as in this history, which is published in Buffalo by the Express Printing Company.

MR. COX, a member of the late Democratic Convention of Minnesota, said to his brethren in that body: "For a long time we have been fighting the nigger, and we have got whipped. We have had plenty of nigger, and we are sick in the face. The nigger has been a curse, and I am tired of him. He has filled our belly full, and taken our rags off our back. In other words, he has done to the Democratic party precisely what that party has tried to do to him. And right on the same platform with truth this any party in this country which outgrows human nature and opposes human rights will, sooner or later, in his own phrase, have its legs taken off—short.

A COMMITTEE of the new Board of Education in the city of New York propose to provide for the instruction of forty thousand more children than now attend the schools, and with a reduction of $800,000 upon the school expenses of the present year. This is done by consolidation of departments, by the establishment of a daily normal school for the fourteen hundred pupils who are now in the supernumerary classes of the grammar schools, and by other minor modifications. The Board has taken time to reflect. This is not surprising, as a plan which proposes an immense increase of school facilities with a reduction of nearly a third of the current expenses seems to call for the utmost management of incompetency, or of something else.

EVEN the *World* is aghast at the summary exclusion of Republicans as inspectors and canvassers at the polls in Brooklyn. But it is certainly not a surprising outrage. A party which is already carry on the enormous system of naturalization and other frauds which were notorious at the election in 1868 every year, and which has erected its subordinates in the rural districts to report promptly which of the naturalized citizens would not venture to take entire possession of the ballot-boxes. There remains but one more step to be taken, and that is to make the Democratic election system in the city of New York, and that is, to prevent the Republicans from voting at all. The Democratic Democratic chief, JAMES M. MASON, took this ground upon occasion of voting for secession in Virginia. He rather jocularly suggested that a body who were in league as to vote against secession should be shot. Tammany need not, however, be at the expense of so severe and final a remedy. It knows a more quiet and effectual way. We appeal to Mr. TILDEN whether the forbidding of Republicans to vote, as well as to count, is not the true and perfect reasoning, would not make him as "serene" over the Democratic prospect as he was in September, 1868, when he came from Maine? It certainly would be in accord with the exact practices of the party that so profoundly respects the will of the people.

THE *Evening Post* gives the following notice of our neighbor, the *Bazar*: "Late numbers of *Harper's Bazar* show the unflagging zeal with which the proprietors and editorial staff study the interest and variety of its general contents. This paper has already attained an immense circulation and unbounded popularity; but the assertions of all engaged upon it are such as would indicate a seeking after success on the part of new candidates for public favor. The young lady who buys a single number of it will be a subscriber for life."

Captain C. F. HALL, who has lately returned from the arctic regions, with new information concerning the fate of the expedition of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, gave an interesting account of his discoveries before the Geographical Society in this city, on the evening of October 7. Captain HALL, it is expected, will soon give a public lecture in this city, in full details of his late expedition, and will also exhibit the relics which he found in King William's Land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE President has proclaimed November 15 to be a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

The Virginia Legislature was convened October 5, to act on the 15th and 14th amendments to the Fifteenth Amendments. In the House there were 72 Republicans present, and in the Senate 20 to four against the Fourteenth and two against the Fifteenth. One of the latter being a colored Republican Senator, who declined voting because the Legislature was illegal. This was followed by joint resolution, and adjourned till October 18.

The Spanish steamer *Eutepe* took her clearance from this port for Havana October 9.

Our national debt decreased $30,000,000, of which $2,100,000 bear interest. Secretary Boutwell estimates that on the present rate of reduction $100,000,000 per year—the entire debt would be extinguished in four years.

During the eight months from January 1, 1869, out of 1,000 letters sent from San Francisco 1,144 were to Chinese. The number of Chinese immigrants to California from 1848 to 1868, inclusive, was 168,000.

Postmaster-General Creswell has opened negotiations with the British Post-office Department for a further reduction of letter postage between the United States and Great Britain. By the existing postal convention which went into effect on the 1st of January, 1868, the single rate of postage for letters between the two countries was reduced from twenty-four to twelve cents. Mr. Creswell now proposes a further reduction from twelve to six cents, to take effect on the 1st of January next.

EX-President Franklin Pierce died at Concord on the morning of October 8. President Grant publicly announced this event, and ordered business in the Government Departments to be suspended on the day of the funeral.

The conditions under which the French Transatlantic Cable was allowed to be landed on the American shores are, it is well known, provisional. Our Government, with the consent of MM. Erlanger and Reuter, reserved to Congress the right of sanctioning or putting an end to the authorization. The eventuality which limited the independent privileges of the company's application was recently made to the French Minister of the Interior by agents of the United States Transatlantic Company for permission to land an Atlantic cable at some point on the French coast. The application, signed by two retired Generals and a Major of the United States engineers, was referred to and met by another American gentleman holding a prominent position, who was refused, on the ground that the exclusive privilege to land a cable on the French coast had been granted to the French company. The impropriety of suspending the authorization granted by the American Government to MM. Erlanger and Reuter will probably be considered during the coming session of Congress.

October 8 was the opening day of the second annual meeting of the Jerome Jockey Club, and it was the races closed. The last and great race was won by Stanley Parker for a purse of $2,000. Ten horses entered were "Palmer," "Goldsmith Maid," "Lucy," and "Dexter," "Judge Fullerton," "Tom, Jr.," "Lady Kirk," "Lexington," and "Stanley."

At Jerome Park, on October 9, there were five races. October was the first regular day of the fall meeting—the fifth was an extra or "match" day. The first race on this day was won by A. Belmont's chestnut filly, "Princess," against "Intrigue," a chestnut filly owned by A. T. Stewart. Time, 1.50, 1.51, 1.50. Belmont's "Attraction" won the second race, against Jerome's "Lizzie Lucas." Time, 1.51, 1.51, 1.51. The third race, mile heats, was won by L. P. Holland's "Corsican," which beat Jerome's "Lizzie Lucas." The fourth race sweepstakes—five entries—was won by C. P. Morris's "Lady Blackburn." Belmont's "Attraction" was second. The selling sweepstakes, 1¼ miles—nine entries—was won by Jerome's "Lizzie," Belmont's chestnut "Bonster." Time, 2.09½.

The cotton crop, it is looking up. The shipments of cotton from that port have this for this season been about twice as large.

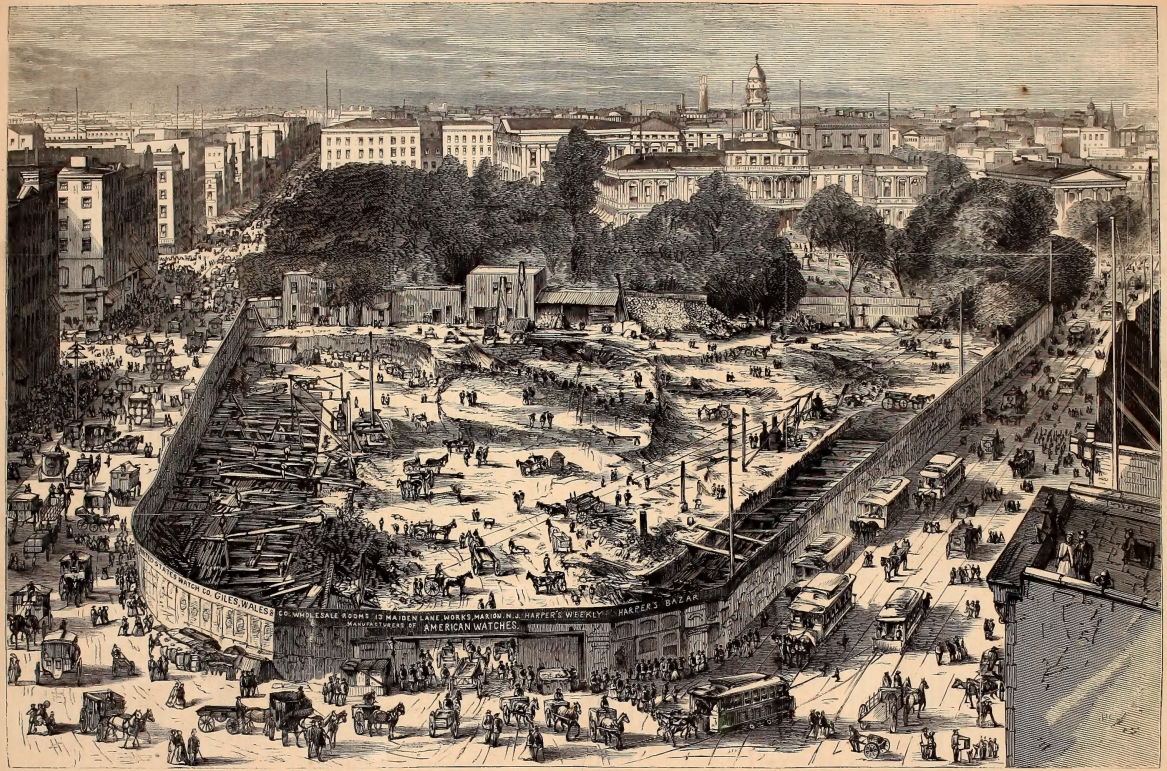
The *Troy Whig* has made a calculation from which it appears that the canal has fell in Rensselaer and Albany counties on October 5 and 6 to supply every man, woman, and child in the city of the north with a pail and a half gallons of water per day for a year.

The Republican State Convention of Labor Reform nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, electing Senator Wilson, and the Democrats nominated form of the Convention.

The Connecticut Republican Convention met September 29, and nominated J. L. Alcorn for Governor, and Hon. Marcus Bunce for Secretary of State.

The New York Republican Central Committee has appointed General Francis Lee for Secretary of State, and Hon. Horace Greeley for Comptroller.

A fast ran between the steamer ship *Dreadnought*, of San Francisco. She was lost on July 4 on the Cape de Verde Islands, on the northeast of the Island of Fuego. She had sailed from Liverpool April 18, and was 77 days and 18 hours on the voyage to Rio. The crew escaped from the ill-fated vessel in two small boats, with a few days' provisions. Two hundred days they sighted on the shell-fish which they gathered from the rocks, and on the 10th day they were picked on shore around large fires which they lighted. The crew had been without fresh water, but suffered the slightest violence. By day they pursued their course under sail, and by night rested on the rocks. On the seventeenth day after their shipwreck, fell in with the British steamer *Senna Hunt*, Captain Ayres. Amenden, treated them with all possible kindness and attention, and put them on board the ship *Dreadnought*, of San Francisco. She was lost on July 4 on the Cape de Verde Islands, on the northeast of the Island of Fuego. She had sailed from Liverpool April 18, and was 77 days and 18 hours on the voyage to Rio. The crew escaped from the ill-fated vessel in two small boats, with a few days' provisions. Two hundred days they subsis



EXCAVATING FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THE NEW YORK CITY POST-OFFICE BUILDING.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 679.]

CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

CAPTAIN C. F. HALL, who has recently returned home from his expedition into the Arctic regions, contributes to this Number of the *Weekly* numerous sketches of the interesting relics relating to SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S expedition found by him in King William's Land.

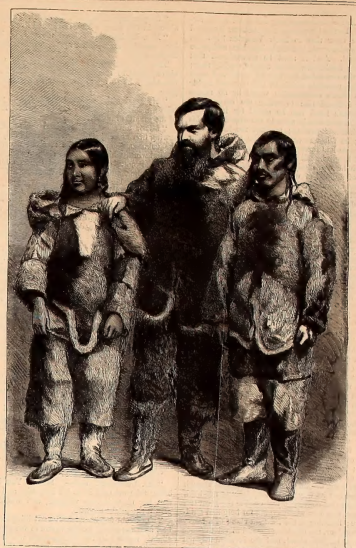
Captain HALL sailed in the *Monticello* in the latter part of June, 1864. He took with him no sailing vessel, but made his ninety days' trip into King William's Land in a sledge. This was his second expedition, the results of the first having been already given to the world in his work entitled "Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux." His first expedition occupied two years and four months, and the discoveries then made encouraged him to make a second attempt to learn all that could be found out concerning the fate of the FRANKLIN expedition. In his second, as in his first, exploration he depended entirely upon the native Esquimaux, and upon his own skill and resources in obtaining his information. In his letter to Mr. HENRY GRINNELL, dated Repulse Bay, June 20, 1869, Captain HALL says:

"The result of my sledge journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN'S companions ever reached or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that CROZIER and his party, of about forty or forty-five, passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschell. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution—one, a large sledge, laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other, a small one, laden with provisions and camp material. Just before CROZIER and party arrived at Cape Herschell they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimaux men, who were of the native party, gave me much sad, but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon CROZIER and his party to suffer and die for need of fresh provisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive. The next trace of CROZIER and his party is to be found in the skeleton which M'CLINTOCK discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschell; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping-place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeiffer's River, where two men died and received Christian burial. At this place fish bones were found by the natives, which showed them that CROZIER and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs some five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about S.S.E., two and a half miles further, the next trace occurs on Todd's Inlet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of the inlet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or a part of the main land as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of CROZIER'S party were found by the native Poo-yet-ta, of whom SIR JOHN ROSS has given a description in the account of his voyage in the *Victory*, 1829–34. In the spring of 1849 a large tent was found by some of the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men, Close by were two graves. This tent was a little way inland from the head of Terror Bay.

"In the spring of 1861, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted by a native well known throughout the northern regions, found two boats, with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by M'CLINTOCK; the other was found lying from one-quarter to one-half mile distant, and must have been completely entombed in snow at the time M'CLINTOCK'S parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about the boat, besides the many skeletons alluded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those M'CLINTOCK has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered.

"The same year that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned one of them consummated the Great Northwest Passage, having five men aboard. The evidence of the exact number is circumstantial. Every thing about this Northwest Passage ship of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN'S expedition was in complete order; four boats were hanging high up at the ship's sides, and one was on the quarter-deck; the vessel was in its winter housing of sail or tent cloth. This vessel was found by the Ook-joo-lik natives near O'Reilly Island, lat. 68° 30' N., lon. 99° W., early in the spring of 1849, it being frozen in the midst of a smooth and unbroken floe of ice of only one winter's formation. From certain evidence I have gained both at Ig-loo-lik and King William's Land, there must have been a dog of the grey-hound species belonging to one or the other of the two ships. I only know this through native testimony. It is quite likely that some one in England can tell whether there was a dog on board either of the ships when Sir JOHN FRANKLIN left in 1845.

"My sledge company from Repulse Bay to



CAPTAIN C. F. HALL AND HIS ESQUIMAUX INTERPRETERS.

RELICS FOUND BY CAPTAIN HALL IN HIS RECENT ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

King William's Land consisted of eleven souls, all Esquimaux. Although they are as untamable as eagles by nature, yet by their aid alone I was enabled to reach points otherwise inaccessible, and when there to gain much important information relative to the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's expedition.

* * * * *

"Could I and my party, with reasonable safety, have remained to make a summer search on King William Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. But, however, west side of Point Richardson, however, Nature herself has opened her bosom and given sepulture to the remains of the unnamed victims that died there. Wherever the Esquimaux have found the graves of FRANKLIN's companions they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island the remains of five men were not buried, but, after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to any account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work.

"Wherever I found that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's companions had died I erected monuments, then fired salutes and waved the Star-spangled Banner over them in memory and respect of the great and true discoverers of the Northwest Passage. I carefully gathered great quantities—a very great variety—of relics of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's expedition, for they were to be possessed by natives all over the Arctic regions that I visited or heard of—from Pond's Bay to Mackenzie River. As I was I had to be satisfied with taking upon our sledges about 125 pounds total weight of relics from natives about King William's Land. Some of these I shall mention: ate: 1. A portion of one side (several planks and ribs fast together) of a boat, clinker-built, and copper-fastened. This part of a boat is of the one found near the boat found by M'CLINTOCK's party. 2. A small oak sledge-runner, reduced from the size on which the boat rested. 3. Part of the mast of the Northwest Passage ship. 4. Chronometer box, with its number, name of maker, and Sir JOHN's broad arrow stamped upon it. 5. Two long heavy sheets of copper, three and four inches wide, with numerous bullet holes for screws. On these sheets, as well as on most every thing else that came from the Northwest Passage ship, are numerous stamps of the Queen's broad arrow. 6. Mahogany writing-desk, elaborately finished and bound in brass. 7. Many pieces of silver—forks and spoons—bearing crests and initials of the owners. 8. Parts of watches. 9. Knives, and very many other things, all of which you, and others interested in the fate of the FRANKLIN expedition, will take a sad interest in inspecting on their arrival in the States."

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY TALLIS.

It was not until Mr. Levincourt had been reated for some time in the railway carriage that he remembered that he was ignorant of Lady Tallis's address. Young Lockwood had said that she was in London, but where the vicar knew not.

"Maud!" said he, suddenly, "how are we to find your aunt?"

Maud was leaning her weary head against the cushions, and her eyes were closed. She had not been sleeping, however, for the instant they opened her eyes, and repeated the vicar's words,

"How are we to find my aunt?"

"Yes, how?" In the whirl and confusion and misery of this dreadful departure, it never occurred to any that I do not know Lady Tallis's address! Her last letter was dated from the country."

"Mr.—Mrs. Lockwood knows where Aunt Hilda is," answered Maud, after a moment's reflection.

"Yes, yes, yes," said the vicar, with peevish irritability. "Mrs. Lockwood knows! But where can these people be found? Merciful Heaven, it is enough to madden one! It is all confusion and hopeless misery!"

"Dear Uncle Charles, in this I think I can help you. I remember the Lockwoods' address. They live in a street called Gower Street. Do you know it?"

"Gower Street? Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Mr. Lockwood mentioned that his mother had a house there. Her husband bequeathed it to her, and she lives there."

"Very well, suppose we must drive there the first thing. I know of no other way."

After that the vicar closed his eyes also. But for a long time his brain was tormented by conflicting thoughts. Occasionally a gleam of something like hope darted into his mind. Might it not be possible that all would yet go well with Veronica? Some fathers would have deemed that by no possibility could it be altogether well with her. It could not be well to be the wife of a man who had induced her to leave her home clandestinely, to deceive and inflict torturing anxiety on her father; a man who had, at the least, caused a temporary slur to be cast on her reputation, and who had risked tarnishing her good name forever. But in his present wretchedness it seemed to the vicar that to know Veronica Sir John Gale's wife would in itself be happiness and peace of mind. And it must be remembered that Charles Levincourt was at heart a worldly man; that the somewhat lofty ideals and high spirit of high principle which he had observed in Sir John Gale's conversation would by no means be indicated him to refuse the honest but daughter's hand had he asked for it openly. But he was keenly alive to the disgrace of his daughter's elopement; and one less sharp-sighted than he could not have failed to see that the sharp pang he felt was caused by the reflection that Veronica had thoroughly deceived him.

At length he fell into an uneasy sleep, through which he was dimly conscious of mental pain, and of a dread of waking. From this slumber he was aroused by Maud's touch on his shoulder and Maud's voice in his ear, faltering out that she believed they must have reached London.

They were in London. The vicar's sleep-station looked inexpressibly dreary, with its long vistas ending in black shadow, its dull lamps blinking like eyes that have been watched all night and are weary, and its vast glazed roof, through which the gray dawn was beginning to glimmer.

At length we too early to attempt to go to Mrs. Lockwood's house. They must wait at least a couple of hours. But they looked so haggard, so aged, and ill that Maud tried to persuade him to seek some rest at the hotel close to the station, promising that he should be roused in due time. But he refused to do so.

"Sir here," he said, leading Maud to a waiting-room, in which was a large coke fire smouldering slowly, and where a solitary gaslight shed a yellow glare over a huge, bare, shining copper-table, "here is one of the apartment in almost darkness. "You will be safe and unmolested here. I must go and make some inquiries—try to find some address. Remain here till I return."

Maud thought she had never seen a room so utterly undesirable. No place would have appeared cheerful to her at that moment; but this railway waiting-room was the last degree cold and forlorn. She sat there covering over the dull red fire, sick, and chilly, and faint, listening nervously to the distant footsteps that fell on the platform without; to the whistle of some distant engine, screaming as though it had lost its way in the labyrinthine network of lines that converged just outside the great terminus, and were wildly crying for help and guidance; listening to the monotonous roll of the slow swing-door, the occasional sound of voices (once a man laughed aloud, and she involuntarily put her hands up to her ears to shut out the sad sound that jarred on every quivering nerve with agonizing discord), and to the loud, deliberate ticking of a clock on the mantel-piece over the fire.

At length—how long the time had seemed!—Mr. Levincourt returned.

Maud started up, and tried to read in his face if he had any tidings of Veronica, but she did not venture to speak. He answered her appealing look

"I have seen the station-master," he said. "They have not been here. But that is nothing. It is certain. The man was civil, and caused inquiries to be made among the people—oh my God, God, I should have said before this degradation!—but there was no trace of such people as I described. This man made a suggestion. They might have left the train at Uddlow, and taken either come to London by the other line, thus arriving at a station at the opposite end of the town; or—oh, horror!—they might have not reached the junction that communicates with the coast railways, and so got down to the sea without coming to London at all."

"Oh, Uncle Charles!"

"Come, my poor child, let me at least put you into a shelter you can rest in. I will take into consideration of our disgrace. You look half dead, my poor Maudie! Come, there is a cab waiting here outside."

As Maud moved toward the door to obey his summons the light of the gas-lamp fell full on her pale face, and the vicar exclaimed aloud at her startling resemblance to her mother.

It seemed to him that the sudden remembrance of his old love, thus called up at this moment, filled his heart with bitterness even to overflowing.

"Oh me!" he groaned; "I wish it were all over: I am weary of my life."

The cab rattled over the stones through the still nearly empty streets.

Maud's remembrance of any part of London was very vague. She had never been seen the neighborhoods through which she was now being jolted. It all looked squalid, mean, grimy, and uninviting under the gray dawn. At last they came into a long street, of which the further end was veiled and concealed by a dense foggy vapor.

"What number, miss?" asked the cabman, turning round on his seat.

"What do you say?" asked Maud, faintly.

"What number, miss? This 'ere is Gower Street."

"Oh!" cried Maud, despairingly. "I don't remember the number!"

The cabman pulled up his horse, and was now examining the lash of his whip with an air of philosophical indifference, like a man who is weighed upon by no anxiety or responsibility. After a minute or so he observed, with great calmness, "That's ockkard; Gower Street is nuthur a long street, and it'll take some time to knock as all the doors both sides o' the way." Then he resumed the examination of his whip-lash.

"Oh, Uncle Charles, I am so sorry!" murmured Maud. "What shall we do?"

Mr. Levincourt jumped out of the cab, and ran to a door where there was a young woman washing the steps.

"Do you happen to know," he asked, "whereabouts in this street a Mrs. Lockwood lives?"

"Mrs. Lockwood!" echoed the girl, giving her streaming arms on her apron, "*this* is Mrs. Lockwood's.

The vicar beckoned to the cabman, who had also alighted by his time, and who now had his paw-boned horse up to the door at a funereal pace.

"My good girl," said the vicar, "will you take a message to your mistress *at once?* It is of the greatest importance."

"Missis can't get up," rejoined the servant, staring first at him, then at Maud, and lastly at the cabman, from whom she received a confidential wink, which seemed to claim a common vantage-ground of Cockneyhood between himself and her, and to separate them both from the vicar and Maud.

"I will send up this card to her," said Mr. Levincourt. He took out a card and pencil, and wrote some words hastily. Then he gave the girl the card together with a shilling, and begged her to lose no time in delivering the former. To her mistress, while she was to keep the latter for herself.

The administration of the bribe appeared to raise the vicar in the cabman's estimation. The latter officiously pulled down the window-glass on his side and opened it, so that Maud could put her head out, and then stood with the handle of the cab door in his hand, ready for any emergency.

The progress of the servant to her mistress's bedroom was retarded by her efforts to decipher what was written on the card, an attempt in which she only partially succeeded. In about five minutes she came down again, and said to the vicar—

"Missus's best compliments, and the lady as you're a looking for is lodging in the room. Side on the first-floor, and will you please walk into the drawing-room?"

The vicar and Maud followed the girl up stairs into a front-room, furnished as a sitting-room. It communicated by folding-doors, which were now closed, with a bed-room.

The servant drew up the yellow window-blinds, desired the visitors to be seated, and asked, as she prepared to leave the room:

"Who shall I say, please?"

"Mr. Levincourt, and— Stay! You had better take no name, my dear ladyship, and say that her niece is here with me, and would be glad if she might see her."

The servant withdrew into the adjoining chamber, as it appeared, for the sound of voices very slightly muffled by the folding-doors was heard immediately. But in a few minutes the girl returned, begging Maud to follow her.

"She ain't up yet, but she'd like to see you, miss; and she'll come out to you, Sir, as soon as possible."

Maud obeyed her aunt's summons, and the door was left ajar, standing at the window, and looking at the monotonous line of the opposite houses. He was, in a measure, relieved by the fact that the first surprise and shock to Lady Tallis of his presence and his errand in London would be over before he saw her. He felt a strong persuasion that tact and self-possession were by no means poor Hilda's distinguishing characteristics, and he had constantly dreaded the first meeting with her. Although he had placed himself as far as possible from the folding-doors, he could hear voices rising and falling in the adjoining room, and occasionally could distinguish her ladyship's tones in a shrill exclamation.

He tapped his fingers with irritable impatience on the window. Why did not Maud urge her aunt to hasten? Every lower minute was of importance to him. He would wait no longer. He would go away, and return later.

As he so decided, the door opened, and there appeared the woman whom he had last seen in the bloom of her youth more than a score of years ago. The transformation of the beautiful Hilda Delaney was very distinct in his mind. At the sound of the opening door he turned round and looked at her startlingly at variance with that remembrance: a small, lean, pale old woman, bundled up in a dressing-gown, and with a quantity of soft gray hair untidily thrust into a brown silk net.

"My dear Hilda," said she, taking both the vicar's hands—"my poor dear friend!"

Her voice had an old, cracked sound, like the tone of a harpsichord instrument which has one given forth sweet notes; and she spoke with as unmistakable a brogue as though she had never passed a day out of County Cork.

"Ah! you wouldn't have known me now, would ye?" she continued, looking up into the vicar's face.

"Yes," he answered, after an instant's glance —"yes, I should have known you." And, indeed, as he looked, he had become familiar to his eyes. She retained the exquisite delicacy of skin which had been one of her chief beauties, but it was now blanched and wan, and marked with three or four deep lines round the mouth, though on the forehead it remained smooth as that remembrance: a small, lean, pale old with that temperance: a small, lean, pale old woman, bundled up in a dressing-gown, and with a quantity of soft gray hair untidily thrust into a brown silk net.

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that passed. His love for his daughter had ever been marked more by pride than by deep tenderness. This pride was now trampled in the dust, and a feeling of implacable resentment arose in his mind against her who had inflicted the anguish of such a humiliation.

He raised his face distorted by passion.

"From this hour forth I disown and abandon her," he said, in quivering tones. "No one is my friend who speaks her name to me. In the infamy she has chosen for her lot live and die, may God so punish her for the misery she has caused—"

Maud fell on her knees before him and seized his hands. "Oh, hush; oh pray, pray hush, dear Uncle Charles!" she sobbed out. "Think how sorry you must be if you said the words! How you would repent and be sorry all your life long."

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Lady Tallis, in a tremulous voice, "what is it all about? My dearest child, you positively must not sob in that heart-breaking manner! Sure you'll make yourself ill."

"And for one who is not worth a tear!" added the vicar. "For one who— But I will never mention her name again. It is over. She is lost and gone irrecovably. Lady Tallis, I would have spared you this if I could have guessed the extent of the degradation that has fallen upon me. My presence in your house at this moment is almost an outrage."

The poor lady sat down in a chair, and pressing her hands to her forehead, began to whimper, "I'd be unspeakably obliged to ye, Mr. Levincourt," she said, "if you would do me the favor to explain. I've got head in in a wild sort of confusion. I really and truly am not strong enough to support this kind of thing!"

"A daughter of us a horrible burden to support," rejoined the vicar, almost sternly. "And God knows that mine is not the least heavy. Am I to be been entirely separated from your husband for some years?"

"Oh, indeed I have! That is to say, there never has been a legal separation; but—"

The vicar interrupted her. "He has assumed another name and has been living abroad?"

"As to that, I am sure of that, because I learned it from his agent, to whom I am sometimes compelled to have recourse for money. But for what he has been living, I assure you, my dear Mr. Levincourt—"

"The villain who has carried away my daughter—stolen her from a home in which he had received every kindness and hospitable care that my means could afford me to bestow on him—the black-hearted, thankless, infamous scoundrel, Lady Tallis, is—Sir John Gale."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

TRAFFIC IN SOULS.

A CURIOUS case of swindling was brought before a Parisian police-court, which shows a peculiar state of things with respect to the traffic in these ceremonies. It need hardly be said that a large demand for surviving relatives of Roman Catholics to cause masses to be said for the repose of the souls of deceased persons. It seems that the demand for masses in Paris is so large that the clergy in that city are not able to meet it. In order, therefore, to supply the requirements of the public in this matter, there are houses in Paris which undertake for a commission to send the fees and the orders to priests in the provinces. Availing themselves of this practice, two rogues, one of them a priest who had been laid under an interdict for life, had connection with this custom, issued circulars, which they sent to rural priests, offering to act as agents for them, and to negotiate what may be termed their bills for masses. So specious were these circulars that some priests fell into the trap, and sent undertakings to perform masses, leaving the number in blank. As the signatures were genuine, the two persons referred to were able to discover these with the friendly relatives or publishers who were intrusted with the fees and orders. But, instead of sending the vouchers, or forms, or whatever the priests desired to have, in return for their promissory notes, they appropriated them to their own uses. Many were also known to receive orders direct from the public, and there was no guarantee that they did not pocket the fees without making the least move as the only prisoner who remained to take his trial declared that his was a ready-money business, and that he kept no books. He was, he say master to get evidence against him, as the priests who had signed the bills of exchange were naturally reluctant to give evidence in a matter of this kind, which was affirmed to be in accordance with canonical rules, they felt was not creditable to them. One of these witnesses, for instance, had signed bills for 7618 francs' worth of masses, and altogether he was under the obligation of requesting 1200 masses, according to his own admission. How long it takes to say a mass is not stated, but the impression gathers from what was said in, that a priest must rise early in the morning and make long days for it if he wishes to work off such an accumulation of considerable time to work off such an accumulation as this. But great as his liabilities were, they were trifling in comparison with that of the witness who followed him; he had signed bills in that way to the amount in the aggregate of 11,265 masses. There were others whose liabilities were not much inferior; in the list of these may be mentioned one for 5312, another for 7151, another for 2736, another for 1764, another for 2350, another for 11,768, another for 2395, another for 9381, another for 9457, and another, who in proportion was a pike among minnows, whose liabilities amounted to 28,000 masses. So reckless, indeed, was one of these priests that he had signed bills to the amount of 100,000 francs, which, at the current rate of 1 franc a mass, rendered him liable to the same number of masses; in which he may be imagined that if his creditors had come upon him in a body they would have been obliged to accept a composition. There is something to be said in excuse for these peculiar ecclesiastical bills in the case of some of the priests who took part in them. Take, for instance, the case of a cure in an out-of-the-way village, whose stipend would be despised by the worst-paid of English curates, but, for instance, that his clerical vestments were completely worn out, and that neither he nor his parishioners possessed the means of replacing them; a man in such a position could hardly be condemned for resorting to a method of raising means if he bestowed in return for them the duties he incurred; he could only be charged with acting dishonestly when, to indulge extravagance in this respect or in any other, he left undone the do more than he could perform. But it is just at this point that many of the priests are said to have sinned, in order to indulge in more extravagance they became guilty of fraud. While already liable for more masses than they could perform, they incurred liabilities for the performance of others in return for books or other goods, which they immediately sold for what they would realize. That the sensation excited by the discovery of these novel frauds and their magnitude has been great and natural will be easily imagined. Few of the persons who have ordered and paid for masses can feel assured that what they have to hope from them, though some may take smile at their credulity in supposing that any good can reach deceased persons by the performance of masses, all right-minded persons will respect the motives which induced them to sacrifice their money for that from which they themselves could derive no benefit.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

OUR illustration on page 676 gives an accurate and comprehensive view of the site of the new Post-office Building in this city, and of the excavations now being made for the foundation of the edifice. The site is in the City Park in front of the City Hall. The work of excavation is going on rapidly. By the first of this month 18,600 cubic yards had been excavated, and over 12,000 cubic yards of concrete, and about 7,000 feet of masonry had been completed. In order to bank up the sides of the excavations and protect it from the strong under pressure or from the influence of the water, there had to be built over one thousand linear feet of bulkheads and cribs, leaving nearly nine hundred feet more to be put up. The structure, under the supervision of Postmaster A. H. Jones, and the immediate direction of Superintendent HULBURD, will, it is hoped, be speedily completed.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

THE recent storm which has caused so much destruction has not been equaled in this country, though it is generally considered a part of our autumn equinoctal, may perhaps more justly be attributed to the unusual heat of the sun and moon which has caused the recent extraordinary tidal wave. It is where the tides have been the highest that the storm has been the most severe and destructive.

This great storm also deluged a large portion of the country with rain. The rivers were swollen; canal embankments, bridges, and dams were swept away; railroads were undermined and the tracks destroyed; mills, houses, canal-boats, and railroad cars were flooded off; and there must also have been many disasters on the railroads. On the Mohawk River, in this State, rose ten feet above low-water mark. The Schuylkill rose in its valley and overflowed the streets of Philadelphia, carrying away immense quantities of lumber and coal, and interfering with the gas works of that city. The Susquehanna rose seventeen feet. The Lehigh River, in Pennsylvania, rose fifteen feet, doing immense damage in its valley and overflowing the railroad track.

In Connecticut the flood was equally ruinous. HURBARD'S cotton-mills, at Higganum, Middlesex County, were swept away; also several houses in Glastenbury. The Housatonic Dam was destroyed. In Maine lumber booms and dams were carried away. In the valley of the Hudson the flood was unprecedented. At Hoosick Falls, New York, the Troy and Boston railway train was thrown into the Hoosick River, and three lives were lost.

It is impossible to estimate the immense damage caused by this great flood: it amounts to many millions of dollars, besides the large loss of human life which has occurred. Many vessels must have resulted from the storm.

From Portland the storm spread northward. At Eastport it took the form of a destructive hurricane. In Eastport alone it destroyed more than half a million dollars' worth of property. Immense amounts were wrecked along the coast. Twenty-seven vessels were driven ashore at Rumney's Bay.

CORMORANTS' NESTS ON MAGDALENA ISLAND.

THE scene depicted in our beautiful and characteristic engraving on page 681 is on the island of Santa Magdalena, in the Magellan Strait, recently visited by a British surveying expedition. This island is midway between the South American main land and Terra del Fuego, and about twenty miles from the Chilian settlement of Punta Arena. On approaching the island hundreds of penguins and fur-seals were seen disporting themselves in the water or basking on the sand and shingly beach, while great numbers of cormorants were perched on the ledges of the perpendicular cliffs. Having landed and climbed to the top of the cliffs, the party were met by a great crowd of penguins, which came rushing out of their burrows where they lay their eggs, and, screaming in their discordant tones, endeavored to hurry out of the strangers' reach. Their awkward gait as they shuffled along on their short flippers, balancing their bodies with their short arms, and rolling themselves over the summits of the cliffs to avoid every obstacle, caused a great deal of merriment to the sailors. Many of these queer birds were soon knocked down. "When we got to the centre of the island," says Mr. BIDWELL, one of the party, "we observed a scene of the most curious description. A few shallow pools of brackish water were surrounded by thousands of cormorants, all seated on little mounds. On our coming into view over the ridge of land which inclosed the small plain, the birds nearest to us took to flight, and as they passed over the others followed their example, but they were so numerous that those underneath were unable to rise until those above had passed over, and the flapping of their wings stirred up the dry guano into a cloud of a most horrible and sickening odor. Some of the boat's crew ran in among them, adding to the confusion and noise. A rough estimate only of their number could be made, but 10,000 or 15,000 is not an exaggerated calculation. On further examination the little mounds on which they had been sitting were found to be their nests, built up of sticks and grass, and placed in rows with the most remarkable regularity, an equal distance being preserved between the nests, nearly all of which contained two or three eggs. A few eggs had already been hatched, and the scared little ones, though but a day or two old, ran off as fast as their legs could carry them into the centre of the nearest pond. The sportsmen of our party had the satisfaction of bagging a dozen or so of the wild-geese, which were known in the upper left-hand corner of the sketch; but the naturalist of the expedition was much pleased with the result of his visit to this interesting little island."

TYPES OF HINDUISM.

HOW striking a proof is it of the strength of the religious principle in human nature, that the grandest works which have ever been reared are those connected with worship! We are in the habit of thinking that we could able to look down upon our planet, his eye would be most attracted by the glittering and painted pagodas of China, Japan, and India, and the richly ornamented temples, and stupendous rock shrines of India: the Mosque of Omar, and the splendid minarets of Stamboul; the pyramids, and vast temples of Egypt, with their avenues of gigantic statues and sphinxes extending for miles: the graceful shrines of classic Greece; the basilicas of Rome and Byzantium; the semi-Oriental church domes of Moscow; the Gothic cathedrals of Western Europe; and the grand fire temples of Mexico and Peru, where, in the infancy of reason and civilization, human sacrifices were offered. But if the All-Father were pleased with the agony of his creatures!

Nowhere has that adoring principle reared grander temples than in India. Egypt may surpass them in vastness, and Greece and Rome may put a premium on the exhibiting a marvelous combination of grandeur, beauty, and variety, the religious edifices of India find no parallel in any other country. The stupendous rock temples of Western India, the magnificent and richly domed topes of Ceylon, the gorgeously carved shrines of Southern India, the tall elliptical temples of Orissa, the lovely and exquisitely finished ones of Bengal, combine with the three-faced bust of Siva in the cave-temple of Elephanta. Here the Hindu God is represented in the three characters—Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. No Grecian sculpture so well conveys the idea of Goddess. The repose which characterizes the faces of the Creator and Preserver is not the meditation of the saint, but the calm of unbounded power and the Destroyer's face gives promise that not destruction so much as annihilation to the world. In every other instance representations of the Hindu deities are grotesque and horrible.

Some one has said that, in his exquisitely noble and beautiful mythology the Greek adored the divinity of his own nature—of humanity; whereas the Hindu's awful sense of the superhuman, of something infinitely superior to humanity, renders the workmanship of the idol a thing of no moment, and he bows before the palpable type of terror or of power. The sense of the divine presence than the Greek had when standing in ecstasy before his divine Zeus or radiant Apollo.

The great Indian peninsula is now peopled by nations of very diverse origin. Long before history unrolled the place of tradition the country was inhabited by races of men whose descendants still dwell in the jungles and wild hill-sides of India. The first invaders of the country, whoever they may have been, drove the inhabitants of the plains of the North to the hill country of the Vindhya and to the region beyond. These conquerors were themselves displaced by the Tamuls, who in their turn fled southward at the approach of the warlike Aryans, there last being the progenitors of the Brahminical Hindus of today.

Casting a glance backward as far as any history can take us, we find the land in possession of at least four distinct races—the original tribes, the first invaders, the Tamuls, and the Aryans. The religious belief of these latter conquerors gradually diffused itself through the peninsula; but the genius peculiar to the people receiving it has left its mark to the present day.

It is generally conceded that the Aryans brought pure and lofty notions of a Creator from their home in Central Asia; the modern Hinduism is a strange medley, varying in complexion from province to province, and in some places exhibiting features directly opposite to its general character. Wherever the aboriginal element predominates the religion is dark and bloody; where the Aryan is the element it is fanciful, gorgeous, and licentious; wherever the pure Hindu is in the ascendant it is lofty in speculation and gentle in its rites.

Our illustration on page 685 represents a Tamul pagoda dedicated to the bull, one of the sacred animals of the Tamul Hindus. This temple is one of two on the island of Seringham, near Trichinopoly in the Carnatic, in Southern India. The island is formed by the river Coleroon and its branch the Cavery, and its population of high repute. The bull is of immense size, cut from one solid block of black marble; and so sacred is it esteemed, that it is with great difficulty that a stranger can land on the island and approach sufficiently near to realize the proportions of the bull and the exquisite architecture of the temple—now, however, fast crumbling into ruin.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A CASE OF ASS-IST-IA.—A donkey tied up.

AFTER all, there is not much difference between the opinions of the opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one are Vaccinators, and the others are Vaccine-haters.

A farmer, who had engaged the services of a son of Paddy's native isle, sent him on one occasion to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before a hearty shout came out of the field, "Arrah, Dennis, by the farmer went out into the field to take notes of Pat's progress, and asked him how he liked harrowing. "Oh!" replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pig got out."

ON a white stone, in an old cemetery at Concord, Massachusetts, is this epitaph:

"Here lie the remains of Sarah Bull, Who was buried by its durability To perpetuate the memory, and by its color To signify the unsullied character of Miss Abigail Dudley."

NOT many years since a certain Vermont church was in need of a pastor. One Sabbath the minister engaged for the occasion was well known for his eccentric turn of mind, prayed for "a man from the back settlements, Lord, who can't read a bit, and who has lots of dotage, nor a young man in the goslinghood, but a man with all the requisites imaginable."

WHY is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy?—Because it's a hiding of the sun.

"YOU have not one drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said Smith, out canvassing for a life-policy, to a servile fellow-citizen. "Don't I know it? I guess he'd have his whole family on my shoulders."

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MAN AND THE CHIMPANZEE.

The chimpanzees was never known to gamble in stocks. First difference.

The chimpanzee was never known to pass life in making itself hideous and ridiculous under the pretense of fashion. Second difference.

The chimpanzee never suffered from indigestion brought on by overeating. Third difference.

The chimpanzee is not addicted to writing follow-chimpanzees, or to publish malicious things against them. Fourth difference.

WILLIE P——, a little five-year-old, was playing with a honey-bee, when the angry bee stung him. "Oh! grandma," cried Willie, "I didn't know bees had splinters in their tails."

A DARKEY'S ACCOUNT OF A SERMON.—"Well, sahs, de sermon was upon de miracles of de loaves and de fishes. De miracle was dat de seven thousand lived and de five thousand have divided between de twelve disciples; but de miracle was dat day clear."

A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a lady, when one of those terrible children whom Providence insists on sending into the earth as agents of hypocrisy and falsehood, exclaimed: "My hair would be beautiful, mamma says, if I did not take so much care of it as she takes of hers. Mamma never stops brushing hers, but always puts it away in the wardrobe before she goes to bed."

An imaginative young man, laboring over the gradual encroachments of womanly accomplishments, story in the manner of dress, breaks into song as follows:

"They took our coats—at first we hardly missed 'em;
And then they took our vests—we only laughed and kissed 'em;
They stole our socks—we only laughed and kissed 'em;
Our shirts they took, and left us in a fix.
Until by slow and cruel degrees,
Our pants, our boots, our hats, our breeches!
Have all been taken from us."

The following version of an ancient ditty is electrifying as a means of keeping children in the juvenile mind:

"Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

THE LATEST QUOTATIONS IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—Marriages scarce and depressed; engagements dull and declining; breaches of promise forward, and advancing; mercantile business dull; scandal market overstocked; elopements rapidly declining; settlement on the second demand: discarded lovers plenty and stock accumulating; tattling, a good investment.

RIDICULE described as coupons attached to the bond of matrimony.

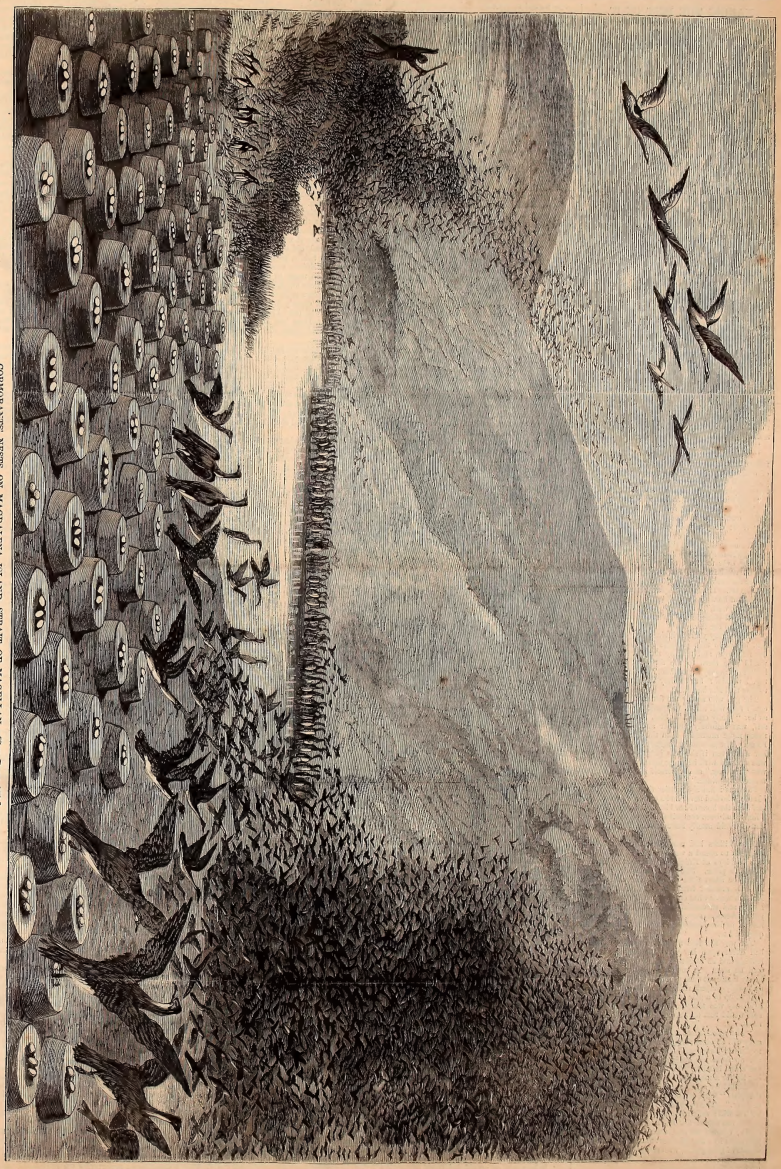
"WHY don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Each one seems coming to the point,
And then he goes!
They are frightened at your coat, my dear:
They are thinking of your bonnet.

WHEN Haddock's wife kicked him out of bed he said, "Look here, now, if you do that again it will be likely to cause a coldness in this family."

FATAL FALL.—An unhealthy autumn.

WHY would Saffron have made an excellent actor? Because he could so easily bring down the house.

THE GREAT FLOOD, OCTOBER, 1869.—[SEE PAGE 679.]



CORMORANTS' NESTS ON MAGDALENA ISLAND, STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.—[SEE PAGE 673.]

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

"Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day."

"My face tingles so from the cold air that I shall be unfit for publication for some hours. Let me off the dinner; leave me up here quietly till later—do, Dora."

"Up here" was in Dora Ralston's dressing-room; and the one who wanted to be left there was her cousin, Georgie Villars.

"Nonsense, Georgie; your face will do very well, and I won't have every one disappointed. Here for three days hope has told the flattering tale of your coming, and expectation has been stimulated to the utmost; and you did not come, and I have had to strain my imagination and suggest impossible causes for the delay. Now get up and dress."

The speaker was a pretty, graceful blonde, who was giving a good deal of attention to the reflection of herself in the glass, and was in the position of some flowers in her hair. When she had satisfactorily adjusted the last petal, drawn on her glove, and possessed herself of her fan she turned round to the couch at the foot of her bed, on which in an attitude of ease and indolence Miss Villars was stretched.

"I am too lazy to move," the last-named young lady murmured, sleepily. "Do let me alone. Indeed I am very tired, Dora, though I will get up."

"Mamma's maid shall help you," Dora said, looking impatiently at the key. "I rather want to be down in the drawing-room, to tell the truth."

"Yes, why?" Georgie asked.

"Mamma wishes me to go down," Dora said, falling back upon her sense of filial duty as a full explanation; "but I feel sure that if I leave you you'll stay where you are, and that would be too annoying. Really I don't know what to do."

"Put the key down and leave me to my own devices," Georgie said, springing from the sofa. "You won't be cruel enough alone, Dora."

"What do you mean?" Dora asked, half alarmed.

"You would not rest till you got me here; and now you're in a hurry to show me," Georgie said, walking over to the dressing-table. "I will do that for you, I can fix myself, and be down before the second bell rings. I promise; so you may be off. If aunt can spare her maid, I shall be glad of her. Good-by."

"Very well," Dora said, and then she went away; and Georgie Villars sat down again and looked into the glass.

"How many years is it since my pretty cousin first began to take pleasure in showing me all her new toys, and making me feel that no one would give them to me for love, and that I hadn't the money to get them? When I got a new toy, I wonder? her anxiety to get me here betokens that she has one.

The girl sat back by the fire and thought this could very well afford to speak of Dora Ralston as her "pretty cousin." She, Miss Villars herself, was infinitely prettier and not three times more attractive than the daughter of the house. The personal advantages were clearly on her side, and if she was judged from what she was wearied with her long journey, and her face was "tingling," as she herself said, "to a most unbecoming glow."

She was infinitely prettier than the pampered blonde, who had never had a crease or a wrinkle of leaf from the hour of her birth. Yet she, Georgie Villars, had been compelled to rough it in a way that it would utterly have crushed Dora to contemplate.

Miss Villars had now come half across the kingdom to spend a week or two at the handsome holidays at Knighton Hall, her uncle Mr. Ralston's place. She would much rather have spent the short time that was to elapse till she recently married friend in London. But Dora Ralston wanted her cousin to come and see how happy and successful she (Dora) was, and the poor governess gave up her pet plan, sacrificed herself to her family, and came when they requested her.

The way she had roughed it had not had a bad effect upon her yet. She was as bright looking and as bright-hearted a beauty as could well be seen. A moderate-sized girl, with a lovely figure, a face graceful and pure in outline, a splendidly-shaped, richly-colored little oval face, lighted up by a pair of dark, melting eyes, whose brilliancy was tempered by long, curling lashes that would rest on her cheek when she lowered them.

The affectionate solicitude of my uncle and aunt will be most sorely tried if I don't go down to dinner, I suppose," she said to herself, as she got up from her chair about ten minutes after Dora had left her. There was a little sneer on her lip for a moment, but it died away, and was succeeded by a beaming, blushing smile, as she thought, "Well, it's only for a while, it will soon be over." Then she fell to the task of dressing with a will; rolled her wavy dark hair high up round the top of her head in a luxuriant loose caille, opened her box, took out a mass of drapery, and in a few minutes stood in the midst of clouds of gray gauze, with strings of gray Roman pearls round first and second arms, and gray gloves on her slender small hands.

She wasted no time in looking at herself after she was ready. She opened the door and looked into a dark passage, for Mr. and Mrs. Ralston reserved all their lamps and candles for such portions of the house as fell under the observation of strangers. This was essentially the family corridor, and the family had learned to stumble up and down in safety. Friends, in speaking of the Ralstons, described them as averse to "unnecessary expenditure;" those who were not liked by affection or tongue-tied by interest called them "disgustingly mean."

Georgie was nearly a stranger in the house, despite her relationship with the owner of it. When her father died, leaving her alone in the world without money, he recommended her to apply to her uncle Ralston for protection and advice. She was not twenty then, but she was far too clever to apply to Mr. Ralston; she wrote and told him of her father's death, and he in return wrote in a rebuking strain that was very hard to read, in which he chose to define what he called her fate, but she had a feeling that he did blame her for something. The advice he gave her was comprised in the suggestion that she should "do something for herself, respectably, and always bear in mind that he should feel very much ill used if she disgraced herself." Being a very practical, sensible girl, she felt no resentment either at what he said or at what he left unsaid, but just took what he gave—the advice—namely, to do something for herself respectably.

At that time she had thousands of women as young, as fair, as fascinating, and as unfit for it as herself have to do. She went out as a governess, and got on through several families, in which more or less hard measure was dealt out to her. Once or twice a year, whenever she moved from one place to another, she wrote to her relations at Knighton Hall, and apprised them of her well-being and whereabouts. These letters were generally answered by Dora, who said regularly that they "hoped soon to see her at Knighton"—a hope that had not been realized until this time of which I write.

When Georgie had with danger and difficulty got through the dark passage where none but the family were to be found, and which, she found her way down easily over a handsomely carpeted, liberally lighted staircase and hall, where a huge fire burned in a centre stove, and where two or three men in livery stood about. One of these opened a door for Georgie's door, announced her name, and the next moment she was, so to speak, in the bosom of her family.

It was a warm, not an elegant reception that was awarded her. Mr. Ralston—a rotund, puffy little man, about five feet high, with a fat crimson face, and no more waving hair than served to tuft up to her as she entered, and patting her effusively on the shoulder, vociferously declared her to be "one of dear Dora's friends, by the Jove! whom he remembered when she was that high" (holding his hand two inches and a half from the floor). Then Mrs. Ralston, who had propelled her forward to receive the more subdued welcome Mrs. Ralston offered her.

Mrs. Ralston was a thin, small, timid little woman, with dull gray eyes, and an acute, suspicious expression of face. A cold, cat-like, quiet woman, who never offended people by reason of her extreme caution, but who could be antagonistic to them on an extraordinary degree when she had once made up her mind that it behooved her to be so. She welcomed her husband's niece, Georgie Villars, with extreme politeness, but with none of the fervor that had characterized Mr. Ralston's greeting of the girl. And yet, for all her natural antagonism to Georgie, Georgie had an instinctive feeling that she (Mrs. Ralston) was the one to be trusted most in the family.

She looked round on the rest of the guests—on those to whom Dora had imperiously given over her cousin—and she had promised not to sight. And at the first glance she found them all wanting in all the elements that went to make the simple interesting girl. There were a couple of three elderly gentlemen and ladies of the unmistakable type that speaks of squiresdry and seclusion; country neighbors, whom Dora would take stock of the dinner presently, and return it in kind before the expiration of a month. There was one young lady, who was spared by courtesy —who was unmarried still, and was therefore obliged, by her sense of duty to her family, to make the best of a very unique by playing croquet, and dancing whenever she was given the opportunity. And there were also two men—evidently unappropriated men; and "which of them is Dora's new toy?" Georgie Villars thought as her eyes fell on them, even before she had time to speculate farther, one of these men was being presented to her as Mr. Butler, and he was offering her his arm to lead her in to dinner.

Who is our vis-à-vis?" she asked, after a short time, when the dinner-table conversation —or gabble, rather—was in such full swing that there was no chance of her being overheard. Their vis-à-vis was the other evidently unappropriated man; and it was equally evident that Dora Ralston did not mean him to be unappropriated much longer.

"Sir Lionel Arden," Mr. Buller answered, and instinctively, as he answered, he looked with a belligerent keenness at the girl by his side, in order to see whether or not she appeared to be in the least degree impressed with the sound of the title.

But Georgie's glorious eyes surveyed her vis-à-vis with the same calm indifference that had lived in them before her companion had told the tale of the title. Presently these same glorious eyes floated languidly on and rested on her cousin Dora; and then Mr. Buller, still watching her keenly, saw her lips part and her eyes deepen with amusement.

"Is he a new or an old *habitué* of my uncle's house?" she asked, after a pause; "I don't remember his name even having been mentioned to me before."

"An old acquaintance, but quite a recent *habitué*," Mr. Buller replied. "He has been a comparative recluse for some years; but your cousin's influence has lured him out of his solitude, and, if report speaks truly, will lure him into matrimony again."

"Is he a widower, then?"

"Yes. His first wife died when they had been married little more than a year; she was very young, too, and very lovely, which added to the melancholiness of her death. Poor Arden! I, for one, never expected to see him sunning himself in London society again."

Georgie was watching the man at her side attentively as he spoke, and it seemed to her that an element of bitterness mingled with his astonishment at "poor Arden's" relapse into comparative happiness. Could the bitterness be caused by her cousin Dora? She determined to try and find out.

It was expectating too much of a man of that type of physique that he should be faithful to the memory of a shade forever," she said.

"Yes, I suppose it was; nevertheless I, Arden's oldest friend, did expect it of him. Even as a very young fellow, he would not accept the flattering attentions and courtesies that women have always been ready to lavish upon him for his handsome person and his fascinating address. Your cousin seems to be conquering, however."

He looked eagerly for an instant at Dora as he said this, and from her to Georgie, whom he had not before seen had attempted the conquest of Sir Lionel Arden she had accomplished that of Mr. Buller.

"He has a handsome person. Of his fascinations I can't judge yet; but I think I should prefer another to the one that almost boyishly-sanguine one in the man 4 married," she said, critically and artfully. Then her eyes rested on Mr. Buller's face for a moment—a face that was handsome enough, but that was lined with much thought and some care; and as she looked he felt that her beauty, and she felt "this man has a history."

Georgie Villars asked no questions of her cousin until they were alone before Dora's dressing-room fire, previous to parting for the night. Then she asked two, half-absently:

"What is Mr. Buller, Dora?"

"What is he? Oh, rather a nice man, with very funny ideas. He had a good property until he was ruined by a law-suit, I believe, about rubbishing paper was found, written by his father, requesting him to share the property that he had been left sole heir to with an elder brother, by a private marriage, of whom he had never heard. Papa said the request would have been thrown to the fire as that of a madman, but Mr. Buller goes in for being honorable, and chivalrous, and all that rubbish; so he accepted the unknown claim, and went himself as a tutor—fancy it!" Dora wound up in a tone of such angry wonder that Georgie Villars saw in a moment how much Mr. Buller's history very easily.

"And, I suppose, before he did this very despicably chivalrous thing, that you had some interest in him?" she asked, sarcastically.

"Indeed I did," Dora answered, earnestly. "We were engaged, but I got papa to break it off at once; he's down staying in the neighborhood for the present holidays now, and he will come here and let me see that he likes me still—though, of course, it's very painful to me." Dora put her face down and looked effectively on one side as she spoke, and looked pensively down at nothing through her long eyelashes for a moment. Then she said:

"But, though a marriage between us is quite out of the question now, I have the highest respect for him, and should like to see him happy; you would suit each other so well, Georgie. I had the possibility in my mind when I asked you come down. You are good at fall in love with one another."

"Thanks, you," Georgie said, dryly. "I thought that I should be offered a reversionary interest in one of your broken toys if I came down; it was very kind of you to think of me, if you remember, dear; and I am duly grateful. What is Sir Lionel Arden—to you?"

"Nothing at present; we are not quite engaged, that is," he added, hurriedly; "but he admires me more than any one he has ever seen before even than he did the wife who died so long ago."

"Has he told you this? If he has, it is definite enough, I should say."

"He hasn't exactly told me," Dora said, hesitatingly; "but I can read it in his manner, and in Mr. Buller's also. Arthur has tried to conceal the fact that he sees what Sir Lionel wants—it's so silly of him."

"Did you tell Mr. Buller, dear?" Georgie asked, softly.

"Oh, desperately at one time!"

"But you showed him no favor when his fortunes fell?"

"I have shown him some now by introducing him to my lovely cousin," the heiress of Knighton Hall answered, lightly. Then Georgie yawned, kissed her cousin, and went away to her own room. "The heartless coquette!" she said to herself, as soon as she was alone. "She will be punished. The banished lover has no eyes for me, but the baronet has."

With unwonted hospitality Mr. Ralston had invited Sir Lionel Arden to be his guest for the ensuing week; and when he had accepted the invitation he had acknowledged to himself that lovely, fair, volatile Dora was the magnet that attracted him to Knighton Hall. However, he had not been there three days before he discovered that her little three was a powerful attraction, in the shape of Dora's splendid cousin, Miss Villars. And Dora herself awoke partially to the fact; and, scenting danger, and unable to tell how best to avert it, she entreated her mother to "get Arthur Buller there to stay." "He is just the sort of semi-romantic hero to take Georgie's fancy," she said; "and at present Georgie does for her society on Sir Lionel in such a forward way."

"I always thought her a bold and unscrupulous young woman," Mrs. Ralston said, shrewdly. She, too, saw how things were going, and, like Georgie, felt her husband's interest on her side. But on no account would she have blamed the man. The woman in such cases as these always has the blame, and in front of it. She called Georgie bold and unscrupulous, and declared that it was evidently disgusting to Sir Lionel the way in which she ran after him.

Mr. Buller came as invited, but his coming made no manner of difference to the pair of delinquents. It was utterly and absolutely untrue that Georgie was bold or unscrupulous, and that she ran after or disgusted him. But she did not shun him. The man had a charm for her quite independent of his title and his wealth; and, since he sought her, why should she deny herself the pleasure which that charm shed over their intercourse? She did not shun him, and he sought her; and Dora watched with eyes that strove to revenge herself by flirting vehemently with her old love.

"Dora, you're a fool to go on as you do," her mother said to her with cold decision one day; "but Georgie must go. I shall manage to get rid of her." And the same day Georgie Villars knew what her position is when she is not here. He won't wish to marry a teacher out of a school, I fear."

So that day at luncheon the attack which was intended to rout Georgie was commenced in the following way:

"What length holidays do they give at your school, Georgie?"

"Holidays?" Georgie answered, blushing a little. She was not ashamed of the reference to her position—that had been confided to Sir Lionel—but of the meanness of her aunt's attack she was most heartily.

"I dreadfully long!" that lady said; "most unjust to governesses and children, I think, to give such long holidays. Had you taken another situation for the time, dear, that you were so unwilling to come to Knighton for a week?"

"No. I wanted to go to some dear old friends to stay the whole time, if possible, and I got on sadly."

"Lucky people! to be able to spare a room to one guest for the whole six weeks," Mrs. Ralston remarked, with a sigh of envy; and then Georgie said, simply, that she "would not monopolize a room at Knighton any longer."

"Well, you see we have a perpetual visitor," Mrs. Ralston began to stammer and blunder under the cold consciousness of being keenly observed by both Sir Lionel and Mr. Buller—keenly observed by them, and satirically observed by her niece.

"I shall not mind it in the least, aunt," that young lady said, smiling; "but I am not so sure about my friends—"

"Oh, I imagined that they were friends on whom you could rely," Mrs. Ralston interrupted, sneeringly. "Of course if you can't go to them—"

"I can go elsewhere," Georgie interrupted her aunt, "and I will; I don't wish to rely on any one, I am beginning to think," the girl added, sorrowfully. Then, remembering that a semblance of sorrow was the best mask in superficial society, she banished it, and resumed with a smile.

"I must be false myself this afternoon—false to Dora. I promised her that I would go for a drive with her, and instead of that I must stay in and mind the baby of my acquaintance."

"My maid can pack for you, dear," her aunt said, suavely.

"You could she—are very good; but it's not the packing so much as some letters, which, by-the-way, must be written before post-time," she continued, jumping up, and so closing the meeting in which were too many of the elements of embarrassment to be perfectly agreeable to any one.

About an hour after this Dora, exquisitely habited in a driving costume of black velvet and white astrakhan, was standing on the lower step of the flight that led up to Knighton Hall, flickering her white whip impatiently. Two pretty, fiery as a pair, small grays, neatly matched, nicely groomed. But she was resolving in her own mind that she would have something very superior to them when she was Lady Arden.

It was a great relief to her that her cousin was not going with her this afternoon. It was an even greater relief that her cousin was going to stay altogether. Not that Miss Dora Ralston paid herself the poor compliment of imagining that she needed a clear field. Still Sir Lionel had not come to the definite point so specially as she had believed he would do before Georgie came upon the ground. "The mere sight of your sunny locks and dimples is a man," the pretty heiress of Knighton told herself confidentially; "he is apt to get a touch of being bewitched, and to calculate the cost of so many costumes *en suite*." Then she turned round and darted an impatient look into the hall. Her cavalier, for Sir Lionel was going to ride by the side of her carriage, was long in coming, and Dora detested waiting.

She meant that this drive should do great things for her. Not that the actual proposal should be made during it, because that would have occupied the perch behind; but it would be a magnificent opportunity for paying the way to

the actual proposal. Revolving these things in her mind, it was with a feeling of horror that she saw Mr. Bulter approaching her. It was with a feeling of even greater horror that she heard him say:

"Will you accept my escort instead of Arden's, Miss Ralston?"

"What do you mean?" she stammered, not liking to refuse the old love such a trifling favor, and yet hating to grant it.

"I mean that, from what I gathered from him ten minutes ago, he will be too busy to keep his engagement."

"Impossible!" she said, angrily; and at that moment Sir Lionel Arden came out hurriedly toward her.

"A thousand apologies, my dear Miss Ralston!" he began. "Something has occurred to prevent my having the pleasure I promised myself this morning. Business of importance—"

"Takes you away?" she asked, coldly.

"It may almost immediately, but not to-day; still, I must ask you to wait awhile and to-day. You will excuse me and forgive me?" he pleaded.

"Both, certainly," Dora said, in a strained voice, as she got into her pony-carriage. Then she nodded a cool farewell to both the men, and drove rapidly.

"Piqued, by Jove!" Sir Lionel said, shrugging his shoulders carelessly. "I could do no other, though."

"Have you any business of importance on hand this afternoon?" Mr. Buller asked, dubiously.

"I have, indeed: about the most important a man can have, I fancy. I want to ask a woman to be my wife."

"And she woman is not Miss Ralston?"

"That woman is not Miss Ralston," the other one said, emphatically. "How it might have been if she had not seemed so sure of me, you know. As it is, my business this afternoon is to try and get a word with her cousin."

The two men separated soon after that. One of them went into the house. The other one sauntered away down the avenue and, by the entrance-gate, through which Dora would pass by-and-by on her way home. "She may listen to me now," he thought, with the quiet, unpalatable hankering after a woman whom he felt to be unworthy of him which is a foe some men can not conquer. It is needless to say that the man who thought this was the discarded lover, Arthur Buller. The baronet had gone in to wait an opportunity for the fair sake of Georgie Villars.

She said she had letters to write, so she is sure to come in the study in time," he thought, mending his way to that apartment. He had not been in Mr. Ralston's house long; but he had been there long enough to observe that the excellent lady deemed that a bedroom was a place to sleep, not to write or sit in. Accordingly, there were no aids to caligraphy in any of the bedchambers. People had to answer importunate lovers and wives and duns in the sight of all comers down in the study. So the study Sir Lionel Arden seated himself, and presently unto him there entered Mrs. Ralston.

She grew sort of unmindful of politeness and displeasure when she found that he had not gone with her cousin; for both mother and daughter her had decided that a coup would be made that day. "I didn't expect to see you here," she said; and he explained that he had important business to write and think about that afternoon.

"You're not thinking of leaving us, I hope," she said, with anxious anxiety.

"I have not thought about it yet, Mrs. Ralston; but I may find myself compelled to do so sooner than I had anticipated," he replied, politely.

"Dear me! how our party seems to be breaking up!" Mrs. Ralston said. "There is Georgie going unexpectedly, as one may say; but there —that is nothing: Georgie always was glad to get away from her own relations to strangers who don't care a rap about her."

This, on the face of it, seemed rather unjust from the lips of a woman who had been interested that Georgie should go, Sir Lionel thought. But he held his peace, and Mrs. Ralston presently resumed:

"The willfulness of that girl is past belief, Sir Lionel. I shall pity the man who marries her, if she ever succeed in getting a husband to do it; but, as I tell her uncle, she is too bold-faced about it. I am sure she has been a perfect plague to him ever since she left the nursery!" and Mrs. Ralston sighed as she concluded.

How exactly the man wished that he could say, "She shall be an anxiety to you no longer; she is going to be my loved and honored wife!" But he dared not do it. Georgie was too proud, friendless, and he was rich and powerful, but all the same her assent was not to be taken for granted. He reasoned himself, therefore, that he fered Mrs. Ralston's tongue to run on apace unchecked. After a time the hostess withdrew. She had some rather important household business to attend to, but she would have gladly neglected it had the possibility of Georgie's coming down and finding Sir Lionel alone presented itself to her. As it was, she went about in happy unconsciousness that, about half an hour after she left him, such an opportunity did actually fall in.

This speech was in Miss Villars's mind as she came slowly into the study. "He deserved something better than," my butterfly cousin," she was saying to herself, when she caught sight of him seated at a Davenport writing.

"Is Dora home?" she asked, quickly.

"I don't know, Miss Villars," he answered, looking up cheerfully; and then, seeing that she hesitated about coming on, he rose up and advanced toward her, passed her, shut the door, and very much astonished her by doing these things.

"I could not avail myself of the honor your cousin offered me this afternoon," he said, coming up to her and speaking in a low voice, "I had other weightier business on my mind."

"Indeed," she said, quietly. "I will not disturb you"; and she turned to leave the room. Was the man going to confide to *her* that he was writing to town to have the family jewels reset for Dora?

"You will disturb me most painfully if you do leave me," he said, earnestly. "Miss Villars, I have something to say to you. I came here thinking your cousin a pretty, innocent young girl; like a boy, I confess, I never for a moment in me really; and I thought that, if she was this, I might easily come to be interested in her, and to be happy with her. But I was mistaken. She is that dream dissolved, and I am dreaming another in its place."

"From which you will awake as speedily," she said, half scornfully.

"From which I trust I shall only awake to find it a reality," he said, eagerly. "I am dreaming of a nobler woman now, Georgie; of one who is more to me already than Dora could ever have been. I am not going to be rejected in a long hastily, I know; how lastingly I can love, you only can help me to prove."

He paused for an answer, and none came. Georgie, flushed, bewildered, tearful, stood looking upon him with blank amazement. She had given him her heart hastily enough, and there was balm in the thought that she had not given it for nothing. But the next moment, in the remembrance that he was her cousin's affianced lover, and that she (Georgie) was a traitress, therefore, the listening stopped.

"How will you ever look Dora in the face again after saying such words to me?" she stammered, at last.

"Dora's is a pretty face, but I don't care much about seeing it again," he said, laughing; "besides, she can't slay me for having evaded her toils."

"But are you not engaged to her?" Georgie asked.

"Thank Heaven, no! I mean nothing disparaging to pretty Dora; but when a man has a chance, or fancies he has a chance, of a love-quest, he does not gratefully grasp at what may be hanging beneath. You may answer me without a look through the window, for what you did not exist, I could not marry her."

"Then I will help you to prove that you can love lastingly," Georgie said, shyly; and they made their compact quickly, and sealed it with Love's own seal—a kiss.

Meantime Dora was making the best of it. Her discomfiture had been very great during her forced homeward drive. Mrs. Ralston had not had met Mr. Buller, and her heart had softened at the sight of him as it never would have softened had Sir Lionel been surrounded her vanity. She pulled up and spoke to him.

"I would offer you a seat, but it's a shame to play the groom to you after your having driven three people in it," she said, good-naturedly.

"Then send the boy home walking," he said, promptly; and as Dora did so definitely object, the boy was sent home, and Mr. Buller got up by Dora's side, and they drove slowly on together.

"Dora," he said, at last, after some minutes' silence, "do you ever think of the old days?"

"Yes—sometimes," Dora said, confusedly.

"Do you ever regret them?" he said. I loved you; do you ever feel that it is good to be so loved by a man? I won't take advantage of any confession you may make to me, Dora, to make you feel that you have not quite succeeded in obliterating the past."

"Not a bit of it," Dora said, promptly.

"Why can't we resuscitate that past?" he pleaded.

"Why, you see," Dora began, nervously, "you would do such a *nifty* thing—give up every thing, and leave poverty-stricken so poor: It wasn't my fault. Papa broke it off."

"You can't do without luxuries? Believe me, love is the greatest of all luxuries. I could keep you comfortably as my wife; but your father is a rich man, and could give you all you desired, and would, I believe, if you asked him."

Dora pouted. She did not wish to quite refuse or to accept this man. She wanted to keep him on still the old terms, and to be friendly with Sir Lionel. So the wily little diplomatist pretended to sob, and then said:

"I dare not listen any more now; I dare not, indeed; I feel in a cloud. I will answer you tomorrow, Arthur." Then she whipped her ponies, and drove home quickly; and he was steeped in happiness because a coquette had called him by his Christian name.

Astonishing news met her on her return. Her mother came flustered and hot to Dora's room.

"Here's a pretty thing!" the agitated lady began.

"What is it, mamma?"

"What is it?" Mrs. Ralston said, mimicking her. "Nothing to mince about, I can tell you, though I have foreseen from the moment your papa and you were such fools as to urge that Georgie should be asked here. Why, she has entrapped Sir Lionel into making her an offer."

"And she has accepted it?" Dora asked eagerly.

"Accepted it!" she has jumped at it."

Dora heaved a big sigh and sat down suddenly, as if she had been shot.

"If she does seem hard, horribly hard," she said at last, letting a few tears fall. "All our lives I have had the best of every thing, and Georgie has only come to for what I didn't care to take; I never thought she would have turned upon me in this way."

"Has he said nothing to you—nothing that we can take hold of?" asked Mrs. Ralston.

"Nothing," Dora said, defiantly; "it's no use to look for that, mamma. I would have had him say things fast enough if I could, to please papa and you; although," she added, virtuously, "I would have given him up, in my heart, as I shall take care to let every body know."

"What do you mean to do?" her mother asked, in some surprise.

"Marry where I love," Miss Dora said, quietly. "You mamma, let us be sensible; we should both hate to hear that people thought he had thrown me over for my cousin; and people will think that if we don't crush them with the fact of my prior engagement."

"But you have no prior engagement," Mrs. Ralston said, waxing more and more wrathful as she waxed more and more puzzled.

"But I can have one very easily. Arthur Buller proposed to me again this afternoon, and I told him to wait till to-morrow for my decision; now I shall go to him before dinner, so that papa will be able to give the health of the two engaged pairs. Now, mamma, it's no use; my mind is made up, and one to be followed: we must make the best of it."

So Dora's advice was taken, and the happy pairs were married quite gladly that night by Mr. Ralston. The weddings took place on the same day, about a month after these events, and Dora had the intense satisfaction of giving the impression, and seeing the impression take root, that Sir Lionel had never been serious with Georgie had she (Dora) been free. She prides herself much on having made the best of it, and on having successfully deceived every one, including her husband.

As for him, he loves her for what she is to him. He does not call her a "perfect woman nobly planned;" nor a very high-principled one, for that matter. But he is satisfied; and his great gift is the loving power of long-suffering, make him what Dora calls "very easy to live with."

But he knows as well as Sir Lionel and Lady Arden do that speedy answer to his suit was not given gratuitously. It was paid down as the price of silence on the subject of her former respecting the bouncery. But, though there is something humiliating in this, Mr. Buller is not enough to consider that it is also expedient to make the best of it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT may interest some of our readers to know the name of the comet which is all the rage now in all the earth's equator, and was at the same time in perfect (that is, nearest the earth)—a conjunction of circumstances not to occur for high tides and destructive storms. On the 6th of October a straight line drawn from the centre of the earth would have passed directly through the moon and the sun, both being on the same side of the earth. The sun and moon thus exercised their greatest attractive power on the waters, and a high tidal wave was the result.

An American watch-maker is reported to have made a dance discovery that the balance-wheel in nearly every watch is, if made of steel, converted into a magnet. If this is a fact, the magnetic character of the wheel will account for many perturbations in watches which have hitherto been inexplicable. A key or dissected blade of a knife in the same pocket as the watch will exert a disturbing influence. But even if there should be but one piece of steel in the watch, a magnet will necessarily tend toward the north, and so far interfere with the regularities of the watch-maker in a very delicate piece of mechanism.

The Trustees of the Avondale Relief Fund assure the public that the fund is specific: that it is necessary for its proper use that those persons who survive the appalling death which involved husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, and that to no other person, present or prospective, shall any of the fund be assigned. It is proposed that at least $40,000 be distributed within a year to the widows and orphans. The $40,000 will be permanently invested.

In an interesting sketch of the great American magazines of literature, *Appleton's Mail* places *Harper's Monthly* at the head of the list—"a position," it remarks, "to which its age and circulation entitle it." The *Mail* goes on to say: "It was once the fashion, in the failure days of American literary criticism, for the gentlefolk lightly of *Harper's*; but the public were, as always, practically indifferent to the critics, and true to their own tastes, and the magazine has steadily grown in standard thousand. The variety, quantity, and adaptedness of the matter furnished in its pages alone are something astonishing. It does not claim to be a great literary moulding influence,' or any thing of the sort. It not only does not claim it, but it does, for the price, a surprising quantity of excellent matter, profusely and well illustrated, and of a kind that the people care to read."

"A week ago I was worth $80,000 clear of the world. To-day every dollar I can get together will amount to just $66." Such was the remark of a gentleman in Wall Street one day during the late financial panic, and hundreds of others made somewhat similar statements. Said one broker: "I have been on the street thirty years, and I never knew there was such a failure in stocks as there is to-day." If gambling in gold and stocks brought, in such a crisis as has just occurred, its just punishment upon the dishonest gamblers only, it were well; but thousands and thousands have suffered innocently, and in various ways. There is a general sympathy expressed for some *firms*, who have been honorable and honest in their dealings, but who have experienced heavy losses.

It is rather unjue taste that has induced Miss Middy Morgan to choose for her business one which has belonged especially to men—namely, cattle raising. Yet, according to the *Revolution*, she is peculiarly well fitted for this line of business. Horses and other domestic animals have been a passion with her from childhood. Her father was an Irish country gentleman, and as enthusiastic fox-hunter. His daughter shared, with passion, his predilection, and qualified at no obstacle that her horse was willing to leap. No hedge, ditch, or gate that her fellow-riders cleared was refused by her; and notwithstanding several falls, and three dislocations of bones, her ardor remained unchecked. At her father's death she wound up his estate, and sojourned in Italy after a course of European travel. Her extensive knowledge of horses attracted the notice of some noted persons in foreign countries, and she was even commissioned, at one time, to purchase horses for King Victor Emanuel. She is about thirty, and is said to be in many respects a superior woman, speaking several languages, and possessing a well-cultivated mind.

One of the pleasantest affairs of the season was a musical entertainment lately given by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, at New Hartford, Connecticut—pleasant, because given with no thought of gain or gold. The audience consisted of the factory girls themselves belonging to various factories in the vicinity, who had been invited to the musical treat. After the singing preceded at the piano, and sang every variety of song, and in many different languages, so that every one would have something that suited her taste. The delight experienced by the poor working-people language fails to express. They were almost wild with enthusiasm. Those that could not gain admittance surrounded the residence, and from without enjoyed the delicious notes.

Professor Faber's speaking-machine has been exhibited at the International Horticultural Exhibition at Hamburg. It is said to articulate various words, and even to answer questions and simple sentences with wonderful distinctness.

It is satisfactory to hear that M. Arnaud, a French savant, has stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a new and simple method of the common water-cress. It destroys the poisonous effects of Cholera, and is said does not also injure the cresses. A solution of water-cress may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus prevent one of the most noxious effects of smoke, moreover, a draught of the same will act as a sure antidote to cholera. In view of this latter recommendation, anti-tobacco societies will no longer have any excuse for the affectionate interest they have hitherto displayed in the saving of mankind from the evils which abuses they have so freely bestowed upon their victims. Instead of tracts, the anti-tobacconists should now distribute water-cresses.

The following is a description of the manner in which tobacco-pipes among the Scotch peasantry were formerly conducted: The food swain who had resolved to make proposite sent for the object of his affection to the village ale-house, previously informing the landlady of his intentions. The damsel, who knew the purport of the summons, presented herself in her best attire and waited on her admirer. She was entertained with a glass of ale; then the swain proceeded with his suit in the form of a request in the following manner: "I'm gaun to speir whether ye will tak me, Jessy?" "Deed, Jock, I thocht ye micht hae spairt that lang syne." "They said ye wad refuse me, Jessy." "Deed, Jock, they're no far wrang." "If ye'll no refuse me, lassie?" "I've telt ye that twice ower already, Jock." Then came the formal act of betrothal. The parties joined the middle of their right hands, which they licked, together, and vowed fidelity. The ceremony terminated the solemn oath, the violator of such an engagement being considered guilty of perjury. In allusion to this practice a favorite Scottish song commences:

"There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

In 1866 there were sent over the wires in the United States 18,366,000 words, or 3,000,000 more than in Great Britain, France, and Austria combined.

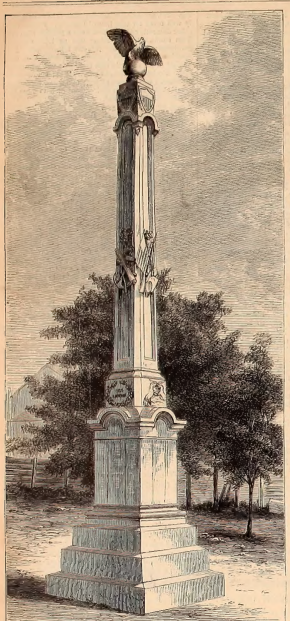
That English ladies are getting their fair share, at last, of literary work is shown by the fact that four magazines are now edited by ladies; and, also, that three of the most famous writers of magazine fictions are of the gentler sex.

Among many sensible remarks of the late Lord Chancellor, his suggestion as to the advisability of legible handwriting are well worthy of attention. His lordship, who wrote a very plain, clear hand himself, thought every letter should be able to stand its characters easily decipherable. We think so too; the object of an ill-written letter is that it may be read by one eminent men write a most abominable scrawl. Every body knows Mr. Dickens's sketch of a learned clergyman, whose epistles were so illegible that they were the most obstrue points of law, and whose old clerk was the only person in the world who could ever decipher them when the counsel had written them out. The great humorist himself, however, is as offender in this respect.

Here is a man who would have delighted the Vicar of Wakefield's heart. Jeremy Washburn was a young man, married, and when he had reached thirty his wife died, leaving him a father of ten children. He married again, and in the course of time he was once more made a widower, and a father to the extent of seventeen children. The enemy's house and the desh of his flesh had been therefore multiplied into forty-eight. Of the offspring of the marriages are the great-great-grandfather, of the second the great-grandfather; of the third of course the grandfather. The statistics of this remarkable family were collected and twelve as his contribution to posterity. He lives at Hull, England, and is yet hale and hearty.

The German savant, Falb, has been exciting the greatest alarm among the inhabitants of South America, having predicted an earthquake more severe than that of last year. This alarm has been increased by the fact that some of the first-named predictions of his have been verified, as on the 26th, 31st, and 5th of August several shocks of earthquake were experienced, and on the 15th and 16th of August preceded with great velocity, and afterward returned, causing much damage to small craft near the coast and in localities. All along the sea-shore shocks more or less severe have been experienced, and the consternation caused by them is most intense.

The late gale was disastrous to the oysters. In some beds fully one half were destroyed. At various points the oystermen find their prospective yield sadly interfered with. The wind and tide lifted and transported vast quantities of sand, depositing it over the beds, and completely burying the oysters.



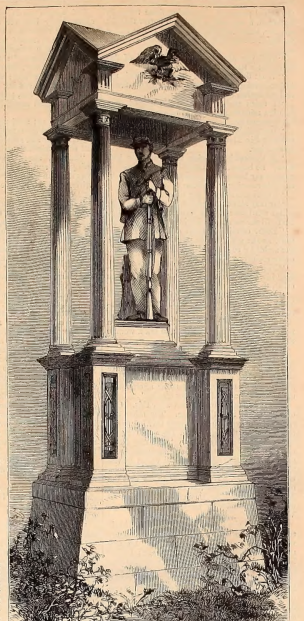
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT AT NORRISTOWN, PENN. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM STROUD.]

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

NEXT to the erection of homes for the widows and children of the soldiers and sailors fallen in the late war, there is no more fitting token of popular gratitude to the patriot dead than the perpetuation of their remembrance by means of monuments. We give on this page illustrations of two such monuments recently erected in Pennsylvania—one in the public square of Norristown, the capital of Montgomery County, the other on the grounds of Girard College, Philadelphia.

The Girard College monument was designed and executed by STRUTHER & SON, of Philadelphia. The sculptor of the statue, MR. J. A. BAILLY, also produced the WASHINGTON statue in front of Independence Hall, and the colossal statue of FRANKLIN on the new *Ledger* building in Philadelphia. The statue, six feet in height, and of Italian marble, represents a young private resting on his musket. The canopy is built of sandstone from Ohio, of drab color, the whole block weighing fifteen tons. The height of the entire monument is twenty-two feet; its cost $6000. Each pediment has a bass relief, and on each face of the pedestal there is an appropriate inscription.

The monument at Norristown reflects great credit on its designers and those engaged in its mechanical execution. It has four bases, three of blue marble, and one of white marble, moulded. Next is the die, four feet square and four feet high, on which is engraved the names of five hundred and forty-seven soldiers, all that have been hitherto reported. On this rests an arched cap two feet high. Its lettered sides will tell by whom the monument was erected. Above this cap is a moulded die, two feet five inches high, having on its four sides, in high relief, the coat of arms of Pennsylvania, the coat of arms of the United States, and two wreaths of immortelles whose leaves of oak, laurel, and ivy typify Liberty—the prisoner's pleasing dream—Victory and Friendship—Fidelity in Adversity. One wreath encircles the words, "Our Patriot Dead," the other the prophetic declaration, "The dead shall live." The shaft is fifteen feet high, and two feet four inches square at its base. On its four panels are beautifully-carved representations of the four arms of the service, viz.: Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, and Navy. The extended wings of the eagle surmounting the monument measure five feet from tip to tip. Norristown is a picturesque town situated on the left bank of the Schuylkill River, ninety-one miles east of Harrisburg. Its population in 1860 numbered 8448.

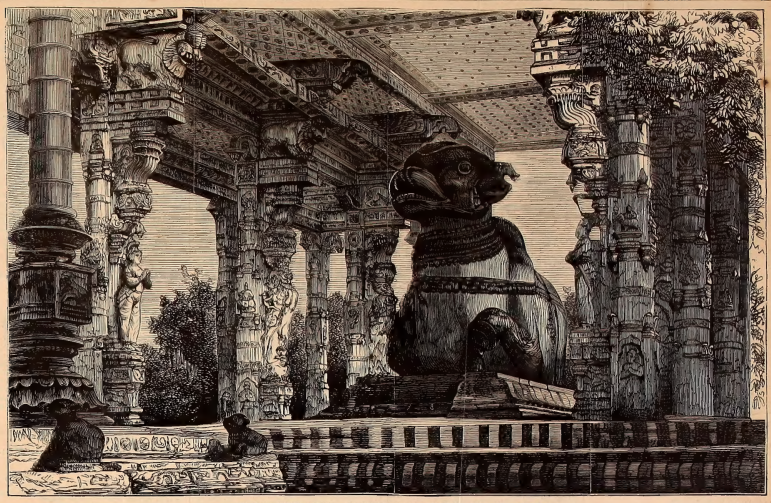


SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA. [SKETCHED BY E. H. KLEMROTH.]

THE INDIANAPOLIS DISASTER.

IN connection with the State Fair at Indianapolis, Indiana, a frightful accident occurred on October 1. The fair had continued for four days under the most auspicious circumstances, when, about four o'clock P.M., just as the thousands of spectators were about to leave the grounds for their homes, a steam-boiler connected with a portable saw-mill exploded. There was a large circle of interested spectators immediately around the machine, when a noise said to have been equal to that of an exploding park of artillery saluted the ear, followed by a volume of steam and a blinding cloud of dust and smoke, while the air was filled with *debris* of timber,

SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION AT THE STATE FAIR, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. OTIS AND CO.]



THE SACRED BULL AT SERINGHAM, INDIA.—[SEE PAGE 679.]

pieces of iron, and shreds of clothing, mingled with the fragments of mangled humanity. A large piece of the boiler, weighing 500 pounds, was carried a distance of a hundred yards, such was the force of the explosion. Then followed the rush of the 15,000 people in that part of the grounds, some striving to escape, and others to reach the scene of the disaster, while many were trampled under foot. So far as could be ascertained there were 27 persons killed by the explosion, and 56 wounded. The number of the wounded, however, is supposed to have been much larger.

Governor BAKER's coachman was standing near the horses, while the Governor, in company with Major WALKER and Captain DE LA HUNT, was standing just at the side of the carriage. Mrs. BAKER had left the Governor but a short time before, and for half an hour the Governor was in great distress for her safety.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION'S NEW BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

The coachman was badly injured. The escape of the Governor and his friends seems miraculous.

Several yards from the scene of disaster was found a pair of legs held together by the merest shred of flesh. At one place was the headless trunk of a man; the arm of a man was found driven into a poplar board; while not far from Power Hall was seen the body of a boy with terribly mutilated limbs in his heart, stomach, liver, and lungs could readily be seen. When first discovered his heart was still palpitating, and the action of the organ was plainly observed.

Our illustration on page 684 represents the scene of the disaster as viewed from Power Hall.

*

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of New York has been a centre of influences for good that have extended over the entire country. About a year ago this association commenced the erection of a building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, opposite the Academy of Design. This building, of which we give an illustration on page 685, is now nearly completed, and will probably be opened about the middle of November.

This edifice is in the Renaissance style of architecture. Its frontage on Twenty-third Street is 175 feet, on Fourth Avenue 89 feet; it runs back 160 feet. The basement will be mainly occupied by stores; but there is a gymnasium occupying a portion of it and extending upward so as to include a part of the first floor. On the first story there are to be eight stores. The remaining space is occupied by the gymnasium and its appurtenances, including the Janitor's Lecture Room. The main entrance on Twenty-third Street is twenty-two feet wide.

On the second story there will be the rooms of the Association; namely, the Reception Room, Reading Room, three parlors, Dressing Room, and Wash Room. These are on the left-hand side. Opposite is the Lecture Room, which extends through the third story, and which is capable of seating 1640 persons. The seats in this room are iron chairs. The Secretary's Room also is on the second floor.

On the third story is a small lecture room, three class rooms, the library, extending through the fourth story, and the entrance to the gallery of the main Lecture Room.

The fourth and fifth stories are occupied by artists' studios, which, on the fourth story, there are 16, and on the fifth 20. On the fifth story there is a picture-gallery, lighted from the roof, for the exhibition of artists' pictures. The height of the building, from foundation to the roof, is 72 feet; the Mansard roof is 20 feet high, making the total height of the building 86 feet. The central tower on Twenty-third Street, including its base, adds 34 feet to the height. There are also four corner towers, each 8 feet in height. The whole building is to be heated by steam.

The cost of this edifice is $500,000. There is, however, upward of $100,000 still remaining unpaid.

The Library will, when filled to its capacity, contain 60,000 volumes. Every thing will be done by the Association to make this place of resort attractive to young men. Besides the Library, Reading-Room, Bath Rooms, and Coffee Rooms, and pictures of the best artists, there are other important attractions. Among these we may mention a course of twelve lectures to be delivered during the winter by Professor DORMUS, B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, MR. NOYES, and other gentlemen.

*

WESTERN FARMS.

Few of our readers in the East have any adequate conception of the extent of the prairie farms of the West. In a recent issue of the New York *Tribune* we find the following description of one of these farms:

"While at Jacksonville this week I made myself acquainted with some facts relating to one of our prairie farmers, who occupies a princely estate in the beautiful city, and also has a mammoth cattle-farm of 26,500 acres in Champaign County. It cost him $400,000, and is styled, with much appropriateness, 'Prairie lands.' It is nearly seven miles from north to south, and six from east to west; and its cattle capacity is enormous, when fully and properly stocked, is estimated at 10,000 head. On the west side of the farm are two pastures one and a half miles by three miles, that comprise nearly 3000 acres each. To the east of these is a 'patch' of corn half a mile wide and three miles long. On this there are now 6000 acres of corn, which, it is calculated, will yield, at a low estimate, 100 bushels. Of course every acre of as this is worked by the most approved machinery of all descriptions applicable to agricultural labor, much of which is made on the farm. Also there is a blacksmith shop, as well as a harness and carpenter shop in constant operation. The working-class consists of fifty yoke of oxen, and fifty spans of horses and mules; and the working force of a superintendent, a general foreman, six assistant foremen, a book-keeper, a clerk, a carpenter, a butcher, and about one hundred and fifty other operatives. The head-quarters are in the centre of the farm, and there are six out-stations fully equipped. The average cost of boarding is thirty-five cents per day.

"The farm is divided by two roads, two miles apart, north and south, and one through the centre east and west. These are lined with fifty-four miles of hedge, which was mostly set four years ago. Hedges have been, or are to be, set on every section line. Seventy-five miles were set in the spring of 1868, and twenty-five last spring. These hedges are to supersede the post and board fence, of which there are now eighty miles. This has required about 50,000 posts, 640,000 feet of lumber, and eighty kegs of nails.

"Mr. Alexander is the owner of this farm, and his operations are stated to be, as nearly as practicable, every year, as follows: He first purchases 4000 head of Texas steers, which cost him $140,000; corn for handling, interest, etc., $47,000; making an aggregate of $187,000. His average sales are $270 per head, or $260,000, leaving him a profit of $93,000. The profits upon the grain and other crops of the farm bring the whole up to nearly $300,000, after paying all expenses, and including a rent or interest of $4 per acre on the land."

*

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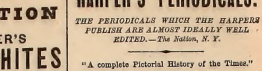

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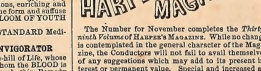

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H. W. BEECHER AND H. B. STOWE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER and HARRIET BEECHER STOWE are brother and sister, being children of Rev. LYMAN BEECHER by his first wife, ROXANA. HARRIET was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 15, 1812. HENRY WARD was born at the same place, June 24, 1813. HARRIET, therefore, is just one year and one week older than HENRY WARD.

H. WARD BEECHER graduated at Amherst College, Mass., in 1834, and studied theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he remained for two years, afterward removing to Indianapolis. In 1847 he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is still the pastor of that church.

MR. BEECHER is the greatest pulpit orator in America. He is distinguished as a lecturer; he has taken a prominent position in journalism, having been one of the founders of the *Independent*; but his characteristic function is that of a preacher of the Christian gospel. It is not enough to say that he has the largest uniform congregation in the United States. That might be secured by qualities totally different from those possessed by BEECHER. It is very rarely that the emotional nature is so completely under the regulation of the intellect as it is in him. With a large heart, pulsating in sympathy with every progressive moral movement, he has also a large head and a well-balanced judgment to prevent him from becoming a mere sentimentalist or fanatic. One of the most prominent of his qualities is his commonsense.

MR. BEECHER'S mind has been well stored with book-learning; but his principal studies have been of life in nature and in man. To few men have been revealed so clearly the springs of human action. He speaks always from experimental knowledge; his words have been born of his own fire, or are the effluence of his observations. His sermons are never purely metaphysical; they are never doctrinal, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; but they are the results of life studies. He studies mostly outside of his library. Usually he does not know the subject of his Sabbath morning's discourse until within a few hours of his appearance in the pulpit. His mood, the incidents of the day, or some great moral question that demands attention, will decide that. Early Sunday morning this decision is made; a few leading heads are written out in full, and all the details of the sermon are left to the inspiration of the moment. No, it is not inspiration; it is a well-disciplined and well-filled mind that moves into thought and speech before the waiting audience of thousands that hangs upon the speaker's words.

HARRIET BEECHER at the age of fifteen was associated with her elder sister CATHARINE as principal of a female seminary at Hartford, Connecticut. In 1833 she accompanied her father, who had been elected President of Lane Theological Seminary, to Cincinnati. Associated with her father was Rev. CALVIN E. STOWE, Professor of Biblical Literature—a man of culture and of great good sense. In 1836 Professor STOWE and HARRIET BEECHER were married. Up to this time HARRIET had been known only within a limited circle; but she had, in what little she had written, shown her power of delineating character, especially the character of New England people. In 1851–52 MRS. STOWE published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a serial in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery newspaper of Washington. Upon the publication of this novel in book form in Boston it was found that the writer had achieved a memorable success—a success unrivaled by any that had previously been won by a literary woman: 400,000 copies were sold in America, and 500,000 in England. It was translated into all the languages of Europe, and was dramatized and acted in almost every theatre in Europe and America. "I have not read a novel for thirty years," said Lord PALMERSTON; "but I have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' three times, not for the story, but for the statesmanship of it. It is impossible to calculate the extent of the influence of this novel upon the political affairs of America.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GURNEY AND SON.]

In 1853 MRS. STOWE visited Europe, and was warmly welcomed among all classes. On her return she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." She made a second European tour a few years later, and on her return published "Dred." Her "Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and "Old Town Folks," published during the last twelve years, though by no means as successful as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," have still been received with great favor.

To really appreciate MRS. STOWE it is necessary to be upon intimate terms with her, to see her in her hours of repose, when she is really stronger than in activity. All who thus know her are her sworn friends. She has that remarkable quality so rarely possessed by any woman—namely, absolute self-possession. In her manners, as in her conversation, there is no appearance of effort. She is not fussy in her entertainment, and even those who are shy and awkward are in her presence perfectly at ease. She has lived a remarkable life, even if we put out of sight that sphere of social sympathies and influences to which her literary success has introduced her. The interior life of CHARLOTTE BRONTË was not more remarkable, whether we consider the individual characters of the two women, or the outward circumstances that awakened them into activity and controlled their development. The pictures of New England life given in "Old Town Folks" are simply reproductions of the original photographs made upon MRS. STOWE'S mind in early youth; subsequent culture has only enabled her to separate the unessential from the essential, and to draw the outlines with greater skill and fidelity. "The Minister's Wooing" indicates how strongly she was impressed by the religious problems of New England life.

It is peculiarly fitting that we should give the portraits of HENRY WARD BEECHER and HARRIET BEECHER STOWE in a single group as we have done. Not only are they brother and sister, of nearly the same age, but they have many mental, or rather, we should say spiritual, characteristics in common. Their mission in life, too, has been the same—namely, to agitate the human heart, not to fanatic enthusiasm, but to conflict against wrong.

IN OCTOBER.

A stillness as of autumn woods
In moonless morns, when winds are dea l;
Soft seas of mist in all the vales—
Mist on the mountains overhead.

A drowsy day: warm sweat of dew
About the hand-rail of the bridge;
Beneath, the slow stream's flawless face
Unruffled into rut and ridge.

At noon a sudden gleam of sun,
And light from the lower grounds
The vapors climb, and bring with them
Starved echoes of the valley's sounds.

Oh time of truce from striving crowds,
Whose murmur drowns the poet's voice;
Oh days that make the poet's heart
With thrills of fuller life rejoice!

Ah me! all sweet and wandering sounds
Of country life have left mine ears;
And scenes that stirred the soul to song
Are hurled with the hurried years.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

☞ *In November will be commenced* "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS (*Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

WHICH?

IS there any good reason why an intelligent citizen of New York, who wishes to promote the highest welfare of the State and country, should support the Democratic ticket at the election in November?

Is there any thing in the principles or the antecedents of the Democratic party, or in the character and ability and patriotism of those whom it usually elects to office, which such a citizen ought to prefer to the principles and history of the Republican party and to the candidates whom it presents?

Indeed, it is not difficult to ascertain what the principles and policy of the Democratic party are? Ribald abuse of the President and the Administration, sneers at radicalism, and plaudits of the colored population, which can not be accepted as arguments; and the pertinacity with which they are urged merely reveals the want of legitimate and forcible objections to Republican ascendency.

In this election there are really two serious issues, and only two. One is strictly political, and the other financial. One is the Fifteenth Amendment; the other, taxation and national honor. The Republicans propose by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to settle finally, in accordance with justice and American principles, and with the action of the people during and since the war—the question that has so long tormented and convulsed the country. The adoption of the amendment will be substantially the declaration that the people of the United States, taught by the most disastrous experience the danger of maintaining unreasonable and unjust political distinctions, have determined to prohibit them altogether. The declaration will be made in the manner provided by the Constitution and in the most decisive form; and once adopted, the most irritating of questions disappears from our politics. New York, indeed, has already adopted the amendment. But it is not yet a part of the Constitution, and a Republican victory in New York will be a popular ratification of the act of the Legislature which would have great moral influence.

The Democratic party, the old bulwark of slavery, the opponent of emancipation, and the contemptuous slanderer of the colored population, opposes the amendment. The Democrats in the State, indeed, as a condition of reconstruction, it has submitted to the recognition of equal political rights among citizens. But its spirit may be inferred from the course of its chief leaders in those States during the Presidential campaign of last year, and from the vehement opposition to the amendment in the Northern Democratic conventions of this autumn. Nothing whatever can be gained by the defeat of the amendment but prolonged and bitter agitation. The brain and heart and conscience of the country will continue to demand this necessary act of justice and common-sense until it becomes the fundamental law. If the sober and intelligent voters of New York wish that this angry question should be kept open, they will support the Democratic ticket. If they wish that it should be closed honorably, justly, and in the true American spirit, they will vote with the Republicans for equal rights.

The position of the two parties in regard to the financial situation is not less directly hostile. The Republicans demand that there shall be no equivocation, and that the debts of the United States shall be paid in gold, and that the immense injury constantly done to our credit by the suspicion that we may turn out to be a nation of swindlers shall cease. They point to the steady reduction of the debt under their auspices, and to the fair adjustment of taxation, and challenge the Democratic party to show that it presents any other financial policy than that of Mr. PENDLETON, which is fatal to the credit of the country in the people, indeed, like to pay heavy taxes. Upon this disinclination the Southern Democratic leaders counted when they rose to repudiate. They hoped that the necessary cost of war would disheaten the country. But the people disappointed this hope, and defeated the rebellion; and now the Democratic leaders, who made the tax necessary, denounce it as odious. But Democratic force could not dissolve the Union—which Democratic sympathy disgusts us! Whoever in New York wishes this result will support the Democratic ticket.

Or is there a feeling that the Republican party has been spoiled by success, and that it is necessary to try the Democrats? The city of New York, in which that party has indisputable power, shows the character of its administration. Does the voter wish the economy and honesty that are shown there to become universal? The Democratic party has perfected a system of frauds upon the ballot-box; it elects judges whose names are a stench; it depends upon ignorance and hate to swell its vote; its management of affairs makes men despair of a popular government. Is this the party—whose national history is summed up in a word, that it was the party of slavery—to which the honest voters of the State would intrust the general welfare? If it is, they will vote for its candidates. If it is not, they will vote with the party which has the majority in the field, and would now secure its prosperity by a policy of justice and honor.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

The Republican candidates in New York are men for whom it will be a pleasure for honest people to vote. General SICKLE is a fit representative of the great German element in the population, a soldier whose renown was assured early in the war, and to whom the Convention unanimously looked as the best leader for the nomination. For reasons which were undoubtedly satisfactory, he forbade the use of his name. But when it became necessary after the adjournment to select a candidate, the Committee, yielding to the universal wish, and his nomination was made as much by the common desire of the party in the State as by the general Committee. His nomination is very strong and wise and conciliatory; and his acceptance, under the circumstances, will not be forgotten by the party.

Horace Greeley is a name so widely and familiar name in the country. Identified from the first with the Republican party, and devoting his great abilities as an editor to its service, he early made his paper its chief national organ. Frank in the expression of opinion; patient of obloquy and reproach, of ridicule and bitter hostility; in the judgment both of his political friends often visionary, impracticable, and exasperating, he has never for a moment lost the public confidence in his honesty and patriotism; and his political influence upon public opinion has undoubtedly been greater than that of any other individual. Seldom called to office he has never asked it. His letter to the State in his letter of acceptance of his present nomination, he has never refused any honorable service which his party could render him. The highest praise is also his, that he would never decline any such service that he could honorably perform; for his party might call upon him for an honorable service that he could not safely undertake. His nomination is an indication of the determination of the Republican party of New York that its character and purpose shall appear in its candidates, and command its claim to the sympathy and support of all honest men.

This appears also in all the other nominations upon the State ticket, and in most of those made for the Legislature. In Queens County the Republicans have adopted the Democratic renomination of the present Assemblyman, who was free from complicity in the outrageous tax-levies of the last session. Not one Republican Senator who voted for those levies has been renominated. And of the twenty or more talented Assemblymen not more than four or five have succeeded in being renominated; and they will be defeated, we trust, by the action of the honest Republican voters of their districts. All these things show that the Republican party has the will and the power to purge itself of all betrayers of trust. It has no Tammany dictator, no man whose will settles nominations and determines policies, no regulating clique. But its regulator is the general consciousness of its members that the spirit of a party is necessarily shown in the character of its candidates, and the determination, so conspicuously displayed at its last national Convention, that it will not be controlled by its bummers and soldiers of fortune. This is the reasonable and conclusive ground of the popular confidence in the party. This is its inspiration in the coming election in New York; and this, if every voter properly considers the great importance of the election, and if the city frauds are not overpowering, will make that party triumphant on November.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

Dreams, not elections, go "by contraries," and the remarkable way in which the Democratic papers declare that the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio do not show that the people sustain General GRANT and his administration, proves their consciousness that that is their exact significance. If Mr. PACKER had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania, the same papers would have declared that Mr. PACKER'S personality would have carried him through. It would have been urged that the Democratic party was not committed last year against the candidates of the people. Indeed, the prodigious lesson that would have been drawn from the most attenuated Democratic majorities in those States is not incalculable. But the majorities turned out to be Republican, the Democratic papers assure us that they mean nothing whatever, least of all an approval of the Republican principles and administration; and we are informed that the decisive defeat of Mr. PACKER in Pennsylvania and of Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio has "demonstrated their personal popularity almost as fully as if they had been elected."

If the Democratic party can flatten upon such beaks of contrition, of course no one will complain. But the Democratic leaders meanwhile know quite as well as every body else that the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania mean precisely what they would mean if General GRANT himself was elected President. They mean that the American people are still honest; that they intend to pay their debts without any kind of swindling; that they think it is quite time to acquiesce in issues that the war settled by the last resort; and that they do not look for a better conduct of the affairs of the party to whose spirit and methods are shown in the system of electoral frauds in the city of New York and in its municipal management. They show, moreover, that the natural reaction, the inevitable personal disappointments, the innumerable private griefs, that follow every Presidential election, the bitterness and contemptuous slander that has been uttered against the President, the sneers, the derision, the foul insinuations, which are so easily thrown, have totally failed to effect the great public heart that trusted the General in the field and with gratitude and confidence called him to the Presidency.

So emphatic and significant a verdict is not to be argued down or sneered away. It reveals that kind of tenacity which it is supposed that a republic can possess, and which, amidst the universal skepticism of Europe and of multitudes of Americans, was displayed by this extraordinary people. It is the instinction of the clear perception in the public mind of the fundamental principles upon which alone the peaceful progress and prosperity of the country can be secured. As the New York *Tribune* truly says, the result should chide the croakers. It should show still more clearly the vitality of the American party, and of the conviction deeply seated in the popular heart that it is indeed the party of the people. It asks for no privilege nor exclusion. It favors no class, and proclaims and secures fair play. The result of the October elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio should make every Republican surer and bolder to demand the most constant elevation of the party standard, and even more trustful than ever of the fidelity to their truest interests of the American people.

As for the future the Republican fidelity is as sure as the law of gravity.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

The New York *World* complains of the tone in which the Republican papers speak of conspicuous Democrats like Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan after their deaths in contrast with that of the Democratic press in alluding to Mr. Lincoln. If the tone is "reviling," it can not be more indecent than the incessant flings at Mr. Lincoln in the personal columns of the *World* for two or three years after his death. But while a "reviling" tone is, of course, indefensible, the press has more imperative duty than to tell the whole truth of public men when they die. No man in his senses would think of asking or expecting that such official careers as those of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan should not be censured in comparison with the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln; and it is of the utmost importance that no conspicuous actor in our politics, whose public career has outraged humanity, liberty, and the better sense of the country, should disappear in a mere swash of praise.

The administration of Franklin Pierce was a conspiracy of four years against the rights of man and the honor and peace of the United States—why should it not be frankly stated? A single man and a supposed true friends is true; but his interest to the public, which justifies criticism of his career when he dies, is not that he was a courteous and kind neighbor in Concord, but that he countenanced border ruffians in Kansas. Mr. Buchanan was probably a respectable gentleman, as the phrase is used; but, worse than the Chief Magistrate to defend the Union, he declared that he had no authority to prevent its dissolution. It is not true that the political questions of their time died with these Presidents. They are mere questions that never die; questions of human rights and American honor. If there is any political morality whatever—if there is any difference between a magistrate who strains every possible point against liberty and one whose heart embraces every man—if there is any difference in conduct which hopefully rivets chains upon the innocent and that which joyfully breaks them, the official career of Mr. Pierce or of Mr. Buchanan can no more be compared with that of Mr. Lincoln than the private repute of Aaron Burr with that of George Washington.

Suppose that when Mr. Pierce died the other day all the newspapers of both parties had said only, as the *World* says, that he was "one of the most estimable and upright of men." It would have been a supreme falsehood. It is flagrantly immoral as a falsehood. If the kind of offense against civilization of which his Presidency was so signal an illustration is to be regarded as a mere temporary political interest, that vast influence upon public conduct which arises from the consciousness of posthumous justice is destroyed, and to the exceeding injury of society. If every body, without regard to principles and character and result of his public action, is to join history merely as privately estimable and upright, men whose names in public life are abolished altogether, and Calhoun is as admirable a figure in our history as old John Brown.

The official conduct of Mr. Pierce inflicted deep and terrible wounds upon the country. It confirmed the desperate assaults of the slave party upon the Constitution. It was denounced a wide national demoralization. It was directly responsible for massacre and a bloody reign of terror in Kansas. It depressed the hopes of every American citizen who loved the name of Franklin Pierce to this country and to mankind. It is recorded in our annals. It will be the verdict of history. When he disappeared from the political scene, it needed only to have been mentioned as occasion made the reference necessary. But when, at his death, it is substantially declared that nothing could be said than that he was an estimable and upright man, a decent regard for public morality requires that the whole truth be told. Not is it, in the least degree, making a grave or grave to tell the truth soberly, however strongly. Let every man in high office have a living consciousness that when he dies no fondness of private regret, no remembered personal urbanity, can woo to silence or evasion the tongue that tells his public story, and every such man will weigh well his actions while present with him, his final renown; and every citizen will learn that no station is splendid enough to dazzle the just public perception of the moral character and tendency of official action.

A VOICE FROM MISSISSIPPI.

If the late lamented John C. Calhoun could return and read the platform of the Republican party in Mississippi, especially the first four resolutions, he would either declare that his country had so degenerated, or, illuminated by celestial experience, he would join the party and proclaim its glad tidings more zealously than ever he preached "Southern rights" against the rights of human nature. In the report of the platform, the resolutions of which we speak go off, as it were, like a volley of triumph.

First. The Union first, last, and forever.

Second. Freedom of speech and of the press.

Third. Universal suffrage and universal amnesty.

Fourth. Free schools—their benefits to be extended to every child in the State.

The resolutions go on to declare for all the constitutional amendments; for the immediate removal of disabilities; and for the new State Constitution, with its equal distribution of proscription. How many of the noblest victims of the war, if they could have known that within less than ten years of their death a party with every prospect of success would proclaim such principles in Mississippi, and be cordially supported by the Administration, would not have felt, indeed, that they did not give their lives in vain! No great sacrifice ever produced more immediate and vaster results. In the four Mississippi resolutions lie the charm and spell are to redeem that State, and every other that went

into rebellion—the policy which would have saved them all their sorrow had it been that of those States for the last generation.

These principles, and the measures that spring from them, and the spirit which accompanies them, are those of the Republican party of the United States every where. If the observer turn his admiring eye to the great Northwest, the marvel of progress and prosperity, he is not surprised to learn that those great States have been always faithful to these principles, and are steadily Republican. If he look at New England, which is not ashamed of her history, he finds that the Mississippi revolutions have no heartier echo than from Bunker Hill and the Green Mountains; and he is not surprised that to leave New England out in the cold was the angry wish of the haughty chiefs who were for the Union first, last, and forever; and not for freedom of speech and of the press; and not for universal suffrage; and not for free schools. Those chiefs ruled the country by the Democratic party. Let the same observer look at any State or section which is indisputably Democratic, and consider whether it is a greatly grateful to him with these as an American or as a man.

The great service of the Republican party in this country is that it has made a truly popular republic possible. Under Democratic supremacy, the fundamental principles of such a government were despised. Our system had become a vast propagandism of slavery. That has been overthrown, but its spirit and its traditions still linger in the party by which it was it worked. Nowhere does that party lead the van for the Union first, last, and forever, nor for freedom of speech and of the press; nor for universal suffrage, nor for free schools for all children. It clung to slavery while slavery lasted. It would have supported the Southern black laws if Congress had not made them impossible. It would still maintain all of slavery that it can, denying the suffrage to intelligent and industrious men, and every where promoting the conservative spirit of caste and race which will angrily agitate the country until it is laid.

By their works let the two great parties of this country be judged. And by them, because the general principles and policy of each are unchanged. Let any candid man answer, Which has been the party of liberty, of intelligence, of progress, of humanity? Which has been the party of retrogression, of ignorance, of slavery, and inhumanity? The tendencies, the imperative necessities of a political party are rather than the hopes and wishes of some of its members. By those tendencies, by its unjust and inhuman spirit, by its wanton enmity against liberty, let the Democratic party be judged.

FATHER HYACINTHE AND THE CARMELITE SUPERIOR.

THE correspondence between Father HYACINTHE and the Superior of his order at Rome has been published, and is of the utmost significance. The first letter of the Carmelite Superior was written in July, and deplores and laments and reproves Father HYACINTHE'S course, and repeats and amplifies its grief and remonstrance at great length. The offense of the Parisian orator was that he had gone beyond his work. Instead of following the rut of safe ecclesiastical tradition he thought for himself, and he freely expressed his thoughts. "I have carefully studied you," says the Superior, "not to identify yourself with questions in dispute among Catholics, and on which all were not agreed." That may be the Carmelite method of advancing the faith, but it is not one that would carry the truth very far. And this seems to have been the opinion of Father HYACINTHE. The Superior proceeds to a formal order that the Father shall not print any letters or speech; nor to speak outside of the churches; nor to be present at the Chambers; nor to take part in the Old Catholic Congress, or in any other meeting that "has not an exclusively Catholic and religious object."

To this end forbidding him to print letters Father HYACINTHE replied by printing the letter which is already famous. With indignant eloquence he protested against that breach, if Roman, not Christian. He declared that his tongue should never be tied, and he threw off the robe of his monkish order, and left his monastery. "I believe that have prayed Jesus Christendom be asserted religious liberty, and with a fervor that recalls the ancient days of religious protest he repudiated in advance the sentence that he expected would be given. He might at last have consented to be silent, but for the peculiarly demoralizing method of his declination. He started the nomination back to if he professed it as much as the *Advertiser* itself does. He might at least have consented to be nominated.

MR. CURTIS was in another State when the Convention met. The political situation in New York was not unlike that of 1860. Every one present it he saw in the New York papers that his nomination was probable; and before learning the action of the Convention every consideration that should have affected his decision, and which has since been urged, was fully considered by him. But as his acceptance was honorably impossible, and as there was but a month before the election, he felt it to be his duty, without awaiting the official notice of his nomination, and to prevent loss of time from remoteness and unsatisfactory communication, to make the necessary decision as soon and as widely as possible. In doing so he certainly did not use any words, but he chose such as he hoped would convey at least some impression of his profound sense of the honor which was offered him, not only by the fact but by the manner of the nomination. He said: "While I am sincerely grateful for this most honorable and unexpected proof of the confidence of my political friends, with whose declaration of principles I cordially agree, it is impossible for me to accept the nomination." He mistaken both those friends and the force of words if his letter is construed by them as hurling back their nomination in their teeth; and he has no doubt that, upon reflection, the *Evening Journal* will own that it has, certainly with no ill intent, misconceived his action.

MR. DICKENS must have been greatly amused, by the ingenuous misunderstanding of the Latin phrase in his speech at Birmingham that his faith in the people governing was infinitesimal and his faith in the governed was illimitable. There is surprising how many shrewd gentlemen, upon stumbling these words, shook their heads sagely, and remarked that they had long suspected that MR. DICKENS would sooner or later declare his hostility to the institutions that he had turned his back upon all his books. Another, with indignation, asserted that he had given himself the lie. The misinterpretation was remarkable as it was ludicrous. As it was generally received and angrily criticised the remark was nonsense. For what could a man who professed to mean what he said that he did not believe that the people could govern themselves, but that he had illimitable faith in their ability to be governed? And as to what he had begun by saying that he would tell his political creed. Consequently to say that his faith in the people was infinitesimal was to express the utmost political confidence in them. It was an astounding ingenuity of misconception to suppose that MR. DICKENS would slander his friend JOHN BRIGHT'S constituency and declare his want of faith in the people.

MR. FILLMORE lately made a speech upon taking the chair at the Commercial Convention, in Louisville, in which, alluding to the fact that during the Fugitive Slave Bill, he showed that his mind was not made up upon the subject. He said: "I freely confess it was against my feelings. I examined it carefully, but found no defect in it. It was constitutional in all, although I knew when I signed it I was signing my political death-warrant, I signed, and would have done it, had it been to-day." Mr. FILLMORE'S political feelings did not approve the bill, and he was politically ambitious; but he outraged his feelings and sacrificed his ambition for power by signing a bill that not every colored person in the country at the mercy of any slaveholder. The sacrifice of conscience and honor to ambition upon such a basis is not a very ennobling spectacle. MR. FILLMORE, perhaps, does not remember that to catch votes under the Fugitive Slave Law upon such a basis was to commit the life and liberty of innocent men, women, and children. MR. FILLMORE had chosen to resign his office, he would have spared his feelings, served his ambition and humanity together, and have made his name forever honored in history.

On the 4th of October the *Cincinnati Inquirer*, a Democratic paper, said:

"Our advices from all parts of the State amount to positive assurances that the election of Mr. PENDLETON by a majority larger than the average against us in the last two years. We are not disposed to overrate the mass our strength or overstate our prospects, but we see no certain way for our success but to defeat him. Tuesday week, that we feel it a duty to those who have helped us to put good work about to be commenced to tell them that their labor has not been in vain. The majority will exceed 5,000, and may be a great deal more."

The result of the election was the defeat of Mr. PENDLETON by a decisive majority. The New York *World* remarks of the election in New York in precisely the same vein:

"The editor of the *Tribune* knows that it is just as morally certain that the Democratic State ticket will be elected by a good working majority, and that the lower branch of the Legislature will be Democratic, as it is that the sun will rise to-day."

This is the way that the Democrats have counted their chickens for the last ten years.

THE Lycoons can this winter hear the latest adventures at the equator and the pole. Dr. DU CHAILLU, the African explorer, whose lectures to children are the most striking and delightful novelty of the lecture system, will speak in Boston on the 27th of October and the 3d of November; and Captain HALL, the newly-returned Arctic explorer, has made himself known at home with the Esquimaux, and who is accompanied by a family of that people, began his lectures in London on the 18th of October, under the auspices of the American Geographical Society. The address of Captain HALL is for the present at this office.

MR. AUGUSTUS MAVERICK, who has had a long and practical acquaintance with editorial life in New York, and who is very competent to treat the subject with interest and point, has in press a volume called "HENRY J. RAYMOND and the New York Press for Thirty Years." It can not fail to be a valuable and entertaining historical work.

A FRIENDLY enthusiast writes to the *Sun* of MT. GEORGE LAW that he has "loomed up among us and moved silently, as the great orb of day, for a number of years:" and that "in is a great reader, has an extraordinary memory, and, next to DR. SAMUEL H. COX, is probably the best historian in the country." The entusiast omits, however, to mention the titles of MR. LAW'S historical works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa there were State elections on the 12th of October. The Governors of Pennsylvania and Ohio were re-elected by a slight majority. In Pennsylvania the Legislature has a Republican majority of 29 on a joint ballot. In Ohio the House is Democratic and the Senate Republican. The Republican majority in Iowa is very heavy.

IN Savannah, on the 19th of October, SCREVEN, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, was elected by 1,000 majority.

THERE was a mass-meeting of the working-men at Cooper Institute, in this city, on the evening of October 15. Among those who addressed the meeting was MR. PETER COOPER, the accredited representative of the working-men's unions of Birmingham, England, to the Workingmen's Industrial Union. The meeting adopted advocate the policy of independent political action on the part of the working-men.

A large number of the influential citizens of Philadelphia, irrespective of party and domestic ties, have addressed a memorial to their Representatives in Congress, requesting the support of the Civil Service Civil Service bill. "It may be safely affirmed," say these petitioners, "that no civilized community has a public service so costly and so incompetent as our own."

In an address delivered in Ohio previous to the late election GOVERNOR HAYES has remarked: "I believe that, under God, the Administration is performing its duties with an honesty of purpose, and a determination to do the right, to save every dollar that can be saved, and applied to the liquidation of the debt; and that is my idea of financiering. It is a kind of financiering that I know of none better, and General Grant's Administration has entered upon it with a determination, and every one to be sustained. I admit that I would have liked to vote for a tried statesman when I voted for him. I did not know formally he held the great principles of the Republican party; and I would have liked it much quicker than I did part with those principles to-day. I have never yet received any single talk from them, and I know it. I feared General Grant might not hold to the principles of the party and make up a Cabinet, but he has made no position which has called upon him to bring them out. I have not chosen a man, I do not know how and my own way, who had been tried by fire, and in whom we knew there was no dishonesty. That is the reason Grant has been tried. You see his dealings with the Cabinet and with the appointments in the line of the Government, and you find them all of the glorious stripe you could desire. I believe that, if I had known how, his heart is steeped in the great Republican doctrines. I am ready to ascertain this fact beyond a doubt."

GOVERNOR SENTER, of Tennessee, was inaugurated October 11. In his recent message to the Legislature he opposes repudiation, and urges and signs the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION on the 18th for the election of United States Senators.

IN New York and other large cities on the 11th of October there were enthusiastic meetings of the Central Republican Junta of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the Republican friends of the sister island to Cuban declaration of independence. The 10th of October, 1868, marks the commencement of the struggle in Cuba, and is looked upon by the Cuban patriots as their day of days. On this day the flag was hoisted on Cuba, and the celebration was deferred. SIGNOR M. LEMUS, the Cuban Minister to the United States, presided at the mass-meeting held in the evening at the Cooper Institute in this city. The Cuban flag was exhibited in the afternoon in the City Hall Park. One of the guns on that occasion had its muzzle burst open.

At the recent election of Directors of the Erie Railway Company, the entire ticket was again elected. The board was in the main re-elected; and by a classification of the Directors, the terms of office of two out of the Legislature, GOULD, Fish, and Tweed do not go out of office for two years.

The free-trade discussion on the evening of October 11 in Boston, between Messrs. WELLS and WILLIAMS and Rice Greeley, drew out quite a large audience, who listened with attention to the debate.

A Transcontinental Railroad Convention was held in the capital of Kansas on the 13th, there were sixty delegates present. The main object of this convention was to consider the speedy construction of an independent through line of railroad, by the most direct route practicable, from the Pacific to Chicago. By the route suggested at the convention from Portland to Chicago, through parts of Canada, and hence in connect with the great upper thoroughfare to Puget Sound—the only passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific would be shortened by over 2000 miles. With this advantage it is claimed that which is now dependent in its immense harbor, Portland hopes to throw New York and Boston into the shade as commercial centres.

THE official figures at the Agricultural Department estimate that the cotton crop of the Southern States will be one half larger than that of 1868. The total value of the exports of the South is set down at $200,000,000. In this rate the value of the cotton products is about $31 per head for the entire Southern population. The crop of Ohio, the largest in the South is even now the richest section of the country.

Charles William Eliot was inaugurated as President of Harvard University October 19.

THE Commercial Convention met in Louisville, Kentucky, October 13, and was presided over by ex-President FILLMORE. One of the principal topics discussed was that of immigration to the South. On the 14th the Convention was addressed by several speakers, one mile and three-quarters. Time, 3.35. The second race was won by "Gerbera," the Members' Cup—third race—by "Metairie" the Selling Stakes by "Harper." The fourth race, "won the Jerome Stakes; one mile, "Pinero," "La Polka," and "Corsican." On the 19th the fifth race "Mollie" "Rosedale," "Jerome," "Vesparine," "Abdel Kader," and "Defy."

The Commissioners of Public Parks in New York has recently proposed to that Board a plan for utilizing the water of the Harlem River for carrying and cleaning the streets.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE Emperor Napoleon has ordered that the travelling expenses of the French Bishop of Quebec, in going to and returning from the Ecumenical Council, shall be defrayed from the Imperial exchequer.

A clergyman of the Church of England—Mr. CHAS. Voysey, rector of Halsagh, Yorkshire—has been preaching sermons to which the Bishop of Manchester has to provoke the interference of the Archbishop.

The cost of the Paraguayan war to the allies is estimated to have been 400,888,000 and 139,940 men.

CASTELAR, the leader of the Spanish Republicans, has fled to Portugal. A number of the Provincial Journals in Spain have been suppressed. The Republicans in Spain have refused to attend the Chamber. Deputies are elected to the Cortes every three years and are secreted to the Chamber. The Cuban question was discussed in a recent debate in the Cortes General Prim is reported to have said that he could not allow a favorable result of the Cuban war to grant the colony all the reforms and liberties desired.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELKNAP.

THE new Secretary of War, Major-General WILLIAM M. BELKNAP, is a native of Hudson, New York. He was born in 1831; his father was Brigadier-General BELKNAP, a soldier in the War of 1812, and in the Mexican War. On the death of his father BELKNAP moved to Iowa. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the army as Major of the Fifteenth Iowa. For gallantry at Shiloh he was made Lieutenant-Colonel and Provost-Marshal of the Fifteenth Corps. He afterward rejoined his regiment as Colonel; after the fall of Vicksburg he was brevetted Brigadier-General, and led the Iowa Brigade in the Atlanta campaign. He marched to the sea with General SHERMAN, and, on the arrival of the Army at Savannah, was brevetted Major-General. He commanded a division of the Fifteenth Army Corps in the march through the Carolinas, fought his last fight at Bentonville, and at the end of the war was offered the rank of Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, which he declined. He delivered the address at the last reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. As to his competency for the exalted position to which he has been appointed, it is sufficient to say that President GRANT has carefully followed his past career, and has given him the preference to all others.

THE HUSS COMMEMORATION AT PRAGUE.

THE occasion of the commemoration at Prague of the fifth centenary of the great Reformer HUSS has been associated with the recent proceedings in Bohemia having reference to that assertion of nationality against Austrian absorption which so long characterized the proceedings of the patriotic Hungarians. The leaders of the movement, remembering the old fame of Bohemia, and wishing to see it restored, were determined not to let such an opportunity pass unimproved, and accordingly the festival assumed an almost solemn importance. The occasion was all that could be desired; the raising of a monument to HUSS was certain to evoke a large amount of enthusiasm; and the result verified the promoters' expectations, for within the walls of Prague were assembled all those who had the Zeck nationality at heart. At their head—as they are always the leaders on such occasions—were PALACKY, RIEGER, Count HARRACH, KLAUDY, ZEYTHAUNER, BRAUNER-SKREYSOWSKI, SLADKOWSKI, and some others less celebrated. All the Sclave peoples recognizing the sovereignty of the house of Austria sent deputations, all the trade corporations marched with banners and sang the National Hymn, and the same ceremony was being observed in every town in Bohemia. The commemoration was started in HUSSINETZ, a little village where JOHN HUSS first saw the light in the fourteenth century; and the house in which he was born is still standing—a plain, unpretending edifice enough, resembling the ordinary dwellings of the Bohemian peasantry. It would seem as though its preservation had been decreed that it might remain a national monument; and it was an exciting spectacle to see defiling before so simple a structure 20,000 men adorned with the national colors and shouting patriotic hymns with a high enthusiasm that gave extra pathos to the wild and stirring airs. The town of Prague—most picturesque of ancient European centres of population—presented an impressive spectacle; but the crowning moment, when RIEGER mounted a balcony, and addressed the assembled crowds, defies description. The people had taken possession of every point of vantage; and even the roofs of the houses were packed with eager assemblies waiting to listen to one of the most popular orators in the country. So great is his fame that even in Vienna silence reigns in every meeting where he deigns to speak; and his very opponents listen with profound attention to his eloquent harangues. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of his speech on this occasion; for it would need the action, tone, and gesture that accompanied it, even if it could be properly translated into another language. Suffice it to say that every eye and every ear of the assembled thousands seemed to hang upon him as he went on, and the answering enthusiasm was fully equal to the ceremony that had called it forth.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELKNAP, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

LURKING LOVE.

WHEN lurking love in ambush lies
Under friendship's fair disguise,
When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating spite or spleen;
When, like Sorrow, he seduces;
When, like Pleasure, he amuses;
Still, however the parts are cast,
'Tis but "Lurking Love" at last.

THE WEBER CAÑON.

WE give on this page a view of the scenery of the Weber River cañon, near the Great Salt Lake, in Utah Territory. This wild gorge of the Wasatch range of mountains, through which the railway enters the Mormon settlement, was one of the most difficult parts of the line to construct. The Weber River, a large stream, with many rapids, cleaves its way through high bluffs that rise more than a thousand feet above its channel, and breaks out at the Devil's Gate into the plain of the Great Salt Lake. Several embankments, cuttings, tunnels, and bridges were needful within a short length of railroad. The tunnel, to which the opening is shown in our view, was excavated by the Mormons, being comprised in a contract known as "the hundred-mile job," taken by a party of those industrious saints, under the personal direction of BRIGHAM YOUNG himself. The train which appears on the line is traveling westward toward California. This point is about one thousand miles west of the Missouri River.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—WEBER CANON AND RIVER.

STOPPED HALF-WAY!

THE tender of the *Hector* was lying alongside the wharf, waiting for the last contingent of passengers to go off to the ship. Few people, indeed, except those accustomed to such scenes, could feel otherwise than perfectly distracted amidst the hubbub that ensued.

The steam-whistle from the tender blowing, the bell ringing with that maddening sound preluding every departure of this kind, convincing all timid people that they are inevitably too late, deafening them, and driving them nearly wild in their frantic efforts to make their voices heard above the din and uproar; harsh tones raised to shrillness in command, and echoes of responses to orders carried out; such sounds and sights are not to be forgotten, especially when we know that deep and touching human feelings and emotions are making themselves heard and felt all around.

There were partings between mothers and sons, sisters and brothers, fathers and daughters, even husbands and wives; friends determining to go out to the ship, to get the last glimpse of their dear ones, some resolving to part at once. There were faces bathed in tears, others set and rigid, as they gazed their last, perhaps, into loving eyes, now filled with looks of sad and yearning tenderness.

Among these groups I was struck with one of three women, consisting of two young girls and an elderly lady; but whether the latter was the mother of the younger ones, or merely some old and confidential nurse or housekeeper, I could not quite make out. They were questioning and consulting about the place of parting: should it be here, or should they all go off to the vessel?

The elder female seemed to be in great sorrow, and the girls were dreading to leave her. The crowd around them where they stood was very thick; and as they were jostled about from place to place I could not help noticing the extreme beauty of the elder sister. She was charming to look upon—bewitching I may call her; for the feelings of the moment gave a marvelous mobility and amount of expression to a countenance in itself perfect in line and feature. Masses of soft chestnut-brown hair seemed to frame the delicate oval face, which was lighted up by a pair of dark blue eyes, shaded with long silky lashes. A small and rather provoking nose, an insinuating pouting little mouth, and dimpled chin, together with a beautifully formed head, gracefully poised on a [illegible] figure, made up indeed a most fascinating specimen of feminity.

During the time occupied in the depositing of the mails I ventured to address the three women, for their perplexity seemed increasing every moment. I saw at a glance how matters stood. The steam-tender was terribly crowded, and they were evidently timid about going on board. I also made out that the girls wished to have the parting with their old friend or nurse over at once; so, after consulting a moment with Simmons, who seemed rather proud of having me under his charge, and ready to do me honor, and fall into my wishes in every way, I offered to give them a seat in our boat. In a well-managed aside, I ventured to say to one of the ladies, "Pray let farewell be said here." I felt that I was perfectly justified in addressing them under such circumstances, when all conventionalities are cast away, and all differences of position and rank are utterly ignored. I was sure that it could be only right to smooth away the difficulties that seemed to add so much perplexity to the sorrow that was uppermost in the hearts of these three ladies, for ladies in one sense they unquestionably were, although perhaps wanting a certain something in tone and refinement.

"WE SAW THE THREE SAFELY DRAGGED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT."

The removal of the gangway, and the departure of the steam-tug, amidst loud shouts and cheers, now absolutely compelled the young ladies to accept my offer. As nothing could be waited for after the mails were on board, it was necessary that the steam-tender should be alongside the ship, with its living cargo discharged, before the arrival of the mail-boat; thus I had still time to make some arrangements for the comfort of my fellow-passengers.

While purposely busying myself in this way the parting between my three friends took place. All passed quickly and quietly; but I own to having felt some very unusual choking sensations while glancing at the sorrowful faces of the girls as I handed them into our boat, which in another moment was cutting her way through the sparkling water toward the *Hector*. For a time I knew that sobs and tears must have their way with my two companions, and all my best and most chivalrous feelings were aroused as I noticed their weeping sad young faces looking so lovely in their sorrow.

I could only glean from them, in a few broken words, that they were going to Cape Town, where a married brother resided. They were orphans, they told me, and had just parted from a very dear old nurse, who had taken charge of them from childhood. I also found that their name was Smith. The name certainly was familiar to me; indeed, I am positive I had heard it before, but never had I seen such charming bearers of it.

As we neared the ship they began to recover themselves a little; and I almost wished that I, too, was going to the Antipodes.

"A voyage with such companions," thought I, "would be, in truth, a very pleonix of voyages!"

Arriving alongside the vessel, I did all in my power, in carrying shawls, hand-bags, etc., to assist my companions up the gangway.

Feeling that their position was really a very unprotected one, my first care, after having stowed away their little packages, found out their cabin

THE HUSS COMMEMORATION AT PRAGUE—CEREMONY BEFORE THE HOUSE OF THE REFORMER.

for them, and done such small offices as time allowed, was to see the stewardess, and to interest her in my fair charges.

Great confusion reigned even here, but there was order in it—no doubles, no counter-orders now! Partings were all but over; and, for weal or for woe, each heart there had to face a new future. I speculated much upon the fate of the elder of our two friends, who smiled most sweetly upon me as I bade her and her sister my last adieu.

On leaving the saloon I ran with great force, in my haste, against a young man, who, by his costume, was evidently an outward-bound passenger. I beheld I must have hurt him, from his look of mute and half-angry surprise; but it soon passed away, and I was both amused and astonished by the manner in which he took my apologies.

"Don't apologize, pray," he said; "for my part, I should not have cared much if you had knocked the breath clean out of me; I don't find life a very enviable thing just now."

He was a fine stalwart-looking fellow, but with something rather eccentric in his appearance and manner, which was increased by a peculiarly lachrymose expression of countenance. He carried a small black leathern hand-bag, on which was painted in white letters, so conspicuous that I could not fail to read it, the name of "Cuthbert Dolworthy, Esq."

At such times, when people are saving goods by on the eve of a long voyage, social formalities are but little regarded; and those whose hours are few are apt to spend leave-taking, or whose feelings are much excited by conflicting emotions, seldom scruple to fall into conversation and even to indulge in confidences with complete strangers. Thus it was that, in a few minutes after our rencontre, and after I had expressed my regret that I was so unsatisfactory a thing to him, Mr. Dolworthy and I found ourselves talking as if we had been acquaintances of some standing. We had taken up on deck again together, and, continuing our dialogue, he went on to say:—

"I am going out to Melbourne; and perhaps your mirth will be somewhat excited if I tell you for what purpose. People say I'm a queer fellow, and I dare say I am; but, the truth is, I want to ask a girl out there to be my wife. I only left Melbourne six months ago; I had made as much money as I required, and came to England."

"Why, in the name of fortune," I inquired, "did not you make your *inamorata* certain, and sail in your own ship?"

"Ah! I don't know. I'm sure—want of pluck, perhaps. I was afraid she would refuse me, and though I'm a bold man at most things, in this I believed like an ass! But some women, you know, can make fools of strong men; I'm one, I think she could be one, and I hoped I might forget her by coming to England, but I can't, so I'm going back to-morrow, and here I am—a regular spring-point again."

"Why, said I, tickled at his oddity, "you have hardly been a day in this country."

"I would hardly be sure of that myself, if you there are two more charming girls than I have just seen on board them in their birth, and the elder sister, my dear Sir, would turn any man's head! Now do take the goods the gods provide, make the most of your opportunity, forget the young lady in Melbourne!"

"I forget a woman who has been in my thoughts constantly for months past! Why, I am not that sort of man, I can tell you! I love this woman now, and shall love her always, whether she love me for me or not."

He was going on, with many vociferations of constancy, when our dialogue was summarily interrupted by some bell-ringing, and shouts of "Now for the shore! now for the shore!" Then ensued a fresh hubbub and excitement, with much jostling and hustling, and I had but one moment to shake hands heartily with my new friend, and wish him "God-speed," before regaining the quay-way.

Summons's task ended, we re-entered our boat just as the *Hector's* hawsers were thrown off, and belly to a favorable wind. I naturally fell to thinking about life on shipboard, and my acquaintances of the hours. People living in town in the bustle of large communities, are not readily prone to commit themselves in matters matrimonial; their thought is that many divers damsels must be during a long sea passage all distinctions are levelled. E ery one falls into the same social position, no distinctions are made, and for propinquity's sake no opportunity is offered for comparing social degrees. I was but neutral, and could not help thinking of what my fate of the elder or the younger of passions. If I had been going out in the *Hector* I should then and there have fallen head over ears in love with her. All the perplexities, embarrassments, difficulties, and obstacles incidental to marrying upon nothing would have vanished into thin air; and but had I come across her in what is called society, it would have been a different matter. I could not have left home with my means in expansion and wealthy friends as a married man; for what would hitherto sufficed for one would have to do for two, and perhaps time for half a dozen. As it was, I knew that these selfish considerations never would have found place amidst the boredom and ennui of a long sea voyage.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "I would not give much for the chances of that young lady in Melbourne who has been so long locked in secret by my 'knight of the woeful countenance' and wonderful name! He must be of adamant, that Cuthbert Dolworthy, if he passes the next two or three months unscathed in the society of such a 'Helen' as I have left him with on board the *Hector*."

My musings were brought to a close by our reaching shore. I really had quite enjoyed my little passage; for while having been pleasantly amused, I had also added to my store of philosophy. I often wondered how my sometime fellow-passengers fared on their journey; nor was it surprising that I kept a sharp look-out for some news of the *Hector*. And lo! one fine morning, a few months after, I had news indeed!

With the keenest interest I read the subjoined story in a Portsmouth paper, which my friend Dick Crosbie sent me:—

"GALLANTRY AND ROMANCE AT SEA.

"From a private letter we are enabled to give the following account of a romantic and tragic incident which occurred on board the clipper ship *Hector* on her voyage between England and the Cape:

* * * *

"There was a fair complement of passengers, and we had been at sea a sufficient time for them to settle into the little coteries and cliques which form a distinguishing feature of society during long voyages. The learned in the matter had come together, and the very poor and serious people had fallen into their places, likewise the fast and noisy, who, in this instance, were the most numerous. Two brainless young men were conspicuous among the latter for a tremendous flirtation, which they were carrying on with a couple of young ladies named Smith, bound for the Cape, and who were making the voyage, for some unaccountable reason, quite alone. These girls did not appear to have been accustomed to such attentions as they were then receiving, and the novelty of the life, the bracing air, the fine weather we were enjoying, and the general pleasant excitement which prevailed, seemed to have drawn them, perhaps imperceptibly to themselves, into a course of conduct and behavior which something about their deportment was not in the nature of their dispositions.

"Be this as it may, not an opportunity was lost for the two young men to *carry on* with the two pliant girls, on all possible occasions. Madcap pranks, and an evident desire to chaff and make game of every body else in their set, formed leading characteristics of their conduct. One of the chief butts of their merriment was a tall, good-looking, handsome young fellow, named, from his melancholy mood, downcast looks, deep-drawn sighs, and banished lord sort of aspect, formed of late by her their pet name of Hamlet.

"This behavior frequently bordered on downright rudeness, and little effort was made to subdue their voices when indulging in their merriments.

"Many such expressions as 'poor old moodymug!' 'I don't believe that's his in love, you know!' 'have you left your dear old sober-sides,' must frequently have been overheard by him, however he was disposed to express, or unwilling to hear any one of what was going on. It appeared to make not the slightest difference to any one, for aught one could tell by the expression of his face, he might have been deaf, dumb, and blind for any notice he took of the considerable conduct seemed to produce. The more questionable from the fact that, at the outset of the voyage, Mr. Dolworthy, for such his initials were received gratefully enough; but, after that, the advances made by Messrs. Binks and Bagman, the two fast young men above referred to, seemed to possess greater attractions for the Misses Smith, and gradually poor Dolworthy was snubbed and put aside.

"Modest and retiring, he accepted the conditions apposite as a matter of course, and, as one could not help feeling that it was the old story of brilliant, dashing superficiality, with plenty of brass and self-confidence, overcoming the claims of thoughtless women, sterling worth and true chivalry.

"However, Dolworthy accepted his position in the stoical manner I have described; and the only distinction in which he ever indulged was in occasionally joining the watch on deck, when steering, or re-setting the sails, and other employments incidental to nautical life, showing therein considerable knowledge, and a keen zest for vigorous exercise.

"Now the weather was so fine that the boats, instead of being always kept in their davits, were sometimes (contrary to the usual custom at sea), for the sake of giving more room, thrust outside the bulwarks, hanging on the ropes which commonly see them, over the water from the davits. Into one of these, the smallest (I forget what it is called), our two young men, Binks and Bagman, in the habit of mounting, by the assistance of their cavaliers. There they would sit for hours, sometimes for the greater part of the day, entertaining to their friends on the deck. Occasionally, seized by a sudden impulse, the result of high spirits, they would begin to rock the boat backward and forward like a cradle, by swaying themselves from side to side, and singing some nursery rhyme or song. In these efforts they were, of course, aided and abetted by Messrs. Binks and Bagman.

"On more than one occasion they had received an official caution against doing this; but little heed was taken of any thing which was calculated to interfere with their amusements.

"On a certain evening, not quite as fine as usual, there being a strong breeze, the little group of four were seated in the boat, the main hatch the young ladies seated in the stern of the boat, the young men leaning over the bulwark, talking to them.

"The sun had just set, and the majority of the passengers were below at tea. Few people happened to be on deck at the time—none near this particular boat. We were running briskly before the wind, and peals of laughter rang again and again from the party. They evidently were becoming very excited, and the swinging diversion was carried on vigorously.

"'Suddenly, Binks, who was standing near the stern davit, said, 'Hallo! I have got a new idea.'

"'How now, Binks, my dove!' said Bagman; 'take care of it. What is it?'

"'Why, look here!' the other went on; 'we can give our little pets a new sensation, and swing them up and down, instead of across and across.

"With this he began to unfasten the rope which ran through the pulleys and blocks of the davit from over the davit, and by which the stern end of the boat could be lowered into the water.

"'But you must hold tight though, by Jove, old fellow,' his friend said. 'Oh, all right, don't you fear. Now then, ladies, sit fast; down you go, and up again, just a little way; lean on me, Bagman.' And the two gradually allowed the stern of the boat to drop some two feet out of the horizontal. An accompanying flutter and suppressed scream followed the movement as the boat was immediately brought back to its proper position. Again it was lowered, and again, and again, amidst the general merriment of the four; the girls enjoying the fun equally with the men.

"Emboldened by the success of their experiment, they lowered the boat each time more and more, until at length this very perilous proceeding became fraught with the most terrible danger. It was, indeed, a case of playing with edged tools.

"Here were two cockney landsmen meddling recklessly with gear which requires the most careful handling, the mismanagement of which, in cases of lowering boats at sea, has, perhaps, led to more loss of life than any other single incident in a time of shipwreck. On they went, however, with their game, the two men hauling the rope backward and forward with the greatest delight.

"Should it slip from their hands, or the weight of the boat, which, be it known, is much for their strength, nothing in the world could prevent the unfortunate girls from being precipitated into the sea, the boat itself only dangling perpendicularly by its bows to the second davit.

"'I say, Sea-serpent, Margery Daw, here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down,' and other similar intellectual quotations, formed an accompaniment to the exercise of this Bathbrickly idiotic proceeding. A man coming slowly along the deck in the twilight suddenly increased his speed on seeing what was going on, and, with a deprecatory action, cried:

"'For God's sake, gentlemen, desist, desist! Do you know what you are doing?'

"'Rather,' replied Bagman; 'we flatter ourselves we generally *do* know what we are up to. Eh, Binks, we think?'

"But Binks's reply was interrupted by the renewed vehemence and protestations of the new-comer, who appeared almost inclined forcibly to prevent a continuance of the hazardous game.

"If that rope slips from your hands, the young ladies will be drowned,' he went on.

"'Yes! I know that, and don't mean to let it slip. Confound it, Sir, mind your own business, and don't interfere with us,' was the reply.

"'It is my business, and every body's business; and if you don't leave off this instant I'll fetch somebody who shall make you.'

"'Go to the devil, and tell you we know what we are about,' was the only response to this.

"The interposer turned on his heel, and was walking hastily away, when a fearful shriek rent the air, followed, as he looked back, by a splash in the water; the boat was hanging by a single block, and the stern of the men standing horror-stricken and helpless, gazing into space!

"It was now nearly dark, the ship running a good ten knots an hour; but without a moment's hesitation the stranger tore off his coat, and in one second had leaped over the side of the vessel, and struck out into the sea.

"The piercing cry of 'Man overboard!' ran like wild-fire through the ship, which was speedily brought to a standstill; but a long space of time and distance, of course, were lost before the way she had on her could be counteracted and she could be brought back to any thing like proximity to the spot where the unfortunate girls and their would-be preserver were probably struggling for life.

"A boat was lowered with marvelous dexterity and all the promptness and skill of the best seamanship; a blue-light was burned; the passengers and crew crowded every available space, and the most intense excitement reigned on board.

"The boat's proceedings. By the aid of the last glimmer of day and the strong blue-light there was little difficulty in finding what was sought. To the unspeakable joy of all, it was soon evident that those in the boat were pulling hastily toward something which they had discovered sooner than we.

"After a while, however, we, too, who were on board ship, came near it, and it became perfectly clear to every body that the brave man was supporting one of the girls as he struck out manfully toward the boat. There was not sufficient sea running greatly to impede his efforts, but ever and anon he would look back over his shoulder, as if looking for something else. Following the direction toward which his head turned, we at last discerned, as did he, at about twenty yards distance from him, another form, which, of course, we knew to be that of the unhappy sister.

"Instantly comprehending his intention of swimming to the boat, he deliberately put about and made straight away for the poor girl, who had risen probably for the last time. It was a moment of intense anxiety.

"Would he reach her ere she sank never to rise again?

"He struck out with superhuman efforts. One could almost picture the veins upon his forehead swelling with the tremendous energy he was displaying. He approached within three yards of her, when, to our intimate and horrible dismay, he was seen to turn round and swim away from her—when, as it were after the manner of dissolving views, her form seemed fading away!

"But no! thank Heaven! Another vigorous stroke with his right arm, the only one at liberty, and he held up the drooping head above water! Drummed as he now was with the two sisters, of course all efforts at motion had to be given up. To keep afloat with his burdens was the utmost he could do.

"His arms were unavailable, and it appeared to be a great question whether, the intensity of his exertions to be, he could sustain, by trending water, such an incumbrance, until the boat should reach him.

"It was a question of moments, and the anxiety which we had gone through in witnessing his efforts to reach the unnerved girl was repeated in a tenfold degree as we watched and calculated the chances that the boat might have of coming up with the swimmer.

"It did, however, and, amidst a deafening cheer from the ship, we saw the three safely dragged over the side of the boat. On regaining the ship it appeared very doubtful, after all, if the great bravery and endurance displayed by our hero might not prove unavailing.

"Perfectly senseless, both sisters were subjected to the usual restoratives, but, unhappily, with a favorable result only in the case of the elder. The younger sister never showed the slightest symptoms of returning animation. Two days after she was consigned to the grave from which so much human endurance and courage had failed to rescue her.

"The wretched fellows who were the cause of this melancholy calamity naturally retired into a very unenviable and miserable obscurity for the rest of the voyage. It had, of course some simply an accident; the rope had suddenly slipped through their hands, and, the boat having swung breached to a wave on the turn, it was impossible again to check it. It is needless to say the remainder of our voyage was a dreary one indeed.

"All distinctive coteries were leveled indeed now; but on arriving at Cape Town we lost the hero and heroine of this sad tragedy. It was the destination of Miss Helen Smith; and though Mr. Cuthbert Dolworthy had taken a passage right through to Melbourne, he left the ship at the first opportunity for the purpose of watching the thorough recovery and restoration to bodily health of the lady who owed her life to his noble and gallant behavior."

Running my eye down the rest of the column of the *Portstower Observer*, in which this remarkable story appeared, I found its fit and proper conclusion under such a heading:

Ah me! I never thought that poor lady in Melbourne would have much of a chance. Oh, man, stern in courage, determined in purpose, unswerving in thy physical efforts to do the noblest deeds, how weak art thou still in thy heart! How easily turned from thy set intentions when the love of a woman is the sole commodity at stake!

"Married, on the 4th of February, 18—, at St. Barnabas, Bancroft, Cape Town, by the Rev. Sigismund Perkins, Cuthbert Dolworthy, Esq., of Dolworthy, Durham, Great Britain, to Helen, only remaining daughter of the late Josiah Smith, Esq., of Herne Hill."

SERVED OUT.

In the year 183– there lived at Bordeaux the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had filled that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by the execution of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what pompously called to call the *Code of Honor*. This was a certain Comte De V——, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable courage, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but when it came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was often no important one, and not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the *code* aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, and have the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a thing could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France just as we endure that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire; only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it, for the progressive French soon dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte De V—— previous to the one I am about to tell was to gond a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied, that "fools sometimes made marksmen," and shot the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood that shed quieted him for another while, and for three months of public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our well-suggered one fine summer afternoon, with the lusty dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the centre of a circle which

expatiated as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be fleered. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and expressive of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good-humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries with an expansion which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte De V——, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were at that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table it became sufficiently well known to us that he was about to honor with his insolence; and the officer narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature bested —especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a certain air, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garçon!"

"Garçon," he said, when that functionary appeared, "take me away that nasty thing!" pointing to the list adressed.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garçon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place a hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and leaving his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garçon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him:

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By an oath!" observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter; and ask her to say how much I owe me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

You speak French passably well for a foreigner, sir," the bully, stretching his arms over the table and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt pervaded the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?"

"Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning precisely, you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

"Death of my life! I am the Comte De V——."

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with a pair of eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte De V——," he repeated, in a low voice.

"Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?"

"I? Ah, nothing."

"That may be well for you."

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"Death and blood," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall be favorable myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two.

"I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

"And that is?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte, but those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith! what care I what they think?"

"And those are a Frenchman!"

No one *but* a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "*but*."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garçon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off. "Garçon," said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"But certainly. They are all large—own apartments."

"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the Count, loftily.

"I thought to spare you theytrouble. Go, if you please" (this to the waiter), "and prepare my rooms."

Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully guawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad that the Count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully. "Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word which among men of honor—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which among men of honor—"

"But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt among men of honor?" asked the other, with a shade of incredulity.

"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?" roared the Count, goaded to fury.

"If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

Was there no one to call "police?" no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duellist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed he would end there.

The Count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garçon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture, so as to leave the room free for what was to follow—the Count standing with folded arms, glaring at him, the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantelpiece behind him, and said:

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own, I prefer to think I should not have gotten more book-knowledge; but as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, that a man may mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own hand with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I can not flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one of the greatest follies of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I came here, Monsieur—"

"Never mind why you came for; be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—if a man skilled with the small-sword, for the sake of the love of fighting, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a coward and a knave, and a coward and a knave, and a knavish."

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have plainly here—"

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the stranger, in his old tone to which he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the second year of my residence there, out of its small others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who was more than at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the Count; "let this farce end."

"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express have, I think, more care for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation before his many friends and admirers."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the Count.

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to practice one of its provisions."

"You will fight me, then?"

"Yes. At the school we had been speaking of I learned, among other things, the use of the hands; and, if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the Count, getting a little pale.

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-sword with poor young B——."

"But it is degrading, brutal!"

"My dear Monsieur, just consider. You are four inches taller, and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— *had* got over your guard he would have gone hard with you. But, then, I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front, whereas you killed *him*."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter."

"You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, *then* you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. Monsieur, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it the great braggart was rendered unrecognizable for many a long day. That number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; that number two punctuated a similar phenomenon with his left; *that* number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other *thats* had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and—well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then again the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had had Angelo for a master as well as Monsieur le Comte, and he, too, for pass the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and blood was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown over of the hotel window, and ridiculously awful to a Frenchman—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was silent when the Battle of la Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

ANDREW REED, THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER.

"IT is not surprising that the sons of Dr. ANDREW REED should wish to publish the history of his life of goodness and active benevolence—though, in fact, the most eminent records of his character and works exist in the many institutions which owe their existence to his activity and liberality. These are the words of the Queen of England in reference to a man who was the honored instrument of doing such a vast amount of good, and who undoubtedly ranks among the first philanthropists of the age.

Fond of books from infancy, his good mother not only treasured up every penny for him, but entered with all sympathy into his pursuits—became his companion and friend. Nor was his pious father forgetful of the most eminent duties, the confidence of his son. The boy was sent to a school in Islington, and made great progress. He studied with his whole heart, and decided that he should learn his father's trade, but the boy petitioned to be allowed to study Hebrew and Greek. The careful parent, knowing that such studies might interfere with his progress in business, had him apprenticed to a master. But the temptations of books and very harmless one compared with the temptations of another kind that awaited ANDREW in his new situation. His master's son was a wild youth, and the young apprentice entered on his diary the following: "By the wicked behavior of my master's son I was made still worse. I went twice or thrice to the accursed play-houses." On this account he got his indentures cancelled, and returned to the parental roof. Working the usual hours at watchmaking, in his leisure he kept his mother's books, instructed his younger brother, taught a little orphan girl, their servant, to read and write—thus early beginning his orphan work.

Books, however, became books, were the choice friends of his leisure hours; and though he worked well at his trade, his good mother in her loving simplicity said to him, "There will be more which, if the lad be for business, show too much taste for study." And she was so far right, that God was leading him from secular to sacred pursuits. ANDREW REED's Hebrew and Greek studies led him to theology, and his pious mother no longer was to be decided in the family councils that he should go to college. He dismantled his father's workshop, sold his tools, and laid out the money in books.

It is almost needless to say that he was a successful student, and entered on his learning college had many invitations to settle; but he ultimately became the minister of the church in the New Road, London, where he remained the useful and honored pastor for no less a period than fifty years.

In 1818 he married ELIZABETH HOLMES, who proved an efficient helpmeet in the work of his ministry and in his plans of benevolence. His extraordinary career as a philanthropist is worthy of record. He began his work among the sea-faring population of London. He befriended the parents, established schools for the children, and founded the first penny bank for savings. He founded the London Orphan Asylum, the patronage of which became so extensive that in 1825 a large building was erected as Clapton at a cost of £20,000. Afterward he established at Wanstead an Infant Orphan Asylum, the erection of the building costing £40,000. He founded a third Orphan Asylum at Needham, and also the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots.

Besides these stupendous works of faith and labors of love, Dr. REED founded a Home for Incurables; and, not forgetting the interests of education, while employed in helping the helpless, he was the friend of the Hackney Grammar School, and always the active promoter of Sabbath and day schools for the children of the industrial classes.

Those who knew Dr. REED best loved him most. Declining all offers of change, he staid, as we have recorded, with his beloved people as their pastor fifty years. On November 27, 1861, the anniversary of his birth, and of his ordination as their minister, he resigned his charge.

Amidst all his literary and other labors he did not think of writing his life. One of his sons, perceiving that his venerable father was fast failing, asked him if he had ever composed any memoir. DR. REED replied by writing the following notes: "TO MY SAUCY BOY WHO HAD BIN WORLD WHITE MY LIFE, AND ASKED FOR MATERIALS.

A. R.

I WAS BORN VIRTUOUS;
I SHALL DIE TO-MORROW;
AND I MUST SO SPEND TO-DAY
TO TELLING A LIE ABOUT IT.
BUT IN DOING WHAT I MAY FOR
HIM
WHO HAS DONE ALL FOR ME.
I SPRANG FROM THE PEOPLE: I HAVE LIVED
FOR THE PEOPLE—
THE MOST FOR THE MOST UNHAPPY;
AND THE PEOPLE, WHEN THEY KNOW IT,
WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO DIE OUT OF LOVING
REMEMBRANCE."

What can be added to such a summary?

He died, as he had lived, happy in his Master's service, and surrounded by the tokens of His love, February 25, 1862, aged 74. He had given out of his own limited means £4540 in personal charities, and £2000 in gifts of benevolence; and he was the means of raising funds to the amount of £1,043,566 13s. 1d. for the helpless and afflicted!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MOSS, VIZELLEY has written to the papers to say that his celebrated *Fortunate Horse* has not a particle of Algerine in his composition.

America appears to think the Cuban harvest is at last fit for carrying. If she fail to accomplish the work it will not be for want of *Sickles!*

BAD FOR THE RATS—The coming of the Chinese.

A GOOD TITLE FOR A BOOK.—"Will It Take?"

THE FIRST SUBJECT OF CANNIBALISM—Job, when he was boiled.

A FAVORITE GAME IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—"Old sledge" on the ice.

Should old acquaintance be forgot?—Not if they have money.

HOW BOOTH.—At the American celebration of Independence-day at Vienna, this year, a speaker, growing eloquent on the future of the country, gave a description of its boundaries given by an enthusiastic Yankee, which was as follows: "The sun rises in the Atlantic, on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the west by the Pacific, and sets in the Gulf of Mexico."

FROM A POSTMASTER.

When you call at the office for your mail, and the postmaster hands it out, ask him if he has any.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him you don't believe it.

Don't bring the mail to the office until the mail closes, then count the postage out and unlocking the mail-bag and putting your letter in.

When you want a stamp on your letter, tell the postmaster to put it on.

Be sure to ask the postmaster to credit you with stamps, and if he has any accommodations about him to let you have them.

If you have a box, stand and drum on it until the postmaster hands you your mail; but don't insist on his feed, especially if he is waiting on some one else.

"If you had avoided rum," said a rum-seller to his customer, "you would have been a rich man long ago." "And if you had never sold rum," said the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

One of our young readers in the West sends us the following letter and poem:

DEAR EDITOR,—I found out a rime on the picture in this weeks weekly entitled A Little Peacemaker. I think it is worth a trial and you will greatly oblige by publishing. I am not quite fourteen yet and I have been reading the Bible out of Byrne. Whenever I feel so inclined I get a life of Shakespeare and read a few of his productions, but I have read so often that there were pieces of arrantic in the theme of the poem, that I am afraid I am getting odious and soon even that dodge may fail. I have been reading the Bible ever ten years old and therefore I have not much education. I followed the career of Sindbad the Sailor and those other personages whose adventures are set forth in dime novels, and after reading that I plunged into science on my own book. Dipping one day into one thing and the next day into another, and here I am knowing scarcely anything and so I guess I will stop

Yours truly,

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER

Mama leading 'galint the mantle
With her face all in a pout
Pa—Ma what's the matter
Shows there's been a falling out

Lilly sitting on the carpet
Flaxen hair and blue eyes
Looks from one unto the other
With a grave surprise

Till at last she drops her Dolly
Rises with a little run
Passes Pa who tries in vain
Over the daily news to run

Catches mama's flutless fingers
Tugs away with all her might
And her baby voice of pleading
Puts an end to mama's fight

Dispersed angry feelings widely
As the wind would scatter chaff
Mother stooped and kissed her darling
Breaking in a merry laugh

Papa dropped his paper joyous
Caught sweet Lilly to his breast—
Now I'll stop, for more is useless
Let the reader guess the rest

"I say, Sam Johnsing," said Pete Gumbo, "what be you reckonin' 'bout dis yere 'lection, folks talk so much 'bout it." "Well, I doesn't exactly know, Pete," said Sam; "all my relations wot I knows on is la ole Virginny."

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY—THE DISCOVERY OF THE SIX CORPSES OF THE KINCK FAMILY IN LANGLOIS'S FIELD.—[See Page 697.]

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

No murder for many years has created an excitement so universal as the recent horrid butchery, in France, of Madame KINCK and her six children (besides an infant unborn), to whom must probably be added another victim—namely, Madame KINCK'S husband. The bodies of the mother and of five of the children—four sons and one daughter—were, on the 21st of September, accidentally discovered by a peasant in a field in the neighborhood of Pantin, a little village situated a short distance northward from Paris.

On the 22d the police had already ascertained that the deceased were the wife and children of JEAN KINCK, an engine-maker of Roubaix (a manufacturing town of the north of France), who had just left their native town in order to join their husband and father in Paris. As the latter and his eldest son, GUSTAVE KINCK, had both disappeared, it was at first supposed that they were the murderers. Certain discussions, to which money matters had given rise, in the family confirmed this suspicion; and, moreover, a mysterious young man, who had been stopping for the last ten days at a small inn near the railway-station of Pantin, had given his name as JEAN KINCK.

JEAN KINCK, the father, was possessed of a property of 80,000 francs, equal to $16,000 in gold. He had gone to Guebwiller, in Alsace, to establish a branch of his business. He was soon followed by his son GUSTAVE, a boy of about sixteen years of age, and it was settled that the entire family should shortly remove its residence to Guebwiller.

In a few days Madame KINCK sent to her husband 5500 francs by a registered letter. KINCK did not himself appear to receive this money, but the letter was called for by a young man representing himself as JEAN KINCK, but whose conduct excited suspicion, in consequence of which the letter was not given up to him. Meanwhile Madame KINCK regularly received letters from her husband, dated in Paris. These letters were not in his hand—but that was explained by an accident. In obedience, as she supposed, to her husband's request, she departed from Roubaix for Pantin, September 15.

She was ignorant of the fate which awaited her. For, instead of being about to join her husband, she was rushing into the arms of JEAN BAPTISTE TROPPMANN, his probable murderer—the young man who had attempted to obtain the registered letter at Guebwiller! She, with her children, was beguiled to the scene of the terrible tragedy about to be enacted. It was at night, and out in the solitary field the mother and the children were brutally butchered, being literally hacked to pieces by the assassin. The victims were hurriedly buried, with only a scanty covering of earth over their bodies.

The bodies first discovered did not include those of the father and son. This led to the supposition that they were the murderers. There had been some alteration between KINCK and his wife about the question of altering their residence, and this was brought forward as confirmatory of the husband's guilt. A story was framed out of the merest fantsy: JEAN KINCK was jealous, and had murdered his wife on account of some illicit amour.

While these conjectures were rife, TROPPMANN, the real assassin, was discovered. It was at Havre. TROPPMANN was taking his beer at a sailor's drinking saloon, No. 97 Rue Royale, when a marine gendarme, named FERRAND, who was going his rounds at 10 o'clock P.M. to drive tardy sailors on board their ships, saw him, and, from the descriptions he had received of the supposed Pantin murderer, suspected him, and took him to the police station. The two went out together and walked along the Rue Royale and the Quai aux Casernes. Presently FERRAND asked his quasi prisoner what was his name. "Wandergenburque," at least that is the nearest

THE VICTIMS OF THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY—STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE ASSASSIN TROPPMANN AND THE CALKER IN THE HAVRE BASIN.

spelling that can be made out. FERRAND ol- served that it was a queer name, and asked him if it was really true that he had no papers. "Yes," he said, "I have some letters in Ger- man," showing them. FERRAND was by no means satisfied with the German letters, and said he should have to take him before the Pre- fecture Imperial, at the mention of which hone- rable functionary TROPMANN turned deadly pale. Something in this manner but conversational examination, FERRAND said: "You say you come for Mann, in Bourbon-street. What is your busi- ness—what is your trade?" "At Roubaix." "And where are you last from?" "Paris." The three men to whom Roubaix, Paris, were a revela- words, mechanic, Roubaix, Paris, were a revela- tion to the police. Instead of keeping his own counsel till he had his man in safe custody, he could not resist the temptation of giving a hint for more in the direction of the dock, where the man mounted HUTCHEL, who had already saved four lives, plunged into the water, and after a violent struggle—for TROPMANN did his best to drown himself and double HADGEL—the mur- derer was brought near enough to a boat to be pulled on board by FERRAND alive.

TROPMANN being taken to Paris and to the Morgue, was shown the bodies of Madame KINCK and her children, laid out in their coffin- slabs, and he was asked if he recognized them.

"The prisoner," says the account in the Gau- *lois*, "looked a few steps along the corridor, and, with a *sang froid* no one present exhibited said, without moving a muscle of his face or faltering in his tone, as he pointed with his finger to each of the dead bodies, 'That is Madame KINCK; that is EMILIE; that is HENRY; that is ALFRED.' He said it as coolly as that is little MARY." TROPP- MANN finally admitted that he was an accom- plice in the murder, but claimed that he was only an instrument in the hands of the KINCKS, father and son. On the subsequent Sunday about 30,000 persons were attracted by curios- ity to the spot of blood at Pantin, and in the course of the day the remains of Gustave KINCK were discovered. There were very fair- entitled that he had been murdered at about the same time as the others. This discovery dis- proved the truth of TROPPMANN'S story. It is supposed that it was KINCK, the father, had also been murdered by TROPFMANN, being the first victim.

This tragedy has occasioned the greatest ex- citement. *Figaro* claims to have had an in- creased circulation of 30,000, on account of its detailed publication of all the incidents of the murder.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT AND NIECE.

IN the first shock of amazement at the calam- ity which had overtaken the family at the vica- rage, none of those who participated in it had had room in their hearts for the entertainment of any minor sensation of surprise.

But it was not very long—not many days, that is to say—before Lady Tallis, or, as her proper title now ran, Lady Tallis Gelo, began to won- der how Mr. Lovincourt had discovered her whereabouts, and to question Maud on the sub- ject.

The latter had been very ill during the first days of her stay in London. Grief and anxiety alone would not have prostrated the youthful vigor of her frame. But so many hours of emo- tions preceding a long night-journey, and so over- whelming a shock awaiting at the close of the journey—a shock to great need of which she had stricken down the young girl, and laid her on a bed of sickness.

Her aunt had her own delicacy of health and inert habits to tend Maud. She would scarcely allow a servant to come near the suffering girl, but waited on her day and night with tender care.

In spite of the terrible circumstances which had brought Maud to London, in spite of the dreadful discovery that the man who had been guilty of the murders of Veronica, and Lucy- ne the husband who had wrought, outraged, and finally abandoned herself, it would not be too much to say that Hilda Tallis enjoyed the first moments of happiness she had known dur- ing many weary years by the bedside of her sis- ter's child.

It was sweet to feel that there was some one bound by the ties of blood to feel kindly toward her. It was still sweeter to find a being who— at least for a time—depended upon *her* for love, and care, and tenderness.

The poor lonely wife, in the first days of the discovery that her husband had ceased to feel for her even such love as can be inspired by a fair face, had longed with all her heart for a child.

The conduct of Sir John Tallis, which had gone on deepening through every shade, from gray indifference down to absolutely black bru- tality, had effectually quenched whatever germ of regard for him poor Hilda might once have cherished. But for some time she clung to the idea that he would be kinder to her if there were any prospect of her bringing him an heir. She was the kind of woman who would probably have loved her children better than her husband, even had that husband been good and affectionate.

She would have enjoyed superintending the government of a nursery, and have craved for no other compensation than that of her pret- ty little babies.

The dependency of sickness made Maud ap- pear almost like a child in her arms. Lady Tallis herself was more than needful devo- tion. She was jealous of any person save her- self approaching Maud's sick-room, or supplying her demands. And had Maud been the most fretful and imperious of invalids, instead of be- ing a gentle, thoroughly patient and self-con- trolled, Lady Tallis would have joyfully indulged her in every whim.

In a few days, however, the illness passed away, and Maud insisted on rising although Lady Tallis declared that she ought not to leave her bed for at least another week.

The vicar remained in London until Maud's health was re-established. He lingered about the house in a lower room, hiding, and would seldom consent to enter Lady Tallis's quar- ments; but he informed himself daily of his ward's condition.

At length, after rather more than a fortnight's sojourn in London, he returned to Yorkshire.

"It is painful to go back," said he, in his farewell interview with Maud.

"Must you go, Uncle Jasper?" she asked, her eyes brimming with tears, which she kept from falling by a strong effort of will.

"Must I go? Yes, I must give up the vicar- age. I can not exist without it. I can not af- ford to pay another man to do my duty there, and presume enough to live in Hugh's pla ce off the evil day a while longer. But to what purpose? The sight of the place—the very name of the place—is loathsome to me. But what can I do?"

"I wish I could help you."

"You can not help me, Maudie. No one can help me."

Then Maud asked a timid faltering question, finding her and trembling away her hand as she spoke. Had he heard any tidings of—of the fugitives?

She would not see his face, but his voice was very stern and deep as he answered her. They had gone abroad together, he had learned. Gone to Italy. It mattered nothing to what place. *She* was dead to him henceforward. Maud must mention her name no more. He had answered her question, but she must not venture to ever to speak to him of his lost daughter more.

"I can not promise it, dear Uncle Charles," said Maud, no longer able to restrain her tears.

"Hush! Do not you separate yourself from me too!"

"No, no! I shall always love you, and be grateful to you. But I—I *can not* make that promise. Some day you might be glad yourself that I did not make it."

Mr. Levincourt rose. "Good-by, Maud," he said, solemnly. "The time is coming near for my departure. I have but a couple of hours be- fore leaving London."

He was cold and chilled the door.

She heard his footsteps descending the stairs slowly and heavily. He paused, came back, and re-entering the room which she was silently weeping, took her in his arms and kissed her forehead. She clung to him, sobbing: "Oh, dear Uncle, what misery you have made your- self coming back. You are not angry with me, dear Uncle Charles?"

"No, no, not angry—never angry with thee, my sweet childie. God bless thee, Maud! God forever bless thee!"

"You will write to me, Uncle Charles, will you not?"

"I—perhaps—well, well, I *will* write you."

"And I may come and stay with you again some day? If even it is but for a time, I may come? You will be so lonely!" she added, with a passionate burst of tears.

"Heaven knows, my child! It may be that some days—Good-by, Maud. God Almighty bless and guard you forever!"

Then he went away.

Lady Tallis's conversations in her behavior to her niece were all kindness, but it often happened that she inflicted pain from want of judgment. On the evening of the day on which Mr. Lovincourt interview took place Lady Tallis's garrulity was grateful to Maud's feelings. So long as her aunt could talk on indifferent subjects, and let her listen in silence, or at most with the occasional contribution of a monosyllable, the young girl was able to retain a composure and quietude that were soothing to mind and body.

Lady Tallis's conversation rambled on dis- cursively from topic to topic. She talked of scenes familiar to her own childhood, and of persons who died before Maud was born, as though the latter must necessarily be thoroughly acquainted with what *she* knew so well.

All at once she bird down her work, and ex- claimed: "Oh, by-the-by, Maud, since I spoke last thing I *particularly* wanted to say to ye, and I have never said it yet!"

Maud was beginning to understand that her aunt's emphasis was by no means always pro- portioned to the importance of that which she had to say: at least as far as she (Maud) could judge of the relative amount of importance that Maud fairly be attributed to Lady Tallis's speech- es. She was, therefore, less startled than she might have been a fortnight earlier by her aunt's impressive announcement.

"What is it that you wanted to say, Aunt Hilda?"

"Why, my goodness, my darling child, I won- der how in the world I never asked the question before! It has been in my mind *hundreds* of times!"

Maud waited patiently, with an attentive face.

"How in the world did you and Mr. Levin- court find out that I was living here? Dye know, my dear, I am perfectly astonished to remember that I was not *more* astonished at the time! Can ye understand that state of mind? I was all upset by such a sudden, unex- pected kind of thing altogether, that I suppose a little wonder more or less didn't make much dif- ference?"

"Our coming straight to the place where you lived was a mere chance, Aunt Hilda. We came here merely for rest, and not a very strong one, that we might stay near Delaney and Mrs. Lockwood. And even then we should not have found you out but that Uncle Charles's card been carried up to Mrs. Lockwood with an in- quiry for Lady Tallis written on it. Otherwise, for you are now Lady Gelo, we should have mi-sed you, though you were so close to us. But Mrs. Lockwood knew at once that you were the person we were asking for."

"And did ye know Mrs. Lockwood? Why, now, just imagine how never mentioning to me in the most distant manner that she had the smallest acquaintance with any of the family! I declare it is most provoking, and that the first time I have spoken to her of my niece! For, my darling, I needn't say that if we have been separated all these years it has not been from any indiffer- ence on my part!"

Maud explained that she had never been seen or known by Mrs. Lockwood, but that she had met her son at a country house; and that the name was spoken of Lady Tallis, and of the manner in which he and his mother had made her lady- ship's acquaintance.

"It's all perfectly true, my dear, very ylike, ble of it!" said Lady Tallis, with as much so- lemnity of corroboration as though Maud had expressed the gravest doubts of Mr. Hugh Lock- wood's veracity.

"Yes, aunt; I did not feel any doubt of that," she answered.

"No, ye need not, child. An exceeding anni- able and gentleman-like young man he is. And his mother is a delightful person. I called on her accordingly, when I came to live in Lon- don. I was staying in a boarding-house; and that's what I would never advise any one I care for to do that ever they had to live! Oh, the upon my honor and word, the dreariness and misery of the boarding-houses I have been in- duced to patronize! I thought I would find something like society, but, oh dear me! the people you have to put up with are something to make one shudder, that wasn't what I was going to tell ye. Well, I asked Mrs. Lockwood did she happen to know of any respectable lodg- ings in her neighborhood. For I was resolved to get quit of boarding-houses altogether. And I behind it that a friend of some business-man- that would say a kind word to me once a month or so; for, indeed, child, I was *very* lonely."

"Poor Aunt Hilda!" whispered Maud, strok- ing Lady Tallis's thin hand.

"Oh, indeed ye may say 'rich Aunt Hilda,' now I have Mary Anne. Here, let me put this foot-stool under your feet. Nonsense, child, about 'troubling myself.' You're not half as strong yet as ye think yourself, Miss Fever! Well, so inst fancy my delight when she said that she would be very glad to let the first-floor of her own house, and that I need not go near! My dear, I *jumped* at it. And here I am, and extremely comfortable it is. And *cheap*. For you know, my dear child, that I have not an absurdity about of money. Sometimes I have much ado to get any at all. Well, there, then, we won't say any more about that matter. But ye'll like Mrs. Lockwood—oh indeed ye will!"

"Is she—I mean is her son at all like her?"

"Not the smallest bit in the world," rejoined Lady Tallis, with a sort of almost triumphant emphasis. "Not one atom. I never, in the whole course of things, saw a mother and son more *entirely* unlike each other."

"Oh!"

"Entirely unlike each other. Why, now, the young man—Hugh—is a strapping handsome young fellow as you'll be likely to meet in a long summer's day. Isn't he?"

"Oh yes."

"Well? Upon my honor, you don't seem more than half to agree with me. But I can tell you that if you don't think Hugh Lockwood a remarkably handsome, you are more than fas- tidious than the girls used to be in my time. It may be true that he hasn't quite the grand air, and all your notions of a Duchess's son or your grandpapa you may object to that. Hugh certainly is tant soit peu bourgeois."

"Oh, I think Mr. Lockwood is—is all thought of Lowater House—that Mr. Lockwood was thor- oughly a gentleman."

"Well, I'm delighted to hear it. I fancied you were turning up your nose at him a little. How flushed you are, child! Let me feel your forehead. No, I don't see any appearance of fever. And now the color is fading away again. I shall send you to bed at nine o'clock—not a moment later."

"Very well, Aunt Hilda. But you were say- ing—that—that Mrs. Lockwood—"

"Oh, to be sure. Yes, let me see. Mrs. Lockwood— Oh, now I have it! I was say- ing that she is so unlike her son, wasn't I? Well she is. He is, as I said, a strapping, ro- bust-looking creature. I suppose he inherits his burliness from his peasant ancestors. His father's father, you know, was— Ah! you *do* know all about it? Yes—quite rustics. And though is not in the least ashamed of his grand- father."

"Ashamed! Why should he be ashamed?"

"Well, my dear, if you come to that, why should we be proud of our ancestors? Upon my word, *I* don't know. Still, there is a kind of feeling. However, Hugh is too manly and up- right for any mean pretensions, and I quite re- spect him for it. But as to his mother, she is the tiniest fairy of a woman you ever saw in all your days. She really is more like one of the 'good people' that our old nurse at Delaney used to tell us about than any thing else—in size, I mean—for there is nothing fairy-like about her. Ah!"

"I am sure to like her for her kindness to you, Aunt Hilda."

"Indeed, she is very kind. And so thought- ful! and has such good manners! She came over to see me the day after I was in bed, and inquired about you. But she never intrudes. But I thought of asking her to take tea with us quiet- ly some evening, if you don't mind. The new her son is not at home she is lonely too. And before I had you, Maudie, I was very glad of Mrs. Lockwood's company."

Maud, of course, begged that her aunt would invite Mrs. Lockwood as often as she chose. But in truth she shrank from that as from a stranger. There was no hour of the day when Veronica was absent from her thoughts. There had been no separation for the twelve hour that had fallen. She had bade Veronica fare- well that night at Lowater House with no faint- est foreboden of what was to follow. The tormented herself sometimes with the idea that if she (Maud) had returned to the vicarage and remained with Veronica she would never have happened. There were moments when she longed, with a painfully intense longing, to set forth to follow her unhappy girl to Italy, and bring her back, and soothe and cherish her, and shelter her among them again. She could not understand how her guardian should abandon his daughter without an effort. Then the doubt arose whether Veronica herself would consent to return.

"If I could go to her, see her, and persuade her, she would come back; she would!" was the dreadful man. She can not care for him—"

So ran her thoughts. And then the remem- brance would arise that this a sudden love, that the man was the husband of her mother's sis- ter; and she would hide her face in her trem- bling hands, and shudder with a confused sensa- tion of terror.

She was spared the spectacle of any acute suf- fering on the part of her aunt.

Lady Tallis made to pretensions to outraged wifely affection. All such sentiment had been killed in her long before. Had she been a less curious phase of feeling—the last faint protest of her trampled self-respect—the one drop of blood that remained to show that she had once had a heart Veronica with something as near rancor as could be entertained by a character so flavor- less, meek, and weak.

Maud shrank with instinctive delicacy from any mention of Veronica to the wife of Sir John Tallis. But her aunt was under no restraint of the vicar's daughter on one or two occasions; and had mentioned her in terms that caused Maud the most exquisite pain. The confusion of the latter to all concerned in this misery and shame were peculiarly complicated and delicate. And the unvarying gulf strove to heal her grief. Maud's was still the same nature which had caused Mrs. Levincourt to characterize her as a "child of nothing," when she had suppressed her childish tears at sight of the strange faces in her new home. Mrs. Levincourt never knew that they in the little crib had been wetted that first night with bitter, but silent tears. Maud could bear the pain of her wound, but she could not bear that it should be ap- proached by a coarse or unsympathizing touch.

For all these reasons, and from the knowl- edge, specially acquired, that her aunt was too entirely devoid of dignity to be reticent upon any subject which interested her deeply, Maud looked forward with nervous dread to the introduction of Mrs. Lockwood into Lady Tal- lis's drawing-room.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOCKWOODS.

ZILLAH LOCKWOOD was a very remarkable- looking woman. It was not merely the small- ness of her stature that made her so. She was, as Lady Tallis had said, extremely fragile and spare like, but very delicate, with slender hands and feet, and an upright straight figure. But this small, frail creature conveyed an almost startling impression of power and authority. Maud looked forward with nervous dread to the introduction of Mrs. Lockwood into Lady Tal- lis's drawing-room.

Those who remembered Zillah Lockwood in her youth declared that she had been enchant- ingly pretty. It was not difficult to believe she had ever been so, in the strict sense of the word. There could be no doubt, however, that she was most attractive in appearance at attrac- tive face. And it was perhaps even more gener- ally attractive at fifty years of age than it had been at twenty. Her hair, of a pale gray of ing hair, soft, fine, and carefully dressed. Her fore- head was low and broad; her eyes dark and black and sparkling, but their lids were discolored, and there was a failed. Many look about the whole setting and surrounding of her eyes that contrast- ed with the fresh, delicate paleness of the rest of her complexion.

"Crying spoils the eyes. Years ago I cried, almost incessantly, for six weeks," she once said, quietly, to one who remarked this peculiarity of her face. "I was told that I was told me that I was risk- ing total loss of sight. So then I got frightened, and left off weeping—with my eyes."

Her jaw was slightly what is called underhung, and when the lips met and closed firmly (as they habitually did when her face was in repose) this peculiarity gave an expression of singular resolution to her mouth. It looked as though it were forcibly compressed by a special effort of her will. The upper lip was thin and straight. When she spoke, she showed two perfect ranges of small sharp teeth.

Her whole person was pervaded by an air of scrupulous and dainty neatness. Her hands were black, and her head was adorned, not covered, by a white muslin cap, whose crisply-frilled border of tulle rose like a nimbus above her face. The collar at her throat and the cuffs at her wrists were of plain linen in the morning, of lace in the evening, and in either case were guiltless of soil or stain.

"How she does it in this smoky London is more than I can conceive!" would poor Lady Tallis exclaim, casting a pathetic glance on her own dingy and crumpled garments. But her ladyship was one of those unfortunate persons for whose clothes dust and smoke and stains seem to have a mysterious attraction. "Sends" them on her collar, and settled there fondly. Dust eddied round her in suffocating clouds whenever she ventured into the streets, or else she found herself wading ankle-deep in mud. Gravy splashed itself over her sleeves at dinner; ink pervaded her person when she wrote a letter; and the grease from lamp or candle dropped on her silk garment with a frequency which almost seemed to argue conscious malice.

The first impression which Maud Desmond derived from Mrs. Lockwood's appearance and manner was a sense of relief.

She had half expected a vulgar, bustling, good-natured, noisy woman. Maud had gained sufficient knowledge of Lady Tallis to be aware that her perceptions were not acute, nor her taste refined. Indeed Maud, in pondering upon her aunt's character, was frequently forced to face with problems, the pursuit of which would have led her into deeper speculations than she contemplated engaging. Why was Mr. Lockman, gently born and bred, endowed with blunter sensibilities, duller brains, coarser—yes, truly coarser—manners than the poor widow of a humble artist, who sprang from mean obscurity and eked out her living as a letter of lodgings? And of the two sons, Hilda and Clive Delaney, had one been a refined, graceful, elegant gentlewoman, and the other—which a woman is Lady Tallis? Maud remembered her mother, and contrasted her bearing and manners with Lady Tallis's. Miss Desmond presented herself as a woman to be kind, thoughtful, and well-mannered, those persons who knew the speaker would have expected the object of her speech to be one whose society might be pleasant to the most fastidious. But when Hilda Tallis used the same phrases, Maud perfectly understood that they must be accepted with due reservations.

Her first sensation on meeting Mrs. Lockwood was, therefore, that she had been mistaken, a sense of relief. It was soon evident that there was no room for Mrs. Lockwood's failing in discrimination or taste.

"You met my son at Lowater House, Miss Desmond?" said Mrs. Lockwood, stitching away with undiminished vigor at the bed of a little chief. She had been drinking tea with Lady Tallis, and had seen Maud for the first time that evening.

"Yes. Mr. Lockwood was staying there at the same time with myself."

"Captain Sheardown has always been very kind to Hugh. His father, Admiral Sheardown, was my husband's earliest friend and patron. The admiral had a great taste for art."

"So had poor papa!" exclaimed Lady Tallis. "I remember Clara—your dear mother, my sister—had a very good taste for flower painting. And papa had a master from Dublin to stay in the house nearly the whole of the summer that Clara came out. My brother James and I couldn't *endure* him! Sure he was the snuffiest old wretch that ever lived. He would plague his life out by hiding his snuff-box."

"I expect Hugh bore most week," pursued Mrs. Lockwood calmly.

"And, indeed, I will be delighted to see him again," said her ladyship. "He is a pearl of young men."

"I don't know about being a pearl," said Mrs. Lockwood; "but Hugh is a good son.. I think he is on the whole a good man."

"Of course he is! Why wouldn't he be? Hugh is an excellent creature."

"It is a high encomium to make. In all my life I have only met with two good men."

"Well now, on my honor, I do believe there are a great many good men in the world—if one only knew where to find them!" said Lady Tallis. Then she added, "As for you, you ought to go down to Lowater House, and thank Heaven for such a son as Hugh. Oh, if I had only had a boy like that I'd have doted on him!"

Her last sentence possible smile flitted over Mrs. Lockwood's face. She kept her eyes fixed on her work, as she answered, "I have a sneaking kindness for Hugh myself. But he has his faults."

"I don't believe he has a fault in the world!" protested Lady Tallis, energetically.

"I can assure you that he has, though! Among others, extraordinary. Hugh is very obstinate. Ask Miss Desmond if she did not get the impression that my son has a strong will of his own."

Maud had been listening silently to the talk of the two elder women, and had been watching Mrs. Lockwood's face with an intentness that would have been ill-mannered had it not been for the fact that the latter kept her head cast down on her work, and so was unconscious of the young girl's close observation. Maud was a little disconcerted when the heavy dark lids were suddenly raised, and the bright eyes beneath them were fixed upon her face.

"Oh, I—I don't know," she said. "I suppose a man ought to have a strong will."

"And a woman—?

"Oh, a woman," interrupted Lady Tallis, "must just make up her mind to have no will at all! You must fight and struggle, but a man is always the strongest, as bout du compte! And as he has all the power, I don't see what use her self can be to her."

"Is that your philosophy, Miss Desmond?"

"Oh, I? I don't think I have any philosophy," answered Maud, simply.

"At all events, rightly or wrongly, my son is obstinate, and he wishes me to take a step that I think ought to be deferred yet a while. He is dying to set up on his own account, as the phrase goes. Digby and Long, with whom he was articled, have offered to keep him in their office on advantageous terms, for a couple of years. At the end of that time he will be in full practice. I might hankers after the two in the bush. We shall see. I am afraid Captain Sheardown's councils have confirmed Hugh in his desire. My son writes me that several of his father's old friends in the neighborhood of Shipley and Danecester have been encouraging him to make a start in practice, and have been promising him all sorts of things. Hugh is only twenty-four years old; and he begins to see most of what is said to him."

"I am quite sure," said Maud, with some warmth, "that Captain Sheardown would say nothing that he did not mean."

"Doubtless. But promises impossible of fulfilment are made with the most perfect sincerity every day."

After a little more desultory chat Mrs. Lockwood folded up her work, and went away, saying that she would see Miss Desmond to go to rest: and that she would prepare with her own hand a basin of arrow-root for Lady Tallis, who, in Hilda, was not looking strong, she said.

"My arrow-root is excellent, I assure you," said Mrs. Lockwood to Maud, "I have a receipt for it, and a certificate. I am a very fair cook, am I not, my lady?"

"Indeed, I don't know the thing you can not do, if you try!" said Lady Tallis, enthusiastically. And, when Mrs. Lockwood was gone, she descended to Maud on the subject of Hilda's good qualities in a strain of unmixed eulogy.

"Now, are you not enchanted with her?" she asked of her niece.

"I—yes; I like her very much. She is very clever, I think."

"Oh, clever's no word for it. She is an extraordinary little creature; quite extraordinary. You don't know all that's in that head of hers yet, I dare say, Maud."

"I should imagine that she has known much sorrow and trouble," said Maud, musingly. "I wonder what her history is?"

"Oh, as to that," rejoined her ladyship, to whom the suggestion appeared to be a new one, "I will ask her to-morrow. I'll tell you all she and Hugh have quite humble people."

"But, aunt, she has evidently received a good education, and she has the manners of a lady, moreover. Did you not notice her voice, her mode of speech? Both took that lay on the table, how admirably she pronounced it?"

"My dear child, for that matter, we had a dancing-mistress once who spoke French beautifully! And she was quite an ignorant person. Her father was a Parisian refugee, and she could not be called herself Mademoiselle de Something or other. I forget the name now. Any way, Mrs. Lockwood is very superior to *her*!"

The incoherence of these remarks, and the impossibility of conjecturing what it was they intended to prove, silenced Maud.

Presently Lady Tallis exclaimed, in a sudden, pouncing way, which her delicacy alone prevented from being startling, "Maud, my dear, I haven't told me yet how you like my little Queen of the Fairies!"

"Yes, aunt, I said that I liked Mrs. Lockwood very much: only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, it seems rather a pity that she should take such a gloomy view of things, does it not?"

"Gloomy? Now upon my word and honor a wonderfully little creature! I never saw or heard of! That is *my* notion, my dear girl."

"Gloomy is not the right word, either."

"Very much the right word, *I* should say."

"Yes; but what I mean is, that—that— It is rather difficult to explain. Mrs. Lockwood is very clever, and it is not because she finds things to be good, Aunt Hilda."

"Well, then, all the more credit to her for being cheerful."

"I think she would be more likely to be credited of an evil report than of cheerfulness, if because she is ill-natured, but because she *expects* evil to happen, and thinks it likely. I am sure that she must have had some great trouble in her life."

At the beginning of the following week Hugh Lockwood returned home.

He had, of course, already learned from his mother the fact that Lady Tallis and her niece were inmates of the house in Lamb's Court.

He was able to inform his mother of many particulars of the blow which had fallen on the family at the vineyard. The whole country was ringing with the story. Hugh had heard it discussed in all sorts of tones, by all sorts of people.

A great number were inclined to blame Mr. Levincourt severely for having been culpably negligent in regard to his daughter's association with a man like Sir John Gale. On the other hand, many persons (especially matrons of Mrs. Beggs's stamp) declared that belts and hats would not have sufficed to keep Veronica Levincourt in respectable obscurity; that they had always known, always seen, always prophesied, how it would end; that the girl's vanity and coquetry had long made them cautious of permitting her to associate with their daughters; and that it was all very well to blame the man—of course he was a wretch! no doubt of it!—but he must have been regularly hunted down, you know, by that artful, abandoned, dreadful, *dreadful* girl!

"There is nothing so cruel as the cruelty of one woman to another!" said Hugh, after recounting some of the things he had overheard.

"Is there not?" said Mrs. Lockwood, composedly. "And Mrs. Sheardown," she pursued, after a moment's pause, "she has one among the number of the cruel?"

"No; Mrs. Sheardown could not be cruel. No, she is not cruel. But she is—even *she* is—a little hard on the girl."

"If so!" said Miss Levincourt so very hand some as they say? You have seen her?"

"Yes; I saw her at Lowater. She is strikingly handsome. I don't know that I ever saw such eyes and such coloring—"

"And not vain or coquettish, as these 'cruel women say?"

"I—well, yes, I think she is fond of admiration. But her manner was very charming."

"*That* is charming, Hugh: that love of admiration. Masculine vanity is always tickled by the implied flattery of a pretty woman's airs and graces."

"Flattery!"

"To be sure. Haughty or explicit, stately or languishing, such a coquette wants to give attention; and that flatters you. How many men, do you suppose, would have been Veronica Levincourt's victims if they had not been flattered by her?"

"Mrs. Sheardown did not care two straws whether they looked at her or not."

"Yes, Hugh, that is the most masculine vanity, I can truly say that I never in all my life saw a girl whom I should have been less likely to fall in love with than Veronica Levincourt."

"That was fortunate for you!"

"Good, kind Mrs. Sheardown thought me in some danger, I believe. She doped a week or two of warning— That man must be as black a scoundrel as ever existed!" cried Hugh, suddenly breaking off.

"Is the identity on Sir John Gale with Sir John Tallis known in Shipley?"

"Yes. It was known from your letters. But, except to the Sheardowns, I said no word of the matter. But an old woman who was staying at Dr. Beggs's—certain Betsy Cox—has wrote up to some gossip-mongering crony in London for information about Sir John Gale. And that was why I came down to Shipley."

"Of course you did not see Mr. Levincourt again?"

"No one has seen him except his own servants and little Flew, the surgeon, since his daughter's flight."

"Not even in church?"

"Oh, in church, of course, he has been seen. The Sheardowns' pew-opener said away from the Gildas the first Sunday after the vicar's return. But I was told that the rustics, who compose the majority of the congregation, behaved with more delicacy than might have been expected from them. They kept out of the vicar's way on leaving church; and those who did see him contented themselves with silently touching their hats, and passing on. By-the-way, the person who told me all this is distinctly cut up by this dreadful affair. It is a certain Mr. Flew, a surgeon, and a really good little fellow. The village gossips say that he has a second-slave of Miss Levincourt. I never saw a man look more miserable. He fought her battles tooth and nail until it became known that Sir John Gale had a wife already. Then, of course, there was no more to be said of the girl's being married to him. But, although Flew is a gentlemanly-looking little fellow you ever saw, I should not care to be in the shoes of any man who spoke an ill word of Miss Levincourt in his hearing. I said the Shipley folks understand this so well, that if a group of them are discussing the unfortunate daughter, they break off at Flew's approach as though he were her brother. He is a loyal little fellow, and I am sorry for him with all my heart."

"He must be a very uncommon sort of man," observed Mrs. Lockwood, dryly.

"Ah, mother, perhaps!" exclaimed Hugh, kissing her forehead, and looking at her half fondly, half sadly, "*our* old quarrel! I can not understand how it is that such a good woman as you are should find it so hard to believe in goodness."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SAXBY, an English naval officer, prophesied that a great flood would occur between the 5th and 6th of October, and also some time during the month of November in 1866. November is not in my prospect, but there have been floods enough in October to put Saxby among the prophets for all time. To be sure the first flood came a little before its time, and some of the others were not quite punctual, but meteorological science is not strong in exactness. Certain astronomers, also, calculated that the 8th of October would be the most unlucky Friday the 13th had known for many years, in consequence of the extraordinary attraction of the moon just about that time; but the 13th came and went, and nothing more never before approximated. But although one of the two papers from which I have taken the statement of the weather prophets, announced in a wonderful paragraph that all Broadway had been blown down, the new post-office site leveled with the ground, Central Park completely uncooked; that the high tide had almost depopulated the city, some few hundreds only being saved by clinging to Trinity steeple and the telegraph poles; that the editor himself was writing under some twenty feet of water; and that if the reader did not believe it he must ask the weather prophets—yet the people of the city, in general, was unconscious of such extreme suffering! Every body was so much rejoiced at the ample supply of Croton that they probably did not observe any special atmospheric changes. But the heavy rains and freshets of the last week threw down all records of fearful destruction throughout the country. October, 1869, will long be remembered as the date of one of the most extensive and desolating freshets ever experienced in the Eastern and Middle States.

Incidents of the great flood continue to come in from various quarters. Many small towns and villages have been almost cut off from communication with the outer world in consequence of the loss of bridges, the breaking away of highways, and the necessary suspension of travel. Large bridges have not been must singular of the many sad desolations caused by the freshet occurred in Phillips, a hitherto flourishing and beautiful town in Maine. Not only were scores of houses submerged, streets rendered impassable by black alluvial earth-work, and all the wood bridges floated away, and trees uprooted and broken to pieces, but the beautiful cemetery was completely ruined. The water swept with destructive force over it, and every stone and monument was moved from its place. Graves were washed into shallow fields; some broken; the iron fences inclosing lots were twisted into shapeless forms; and, sadder still, many of the graves were washed open, and the dead coffins in they were floated away. Some were found miles away; others have not been recovered. The body of one man who died last spring was found upon his own farm, at some distance from the cemetery. The whole neighborhood was in a state of desolation and ruin: but this invasion of the resting-place of the dead is most painful of all.

A wedding has taken place in St. John's Church, Sligo, Ireland, which created great amusement; the united ages of the couple being 191 years.

A wide and important field of inquiry is opened to the medical profession by the conflicting statements in regard to the utility of vaccination as a protection in small-pox. Many eminent men in Europe declare that the influence of vaccination upon the system is only temporary, and that the system is not protected against that dreaded disease. It is also affirmed that even when no new attack of small-pox occurs, the constitute diseases than those who have been vaccinated. On the other hand, many equally eminent physicians give their testimony from facts and from long experience, in favor of vaccination. "Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" In the mean time, until this subject is worthy the most careful consideration and investigation of the most able physicians in the world.

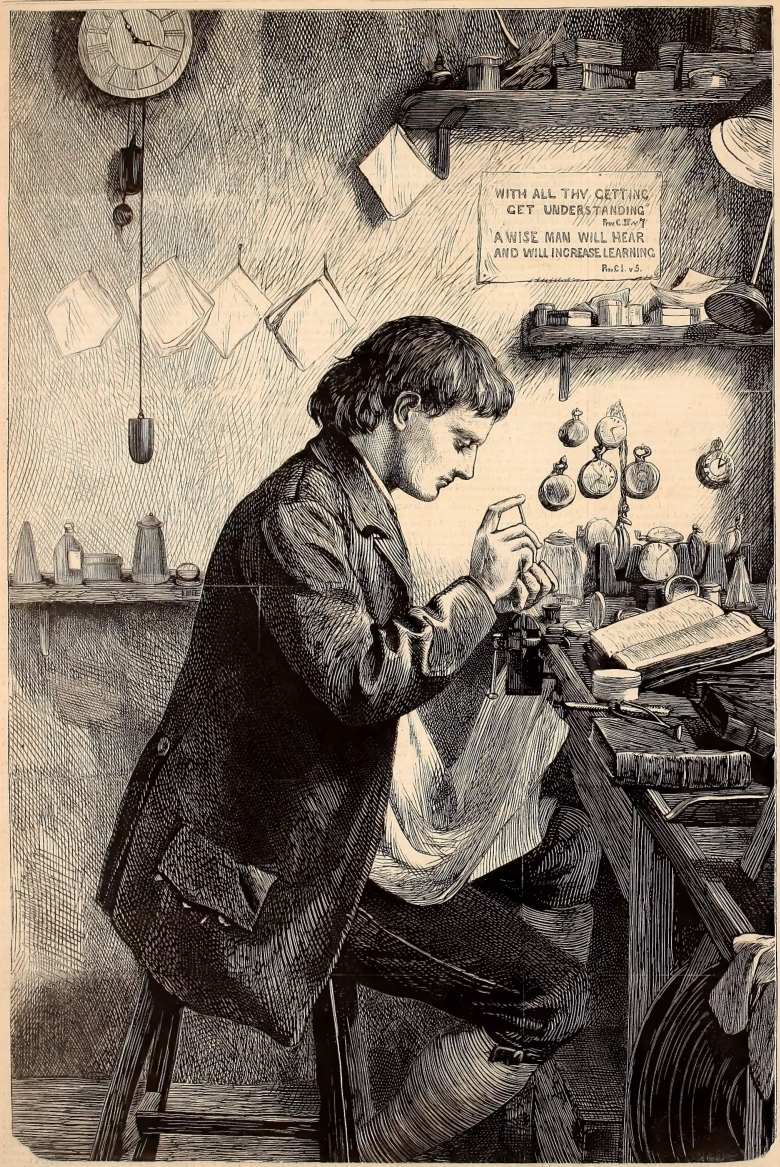
A School for Cooks has been discovered for the benefit dqôt of the Union Pacific Railroad, in Omaha. A saloon-keeper known by the name of "Billy Mack" has been in the habit of enticing boys into his saloon, giving them lunchtions in petty thieving, and purchasing from them the articles stolen. Twelve or Twelve or fifteen boys have nightly slept at his establishment.

Modern science regards insanity as merely a symptom of cerebral disease, which is quite as susceptible of medical treatment as other forms of bodily ailments. The universal opinion that the present system of charge of institutions for the insane is to the effect that when insane persons are kept only and judicious treatment from eighty to ninety per cent. will recover. In accordance with this modern view, a new hospital for the cure of the insane was lately erected near Philadelphia, the site being exceedingly beautiful, and affording magnificent views of the surrounding country. The contesting of two hundred and six acres fronting on the Hudson River, was presented to the State of New York for the ultimate site of a hospital. The work commenced on the building last in the season of 1867, ranging little more than one year. In 1868 one section of two hundred and thirty feet in length was completed; and another section over three hundred feet long will be finished next year. These two sections will accommodate about seventy-five patients, and will probably be ready for occupation in the course of a year.

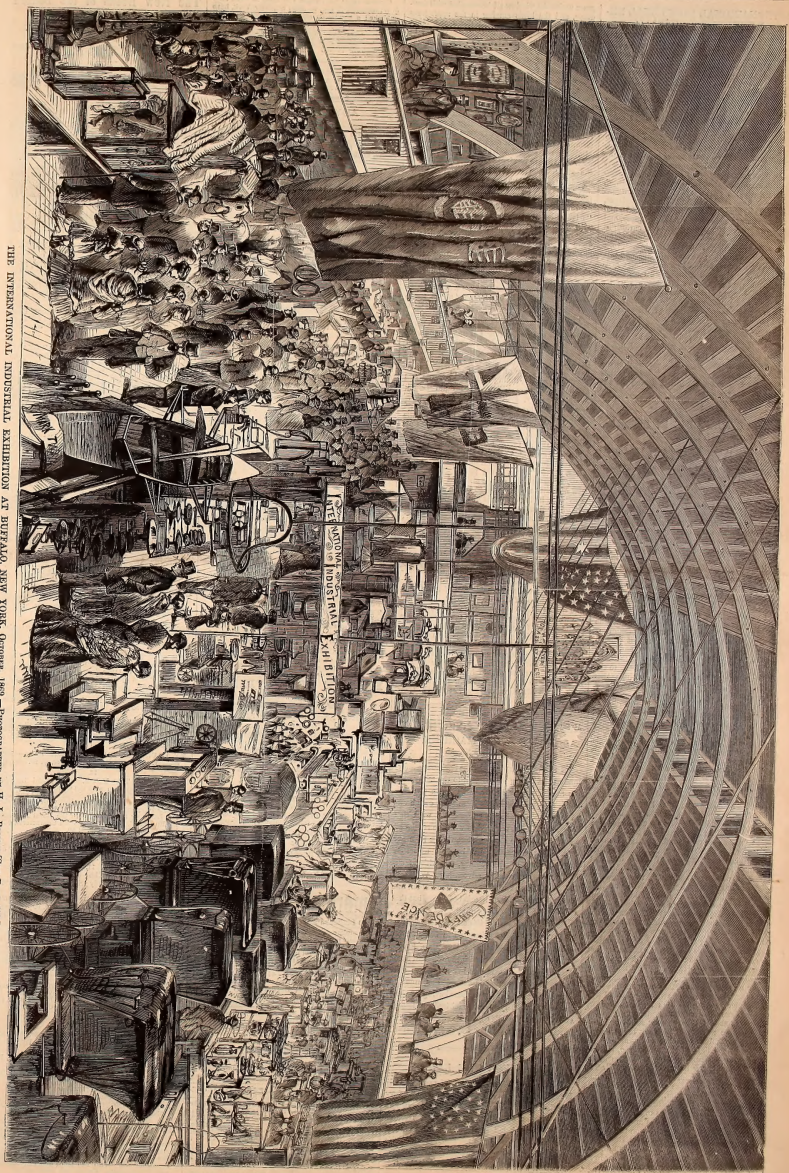
Titusville, Pennsylvania, is—if reports are true—a remarkable place. Within one week, recently, four weddings took place there; the four bridegrooms were all merchants; they did business on the same street, and occupied stores next door to each other; widowers; and last, but most least, in the aggregate they have all thirteen children.

The annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was this year held at Roxbury. Three hundred and seventy delegates are at present connected with the Board. The support of eighteen of the female missionaries has been assumed by the Woman's Board of Missions. In the Armenian missions sixty-five churches have been gathered, and are now under the care of native pastors, and sustained wholly or in part by their own people. Three hundred new members were added to these churches last year. There is a large native membership of about three thousand. The average attendance on Sabbath worship in the Armenian churches is about eleven thousand. More than one hundred young men are in training for the ministry in the seminaries at Aintoub in Marsovan, Bebek, and Harpoot. In Syria the event of the year has been the organization of the seminary for the education of a native ministry; and never has there been a brighter day in the history of the Syrian mission than the present. In India and more laborers. Eleven missionaries have gone to China within the year, and six more will soon follow. Four new stations will be established in China. The Hawaiian Missionary Board employs a missionary who is a native Hawaiian among the Chinese population of the Islands, which numbers over 1800.

Did it ever occur to you when lacing up your boot over much learn—not to take advantage of the modern—are expressed in this one fact, that the ancients wrought ornament into, or upon, what was useful, while the moderns take great pains, and apply the choicest materials, to fashion something which, though it have the form of usefulness, is never to be used, and is purely ornamental. This idea is fully exemplified when you see a drinking vessel, or a vase, end up on a bracket, a thing of beauty, except for the purpose of being shown as an ornament.



ANDREW REED, THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER.—[See Page 695.]



THE INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1869.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. L. BIRD.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO.

THE First Annual International Exhibition was opened under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute at Buffalo, October 6. The Rink, in which the exhibition was held, is 225 feet long by 100 feet wide, and, in addition to the main floor, great facilities for the exhibition of articles were afforded on the stage, and in the upper and lower galleries, which extended along the sides and ends of the building. The arrangements made evinced great taste, and the whole affair was an honor to the city of Buffalo.

The main floor was divided into five aisles. At the west end of the Rink a stage was located, being one of the most attractive portions of the interior. The exhibition included every variety of industry. There were fine specimens of photography, illuminated printing, wood engraving, electrotyping, and lithography. . . . There were sewing-machines; household furniture; carriages, clocks, and silver ware; furs, woollen goods, and dress patterns; stationery, crockery, cutlery, and glass-ware; wood and willow-ware; curiosities in hair-work and wax-work; carvings in bone, ivory, and wood; specimens of ladies' handiwork of every description; varieties of oils and artists' materials; models of new inventions; artificial limbs and dental machinery; agricultural implements; specimens of architectural work; native woods; musical instruments; upholstery; chromos and paintings; articles of verta; machinery, and, indeed, specimens of every department of human art and industry.

On the evening of October 6 the formal opening took place. The exercises commenced with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Lord, which was followed by an address from the President of the exhibition, Mr. DAVID BELL. The great object of the evening, however, was the HON. HORACE GREELEY'S address. The attendance during the exhibition was very large.

THE PICTURESQUE IN LITERATURE.

IF itself it is probable to the mass of readers a matter of very little interest to know that Dryden was very fond of wearing a black velvet coat, talked very little, but took snuff constantly, quoted much of "Egad," and was much given to anxious gesticulations in instructing the players at the rehearsals of his tragedies; and, except in so far as it refers to men distinguished in letters and politics, it can be of no interest at all to any one to know that he crooked little fingers, had naked questions, and translated the Iliad on the backs of old letters or odd scraps of paper, always kept a pencil running at his button-hole, boldly declared that if a thought or a phrase struck him in his dreams he might get up at once and make a note of it; that Ben Jonson, like Gray, had his hoards for writing, and threw down his pen and put on his hat for a walk when he had exhausted a certain vein of thought or criticism; that Buffon was wont to shave and put on clean linen when he sat down to write; that Johnson did not begin his work upon a three-legged chair; that Gibbon wrote three volumes of his history under the shade of a beautiful acacia overhanging the lake of Geneva, and that his first rough MSS. to the press without any intermediate copying; that Byron, after reading the *Edinburgh Review* on his youthful poems, sat down and drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner, took "a sheet-ful of Milton," and then relieved his soul by writing his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" that Petrarch was excessively fond of turnips, and kept so he read over the letters to Laura; that Tasso had a peculiar affection for Molmsey, and thought it favorable to poetic inspiration; or that Sheridan finished his "Critic," locked up in the manager's room of Covent Garden, with a bottle of Madeira and an old stage copy of the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal. Thrown together pell mell, in a volume of one or a packet of odd letters, these and a second very important—the mere gossip of tetatales. Yet trifles like these often possess a distinct value of their own, and, after all, if it be by the light of this little-tattle of tradition that we can make the dry bones of history live, that we can re-endow the great soldier and the great statesman with flesh and blood, reproduce Napoleon in our imagination as Sir Neil Campbell has pictured him in his cabinet at Fontainebleau, dressed in his old green uniform, with gold epaulets, blue pantaloons, and red top-boots, unshaven, unwashed, with particles of snuff scattered profusely upon his upper lip and breast, impatiently pacing the length of his apartment, and shrinking from his soul from his fate; or that we can see Lord John Russell sitting down at his desk to draw up his scheme of Parliamentary Reform at sheet of note-paper or reproduce in our mind's eye Lord Melbourne and his Cabinet discussing the Corn Laws, the state of society Prescott reading his back against the door, and carelessly putting the question to the vote, "Now, sirs, is it to be, an eight-shilling sliding scale or free trade? It does not much matter which; but, mind, we must all say alike! It is only by such little touches that we can see Lord Derby and his colleagues in St. James's Square, settling the points of their Ten Minutes' Bill; or picture a great writer to ourselves in his library, see and know him as his friends saw and knew him, look over his MSS., and chat with him over the fire; stand with Gibbon, for example, in the ruins of the Capitol, and plan the History of the Decline and Fall; stroll along Fleet Street with Dr. Johnson to the Mitre Tavern, or to the Ki-cat, to meet Burke, and Beauclerk, and Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Boswell; spend half an hour with Cowper in his "workshop" in the garden at Olney, where he wrote his letters and fabricated his verse, "the grass under the window all bespangled with dewdrops, and the birds singing in the apple-trees among the blossoms;" walk down the High Street of Edinburgh with Professor Wilson to his class-room, "with a book under his arm and a week's beard on his chin," to lecture on Moral Philosophy; or sit at that old desk in the *Morning Chronicle* office and look at Dickens as he turns out the "Sketches by Boz or "Pickwick;" or look over poor Thackeray's MSS., to copy were refused by publisher after publisher, and speculate with him whether it is worth while to try one more house or burn the MSS.; congratulate him at last on finding a publisher, laugh with him over the petty vexations of criticism, especially at that sagacious production of criticism, especially at that sagacious production of himself as the editor of Oliver Goldsmith, with a dash of Horace Walpole, and share with him the gratification of seeing the public on every drawing-room table, and in every hand.

The works of these men, of all men of genius, rank among the richest and most valuable of legacies, not of thought and culture, and through them "friendships profound and generous are formed with men long dead, and with men whom we may never see. . . . The lives of these men have quite a personal interest for us. Their homes become as familiar as our own. Their little ways and familiar phrases become endeared to us, like the little ways and phrases of our wives and children. . . . Every trifle that illustrates their character, any note that brings them nearer to us, is treasured up in our memory as we treasure up the memories of friends. Every affectation, the lock of hair and the packet of faded letters, Brougham wrangling in court all day and penning petty point of law, afterward sitting down in his chambers to write an article on Phlebotomy for the *Edinburgh*, or to smash Professor Young's theory of light, by denying the accuracy of the experiments of one of the most careful and patient of inquirers, dining at Holland House and talking till the clock "de onni scibili, French cookery, Italian poetry, and so on;" Gray writing his Elegy only by gathering and perfecting a line by line; Sheridan telling the watchman who found him under the piazzas of Covent Garden, that he was "only a little Sheridan;" Charles Lamb taking up the candle to go and examine the bumps on the head of a man who unceremoniously called on "Mr. Milton was a great poet;" Tom Hood propped up by pillows on a sick-bed to quiz his own sentiment in the Song of the Shirt; Theodore Hook laying down his knife and fork at the end of the fourth course at a Lord Mayor's dinner and offering to write a farce in a week; Bacon finishing off a chapter of the "Advancement of Learning" and taking up his diary to make an entry "to have in mind and use the Attorney-General's weakness," or "to have ever in readyness matter to minister talk with the King" and another "to have both to induce familiarity and for countenance in public places;"—what can be more characteristic of the man than this anticipation of this perception? They are like those pen-and-ink sketches of Leech, where the whole character of a man is condensed in a single stroke of the pencil. They are, in a word, biography in hieroglyphics. Even with the help of these trifles "how poor a thing is perfected" in many of the great figures of history stand out before us! Without them, where we now at least have some sense of the reality of Socrates, or even "like Ossian's ghosts in hazy twilight, with the stars dim twinkling through their forms."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE SEWING MACHINE.

(*From The Mother at Home.*)

"IS reply to numerous letters requesting information and advice with regard to the many sewing machines now in use, we gave in the July number of the 'Mother at Home' our own limited experience, and also expressed a wish that others would favor our readers with the results of a larger and more extended knowledge than our own. This suggestion has brought us letters from all parts of the country, all, without exception, enthusiastically advocating 'WILLCOX & GIBBS MACHINE.' We have room for but one out of the *multitude* of letters before us, but that expresses the general idea of all."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 671.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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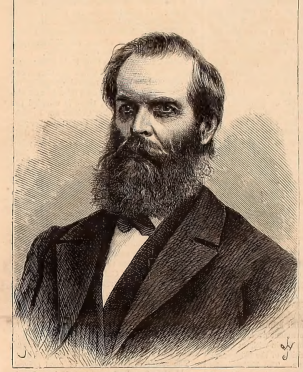


GOV. J. W. GEARY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHIL.]

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA.

THE recent elections indicate that the balance between the two parties which divide the country has not been essentially disturbed by the events of the past year. The Republican party, indeed, may be said to rest upon a firmer basis, since many who voted for General GRANT last autumn, and who then felt uncertain as to the wisdom of the choice made by their party, are now the strongest adherents of the administration. In both Ohio and Pennsylvania the elections this fall have been very close, owing to the reluctance on the part of a large class of Republicans to vote except upon important national questions.

We give on this page portraits of the Governors of these two States, who have been re-elected—JOHN W. GEARY, of Pennsylvania, and RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, of Ohio. Both of these gentlemen were distinguished in the late war; both of them entered the service at the commencement of the struggle; and, though neither of them had a West Point education, both succeeded, by energy and fidelity, in obtaining a very high rank. Governor GEARY, during his first administration of the affairs of his State, provoked great indignation among the Democrats; but, notwithstanding that fact, and although his rival in the recent canvass, Judge PACKER, was well known throughout the State as a man of strict integrity, of immense wealth, and was every where respected, yet GEARY has been re-elected by a majority of from four to five thousand.

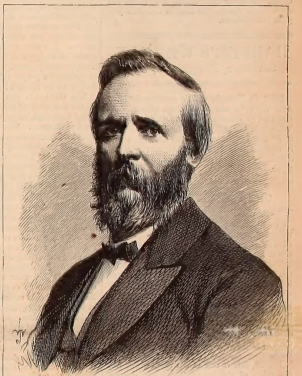
The majority for Governor HAYES is still larger in Ohio. The Democratic candidate, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, was an advocate of repudiation, and his defeat was on that account the more certain. We have laid so much stress upon the result of the late elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, because the elections in these two States have so long been regarded as important indications of the political sentiment of the whole country.

ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

THE new Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ann's, of which we give an illustration on page 700, is situated on Brooklyn Heights; it was dedicated October 21. This church association is the oldest Episcopal organization in Brooklyn. It was incorporated by the name of St. Ann's Church June 22, 1795; it had existed, however, since 1787, under the name of "The Episcopal Church of Brooklyn."

The new church, on the corner of Clinton and Livingston streets, is a master-piece of art. Messrs. RENWICK & SANDS, of New York, are the architects. Its style is what is termed the Second Pointed, which is a commingling, we believe, of the old Gothic and the Norman. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop POTTER and the Rector, Dr. SCHENCK, in May, 1867. Its dimensions are 75 feet by 126, the height from floor to roof being 90 feet. It is built of Belleville and Cleveland stone. This is the first successful attempt to interweave the Cleveland white with the Belleville brown sandstone in this style of architecture. The interior decoration is by COBB, the first polychrome painter in this country. The organ was built by HENRY ERBEN. An important feature connected with the church is its beautiful chime of eight bells.

REV. DR. N. H. SCHENCK, the present Rector of St. Ann's, is one of the foremost men in the Episcopal ministry. He preaches extemporaneously. He is a brother-in-law of the Hon. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio.



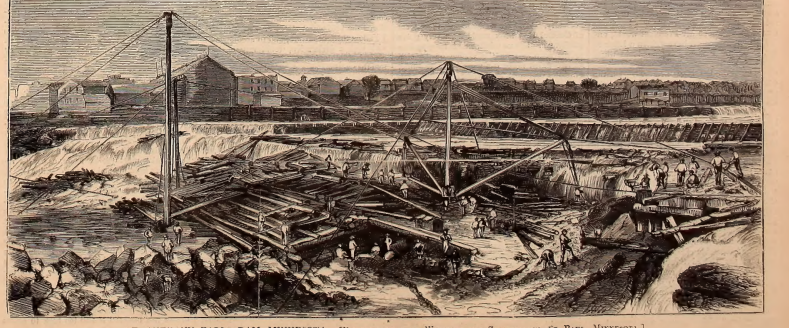
GOV. R. B. HAYES, OF OHIO.—[PHOT. BY LEON VAN LOO.]

ST. ANTHONY FALLS DAM, MINN.

OUR illustration of St. Anthony Falls shows the workmen engaged in cutting out the rock for the purpose of putting in an apron for the water to run over. This will prevent the Falls from wearing away up-stream and leaving the mills without their motive power. St. Anthony Falls is eight miles above St. Paul. The Mississippi here has a fall of about 18 feet. The University of Minnesota is established at St. Anthony. The town contains five or six churches, about twenty stores, and numerous saw-mills, besides other mills and manufactories. The population in 1860 was 3258.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

IT is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary to life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbuch, who has the reputation of being both great and learned, Professer at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all,



ST. ANTHONY FALLS DAM, MINNESOTA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITNEY AND ZIMMERMANN, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.]

as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever; but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has been lost. Professor Grunselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea; among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which he says, have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it so as to benumb it as though it had been carved in wood; he, and it were as brittle that, had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, and then restored to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is his secret. For fifteen days the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor is regarded as have sent a petition to his Government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him to treat in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish Government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposal is not known.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

☞ *In November will be commenced* "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated,* BY WILKIE COLLINS, *Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of 1870 for* $4 00.

THE PRESIDENT'S WORD.

WHEN the President's letter to Mr. BOUTWELL was published, the general feeling undoubtedly was that it was unnecessary. But, after all, it may be said that there was a quiet denial of the story so eagerly told and so skillfully insinuated of the President's complicity with the late conspiracy in Wall Street. The charge has since been openly made that he was virtually a partner in the shameful transactions of the gold clique: and it has become a question of veracity between the President and other persons of whom it may be said that their character does not above suspicion, nor their word as generally acceptable as Mr. STEWART'S bond.

Indeed, this is one of the cases which test the value of character. There are circumstances which may require an honest man to do more than admit or deny, and which may authorize him to enter into elaborate explanations. But they do not exist here. Party violence and individual unscrupulousness may assert and hint and wonder and deplore, but if General GRANT'S simple word is not enough to dispose of the matter in the minds of honest men, no evidence would avail. General GRANT has been in full view of his countrymen for the last seven years. His character is certainly as simple as his services are great. Incessantly and malignantly slandered, as every candidate for the Presidency and every President must be, deliberately falsehood has not been spared upon him, although it was implied by ANDREW JOHNSON, whom the country thoroughly understands, that intimacy, and therefore approval of appearances, General GRANT is the very man not to consider the interpretation that hostility and malice may place upon the most innocent action. Mr. VAN BUREN, the most accomplished of politicians, would certainly not have made a summer tour like President GRANT'S, and no other President would, under the circumstances, have written a letter to Mr. BONNER. But we have no doubt whatever that the popular confidence in the President is not in the least disturbed. On the contrary, General GRANT is stronger in the popular heart to-day than at any time since his election.

A ring of gold gamblers now virtually call him a liar. Such an allegation from such persons affects the President's good name as much as an insult offered to a lady in Rotten Row by a group of rowdies at a corner, and no more. The Ring may multiply apparent corroborations, they may swear their cry, the newspapers may deprecate and declaim, and announce that "this is a most damaging array of facts, if the allegations are to be accepted as true;" they may call it a "terrible counter defense" that the President's word. Defense against what? Against a charge made by persons whose word has no weight whatever with the great mass of intelligent and reputable citizens, that, being President of the United States, General GRANT used his knowledge and employed his official authority to make money in a conspiracy. What success could be so sweet to the conspirators as that the President should attempt a "better defense" than his word in support of such an assertion? WASHINGTON was accused of debauching the public conscience. His country believed it just as much as it believes that GRANT was an accomplice in the late gold conspiracy, whose designs he is known to have frustrated.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION AT HAND.

GENERAL SIGEL made a speech at Albany last week amidst great enthusiasm. In direct and resolute decision he declared for the part he should play which it is the great object of the Republican party to secure. "If a man may be denied the right of voting because he is black, I may be deprived of the same right because I am a German." "The laws must be made without distinction of color, race, or religion." "The true American citizen must not take the character of a Yankee or a Frenchman, of an Irishman or a German; but will unite the power of the American, the energy of the French, the activity of the Celt, the steadiness of the Teuton. The party that adopts these ideas, whether Republican or Democratic, is my party." As for the financial question, the General declared that honesty is the best policy. The new Constitution of the State should be adopted, if for no other reason than that it equalizes the suffrage, and removes the property qualification. The hero of Pea Ridge is not accustomed to dodge, and he spoke plainly of the Temperance question. "I do not consider intemperance a proper subject for legislation: it had better be reached by reformatory means."

The election is now close at hand. As in all the canvass of the year following the national campaign, there has not been much outward excitement. The Republicans have nominated representative men. Besides SIGEL and GREELEY for Secretary of State and Controller, MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, the candidate for Attorney-General, is known through the State and beyond it as one of the most honorable of Republicans; a lawyer of great ability, experience, and success; an orator of inspiring vigor and humor; a man of unblemished life and unbroken energy, and of spotless character. Undoubtedly the character of the candidates, with the emphatic success of the party in Ohio and Pennsylvania, seem to assure the State to the most stimulating effect upon our friends in the State; and although a party which was defeated last year must be in struggling order, we would assume no one if the Republicans of New York should resume control of the State, in which beyond question they are a majority of the last Legislature.

The unchanged and unchangeable character of the Democratic party is shown in the renomination of the corrupt creatures of the Ring in this city has set aside Judge CLERKE, one of the ablest and most upright of Democratic judges, and has re-nominated Judge MCCUNN, whom to name is to describe. In not his nomination alone sufficient to satisfy any hesitating citizen of the spirit and policy that he sustains by voting for Democratic candidates? Of course in the city such candidates will be elected. But the power that controls the city nominated Mr. HOFFMAN, and to serve the purposes of the corrupt Democracy, as Mayor, issued the proclamation protecting frauds last year, and, as Governor, signed the Erie bill. Is it the Democracy ring that is expected to oppose corruption, and promote economy, and insist upon honesty in administration? Let those who think so vote with the ring on Tuesday.

A NECESSARY REFORM.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has thought it to be his duty to remove all his subordinates in Texas who are opposed to the election of the Republican candidate. Our sympathies and hopes in the election are certainly those of the Secretary. We have no doubt that the success of General HAMILTON would be a very great misfortune. But no misfortune is more serious to the country than the system of the civil service which make it a mere party machine. Safe and economical government is simply impossible if our present practice is to continue. The service of the country is prostituted by it to the supposed interests of a party, and the most absolute demoralization is inevitable. The Secretary, of course, may plead the traditions of a generation. He may ask whether, if the party in power insists upon honest and capable officers, it is not fair to put them in the places of those who already fill the offices, and so maintain a unity of sentiment and an harmonious support of the policy which the people have approved.

The reply to this ancient and usual remark is, that such a system necessarily leads to a disregard of honesty and capacity, and invites the officers to a kind of interest in elections which they ought not to have. Why is it desirable to change the subordinate officers of the civil service? Because they are desperate partisans. But why are they desperate partisans? Because they know that their bread and butter and the comfort of their families depend upon the success of those who will keep them in place. The Secretary of the Treasury would not find it necessary for a party purpose to move those officers if previous secretaries had not done the same thing. If the clerks in the service were not made partisans by the system they would attend quietly to the duties for which they are paid, and they and the country would be tranquil and satisfied. Is not party spirit furious enough already, that we must diligently study to exasperate it still further?

The President has not been trained as a political partisan, and he can see this subject with much more reasonable calmness than those who have been. He can see that, although ours is a government of party, there are considerations which party must respect or the common welfare be constantly imperiled. And the subject is one of such vital importance that we hope it may be recommended by him to the most careful consideration of Congress. That would commend it also to the most attentive reflection of the country. As the *Nation* truly says, the present difficulty is the public apathy and the neglect arising from the consciousness that a law on paper is of no use, and that as it would be administered by the same old politicians there would be really nothing gained. But by removing one of the great sources of corruption, a movement is made toward general political purification.

Nothing can be more than the present system, and if nobody will do any thing, it is plain that nothing will be done. But as the late memorial of Philadelphia citizens to their representatives declares: "If Democratic Republicanism be not a mistake the people must show themselves as competent to enforce the constitutional as to exercise the functions of government as a despotism can be." It is not enough that a government be powerful; the worst governments have been so. It must be wisely and faithfully guided as economy and good sense are indispensable to private success, so they must be felt to be essential to public prosperity. Undoubtedly the Secretary of the Treasury found himself perplexed by the situation in Texas. But his action, against which the *Tribune* warmly protests, will probably not only have seemed to him, but certainly show him, with all other good citizens, the imperative necessity of the reform of the Civil Service.

CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

As we write, the Spanish gun-boats are still detained, and there has been no addition to the actual public knowledge of the intentions or the Administration. An article in the *Tribune* of Monday, by its public functionary, has proposed that the gun-boats be released at the demand of the Spanish Minister, and that reasonableness of the Government declare that it can not render this aid to Spain without giving Cuba comfort by recognition of the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. The *Tribune* asks whether Spain can make exception to this theory. But what ought the United States to say upon the subject? This proposition suggests a new kind of argument which consists in balancing both sides. But, as we have before said, however unfortunate for the Cuban cause our neighborhood to the island, and consequent convenience of any such step, the recognition of belligerent rights proceeds upon very different grounds.

While the United States are at peace with Spain, the citizens or the government of that country may undoubtedly order a fleet of gunboats to be built in New York. Nor can we properly prevent their departure, unless we have proof that they are to be employed in hostilities against a nation with which we are at peace, or in a war in which we have declared our neutrality. If, therefore, the gun-boats were to serve against Peru, we could rightfully detain them. But if they were to be used in the port of Barcelona against the Cuban insurgents, we could not rightfully stop them until we had declared the belligerent rights of the insurgents. To allow their departure, and to accompany it with a declaration that we would very justly be construed by the insurgents as a mockery, and by other nations as a folly. For to recognize belligerency at a moment when we know that the assailed government has acquired fresh means of subduing the revolt is to disregard the vital facts upon which the whole system of neutrality rests.

To apply these principles to the Cuban situation, it is very plain that the duration and character of the insurrection, the extent and force of the revolutionary sentiment, and the evident power of the revolutionary government are such as to justify the recognition of belligerent rights to-day, or they are not. If they are not, how can the conditions and prospects of the revolution be so improved by the increase of the Spanish navy as to justify such recognition? But if they are, why not declare our neutrality to-day, and forbid the departure of the fleet, which was detained, as is alleged, under suspicion of another destination? If the reasons of our recognition of belligerent rights is sympathy with a people fighting for independence, we have had the reason ever since the outbreak of the Cuban revolution, and it is a reason which should be the more persuasive in the degree of the feebleness of the effort. Upon this ground, indeed, if the resources of the Cubans were such that they could only sigh and not strike for liberty, the United States ought to have delivered them. But this is to authorize the United States to interfere with the free choice in the affairs of other nations, and to invite other nations to interfere at pleasure in ours: a policy which would destroy peace and liberty and progress every where.

It seems to be assumed by the Cubans who remain at some distance from the front of the revolutionary line that the United States will be responsible if the revolution fails. The honest and rigorous enforcement of our neutrality laws they regard as a measure of malignant hostility to Cuban liberty; and there have been the bitterest denunciations of our cold, commercial, selfish spirit; of our recreancy to our own principles and forgetfulness of our own history. But a proper enforcement of laws designed for the general welfare of civilization does not show a particularly selfish policy, while the American principle has always been that they who would be free must themselves strike the blow. Nor will any intelligent friend of Cuba allege that the American revolutionary colonies were aided by France from any feeling of affection, or from any desire upon the part of a monarchy to encourage rebellion among subjects. If it be true that the colonies would not have gained their independence without the aid of France, it is none the less true that France aided the revolution without the slightest sympathy with its principles or its purpose.

Indeed, the position of the United States today is not unlike that of which an ancient can be ashamed. With a natural sympathy for those who protest against long misrule, and who strive for independence, there is mingled the consciousness that neither Cuba nor the Frenchmen nor Englishmen should expect another people to liberate them from the oppressions of their own governments; and a perfect readiness, when the chairman of the meeting of sympathy first ask the measure, to assume the risk of trouble by declaring neutrality. Meanwhile, before this appears, the United States have refused to play false with their own laws and with Spain, their ally; but have made earnest representations to Spain, looking to the end of the war and the independence of Cuba. That Spain declines to yield is not surprising. No one who has observed the Spanish character, or who is familiar with the modern method of settling such questions, could suppose that Spain would concede of its own will that Cuba was victorious in the field. It was to be presumed that Spain would demand an apology, which leaves the question of force unsettled, and require a vote, while Cuba would naturally doubt the practicability of an honest vote, and would always feel, if there were a general disarmament and an election manipulated by Spanish residents, that the United States had bound her hands and betrayed her.

The result of the "tender of good offices" would, therefore, be favorable to Cuba. For it would leave upon the Spanish mind the impression that, while the United States would honestly respect their own laws and treaties, and would not recognize Cuban belligerency until they were justified in recognition by the law and practice of nations, yet that the sympathies of the country were with Cuba. That this has been the result is unquestionable. Apparently the struggle will continue, and the United States will recognize Cuban belligerency when the facts of the situation, and not American sympathies, authorize the recognition.

TRADE—HOW IT HAS BEEN AFFECTED.

DOMESTICS and fancy dress goods have been marked down out of concession to buyers, who hesitate in their purchases, not understanding the precise effect of the late affair in Wall Street. The weak in the canals, which prevented the usual transfer of grain to the seaboard, is unfortunate, especially as the West relies upon the active movement of grain to free its staff of obligations, and make its purchase of necessaries. The stoppage of traffic on the canals tightened the money market in the West, so that money borrowed to move Western produce became due during the detention of canal-boats. Owing to the two causes trade has been much slackened, purchases are made to supply only immediate wants. When the tendency of prices is downward, country dealers prefer to wait until the full decline is realized. Hence it is that this heavy sales must yet be made, as stocks remain very light in the hands of distributors.

The policy of marking down goods at so early a period in the fall trade is very questionable. It makes a great difference whether this is done when fifty per cent. of stock remain unsold, or when only one half or less of the residue after the season is nearly over. A leading manufacturer led the way, and others followed. Sales have not been enhanced by it; on the contrary, it has been regarded as a confession of weakness, and it is taken advantage of by many purchasers. So far as concerns some descriptions of domestics, it was scarcely possible to prevent a reduction in sympathy with cotton, although the price of the raw material is still too high to afford a reasonable profit to the manufacturers of domestics.

The failure of an important house, supposed to have arisen from a demand for margins made when gold had reached a high point in the late speculations, has tended somewhat to unsettle prices, as it is not known how far into the mercantile ranks these losses, occurring in the ordinary course of business, may have reached. Importers, who buy for gold and sell for currency, find that their business generally takes more or less of speculation, except they buy gold as fast as sales are made. The house in question borrowed gold experimentally, as it would fall, and had to meet the market at an excessive rate. The complications arising from the late speculations affect almost all business in a greater or less degree. A case which has come to our knowledge illustrates this difficulty.

A commission merchant in New York, in executing a foreign order for the purchase of cotton or breadstuffs at a given limit in price, must at the time of the purchase adjust several points:

1. The price of the merchandise in currency.

2. The rate of freight to be paid in the foreign market in their currency.

3. The rate which his draft or bill of exchange on the foreign merchant can be sold, payable in gold.

4. The rate at which he can turn the gold into currency, so as to be able to pay for the cotton or breadstuffs.

Dealers in this trade, having arranged for buying what cotton or breadstuffs they account, sometimes, owing to the condition of the market, sell the gold which they expect to receive for exchange. For this purpose they ordinarily borrow it, from a broker, paying, for the time being, the currency price. Through the New York Gold Exchange Bank these operations were easily managed. If no change occurred in the market rate, there would be no difference to adjust between the borrower and lender: and if not closed, which was at the option of either party, the transaction was renewed from day to day.

On the day preceding the late panic a merchant who had bought a cargo of wheat, desiring to sell himself of the then high quotation for gold, sold through his broker, A, to another broker, B, $25,000 gold at 143. The following day B's principal, his broker, A, in order to complete the transaction, borrowed this amount of gold from a firm, C, lodging with them the currency proceeds at 143.

Owing to the great decline in gold which occurred on Friday—after its rapid advance to 160, 162½—the firm, C, with whom the current gold loan was borne embarrassed.

At this time the merchant, finding that the wheat was not equal to sample, canceled the purchase of wheat, and at the same time, to enable him to meet or deliver the $25,000 gold, purchased $15,000 at 135. Before the residue was purchased it was found that B, to whom it was to be delivered, could not pay for it, and the sale was canceled by B paying the merchant 2½ per cent. in gold.

In this stage of the business the firm, C, unable to deliver the currency, obliged the merchant to take $25,000 gold at 135, while the market price was then only 130—the firm, C, paying the merchant the difference in currency between 135 and 143—and the borrowing transaction was canceled. Thus the latter becomes the unwilling purchaser of $25,000 gold at 135, which, added to his previous purchase of $15,000 at 135, makes in all $40,000 in gold at 135, less the amount received in compromise from broker, B, which, on $25,000, reduces the cost to about 133½.

This is by no means an isolated case. Many of the firms engaged in exporting produce have made such losses, and yet they were not buying business not supposing that they were speculating in gold, or that it was liable to any extreme fluctuations. The sudden and this manner of panic has affected the trade of the country in a most serious manner, ought to be condemned in all quarters. But yet some of them *appear* to be rewarded with new honors.

The power conferred last winter by the Legislature to classify the Directors of the New Railroad, in that only five shall go out in any one year, was not used until after the election for Directors, which occurred about the middle of October. If there had been any purpose or a doubtful contest there is no question but that the classification would have been made in advance of the election. It is probable that the *right* to make it then applicable was used to bring the stockholders into meeting with those who could not be divested of full control; and this accomplished, the process of excluding five was postponed for a year. A few, unable to stand any longer the public censure, resigned; and it appears that the Board is now largely filled with the clique which is understood to have made the raid upon Wall Street, and probably with employés in the offices of the Company. On looking at the classification it would appear to have been made in the inverse order in which public confidence is felt, and with the certainty that the group upon the road will never be loosened until the judiciary of the State shall send what remains, after its juices have been extracted, to a Receiver. Its life can be postponed only by issuing bonds convertible into stock, and selling the latter in some secret and illegal manner to the gamblers of Wall Street, who will hope to put it upon the public, and thus augment the great scandal upon the American name when the full history of this road will inevitably inflict.

The effect of the raid upon Wall Street, though seriously damaging, can not have the general results upon the finances of the country which many suppose. We have often shown that, as the credit circulation of the United States is to be hereafter limited by about seven hundred millions in greenbacks, National Bank notes, and fractional notes—no panic can arise of magnitude until this circulation becomes generally discredited. It is not supposes that such a dilemma is at hand; on the contrary, very few show any want of confidence in the present crisis. Business will always be disturbed by the variation in demand, which calls for money in one portion to move cotton, and in another to move wheat, and then to be at the sea-board to aid in making shipments; and it must be borne in mind that the South must retain more money than usual to enable it to conduct its enlarged business, and that California is likely to become debauched with paper-money, now that the Pacific Railroad makes the East and the West one people.

But, notwithstanding the large augmented demand for money in new quarters drains it from accustomed depositories at New York and elsewhere, the general condition of the demand is more urgent here than in other localities. In 1837 and in 1857 there was a large diminution of the quantity of money, arising from the export of gold and silver to foreign countries. Now, we repeat, the quantity is fixed, its circulation is limited to the United States, and instead of having to draw on other parts of paying debts from abroad, as we were obliged to do in 1837 and 1857, we have only to bid enough for it by telegraph, and our express companies deliver it before any loss of interest can ensue.

If these circumstances had received their due consideration, a serious fall in the price of commodities would not have occurred, which is a larger demand abroad for cotton and grain than this country can supply, there must necessarily be a corresponding activity in the distribution of the products of labor—a result which will become apparent at the sea-board and at our manufacturing establishments.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

On every point in which the proposed Constitution of the State of New York can be compared with the present one it is an improvement. The chief blot of the existing Constitution—the electoral disfranchisement on account of color—is wholly removed by the new one. The fatal defect of an elective judiciary is not indeed entirely removed, but provision is made for a submission of the question to the people. The improvement of the Legislature is sought by lengthening senatorial terms and extending Assembly districts. Cumulative voting, and the ballot-box, the registry is to be more stringent. And there is an admirable article to repress bribery and corruption. So important an amendment as that to the ballot-box in large cities in the State consider the new Judiciary article that they have united in a recommendation to the people to adopt it. The most distinguished Democratic lawyers in the Convention heartily supported the article in debate, and they are not to be diverted from the advocacy of it on the return in the autumn election of power by the hostility of the Democratic Convention.

The new Constitution has been generally published, but we suppose it will not be considered. The long session of the Convention, and the sharp censure which it received for delay from the chief organ in the State of the party under whose auspices it assembled, alienated the public sympathy, and its work was prejudged. Yet the duration of the Convention was inseparable from the nature of the work it was to do. A popular assembly, to revise the fundamental law of a State like New York, can not do its duty in a week or a month; for to the majority of its members very many of the topics presented are necessarily new. Certainly it was a body in which each party in the State had many of its able men, and in no political assembly composed of different parties has there ever been greater mutual courtesy and good feeling. Its labors resulted in a very good "party name"—as indeed a present Constitution by changes and additions, and the people of New York ought to accept the work.

NOTES.

THE defeat of ANDREW JOHNSON as Senator from Tennessee is a subject of general congratulation. It is not conceivable that he would have said or done a single wise thing in that position; and if the Opposition must elect a Senator it is desirable that he should be at least intelligent and courteous, qualities which the warmest friends of MR. JOHNSON will hardly claim for him. If it were not for the condition of Senator for BROWNLOW's health this defeat would undoubtedly be the political demise of the ex-President. But whether he reappears in public life or not, his name and career will always be a warning to the Republicans. There is something politically wiser than superficial excellency. The nature, character, habits, and training of a man are more powerful than any apparent change of opinion. They will control him when the long-run, and the party which would intrust him with place and power must not be surprised if he utterly deceives it. If the Republican party had selected a candidate for the Presidency in 1864 for the same reasons that persuaded them to nominate ANDREW JOHNSON for the Vice-Presidency, the result would be to-day. Character is as much more valuable than profession in politics as it is in every other sphere; and if ANDREW JOHNSON serves to impress that great truth upon party managers he will have been of real service to the country.

THE *Evening Mail* makes a statement in regard to the original publication by Messrs. Harper & Brothers of "Mr. E. H. DANA, Jr.'s Two Years Before the Mast," and prefaces it by the remark that, "The following is said to be MR. DANA's own account." It is simply impossible that it should be MR. DANA's account, for every important assertion in the statement is an error. Authors of one General Prescott have been, lost twenty years ago.

THE bust of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was unveiled in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, October 21, with imposing ceremonies. MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER, MR. BRYANT, and others delivered the oration.

The earthquake shocks of earthquake were felt in New England on the morning of October 22, Boston, Worcester, and Providence having the severest. Most of the Eastern States being shaken to such an extent that chimneys were greatly injured, although not hurt.

The new postage stamps have been designed by the Bureau of Engraving, and are said to be a great improvement on the old ones and on those used in Europe. President Grant's head is to be on them.

The Tweed case, which was to have been tried by the Supreme Court Chamber at Washington on the 3rd of November, is somewhat excited as regards which side he had been counsel for twenty-five years.

The Swedish government has given the extensive cotton factory, near Stockholm, Sweden, has just purchased 15,000 acres of land in Dunklin and Scott counties, Missouri, where he will establish colonies, build factories, and will engage in the cotton, sugar and tobacco manufacture of cotton. The enterprise will give employment to thousands, and, of whom will be driven away from Sweden, and the rest will soon follow.

Between the 11 and 13 of the Red of the Mississippi by the War Department, about that nearly 14,000 Union troops were interred in the national cemetery near Memphis, Tennessee, of whom 4995 are colored; 9000 are unknown, and 1000 are from Louisiana, 1000 Georgia, Georgia, Fort Donelson, Chattanooga, Murfreesboro, Corinth, and Nashville, Tennessee.

At the recent election in California for Judges of the Supreme Court the Democratic candidates were successful by a large majority.

The Congressional Select Committee on American Navigation Interests, which has just held meetings in Boston, Portland, Bath, Portland, Maine, visited Fall River, Massachusetts, on Friday, and there adjourned to meet in this city on the first Tuesday in November. We learn that the questions before the committee are to be considered are the following: Discriminating duties, one or all of which are desirable to restore our commerce. Abolition of all duties on materials entering into the construction of vessels. Admissibility of foreign ships to be purchased and registered as American vessels. And the granting of subsidies to steam-ship lines, as well in the domestic as in the foreign trade. The last question recommended to the Committee as indispensable to the growth of our mercantile steam marine.

Governor Hendricks, of North Carolina, has been compelled to issue a proclamation threatening the enforcement of martial law in Alamance, Caswell, and Chatham counties, unless the disturbances which are for some time existed therein shall cease. Thefts and murders have been committed; jails broken open—the latter for the purpose of rescuing the accused men hanged. Indeed, civil law has been put at defiance, and there is no security for life and property.

The far-famed Coliseum of Boston was drawn at a lottery October 12.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Upon the capture of Valentia by the Government troops the Spanish Republicans appear to have given up. As soon as their defeat was known Valentia was declared himself a Monarchist. The Duke of Montpensier now declares to be the fairest claimant of succeeding to the Spanish throne. General Prim has been in the Cortes, and has taken into Nassau, where she was released by the authorities. Prim's party in the Cortes is reported that she could not legally be held.

The Papal Army at Rome was reinforced by the arrival of 60 recruits from the United States.

Trial of 60 recruits from the United States.

The Spanish Republicans with an expeditionary force from Florida for Cuba, but has been captured by the Spanish October 1. He was the name of President Juarez, gave him a cordial welcome at the City of Mexico.

The line of railroad between Mexico and Vera Cruz is now in operation. Six miles are now in operation, and 40 miles of railroad are in active operation.

The greatest Catholic procession ever witnessed in Montreal took place October 14—over 100,000 people participated in the demonstration. This was on the occasion of the removal of the relics of St. Sesto from the Roman catacombs to the Bishop's palace.

It now appears to be certain that the Suez Canal will not be reopened before it can be of much service to commerce.

The Ecclesiastical Cabinet refuses an amnesty to the Carlist political prisoners in Spain.

The Earl of Derby died on the morning of October 23 in his 78th year.

The cholera has made fearful ravages in India during the past summer. Since 1865 there has been no hot season so fatal to European residents.

A temple has been recently erected in Calcutta by the Brahmo Somaj—a religious organization founded thirty years ago by an educated Bengalee, who despised the faith of his native country and was opposed to idolatry, but was at the same time wearied by the claims of Christianity. The service of this new temple consists merely of hymns, prayers, meditations, conversations, and readings.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FATHER HYACINTHE on Sunday, the 24th, attended the French Catholic Church early in the morning, after which he went to Plymouth Church and heard Henry Ward Beecher, by whom he was cordially welcomed at the close of the service. Fore Hyacinthe has been the representative of his monastic charges.

The Virginia Legislature, October 15, elected Lieut.-Governor Lewis and Judge Johnston United States Senators.

The Tennessee Legislature, on October 22, elected Henry Cooper to be United States Senator in place of Fowler, whose term expires in March, 1871. The President Johnson was defeated, Cooper receiving 56 votes and Johnson 37.

The official majority of Governor Geary, in Pennsylvania, is 4,482. Judge Williams's majority is 4,913.

HAYES's majority for Governor, in Ohio, is 5073. The Republicans have seventy-six majority on joint ballot in the Senate and three in the House.

The Annual Reunion of the Army of the Tennessee is to take place at Louisville, Kentucky, November 17 and 18.

The Western Members of Congress, It is stated, are in favor of an increase in the revenue of the postal service. At test vote is expected to take place on a proposition for an appropriation to increase the mileages for the State and War Departments.

The Protestant Orphan Asylum, Washington, was burned on October 19 by the United States courts, and surrendered to the guardian of the asylum. Captain Boyle was held as a prisoner of war, and the crew were put under bail.

Alexander H. Stephens has been confined to his house since last February by illness. He has little hope of ever leaving home again.

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THE GREAT national exposition of the progress of the industrial arts, which has been held in this city for several weeks under the auspices of the American Institute, closes Saturday, October 30. We are pleased to learn that it has been very successful.

HON. JOHN R. BRADY.

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THE unanimous nomination of the HON. JOHN R. BRADY for Justice of the Supreme Court, by the Convention of the Democratic party of this city, is a well-deserved tribute to the capacity and integrity of one of the ablest and most highly-esteemed gentlemen on the Bench. Judge BRADY was first elected to the Common Pleas in 1856. In 1862 he was re-elected, having received first the unusual compliment of the Republican nomination, and subsequently of every political organization in the city. He was consequently unanimously elected. In 1867 he was re-elected by a majority of nearly 60,000. Judge BRADY was not an aspirant for the nomination that has just been tendered him, being satisfied with his present position in the Common Pleas. The nomination sought him, not he the nomination. Indeed, he positively declined to be a candidate against Judge CLERKE, and only when it had been determined by the Tammany leaders not to renominate that gentleman did he yield to the urgent solicitations of friends of all parties, and accept. During the war Judge BRADY was among the first to proclaim his unswerving devotion to the Union. During his service of fourteen years on the Bench he has enjoyed the respect of the bar and the community, alike for the purity of his personal character and his ability and integrity as a Judge.

THE NEW FISH MARKET.

THE new building erected at Fulton Ferry for a Fish Market is now nearly completed; it was opened for business on October 25. The old fish market, on the same site, was a nuisance; but the new structure is an ornament to that portion of the city. The building is of wood; it is 195 feet long by 63 feet wide, and is two stories high. The roof is surmounted by three cupolas, each supporting a flag-staff, as shown in our sketch; and the front has three gables. There are eighteen entrances, each having a solid door with a large window above it. The interior is admirably arranged for the purposes of a market. The walls are painted a drab color, and the ceiling light blue. The cost of the building is $120,000.

This market is erected by the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, incorporated during the present year, and is devoted exclusively to wholesale business, supplying all the retail dealers of New York and adjacent cities, and furnishing large quantities of fish to distant cities. Two hundred and fifty vessels are employed in the fisheries of this market; and there are frequently discharging at the same time from fifteen to twenty vessels, each having from 15,000 to 25,000 pounds of fish on board. The fishing-grounds extend from Cape May to Cape Sable. Lobsters are caught from Cape Cod to the northern coast of Maine. The green turtles displayed for sale in the market are not taken by vessels specially fitted out for the business, but are brought to New York on fruit vessels from the West India Islands and Florida. The Fishmongers' Association leased the land along East River on which their market is built for $5,000 per year, with the right of using one half of the basin at the rear of the building. The Association agreeing to keep the pier in repair.

An elegant entertainment was given on the evening of October 18 in the market, by the Association, as a formal opening of the institution. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Rev. H. W. BEECHER, Rev. HYATT SMITH, Rev. Mr. HAMMOND, Rev. Mr. GALLAGHER, General STORMS, Colonel THOMAS DEVOE, and many officials of the city government. A magnificent supper was provided, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

PRES. ELIOT, OF HARVARD.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, who on the 19th of October was inaugurated President of Harvard College, is a young man, a graduate of the class of 1853, and for several years adjunct Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry on the college staff. President ELIOT is a native of Boston; he belongs to the ELIOT family so long identified with the history of that city. His father, the Hon. S. A. ELIOT, was formerly a Representative in Congress, and at another time the Mayor of Boston. In 1863 CHARLES W. ELIOT resigned his professorship, and became connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, as a professor. He was abroad year before last in company with President ROGERS, of the Institute, when the latter was on his mission from Massachusetts to the Paris Exposition. Mr. ELIOT, while in college, was an oarsman, and is said to have been the stroke oar of the first Harvard Boat Club.

HON. JOHN H. CLIFFORD, who inducted him into office, thus closed his address to him on that occasion:

"Endowed with intellectual tastes and moral characteristics, and accustomed to the prosecution of studies, all eminently fitted to prepare you for your great work; familiar with all the departments, both of popilage and instruction, in the institution, within whose walls you have been nurtured and almost domesticated, as in a second home; your judgment enlarged and strengthened by the ripened fruits of foreign travel, and the observation and study of the best processes of education at home and abroad; receiving a generous and cordial welcome from your learned and accomplished associates to their companionship and chieftainship; and added to all these personal and social qualifications an hereditary loyalty to the institution which can not fail to inspire the heart of a son whose honored father, so many of us remember, was one of its most devoted, efficient, and valued friends—there seems nothing wanting to our heart-felt congratulations on this day, both to the university and yourself."

President ELIOT's inaugural address was an admirable lecture upon college education.

CHARLES W. ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE.]

THE DRAGON OF LYME REGIS.

THE British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upward of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk, with the ribs, blade-bones, and collar-bones, are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body: it is extended in a straight, stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine, long, needle-shaped bones: it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain, a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute, which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind-limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats.

The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macronyx*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the family of Flying Reptiles. The animal will be described in the next volume of the Monographs of the Palæontographical Society.

NEW FISH MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE MOTHER OF OSOPO.

I.

Upon the west bank of the Tagliamento, a river flowing through the Venetian territory, there stand the ruins of Osopo, which in 1859 was a flourishing village, with about 900 inhabitants.

But during the Italian war with Austria the German troops surrounded it. They forbade any one to pass in or out, so that the villagers could procure no food. Their reason for starving the village was this: It was situated at the foot of a rocky cliff, on whose summit stood a fortress, which the Austrians could not succeed in taking, on account of the only road up the cliff being so narrow and dangerous that the soldiers could only go up it one by one. The Italian garrison, of course, kept a sharp lookout on the path. The only resource of the Austrians, therefore, was to starve the village, in the hope that compassion for the helpless women and children, dying of hunger, would induce the fortress to surrender. All the men who could do any thing had fled to join the Italian army.

One evening in September, when every thing looked hot, dried up, and dusty, two women were sitting together on the door-step of one of the best-looking houses in Osopo. The house-door opened into a large room furnished with long wooden tables and benches, and surrounded with shelves, on which stood a quantity of glasses and red terra-cotta jugs. Over the door hung a bunch of grapes, and the words, "Osteria, Buon Vino," were painted in bright blue.

This had been the inn of Osopo, but it was deserted now. The rooms were drearily clean and empty; the glasses dusty and untouched. One of the two women was the mistress of the inn, and she held by the hand her two boys—pale, thin, half-starved little fellows of about three and four years old. The other woman, whose name was Maddalena, looked younger and rather less starved than the other. They were dressed nearly alike, in skirts of dark "bordato," a kind of strong cotton, with white bodices, and bright-colored handkerchiefs crossed in front and fastened down by the apron. There was another such handkerchief on the head, hiding a little the thick plaits of black hair, which were kept up by silver pins run through them.

Maddalena had shoes on, but Rosina's feet were bare.

"Look, Rosa," said the former, giving her friend a basket which contained some bunches of grapes and a little Indian corn flour.

"No, Maddalena," said Rosina, and she pushed it away; "a thousand thanks, but I can not rob you of your food."

"Nonsense: you know I am alone, and I deprive no one else of it. It is mine, and I really can not bear to see those two children, who but a short month ago were the finest in Osopo, dwindling away. Besides, I no longer need it. I have kept a handful of flour to make my 'polenta' for supper, and this evening I go to Udine. Come behind the house, Rosina, and you will see how the black clouds are hanging over the fortress and the hills all round. To-

"I CAN NOT DRAG *THEM* ALONG WITH ME, AND I AM THEIR MOTHER."

night there will be a 'temporale,' one of those great autumn thunder-storms, and when the lightning is flashing, and the thunder and rain have driven even the Austrian sentinels under shelter, I will pass through like a flash of the lightning itself. They will not dream of any one's being out on such a night. To-morrow I shall be at Udine; there I have friends, and shall find work directly. Perhaps, too, I may see your husband there, and when he hears about you he will swim the river, as some of our soldiers from the fortress once did, and come to help you."

Rosina's eyes flashed, and she shook her head.

"That is what you and all the village think," she said; "that my husband has forgotten me, and cares not what comes of me and his little ones. But I know! I know that he lies cold and dead on one of the battle-fields, or he would be here at my side. Ah! I would go with you, cara, if it were not for these poor little creatures; I can not drag *them* along with me, and I am their mother. Santa Maria Vergine! I love them more than life, Maddalena; but in this way we shall all three die together. What shall I do when that which you brought is exhausted? But you must go. You were right, for it rains already. A happy journey! I will pray for you always."

"And so will I, dear Rosa; I will do my best to help you. A rivederci, then. In heaven, perhaps."

II.

That night Rosina put her children to sleep after their scrap of supper, and then sat listening with pleasure to the rain and thunder that were aiding her friend's escape, and thinking, "To-morrow she will be at Udine. Perhaps help will soon come."

But each day she rose with the same hope, and each day was disappointed.

On the eighth evening after Maddalena's departure Rosina gave the children the last bit of the food she had brought, made them say their prayers, together with one for the safe return of the "Babbo," which they had said night and morning for a month past, and put them to bed. Then she bent over the elder and said, as calmly as she could,

"Nino must be good to-morrow, and take care of Cicio. Mammina is going to get bread. Old Natalia, who lives opposite, will come and dress you, and give you some breakfast, and stay till mamma comes back in the evening. Addio, cuore."

"Addio, mamma," said the sleepy child. The mother kissed those darling faces again and again: then she looked out. It was a dark, cloudy night. She put on a black shawl, and went to the house opposite. Taking up a pebble she threw it at a window, which presently opened, and some one looked out.

"Natalia," said Rosina, "to-night I shall pass the Austrian ranks, and go to Udine to fetch bread for the little ones. For the love of God go to them in the morning, dress them, feed them, and take care of them till I return. At this time to-morrow I shall be here again."

"Mad girl!" grumbled the old crone, "do you want to get shot? There's that Maddalena, who went away a week ago, and has not been heard of since."

"Is it likely she should?" half laughed Rosina to herself.

"As for the bents, I'll go to them; but as to feeding them, why, I've tasted nothing myself for two days."

Rosina threw something tied in a handkerchief in at the window, which came thump on the room-floor, saying, as she did so,

"In that are four apples I have saved. They'll keep up life in them for to-morrow till I come; and then I'll give you some bread, Natalia. For God's sake, remember." And she walked away.

"Fool," muttered the old woman. "Apples, did she say? The bents can do without. I dare say they've eaten to-day, and well too. Oh, this hunger! It's a wolf that gnaws, gnaws!" She felt for the bundle, and almost involuntarily bit a piece of one apple.

III.

Rosina did not know that almost before she left the village her children's food had already been consumed.

She walked on and on. There was the outline of the camp; she could distinctly hear the sentinel's step. Forward! forward! she was almost past. Alas! the moon, till now hidden behind dense clouds, came out. She went down on her hands and knees behind a hedge; a dried twig snapped under her weight. The sentinel turned: "Who goes there?" She tried to run; it was too late. The soldier was coming on, his musket raised.

"Mater, ora pro nobis." She turned and dropped on her knees. "Misericordia! I want to harm no one, only to get bread for my innocent babies. Bread! for mercy's sake!"

"Bread!" The Croat laughed mockingly, and held out half a black loaf. Her eyes glistening with mingled fear and hope, she stretched out her hand, and advanced a few steps to take it. Only a few. There was a shot, a long, fear-

ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

"A LITTLE HAND I COULD NOT SEE, SWEPT O'ER THE TREMBLING KEYS."—(SEE PAGE 710.)

ful shriek, and a ball from the Croat's musket struck the mother's forehead. Did the sentinel laugh as he returned to his post?

IV.

THE next evening two little children were wandering along the road from Osopo. The small, transparent forms of skin and bone had no covering but a torn shirt. They wandered at last, as if by instinct, to where a figure lay, stiff and rigid, on the ground. They clung round it, crying, "Mamma, mamma, Natalia never ceases to dress us, nobody gave us any thing to eat. Up—come, mamma. How cold you are! Why do you sleep so long?"

The fort was taken at last, and both it and the village were demolished. If the husband and father ever did return to his native place he would have found nothing but charred ruins, and in the little cemetery a small wooden cross to mark the resting-place of all that he loved on earth.

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

See Illustration on Page 709.

I HEARD the humming of the streets forever,
As in a sleep—the people came and went
Around me as dreams, like shapes that pass
Unseen, but heard, in haunted lands; and oft
Light laughter and a motion close around me,
And gentle speech, disturb'd me. What to me
Was beauteous interchange of day and night—
The coming and the going of the sun,
Gathering grayness, and the rising moon—
And what to me was light of fire or stars,
Since light and darkness came and went around,
Unmark'd by weary eyes that could not see,
That had not seen the day for seven years?
Only, when sunlight daily went away,
My world grew dull and colder—that was all.

And I was hard and dull at twenty-three,
Dull with my grief, hard to the core from dwelling
Sleeping or waking, in the dark so long:
One, and one pleasure only had the power to stir
And trouble all my soul, until it felt
A sunshine of its own. A light fortell,
A tender greeting, fluttering of a dress,
A touch as soft as is a rose's leaf,
That flutter on the grass and makes no sound.
These were the intimations of a world
Beyond my sorrow, the admonishings
Which sweeten'd that dull gloom wherein I dwelt.
Oh, sweeter far than my beauteous thing
The eye could look upon, one little name,
One little soft sweet name, I murmur'd o'er,
Softly, to hear the sound still: ah! the name,
The little living name I murmur'd o'er,
And saw in golden letters in the dark!
May! May! May! May!—I brought me back the time
When I could see the roses and the leaves,
The silver pools of water, the blue hills
Netted in sunny weather! May! May! May!
I murmur'd it forever to my heart,
For joy, for joy of it!... Sweeter than all
To sit within my shadow-land, and hear
That one word spoken while a little hand
I could not see, swept o'er the trembling keys,
And all the air around me seemed to melt
Into a voice, and some midst there sat
One sweet girl-shape before an instrument,
Her bright hair waving, and her eyes of blue
Looking on me! Then the sweet round would cease,
The vision mode of music died away,
And I was weeping in the dark again.

At seventeen, a fever struck me down,
And I arose, and found the world was gone,
And nothing but a shadow world remain'd.
Six weary years we dwelt in London town,
My mother and I, and day by day stricken me.
Such help and skill as only could be found
In that great cloud of sound; for such it was,
And nothing more, to me. But nearly dead!
All skill fell powerless—still those weary eyes
Refused aid—still I wearied and grew hard.
Still mourn'd and pray'd to God that I might die,
Till that new friend, a neighbor's child, came near,
Made light of seeing, gave my soul visions
Ever to perceive and passion to create,
And handed me a pencil, touch, and scent, and sound,
Such as made darkness more divine at times
Than seeing and the sunshine.

Then at last,
Strange as a trumpet wakening the dead
To wonder and white robes, came blessed light
Into my darkness—creation; and I saw,
Yet, for a time, the motion of the world
Look'd dim and ghostly—shapes like phantome came—
Strange as those wondrous flowers she bade me call
Of darkness, and my spirit was opprest'd
With the most awful burden of the sense.
Slow, as a lily opens, leaf by leaf,
Light deepen'd—brightening, brightening—till at last,
Full-orb'd, it broke on a lily's heart,
Unclosed God's perfect day.

Then, as I sat,
Breathless with the new bliss of the bright world
Soft motion and the flutter of a dress
Disturb'd me. Turning, radiant as a rose,
I saw a face I knew not; strange and sweet,
Not beauteous—eyes not luminous, looks not light,
Like those which I had pictured in my dream;
Yet the face smiled upon me eagerly,
And lighten'd as it smiled—while, darkening,
I flush'd and murmur'd inarticulate words,
And, trembling like a leaf, she cried aloud
In the same voice that I had loved so long
In darkness—in the same beloved voice
That I had fondled in my shadow-land:
"Do you not know me? I am May!" whereon
I shiver'd and felt cold.

For all the world
Seem'd bitter and a cheat. The face I dream'd,
The light young delicate face with eyes of blue,
Had faded in the golden light of day:
And in its place a peevish twilight cheek,
A common creature of the clay, with eyes
Not luminous like the eyes I made in dream,
Lingerd and smiled. The world seem'd suddenly
Stale and unprofitable—all the blue of light
Was bitter—all the fragrant sense of love
Seem'd like a wither'd feast-day posy found
At daybreak, when the revelers are gone,
In the stale-smelling hall-room of the feast.
Then I beheld her, like a frightened bird,
With widening eyeballs shrink; and feeling shamed
To look so coldly on my little friend,
I squeezed a feeble smile into my cheeks,
And took her hand: she, fluttering from my touch,
Stood moving; and I saw her as we lived—
A pensive woman, delicate-limb'd, and small,
With brown hair braided o'er Madonna brows,
And dark eyes suffering from the gentle light
They shed on others: on her brow the light
Fell softened and gentle, as in a dream May!
This golden-hair, use spirit of my dream!
Nay, then, the world was bitter and a cheat!

Ah, love, my love! come nearer to me kiss
Her brood, dearest brow; and, sibling, may I kiss
Away all sorrow. Sweeter this soft hair,
Silver'd with the miraculous snows of time
Than all the inanimes looks that e'er beguiled
Rash suitors to the shallows... And at first,
This perfect face repell'd me—it arose
Coldly, like something strange, to which the voice
I knew so well could not be, and I loathed
The light for changing thee!

Then, for long days
The face withdrew, and left me to my thoughts.
And the streets murmur'd, and the world look'd bright,
And shadow-land had died into a dream.
Never had I felt so utterly alone!
Yea, darkness had been blest society
But now the light was terrible indeed.

Now shall I tell by what slow witchery,
Dear love, I grew to yearn for those soft eyes
And that pale, smiling face. Then, in the light
That was as darkness, unaware, again
I hearken'd for thy foot; and how I wept,
When from a distant casement I could see
The trouble of thy clinging. Then I cried
Thy name out loudly, like a man at sea,
And gently up before me rose again
The twilight of thy face; and all at once
I felt I loved it—that the sense was new—
Not with the fever'd humor of the desk—
Not as I loved the shadow in a dream—
But strangely, clingingly, and helplessly,
As weary men ask rest, as fever'd lips
Crave coolness, as in the parch'd Persian sands,
Under the sun's insufferable blaze,
Men seek the shadow of the locust-tree.

Yea, how I loved thee then, drew the blind,
And do not light the lamp, but let me sit
In darkness as of old; and play to me
The tune I loved so in the days of sound,
When I conceived there other than thou wert,
Yet never guessed, dearest, that I did.
What pictures come and fade before thy sight!
All life is hush'd—the world, the daylight fades
To twilight and a silvery star of sound!

PERHAPS IT WAS BETTER SO.

AN OLD WOMAN'S SKETCH.

BARMOUTH is a pretty little watering-place in the South. I have lived there a good many years, and have seen many changes in what was formerly a little fishing village, now grown up to be designated as a town. There is scarcely a clime along the coast that I do not know, and can not connect with some pleasant memory, from a path in the quiet dim pine-woods that I have not trodden in fine weather and wet, in early morning or moonlit night, to a spot, quiet place, young people are apt to call it "slow." There is no promenade. The pier is an unpretentious rude structure. Very few musical or musical people penetrate so far beyond the pale of civilization, and the few balls are given by the county families living around. There is no board of a poet with long hair, and his particular friend an eminent art-critic—a little man with a bald head and a long beard. The musical magicians bring down the last airs from the last opera with their organs and German bands, and set one wondering constantly why Mendelssohn died in the present generation. The circulating library is a constant source of interest, and one of the most exciting incidents is the arrival of a batch of new novels from town. I am very fond of reading—a habit acquired from my friends, I do not know how I should pass the long nights without my books; and though sometimes the troubles of young people bring me sorrow at my night, still I feel certain that when I get the third volume they will all be made happy, and that I shall be happy too.

One wet afternoon I put on my big cloak, and bidding my maid get my tea by the time I returned, I set out for the library. The new box parcel had just arrived, and after a perplexing selection, and having quite a heap in my arms, I was making the best of my way home, when I met Jolliffe, the postman. There was a letter for me — a rare occurrence—and so, doubly freighted, I reached home, where I found my fire burning and comfortable after the rain and wind outside. The letter was from Ethel Berry.

"My dear Miss Bowyer," she said, "Mamma and I are coming to Barmouth in a few days. We do so like to spend a quiet time with you, because it is quite stifling here; and I am so tired of the people and the rocket of London. Everything here and everybody are exactly as they were; nothing changes with you.

"A glimpse of the sea, a blow on the cliff, and the sight of your dear face will do me a world of good. Somebody's coming too!

"Your loving

This was just like Ethel, so fond of quiet, and loving Barmouth so truly. I was so glad to hear she was coming down again, for I looked upon her as a dear child of my own. I wondered who "Somebody" was. Not a lady-friend, or she would have said who. I could scarcely think of Ethel having a lover. I knew I should be jealous, and wonder why they could not leave her with me instead of wishing to take her away, when there were so many girls in the world. But I thought Ethel must be nicer than any of them, and consequently no wonder at any man thinking so too; and then she would be as though she was so happy. I felt quite delighted to know that, though full of curiosity, and told my maid that I expected visitors in a few days, and we began planning means to receive them. My book seemed quite uninteresting after this, although there was a wicked father and a patient suffering daughter in it, who would have made me cry at other times. Well, one morning when the sun was shining brightly upon the blue sea and chalk cliffs, and the wind was blowing freshly upon me as I was trimming my rose-trees in the garden, I saw a figure that I knew so well coming quickly toward me, and presently I had my dear in my arms. She was just the same. Tall and pale, her dark hair even with that tender pathetic look in them that is quite indescribable, and her golden-brown hair falling about her shoulders.

"And how are you and the roses? You look quite beautiful, though I do believe you're crying. Oh, Miss Bowyer, my thing is here, but fresh and bright! But stow, and tell me about every body and every thing."

And I did all of that that had occurred for the last six months, from how poor Lord Kelley bore the loss of his wife, to Jolliffe the postman, and the last litter of puppies.

"And now, in return for all this valuable information," I said, "tell me, Ethel, who 'Somebody' is?"

She blushed, and then with a little laugh—

"Oh, I must not tell you now; I will show him perhaps to-morrow, and he doesn't know! And she began admiring the roses and my big poor little water-color sketches, so that I did not press her to tell me more.

"And now," she said, presently, "I must take you to mamma, who would have so liked to come to you if she could."

So I downed my hat and cloak, and we set off for Thirlet House, where they lived when at Barmouth. It was surely one of the most beautiful mornings I ever remember; even in the dense world of London I recall the sky, the fair the vistas and usually dark nooks, and threw vivid shadows across the path in a manner that delighted me. It was like the sweet air as she danced along, as I have seen many people do who have been living in a big smoky town. As we were nearing the house I came one whistling "*Voires-hi mes avenx*" from "Faust."

"Somebody's coming," said Ethel, roguishly, and presently the whistler came in sight, and I was introduced to Mr. Arthur Dawlish. He was a large-limbed young man, with dark brown hair and very handsome, decidedly handsome, and knowing it. There was a languid grace in his bow to me, and indeed a general air of sleepy complacency that was irritating.

"So glad to know you," he said, smiling; "I have heard so much about you from Ethel, and you are the very person I most wanted to see." I wood in this way. I hear you paint, and all that sort of thing; rather nice bits about here, don't you think?" Mrs. Berry and Miss Crawford are waiting for you, so perhaps we'd better go to them;" and then we went on to the Hall.

Dawlish was a friend of Mrs. Berry's, a noble-looking woman, with the same dark blue rhetatic eyes as Ethel's, walking about with her crutch, and looking terrified, daughter-like, at General Crawford, beside her—a medium-sized girl of four-and-twenty, with very black hair, dark brown eyes, and very vivacious. Old men and women become spectators to the little tragedies and comedies enacted by the young, and, little noticed themselves, they can remark that escapes the more active members; and, I gossiping with Mrs. Berry, and Ethel and Dawlish and Miss Crawford monopolized Arthur Dawlish, and how animated he became when speaking to her! and how I unconsciously I compared her to Ethel, and though she talked well, I thought her somewhat Frenchified animation and loud laugh contrasted unfavorably with Ethel's quiet smile and air of repose. I took Ethel home with me that night, and when we had parted with our escort I said to Ethel,

"Isn't he nice? And oh, if you knew how good and patient he is, and how much he loves you! I am sure he is!" I was encouraged to say so then, and are to be married in June, and—isn't he handsome?"

"He is very handsome," I said, cheerily.

"Every body thinks so, but I was afraid you might not; and mamma likes him so much; so does Georgiana. I think, though he may be vain, not like that sort of girl. Very rude, as I told him." And so she ran on, and I listened, glad to talk my thoughts about so happy.

And so day after day passed, and I was constantly going to the Hall, or Ethel and Miss Crawford coming to me, and as a consolation to me she would dine with me. The more I saw Miss Crawford the less I liked her; I did not think with Ethel that Dawlish was so indifferent to her—indeed, he seemed quite devoted to her—and observing him look after her when she moved about, and the eagerness in his speech to her that he never showed with Ethel, a daily-noticed fact, I began to suspect that she had in vain tried to shake off, which God knows was only too soon confirmed. One morning I was painting in my little sitting-room: the morning was oppressively warm, and every thing was so still that I could hear the plash of the waves against the distant cliffs. Mr. Dawlish was in the garden, smoking one of my rose-trees which was suffering from blights, Ethel and Georgiana were gathering the latter early. The smoke a cigarette that he had made for her. It was so hot that I leaned back in my arm-chair, unsingly contemplating my sketch of a piece of broken worn cliff against a stormy gray sky, when I heard him talking earnestly, and, unconsciously listening, I heard him say:

"I can't stand this much longer; you know how much I love you, and I can't act this indifference toward you."

I was all attention now. He was not speaking to Ethel.

"But, Mr. Dawlish," Georgiana answered, "how can you speak to me thus, Sir? Are you not engaged to Ethel?"

"Of course I am; but it can be broken off—it shall! You know how I love you; why, you have made me—you have won me over. I thought I loved her until I met you; but I have only just learned what love is.

"You have no right to say this to me. I shall go to Miss Bowyer."

"I think not. Come, we understand one another; and why act this farce when no one is by? Georgie, Ethel! Oh, why did I ever come in peace? I loved her in my contented, easy sort of way until you came, and now I only pity her."

"I am sorry to hear this," she answered. "I never dreamed you cared for me; I thought you had me as a friend, and now you wish me to be an enemy."

"Georgie, don't you like me?"

"I will tell you. I like you.—I love you, though it is wicked to say so, but I thought you were playing with me. I never dreamed you were in earnest, and I tried to go away and leave you with Ethel; but I could not—my passion was too strong. I fought, oh so hard! but I succumbed. Have pity upon me for my weakness." I ought never to have told you so much."

"If I had but met you before I was bound in honor, pie said, passionately, "we should have been spared this wretchedness."

"No, you should not have cared for me if you had been free."

"How bitter you are! Do you want me to swear I love you more than I ever thought I could love any thing? You can not trust me, while she—"

"Trusts you implicitly, and is deceived. Arthur, I speak bitterly because I love so fondly. A woman ever abuses the man she loves as passionately as I love you; but I will not have to bear you maligned by others, and if they did speak against you I would console and defend you—I would not hear any thing bad of you, for your sake. You know it!" she said, in a passionate voice.

"Hush, dear; we shall be overheard!" he said, hurriedly. "Scenes are so absurd, you know; I love you so much; but what will they say, pledged as I am?"

"Oh, courageous man!" she interrupted, bitterly, "what will they think of me?"

"Well, people always say horrible things and tell any amount of lies; but of course I am perfectly indifferent to any thing they may say. Only yesterday Ethel was talking about our marriage-day, little thinking, poor child, how distant that may be. She is going to be so deceived—so sorry."

"How cold you have grown! Do I not suffer too?"

I could not bear to stay and hear more; trembling with indignation and dizzy with the shock, I went through the French window into the garden. Dawlish was still smoking the same grass puffing at his pipe, and Miss Crawford was standing beside him swinging her straw hat in one hand, and resting her other hand on his shoulder. He colored slightly as I looked at him; but she returned my glance with her usual self-possession, as she said with one of her trilling laughs,

"Come out to look for Ethel, Miss Browne? She is at the foot of the cliff gazing at the sea, as though she were Hero expecting Leander to emerge from the waves. A most charming study."

With a nod I passed quickly down to the shore. She was sitting on a rock looking out to sea and beside the pier, and thinking so intently that I stood by unnoticed for some time. She was looking downward with that far-off gaze that some eyes have when people are very happy or in great trouble. Presently she turned her head and saw me.

"Why, you have come out without your hat, and you look so pale and tired! Have you felt that way Arthur pretended to have done?" she added, encouraging the "slaughter of the innocents?" It is so hot; and I was so happy thinking what a prize I had got among men, and how delightful we shall get on together—Arthur and I, I mean —that I could have gone on dreaming all day."

I sat down beside her.

"I am rather tired, dear;" and that was all I said.

It all seemed like a bad dream. How could I break it to her? she trusted him so entirely; to her he was so good and true. I did not think he really cared for me, but Miss Crawford—I was merely a passing whim with him; he seemed so weak, unstable, and so little worthy of trust that I shuddered to think of my darling being married to such a man; but if I remained silent after what I had heard, if I did so many people so, allow things to come right, would they come right? If they went wrong, the sin would rest with me; and then I knew Ethel's trusting confidence, once rudely abused, could never be restored.

"Oh, what can I do!" I thought, with her small hand in mine; "she looks upon me as a guide, an adviser, and I am so unfit for a great ordeal that the sight of her happiness, and the knowledge that I can bright it forever, makes a child of me.

I could not do it: I sat silent and wretched, wondering how it would all end. We went up to the house, and Ethel joined them on the lawn; while I, pleading a headache, went to my room to think over my trouble. Dinner came, and I tried to be cheerful, and join in the running talk of the young people; then Dawlish proposed a stroll upon the pier as the only place where we should get a breath of air, which might do my head good.

It was a beautiful evening. The sun was sinking in a blaze of crimson and gold, painting the

sea, with the faintest ripple on its face, the old black pier, and the boats gently rising and falling, with rose-color. The hills over at Whitecliff were lines of blue and mauve. People were in groups upon the pier and beach, love-making, flirting, and gossiping. The long-haired poet and his inseparable companion were the centres of admiring circles; fathers were spelling out their newspapers in the fading light, while children proffered to them trophies in the shape of tiny fish they had captured from the sea. The wet shingle sparkled like a mass of rude jewels, and the distant pine-woods looked vividly green and cool from the rocky cliffs.

Every thing was so calm and peaceful that we ceased even to talk, and the loud laughter of the fishermen about the beach jarred upon the senses. We sat down upon a seat above the wooden railing to the water, looking idly, moodily smoking, and Ethel looking at him from time to time wonderingly. He was usually in unequable spirits than she was particularly over his air of preoccupation. Miss Crawford sat upon the steps with a book upon her knees, but she was not reading. The sun sank beneath ridges of angry-looking red, the hills grew pale and indistinct. Impatiently knocking the ashes from his pipe, and shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog, Dawlish rose.

"I shall go out for a sail," he said; "it's there's just wind enough to manage to row and along. I feel hipped, and want a change of some sort. Miss Browne, will you and Ethel and Miss Crawford come? Though you are not a good sailor, the sea's like a big duck-pond, and the boat won't pitch a bit. Jack," he called to a fisherman loitering in the boat at the sails up, "is the water pitch a bit."

I declined to go, dreading the mist that was gathering: and Ethel would not leave me, she said, with my head so bad; so he nodded, and seeing Jack had unfurled the sails and was waiting for him, he sauntered down the steps and got into the boat.

"Jump out, Jack," he said; "I shan't want you. I'm an old hand at it, and can sail her myself well enough."

"I wouldn't go out beyond the bar if I was you, Sir," the man said. "We shall have a dirty night, and the wind blowing off the shore you will have to make a long tack coming in, Sir;" and he pointed anxiously at the long black clouds fast rising in the west.

"All right; I shall be back in an hour; let go," and waving his broad straw hat to us, and hooding us good-night, he settled himself comfortably in the stern, and the boat glided slowly out to sea. We remarked watching it until it became a mere blot upon the waves, and then, the wind growing colder, I proposed that we should return home. Some people took possession of Miss Crawford, and Ethel and I walked slowly up the cliff together, turning now and then to look at the boat as it grew smaller and smaller. When we got indoors, feeling no inclination to talk, I took one of my novels, while Ethel laid upon the hearth-rug gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Hark!" she said, suddenly; "what is that?"

There was a low moaning rush and increasing noise, as though the trees were bending to the wind. We went to the window. The moon shone brightly, though obscured occasionally by flying masses of thick cloud.

"Arthur will surely have come back by this time," she said, anxiously. "Shall we go down to the pier and see if any of the boatmen are still there?"

We hastily put on our cloaks and hats. The wind blew so strongly that we could scarce fight our way down to the beach against it. It was fearfully cold. The little waves had become big crested breakers, and the foam was flying along the sands in great white patches. Lights showed the little wooden pier-house for shelter we found Jack.

"Has Mr. Dawlish come in?" I asked.

"No, Miss; and I don't think he will to-night, the wind blowing off the land. But," he added, quickly, "I'll manage he run into Whitecliff before this wind came on. He's too good a sailor to beat against it in such a craft as an open boat. So it's no good your waiting here any longer, Miss. He'll be snugly housed by this time t'other side of the water. Good-night, Miss."

Wishing him good-night, I persuaded Ethel that he must be right, and that we had better go too. So once more we fought our way up the cliff. It was nearly o'clock when we got back. She looked pale and anxious, so I insisted upon her having a little wine. She just touched it with her lips.

"Do you think Arthur would be sure to get safely to Whitecliff? Oh, if any thing happened to him!" she said.

"But, my dear," I answered, as bravely as I could, though I felt terribly ill at ease myself, "a sailor can surely know best. I am sure that he is asleep in bed now, dreaming about you; and unless you go down at once, and say good-night, he will be angry when he next comes back to-morrow! He will not easily forgive himself the fright he has caused you."

Very obediently she did as I wished, and I went to my room, but I felt it useless to try and sleep through the storm. A terrible dread had taken possession of me, and I could not shake it off. I drew my easy-chair to the fire and listened to the storm. I could not rest. I felt as strangely nervous and excited. I could in the stillness of the house hear every sound outside with painful distinctness—the creaking of the trees, the rattle of the casement, and the confused roar of the wind and waves. I caught sight of my face in the mirror over the mantlepiece, and quite started, it looked so haggard and spectral. The fire burned low, and I put on some logs of wood. At length, thoroughly worn out with the day's emotions, I had fallen into a troubled doze, when I was awakened by a low voice speaking rapidly. I turned, and saw Ethel in her white night-dress, peering through the window into the night. "Oh, Arthur," she sobbed, "come back! Why did you leave me? why did I not go with you? Cruel sea, spare him, he is so dear to me; we love one another so dearly, you can not harm him. Why am I here safe and sheltered while you may be fighting with the waves for your dear life? If any thing happened to you I should die, I should not care to live without you. Oh, if we could but die together! How could I let you go! The treacherous sea looked so peaceful, so kind, but I knew it was not. Arthur, my love, my love, I will go, and perhaps may never see you again. My love, my love, I love you better than life, and you love me! Like the strong, bitter wind blows! will it never grow still! I cannot bear it! Arthur, how can you! You may often have thought us cold and thoughtless; you may never have known how I hung upon your every look and word—"

"Ethel!"

"I could not sleep," she said, piteously, turning to me. "Do you think he is safe? I see you are fearful. What can we do?"

"Child," I said, "he is in the hands of God. We weak women can not do any thing. He can do all things. Pray to Him; put your whole trust in Him; be sure He will hear you."

"I have prayed, but I am weak to have to wait and do nothing. Listen to the wind; and to think he may be in it at this very moment! Let us do what we can. I will go and collect all that I feel." She sank upon the floor at my feet, looking up at me pitifully. "Forgive me, but I thought you knew me as saying; and I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

I wrapped a thick shawl round her, and sat through the weary night in unbroken waiting for the morning. It came at last, gray at first; then the sun brightened, and the sun rose. The wind had fallen, but the sea was angry, and the spray flew in showers over the head of the pier. The light of the brightening sun and sunshine was very cheering, and we felt half ashamed of our fears of the night.

"Now you must go and get some sleep, or Dawlish will be quite shocked at the sight of this little wobegone maiden when he comes over this morning," I said, as Ethel, calling me by that name, had first called me, and fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep. Presently Martha came up with a cup of tea.

"Parson Dale wishes to see you, ma'am; but he says he isn't in any hurry, and will wait," she said.

Dressing as quickly as possible, I hurried down stairs, where I found him walking quickly to and fro in the room. He stopped when I entered, and seemed at a loss how to go on, I said,

"You wished to see me, I think."

"Miss is a terrible early lady;" and then he stopped, and I saw how grave he was.

"A message from Mr. Dawlish?" I gasped out.

He had a letter in his hand, and pointed to it significantly.

"I had wished to prepare you for this sad news: this is a message about all that remains of Arthur Dawlish."

"He is dead!"

"Read."

He gave me the open letter, written in an unsteady hand. I can hardly tell how I gathered the sense, the words so swam before my eyes. The body of a gentleman had been washed ashore in the Whitecliff cove supposed to have sailed from Barmouth; then a description of Arthur followed. I wrung my hands, while he tried to console me with trite commonplaces.

"Go away, please," I said, "lest she should hear. Bishop of Argyle and the Isles to-morrow! a few days ago—" strange if we consider that those engaged in it are navigating what they call the Clyde. The night is dark. There is no open vision. The track is unknown. The sailors meet and declare that the captain is inimitable, and that they may be, if they please, asleep. Does this seem a grotesque description? Alas! is it not a true one? This project is one of the wretched needs of great need—a proof of weakness, not, as it has been called, of strength —of the failing strength of that Church which requires such expedients help to bolster up her once so great authority. Alas! darkness lit by no fitful flame is no little to illumine the profound around it. The construction of an artificial means can only produce children in its own likeness. It is the offspring of compromise. In a meeting of wizards to create a brazen head like Bacon's, or a calculating head like Babbage's, the true subject of the forthcoming assemblage at Rome, when we think of the objects which it has in view, and the interests which are at stake, is more puzzling than the brazen head. Its use is recognized to be blunt, and more strength is to be put upon it, all blunt as it is—that is the proposed remedy. Why do not say this to those far from it. Were this a meeting of humble Christians, or the heads of Christ's Church (if it has heads), assembled after truth, our deepest sympathy and our highest reverence would go with them. But this it is not. It is from the spectacle of men seeking to make certain their own preconceived opinions by a decree of their own, and to impose God's word to support them, to turn the flood into a particular channel, and to rule God's acts into unison with their own."

The London *Times* returns to the so-called miracle of St. Januarius, remarking that the question is less as to what belief the miracle deserves than as to who it is that any longer believes in it. Where is there an Italian who can at all read and write who thinks of San Gennaro and his miracle with any other feelings than those of scorn and indignation, with feelings of bitter resentment against that evil combination of evil and ecclesiastical misrule by which the mass of his brutified countrymen have been plunged into a depth of superstition and fetichism from which it is doubtful whether all the efforts of the present educational system will ever have power to rescue them? The miracle has never been discreetly seen, never put to the test of sound evidence, never wholly believed, never freely impugned. Those have seen and those have believed who were determined to see and believe. It is the same with the smoking fountain and blood-sweating crucifixes, table-turning and spirit-rapping. It is faith that does it all. Pope Pius IX. may, at the close of the Ecumenical Council St. Januarius's miracle a dogma. It will not, for all that, be believed any more or any less than it is now; but there will always be some to go and see it, whether they believe it or not.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BY OUR SAGE.—Life is a disease of which one dies at last.

PUNABLE.—To open your wife's jewel-box, and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake.

SHARP WORK THEY.—A gentleman, talking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, Madam, I never left my last lodging landlord in a hurry." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

TOO PARTICULAR.—"I went in to bathe," said a Yankee, "where the water was so low the men had a bogg double-jointed shark making rapidly toward me. I found it to be about a foot long, and a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped him across. 'But did you bother with your clothes on?' asked an inquisitive listener. "Well," answered the story-teller, reproachfully,—"well, I did think you ought to be particular in a shark."

After all there is not much difference between the followers and the opponents of Dr. Denver. The one are swallowing, and the other are straining.

KATIE CORRESPONDING.—The following are literal translations from essays composed by Katie boys at the ministers' seats, Kickstown, York, North Africa: "*The Rhinoceros.*—The story of the rhinoceros. The rhinoceros is a very angry beast. The name of the beast is one. It is said that when it sees a man it comes to him, till he climbs into a tree, and then escape from that beast. And if he does not run he is killed by it; but if he runs and climbs into a tree he will escape, because that the rhinoceros does not know how to climb. But it is said that it sits underneath the tree where the man has climbed; but I don't know whether the man has climbed, or whether that rhinoceros is sitting there still." "*The Rhinoceros.*—The Rhinoceros is a monster. It is said that when thou seest its dee there are old garments of the people and people leave houses. It is said that it eateneth thee: if a goat should die there is a pestilence in the land, and people die and they are daubed with blood, that it may eat them. For it is said that it eateneth not thee, when it seeketh and wishes to run the stones rattle in its stomach, and is said burning till the morning, and the people come and kill it."

The secret of the success of Chicago newspapers is said to be that the last news everywhere else is the town takes every paper, for fear a divorce notice in which they are interested may be published and they not find it out.

"Why, dear me, Mr. Longwallow," said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of that bad whisky at one draught?" "Why, madam, the man could breathe again he replied." "I beg pardon, Madam, but upon my soul I was so hard I couldn't blow it out."

"OUR COUNTRY."

Greatest country! bravest people!
Finest churches—finest steeples!
Fastest horses—fairest women!
Biggest lakes that ever swim in.
Most of railroads; longest rivers—
Roads execration! to shivers!
Never finishing, never finishing,
Some of 'em! Others only sinkin';
Jumps the highest—equals the lowest;
Runs the fastest—leads the slowest;
More disasters—more delusions;
More contentions—more confusions—
Who can beat us? who outdo us?
Who can hold a candle to us?
Biggest country—bigger to be—
Now let me hear of sinking Chinese.

A NEW SOCIETY.—The last society spoken of in California is the "Pay-Nothing." It is said to be alarmingly prosperous. The motto-word is "Lend us a dollar." The grip-word is "Broke!"

MANY of the police seem to regard the public as so many bottles of medicine, "*To be well shaken before taken.*"

A *billet-doux* did William send,
To tell the love that burned him
But it was more than Mary could,
The answer she returned him.

The Siamese Twins always go to bed at the same time; but Chang usually gets up about an hour before Eng. By an understanding between themselves Chang does all the indoor work and Eng runs errands. That is because Eng likes to go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang is a good deal the stronger. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic. Eng was baptized at the same time that Chang was, on condition that it should not affect Chang's religion. The two were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly on the Union side in the late battle. Eng was a Democrat, and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other's votes, and neutralized each other. The Siamese were so evenly balanced in favor of each that they could not vote. Chang is a Democrat, and Eng a Republican. They are married, Eng to a Baptist, and Chang to a Roman Catholic. They have been married a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by the two wives, who consider them both partners, and then exchanging them.

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, the first time I saw Mrs. Partington she was sitting on a bed; and she had a new bonnet on her head, and there was a bow of ribbon before her, and there be tree dollar goose, and she was sitting on a bed." "I can not see," "Vy, I did not count him, say more, and he come out about right over since."

While trudging along one day alone a soldier met a Methodist circuit-rider, whom he at once recognized as such, but affected ignorance of it. "What command do you belong to?" inquired the preacher. "A regiment in Van Dorn's army. And yourself?" "I belong to the army militant." "Militant, indeed!" quoth the Lord. "Free, my friend," said the soldier, "you've got a very long way from headquarters."

DEMOCRATIC

MADE

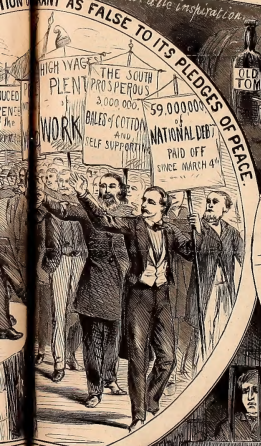
PLATFORM

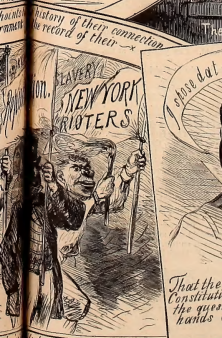
the Military,

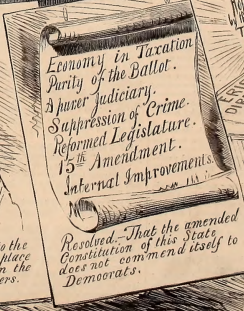
The abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau.

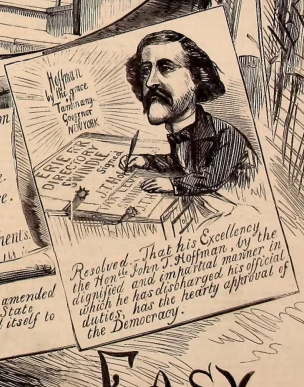
We arraign the administration for its indifference to the fate of American citizens, victims of foreign despotism.

And for its military dictation:









EASY.

BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I SAT at Berne, and watched the chain
Of icy peaks and passes,
That towered like gods above the plain
In stern majestic masses.

I waited till the evening light
Upon their heads descended;
They caught it on their glittering height,
And held it there suspended:

I saw the red spread o'er the white,
Just like a maiden's blushing,
Till all were bathed in rosy light
That seemed from heaven rushing:

The dead white snow was full of life,
As if some huge Pygmalion
Had sought to find himself a wife
In stones that saw Deucalion.

Too soon the light began to wane,
Though lingering soft and tender,
And the snow-giants sank again
Into their calm, dead splendor.

And, as I watched the last faint glow,
I turned as pale as they did,
And sighed to think that on the snow
The rose so quickly faded.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER III.

IN MR. FROST'S SANCTUM.

MESSRS. FROST AND LOVEGROVE, solicitors, had their offices in a large old house in Bedford Square. The whole of the ground-floor was used for offices. In the upper part of the house lived the family of the senior partner.

The chief reason for selecting the locality of the offices—which did not sound, Mr. Lovegrove said, an altogether "professional" address—was that he might enjoy the advantage of residing at the place of business; of being, as he was fond of mentioning, "on the spot."

"That is exactly what I *don't* want," said Mr. Frost, and accordingly he inhabited a house at Bayswater.

But the Lovegroves, especially the female Lovegroves, dwelt in family conclave that Mr. Frost lived at Bayswater rather than at Bedford Square because Mrs. Frost deemed Bedford Square vulgar. She was reported to have asked where it was, with a vague air of wonder, as of an inquirer into the geography of Central Africa. And Augustus Lovegrove, Junior, the only son of the family, gave an imitation of Mrs. Frost setting out to visit her husband's office, furnished with a sandwich-case and a flask of sherry, as though for a long journey; and mimicked the tone of fashionable boredom in which she would ask a coachman where one changed horses to go to Bedford Square. But that, said his sisters, was only Gus's fun.

In fact, there was a suppressed, but not the less deadly, feud between the houses of Frost and Lovegrove on all social points. In their business relations the two partners seldom jarred.

Mr. Frost was a match cleverer man than Mr. Lovegrove. He was also the better educated of the two, and nature had gifted him with a commanding person and an impressive address.

Mr. Lovegrove was a commonplace individual. He said of himself that he had a great power of sticking to business; and he said truly. Mr. Frost entirely appreciated his partner's solid and unobtrusive merits. He declared Lovegrove to be "a thoroughly safe, dependable fellow." And the flavor of patronage in his approbation was in no degree distasteful to Mr. Lovegrove.

In the office their respective qualities and acquirements were the complement each other; and they agreed admirably. Out of the office their views were so dissimilar as to be antagonistic.

Mr. Lovegrove was a very devout High-Churchman, and thought his head gravely over Mr. Frost's want of orthodoxy. Indeed, to describe Mr. Frost's opinions as unorthodox was to characterize them in the mildest manner. Mr. Frost was a confirmed skeptic, and his skepticism was nearly allied to cynicism.

There is a homely illustration, immortalized by the pen of a great modern writer, which may, perhaps, convey an idea of the state of Mr. Frost's mind.

In one of that great writer's well-known pages political reformers are warned, when they empty the dirty water out of the tub, not to throw the baby whose ablutions have been made in it floating down the kennel likewise. Get rid of the dirty water, by all means; but—save the baby!

Now Mr. Frost, it was to be feared, had not saved the baby.

Then the women of the two families did not stand in amicable relations toward each other. Mrs. Lovegrove was envious of Mrs. Frost's wealth. Mrs. Frost was disdainful of Mrs. Lovegrove.

The two husbands would occasionally remonstrate, each with the wife of his house, respecting this inconvenient, not to say reprehensible, state of things; and would openly, in marital fashion, wonder why the deuce the women were so spiteful and so silly!

"I wish, George, Mr. Frost would say, "that you would behave with decent civility to Lovegrove's wife when you meet her. She does not come in your way often. I think it very selfish that you will not make the least effort to please me, when I have told you so often how serious an inconvenience it would be to me to have any coolness with Lovegrove."

"*Why* can't you get on with Mrs. Frost, Sarah?" Mr. Lovegrove would ask, gravely. "I and Frost never have a word together; and two more different men you would scarcely find."

But none the less did a feeling of animosity smoulder in the breasts of the two ladies. And perhaps the chief circumstance that prevented the feeling from breaking out into a blaze was the wide distance which separates Bayswater from Bedford Square.

At the latter place Mr. Frost had a little private room, the last and smallest of a suite of three, opening one within the other, which looked on to a smoke-blackened yard some five feet square. Mr. Frost had shut out the view of the opposite wall by the expedient of having his window-frame filled with panes of colored glass. The diminished the amount of the opportunity of daylight that was admitted into the room. But Mr. Frost neither came to his office very early nor remained there very late; so that his work there was done during those hours of the day in which, when the sun shone at all, he sent his beams in through the red and purple panes of the window.

It was understood in the office that when Mr. Frost closed the outer one of the green-baize double doors which shut in his private room, he was not to be disturbed save on the most pressing and important business. So long as only the inner door remained closed, Mr. Frost was accessible to six-and-eightpence-yielding messengers, when once their knock which usually kept the outer door open was removed, and the dark green portal had swung to, with a subdued noise, as though in deference to their pullers, then no clerk in the employ of the firm, scarcely even Mr. Lovegrove himself, willingly ventured on the task of disturbing the privacy of the senior partner.

And yet one morning, soon after Hugh Lockwood's return to London, Mrs. Lockwood walked into the offices at Bedford Square, and required that Mr. Frost should be informed of her presence: during the fact, carefully pointed out to her notice, that Mr. Frost's room was shut by the outer door; and that Mr. Lovegrove, Mr. Frost was understood to be particularly engaged.

"I feel sure that Mr. Frost would see me if you would be good enough to take in my name," said the little woman, looking into the face of the clerk who had spoken to her.

There was something singularly irresistible in the composed certainty of her manner. Neither were the lady-like neatness of her dress, and the soft, refined tones of her voice, without their influence on the young man.

"Have you an appointment?" he asked, hesitating.

"Not precisely an appointment for this special morning. But I have frequently been admitted at this hour by Mr. Frost, who will kindly take in my name to him, I am quite willing to assume the responsibility of disturbing him."

"Well, you see, ma'am, that's just what you can't do. The responsibility would be on our shoulders, whether it turned out that I am doing right or wrong. However, since you say that Mr. Frost has seen you at this time before—Perhaps you can give me a card to take in to him."

Mrs. Lockwood took a little note-book out of her pocket, tore off a blank page, and wrote on it with the neatest of tiny pencils, the initials Z. L.

"I have no card," she said, smiling; "but if you will show Mr. Frost that paper I think you will find that he will admit me."

The clerk disappeared, and returned in a few moments, begging the lady to step that way.

The last door did stop short at the green-baize door closed silently behind her short, trim, black figure.

Mr. Frost was seated at a table covered with papers. On one side, and within reach of his hand, stood a small cabinet full of drawers. It was a handsome article, such as is frequent in inhaid wood, and would have seemed more suited to a lady's boudoir than to a lawyer's office. But there was in truth nothing of what Mr. Lovegrove called "the shop" about the furniture or fittings of this tiny sanctum. The purple carpet was soft to the foot, the walls were stained of a warm stone-color, and the two easy-chairs—the only seats which the small size of the room gave room for—were covered with "morocco leather of the same hue as the carpet.

Over the chimney-piece hung a picture—one of the Academy—and shining that Wardour Street could turn out. Mr. Frost called it (and thought it) a Salvator Rosa.

The only technical belongings visible in the room were a few carefully-selected law books on a spare shelf near the window.

Lovegrove does all the pounce and parchment business," Mr. Frost was wont to say, jocosely. "He likes it."

But no client who had ever sat in the purple morocco easy-chair opposite to Mr. Frost failed to discover that, however much that gentleman might profess to despise those outward and visible symbols of his profession which he characterized generally as "Lovegrove's paraphernalia," he was none the less a keen, acute, practical, hard-headed lawyer.

Mr. Frost looked up from his papers as Mrs. Lockwood quietly entered the room.

His face wore a look of care, and almost of premature age; for his portly upright figure, perfectly dark hair, and vigor of movement betokened a man still in the prime of his strength. But his face was livid and haggard, and his eyebrows were surmounted by a complex series of wrinkles, which drew together as he knit, that gave him the expression of one continually and painfully at work in the solution of some weighty problem.

He rose and shook hands with Mrs. Lockwood, and then waved her to the chair opposite to his own.

"Tell me at once," he said, folding his hands before him on the table, and slightly bending forward as he addressed the widow, "if your business is really pressing. I scarcely think there is another person in London whom I would have admitted at this moment."

"My business is pressing, and I am much obliged to you," replied Mrs. Lockwood, looking at him steadily.

"You have, with your usual incredulity, that I had no real occupation when your visit interrupted me. Sometimes, I grant you, I shut myself in with fictions for a little— Hah! I was going to say *pence!* for a little quiet, for leisure to think for myself, instead of having out my thinking faculties for other people. But to-day it was not so. Look here!"

He pointed to the mass of papers under his hand (on the announcement of Mrs. Lockwood's approach he had thrown a large sheet of blotting-paper over them), and fluttered them rapidly with his fingers.

"I have been going through these, and was only half-way when you came."

"Bills?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Some bills, and some— Yes; chiefly bills. But they all need looking at."

As he spoke he forced them aside with a careless gesture, which half hid them once more under the blotting-paper.

Mrs. Lockwood's observant eyes had perceived that one of them bore the heading of a fashionable milliner's establishment.

"I am sorry," she said, to interrupt the calculation of your wife's bonnet bills; but I really must intrude my prosaic business on your notice."

"What a bitter little weed you are, Zillah!" rejoined Mr. Frost, leaning back in his chair and regarding her thoughtfully.

"You have no right to say so."

"The best right, for I know you. I don't complain—"

"Oh! you don't complain!" she echoed, with a short, soft laugh.

"No, I do not," proceeded; "I do not complain that your tongue is steeped in wormwood sometimes; for I know that you have not found life of honey. Neither have I, Zillah. If you knew my anxieties, my sleepless nights, my— But you would not believe me, even if I had time and inclination to talk about myself. What is it that you want with me this morning?"

"I want my money."

"Have you come here to say that?"

"That's the gist of what I have come to say. I put it curtly, I remember, shortly. But you know very well that that is always the burden of the tale."

"Do you expect me to take out a pocket-book full of bank-notes and hand them to you across the table like a man in a play? But," he added, after a moment's pause, with his own temper, "it is worse than useless for us to jangle. You are too sensible a woman to have come here unless you believed that I owed you me. Tell me what has induced you to take this step?"

"I desired to speak with you. To the first note I sent you, asking you to call in Gower Street, I got no answer."

"I was absent day and night at the time. I meant to come to you as soon as I had an hour's leisure."

"To the second note you replied that you were going out of town for three days."

"It was quite true. I only got back last night."

"And therefore I came here this morning."

"Has any thing new happened?"

"Something new is always happening. Hugh is bent on setting up for himself. His father's friends in the country have subscribed for it."

"It would be time on his part to leave Digby and West for the next year or so. I give this opinion just as a friend: if I were asked for his views by a perfect stranger." You doubtless think that I am actuated by some underhand motive."

"No, I do not think so. And, moreover, I should agree with you in your opinion, if I did not know that Hugh is entitled to a sum of money which will enable him to make the experiment he contemplates a judicious instead of a rash one."

"I do not see that."

"Hugh, at all events, has the right to judge for himself."

"And you have no right to interfere by judgment."

"Sometimes I am tempted—may, often, very often, I am tempted to do so. Hugh every thing, and let him fight his own fight. I am so tired of it!"

"Tell him, then!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, impatiently. "I, too, am weary, God knows!"

"You have the power to put an end to your weariness whenever you please. Do me justice. After all, I am but claiming what is my own."

"It is your own. I know it. I have never sought to deny it. You can not say that I have."

He rose with a quick, irritable movement from his chair, and stood leaning against the mantlepiece, with his face to the empty grate.

Then why not restore it at once, and end this weary business?

"Surely you must understand that such a sum is not to be had at a moment's notice!"

"A moment's notice! How many years is it since you promised me that it should be restored as soon as Hugh came of age?"

"I know, I know. But during this last year or two there have been embarrassments, and—and difficulties."

Mrs. Lockwood leaned her head on her hand and looked up at him. "Do you know," she said, slowly, "what I begin to be afraid of? That you have been telling me the truth lately, and that you really are in pecuniary difficulties!"

The blood rushed darkly over the lawyer's face, but he met her look with a smile and an ironical raising of the eyebrows.

"Upon my word," he said, "you are civil—and ingenious. You begin to be afraid that I have been telling you the truth? I presume you have hitherto supposed that I kept your cash in hand, round, yellow sovereigns, locked up in a box, and that I took nothing to do but to take them out whenever I chose and hand them over to you! I am sorry that I can not gratify you by realizing your apprehensions. I have been telling you the truth, but, nevertheless, your money is safe!"

The air of superiority in the man, his voice and bearing, were not without their effect on Mrs. Lockwood. Her face faltered and fell. Then she said, "You can at least name some time for a settlement, can you not? Give me some fixed date to look forward to. I have been very patient."

"Look here, Zillah, I have a very advantageous thing in view. It will be highly lucrative, if it comes off as I anticipate. It has been proposed to me to go abroad in the character of legal adviser to a very wealthy and powerful English company, and—"

"To go abroad!"

"Temporarily. For a few months merely. It is a question of obtaining a concession for some important works from the Italian government. If the affair succeeds, I shall be in a position not only to pay you back your own—*that*," he added, watching her face, "is a matter of course in any case—but to advance Hugh's prospects very materially. Will you have a little more patience and a little more faith, and wait until the winter?"

"Six months?" said Mrs. Lockwood, wearily.

"Yes; six months. Say six months! And meanwhile— As for Hugh, since he knows nothing, he will be suffering no unpleasantness."

"Hugh! Oh, thank God! If it had been a question of subjecting my son instead of myself to the grinding of hope deferred, the matters would have been settled in one way or the other years ago!"

Mr. Frost looked at the small, frail figure before him; at the pale, delicate-featured face, framed in its soft gray curls; and he wondered at the strength of resolution to endure that was expressed in every curve of her mouth, in the firmness of her attitude as she stood with her little round hands clasped in front of her, in the steadiness of the dark eyes whose setting was so worn and tear-stained.

"Could I, Zillah," he said, taking her hand; "I will come to Gower Street soon."

"Yes; you had better come. Hugh misses you. He wants to talk to you about his plans, he says."

"I shall give him the advice I told you—to go to Digby and West for at least another year on the terms they offer. Bless my life, it is no such hardship! What hurry is there for him to undertake the responsibilities and cares of a professional man who has, or thinks he has," added Mr. Frost, hastily correcting himself, "nothing in the world to depend upon for his own exertions?"

Mrs. Lockwood made as though she were about to speak, but then checked herself with a little, quick sigh.

"Zillah," said Mr. Frost, taking again the hand he had relinquished, and bending down to look into her face, "*there is something new!* You have not told me all that is in your mind."

"Because all is in my mind as yet—my subject is all vague and uncertain. But I fancy—I think—that Hugh has fallen in love."

Mr. Frost took the rest of the women, and put your real meaning into the postscript. I *knew* there was something you had to say."

He did not move from it at all. It is only a surmise—"

"I have considerable faith in the accuracy of your surmises; and it furnishes a likely enough motive for Hugh's hot haste to make himself a place in the world. Can you guess at the woman?"

"I know her. She is a girl of barely eighteen. She lives in my house."

"What! that Lady—Lady—"

"Lady Tallis Gale's niece, Miss Desmond."

"Desmond! Desmond! Why, did I know, I have it! Lovegrove is trustee under her mother's will. She has a mere pittance secured to her out of the estate. Not a penny more. Handsome, those kind of people, though they may be almost beggars, would, ten to one, look down upon your son from their height of family grandeur. This girl's father was one of the Power-Desmonds, a beggarly, scatter-brained, unworldly, Irish gentleman. Why, every day the young lady has been taught to be proud of her (probably hypothetical) descent from a savage prince or a fairy-tale!"

"Very likely. But your eloquence is wasted on me. You should talk to Hugh. I'm afraid he has not his ears open to you."

"Set his heart! Hugh is—how old? Three-and-twenty?"

"Hugh will be twenty-five in August."

"Ah! Think of a woman of your experience talking of a young fellow of that age having 'set his heart' on any thing! No doubt he has 'set his heart.' And how many times will it be set and unset again before he is thirty?"

"God forbid that Hugh should be such a man as some whom my experience has taught me to know!"

"Humph! Just now this love on which Hugh has 'set his heart' was a mere surmise on your part. Now you declare it to be a serious and established fact, and 'God forbid' it should not be!"

"When will you come?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, disregarding the sneer.

"I will come to-morrow evening if *I can*. You know that my time is mine to dispose of."

"True. But it is sometimes easier to dispose of that which belongs to other people than of one's own rightful property, is it not?"

With this Parthian dart Mrs. Lockwood disappeared, gliding ghostlessly out of the small room through the next chamber, and acknowledging by a modest, quiet little bend of the head the respectful salutation of the clerk who had first admitted her, in rising to open the door for her exit.

WILD-FOWL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ONE illustration on page 716 represents a scene which Mr. THOMAS BAINES (a gentleman who has spent several years in traveling through the region of the Zambesi River) saw on December, 1864—a multitude of flamingoes, pelicans, and dunkers on the sand-spit dividing Sandwich Harbor from the sea. It should be observed that many of the harbors on the shores of Southwest Africa are formed by the prevalent southwest wind driving from sea by projecting point a constant shoal, between which and the beach is a sheltered bay, where vessels of moderate burden may lie in perfect quiet while the surf breaks furiously outside this apparently fine harbor. Walvish (or Whalefish) Bay and Sandwich Harbor are of this class, and the lagoons and shallows of each are favorite resorts of dunkers, cormorants, pelicans, and flamingoes. The dunkers are so numerous that a flock of these birds wheeling in nuzzy evolutions over the bay and skimming the beach darkens a space of ground half a mile or more in extent. The flamingoes, wading to a uniform depth, form regular lines along the edge of the beach, like regiments of soldiers; or, when disturbed, rise in the air like a flickering rosate cloud, dazzling with intense brightness under the unclouded sun. Some of the smaller species of flamingoes which are found more inland are entirely of a deep and beautiful crimson. The Kimberley gold-field, and the shore has crimson wings, white neck with a delicate flush of pink, and pink or light crimson beak and legs. The bird most seen in the foreground of our engraving has not yet attained its perfect plumage. Its wings are marked with brown, just hinting at the color to come to succession; its beak is pale blue, and its legs are slenderer. A thorn-backed shark, some yards of the skeleton of a whale, and a few shells are seen lying on the beach.

"HESITATION."

SWEET seventeen! Poets have sung about it—painters have painted it, or tried to paint it—musicians have crammed peans of praise to it on their harps, sackbuts, psalteries, banjos, and all kinds of instruments; cowards have fled in fear of captivating influences; warriors have trembled before its exacting charms. What wonder, then, that one poor creature—like the one depicted in our illustration on page 717—should feel in her honest heart sick when the moment arrived in which her fate—or, rather her fate?—too bashful to look in the glass, and see reflected there the half coy, half-impudent face that bids him come if he dare, and yet seems to dare to come, filled with strange wonderment that that coffee pot should cheer him on and bid him not be such a fool, in looking for what he has got in his own days, when the plump old lady beside him was much such another skittish maiden. She has not frequently for her encouragement—as for the bashful lover there is a touch of proud remembrance of the time when she, too, hesitated; and, knowing that hesitation was torture, she prolonged the pain for the sake of the triumph. It will be all over presently, for there is a courage on that youth's brow which, when he is within arm's-length, will carry him on till there shall be the reflections of two faces in that one small bit of looking-glass, and then hesitation will be over, and by one word the life-history of both will be fixed.

A LEOPARD HUNT WITH FOX-HOUNDS.

OOTACAMUND, the principal sanitarium of Southern India, has a great advantage over the Himalayan stations, being situated in the midst of an extensive plateau, instead of being perched amidst precipitous lofty hills. To the west of Ootacamund, which occupies nearly the centre of a plateau of thirty square miles, stretch the vast undulating downs, covered with short but strong and coarse, and affording such unfailing foothold, that, even in the wettest weather, the horse may easily be ridden at speed along the steepest hill-sides, which are unbroken even by a mole-hill. A few small thick woods, dotted over these slopes, harbor innumerable jackals, regular mountaineers, strong-limbed and long-winded. The Madras fox-hounds, which are necessarily sent away from the plains during the hot season, from March till October, have been this year engaged in the Nilgiris; but the Ootacamund pack have been meeting twice a week. They have given good sport and acquitted themselves very creditably, in spite of the difficulties involved in the fact that to view eight or ten jackals in an hour is by no means an uncommon occurrence. A fair number of victims have, nevertheless, been pulled down in full career, or ignominiously dragged from earths; and "Jack," though not possessing, perhaps, the pluck of an English fox, will often give a smart run of twenty to forty minutes, very different from the mere gallop on the plains. But our illustration is from a sketch furnished by a local correspondent, who took a part, on June 22, in a most extraordinary run, which has created the wonder of all the Anglo-Indian sportsmen. The hounds had run down a jackal and killed him in the Nunggenad Valley, and the only persons with them were Mr. SCHMIDT, Mr. ATKINS, and the huntsman, when a fine full-grown leopard suddenly darted from the thicket, and away went every dog full cry after this strange object of chase. They soon came up with the unwieldy animal him, and rolled him over; but he punished some of them with his teeth and claws. He broke from them, and got into a copse, with a view to climb a tree; but the hounds again caught him, and he then turned at bay. Thirteen couple of them, having got deep into the thicket, were out of sight, while the barking, yelping, and howling of the dogs, and the furious growling of the leopard, told of the conflict on. Then the huntsman, and several gentlemen who had by this time come up, endeavored in vain to call off the dogs, which it is believed by the natives is too valuable to be exposed to the risks of such an encounter. After the efforts of half an hour the hounds were got out. None of them were killed, but several were badly bitten. Guns were meantime sent for, and Mr. Atkins made two good shots at the leopard, crippling him, with the first and killing him with the second.

CHARLES READE'S IDEAL WOMAN.

THERE is, perhaps, no writer of equal eminence who has so clearly shown the character and principles of his genius in the first chapter or two of his novels as "Peg Woffington," his earliest work, is at once an epitome and admonition of all he has done. Mr. Reade's *repertoire* is limited. He has one brilliant, splendid woman, full of noble instincts, of passion and generosity, of high and delicate sentiment, and of delight, and whom he can not too often reproduce; and he has another simple, tender, wise, tenacious creature who is the type of endurance, the defender, the only being who fully comprehends the first; and between these two he has a fancy for placing a number of commonplace, unsympathetic men. This is but a small circle, yet it is wide enough to give occasion for many exquisite contrasts and delicate studies. It is impossible to no doubt a weakness in point of art; but we doubt much whether it is not an additional charm to the ordinary reader that he knows what he is to get, and whom he can trust. The story requires a perception of character, and requires to have it impressed upon him by many repetitions. The favorite conception of our novelists, like Mrs. Woffington, his Christie Johnstone, his Kate, are all more or less repetitions, with changes of costume and circumstance, of Peg. It is the very ideal of womankind, according to what Mr. Mill would call the imperfect and inductive definition which the world has been permitted it since the beginning of the world; a being full of perception and delicacy, of wit and humor, of quick sympathy, of instinctive truth, however concealed by, at the same time, not above the deceptions of society; of unconquerable courage, of the subtle imagination suggests for the management and well-being of others; a creature equal to all emergencies, rising with her nerves value to any danger; able to brace herself for every necessary exertion, and to do whatsoever may be necessary with a certain splendor of self-devotion. Something of Rosalind, something of Imogen, is in this fine conception—yet it is original, and has never been done in the same manner by any other. That Mr. Dickens never dreamed of such a being, nor even the broader intelligence of Thackeray, we are sure; and that the fine, versified genius of Lord Lytton, it is unnecessary to say. Mr. Reade has made this woman; he has clothed her, in the first instance, with the vent of romanticists, but in beautiful power and strength, the fullness of health, and truth, and purity and tenderness. He has set her forth not as a passive, but an active being, able to do almost any thing she puts her hand to, and never ashamed by no misconception or self-consciousness, though white and splendid with natural modesty. Whatever she undertakes she undertakes to her coming and her goings impress themselves on all minds; she is the centre of the picture wherever she appears. The interest of her life is the continuation between what this noble creature can do and what she can not. She can labor with a man's energy and boldness; she can risk fortune at the tide; she can save lives and win hearts. But she can not sway some one weak, selfish soul about her, or even one weak part of herself, nor take away from it the faithful affections of which it is unworthy. Every thing else she can do, but not this. Her faithfulness is proof against her own clear sight and discrimination. Such is Peg Woffington, the actress; such is Christie Johnstone; such is Kate Peyton; such is Kate Gaunt. Each is perfectly true to her surroundings and to her age. There is, so to speak, no resemblance between them; their costume is varied with all the skill of consummate art; they think as becomes their different positions and habits, with the slightest confusion of identity; and yet they are one. Perhaps—such a thing is possible—had the author begun—such a thing is possible—had the author concentrated his powers on one production of his favorite character, something more effective still might have been the result. But we should be very reluctant to be put to it which of the trio we would part with. Not Christie, the pride of Newhaven; and not the brave, sweet, gay, infinitely gifted actress. If one were to be sacrificed, Kate, we think, would have the least hold on our hearts. And yet how noble is Kate in her virtues and her errors, her boldness, her fears, her miserable mistakes, and suffering! The woman walks through the book, with her grand stature and stately form, winning us, enchanting us, offending us, like a real creature. The reader feels disposed to pause, and warn, and remonstrate, and hid her look well what she is about. Harm will come of it! we call out to her unconsciously: and she knows it—half hears it—yet is onward. What a woman! If there were many like her, how poor would all Mr. Mill's pleas for equality sound (as, Heaven knows, without that they sound quite enough)! Equal to the good-natured lout by her side, whom she condescends to love! One might as well speak of equality between a cloud and the sea, or between the pole-star and a smoky lantern. This is the thing of all others which Mr. Reade has done best; and we are not one of his contemporaries, and few of his predecessors, who have given such an idea to the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FATHER HAGGERTY has arrived in this port on the 10th of October on board the *Borussia*. He sailed October 5. The passage was made in eight days and sixteen hours—the shortest transatlantic trip on record. In our editorial columns last week we gave a history of the conflict between Father Hyacinthe and his Superior. This conflict has now been continued for several years. Even in 1866 he was restricted by instructions from Rome, which, against which, however, he sometimes rebelled. During that year, in a discourse delivered by him in the Church of St. Sulpice, in Lyons, before the Archbishop, instance of this, the sermon Father Hyacinthe confined himself at first to the subject which had been given him, and which was by his superiors. The commencement of his discourse was cold and unimpassioned, and failed to excite any enthusiasm in his audience. Suddenly, however, he followed his own inspiration, and uttered an eloquent apostrophe to the Virgin, which brought the whole assembly and in the Church, and on the universal selfishness which prevailed in the place. This latter portion of his discourse excited little surprise, and was the subject of much comment. In a second sermon he was reprimanded by his superiors for his activity over dogma. "I have wandered over the world," he said, "and have every where found only genius of intelligence, and the love of understanding. I have entered the cloister, and have there only met with absolute faith." The Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal Donald, heard this sermon preached, and publicly defended at it. In the next burst of his indignation he went for Father Hyacinthe, and forbade him to preach in any church of his diocese. The urgent representations of the highest authorities induced him to withdraw that prohibition. He again sent for Father Hyacinthe, and in a mild and unconmonly forbearing manner told him that he would be no more to do the Church if he went on with his violent attacks upon it. Father Hyacinthe could not resist this friendly advice, and promised to control himself in future. It was not until lately that he found himself unable to keep this promise any longer.

Before his departure for this country Father Hyacinthe gave utterings to Miss Vinnie Ream for a new bust.

Who has a desire to understand what French-and-Chinese music is like? The editor of a San Francisco paper has published a Chinese theatre for the purpose of ascertaining, and thus enlightens the public: "Imagine yourself in a Chinese theatre. Fifty or sixty Mongol men are putting in rivets, a mammoth tin-shop next door on one side, and a forty-stamp quartz mill on the other. Add to these charivari party with six hundred instruments in front, four thousand enraged cats in the rear, and a faint idea will be conceived of the performance of a first-class Chinese band of music."

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, fifty families propose to try co-operative housekeeping, on a capital of ten thousand dollars. Culinary, laundry, and sewing departments will be established, and the scheme gives full promise of being successful. It is said Professor Blot will have general charge of the kitchen.

In Hartford, Connecticut, another plan is suggested to make housekeeping cares lighter. It proposes the erection of a building, to cost one hundred by sixty, having a basement, four full stories, and an attic. On each story there would be six complete suits of rooms, a hall and staircase, and a dumb-waiter.

In the basement would be a kitchen and restaurant; and the apartments would be rented to families, they can take their meals in the restaurant or have them sent to their rooms. The owner of the building proposes to furnish the rooms every thing, and provide all things at reasonable cost. This every family would have its home, with the advantages of a share of housekeeping. It is very evident that in the course of the next quarter of a century various projects will be devised by which many of the annoyances now incident to housekeeping will be removed, and yet the home be preserved.

Vishnu, a god of the Hindoos, has very much startled his worshipers of late, by anything past them at night on a celestial white elephant, with a flash of lightning. Those who are so irreverent as not to believe in Vishnu, however, declare that this celestial wheel is the property of a Mr. Stevenson who is ambitious to be the first velocipede rider under an Asiatic sun; but finding the best opportunity for the exercise of his bicycle at night, and illuminating his path by a lantern.

We are interested in the fate of the poor wretch who fell a victim to the belle who went this last year to the White Mountains, and there under a vow to accept the man who made her the hundredth offer of marriage. She kept her resolution, to the story goes. But who was the man? What was his name? And hasn't he wished before this time that he was one of the unlucky ninety-nine?

Presence of mind prevented a fearful accident on the Fort Wayne Railroad, near Jackson, Michigan, a short time ago. An express train was sent out from the depôt for some special purpose, and it reached full speed round a curve to a bridge six hundred feet long. Instantly the engineer reversed the engine, for he saw a man with his wife and two children on the narrow portion of the bridge, where it is just wide enough for a train to pass, about midway of its length. Catching up the children in his arms, the man told his wife to run toward the end of the bridge, until the train should reach her, and then jump into the water. She did as directed, and fell into the river beneath of the iron monster she jumped from the bridge, fortunately alighting in not more than two feet of water, and the train passed her in safety. The father could not run with the same speed, but he coolly and steadily, in the face of the approaching train, lowered himself with them to a brace beneath the bed timbers, and there held them fast within a few feet of the water, while the train came thundering over them. Near the centre of the bridge the excitement on engineer and brakeman effected the stoppage of the train, and their assistance was rendered to extricate the frightened family from their yet very perilous position.

The Hippodrome in Paris, which was recently destroyed by fire, was an immense building of glass and wood, which contained seats for spectators, but the ring had no covering but the sky. The conflagration was terrific, and illumined all Paris, fortunately having night into day. The Hippodrome itself was not an expensive structure, but many other buildings in the vicinity were consumed.

Our readers may not be aware that in Jamaica Notaire herself supplies us with marking-ink. He brags among a plentiful season. Another occurrence of the scandal which has introduced the subject of incest to the attention of young persons is a forthcoming drama entitled the Countess Gaiccioli's 'Recollections of the Poet.' It will be a six-shilling volume. The Countess was the fair and fascinating husband, M. de Boissy, would not be a bad book. He was a frank man, and used to introduce his wife as "Mrs. Byron De Boissy ma femme, ancienne maitresse de Byron."

Archbishop Manning, of England, recently delivered a lecture at Stockbridge, in which he said that modern civilization was a state of society "founded on lawless, godless education, falsehood, and the contradictions in matters of religion, and the absolute renunciation of the supreme authority of the Christian religion." He also interprets the Pope's refusal, in refusing to secularize himself to Liberalism, progress, and modern civilization. "I will not," he said, "do it not. Your progress means decay; I maintain Christian marriage. Your progress means secular education; I maintain that education is inseparably and necessarily Christian. You maintain that it is a good thing that the people should think as they will and they like, preach as they like, and propagate what errors they please. I say that it is sowing error broadcast over the land. I say that I have no mercy over the Christian world, that I am not the vicar of the Good Shepherd if I do not feel the supreme interest of the Christian Faith. I am all these. You ask me to abdicate, to renounce my supreme authority. You tell me that I am powerless in the civil power. That is a subject of the King of Italy, and from him I am to receive instructions. I have to the way I exercise the civil power. I say I am liberated from all civil subjection, that my Lord made me the subject of no one but Himself and His successor; that I, Pius IX., am sovereign. I acknowledge no civil superior, I am the subject of no power on earth. I am sovereign this—I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men—of the peasant that tills the field and of the king that sits on the throne—of the schoolchild that lives in the shade of privacy and the legislature that makes laws for a kingdome—I claim the right of Supreme Judge of what is right and wrong." Would it not be as fair to say that Romanism is founded upon the battery so to declare Protestant progress" founded upon divorce."

Mr. Gladstone, the British Premier, has shown great boldness and liberality as he has exhibited in his theological appointments. He has recently promoted the Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., to the bishopric of Exeter. Dr. Temple has been head-master of Rugby for ten years, and was one of the writers of the "Essays and Reviews" which have since agitated the Church. Bewley, the author of "Ecce Homo," to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. Both these appointments have provoked censure. Lord Shaftesbury styles "Ecce Homo" "the most mischievous book that has ever been published in the jaws of the Christian Seeley is distinguished by high character and great ability. He is an eminent layman of wide culture, a thinker of considerable power, a student of history in the loftiest sense of the word, and a writer who can express his meaning with force and vividness.

Captain C. P. Ball's lecture at Steinway Hall, in this city, on the evening of October 15, was a success. The hall was filled nearly to its utmost capacity. These accounts of Arctic discoveries appear to be of very great interest to the public.

There are three "Homes for Disabled Veterans" which have been established in different parts of the country since the close of the civil war. One is located at Augusta, Maine; one at Dayton, Ohio; and one, which has very recently been opened, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The fund of these institutions consists of military dues and forfeitures of deserters, unclaimed pay and prize-money, and a most commendable ten million dollars. These asylums are not hospitals, nor almes-houses, but places where disabled soldiers may receive subsistence, care, and suitable instruction; where employment is provided, for which proper compensation is given, and where every thing possible will be done for the comfort of those who have bravely defended our country's flag.

The Milwaukee Home is situated about three miles west of the city. The park includes 40 acres, a part of which has been appropriated to farming purposes, and the remainder is being finely laid out under the supervision of an experienced landscape gardener. The building is neat and tasteful, contains every needed convenience, and can comfortably accommodate five hundred inmates. It is heated by steam, and a gasbome will soon be built. The kitchen is fitted up with modern improvements, and the washing and ironing are to be chiefly done by steam machinery. The "Home" is in the form of a cross, and the first-floor of the central building is mostly occupied by public rooms; the dormitories are in the second, third, and fourth stories. There is a central tower, a hundred and fifty feet high, which affords a fine view of the surrounding country.

FLAMINGOES, PELICANS, AND DUIKERS, AT SANDWICH HARBOR, SOUTH AFRICA.—[See Page 715.]

A LEOPARD HUNT WITH FOX-HOUNDS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

"HESITATION."—[SEE PAGE 715.]

THE COLOSSEUM.

WITHOUT gazing with one's own eyes on the mighty fabric it is impossible to comprehend its vastness or its grandeur as a ruin. On the spot where it was reared by Titus and Vespasian, on their return from the conquest of Jerusalem, a lake formerly existed, the work of the infamous Nero. Twelve thousand Jewish prisoners of war, brought to Rome to give eclat to a triumph of imperial dignity, in the year A.D. 72, goaded on day by the whip, laid the foundation of the Colosseum. They worked many years at their task, till Vespasian died. Their descendants, the poor, crushed, despised Jews, may be seen in the Ghetto by any traveler who has the curiosity to examine that quarter of the city. Titus dedicated the edifice in the year 80, and the inauguration lasted one hundred days. Fifty wild beasts were daily killed, and no less than five thousand were slaughtered in combats in the arena. It was four stories high, oval, without a roof, and would seat comfortably 87,000, besides giving standing-room for witnessing the spectacles for 22,000 more. An awning protected the audience from sunshine and rain. Palaces of amazing size, public and private edifices, and structures without number, have been built out of brick taken from its walls for several hundred years, and yet the remaining mass is one of the wonders of the world. Happily further depredations have been interdicted, and some attempts made to repair the weakest parts, so that the Colosseum may probably outlast, in fact, ruin as it is, one or two thousand years longer.

QUARRELING.

THE tendency to let any dispute drift into a quarrel is very much a matter of habit; but it is a habit which may be greatly modified, if not wholly cured. We should avoid quarrels, to begin with, that moderation in language and temper is evidence, not of weakness of character, but of the reverse. While a quarrel is in embryo, moderation and self-control may remove it; but when it passes that stage—when it is developed into a quarrel—then the credit of setting the matter to rights is at an end. The prudent man will now simply withdraw himself from the affair, instead of needlessly involving himself in a useless struggle. Of course, it requires some discretion to know when the dispute has reached the point of being quarrelsome; and it is at this point that it should be thrown up. Considerations of false pride should not be allowed to interfere. No matter how just your cause is, there is nothing to be gained by declaiming against the injustice of your opponent, who sees only right on his side. A man ought to study the history and development of former quarrels, in which he has been engaged, in order to see how senseless they were, and what an enormous waste of time and temper they involved. He will see the most contemptible grow more definite, until it reaches that stage at which it is impossible to remove it without the most drastic abnegation on one side or the other. He will perceive that neither side is willing to take the lead in coming to an arrangement. The cause of dispute becomes a side-issue, bigger. Each disputant is now more confirmed in his notions. By-and-by, they are not to anxious to prove themselves right as they are to punish each other for being quarrelsome and causing annoyance. The original grounds of quarrel is lost sight of in this sense of mutual injury. They are angry with each other because each has quarreled, and the quarrel is continued out of revenge. How does it end? Time, the great pacifier, smooths down their wrath; but look at all they have suffered and lost in the interim! It is fortunate, indeed, if one or other perceives the obvious lesson, and resolves thenceforth to abandon any dispute which reaches the irretrievable and merely reciprimitory stage.

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145.	Spanish Muleteer. Scotch.
146.	The Mile of Edinboro. Scotch.
144.	Coming through the Rye. Balfe.
143.	The Prince of the Valley. Claribel.
140.	I can not Sing the Old Songs. Claribel.
139.	Janet's Choice. Claribel.
138.	Strangers Yet. Rogers.
137.	Waiting by the Gate. Clippingdale.
136.	Wild Youngs Lady. Sear.
135.	Call Her Back and Kiss Her. Clifton.
134.	The Bluebell Polka. Rogers.
133.	There was a Simple Maiden. Machrives.
132.	Sunset Galop. Wild.
131.	Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Raymond.
130.	Heaven and Thee. Ogleblum.
129.	The Roman Maurice. Rogers.
128.	The March of the Silent Men. Viviani.
127.	It Ought not Thus to Be. Abt.
126.	In Happy Moments. Wallace.
125.	Old Simon the Cellarer. Hatton.
124.	The Fairy's Frolic. Sedgwick.
123.	The Bridal Ring. Rodwell.
122.	The Heart Bowed Down. Balfe.
121.	The Love Light's in your Eyes. Sedgwick.
120.	Waverly Polka. Sedgwick.
119.	The Drawing-Room Schottische. Douglass.
118.	The Harper and his Boy. Gaisford.
117.	She is not Fair to Outward View. Sullivan.
116.	Little Maid of the Silver Tear. Balfe.
115.	Then You'll Remember Me. Balfe.
114.	When the Swallows Homeward Fly. Abt.
113.	You and I. Claribel.
112.	Only a Lock of Hair. Claribel.
111.	Mary Emma Polka. Rogers.
110.	I'd Clasp Me to Thy Heart Again. Balfe.
109.	Scotch Lassie Jean. Peabody.
108.	Dancing Love. Rogers.
107.	Tommy Dodd. Raymond.
106.	Wood-Nymph. Flowers.
105.	Never Mind the Rest. H. Fase.
104.	The World is Full of Beauty. Waverly.
103.	O that I were a Song! Hime.
102.	The Well-Blossomed Tree. Musgrave.
101.	Smiles and Tears. Clippingdale.
100.	I have None. Carrington.
99.	Go it while you're Young. Waverly.
98.	Grandma Waltz. Goldbeck.
97.	Molly Bawn. Lover.
96.	Jessica. Porter.
95.	I'm not Myself at all. Lover.
94.	Beautiful Hope. Bard.
93.	The Cavalier. Glover.
92.	Continental Schottische. Rogers.
91.	Of what is the Old Man Thinking? Knight.
90.	Sally, Sally. Lover.
89.	Ka-loorie-um. Hatton.
88.	Nothing Else to Do. Hatton.
87.	Crescent-City March. Rogers.
86.	Fuddle your own Canoe. Robson.
85.	Scenes that are Brightest. Wallace.
84.	Castles in the Air. Adams.
84.	The Bell goes a Ringing for Sarah. Hunt.
83.	Sweet Bird. Glover.
82.	School for Jolly Dogs. Copeland.
81.	Will we ever a Wooing. Raymond.
80.	Maggie Morgan. Scotch.
79.	Mary Ann Polka. Scotch.
78.	Larboard Watch. Duet. Williams.
77.	The Bashful Young Lady. Stewart.
76.	After Dark.

NO.	AUTHOR.
75.	Bachelor's Hall. Culver.
74.	Oh would I were a Bird. Waverly.
73.	Oh, my Pretty Blue-Eyed Witch. Blamphin.
72.	My Angel. Taylor.
71.	The Pilgrim's Wife. Guglielmo.
69.	Day and Night I Thought of Thee. Covert.
68.	My Mother Dear. Shrivall.
67.	Barney O'Hea. Lover.
66.	Chestnut-Street Belles. Raymond.
65.	Boston Belles. Raymond.
64.	Be Careful and Beware. Sacr.
63.	Where there's a Will there's a Way. Lloyd.
62.	Love's Request. Raymond.
61.	The Lancashire Lass. Blamphin.
60.	Bell Ringing Polka. Irving.
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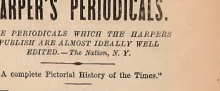

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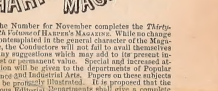

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 672.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE LINCOLN STATUE, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

THE bronze statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, was unveiled October 21, and dedicated with imposing ceremonies. Prospect Park is one of the most beautiful in the world; and it has this advantage over Central Park, that it overlooks a large expanse of water. It is creditable to the patriotism of the citizens of Brooklyn that the first monument erected in their Park is one dedicated to the memory of the Saviour of his Country.

The statue is nine feet in height, and is mounted upon a massive pedestal of granite. Mr. LINCOLN is represented as pointing to the Constitution of the United States, which he holds in his left hand. His head is uncovered, and a cloak thrown back from the breast hangs gracefully over his shoulders. This statue is the result of dollar subscriptions; it was executed by the sculptor MR. H. K. BROWN.

A large number of citizens were present. Within the inclosure about the statue were officers of the army and navy, and just outside the Twenty-third regiment formed a glittering line along the slope. MR. A. A. LOW, the presiding officer, delivered a brief but eloquent address. Then the statue was unveiled. MR. J. P. WALLACH, in behalf of the War Fund Committee, formally presented the statue to the Park Commissioners. MR. J. S. T. STRAHAN replied in behalf of the Commissioners. He said that three sites had been chosen for statues, and that he trusted the two yet unoccupied would be filled by statues of WASHINGTON and JACKSON. The oration of the day—an eloquent and impressive one—was delivered by Rev. DR. STORRS, of Brooklyn. Letters were read from President GRANT and Governor HOFFMAN.

THE SECRET OF THE AURORA.

MEN of science have long felt that a strange secret lay hidden in the brilliant folds of the aurora. The magic arch, with its pointed streamers, shifting silently but swiftly across the heavens, pulsating mysteriously as though illuminated by the fitfully changing glow of some concealed furnace, and rendered surpassingly beautiful by the brilliancy of its colors, had always had strange charms for men of thoughtful mind. And gradually a series of laborious researches had revealed the laws which associate this beautiful apparition with disturbances affecting the economy of our whole earth, and not indirectly connected with the habitudes of the solar system itself. But recently a discovery has been made which is even more remarkable than any which had before rewarded the labors of physicists—a discovery at once instructive and perplexing, revealing a bond of union between the aurora and a phenomenon hitherto thought to be quite different in character, but leaving us still to learn what the exact nature of that bond of union may be.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—(SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.)

We had occasion recently to point out that a sudden disturbance in the sun, in 1859, had been presently followed by intense magnetic action, the whole electric system of the earth quivering, so to speak, under the influence of the solar forces educed by the disturbance. And we mentioned that among the signs of this magnetic action brilliant displays of the auroral streamers had been witnessed in both hemispheres on the night following the solar disturbance. This circumstance touches us the true character of the aurora as strikingly as any which astronomers and physicists had patiently been gathering together during the past half century. We learn at once that a relation subsists between the aurora, terrestrial magnetism, and the central luminary of our scheme.

And even if we were to pause here, we should have learned enough to indicate the significance and importance of the aurora. Our earth, we may be sure, is not the only recipient of that mystic influence which rouses into activity the phenomena we term magnetic. Over the whole realm which it rules the central orb sends forth the strange electric impulses. When our skies are illuminated by the magic streamers, we may be sure that those of Venus and of Mars, of Jupiter and of Saturn, nay, even the skies of those unseen orbs which travel far out in space beyond the paths of Uranus and Neptune, are lit up with auroral displays. When once it has been shown that we owe our auroras to solar action, we recognize the cosmical character of the display, and that, in a sense, the terrestrial magnetism on which it depends is a bond of affinity between our earth and its sister orbs.

But while we were thus taught the true significance of the aurora, we were left in doubt as to the way in which the solar action aroused the electric luminosity in the upper regions of our air. We could not even tell at what elevation the light was suspended above our earth. The most eminent physicists differed in their views as to the possibility of learning when the magic streamers really wave when we see them most distinctly. While ARAGO had held that to attempt to measure the height of the aurora was as futile as to attempt to measure the height of a rainbow, Sir John Herschel considered that precisely the same laws of measurement might be applied to the aurora as to any object raised high above the earth.

One point, however, was well determined. The auroral lights are undoubtedly to be ascribed to electric action taking place at a very considerable height, where the air is very rare indeed. It became, therefore, a question whether any thing could be learned by analyzing the auroral light as to the condition of that particular part of our atmosphere in which the electric action takes place.

Spectroscopic analysis, that strange and powerful mode of research which has revealed so many unlooked-for facts, was accordingly applied to the light of a brilliant aurora. The result was rather surprising. Instead of a rainbow-colored stream of light, such as would have appeared if the aurora were due to the existence of particles excited to luminosity by electric action, a single line of colored light appeared. This indicated that the light is due to the incandescence of some gas through which the electric discharges in upper air take place.

But this was not the circumstance which attracted surprise. Rather, this was to have been looked for. It was the *position* of the line which astonished our physicists. If the gas had been one which chemists are acquainted with, the bright line would have occupied the position proper to that gas, and would at

once have indicated its nature. But there is no known element whose spectrum has a bright line where this one appeared. The observation has been repeated over and over again, by Angstrom, by Otto Struve, and recently by Mr. Flammer, always with the same result—we can not tell what the substance may be to whose incandescence or luminosity the aurora owes its brilliancy.

But a most remarkable discovery has been effected. Angström has found that the mysterious line of the auroral spectrum exists in the spectrum of another object which had been thought to be wholly different in character. Ever since its discovery by Cassini, the zodiacal light has been an object of interest to astronomers. Gradually a theory had been formed respecting it, which had been sanctioned by the authority of such men as Humboldt and Sir John Herschel. It was held that this appearance is due to the mical bodies revolving around the sun within the orbit of our earth.

This theory had never been tested by spectroscopic analysis. Indeed, the zodiacal light shines so faintly that it was hardly hoped that its spectrum could be rendered visible. But if we can see in the spectrum of the aurora! In other words, the light of the zodiacal gleam and that of the auroral streamers are due to the same sort of electric discharge taking place in the same medium.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

☞ *In November will be commenced* "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS, *Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

AFTER THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

NOW that the New York election is over, there is a singular calm in the political world. In the last week of the canvass there was very little excitement in the State; and it was remarkable, as Mr. GREELEY observed in one of his speeches, that, while the chief Republican orators confined themselves to a fair discussion of the great principles upon which the party is planted, the Democratic speakers were evidently at a loss to know how to urge their claim to public confidence.

Indeed, it was a ludicrous situation for them. They wanted to denounce corruption, and the gentlemen chosen for the work were the masters of the Tammany Ring, assisted by Mr. FERNANDO WOOD. It was an edifying spectacle, that of the Mayor, the District Attorney, and the Corporation Attorney launching invectives against extravagance and demanding purity in politics. Or it was necessary to expand the claim to confidence upon the character of the candidates; and thereupon the supporters of Judge MCCUNN and of Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED denounced that there were some Republican candidates whose reputation was clouded. Indeed the *World*, which could not conscientiously laud the Republican journals but spring for not protesting against the appointment of General SICKLES by the President, was curiously silent about those whom it had previously characterized by name as corruptionists of the Ring and authors of shameless and cunning frauds. Thus nothing might be wanting to complete the comedy of the Democratic canvass, Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, the gentleman who formerly wept that he was not able to send rifles to Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS, to be used against the Yankees, arrived from Europe just in time to weep afresh over the melancholy fact that the President's brother-in-law was implicated in the late gold scandal.

The effort to make any single State issue prominent failed. It was strenuously declared that the Republican ticket was framed to suit both the friends and the foes of lager beer. But, as a fact, the ticket exactly represented the position of the party upon the subject. The party does not make it an issue. It embraces prohibitionists like Mr. GREELEY and non-prohibitionists like General SIGEL; and both classes agree, with the vast majority of men, that it is not a subject to be dealt with by the party. So, also, Mr. GREELEY is in favor of selling the canals as the wise policy for the State, and an attempt was made to excite hostility to him upon this ground, as if the Comptroller could dispose of the canals at his pleasure. There was, however, really very little spirit in the canvass, as the registration showed; nor is there likely to be any great political interest or excitement until the meeting of Congress and the first message of President GRANT.

There will be certain topics of especial importance for his consideration in that paper. Of these the Cuban question and the *Alabama* question are perhaps the chief. The formal work of reconstruction will have been substantially closed. The general financial policy will be expounded by the Secretary of the Treasury. But we shall have some foreshadowing of the probable course of the Government toward Cuba; and such is the quiet good sense of the Administration that it will probably not commit itself, except, when circumstances or "accomplished facts" authorize the recognition of belligerency or independence, they will be recognized, and not before. Such a firm is the confidence of the party and the country in the sagacity and probity of the Administration, that Congress is not very likely to interfere with its policy. If General BANKS, during his European vacation, has carefully informed himself of the situation at home, or returns in time to resume his seat, he will probably, conscious that the public sentiment of the country, wishing well to any people honestly fighting for independence, does not demand that the United States take an active part in the Cuban revolution. As for the English question, it is most probable that the tone of the President's message will imply that the little *Alabama* claim is to be settled.

Of course it was during these first few months of the new Administration, under the pressure of the great reaction which naturally followed the great triumph of last year, that the Democratic party hoped to prove at the autumn polls that the country was utterly discontented with the President and his general policy. This expectation has been wholly baffled. The Republican line is unbroken. The elections have shown that the people, who last overcame by their faith in General GRANT and the principles he represents, trust him with undiminished confidence. The Democracy have lost the battle which is often apt to seal the fate of the day. They must reflect in time, that, if they hope to persuade the people of this country to give them power again, they must not attempt to do it by the Tammany Ring and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD to denounce corruption, nor by electing Judge MCCUNN to the judicial bench. They were beaten in 1868 because they came back in the same old party, with the same old spirit and the same old leaders. As long as this is evident they will continue to be beaten.

THE FENIAN AMNESTY.

As we write, Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to the Town Council of Dublin has not reached us; and we must, therefore, confine ourselves to a few reasons for refusing the Fenian amnesty. At this distance, and with our information, it would seem that the Government of Great Britain has very unwisely; and Mr. GLAY's assertion, that Mr. GLADSTONE's personal wish was for an amnesty, will be readily believed. The London *Times* is defending the Government, says that rebellion was formerly regarded in England as a transcendent crime, and that it is now considered more frequent with ruinous consequences to the country than ordinary crimes. Might it not fairly be asked, then, whether a Government, so particularly sensitive to the public welfare, ought not to be a little less hasty in the recognition of the belligerent rights of rebellion against a friendly nation, and rebellion for the worst of purposes?

It is not, however, surprising that, remembering 1715 and '45, and the endless Irish insurrection, the British tradition should be a horror of rebellion, and unreasonably deals with facts and principles; and is it not very doubtful whether the rigors that have always followed the suppression of risings by England either did or could tend to prevent them so surely as a more merciful policy? People in England may, as the *Times* says, choose to consider rebellion the greatest crime. But crime in the moral sense it will never be felt to be, unless its ends are base or its means intentionally cruel. The Irish people, as *Punch* justly says, is not a mere Sir Roger de Coverley or Squire Western, and who is familiar with the long tragedy of Ireland, will ever regard the rising of any part of the people as criminal in the same sense as the PANTIN murder. Hopeless and stupid and fatal it may be, but not wicked and dastardly.

In dealing with ignorant or deluded fanatics, if the English choose to take that view, who venture their lives in hope of an Irish republic, what should the Government do? If aggravated, individual, and premeditated cruelty in any case is proved, the laws would probably naturally be left to deal with such a case as assassination. But if there be a general spirit of disaffection in Ireland—not ill-founded, as every Englishman knows—and if the country is guilty or wrongly, as we consider England its bitter enemy, when a ministry is raised to power upon the cry of justice to Ireland, and begins by an act of justice which every Irishman can appreciate—if that act were immediately followed by one of mercy, would it not be truly said in Ireland that at last there was a Government which Ireland ought to trust; and, vast as Irish ignorance and hate of England are, would not the wiser and better Irishmen be strengthened by such a course as nothing else could strengthen them?

Certainly we, who have subdued a more appalling rebellion than England ever encountered, yet who have not executed nor imprisoned a rebel, have the right to wonder whether England does not feel strong enough to be magnanimous, or is not sagacious enough to know the policy of clemency.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE late meeting of the American Social Science Association in the city of New York was very significant as well as interesting. The audiences, indeed, were not very large, but the reports of the proceedings in the newspapers were ample and accurate; and the essays were by gentlemen most of whom were especially competent to treat the topics selected, and treated them with a care and ability which made the papers of permanent value. There is a great deal of special study and research upon subjects embraced by the plan of the Association for which there is no method of expression so admirable as that furnished by these meetings. The papers are then published in pamphlets, magazines, or volumes, would be very likely to be neglected. They are generally too great and compact, and sometimes too scientific, to be accessible to the general lecturer; and the invaluable result of investigation in the most important directions might long appeal in vain for public attention, if it were not for the plan and form of the Social Science Association. It invites special students to prepare carefully the substance of their research and thought, and offers them an audience which any man might be proud to address, and a full report under circumstances sure to arrest public attention and affect public opinion.

The President of the Association, Mr. SAMUEL ELIOT, of Boston, in his most admirable opening address, described the simple structure of Social Science. It is not social science, because it devotes itself to promoting the well-being of society by a careful study of facts and intelligent application of principles. It is not political science, or public action, founded not in emotion only but in knowledge, and would as carefully consider the means as the end. Indeed, the Association was drawn to a focus for the common benefit those scattered rays of light and heat which, concentrated, become the greatest force of civilization.

The organization of the Association is very simple. There are a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and four Department Committees of Education, Finance, Health, and Jurisprudence. The chairmen of these committees and the officers first-named compose the Executive Committee, which has charge of the general or financial management, the places and details of meetings, publications, etc. But the Department Committees are the important elements of the organization. They consist mainly of experts—gentlemen who have devoted themselves to the special study of subjects embraced in the department, and every question proposed to the Association is referred to a proper committee to decide if it be a subject for the Association usefully to enter upon. There are also two local committees, one in New York, and one in Albany; and there will soon be one in Philadelphia, and another in New Haven. These serve as centres of action. The expenses of the Association are limited to the fees for but one salaried officer. Besides public meetings for the purpose of hearing carefully prepared papers, the Association has a room in which are constantly kept open at the Albany meeting last winter, and it proposes to publish certain manuals of an immediate practical value, such as a resumé of the laws relating to public health at the University of Berlin, to help students in this country, and again a manual for immigrants, full of the information they most desire to have before they leave their leaving Europe. In a word, the Association is an organization to utilize, for the common good, private and individual thought and experience.

Its work is well begun. The character of the persons interested, and of the proceedings thus far, promises an influence as profound as the scope of the plan is wide and wise. The Association blows no trumpets and grinds no axes. It moves modestly and noiselessly; and it appeals to the common sense and the common heart for support of all who believe that human progress, if inspired by faith in God and love to man, is to be secured by a careful investigation of all moral and material laws.

THE MISSISSIPPI TRAGEDY.

THE recent steamboat disaster upon the Mississippi was so appalling that there seems nothing to be said. The pitiful story is read with horror, there is a vague exclamation of helpless indignation, a feeling that there is nothing to be done, and a hope in the reader's mind that he may not be the victim of the next tragedy, and this is the end of it. Of course there is a stern demand for investigation, and possibly a jury denounces culpable carelessness and holds somebody responsible. But in a country where culpable carelessness murders scores of victims every year we have yet to hear of any punishment whatever. If a railroad train is thrown from a precipice, and suspicion points to the negligence or ignorance of the engineer or of any other responsible officer of the train, he may quietly withdraw from the country until the excitement subsides; but whoever heard of an adequate penalty inflicted?

It is not possible to avoid all accidents, but it is possible to do something to prevent them. The want of more stringent laws in regard to responsibility and care upon the part of steamboat and railroad companies is a woeful instance of the good-natured indifference or reluctance of the American to insist upon his individual rights, and a feeling that the disregard of safety is justified by the supposed political economy. Regard for his individual rights of a certain kind, indeed, the American does not lack; but he certainly asserts his public rights of personal safety and convenience much less strenuously than those who have not his political liberty. The first thing that he may justly demand of every company that undertakes to transport him is proper provision for care of life and limb. But upon how many steamers, large and small, by what rivers and lakes, is such provision made? Where is the hose, the supply of water-filled buckets, the life preservers, in case of extremity? He is not to be expected to look and find that they are wanting, for to be serviceable they must be in full sight. When the alarm of fire is given, for instance, half of the panic would be avoided if the sight of the means of escape and safety. But how many passengers who do not see the conveniences which may at any moment be needed ever complain of the want of them? In a manner they condone in advance the negligence which may cost them their lives. It is not agreeable, indeed, and it is disagreeable to take the trouble to make complaints. Moreover, a man is sure to be derided as an old Betty who does it. Very well. We want all elect. If it is worse to be called an old Betty than to risk the burning or drowning of his children, a man will probably save himself from that dreadful imputation by saying and doing nothing.

As for the laws regulating the transportation of passengers, they belong to the public order, and, like all laws, are to be enforced by experience. What, for instance, it is a public conviction that the managers of railways and steamboats are so anxious to make money that they will not be admonished of the solution between safety and profit, it is time for the public to act. There is no reason why the public should consent to be burned or drowned, in order that, at some time stupid people will learn or heartless people wince. Let the law do what it can to secure what private interest and duty will not secure. But it protects the citizen against the thief who willfully steals, let it also guard him from the manager who carelessly kills.

But there is still more radical remedy—that upon which all hope of particular improvement and of wise laws ultimately rests, and that is a more thorough sense of mortality. While success is popularly accepted as the only criterion of conduct, and even of character, we merely teach those to whom we look for our lives to take care of our dividends. A railroad company can afford to use poor rails, for instance, and cheap material of every kind, and to economize in proper care, if it has to pay only a certain amount of damages yearly for slaughtering and maiming passengers. If we insist upon bringing every thing to that issue, people will learn to better our institutions. Here was a steamer upon the Mississippi piled with hay, and the passengers smoking and playing cards around it. A spark, a dropped cigar, a candle tipped over, and the boat is presently in flames. There was time to throw canvas or tarpaulin over the fire, to wet down the hay, to run the boat to the shore, a hundred yards off, with boats or life-preservers, had there been these conveniences, and an organized crew duly managed. But, upon the whole, it is doubtful if the company loses enough to produce the slightest change in the method of management. The responsibility of the steamboat interest is in our own hands. It is the public, not the companies, that are really responsible.

THE WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

THE "Woman Question" continues to present itself in many different aspects. Thus within the last month, there has been a Massachusetts Working Women's Convention in Boston; a Woman's Parliament in New York; a call for a convention to found a National Woman's Suffrage Association, and a Convention in Hartford of what is popularly called the Women's Rights party. At the latter, which was very fully attended, the usual argument for the enfranchisement of women was powerfully presented by Mr. BEECHER. The Woman's Parliament which met in New York was, however, very anxious not to be confounded with the party which Mr. BEECHER represents. The organizing Committee of it published a statement of their purposes. "The proposed object

of this organization," they say, "is the association of women among themselves for the development of their own economical, educational, and moral interests, and by this means to accomplish woman's work in woman's way. It disclaims all connection with the Woman's Rights party. We have a sincere respect for the ladies who are engaged in this movement, and a sincere sympathy with their hopes and aims; but we must say that they seem to misunderstand their own position, when they disclaim all connection with the Woman's Rights party, but they propose to do woman's work in woman's way. Now this is exactly what the Woman's Rights party propose to do. They insist, and most justly, that as man's way is every honorable way for which nature has given him intelligence and desire, so woman's way is precisely the same. They declare—and we do not believe that the most resolute member of the Woman's Parliament would care to dispute it—that as man's way could not possibly be known if women alone should be allowed to define it, but can be ascertained only by perfect freedom of choice, so woman's way can not be known but from the interpretation of men only, but only by the same liberty of choice. If, indeed, the ladies of the Executive Committee assert that they can serve men, and that they know what is woman's way, we certainly shall not contradict them; but merely remind them that whatever our individual opinions may be, they are not final in political laws; and that it is an immutable law that the proper sphere of human activity is determined only by free choice.

The Council resolves that the Parliament proposes to make a profound study of the evils of society, with the view of curing or ameliorating them; and then it lacks no means of calling society to act, it will appeal to the governing power already in existence. This is always the privilege of a disfranchised class. The peasants in France, with the ballot, might do the work existing governing power to relieve them. But the question for a Parliament of American Women to answer is, Why, being members of the political society, with no less vital interest in its welfare than men, with an equal intelligence and capacity with men, and with the knowledge that no actual governing power is ever fully just to those who have no share of its authority—why, under such circumstances, they propose to acquiesce in a usurpation of the governing power which they are not found in?

If they really wish to affect the evils of society in which their own sex so deeply shares, why not insist upon their equal voice in the regulation of society? Why should any citizen of this country be content to be the political equivalent instead of the political equal of another?

English statesmen declare it "the good judgment and kind feeling" of the existing governing class to regulate that most vital subject to women—the franchise. But does the Executive Committee of the Woman's Parliament doubt that if the English laws regulating marriage had been made by both parties to marriage, they would have been wiser and more humane than they were and are? Lord BROUGHAM denounced them as a shame to civilization; and it seems hard to remain a happy body of intelligent American women that the legislation of a class is always partial and selfish. The purposes of the Woman's Parliament are unquestionably excellent. But a more excellent purpose is the equal liberty of every member of society. With that gained all other reforms are made easier. When, therefore, the Parliament takes pains to separate itself from that movement, it labors to alienate the sympathy of those who would naturally be its best friends. It hopes to escape the odium of the "Woman's Rights party," but it can not do it. Those who condemn that party will condemn this in a less degree. In the eyes of such critics the offense lies in a woman's not confining herself to the "domestic sphere;" and the presiding officer of an executive committee of a Woman's Parliament is only less obnoxious to the sentiment which this committee would propitiate than the President of a "Woman's Rights" Convention.

A GLANCE AT THE FINANCES.

SOME of the features of our financial condition just now are worthy of particular attention. Although our imports continue to exceed our exports, gold, the medium to pay the balance against us, has steadily fallen. On the 1st of November it was quoted at 128, which is the lowest quotation since the spring of 1866, when it fell to 126. The present fall in price is supposed by some to indicate a return toward specie payments. Is this idea correct?

While we write the Treasury Department is engaged in paying off the November interest, amounting to about twenty-five and a half millions in gold, on a portion of the Five-Twenty bonds; but although the coupons, to a large extent, are held here on foreign account, instructions were given in many cases to reinvest the proceeds in the same class of securities. If the interest paid to foreign agents had gone abroad, gold would have increased in firmness; but as the reinvestment called for more bonds it gave some firmness to them. The London and New York markets, influenced by telegraphic announcements, instantaneously sympathized with each other.

Mr. BOUTWELL's management in purchasing over sixty millions of the public debt mainly to go into the Sinking Fund, and in anticipating the November interest, has improved the credit of the Government in foreign countries, and no doubt induced those reinvestments, which are favored not only by the languid condition of trade in England and on the Continent—whereby capital is liberated—but also to some extent by political uneasiness in England and France, and by the constant stream of valuable immigration to this country. The feature is noticed by capitalists abroad with increasing interest.

It is undoubtedly desirable that our credit—as we have in view a four or four and a half per cent. investment in lieu of our bonds at five and six per cent.—shall continue in Europe; although it will not be possible to make such a change until our present securities advance to a considerable premium in gold; but the question ought to be maturely considered whether the transfer of our bonds from American to European capitalists, to be held abroad as a permanent debt, is done with advantage to this country.

The amount of our public debt now held in Europe is variously estimated at from seven hundred to one thousand millions of dollars, and the floating debt represented in what are called "options" in Wall Street, and in other forms of indebtedness, is supposed to be nearly a hundred millions. Bonds and stock of corporations and others are also held extensively in Europe; and it is thought that our annual interest in gold must annually be paid by us—over and above what is brought in by immigrants—to meet interest, dividends, and balances due abroad.

The major part of this foreign indebtedness has arisen since the creation of our public debt; and, although it is common to say that we have received little or no gold, it must be admitted that a very large portion of it has arisen from the extravagance of portions of the United States.

The manufacturing industry of Europe, since the explosion in England in 1866, has been largely in excess of the demands of trade, and much of the surplus of cotton, woolen, and manufactures has been sent to us. Part of it has been consigned to commission-houses for sale in our markets, and in the returns for these consignments have probably exceeded the profits, to this extent the foreigner is the loser.

Our importations for the year ending June 30, 1869, were $435,958,055, and we gained in gold, which stood at an average premium of, say, 35. In this import there was $19,654,776 gold. Our exports for the year were the amount of $413,869,182, which included $42,915,966 in gold. The balance is in currency. But $300,561,284 of our imports and $276,975,659 of our exports were brought in and sent to foreign bottoms. A charge of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars for freight on imports arises from this source. Our exports were valued at $25,130,167 in gold. By adding the premium of 35 per cent. to the imports, and making allowance for the fact that a portion of our exports and all of our imports are in gold, it will be seen that a heavy balance against us arises upon the trade for the year ending June 30, 1869. The improved credit of the United States in Europe unquestionably enables us to go on in this dangerous policy, by which they become holders of a permanent debt upon this country, and we hold only a portion of the surplus of goods. The more we improve our credit abroad the larger are our imports. The fall in gold has taken place notwithstanding that our premium revolution remains undiminished, and that we continue to be imprudent in our purchases from foreign countries.

It will be borne in mind that Congress repealed the act which authorized contraction of the currency in a way to indicate very decisive objections to that policy. Secretary BOUTWELL has, however, purchased a small amount of the three per cent. certificates, it is probable that this was done for the convenience of some bank that was in the temporary receipt of them, and that he meditates no transactions looking to contraction as long as the tone of Congress on that head remains unchanged. The fact that the Secretary intends to remove to over thirty millions of dollars, and the balance in his hands is being diminished, it is scarcely to be supposed will make any change in the course of trade, based upon financial affairs between this and the opening of the next session. But although we have just commenced to send forward our splendid crop of cotton, and although the demand for breadstuffs will be large, it will appear, from the statement of what we have annually to pay for interest, dividends, and balances due abroad, that our large purchases in Europe, due to the improved credit of our bonds, remove us further and further from specie payments.

In parts of Lancashire a further reduction of five per cent. on the wages of cotton operatives has been ordered. There is a considerable impression that the balances on English account invested in Wall Street for the moment in "options" will be collected, or that bonds will be sent back from England, inasmuch as trade in England and on the Continent is not sufficiently active to induce a recall of surplus capital. These circumstances favor still larger imports, and it may be additional investments in our bonds, although the rates of interest in Germany and Holland have improved. The fall in gold has also been encouraged by the considerable demand in the market for currency to go to the West, and particularly to the South. But as our large shipments, which for the year ending June 30, 1869, amounted in cotton to the value of $185,693,093, and in breadstuffs and provisions to the value of about $85,000,000, were, with our other exports, overbalanced by our extraordinary imports, we should seem to be good reason for the apprehension that our folly this year will not be less conspicuous than it was then. To all we commend strict economy as the only safeguard to meet the contingency, which may come suddenly, when the foreigner will ask us to settle.

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MR. EHNINGER, whose admirable large photographs of "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Defence Memorial" are to be seen at Mobile Bay are warmly praised a few months since, has now reproduced them, at 58 East Eighteenth Street, in a cheap and handy form, with the latter work—"Taking the Reins," a drawing of General GRANT seated with MR. ROBERT BONNER in the wagon and driving "Dexter." MR. BONNER testifies that it is the most natural representation of a horse in action that he has ever seen, and its fidelity, spirit, and interest of all these works, and their cheapness, should make them prominent among the desirable holiday gifts.

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Almost all the books that the people in Germany read—as the reading, the sermons and the lectures in High-German. There are many familiar incidents of this ignorance of the patois; such as that of a high officer in a charitable society who was unable upon important subjects to understand certain Alsatian widows who had been upon the street. DR. LIEBER himself undoubtless found that when he was a student making pedestrian journeys in Germany he was always understood by those whom he frequented, could not understand when they were talking among themselves, especially in Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Bohemia. Every German is familiar with such facts.

VICTOR M. RICE, who died recently after a short illness, was for some years Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. His interest in the common schools was most sincere, and his efforts were constant to elevate it. He had certain reforms at heart, some of which he effected, and for his knowledge on the general subject was very large. His last report upon library police two years ago was a survey of the present condition of the best libraries in Europe, and is a valuable document full of information not readily accessible elsewhere. MR. RICE was also a highly accomplished scholar; but his office demanded an organizing and administrative faculty, rather than scholarship, which he possessed instead in the general subject, and these he had. His faith in common school education as the bulwark of popular rights was unquestionable. The active and freedom of all the public schools of the State is very greatly due to his exertions, and no man deserves more credit than he for the article of the Constitution which guarantees that freedom. MR. RICE was a natural politician—a man of ready conversation, of ardent social manners, and will be kindly remembered by those who knew him.

FRANCE is evidently uneasy. LOUIS NAPOLEON seems unwilling to prove beyond doubt his own fidelity to the new system that he has proposed, or is it impossible for the author of the *coup d'état* to escape suspicion in the public mind? The splendid crop of cotton, and although the demand for breadstuffs will be large, it will appear, from the statement of what we have annually to pay for interest, dividends, and balances due abroad, that our large purchases in Europe, due to the improved credit of our bonds, remove us further and further from specie payments.

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gested, probably by "inspiration," that the country should be called to vote upon the succession of the Prince Imperial. It would be an extraordinary step, and of course illogical. But his own position being illogical, the Emperor might prolong his empire for many years by such a measure. It undoubtedly he has not the sagacity, nor the nerve, to adopt it. If he should take to-morrow disorder would be almost sure to follow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the first six months of President GRANT'S administration he receipts from customs duties were $56,000,000 more than those for the corresponding portion of the last year.

The President has appointed George H. Butler, of New York, postmaster at New Orleans, and Edward M. Gaffney, to be Consul-General for British North America, to reside at Quebec.

The Boston *Post* estimates that the Labor Reform party will poll 100,000 votes in Massachusetts.

A terrible accident occurred on the Mississippi River above Alton, on the night of October 26. The steamer *Stonewall*, on its way down the river from St. Louis, took on at a wooding-place within a few hundred yards of the shore, where she was grounded on a sand-bar and burnt to the water's edge. Out of from 250 to 300 persons on board nearly 200 were either burned to death or drowned. There were only one boat, and that was unprovided with oars. A proper quantity of life-preservers would have prevented the enormous loss of life. The fire originated from the engine-room, and was quite by accident.

Papers were read before the Social Science Association of New York, on the afternoon and evening of October 27, by Frederick Kapp, on Immigration; by Professor FRANCIS LIEBER, of Columbia College, on Vaccination; by Charles P. Adams, Jun., on Presidential Elections; by Andrew W. Curtis, on the Duties of the Civil Service; and by James A. Garfield, on the Currency and Gold.

The Message of Governor Campbell to the first legislative assembly of Wyoming contains some interesting facts about this new Territory. The act creating the Territorial government was passed July 25, 1868. The election for the First Assembly and a delegate to Congress was held on the 1st of September last. There have been three raids by the Sioux Indians within the Territory during the present year, in which forty-five white men have been killed. Wyoming Territory contains 92,000 square miles. Little is known of its mineral advantages, and a lack of rain and of trees is complained of. Coal is very plentiful, and the mining resources are inculcable. Coal takes the place of wood as fuel. The Union Pacific Road have been very encouraging thus far. Curiously enough, all settlers are from the Eastern States, principally Detroit, Michigan, for improvement under contract, and a settler must have lived in the State for six assembly.

The *National Intelligencer and Express*, of Washington, has become the property of Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island.

Miss IDA LEWIS, the Newport heroine, is said to be engaged to marry a young school boy.

On October 26 there was a grand steeple-chase at Jerome Park. The race was won by X. Beckwith's bay horse "Gunsmoke, Jun."

Mr. ROBERT BONNER is the large purse at the Rensselaer Park Meeting at Troy, October 29, beating Mr. HENRY WILKES'S "Lantern" in three heats. *Troy Times*, 8:32, 2:35, 2:36.

It is estimated by Supervisor Pressley, of Virginia, that the revenue from tobacco in that State this year will be more than the internal revenue from all other source last year.

The Protestant Synod of Virginia met at Richmond October 28.

Mr. HOLDEN has been received at the Coast Survey Office of a navy marked earthquake wave having been observed at the Hawaiian Islands on the 13th of August, ult., at five o'clock P.M. From this the conclusion is that the great earthquake in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean may be inferred, of which there was felt such severe shocks in Peru, Chili, the earthquake at Simoda in 1854, and the one which occurred in 1837, a space of last year, were also recorded in the same way. These waves travel across the Pacific Ocean at an average rate of about 400 miles an hour, depending on the depth of water along the line of their course. From the observations at and the occasions to which reference is made, the average depth of that ocean has been found to be about 2000 fathoms.

Brigham Young has suspended Mr. Stenhouse, the editor of the *Salt Lake Telegraph*, and all the editors and contributors to the *Utah Mormon*.

The preliminary report of the Department of Agriculture for the state of the crops makes the startling declaration that the actual reduction in value the past season, through "drought, grasshoppers, locusts and scorching" of farm crops, has been not less than $200,000,000.

In California there are 3000 Chinamen out of employment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS underwent the second fright of October without any difficulty. There were no riots, and the *Figaro* was the only *coup d'état*. Marshal Bazaine had been put at the head of the Imperial Guard, and the Emperor had said "to use the cannon without mercy," if the necessity arose.

The Spanish Cortes appears to be divided upon the choice of a King. The Duke of GENOA and the Duke of MONTPENSIER are the most prominent candidates. The Republicans have formed the largest number of votes. The merchants had sent in a petition in favor of Republicanism. The Duke of MONTPENSIER is in his forty-sixth year. He is the fifth and youngest son of the late King Louis PHILIPPE, and husband of the only sister of Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain. The Duke of GENOA is a nephew of the King of Italy, being the son of VICTOR EMANUEL'S brother FERDINAND, Duke of Genoa, who was born in Florence, 1884, is in his sixteenth year. His tender age, however, is a regency necessary, as Isabella's son is his heir.

The Queen of the United States, establishing unrestricted liberty of religion in the colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, was received with the greatest joy, and has gone into effect as the law of the land. The Spanish Cortes accordingly liberal in its terms. It declares that Spain can not remain removed from the progressive movement of the age, and declares further that this consideration is the more powerful for the reason that religious liberty is near a consistent when liberty of religion is recognized by law. One clause of the constitution declares that no person can be debarred from holding office under the Government by reason of his religious belief.

The First Scotch Presbyterian church, St. Andrew's, in Scotland, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 23. It was one of the finest edifices in Canada.

The Earl of Derby, Chancellor of Oxford, and Earl of Derby as Chancellor of Oxford University.

Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, formerly of Oxford, died October 28, aged 44 years.

The discoverer and author, Austin Henry Layard, has been appointed Minister to Spain from England.

Jeanne Bernoux is the Ida Lewis of Dieppe. She has saved the lives of fifteen sailors, and wears five medals and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

It is said that a bust of the Protestant philanthropist, Dr. KRAPF, is to be placed in the Vatican.

M. De Lesseps, the originator and engineer of the Suez Canal, is to be united in a young lady twenty two years of age shortly after the inauguration of his great work. The bride is a niece of the Empress Eugenie, and the match is said to be most pleasing.

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

DR. CUMMING.

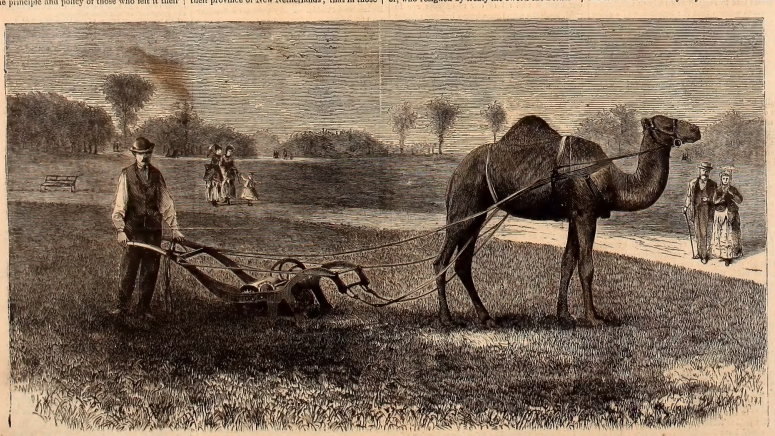
THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., minister of the Scotch Church in Crown Court, Covent Garden, London, the eminently popular preacher and author of numerous works on divinity of a controversial character and expository of prophecy, was born in Aberdeenshire, of a Highland family, on November 10, 1810. Dr. CUMMING came to London in 1833, since which time he has been preaching to a very large congregation, including the leading Scotch families in London. On the platform he is distinguished for his decided and untiring opposition to the errors of the Papacy. Dr. CUMMING had the distinction of preaching before her Majesty at Balmoral, and the sermon was afterward published under the title of "Salvation." His publications are too numerous to be separately mentioned in this place. Among the most popular are "Apocalyptic Sketches, Lectures on the Book of Revelation," "Daily Life," "Voices of the Night," "Voices of the Day," etc. More recently, Dr. CUMMING published "The Great Tribulation," a volume of upward of 500 pages, treating of the prophetic descriptions of the coming of Christ and end of the world, which has had a sale of upward of 13,000; and a companion volume, published in 1861, called "Redemption Draweth Nigh," has already exceeded 7000. He has since published "The Destiny of Nations," or the future of Europe as delineated in the Bible. Dr. CUMMING belongs to the Established Church of Scotland, and opposed alike to the principle and policy of those who felt it their duty to secede in 1843, and form a separate communion in that part of the island.

The latest phase in Dr. CUMMING'S career is his correspondence with Dr. MANNING (through the latter) with the Pope in reference to the Œcumenical Council and the claim Dr. CUMMING made to be heard there in vindication of his opinions as a Protestant. As is already known, the answer returned by his Holiness was to the effect that Dr. CUMMING would be welcome at the forthcoming council, but that he must appear there, if at all, in the character of a penitent and a convert. Of course, the Rev. Doctor declines these conditions; and consequently is little likely to make his appearance at Rome.

BURNING OF THE STEEPLE OF THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, NEW YORK. [SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH.

ONE of the saddest of the results of the destructive fire in Fulton Street, this city, on the morning of October 27, was the destruction of the steeple of the Old North Dutch Church, at the corner of Fulton and William streets. This steeple was one of the few relics of the early history of New York city. Nearly all the old landmarks contemporaneous with it have been obliterated. A reporter in one of our morning journals thus commemorates the departed steeple: "What has it seen? Some communicative bird would say, perhaps, this: 'That the steeple was built when PETER STUYVESANT came, under orders from the States General, to be the Governor of their province of New Netherlands; that in those stirring days Holland had just been acknowledged as an independent nation; that war with England was going on, and that VAN TROMP, the plucky Dutch admiral, was blustering around the British coast, carrying a broom at his mast-head, with which he proposed to sweep the Channel; that he had several fierce fights with BLAKE, the English admiral, and in the last one he was killed, the English triumphed, and peace followed; that the old steeple knew this, and knew PETER STUYVESANT, the wooden-legged Governor, who resigned by treaty the sword the British-ers could not take, and retired in lofty indignation to his splendid farm, where he growled out the remainder of a useless life in cursing the fate that had Anglicized his good Dutch city. When hard-headed PETER was gathered to his fathers the steeple was left entirely alone. It saw the gradual demoralization of its adopted city by the intrusion of barbarians from England and Scotland and Ireland, and—worse than all—from Yankee land; it saw the fugitive Huguenot and his colder brother, the Puritan, pass under its shadow on their weary way to or from witch-



MOWING WITH THE CAMEL IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

burning New Haven; it saw the undisciplined troops of WASHINGTON flying across the island from the wild hills of Brooklyn; it saw that same WASHINGTON, seven years after, ride down the Old Bowerie more like a demi-god than a man; it saw the bonfires that proclaimed peace and independence, the fire-works that hailed the inauguration of the man whom Providence left childless that his country might call him father."

In the old church there have been daily noon prayer-meeting since September 23, 1857. These meetings are still continued; even while the fire-engines were working—amidst the dripping of water and the bustle of a crowd of curious spectators—a prayer-meeting was held on the noon of the 27th.

The North Dutch Church was built by the Consistory of the Reformed Dutch Church, since familiarly known as the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church—a religious organization coeval with the first colonial settlement by the Hollanders, in the first part of the seventeenth century. The corner-stone of the North Church was laid in 1767—the same year that the old Brick Presbyterian Church was opened. The expense of the edifice, when opened in 1769, was estimated at £12,000. The first regular pastor was the Rev. Dr. JOHN H. LIVINGSTON. During the occupation of this city by the British in the Revolutionary War the North Church was used as a hospital, and for storage. A new and beautiful pulpit, which had just been placed in the church, was carried away by the British, and placed in an English country church. The church was reopened in 1784. Dr. LIVINGSTON resigned his pastoral charge in 1810.

In 1836 there were in the ministry of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church in this city DRS. JOHN KNOX, WM. C. BROWNLEE, THOMAS DE WITT, THOMAS E. VERMILYE, and TALBOT W. CHAMBERS.

Among the collegiate churches in the lower part of the city, the Old North Church has maintained its original site for the longest period. A large warehouse many years ago took the place of the Old South Church; and in 1842 the Old Middle Church was transformed into the City Post-office.

CANVAS-BACK DUCK
ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

WE have in this country as many as thirty different varieties of duck. The season for hunting this game is at its height in November and December. To the sportsman the shores of Chesapeake Bay afford peculiar facilities for duck-shooting. Our illustration on this page shows a number of ducks feeding on the wild celery plant in the vicinity of this bay. The shores and inlets of Chesapeake Bay have been portioned off in sections, and either bought or leased by numerous Ducking Clubs, for the more convenient pursuit of their favorite sport. The canvas-back duck is probably the best known

CANVAS-BACK DUCK ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

of our water-fowl. Early in October it begins to arrive from its northern breeding-grounds, and soon swarms in flocks of countless thousands all along the coast. The Delaware and Susquehannah rivers, Long Island Sound, and Chesapeake Bay seem to be the favorite resorts of this delicious fowl; and although they are annually slaughtered by means of all the devices which human ingenuity can suggest, the above-named places, during the entire season, are fairly alive with them.

The presence of this game in such numbers in these waters may be accounted for by the fact that the favorite food of the wild duck—the *vallisneria*, or wild celery—grows abundantly in these localities. The usual manner of obtaining the food is by diving, and as the root is the only part of the plant that is devoured, a large flock will leave abundant relics of its prowess in the gastronomic line behind it. The blades of the celery, according to WILSON, are often found strewn over the entire surface of the water, or blown into wind-rows, reminding one of a newmown field.

The almost constant companion of the canvas-back is the fine, though somewhat mischievous, duck known as the American widgeon—*Anas Americana*—as thorough a rascal as was ever created, a perfect parasite in the true sense of that term—living almost entirely off of the exertions of others. Like the canvas-back, the widgeon is extremely fond of the roots of the *vallisneria*, but, being no diver, does not possess the means of obtaining them, except by the exercise of its strategic powers. It is extremely amusing to watch the manipulations of the thief; quietly edging itself near to a selected victim, it presently waits until that unsuspecting creature disappears in quest of its food. A violent commotion now goes on under the water; it is the struggle of the duck with the plant; finally the luckless canvas-back emerges, blinded, momentarily, by the water; the widgeon "gibbles" quickly forward, snatches the morsel, and is off ere the dupe has got the water out of its eyes. These interrupted dreams of gastronomic bliss are the causes of much contention between the two parties; but, leaving this minor point of difference out of sight, they are very good friends.

Another, but a far more congenial companion than the last, is the "red head," a duck very nearly allied to the pochard of England. Fortunately for our friend the canvas-back, this bird is an excellent diver, and consequently is not obliged to resort to the harmless little stratagems of the widgeon. It is the inferior of its contemner, both in excellence of flesh, game spirit, and gentleness of appearance. This bird is not unfrequently palmed off on unsuspecting gentry from the "canal districts" as the true table canvas-back; and these deluded creatures will protest that it is worth a "half load of spreog chicken," devoured with great gusto, occasionally varying the performance by smacking of the lips and rolling of the eyes.

The enormous prices which are offered for canvas-back birds are becoming the cause of their rapid extermination.

The principal, and we may say cowardly, manner in which the canvas-backs are usually obtained is certainly, to say the least, shameful. No *true* sportsman will descend to such a contemptible subterfuge of murder to which these delightful birds, and all of our waterfowl with them, are subjected; nay, we will go further and say that no true sportsman will descend to the use of decoys, and by so doing degrade himself to the level of the pot-hunter. The game should always be allowed a chance for life; it should be shot in a scientific and sportsmanlike manner, by means, in a word, of its life difference to it in which manner it loses its life; but the point is, that but few more can handle water-fowl in a scientific (so to speak) manner, and by this means the destruction is stopped. Decoys, blinds, disguises, and ambushes should become an abomination in the eyes of our sporting men.

There are many stratagems practiced, by means of which the gunner is brought within range of his game. A method much practiced on the Delaware, during the winter months, consists under the head of that class of operations technically designated as "disguises." It consists of decking out the boat with white substances so as to resemble it to a large cake of ice. The birds will allow this to float very near to them; at least, close enough to allow the working of the singular craft to spread death and devastation among them.

Another and very common method of approaching, as practiced on Chesapeake Bay, is that of sailing on the ducks. A light, strong sail-boat is procured, in which the gunner places himself, and allows the boat, seemingly without consciousness of doing so, to drift out upon a flock. He can usually approach within fifteen or twenty yards, which is near enough for his purpose.

The decoy method, which is well known, is the poorest excuse of any of these. There is no skill required in the manipulation of the images. An infant could kill enough with them in one day to last a week.

It is customary among the sportsmen of Chesapeake Bay to provide themselves with certain dogs, which, by grotesque actions, decoy the birds within range of the hunter, who is hidden in the bushes. Some glaring object, as a red handkerchief, is fastened around the body of the canine, and he is then placed in full view of a flock. They notice the strange, and, to them, unaccountable antics of the dog, and their curiosity overcomes them. They draw timidly near to the place of death, and the souls of a large proportion of their number hie to the "happy feeding-grounds," which, no doubt, according to their traditions, is stocked with the *valisneria* roots, and is free from all interlopers, such as the widgeon.

THE FAITHLESS FAIR.
A LOVE BALLAD.

I.

Oh! Francis was a nice young man,
He was his parents' joy;
And pleasant twas to see how they
Did *banker* on their *Cojoy*.

II.

Now he was born in troublous times,
When kings could ne'er agree;
There was no *friendship* on the land,
Though *French ships* on the sea.

III.

His little ears soon heard about
War's stern alarums;
He early joined the *infant-ty—*
A little child-in-arms!

IV.

He soon grew up, his chin *grew down*,
When, grievous to relate,
He found he had no property,
Though *come to man's estate!*

V.

About this time his parents died,
And Francis made his moan;
They *gave* him nothing when they left,
Though he was *left a-lone!*

VI.

Now Francis loved a pretty maid,
And Sarah was her name;
And in her tender heart this *spark*
Had *kindled up a flame.*

VII.

Now Sarah saw he looked distressed—
His face was done *brown*
And as she said, "Oh, tell me all;
My *Francis*, pray be *frank!*"

VIII.

"Oh, Sarah, all my money's gone,
'Tis that which me dejects;
And certain men, *without a cause*,
Have seized on my *effects!*

IX.

"A sailor's life were death to me,
Salt beef alone to eat;
And so I'll join the army, but
I'm *taken to the Fleet!*

X.

"And don't be jealous, though I *wed*
For *Susan*, as you know;
She usually has me *in-a-long!*
And that was *long a-go.*

XI.

"There's William, once your suitor, love,
And others, say you will
To Love's *accounts* now *give a check*,
And never *meet a Bill!*"

XII.

"Oh, Francis, *listen* ere you *list*,
One favor don't refuse;
Don't think of Susan, for, you know,
A *Frank's worth twenty Sons!*"

XIII.

Well, then, they tried a change of hair,
He pressed a golden curl,
She sobbed, and whispered low, "*Good-by!*"
And he exclaimed, "*Good girl!*"

XIV.

He took leave of his grandmother,
And wiped away each tear,
And said, "I Don't *grandmother*, *dear granny*,
I shall be a *grena-dier!*"

* * * * * * *

XV.

When Francis left her for the wars,
Of suitors she'd a score,
And sighing youths thronged Sarah's *doors*,
All *coming to a-door.*

XVI.

And William sued; his *parts of speech*
She ought to have *declined*,
But thought she shouldn't *mind the change*,
And so she *changed her mind!*

XVII.

And at the *altar*, faithless maid,
She *altered* all her vows,
And gave her hand, with all her heart,
To William, as his spouse.

XVIII.

The Parson asked, "Does any say
She may not be this man's?"
A hollow voice said, "I forbid
The *blessing* and the *bans!*

XIX.

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah, you did vow
You true to me would stick;
Though I was *dead* your conduct false
Has stung me *to the quick!*

XX.

"The Frenchmen's bullets pierced me through,
A dozen in the fight;
I guarded them, and oh! they *made*
A riddle of me quite!

XXI.

"And afterward they buried me
All underneath the sod;
My spirit *homeward roamed* as soon
As it could *roam abroad.*

XXII.

"Oh, grievous fault! I find you're false;
Now listen to my *vow*:
Your *troth you'd plight*, you'll find you're in
A pretty *plight*, in troth!

XXIII.

"Henceforth your ghost, like mine, shall walk,
And roam around at night;
No longer *sprightly*, you shall be
A melancholy *sprite.*"

XXIV.

He said no more, all looked around,
But nobody was there,
And on the *altar-steps* they stood,
And all were "*on the stare!*"

XXV.

All terrified, they gazed around,
And tried in vain, meanwhile,
To bring the *feckle Sarah* to,
All with *oil volatile!*!

XXVI.

Alas, alas! 'twas all in vain,
The Doctor shook his head,
And said the *erring* Sarah was
As any *herring* dead.

XXVII.

And after, in the cold church-yard,
They laid her in the ground;
Her tomb, lest idle folks should scoff,
With *railings* fenced around.

XXVIII.

And still they say that she is seen,
Each night throughout the year,
A-walking in the ayisle, though
She's *lying in the bier!*!

MORAL.

A little moral you may glean
From all that you have heard:
Where's your vow, there's your *weak-ness.*
Mind—ALWAYS KEEP YOUR WORD!

R. F.

OTTILIA'S PILGRIMAGE.
By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

OTTILIA WESTFELDT was a Swedish girl who might, indeed, have been fairly taken as a feminine symbol of Sweden and the fair-haired North. I think if an artist were to seek for a type or emblem of Swedish womanhood he could hardly find a purer and more charming representative of it than this tender young girl. She had smooth golden hair, not of the tawny tow which has grown to be so great a favorite just now; but so smooth and yellow that it really looked like dead gold-leaf on each side of her white forehead. Her face had a clear, decided outline, with features regular, but somewhat large; and her eyes were deeply blue, a genuine and unmistakable blue. She finds it hard to think of a Madonna in a northern climate; but if there could be such a thing conceivable, Ottilia might have passed as a fair embodiment of a Scandinavian Madonna. She lived in Stockholm with her father, and had now no mother, brother, or sister. Her father had married when young, and was still so far removed from any appearance of age, and was so constant a companion of his daughter, that people said he might have passed for her elder brother; and he was always pleased to hear this said, and rather proud of it.

Ottilia's father had one or two marked peculiarities. He was, for one thing, an ardent republican. Not that he had any objection to the government of Sweden or to the descendant of Bernadotte—Oscar the First—who sat on the throne during the early school and prime of Christina Westfeldt; or to Charles the Fifteenth, who succeeded him; but that he was a sincere and impassioned admirer of republicanism. Being a history of republicanism he was naturally a devoted admirer of the United States. At all times and in every civilized country, since the days when Washington, Lafayette, and Koscinsko fought side by side, there can be found a group, or groups, of worshipful thinking men, to whom the republic of America has always shone like the polar star of freedom. For there are two distinct classes of republicans in monarchical, and more especially in despotic, countries. The one class has been always surprised by the glitter, the lyrical splendor, the lofty, vague aspirations, the majestic, unsubstantial pageant of human brotherhood which belong to what I may call, for want of a better phrase, French republicanism. The other have always found their ideal in the solid, unpretending, almost commonplace truth and reality of the American republic. I wonder if all Americans are aware of the fact that in every European state, however small, there are, and for generations always have been, men bound together, often unconsciously, in the bonds of a fellowship almost like that of freemasonry—the brotherhood of devotion to the American republic.

Christian WESTFELDT was one of these, and his daughter Ottilia imbibed all his sentiments, and reproduced them with even a more passionate and romantic enthusiasm than them. Indeed her father and herself were intimate friends of the good and true Fredrika Bremer, that symbol in literature and life of the simple, beneficent womanhood of the North; and Ottilia, brought up almost at the feet of Miss Bremer, had learned to look on the many pious and good people in America as if she had seen and known them.

Ottilia led a singularly calm and happy life up to her eighteenth year. Indeed existence seemed to lie before her smooth and calm as a quiet inland lake. Her father's modest means sufficed to keep them becomingly in the unpretentious, intelligent, cultured, social circle to which they belonged. She was soon to be married to one whom she dearly loved—a gallant, brave young Swede, who had been educated in one of the military academies, and was to have been an officer of engineers, but had given up a military career at the express desire of Ottilia and her father, and was now becoming a successful man in railway and other engineering of a civil kind. Nothing whatever occurred which even threatened a danger to the happiness of these tranquil lovers until the early part of the year 1861.

Do you remember that the passage in one of Macaulay's essays in which he describes the wide-spread, almost universal discord and slaughter caused by the reckless ambition of Frederick the Great, and declares that red men on the shores of Ontario, who had never heard of Frederick's name, scalped and tortured each other because of his quarrel? Not quite so remarkable, yet still remarkable, is the fact that the political dissensions of Jefferson Davis and his colleagues shattered in a moment the whole earthly scheme of a happy, tranquil little group living in a picturesque suburb of the capital of Sweden.

The secession war blazed out, and Ottilia and her father saw their hopes banished idle apparently about to be broken. They felt the news as they might have felt a Russian or French invasion of Sweden. It was an evening of early spring that Eric Swenson, the lover, stood with Ottilia and Westfeldt in a room as yet only lighted by the moon and the glittering stars, and spoke of the treasonable conspiracy against the American Union; and there was one thought, yet unspoken, in the breast of each. For a few, a very few months, and Ottilia and Eric were to be married. Eric looked at her—was about to speak out his thoughts, then hesitated and shrank from it. Their eyes met. Then it was Ottilia who spoke:

"Can we do nothing, any of us," she said, impetuously, "for the great republic?"

"I can do something," cried Eric. "Until you spoke I hardly dared to offer—"

"*I* can do something," the elder man broke in. "I have honored and loved the republic all my life. Thank Heaven I am not too old or too weak to fight in her cause to-day. She has given me the luxury of such a nationality. It is right we should all try to do something for her. Ottilia, you shall marry Eric at once; he will be one of us; and I will go out to America and fight for the Union."

"Never!" cried Eric. "I will go. You must stay and take care of Ottilia. I could do some good there. I could turn my training as a military engineer to some account, for the first time. I feel that something worth doing, and make Ottilia proud of me."

"You foolish boy, don't you think Ottilia would rather have you with her than in danger?"

"Let us ask her. Let Ottilia decide!"

"Agreed, my boy. Ottilia shall decide."

"Oh no, dear father; no, dear Eric. Don't ask me to decide! Oh, I wish I had not spoken! I am not capable of what I have said. How could I possibly part with either of you? How could I bear to see our happiness broken up? I am a great coward. I wish I could be myself up to it; but how could I give up my father and my Eric?"

Indeed, Ottilia's sudden burst of chivalric energy had for the moment almost collapsed. She dreaded the thought of parting, really parting, from her father or her lover; and her eyes were filled with tears and her limbs trembled.

But the father and the lover persevered. One or other would go; and each would be more and more vehemently his own claims. Both combined in pressing a decision upon Ottilia.

"Come, Ottilia, my child," said her father at last, in an urgent and decisive tone, "we expect a little firmness and a little sacrifice from you. Feel that the cause calls to them to fight, a good cause to which we feel in our hearts that one at least ought to be dedicated. This is the true test of all for them, and all men who wish to be free every where over the world. Truly American citizens will be dedicated. But that is not the question; our duty is not the less clear. She could probably have done without Rochambeau and Jean Valjean. Now, Ottilia, you decide, Ottilia—and remember Eric is to be your husband."

"Yes, decide, Ottilia!" cried the young man; "and remember that my rival in this dispute is your father."

Then a heart beat fiercely and her eyes grew dim, and for a moment she could not see or speak. But, if she must choose, her decision was clear. She made one or two efforts to speak and failed; then at last collected all her strength and sense, and said:

"Dear, dear father, you must not go. Eric, my own love, I send *you*."

Eric sprang forward and caught her in his arms. For the effort had overtaxed her, and she was falling in a faint.

Before a week was out Eric had sailed from Bremen. A brave little handful of sturdy young Swedes went with him, all eager to offer their services in the cause of human freedom and of the American Union. Eric, who had been many times in England on engineering projects, and spoke English fluently, occupied himself a good deal during the voyage in teaching his companions a little of the language. He hoped by means of it to make himself useful in America to raise a distinct Swedish regiment, which should make its mark on the battle-fields of the republic.

He was to have written to Ottilia ever so often; and he did write many letters full of love and high spirits and hope. Then there came a long blank. She expected, poor girl, every day to find the papers full of some wonderful exploit performed by her young hero; but the stories of battles brought no record of his deeds or his name. The last letter she received from him was written on the eve of the great fight at Antietam. Ottilia and her father followed on the

map every movement of the war. She knew more of its scenes and its progress than many a New York girl did. Indeed, her whole soul was in it.

So the days, and weeks, and months wore on, and Ottilia never heard of her lover. She and her father hardly dared to speak the doubts and fears that tortured them. Westfeldt wrote to the Swedish consul in New York, who made careful inquiries, but could find no trace of Eric's movements or even of his existence after Antietam. He had served in the German regiment, and his name was returned with those of the missing. The only scrap of comfort was, that the list of the killed or the wounded had no name like his.

"I ought to have gone," said Westfeldt to himself very sadly one day. "I ought not to have left it to her decision"—he was gazing at the pale face of his daughter—"I ought not to have allowed him to go. She would have got over the loss of me, and been happy with her husband. Him she can never forget. Her life is ruined from its very spring-time."

He thought for a few moments, and then he went over to his daughter, and took her hand in his.

"Ottilia, my child, let us go in search of him."

A flush of light that seemed almost joyous came in her deep blue eyes. She pressed her father's hand rapturously, and cried, "Oh, father, dear father, let us go! Let us start at this place at once. We shall find him—I know we shall."

Their preparations were not very troublesome, and they began to leave Stockholm on their love pilgrimage in a few days. But Fate sharply interposed, and dealt them both a heavy, sudden blow.

Westfeldt, who had always seemed in noble health, was seized with convulsive spasms one day, and appeared to be stricken with something like paralysis. His condition apparently baffled the doctors, and he became steadily worse and worse. The very morning of the day when he and his daughter were to have left Stockholm for their voyage he suddenly called her to him, clutched her hand, murmured convulsively, "Oh, Ottilia, my daughter! O God, watch over her!" and then sank back—and Ottilia was alone in the world.

Her grief, his burial, her utter prostration from the excitement of fresh agony—all these kept her long in Stockholm. Then her friends endeavored to retain her with them, and dissuade her from carrying out alone the enterprise she had resolved on with her father. The American war was by this time obviously drawing to a close. Even the *London Times* was beginning to be less confident about the utter failure of Grant and the disastrous retreat of Sherman. One of the young Swedes who had been with and served with Eric actually came back to Stockholm wounded and wasted; and he reported that Eric had long been given up by each of his comparriots as still survived. There seemed little use, indeed, in Ottilia's quest; yet go to America and seek for her lost lover she would, at last, to escape the advice and the importunity of her friends, she literally broke away from Stockholm; fled, without giving any one notice, or saying a word of farewell, to Bremen; and thence sailed away across the Atlantic, more lonely and less hopeful than the wife of Cumeralzmar, in the "Arabian Nights," when she starts on her brave, sad pilgrimage, to find the husband who had so mysteriously disappeared from her side.

When Ottilia arrived in New York the war was all over, and President Lincoln lay dead. The city was this poor, solitary Swedish girl, who spoke but little English, to do in this strange, vast city —in this almost limitless land—where she had come to find an obscure young man who had dropped out of the sight of the living world years ago? She took an odd, girlish, romantic course. She sought out an American poet and scholar whom Frederika Bremer had known well, and she flung herself down before him, and told him her story. He listened with interest, compassion, admiration; he offered her a shelter with his family; and he threw all his energy and influence into the effort to find her lover. Some trace of Eric was found at last. He had beyond doubt been taken prisoner, and confined in the fearful Libby Prison. He had even been there until a comparatively recent period. But whether his wasted bones filled one of the nameless nameless graves of the prison; whether he was among the living skeletons it had redeemed from bondage; whether he was one of the few men who had succeeded, under extraordinary difficulties, in making their escape, it seemed impossible now to know. Ottilia's new friend and protector did all he could to get further tidings, but in vain. The trail of the missing man was lost, utterly lost, amidst the smoke and dust and blood of the war's last convulsions.

"Stay with us; let this be your home—live with my wife and daughters, and be one of our family," said Ottilia's friend to her in tender, paternal tones one evening when all hope seemed to have gone of the restoration of her lover. The poet and his wife, and the young Swedish girl, stood together outside the porch of a beautiful country house, and on a lawn which sloped gently to the banks of a noble river.

"Oh, you are generous and kind—who ever was so generous?"

"Nay! as an American I owe you much. You sacrificed all for our cause; do we not owe you at least a home?"

"But, dear friends, I can not stay. I feel that I ought to go back to where my father is buried, and where my Eric, if he be alive—and oh, I still believe he is alive—will surely one day come to seek for me."

"But you have written home—you have told your friends—do they know where you are?"

"Alas! no. I have written to nobody; I have not had the heart to say any thing. I have been absorbed only in the one thought. I fear I spoil your happy home with my sadness and my anxiety."

"You shall not go back," said the poet's wife, throwing her arm affectionately round the girl's waist. "You can have no very close and dear friends in Stockholm, or you must have written to them; and we have, therefore, the first claim on you. Come, come, you must stay here. You shall be my daughter. I will never give you up to any one but Eric; for, dear Ottilia, I, too, believe you will see Eric once more."

Ottilia threw herself into her friend's arms and sobbed; but felt, for the first time since her father's death, a gleam of returning brightness.

While she was thus clasped in the protecting embrace of her friend, the poet, who stood looking on with moistened eyes, was interrupted by a servant, who brought a message for him. The man was in the disguise of a fashionably autographic hunter; and it would be a dreadful mistake to send the heavenly messenger away unseen." So this time he waited in the library, and scrabbled a little, shrugged his shoulders, and, finally, told the servant he would see the unknown and nameless intruder.

Ottilia and the poet's wife did not observe his going—only saw after a while that he was gone. Presently he came back, looking strangely excited:

"My dear," he said to his wife, "the angels *have* sent a visitor at last. Come to her! Take her away and whispered something to her—whereon she started and almost broke into a scream, and glanced reluctantly at the door.

The husband and wife walked up and down a term or two on the lawn, and talked in low tones. Then they approached Ottilia.

"Dear Ottilia," said the poet, in a grave, sweet voice, "you have borne much sorrow and anxiety and disappointment. Is your spirit strong and brave enough to bear with tidings of joy?"

Ottilia clasped her hands, and a wild cry broke from her lips:

"Oh, my dear friend, tell me, tell at once! Have you news of Eric? Is Eric living?"

"Eric is living. Eric is here!"

Ottilia made a rapid movement as if she would rush to meet her lover, then her knees trembled, her strength gave way, and she fainted. When she recovered consciousness Eric, brown, worn of face, and bearded, held her in his arms.

And, so her long quest and her long sorrow were over, and her lover lived and had found her again. His story was easily told. He had languished in Confederate prisons—chiefly Richmond, where he never had a chance of writing to her or sending her a message. Just toward the close of the war he had escaped from prison, and made his way, after immense difficulties, to the North, where he sailed for Europe in a slow, old, lumbering vessel, which gave him a passage cheaply. Having got nearly half way across the Atlantic they were driven back to New Brunswick, and thence he sailed again, and at last reached Stockholm only to find that Ottilia had long left it, and gone to him in the United States. No one in Stockholm knew any thing of her whereabouts. He raised what money he could and returned to New York. The very first day of his arrival he heard some vague story of the Swedish girl living under the shelter of the venerable poet and scholar, and he lost no time in seeking the poet in his country home. He could hardly put his question into coherent words when, half distracted with the conflicting tortures of hope and doubt, he stood in the poet's presence.

There is nothing more to be said, except that Ottilia and Eric are married, and are settled in the United States; that the poet and his family hold them always in the closest and closest friendship; and that there is far more of truth in this little story than its readers perhaps would at first be inclined to suppose.

SEA-SICKNESS.

THE immediate cause of sea-sickness is an undue amount of blood in the nervous centres down the back. This being true, the malady will be avoided by every thing that prevents congestion; and when it exists it will be cured by lessening the amount of blood in those centres. In doing either the one or the other, the internal and sympathetic nervous systems must be included in the remedial measure, for both are concerned in the production of the disease. To cure sea-sickness, then, if these opinions are correct, nothing more is necessary than to reduce the temperature of the nerve-centres. Dr. Alexander Hood, Dr. Chapman, an English physician, is best done by the application of ice in an India rubber bag along the spine. The remedy is perhaps a desperate one; and in some states of atmospheric temperature the thought of such an application will have a chilling influence upon the expectant traveler; but, instead of its having a cold, depressing, uncomfortable effect upon the patient, it is really a pleasant, agreeable application, giving quickly a sensation of warmth where most needed, and acting with a soothing influence upon the disturbed system. To those who, compare the condition of a traveler who has accepted the remedy with that of one who has not. The sick passenger sits helpless, retching and vomiting on a winter's day, with the spray dashing over him—cold, faint, depressed and ready to die. The man with a column of ice on his back moves from place to place with a healthy brain and stomach, suffering no more inconvenience than is brought about by the difficulty of supporting his centre of gravity. The comfort or discomfort felt by a traveler in the use of ice as a preventive to sea-sickness is more in the mode of application than in the nature of the specific. If the India rubber ice-bag be kept in the centre of the back, and in contact with the spine, without extending far on either side from the spinal column, the bag is worn without inconvenience. It is not even necessary, in all cases, to wear it next the skin. A far more important consideration is the application of it when employed as a remedy in other nervous disorders, that the required effect may be obtained in the greatest degree, and with the least loss of time.

CURIOUS MECHANISM OF THE THYSANURA.

AT a late meeting of the British Association Sir J. Lubbock read a paper on the singular anatomy of the thysanura, an insect of extreme delicacy of organization, which has an apparatus for locomotion totally unlike any other known to entomologists. They have six legs, but no wings. The tail is provided with two long appendages which are bent forward under the body, forming a spring, by means of which the creature is enabled to leap with such force as to go twelve inches at such jump. The power is not in the action of muscles in the tail itself, but actually in a latent elastic spring. Minute muscles draw it forward and under an actual latch, where it is confined like the blade of a pocket-knife, and, by the will of the insect, the spring throws the little being rapidly forward, foot after foot, in pursuit of game or to escape from enemies.

A spring constructed and acting on a different principle, but equally surprising under anatomically studied, exists in the mechanism of a kangaroo's tail. As the animal rises up on its long hind-legs, the tail, by a powerful instrument for throwing the body onward with a bound. When put to their speed they vault with surprising energy, so that they often outrun a swift horse. Every principle known in the domain of the mechanic arts is merely a humble imitation of what nature has always exhibited in animal structures.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following curiously-mixed poetical effusion was written by an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and is certainly a curious specimen:

Gayly the tiger tuned his guitar,
Trembling his fingers with feathers and tar;
Sweetly he sneezed at her, sourly he sighed:
"Lady fair, will you be my bride?"
She for the elephant coolly had pined,
Fairly in love, as the vowel she hadn't dined;
Carried up a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in flannels, bank-notes, and plum tart.
At midnight the rivals met to the whale,
And feeding for love of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the tiger coolly bagged him to death.
Then with a cabbage-stalk boldly he wrote:
"Cousins, all come, and feast on the tail of my coat;
See thy own crocodile a-whistling for thee."
He groaned, and died, and gargle—a cold corpse was he.

A Frenchman for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow, and said:

"I wish you joy," cried his friend; "you have married the woman you ——."

"I have no longer offered."

"Alas!" said the poor Frenchman, grievously dejected, "and where should I spend my evenings?"

Once upon a time, before the negro had acquired any claims to a pecuniary value, an old colored Divine who was holding forth to an audience of his own race on the watchful care and goodness of God's providence, and endeavoring to impress upon his hearers the value of a Christian darkey in the eyes of Heaven, illustrated the point thus:

"My Brethren, though you can buy seven apple-vows for a farthing, de almighty hain't a book to put down what every nigger is worth. No, my brethren, de Lord Almighty take so much care of de sparrow dat He counts only seventeen to a farthin', but you'd pose he do for you, a real bobtail copper? Why, you made when there's dead folks in de house, an' I hate to borrow."

A bagdem was to be exhumed from a neighboring fleet off North Carolina in 1856, and notice was to be given to the fleet by signal. The book contained no symbols for "baptism," and the order was signalled thus: "There will be religious drying on shore at 2 P.M."

KNOW YOU?

Know you the hour when Phœbus steals
From where Aurora blushing lies,
And mounts the heaven on glowing wheels,
And gilds the gray of dawning skies?

Know you the time when the birds begin
To carol to the rising sun—
When from the woods their joonad din
Proclaims the reign of night is done?

Know you the moment when the dew
Exhales in silvery sighs from blooms
Whence it steps the wakening hues
Till Phœbus the rapt earth illumes?

Know you the moment, time, and hour
Of daybreak? Well, you do, anyway.
Well, that's the time I feel a power
Of slumbers in "the sleeping sway."

A little boy had his first pocket-knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of the treasure to his little playmates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed in these words: "And please, God, give little Jimmy Bailey a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time."

An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh!" replied the presiding judge, "you only do as I tell you to do, and I will take the responsibility of the consequences."

A new arrival at Sweetwater, Wyoming, was waited upon by a gentleman as soon as he had registered his name at the hotel, with the offer of the position of deputy-sheriff. On inquiring why he was so much favored, he learned that the last incumbent was shot the night before, and his predecessor on the day preceding. "How long does a deputy-sheriff live in these parts?" "Oh, about twenty-four hours." The stranger declined the appointment.

"In Mrs. Blinking at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered the ring at the door. "Yes, sir, I've rebe'ed, Sir." "Is she engaged?" "Ah, is it engaged, you say? Faix an' I can't tell you, Sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like av him, and it's engaged I have they are, Sir."

A young lady was alighting from an omnibus, when a ribbon fell from her bonnet to the floor of the vehicle.

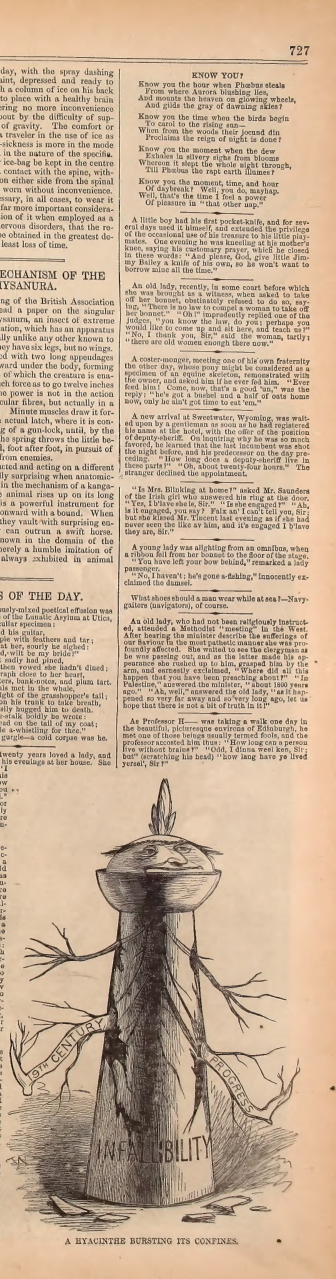
"You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger.

"No, I haven't; he's gone a-fishing," innocently exclaimed the damsel.

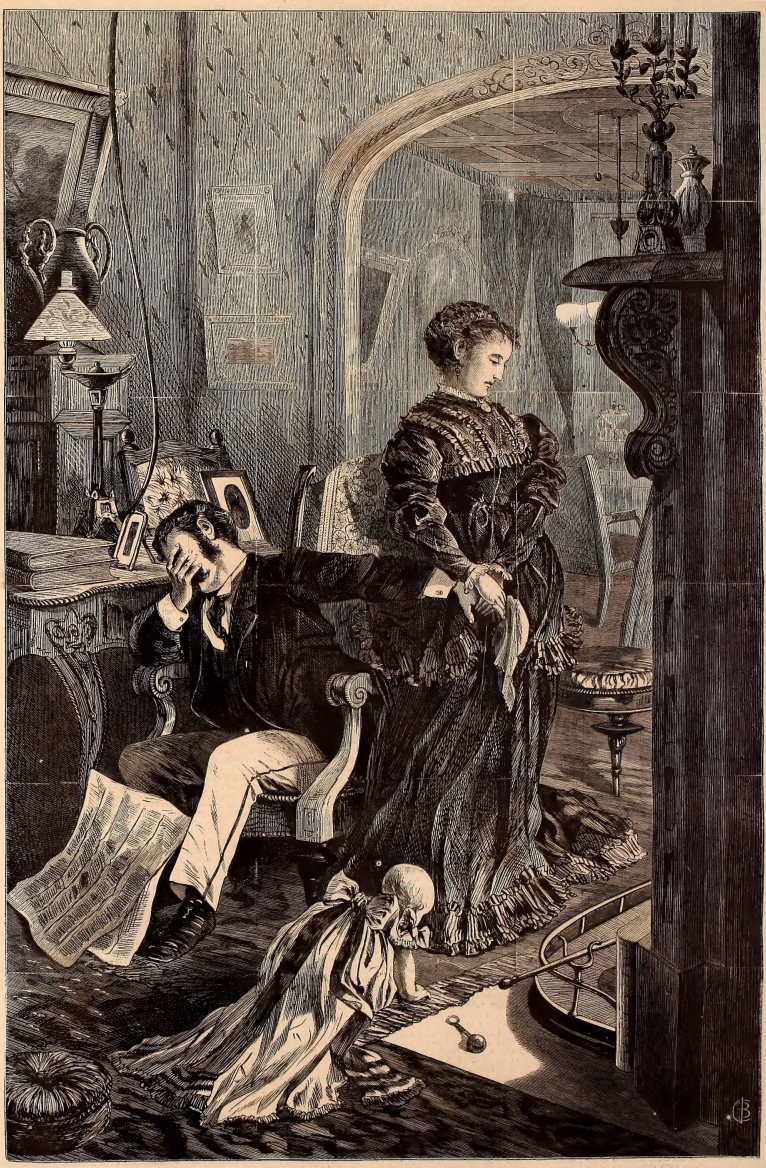
What shoes should a man wear while at sea?—Navy-gaiters (navigators), of course.

A old lady, who had not been religiously instructed, attended a Methodist "meeting" in the West. After hearing the minister describe the sufferings of our Saviour in the most pathetic manner she was profoundly affected. She waited to see the clergyman as he was getting out, and in the most pitiful tone his appearance she rushed up to him, grasped him by the arm, and earnestly exclaimed, "Where did all this happen that you have been preaching about?" "In Palestine," answered the minister, "about 1800 years ago." "Ah, well," answered the old lady, "as it happened so very far away and so very long ago, let us hope that there is not a bit of truth in it!"

As Professor H—— was taking a walk one day in the beautiful, picturesque environs of Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually termed fools, and the professor accosted him thus: "How long can a person live without brains?" Cold, I dinna weel ken, Sir," (scratching his head) "how lang have ye lived yersel, Sir?"



AN INVALID GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER—SCENE ON BOARD A SOUTHERN-BOUND STEAMER FROM NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]



"RUINED."—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 732.]

THE SONG OF THE MILL.

WHEN summer airs are fresh and sweet,
And clover blossoms new,
And birds rejoice, and young lambs bleat,
And skies are clear and blue:

How merrily the mill goes round,
How merrily goes the mill,
As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound,
And echoes o'er the hill!

When age sits shivering by the fire,
And wintry winds are white,
And youth doth chill his warm desire,
And frosty north-winds bite:

Still merrily the mill goes round,
And merrily goes the mill,
As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound,
And rings across the hill.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER IV.

ZILLAH'S STORY.

The widow's reflections as she thought over her interview with Mr. Frost were bitter enough.

Her situation was that of one who, in endeavoring to reach a wished-for goal, has chosen the apparently great path over a morass, rather than the tedious, stupy way, which, although painful, would have been safe. Now the treacherous bog yonked beneath her faltering feet. But it was vain to look back. She *must* proceed. To go forward with a steady eye, at once firm and light was, in the last only chance of safety. And it was but a chance.

Years ago, when Zillah Lockwood was a young woman and a newly-married wife, Sidney Frost had—through the knowledge of certain passages in her life which he had gained accidentally—come to have a secret power and influence over her.

He had used his knowledge at first to protect her against the persecutions of a ruffian, and in so doing he had acted disinterestedly.

Afterward he was tempted by circumstances to avail himself of the power he held over Zillah Lockwood in order to help himself forward in the world.

The case stood thus:

Robert Lockwood and Sidney Frost were early and intimate friends. When the former married Miss Zillah Fenton—a governess in the family of a rich merchant, named Blythe, who liked pictures, and thought the society of the painters of pictures—Frost had still been cordially welcomed at his friend's house.

Miss Fenton was an orphan, without a relation in the world. Her early life had been passed in Paris; and Mrs. Blythe said she had reason to believe that her father, Captain Fenton, had been a needy adventurer of disreputable character. But against the young lady no one had a word to say.

At first the young couple were entirely happy. To the day of his death Robert Lockwood adored his wife. He believed in her with the most absolute trust. He admired her talents. He was guided by her advice.

But when, within a few months of their marriage, Zillah became melancholy, nervous, and silent, Robert was painfully puzzled to account for the change in her.

She declared herself to be quite well; but her husband insisted on her seeing a doctor after doctor, in the hope of discovering some cure for the unaccountable depression of spirits under which she was suffering.

It was all in vain, however. Robert was in despair; and seriously contemplated sacrificing his prospects and daily-rising reputation as an artist, in order to take his wife abroad for total change of air and scene.

A mere chance, connected with his professional business, gave Sidney Frost a clew to the cause of the mysterious malady under which his friend's wife was pining. The clew was furnished by a few words dropped by a man of very vile character, a professional black-leg, who had come to London for a time to escape the too vigilant attention of the Parisian police, and from whose clutches Mr. Frost was endeavoring to extricate a foolish young scape-grace, the son of one of his clients.

His professional and natural acuteness enabled Sidney to make a shrewd guess at the real state of the case. He surprised Zillah one day, when her husband was absent at his studio, into a confession that she knew this man. And after a little gentle cross-examination, the trembling woman burst into tears and revealed the whole story.

Zillah's motherless youth had been passed in Paris, in the home of a father for whom it was impossible for her to feel either affection or respect. His associates were members of his own character, or young scions of rich or noble houses, who frequented Fenton's shabby, tawdry little salon for the purpose of enjoying the excitement of high play.

Amidst such surroundings Zillah grew to be sixteen; little more than a child in years, but a woman in one sad and sordid phase of world's lore. Her notion of right and wrong was solely derived from her own untutored instincts. These were, in the main, good and pure. But she was ignorant, absolutely ignorant—and she fell.

Coarse appeals to vanity or greed would have been powerless on Zillah. But the poor child was unable to resist the impulses of an undisciplined heart. She scarcely even conceived that it behoved her to resist them.

She believed the passionate protestations of love—protestations not wholly insincere when uttered—of a noble gentleman whom she looked up to as the ideal of every thing splendid and heroic.

The story was trite. Its denouement was trite also, save in one particular. This one exceptional circumstance was the unexpected and abruptly unreasonable despair of Zillah when she perceived that her god was an idol of clay—that he had ceased to love her; and when he informed her, with a good deal of well-bred dexterity, that he was about to make a marriage de convenance at the urgent solicitation of his noble family, he was quite amazed at the girl's violence. He was willing to behave handsomely. But when Zillah waved away in horror from his offers of money, like one who suddenly sees the flat, cruel head of a snake rear itself from a rose-or he has been caressing, M. le Vicomte was really shocked. In what Fool's Paradise had the girl been living, to give herself such a shock at her sire's arrival in the vieux Fenton? One diable! His knowledge began to look on himself as a victim, and to pity himself accordingly, which state of mind had the desirable effect of quenching the pity for *her*, which the girl's pale, passionate face and streaming eyes had aroused to a quite uncomfortable degree.

Then came a second blow. Captain Fenton was willing to receive his daughter back again, but on conditions against which the girl's whole nature rose up in revolt. He had discovered that his daughter was attached to a man who was not assist him in that devil's recruiting service, which he still carried on zealously, but with very fluctuating success.

In brief, to return to her father's home would be to plunge into a black gulf of shame. Zillah told herself that one hour of misery had been endured not what became of her; but from her father and her father's associates she shrank with an shuddering, invincible aversion.

Then the extraordinary reserve force of courage and endurance with which nature had endowed the girl made itself felt. She was eighteen years old, alone in Paris, and almost penniless. But she struggled like a strong swimmer buffeting the rolling waves. She resolved to live; and to live honestly. She starved rather than sell herself. She lived on bread and water, and worked with a vigorous industry that, as it were, invigorated her.

Then one watching on the shore stretched out to her a hand, not a warm, comforting human clasp, but—a staff to her aid. A dry, hard stick was held to her, and she caught at it. It was something to cling to. A woman who knew her history engaged Zillah to attend on her children, and to teach them English.

For five years the poor girl was a drudge whose physical fatigues and privations were the lightest and most frequent part of her sufferings. But she pursued her solitary way inflexibly. In teaching she learned. She worked with amazing industry to improve herself. She succeeded, and she succeeded. Her blameless life and unwearying activity had softened even her mistress's cold heart toward her; and when Mrs. Fenton left her employment this woman gave her such recommendations as procured for her a situation in England.

From that time her worldly prospects seemed clear and tranquil.

After a year or two she had known Robert Lockwood, and the world was changed for her.

"I loved him so!" said Zillah, sobbing, to Sidney Frost. "I had a child. I should never love any human being more, and that men were all false, sensual, and selfish. But he came to me like God's sunshine after the long, black winter. I felt young again, I who had deemed myself old at five-and-twenty. I ought to have told him all my miserable story. But many a struggle with my conscience about it. But—but—Robert honored me so highly. I was to be the exalted ideal of what a woman ought to be. I was to reward. I dared not risk losing him. I had been so unhappy, so friendless. Only a man but a woman can understand what I had suffered. And here was a glimpse of Paradise. Was it to speak the word which would drive me for ever, back into the desolate cold to die? *I could* not do it. I thought 'when we are married, when he has learned to believe in me, to trust in for him, and to trust me as his faithful wife, I will kneel down and hide my face on his knees, and tell him.' But as I learned to know him better, I found what a fatal mistake I had made in delaying my confession. You know Robert. He says that he could never again trust any one who had once deceived him. The first time he said so a knife went into my heart. Oh, if I had but told him at first, he *might* have pitied, and forgiven, and loved me! for, God knows, I was more sinned against than sinning. I was but seventeen. Think of it! Sixteen years old! Well, this concealment bore bitter fruit. My child has been dead these years; but recently one of his old associates, the man you have been speaking of, came to London, found me out, and came to me with threats, entreaties, bribes, all his kind are, either flush of money or a beggar. My horror at sight of him; my dread lest Robert, who was at the studio, should return and find him, showed him, I suppose, what hold he had upon me. From soliciting alms, he came to demanding money like a highwayman. I gave him what I could. Since then he has persecuted me, until life is almost unendurable. I see Robert's anxiety; I am tormented for him. But I *dare* not tell the truth. This wretch threatens me, if I do not comply with his demands, that he will tell my proud English husband all the history of my youth. You, who know something of the man, can conjecture in what a hideous light he would put the facts he has to relate. If Robert were to spurn me and despise me, I should die. Oh, I am afraid! It is so horrible to be afraid!"

Sidney listened sympathetically. He was (as is not uncommon) better than his creed, which was already a somewhat cynical one. He pitied and encouraged Mrs. Lockwood; promised to rid her of the scoundrel forever; and adroitly said a word or two to the effect that she had done not trouble her husband with so annoying and contemptible a matter.

"I know Robert very well," said he; "and I am sure he would not rest until he had thrashed our French friend soundly. Now a kicking more or less in this life would not matter to him at all. It would put Robert in the wrong too, and distress you. I undertake to punish the miscreant much more effectually."

How he managed to get rid of her tormentor Zillah never certainly knew; but the man dropped out of her life never to reappear in it.

Sidney Frost was actuated chiefly by motives of kindness toward the Lockwoods. Whatever the woman's past might have been, she made his friend a good wife. Robert idolized her. He was happy in his unfaltering faith in her. But he would not have been able to be happy had his faith once been shaken. That was the nature of the man. Frost would serve both husband and wife, and secure their own comfort.

Added to all these considerations, there was another incentive influencing his conduct—his professional interest—with which he was contemplated balking a rascal's schemes—a zest quite as far removed from any considerations of the sweet right and the eagerness of a fox-hunter is removed from moral indignation against the thievish propensities of the fox.

Frost was a man who loved the happiest Zillah had ever known or was fated to know. She was the joyful mother of a son. Her husband's fame and fortune rose day by day. Sidney Frost never reminded her of the secret they shared except by a look or word, which, indeed, had grown almost to regard the days of her misery and degradation as something unreal, like the remembrance of a bad dream.

But a change was at hand.

Robert Lockwood fell ill. His was not a rapid, alarming illness. It was slowly wasting away, as it seemed. A short time before his health began to fail he had yielded to the urgent solicitations of his friends, and Sidney Frost had consented to the latter a large sum of money—the savings of his life—to be invested in certain speculations which they guaranteed to be highly flourishing; and, as has been previously stated, Sidney, in accepting the trust, honestly meant to fulfill it with a single-minded view to his friend's advantage.

Then came temptation: a combination of circumstances, which, in a large man to complete the amount necessary for the purchase of a share in a flourishing legal business. On his obtaining the share he required his marriage with a woman whom he passionately loved. He lived the greater portion of Lockwood's money for this purpose. He meant to have the transaction to himself thus: "Robert shall find this a better investment than any I proposed to him. The business is as safe as the Bank of England. With an infusion of skill and energy such as I can bring to it, wealth, great wealth, is absolutely certain. It *cannot* fail. My property at handsomer interest than he could easily obtain in any other way!"

All the while he was desperately ashamed and troubled in his inmost heart.

Zillah had been told by her husband of his having confided money to Frost. She had almost as undoubting faith in their friend as Robert had. But she asked, "You have a formal acknowledgment, dear, of the money lent?"

"He wrote me some kind of receipt, or I O U. I don't think it is what you call a 'formal acknowledgment,' little wife. But from Sidney it is sufficient."

"You will keep it carefully, dear Robert?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so."

"Because you know if Mr. Frost were to—to die?"

Zillah's quick intelligence discovered that something was wrong with Sidney after he had undertaken her husband's trust. He kept away from the house. Robert had been in town. He was going to be married. He had obtained his long-coveted partnership. A suspicion of the truth dawned into her mind. She endeavored to take him off his guard by adroit questions. But her woman's cunning was no match for Sidney Frost.

He confronted the matter boldly and with outward composure. He made no inward preparation or modification to be abashed before this woman who had been so humbly grateful at his feet. He told Zillah her self-control had been admirable.

"It is not exactly the investment I had proposed, but it will be, in the end, a far better one than any other for you all. I have not mentioned my changes of plan to Robert. He is not well enough to be bothered about business. He is the best-hearted, dearest fellow in the world; but you *know* that it is sometimes necessary to withhold facts for his own good."

At the word the hot blood rushed to Zillah's face, and her temples throbbed painfully. She understood perfectly the kind of bungle that was being made. She reflected that her first deception was now bearing its legitimate fruit.

She was helpless. She carefully locked Mr. Frost's informal receipt into her writing-desk, and submitted in silence.

When Robert grew better," she said to herself, "I *will* summon resolution to tell him every thing. I *will!*"

But Robert never got better; and within a few months he was laid in his grave.

CHAPTER V.

A MORNING CALL.

Mr. Frost drove home to Bayswater after business hours, on the day on which Mrs. Lockwood had visited him, very weary in body and sick at heart.

Mrs. Frost had the most stylish of tiny broughams, drawn by a pawing steed, whose action gave one the idea that it had been taught to dance on the Italian plan. Like a bear.

Mr. Frost used a street cab when he drove at all. Very often he returned home on foot. On this special afternoon he was thoroughly tired. He had been into the City, into offices wherein his partner would have been much amazed to see him, and in addresses of which that partner had not the faintest suspicion.

As the cab jingled and wobbled along the busy streets toward Bayswater, Mr. Frost leaned his head back against the frowzy cushion and closed his eyes. But he could not deaden his hot brain. That was always, at present, fearfully active. He ground his teeth when he thought of Zillah Lockwood. And yet he pitied her.

"If I could ruin my blood into guineas she should have her own," said he, mentally.

But if Mr. Frost could have coined his blood into guineas—in one sense he did coin flesh, and blood, and health, and life into lacre—it is probable that still Mrs. Lockwood would not have had her own. For Mrs. Frost had an insatiable appetite for guineas, and would have received any amount of them with the greedy immobility of a gaping-mouthed Indian idol.

She was an idol that had cost her husband dear, and yet he still continued to worship her and did not suspect her! Like the poor savage of the south, who alternately rails at, and grovels before, his Wooden Madonna.

George's Frost was a magnificently beautiful woman. Her face and figure were noble and majestic. Her manners graceful, dignified, queenly.

Mrs. Frost looks every inch a duchess," some one said, admiringly. But Mrs. Frost had once stood for two hours beside a wax bust in a real duchess at a picture show, and after that she told her husband, with a superb, languid smile, that she should decline to be likened to a duchess any more.

"A little, skinny, painted, flaxen-haired creature in a short waist, and with the most atrocious bonnet that ever was perched on a human head," said Mrs. Frost, disdainfully. "I am not at all like a duchess, if *she* is a fair specimen of the genus!"

But nevertheless Mrs. Frost was pleased to be likened to a duchess.

Mr. Frost did not reach his home until a few minutes before seven. Seven o'clock was his dinner hour.

"Dinner ready?' he asked of the man who opened the door to him.

"Waiting for master, Sir. Shall I tell the cook to send it up at once?"

"Where is your mistress?"

"My mistress is dressing, Sir. She had an early dinner at three o'clock."

Mr. Frost walked into the dining-room, bidding the man tell his mistress directly. He threw himself into a chair, and sat still, with a gloomy face. The complex lines in his forehead were twisted and knotted tightly together.

He had got half-way through his solitary repast, eating little, but drinking a good deal, in a feverish way, when the door opened, and his wife came into the room.

She was in full evening costume. A rich silk dress, of the brownish-golden hue of ripe wheat, enhanced the clear paleness of her skin. The dress was simple in fashion, as became a matron of large figure of its wearer. Its only ornament was a trimming of white lace round the sleeves and bosom. But the lace was splendid and of the costliest. In her dark wavy hair she had placed a branch of crimson pomegranate flowers, and on one marble-white arm she wore a broad thick band of gold with a magnificent opal set in the midst of it.

"Why, Sidney, love, Sidney!" she said, not looking at him though, but walking straight toward a large mirror over the mantle-piece. She threw one hand over her back to her husband, contemplating her own image very calmly.

He raised his eyes and stealthily looked at her in the mirror.

"Where are you going?' he asked, surlily.

"You told me nothing about going out this evening."

"Oh yes, I did; but I might as well have omitted it. You never remember. I am going to the Academy. Kitt sings delightfully, and the Maxwells made me promise not to fail them.

Mr. Frost sat looking at his beautiful wife with a strange expression of mingled discontent and admiration.

Suddenly his face changed. "Turn round," he said, sharply. She obeyed leisurely.

"Let me look. Is it possible? Yes; you *have*—you have—taken that bracelet, despite all I said to you!"

"Why do you when the man showed it to me that I must have it. It is the finest single opal I ever saw."

Mr. Frost dashed his hand down on the table with an oath. "By Heaven, it is not Mat," he cried. "It is incredible! Georgina, I wonder, upon my soul I do, that you can have the heart to go out in this way!"

Mrs. Frost looked down at him with a slow Juno-like turn of the throat.

"Don't be silly, Sidney. What *is* the use of your getting into passions? Nothing would go either with this dress or my black velvet but opals. And what matches the ear-drops is the set."

"And how, pray, do you imagine I am to pay for this jewelry?"

Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders.

"How should I know? How you are to pay for it is your business, not mine! When you married me I suppose you were aware of the responsibilities you were undertaking! Oh, is the carriage below? Tell him to drive first to Lady Maxwell's, Edward. And—ask my maid for the ermine cloak to put into the carriage in case I should want it coming home."

He walked angrily up and down the room after she was gone; beneking out now and again into bitterest sentences and ejaculations.

"I will not stand it; I *will not*. Heavens and earth! To think of her coolly taking that opal, whose follow it would be difficult to find in London, as though it were a glass bead! She cares no more for me than for the stone pavement she will tramp foot on! I am a money-machine. That's all! But it shall come to an end. I can not live so. I *will* not. Why should I grind my very soul out for a woman with no vestige of heart or feeling? I'll send her to live in the country. I'll sell her wardrobe by auction. Millions wouldn't suffice for her extravagance. I have told her that I don't know which way to turn for money—and people think me a rich man! Why, only this very week they say my wife decked out in finery worth a king's ransom. Good Heavens, that opal! To-morrow I will take the jewel after it back. She shall not keep it. It is too monstrous."

The next day Mrs. Frost, who occasionally made small concessions that cost her nothing, when it became apparent that she had roused her husband's indignation so far, offered to drive with him to Bedford Square and call on Mrs. Lovegrove.

As they drove along eastward—Mrs. Frost looking very lovely in a morning toilet, for the perfection of whose freshness and simplicity she had paid many a fashionable artiste dearly—Mrs. Lovegrove had ever expended on her finest gown—Mr. Frost lectured his wife as to the necessity of comporting herself with civility toward the Lovegroves.

"I'm sure I don't know how to conciliate Mrs. Lovegrove," said the fair Georgina, with, perhaps, by rigging myself out from top to toe in Tottenham Court Road, and arriving at her door in the dirtiest hackney-cab to be found. I really would have borrowed Davis's bonnet and shawl to come in, if I had thought of it; only, to be sure, Davis is three times more monied nearer the fashion than the Lovegrove women!"

Davis was Mrs. Frost's cook.

Mr. Frost went into his office, saying that he would open his letters and go up to pay his respects to Mrs. Lovegrove by-and-by. His wife was ushered into the drawing-room, and waited while her card was carried to the mistress of the house.

Mrs. Lovegrove's drawing-room was hot. The sun shone full in through the windows, and there was a large fire in the grate. There was a stuffy fragrance in the room from two enormous jars of pot-pourri which stood one on each side of a gilt cabinet. On the cabinet were ranged eleven china figures called her nick-knacks; namely, a huge dish of wax fruit under a glass cover; some Dresden figures; a Chinese mandarin in white chalet in card-board; two or three cups of eggshell porcelain; a statuette in the so-called Parian ware, representing a Spanish lady dressed entirely in lace flounces, and with a foot about the same length as her nose; and a blue satin box evidently for bon-bons.

The furniture was drab, with red satin stripes in it. The curtains were the same. The carpet was also drab, with splashy cabbage-roses all over it. On the mantle-piece stood a French clock, flanked on either side by a cut-glass lustre whose pendants primes jingled and shook whenever a foot crossed the floor. There was a grand piano in the room, dark and shining. There was also a harp muffled up in green baize. On the round centre-table, covered by a red velvet cloth, were disposed with geometrical accuracy several books. The middle of the table was occupied by a silver card-basket full of visiting-cards, on the top of which was conspicuously displayed a large, glaring, setting forth that Sir Thomas Dobbs and Lady Dobbs requested the honor of Mrs. and the Misses Lovegrove's company at a ball at Dobbs Castle two months hence.

Mrs. Frost waited. The house was very still. She sprang up once from a chair and looked at the two photograph albums. A third was a little volume of poetry containing verses in celebration of the marriage of Mary, which the Poetess herself looked on exclusively from an ecclesiastical point of view, and styled the "Month of Mary." There was likewise a keepsake, bound in red velvet.

Mrs. Frost waited. She had ensconced herself in a comfortable corner of the couch. It was hot, and the smell of it was like Mat. Frost fell into a doze, and woke with a sensation of being looked at.

Mrs. Lovegrove stood opposite to her.

Mrs. Lovegrove had a pale, smooth face, with a pale, smooth, and very high forehead. Her features were not uncomely. Her eyes must have been pretty in youth; well-shaped, and of a soft dove-gray. Her teeth were still sound and white. Her nose pointed a little, and her upper lip was too long for beauty. It gave one the idea, when her mouth was closed, of being stretched too tightly, in the effort to cover the long, prominent teeth.

Mrs. Lovegrove was lean and flat-chested. She wore a lead-colored merino gown, and a small cap with lead-colored satin ribbons. She affected drabs, and browns, and leaden or iron grays in her own attire. She said they were so chaste.

"How do you do, Mrs. Frost? I am so shocked to have kept you waiting. Your visit was such unexpected and rare favors that if I could have come instantly I would."

Mrs. Lovegrove spoke in a very low voice, and with polished distinctness.

"I almost fell asleep, I think," said Mrs. Frost, with much nonchalance.

"I am very sorry—"

"You were not in my gentleness, replied Mrs. Lovegrove, in her genteel and most distinct accents.

Mrs. Frost did not at all like to be told that she had been snoring. But as this is an accusation against which we are all helpless, save that in the nature of things we can not be conscious whether we have moved or not, she did not attempt to reverse it.

"Don't you think you keep your room rather—stuffy?" she said, wrinkling up her handsome nose.

"Stuffy? If I apprehend your meaning, I think not. You see, you live in one of those very lofty and airy houses which are built in the early weather-proof. No doubt you find some compensating advantage in doing so. But I confess that for myself I prefer a well-built, old-fashioned mansion. How is Mr. Frost?"

"Quite well, I believe. He said he was coming to wait upon me, I think."

"*Is* he quite well? Now is he? I am rejoiced to hear it. Mr. Lovegrove has been remarking that he looking pegged of late. We live in high-pressure times. The friction on a railway, for instance, is so much more tremendous than it used to be. Mr. Lovegrove's cough. And yet it may be doubted—Is any thing the matter?"

"No; I don't think you want to sneeze. How very pungent the stuff in those jars is! You could put snuff in it, I think."

"Snuff! My dear Mrs. Frost—!"

"I feel as though I had some grains of snuff in my nose."

"My pot-pourri is prepared after a recipe that was always used down at our family place."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Frost, yawning. "I dare say it is very nice when one gets a little—seasoned to it."

Then Mrs. Lovegrove led the conversation into her own ground. She discoursed of ritualism, of stoles, tapers, and censers. After these subjects came the British Constitution, collectively and individually. Thence, she slid easily to the immense number of invitations her girls had received this season. Then, from the ball-room bouche to the last, she spoke of their dear young friend, Miss Desmond, Lady Tallis-Gale's niece, and herself connected with some of our most ancient families.

"I am no leveler," said Mrs. Lovegrove, in a kind of self-deprecatory way (in which Mrs. Frost did say, "If I did but choose it, I could lay existing institutions as flat as a bowling-green!"), "No. I approve and reverence the distinctions of rank and birth. You may tell me that these are inborn prejudices—"

"Not at all," drawled Mrs. Frost, checking, but not concealing, a yawn.

"Well, I will not deny that there *may* be some tinge of self-prejudice. But when we lived at our family place papa always impressed on us that we were to consider the laboring persons who were above us in rank as we exacted from our inferiors. Papa was a staunch Tory of the old school, Mrs. Frost, and arrogated to birth. He used to say—Ah, here is Mr. Frost. *How* do you do, Mr. Frost? We were speaking—or, at least, I was speaking—of the old think your wife knows her—of our dear Miss Desmond. You can not think how the girls have taken to her. She is not lovely but as much as we could wish, though. For her attendance on Lady Tallis is most unremitting. But we feel we must keep her as a—as the say on Augustinus—!"

Well, do you know, I scarcely know how to describe the impression she never got! But I will do Augustine."

Mr. Frost smiled very graciously, and seemed much interested.

"We are going to have—I won't call it a party—a little social gathering, to which we have persuaded Miss Desmond to consent to sing at. Saint Cecilia's—that is, the newly-married couple have asked us. The *Perrins*, *en route* for Italy.

A little girl of five years old was exhibited as an "infant prodigy" not long ago in a large music-hall in England. She was but she was precocious only with several languages, could represent three hundred characters, and had a considerable number of poetical quotations. The poor victim was forced through her performances to the admiration of a numerous audience of fashionable people, who, probably, never thought to what cruelty they were thus accessory. Similar exhibitions were made in Spain and Germany. The forcing system to which many children, not "prodigies," are sacrificed, is a great and growing evil. To crush premature intellect with knowledge for show at examinations, for the sake of competition and for pride or sake, is both folly and wickedness.

An English journal states that after the death of Byron, at Mesolonghi, in 1832, his body was embalmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inclosed it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted siege of Mesolonghi, a daughter of the heart was born to them, cut a way with great sacrifice of life through the Turkish lines; but the heart was lost in crossing the marshes.

A trip around the world can now be made in eighty days, though little pleasure could be experienced in such a hasty tour. A year is certainly little time enough to devote to such a journey. It is recommended that the traveler plan to be in Central and Southern China in November, India in December and January, Egypt in February, and Palestine and Syria in March and April, which will bring him to Europe, to travel northward up the Danube, or further east and Italy, with advancing seasons. By a diligent study of route, the trip can be made with ease and comfort, and enough seen to give one comprehensive idea of the other side of the globe. A low estimate of the probable amount required for fares, reckoned at gold rates, is $1500. Throughout the whole journey there are only a hundred and forty miles (the distance between Allahabad and Bombay) in which steam can not be used in assisting the transport; but a railway is being rapidly constructed which will connect these places, and then, truly, steam will have put a girdle round the earth.

The "Spider" is a novel invention recently patented, and will prove a useful addition to the toilet. Its object is to cleanse the ear pleasantly and safely, without the use of the hard instruments hitherto employed for that purpose. It is especially adapted to the nursery, and will be found useful in the social affairs.

A clergyman's daughter has recently obtained the royal license to publish a weekly newspaper in Norfolk, Sweden. She names it Miss Frederika Hains. The Swedish editress "can not only write her article, but set it up and work it off; and is, in fact, the practical director of the entire operation. She learned printing from a certain Miss Sidergvist, who is now in business as a printer in Stockholm, under the married name of Frau Fludh." Miss Sidergvist once edited and published a brace of papers in Arboga. Removing to Stockholm, Miss S. set up a printing-office, the present Frau Fludh, every sous of which was a woman. In addition to these, there are said to be others in Sweden carried on exclusively by females—one in Hudiksval and one in Carlstadland.

Armand de Pontmartin—whose real name is Dpon, only this was not euphonious enough for his purposes—is French journalist of singular ability and originality. The French wives persuade, in spite of remonstrance, but he was fond of spending money, and he never left his pocket. Seeing an article he had written was accepted by a prominent journal. He was an article on the Deluge, and it so much attracted the editor that he printed it at once, merely to see what the public would say. The public were amazed, and the editor revised and enlarged the article and sent for Dpon and asked him whether he was in the habit of looking at every thing else from the point of view of the Deluge. Dpon at once answered that to the best of his belief the views he took of the Deluge were those which of nearly all men other things in life, and he produced an article on the art of government. The editor took possession of the Deluge article, and it was even more astonishing than the paper on the Deluge, and from that day young Dpon's fate was secured and he styled an Armand de Beaupré, took rank in Paris as "un original." When Armand de Beaupré is at a loss for a subject he tells his readers he must spend himself an evening, where he lives, who are his friends, and how. Sometimes he writes at the office of his paper in a state of excitement verging on fury. He has been overcharged by a cabman, annoyed by the tailor, or worried by his mother-in-law. Then he sits with his eye dancing, and writes an article in which he pours forth his feelings in a fine horror into the soul of the offender. The editor nods approvingly at the article. Perhaps he would rather have had something else, but he knows the French public, and is quite aware that an article directed against a landowner, and wounding the feelings of a journalist, will always please them better than a paper on the differential calculus or the international monetary convention.

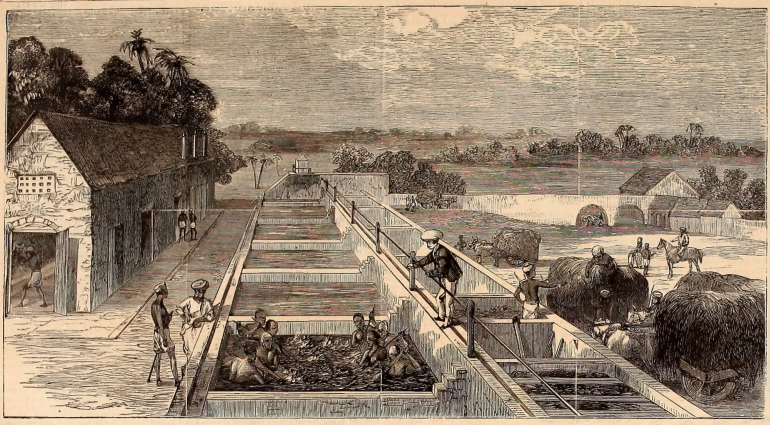
Sixteen hundred and thirty-five soldiers have been admitted to the Royal Victoria Hospital within the last six years, and of this total one-fifth died of disease of the heart. It is believed that this prevalence of heart disease is caused by the fashion of accoutrement, and that it is increasing. A new system of recruiting soldiers would prevent this sacrifice of life.

Lovers of coffee will not thank a French chemist, who for discovered that he believes that the caffeine of coffee is twice as poisonous as the theine of tea. Nevertheless, they will only increase their moderate pupils. Well, gradually most every thing we eat or drink will be discovered to be more or less poisonous, and black tea will only be a choice between evils.

Sir Samuel Baker, the well-known Egyptian explorer, writes from Egypt that his flotilla of steamers and boats is now waiting "at the Nile junction for Khartoum; that he has eight hundred camels waiting to convey the iron steamers and boats from England across the Desert to their destination, where they will be put together and employed in the navigation of the White Nyanza and other lakes. And that his own route will be from Suez to Souakim, thence across the Desert to Berber, and thence by the river to the rendezvous at Khartoum. Trading in some places, terrifying in others, and exploring wherever it can, Sir Samuel will be a most interesting pill of promise for the Royal Geographical Society, if only for the Khedive of Egypt.

Some of the latest applications of electricity are worth budgeting, as instances of our readiness to take a willing horse to death. We shall have literally, if not figuratively, ridden electricity to death when we apply it to destroy life; and the suggestion of the Russian army to kill only bees with bullets charged with gas and beast. Instead of the barbarous system of hanging offenders, a humane philosopher proposes that we should put them in an electrical chair, powerful enough to kill without pain. There is no denying the fitness of the punishment to the crime, and the fact is the law will not take human life by lightning, it might compel cattle slaying thereby; a butcher said would be far more effective, and far less cruel, tools than the pole-ax or the sticking-knife. The angler would consider his occupation gone if he did not work an electric line and a torpor-producing bait; yet the whaler has a notion that he can catch his monsters with an analogous plan. From experiments upon lesser fish, it is anticipated that a whale would be despatched by one shock as certain as from a modern battery carried in a boat, with the aid of a harpoon with double points connected with the battery conducting wires. The harpoon, upon striking the whale, would complete a circuit through its two points, and electrify the fish to torpor point, thus rendering his capture easy: at least, so the inventor says.

A disaffected wife has just eloped from Saratoga. She left the following epistle for her husband's consolation, which is indeed a literary model, to say the least: "Don't grieve; you have not earned as much money as you ought to and when I ask you for it I always say you must get any—body by dearest for this time."



INDIGO MANUFACTURE IN TIRHOOT, LOWER BENGAL.

INDIGO CULTURE IN BENGAL.

DURING the last three years the planters in the districts of Tirhoot and Champaran have experienced much inconvenience, and often great loss, as well as trouble, from the disaffection of the "ryots," or native peasantry. There are frequent disputes about the terms of the agreements made between these people and the capitalists who advance the money for the sowing of indigo. This question in Bengal is almost as difficult as the land-tenure question in Ireland. The manufacture of indigo, or *nahsi*, as it is called in the vernacular, commences about the first week in July, when the indigo is cut and carted into the factory. It is then steeped in vats from twelve to sixteen hours, the time which is calculated to be sufficient to extract the virtue of the plant. The water in which the plant has been steeped is next let off into a lower or "beating vat," where it is left to settle. The vat is now beaten off by eight or ten men, as shown in the illustration. The process of "beating off" (by which the grain is separated from the water) having been completed, the vat is left a sufficient time for the grain to sink to the bottom, when the water is gradually drawn off. The indigo settled at the bottom of the vat is transported to the "boiling-house," whence it is poured on to what is called the "table," where it is well strained; it is carried thence and placed in presses of about six feet square. All moisture having been extracted, the indigo is cut into square cakes and placed on shelves to dry, and at the end of the season it is packed and sent down to Calcutta for sale. The life of a resident indigo planter or manager is full of toil and anxiety, and he is frequently obliged to appeal to the magistrates to enforce the ryots' contracts.

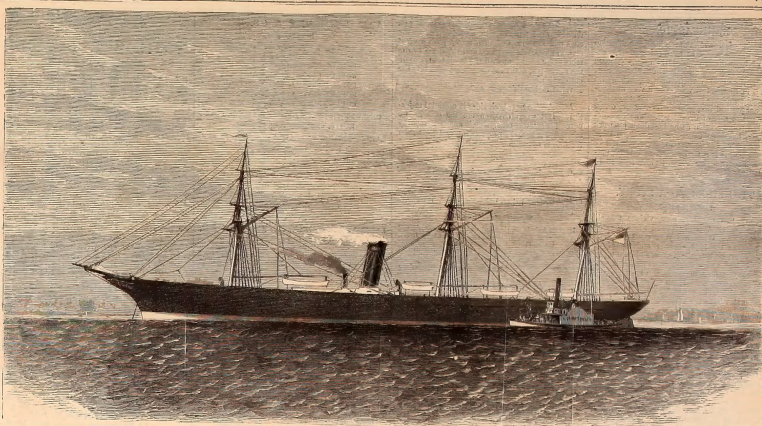
SMOKERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.

VARIOUS are the instruments that have been devised for smoking tobacco: some of them plain, others expensive and elaborate. But perhaps the most novel and curious method of enjoying the narcotic plant is that illustrated in our engraving on this page. This method is in vogue among travelers on the high table-land of Thibet and in the Himalaya Mountains. M. R. VON SCHLAGINTWEIT, the famous German traveler, gives the following description: "The inhabitants of the lower plains, when traveling in the mountains, have a peculiar mode of smoking. They can not indulge in this kind of luxury in their own homes, but have to postpone it till they come to the regions where a solid and compact glacier may be found. Then they proceed to dig or cut a hole three-fourths of an inch deep in the solid block, and at a distance of a few inches other holes one inch deep around, so that the largest hole is in the centre, and connect these by introducing a piece of iron wire underneath the ice, forming in this way so many funnels communicating with the hole in the centre. This is filled with tobacco and covered with ignited coals, and the smokers, lying down on blankets to keep off the cold, adapt their mouths to the various holes. In a short time they send forth enormous clouds of smoke, which, arriving ice cold, is charged with all the narcotic substance of the plant. The solidity of the glacier is such that only very little is melted, just enough to furnish a certain amount of humidity to the burning tobacco." M. SCHLAGINTWEIT assures us that all other modes of smoking are not worth mentioning in comparison with this, and that no instrument of any kind, invented to refine and enjoy the tobacco-smoke, can supply the place of the primitive but ingenious method adopted by the Penjab and Thibet natives.

"RUINED!"

THE drawing by MR. C. G. BUSH, from which our illustration on page 729 has been engraved, is a very pathetic illustration of the effect of extravagance or of speculation. How many such scenes as our artist has depicted were enacted just after the recent bursting of Wall Street bub-

SMOKERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "CITY OF BRUSSELS."—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

bles! It is reported that the terrible disappointment experienced by daring gold brokers on the 24th of September has driven five or six of them to the insane asylum; but how many who were not made mad were driven to despair! How many, with their families, were utterly and irretrievably "ruined!"

THE "CITY OF BRUSSELS."

JAMES KENNEDY, COMMANDER.

THIS magnificent new iron steamship belongs to the Inman line. It is truly said of her that "she beats the Canadian," if we take her last trip as a test of her powers. She arrived in this port on the morning of October 23, her voyage across the Atlantic having occupied eight days and twelve hours, including three stoppages, caused by disarrangement of machinery.

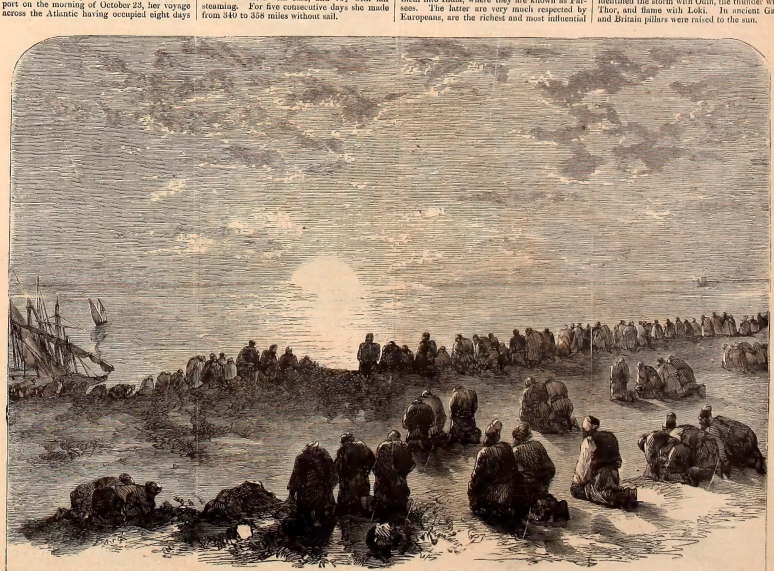
The *City of Brussels* was built on the Clyde, in Scotland. Her length is 406 feet; length of keel, 375 feet; beam, 40½ feet; and depth of hold, 28 feet. Her engines are of 600 horse-power, and her registered tonnage is 3000. She can comfortably provide for nearly one thousand passengers.

This steamship is fitted up in superb style. Her cabin is of oak, elaborately finished, and inlaid with gold; the seats are cushioned with plush, and the floor is carpeted with the finest of Brussels. The ladies' cabin is finished and furnished in a style even more superb. She makes 15 knots with ease, and 16½ with fair steaming. For five consecutive days she made from 340 to 358 miles without sail.

GUEBRES WORSHIPING THE SUN.

OUR illustration on this page recalls one of the earliest forms of nature-worship—one, however, which is still maintained among the Guebres of Persia and the Parsees of India. The term Guebre was applied by the Mohammedan conquerors of Persia to the disciples of ZOROASTER in that country. The Guebres now number about 100,000, dwelling chiefly in the city of Yezd and the province of Kerman. They are ignorant but industrious, and they bear a high character for virtue in comparison with other Persians. The persecutions which they suffered after the Mohammedan conquest drove a large number of them into India, where they are known as Parsees. The latter are very much respected by Europeans, are the richest and most influential of citizens in Bombay, and form about 115,000 of the population of Bombay and Colabba Islands. They do not worship idols, but revere the sun (and fire, as its symbol) as an emblem of the glory of the one Supreme Deity. They often build their temples over subterranean fires, one of their holiest spots being at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, where for ages, without interruption, flames have issued from calcareous rocks. The Parsees place their dead upon a latticed frame-work on the top of lofty towers. The birds of the air devour the corpses, and the bones fall underneath through the grating.

Every form of polytheism had its origin in nature-worship. Thus the ancient Norsemen identified the storm with ODIN, the thunder with Thor, and flame with Loki. In ancient Gaul and Britain pillars were raised to the sun.



GUEBRES PAYING HOMAGE TO THE SETTING SUN.

BENEFACTIONS.

The benefactor always retains some affection for the person whom he has benefited. No extent of ingratitude succeeds in utterly effacing this kindly feeling on the part of the benefactor.

Now, no doubt, a Swift or a Rochefoucauld would, in his cynical way, give a very unpleasant reading of this patent fact. But, in reality, it is a beautiful arrangement of Nature, or, as we ought to say, of Providence. The benefactor must, just in proportion as he has done his work lovingly, has his "exceeding great reward" in an increase of benignness; for there can not be a doubt that it is a far happier, and, if we may say so, a more divine thing, to love than to be loved.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

I.—OUR SIDE.

"WHY you naughty, ugly, vicious thing!" screamed nurse, "you've pulled the dishes all off the table. What will your mummer say? There—take that! [a shake]; and that!! [a slap]. Now, go away! You are always up to some mischief, and not as high as the table yet. I'll teach you how to meddle. But come—come. Don't cry so. Hush up or I'll tell your mummer. Here she comes. Sh—!

"Susan! what's the matter? Charlie, dear! what have you done? Come to me. There, don't cry; it's all over now. Susan, how did he do it?"

"Yes, mum, he did it; he's always up to some mischief; and it isn't my fault the best china is broke and the silver-coffee-pot hurled in just like a handbox that has been set on; and the coffee all over the floor, with the salt and sugar and the cream, what he's always, and I a watchin' of him all the time and never took my eyes off him, and then the minute my back was turned, he came and hitched the table-cloth, and off it comes, and all your nice set with it, and six pieces broke, and all done a purpose; and he's always a making of trouble when we don't know what he's about, nor can't guess, for he's as sly as a fox, and I knew he would, for I just took him away from there, and back he scrabbles again as fast as he could go, for he don't know no better, and he ought to be whipped and give him something to cry for, for I've told him not to touch the table a hundred times, and I'm glad of it, and I don't care if he is hurt, and—"

"Why, Susan! Susan!"

"And I *don't*, mum; and he might have been burned in such a minute ago, for I just took the chafing-dish off, and then what would have become of your new carpet? He will have his hand in every thing that's a going, and if there's nothing a going he'll set it a going, and he can't let it alone for the life of him, and he's just like his father, always trying experiments, and wondering how things would be if they was a little different from what they is, and trying of it on, and making a muss like his father has in the laboratory, what I don't like to see nor smell of nor any body else, and nothing but mischief comes of it, and I a picking up after him all day long like a chip of the old block as he is; and it's a great pity, too, for there as boys the clothes and clothes and things, only it's none of my business, and I don't care, only my new dress is all greased with the cream; but never mind me while he's a crying, for he did it right afore my very face and eyes, quick as a flash the minute I told him to come away."

"There, my dear—Charlie, my dear—hush! don't cry, you'll make me cry, too. Wipe your tears. Let me wipe them, and let me look into your eyes and see how it was."

"Look into my eye, mum—fiddle-sticks!—look into your coffee-pot and your china and my dress and your carpet. Look into his eyes! He did it a purpose, for he did. Look on the other way, and give him a spanking, say I!"

"Susan, be quiet. You are angry. Go down stairs."

Exit Susan, purple with rage.

II.—THEIR SIDE.

"Now, Charlie, look up. You have done some mischief."

So Charlie's eyes looked up, half tearful, half funny—inquisitive, but shy and sorrowful—and this is what his mother read in them.

Yes, mamma, I did it. But *did* I do it? *I didn't know I could do such things.* What a terrible crash! I looked up by the chair, and I walked as straight as I could over to that great high table. I didn't tumble down once. The table was covered with bright things which made my eyes like stars. I could not see what was on it because it is so high. Once I sat way up on top of a chair and saw things, and saw you put them in my mouth with papa and you. And papa took my finger and wet it in my mouth, and took it to something, and put it to my lips in my mouth again, and I eat my finger and it was sweet and good. So I wanted to see something; but my eyes only come up to the edge of the table. I stood on tip-toe, and I took hold of the dress of the table, just as I take hold of your dress when I want my dear mamma to take me up in her arms; but the table didn't take me up. So I pulled, and I pull on your dress when you don't attend; and the dress of the table began to grow longer, and come off. I thought that was funny, so I pulled again, and it came off some more; and then I saw the things all began to come toward me and look at me over the edge of the table. They did not fly away as the pigeons do when we go near them, but they came right toward me. This is such a queer world. I don't understand. So I pulled again, and all the knives and forks came tumbling down on the floor, just as you shovel me low to make my blocks tumble down again and again. Then Susan said, "There now—you do that again, if you dare!" So I pulled again, and down came the cups and saucers, and then Susan gave a great scream and frightened me, and the dress of the table came all off, and the table came with out of the coffee-pot, and I sat down backward into the butter-dish.

What makes things do so?

Moral—To hear both sides is essential to justice. But with children, except the culprits we never hear "the other side," unless Sympathy searches for it and interprets it; and even then the half is not told.

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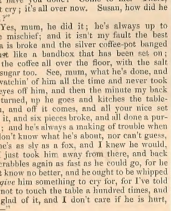

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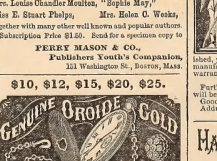

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIII.—No. 673.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

In the subjoined illustration our artist represents a characteristic group of freedmen in the streets of Richmond, engaged in the discussion of the political situation. It is by no means an unfamiliar scene. The colored men, knowing how intimately connected their race has been with the political conflicts of the last twenty years, with the origin of the rebellion, and with the problem of "reconstruction," naturally take a great interest in politics; and in some of the Southern States they hold the balance of power.

It will be seen, by a reference to our picture, that there is a difference of opinion. The woodsawyer, on the left, is doubtless a Conservative; his opponent, the white-washer, is a Republican; while the negro seated on the right is a silent auditor, ready to acquiesce in whichever opinion gains the mastery. The earnestness of the argument is shown in the countenances and in the attitude of the disputants and of their listener. The picture, considered simply as a work of art, has merits of a very high order. The action is natural, and each member of the group is given a distinct individuality. The treatment of the subject is not less happy than its selection.

THANKSGIVING.

Again the night-season of the natural year has come round to us—the time when, her fruits having been gathered up, the earth folds up and puts aside her green garments, and lays down to her winter's rest. At this time, when ripeness passes so quickly into decay, man snatches eagerly to secure for himself so much as he can of Nature's gifts. This work having been accomplished, he has leisure for reflection. He can now look upon the process, by which the dead earth gives us back manifold what we have lent her, as the yearly wonder of God. It is fitting that this should be the season of Thanksgiving. But not only the agriculturist finds this season an occasion of thanksgiving; the merchant and the manufacturer, also, have profited by the abundant harvests of the autumn. These are positive reasons for thanksgiving; but, besides these, we have to remember with gratitude that no great pestilence, no wasting famine, no destructive natural convulsion, no financial panic have visited us.

The illustrations which we publish this week on pages 744 and 745, apropos to this national festival, need no interpretation on our part. That on page 744 is a typical representation of the season and of the occasions for thanksgiving. The engraving on page 745, "Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving," represents the larger and more cosmopolitan features of the occasion.

SEMI-DETACHED WIVES.

A married man, after a time, appears to forget how much a woman, and especially a woman who is a lady, desires small attentions to the very last. He seems to believe, at any rate, that his wife does not care for them at his hands. Women do not forget the season of courtship; and it would not be too much to say that an ideal marriage should be a constant courtship, or else the romantic theory of marriage falls to the ground altogether. But supposing a man marries a fool, and doesn't discover the fact for some time. Then it is well worth his while to try and improve the fool into a tolerable companion; for even a foolish wife can make herself excessively unpleasant to the wisest and most philosophic of husbands; and in successful cases the women will be grateful for the teaching. The man who wants to win his wife to at least sense (or nonsense) enough to love him has often all his work before him, even after he has placed the marital ring on her finger. She may then only be a semi-detached wife. We can give no definite recipe for the curative process. Circumstances would demand a constant change of ingredients. The shrew should be tamed, if possible, by soft means; but she should be tamed. The indifferent woman, with her soul occupied only with thoughts of the millinery hung upon her body, should—but we can not advise on these points, and, besides, it is more than probable that the balance of incompatibility inclines to the side of the husband. Women should not be difficult to win when once wed, although, strange to say, it has happened to many a woman to live and bear children to a man without a stronger feeling for him than one of duty or of gratitude, perhaps, for social consequence. For the men who like their wives semi-detached there is nothing to be said; there is no accounting for tastes, and it is possible at least to conceive a gentleman of cool disposition resenting the familiarities of a wife as a claim for privileges not contemplated by him when entering upon the married state. They run a risk if their wives are young, as there is sure to be a revolt sooner or later.

A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOIL.

AGAIN through crisping fields she comes,
The Spirit of the Soil,
To bring to labor's peaceful homes
The fruits of trust and toil.

A mystery of earth and air,
Cool morns and noonday heat,
With sunlight in her golden hair,
And dusk her feet.

She stands beside the threshold stone:
His brow the father lifts;
He knows her by his faith alone,
The children, by her gifts.

"I bring the roots," she says, "whose length
Of downward thrust was stayed
By no cold night's unbroken strength
Below the reach of spade.

"They hold my life in every pore,
My health in ring and grain,
A fervor from earth's central core,
A coolness from the rain.

"I bring the vineyard's purple gift
From highroad trellis bars,
The orchard's, whose bowed branches lift
Their free hands to the stars.

"My blood has passed to clustered lobe
In drops of living wine;
The perfume of each dusky globe
The orchard bears is mine.

"I called the healing sun to lean
Above the mildew's death:
The wind that drew their flavors keen
Was wakened by my breath.

"I bring the yellow corn unopened,
The bean with purple eye,
The barley with its mighty beard,
The amber wheat and rye.

"I went before when stone and root
Were routed from the land;
I heard the plowman's muffled foot,
The sower's whispering hand.

"My strength, born of primeval rock,
Is given to ear and leaf;
I am the fullness of the shock,
The ripeness of the sheaf.

"I bring the nut whose guarded oil
Is every cracked cell;
There comes a night-time of the soil
Whose daytime it shall tell.

"I bring the seed of field and lea
That watch and wait no more;
The calm of heaven's ethereal sea
Whose ships have come to shore.

"I bring the glory of the woods,
The softness of the sun,
The tender sunlight that floods
A world whose work is done—

"A sense that now the earth and air
Withdraw the asking palm—
The sweet fulfilment of a prayer,
The answer of a psalm."

She dropped her treasures on the floor,
Her hands with labor bread,
And from the thankful toiler's door
Passed to her winter rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

THE result of the late election in New York suggests the question, what does Democratic success in this State mean?

It means, in the first place, an arbitrary discrimination against the equal political rights of the citizens of the State. The question was submitted whether the property qualification should be removed from a class of voters which, as a class, is in no way inferior in industry, intelligence, and good conduct to any other, and by Democratic votes the property qualification was continued. No one, however, was surprised that those votes were cast against equal rights; for as the Democratic policy ten years ago was the most stolid submission to the dictation of the slavery interest, so now it is a stupid effort to retain as much as possible of the taint which that system left upon our national character and professions. Every great measure looking to the extension of freedom and fair play in this country finds stubbornly resisted by the Democratic party. Every encroachment made upon the equal rights of innocent citizens has been the work of the Democratic party. In our history it will be known as the party of slavery: the party to which the ignorant and the prejudiced were sympathetically drawn, and which, under the name of Democracy, endeavored to obstruct liberty.

The Democratic success in this State means, in the second place, the maintenance of the power of a ring, of which the Governor, by the nomination upon the frauds and his signing the Erie Directors bill, is shown to be the instrument, and which places upon the bench of the Superior Court Mr. JOHN H. M'CUNN. The judicial bench is the last resort under the laws in a free government. What the character of American courts, what the fame of American judges would be, if the party which selects Mr. M'CUNN for one of the chief honors and responsibilities of the judiciary could place Mr. JOHN H. M'CUNNS upon all the benches of all the courts in the land, may be readily seen by contemplating the official career of that magistrate. If the judiciary of the city of New York is an honor to the State and a glory to the country—if it is not a by-word and a derision—if it is not understood that the bench is a market, that rich men may have what judgments they will, and the worst miscreants escape by the connivance of the judges—if its morals are not spotted even with suspicion, and its decisions every where profoundly respected, it is because of the men whom the Tammany Ring place upon the bench. Every vote cast for the Democratic party was cast for the power which has made the present renown of the New York city courts.

The Democratic success in this State means, in the third place, if it should be complete, and the Legislature in both branches should be of that party, the overthrow of the best parts of the present municipal government. The Metropolitan Police system is bitterly opposed by the Democrats. All the Commissions have been rigorously denounced by them, and they have sought power to restore the city, as they claim, to its own control. That is to say, the party following its policy and pledges will place in the hands of the Tammany Ring the control of all the great interests of the city—its police, its health, its Department, its Central Board, its Central Park. It may be presumed that a power which makes such judges as we see will make a corresponding police.

Whether the city shall be healthy, the personal safety, the security of property will be better cared for by the Tammany authorities, the experience and the testimony of other cities will declare. How long an election in the city will be possible which will not be morally invalid by the knowledge of a vast system of fraud, so long as those authorized to hold elections control, may be inferred from what the most unscrupulous Democratic paper in the country says of certain Tammany judges: "He can," says the editor, speaking of himself, "by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and ALEX. T. HALL OF BOSTON lie in hell the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR." A Democratic success means the ascendency of such persons in the political control of the State. Those who desire it, therefore, did wisely in co-operating with them at the election.

The Democratic success means, in the fourth place, a change in the Registry law, or the total abolition of a registry, in order that frauds at the polls may be facilitated and the Ring more surely held, with the hope of deciding the next Presidential election in the city of New York. No honest voter can object to a registry, because he is vitally interested in the integrity of the ballot-box. The more severely scrutinized the list of lawful voters, the more secure is the country. The Democratic party, always hostile to all methods for maintaining the purity of the ballot, will break down every barrier, and those who helped them at the polls may congratulate themselves upon the result.

These are some of the consequences of the continued Democratic success in the State of New York, and, although not new, they may be profitably studied by the country.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

THERE is one subject which should be very carefully considered by the Board of Education in this city, and that is compulsory education. Since Mr. Superintendent HENRY FRASER, who was sent out by the British Government to examine our school system, the school of this city have so high a reputation among those in both countries who are interested in the extension of education that the report of the Board which controls the schools will be very influential. If that compulsory system is necessary any where in the country, it is here in the city of New York; and, therefore, if action is to be taken upon it, it will be naturally begin here. The subject was considered in the late Constitutional Convention, and was therefore not new, but was quite fully discussed in the Committee upon Education. But it seemed to be the general sentiment that the time had not then arrived for action, and although Mr. FRASER, who made many valuable suggestions, and who introduced the admirable article upon bribery, which was incorporated in the new Constitution, upon the subject in the Convention, he had little support. The argument for compulsory education is perhaps nowhere more carefully considered than in a report of Dr. DUNCAN, the French minister of public instruction, in 1863, which contains an admirable survey of the European school systems. Mr. REID, the late Superintendent in this State, embodied many of the facts presented by M. DUBUY in the report to which we allude elsewhere. As a matter of fact it is found that in countries where school attendance is compulsory, as especially in Prussia, the conviction is in name only; nor would the repeal of the law now seriously affect the schools, so deeply rooted has the law made the habit of universal attendance. So elsewhere, as in Baden, although attendance is compulsory, fines are very infrequent. In Wurtemberg every child must attend school until the age of fourteen. The first and second time a boy plays truant he is punished himself; the third time his parents pay the penalty. Every army recruit is examined, and the parents are responsible if their son can not write well. In the United States, in Wurtemberg there is not a peasant, or a kitchen-maid, or a bar-maid who can not read, write, and cipher well. In the United States, to-day, there is probably a seventh of the whole population who can do neither.

The argument for compulsory education in this country is not for the police. The tax for public schools is justified by the necessity of general intelligence to the general order of society. We tax men cruelly for schools that we may not be heavily taxed for prisons; and as the tax is laid for the welfare of the community, and not of the individual, the community may properly say that the tax to be made effective for its purpose. As to the expediency of enforcing an undoubted right of this kind, it would seem to be tolerably clear that, if it be expedient to provide schools at all, it is equally expedient to take care that they are not provided in vain. But it is the universal testimony of those who are best informed upon the subject that the advantages of our free public school system are by no means what they ought to be, nor what they could readily be made to be.

At the late Educational Conference in Birmingham, in England, the expression of opinion was unanimous upon two points: first, that a system should be established to secure the education of every child in the kingdom; and, second, that every child shall be compelled to be educated. The word education was used to denote what we know as common school instruction. The Conference, therefore, agreed upon what may be called the common-sense view of the subject. It is to be hoped that the New York Board will seriously enter upon the question whether it is not its duty to take active and sufficient measures to secure the great purpose for which the people pay the school-tax.

SARMIENTO AND LOPEZ.

GENERAL M'MAHON, our late Minister to Paraguay, is reported to have given a very rosy view of the Dictator LOPEZ and of his "Republic;" and as the General was alleged to have stated that the atrocities of the allied army were incomparably greater than those of LOPEZ, the Secretary of the Argentine Legation in Washington has protested against the "gratuitous calumny, which, as it is, by anonymous publication." But the witnesses whose testimony concerning LOPEZ and Paraguay is as pointed as his knowledge is ample and his judgment accurate is SARMIENTO, now the President of the Argentine Republic. We recently spoke of this gentleman as the most prominent and hopeful figure in South America. His long residence in this country, his vital sympathy with popular government, and his careful and extensive study of its working in the United States, make him to speak upon this subject with an authority which, of course, General M'MAHON would not claim for himself.

In June, 1868, while the war in Paraguay was still dragging along, and when Mr. SARMIENTO was the Argentine Minister to the United States, he published a Paraguay and LOPEZ; and what he said is confirmed by the most intelligent of the foreign residents upon the Plate River with whom we have conversed. Mr. SARMIENTO says that of Paraguay is neither a republic, nor a monarchy, nor a tyranny, in the sense of power usurped from another. "The dictator LOPEZ received the government of the country from his father by a will; his father had taken possession of it after the death of FRANCIA, who had himself usurped it when the Jesuits were expelled. "Paraguay," says Mr. SARMIENTO, "is a plantation with a million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the LOPEZ family, and fight for them because these chiefs fight against the white men whom they hate, and of whose character and civilized practices they know only through the LOPEZ family has allowed to enter the precincts of the country." So absolute is this authority that Captain FOSE mentions that even when the country was at peace the inhabitants of Assumption shut themselves in their houses at eleven o'clock in the day, at the command of the bell, that the South American might not be able to speak with any native. The Englishmen who were in the service of LOPEZ or Humaita were brought by him to defend the fortress in case of ill luck in the war of conquest which he was about to undertake, he having already seized the province of Matogrosso from Brazil and that of Corrientes from the Argentine Republic. The British Government sent a Commission to free the Englishmen whom he held, and LOPEZ refused to deliver them. One of them, who has served a long time in the country, has just published in London a history of the war, in which the character of LOPEZ is drawn in a very different manner from that which is attributed to General M'MAHON.

The Argentine Republic is allied with Brazil and Uruguay to defend itself against the conquest of LOPEZ. For having abolished slavery fifty years before we did, and being the seat of the most promising political and industrial activity in South America, that republic naturally recoils from subjection by a tyranny compared with which the most brutal known among the European races would be a blessing. "The triumph of LOPEZ," says Mr. SARMIENTO, "nearly two years ago, "means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guarini Indian despotism, under a master who is dictator, chief justice, judge, and lord of life and property." That these words truly describe LOPEZ no one who has investigated the subject doubts. Yet there are many influential papers in the United States which really seem to think that there is no choice between the parties in the Paraguayan war, and that an empire is going to crush a republic. Mr. SARMIENTO and LOPEZ are the good and evil genius of the La Plata region; and there can be no question to which of them the moral sympathies of the United States naturally belong.

THE GREAT PERIL.

WHEN the honest voters say where are stated that the ballots deposited in the box and the subsequent count do not correspond with the honest vote, the system of popular elections and the public peace are in peril. There is no practical difference between a free vote at Tammany Hall imposing their will upon the public by fraud and a man at the Tuileries imposing his will by force. Nor is there any intelligent and reflecting Democratic voter in the State of New York who does not know that his party leaders are responsible for the bulk of the monstrous election frauds, and that every one his votes at their bidding he is supporting a policy which must end in the total corruption of the government or in revolution.

That there are dishonest men in the Republican party, that there is cheating upon the Republican side, we do not doubt. But that is no reason for the honest men of the other party to deny against all knowledge and testimony that the great frauds are practiced by Democratic leaders for the advantage of the Democratic party. Nor can any intelligent man excuse his indifference to the subject by saying that both parties are equally guilty. For the man who does not know that the political planes of the Democratic party commend themselves to the most ignorant and worthless part of the population; is not aware of one of the most obvious and significant facts in our politics. He may go into any part of the country upon an election day and he will be sure to find that nine-tenths of the ballots which form the degraded part of the population vote the Democratic ticket, and that the more thrifty and intelligent the neighborhood the more positive is the Republican majority.

This is not chance. It has the deepest reason. Every district and ward in Maryland gives a Democratic majority. The same is probably true of Kentucky. They are the two especially Democratic States. Of course in the war their hearts were with the rebellion, for they in any chief point of social and progressive political communities superior to the great States of the Northwest? The two armies in this country are not equally worthless. Will any body pretend to designate a spot in which the Republicans have the same unqualified control that the Democrats have in the city of New York, where they are or can be justly accused of frauds so enormous as those which are matters of universal notoriety within the part of the Democratic leaders in this city?

During the twelve years, from 1856 to 1867 inclusive, the average annual number of naturalizations in New York was 16,000, yearly average of immigration from and including 1847 to 1860—a period of thirteen years—was 197,435; while for the four years, from 1860 to 1863 inclusive, the yearly average had fallen off nearly one-half. None who arrived later could be naturalized in 1868. But in that year three courts in the city—the Common Pleas, the Supreme, and the Superior—admitted a naturalization of 33,318—nearly four times the average of former years. And if to this be added the missing blanks, which, as every man practically familiar with the details of last year's elections knows, were used wherever they could be, the total naturalizations for the city of New York for 1868 was 60,386. Of the admitted certificates issued more than eighty-two per cent. were issued by two courts, the Superior and the Supreme. In the Supreme Court Judge GEORGE G. BARNARD was the only magistrate who naturalized. In the Superior Court a gentleman who examined the files of the certificates testified that about eight-ninths were signed by JOHN H. M'CUNN.

These were the facts. They were known at the time; but their extent was subsequently proved. The fraudulent papers were every where. They were sent by mail to those who had not applied, although the law requires the personal appearance of the applicant. And it was in the midst of this universal knowledge that GEORGE T. HOPPER, the Democratic Mayor of the city, and Democratic candidate for Gov-

ernor, on the day before the election, issued a Proclamation bitterly denouncing the charges of fraud as gross and unfounded, and asserting that they were made to cover the fraudulent schemes of the Republicans. There was not an intelligent man in the city or its neighborhood who did not know that Mr. HOFFMAN'S statement was untrue. The frauds were known, and it was known that they had been perpetrated by Democratic agents. If proof were wanting after that collected by the Congressional Committee of Investigation, it is supplied by the volunteer evidence of the editor of the chief Democratic paper in the city, who has since described by name the present Mayor of the city, Mr. HALL, and one of the State Senators from the city, Mr. TWEED, as "corruptionists," and denounced their "shameless and cunning frauds."

It is already beginning to be understood that an election in the State of New York is not an appeal to the opinion of the people. It is simply registering the edicts of a few Democratic leaders, by such of the ballot-boxes, full or not then, nearly time for those who support the Democratic party because they do not like certain Republican men and measures, to ask themselves whether a party under such auspices an honest expression of the popular will becomes impossible is not necessarily and swiftly subverting the government?

EFFECT OF SELLING GOLD AND BUYING BONDS.

It appears that the public debt had been reduced from March 1, 1869, to November 1 about $64,332,070 65. This sum is mainly made up of purchases of bonds and their accrued interest. Nothing has been given by the Treasury that $11,000,000 of gold will be sold, and $10,000,000 of bonds purchased for November. The interesting financial question of the day is, What effect will this upward quotation of bonds by the United States by selling gold and purchasing bonds?

Ever since the breaking down of the attempt ed gold corner, the power of the Treasury in the absence of any European demand for balances, has become omnipotent. Owing to those large Treasury purchases of bonds the credit of the United States has been so strong that bonds are still purchased in foreign markets, and, owing to frequent sales of Treasury gold since the corner was broken, gold has steadily fallen. Speculators fear to become Bulls in gold, inasmuch as the movement on the longto-be-remembered Friday against their machinations was so sudden and effectual, and fear for a repetition of Treasury sales made on the instant, and without previous notice. With $110,000,000 of gold in the treasury—this was the amount on the 1st of November—no combination could be formed in now crippled Wall Street to meet the vast power of the Department. Every sale of bonds in Europe tells directly in putting down gold, inasmuch as the German brokers have, who make most of the sales—using the telegraph cable for the purpose —become instantaneous sellers of gold in our market to an equal extent. The great houses which do this business watch the respective markets for our bonds, which are ordinarily kept within $\frac{1}{2}$, and frequently within $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of each other, and when there is a chance of profit sell or buy bonds according to circumstances. To facilitate transactions the foreign branch or agency is kept constantly supplied with bonds, which can instantly be delivered to the foreign purchaser. The payments for them abroad, or by cable transfer of funds here, permits an immediate sale of such gold in our market. On the 4th of November gold was sold at 126¼, and one of these transactions by a German house here, and profit ensued. These combined causes, the sale by the Treasury and by such banks as wished to depress gold on the 4th of November, although it had been announced in Wall Street that the Bank of England on that day had raised its rate of interest from 2½ to 3 per cent.—a circumstance that would ordinarily affect our market by raising the gold rate.

The price of the great staples which this country exports, as well as that of imported produce held here for sale, is affected generally in the proportion in which gold falls in our market. As far as concerns any breadstuffs and cotton purchased here by foreign agents for export, they are paid for in gold. The object of the seller is to obtain as much currency for his gold or for the exchange, which the transaction permits him to draw, as possible; and the lower the rate of gold, the smaller the returns in currency. Our breadstuffs are now depressed, inasmuch as the fall in gold, say from 135 or 140 to 126¼, reduces the quantity of currency received in the same proportion.

If the fall in gold were due to an equivalent improvement in the currency of the United States, no complaint could justly be made, as it would in that case be permanent; but it is apparent, as the currency remains undiminished in its volume of about seven hundred millions of dollars, that the sole depression for the fall is due to the combined influences referred to; and as the price of gold in our market must ultimately be ruled in great part by the amount of paper in circulation, there is no difficulty in deciding that the Treasury Department, which is now effectually controlling the market in that direction, must witness a reaction as soon as its influence is withdrawn, or in spite of that influence whenever the condition of finances abroad calls for balances held in this country.

The industrial interests of the United States are suffering severely from the fall in gold. These great interests are measured mainly as to price, which, measured by our paper circulation, must be considerably above the present market rate. The present maximum rate of affairs in this respect is wholly favorable to the foreign purchaser of our great staples, and of corresponding disadvantage to the producing interest of the United States. Undoubtedly from this cause many persons in the United States are benefited by low prices of our commodities—such, for instance, as labouring men and those who live on salaries; but the producers of wheat are not receiving remunerative prices, and hence it is held back in the States which most largely engage in this industry.

The price of wheat is not remunerative, because the expenses of its production are paid in depreciated currency, while the quotation to gold of, say, 140 to 100, and it is now sold on the basis of 127 to 100, in a currency which *apparently* has appreciated according to the proportionate difference. What is known as the home outlet of a fine region, is now quoted at from 63 to 95 cents per bushel, according to quality. The production this year will not exceed 15 bushels per acre. After deducting the seed-sown, the cost of plowing, sowing, reaping, living, hauling to market, risk of collection, and, beyond all, the interest on the capital invested in wheat-producing qualities in the soil, and the price is not sufficient.

The interests of the producers of the country are best promoted by a permanent rate for gold. The fact that the paper currency is a fixed quantity, and that the amount of gold in the Treasury and in circulation can be readily made favorable to a nearly uniform price; and were it not for the shamelessness of a few gamblers in Wall Street, who hold in equal contempt public sentiment and public opinion, and the efforts of the Treasury Department, neither the excessive rise which depressed gamblers occasioned, nor the subsequent excessive fall which the Treasury occasioned, would have happened. A mean somewhere between these extremes would ultimately be reached and maintained until the people renew their machinery of mischief and plunder.

It must be evident that the condition of our industrial interests is dependent on the combination of the gamblers who can unite the largest number of bank officers and public officials in their schemes, is wholly unsafe; and that true policy requires the most effective measures for placing our affairs on more solid ground.

Although the reduction of the public debt from an amount a fraction over twenty-five hundred and twenty-five millions to an amount a fraction under twenty-four hundred and sixty-two millions is regarded with favor as indicating both the power and integrity of the people, yet it can not escape attention that the duties received from excessive imports—the latter occasioned by the sale of our bonds in Europe—constitute a large part of the sum for this payment, a resource which imprudence creates. The opportunity to use this exceptional contribution to the Treasury to withdraw from circulation a part of our war currency—continued on a war basis in peace—was denied by Mr. HOOPER'S bill, and by an act of Congress, passed in the interests of those who demand a vitiated and depraved financial system.

But our object was not so much to show that Mr. HOOPER has deemed himself driven on to the adoption of a system which postponed a return to specie payments, as to present the effect of paper currency of gold below the level that it justly bears to our paper issues. The policy subjects the productions we export to the control of the foreigner at low prices, while at the same time the producer in this country is exposed to high prices in their creation. The policy, now that gold is reduced to 126-27, would enable the foreigner to procure money in a corresponding proportion. This alone will prevent those violent vicissitudes which, to business men, produce constant confusion and distraction.

KING PRIM.

THE Republican movement in Spain is suppressed, and the leaders are either executed or in exile. General PRIM declares himself a monarchist, and, although he is known by as truly, have declared himself a monarch, for such he seems really to be. The army is devoted to him, and although SERRANO is regent, the reality of power is with PRIM. This result makes him the most conspicuous of all recent revolutionary chiefs. A success so sudden and so vast as the peaceable overthrow of a great government and the supreme exaltation of a soldier has not been lately seen. The Cortes, charged of the Constituent element, has resumed its sessions, and the caucuses are vigorously balloting for a king.

The paralysis which fell upon the movement a few months since arose in great part undoubtedly from the uncertainty of the extent and force of the Republican sentiment. The bravest, the most powerful, and the most eloquent speeches in the Cortes had been those of CASTELLAR. They were essentially Republican, and it was difficult to measure the enthusiasm which they excited. On the other hand, the monarchical party could not agree upon a king, even had they been able to, and there was evidently a chaos of intrigue. Nobody seemed to command the situation. PRIM had apparently failed. Had there been one man to speak with a power which could be recognized by all, the later troubles would have been avoided. But no man had proved that power. The hot weather and the consequent doubt and inaction led the Cortes to adjourn. It was inevitable that the Republicans, who are always the bold and aggressive party, would attempt to obtain control of affairs; and in putting them down, and in announcing distinctly his political faith, PRIM, in whom the Cortes now sees the chief of the army, has become the recognized master of affairs, and the deliberations of the Cortes will now undoubtedly have some definite result.

It is fair to presume that a king will be elected, and minor questions of forms who he will be. It is plain enough who he ought to be. LET PRIM be king. He is identified with the revolution; he has proved his courage; he understands Spain and the Spaniards; he is as good a man for the purpose as has been proposed; and inasmuch as no one can be made king whom he does not approve, he will have power behind the throne, and might, therefore, as well be upon it. The glamour of royalty is gone. For a dozen years past the adventurers in Europe has been the nephew of the Corsican lieutenant of artillery. PRIM'S blood is as blue as NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S; and now that royalty is every where in danger from the growing impotence of its representatives, why should not its original principle be summoned to justify the throne—and the regal qualities be conceded to him who can wield the regal power? When the CORTES declares for a monarchy, it means a permanent executive. If it summons the DUKE of MONTPENSIER, or any other Prince, or any weak puppet Don in Europe to the throne, it must know that it can not summon with him the royal train, the royal prestige, the royal sentiment, and can no more confer them on him than England could have been loyal to Prince ALBERT. It may respect him and trust him and fear him, but it may question and trust and treat a chief who is not of royal descent. What it wants is a king without royalty; and to satisfy that want General PRIM is essential.

Nothing certainly is gained by the present situation. The only excuse for a republican that the preference of the nation for a king should be consulted, or possibly that the spread of the republican sentiment should be perfected. But the manifestation of republican sentiment having been peremptorily suppressed and the monarchy assured, there should be no delay in selecting a monarch. But all the royal candidates have been long known, and none are satisfactory. None of them has exhibited the least enthusiasm in Spain, or has had more than an ordinary popularity. If Spain must have a monarchy, let her make a king to correspond. Viva King PRIM!

NOTES.

MR. CURTIN, who has been speaking in Russia and Bohemia, in the languages of those countries, is now in Moscow. CURTIN, the present United States Minister to Russia, but MR. JEREMIAH CURTIN, of Michigan, a graduate of Harvard, and late Secretary of Legation in Russia with Mr. CASSIUS M. CLAY. Mr. CURTIN'S knowledge of languages is very remarkable. When the RUSSIAN fleet was at New York, during the war, he made the acquaintance of the officers, and learned from them fluently in their own tongue, although he had never been out of this country. We believe it was at the instance of those officers that Mr. CURTIN went to Russia, where his skill and facility as a linguist, with his general ability and good character, promoted him to his responsible position—a precedent which we should be heartily glad to see constantly followed.

THE death of Mr. GEORGE PEABODY has occasioned every where the most friendly remarks upon his wide dispensation of riches. He had a good sense to be his own executor, and his good deeds will be always memorable. The universal testimonials to his virtues and his generosity showed perhaps an immense surprise that a rich man should be willing to part with his money; but it also shows the general feeling that to use with money in such ways is to put it to its noblest use. MR. PEABODY chose wisely for himself and happily for his fellow-men, and his name will be always kindly remembered.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN gayly informs the people of the State that knowledge suddenly acquired is seldom profitable, but he is willing to tell us one thing, and that is that the success of Mr. SWEENEY, Mr. TWEED, Mr. HALL, and their associates secures the return of Democrats to our politics. The Legislature of these gentlemen, the Governor says, will contain no Democrats who can be bought, and the same kind guardians are going to take care of the interests of the many and not of the few. This is truly delightful. The whole Democratic line advances, and the Governor gives the inspiring cry, "TWEED and purity! HALL and principle! SWEENEY and self-sacrifice!" The gay Governor is emulous of the excellent Wickford Squires. "Here, boys!" cried that chief executive of Dorchester Hall, snatching his jug over the bluest of watered milk, "Here's richness!"

WE are not surprised to learn that the Rev. W. H. MICHAELS has met with the most gratifying success in his recent lectures at Steinway Hall, in this city. The subjects of his lectures on the evenings of the 2d and 4th instants were, "A Blind Man's Experience in Search of his Sight," and "What a Blind Man saw in Paris." At the first of these lectures GOVERNOR HOFFMAN presided. We understand that Mr. MICHAELS is prepared to repeat these lectures through the country during the present season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXERCISES were held on the 3d in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The Democratic majority in New York city was reduced by about 20,000 on last year's vote. Greeley, in this city, ran ahead of SEYMOUR in 1868. Judge BRADY was elected Judge of the Supreme Court, and John H. MCCUNN, John J. FREEDMAN and James G. Spencer for judges of the Superior Court. Martin Kalbfleisch was elected Mayor of Brooklyn. Judge CHARLES J. MARTINE was elected Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. The Senate contains 17 Democrats and 15 Republicans; the Assembly 68 Democrats and 60 Republicans.

Governor CLAFLIN was re-elected in Massachusetts, Chamberlain, the Labor Reform candidate, polled nearly 13,000 votes.

Governor CLAFLIN'S majority (Republican) in Worcester is about 10,000. The State will contain 30 majority in the Assembly will be small.

Governor AUSTIN'S majority (Republican) in Minnesota is about 1,000.

In New Jersey the Senate stands 13 Democrats to 8 Republicans, and the House 34 Democrats to 27 Republicans.

Illinois carries the Constitutional Convention for the Republicans.

In Maryland there was a light vote, and the Democrats carried every thing.

General BANKS took the oath of office preparatory to entering upon his duties as Secretary of War. NOVEMBER 3.

The diminution of the public debt during October was $2,305,000.

The Licking County Infirmary, an insane asylum in Ohio, was destroyed by fire October 30, and ten of the inmates were burned to death. NOV. 1.

The colored citizens of Baltimore and of the State of Maryland met with old celebrated Democracy of Emancipation with great enthusiasm.

The Rev. Dr. THOMAS H. SKINNER has sent out by the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, last spring, to the several branches of the Alliance in Belgium, Switzerland Street and Fifth Avenue in this city, he made a statement which he said he had received from one of the gentlemen in Britain, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, that last large deputations of the most eminent divines and Christian philanthropists will come to the assembly of the Alliance Conference in New York.

The Rochester Theatre was destroyed by fire on the morning of November 4.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Senator, of the "Ironsides" Constitution frigate fine, died at Bordentown, New Jersey, on the 4th, aged 91 years.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson and wife will celebrate their golden wedding at their residence in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 16th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE Italian Government, following the example of the Spanish Government, has issued a circular for the purpose of reject declarations of the Œcumenical Council opposed to the laws of the country and the spirit of the age.

Quite heavy earthquake shocks were experienced on the morning of November 2 in Constantinople, and particularly in Dormstadt, Wiesbaden, Mayence, and Frankfort.

The Spanish Cabinet has been in part reconstructed. MARTOS has been appointed Foreign Secretary, and PAYSEGOIS Minister of Finance. The Spanish Cortes has again adjourned without choosing a king. The division in this matter has affected the cabinet. Admiral TOPETE, Minister of the Navy, declares that the government will endeavor to fill the vacant seats in the Cortes by candidates favorable to the election of the Duke of Genoa to the throne.

The correspondent of the London *Post* writes as follows from Rome concerning the expected action of the Council: "The dogmatic definition of the assumption of the Virgin Mary will encounter no opposition. The Pope evidently desires the consecration of this dogma. The erection into a dogma of the assumption of the Virgin Mary is a favorite project cherished by its most ardent champions. The foundation of this project is the belief in the union of the two elements of a dogma, and belief in its necessity is not very general, but the unity of the Church requires it."

The Emperor of Austria arrived in Athens November 3, and was met by the King of Greece.

As we go to press tidings of the death of King VICTOR EMANUEL of Italy are hourly expected.

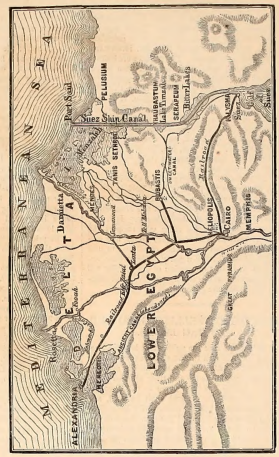
The Archbishop of Paris has issued a pastoral letter on the Œcumenical Council. It maintains that the Pontiff, Œcumenical is organized, independent of the question of the infallibility of the Pope without reference.

General Jordan, Adjutant-General of the Cuban army, writes to a friend in this country from Hayti:

"While we have no absolute need of foreign soldiers and will have to a limited extent to repulse the fruition, we do need supplies. As near as I am able to judge, we have 40,000 men with arms, ammunition, and if state in perfect sincerity that we could use immediately 100,000 men. We have not a foot of land under our hands could end this war in ninety days. We have not wished to employ more resources in attacking large cities—save ports I mean: because, even though every Spaniard in the island should be slain, of our trained soldiers, with a perfect knowledge that we could and would hold the ground, that we have no enemy to defend them against the Spanish navy. Foreign Principe and all interior towns we have so closely besieged that they are really of no avail to our enemy except the name of holding them. Our resources, ally are bounded by it, for in their attempts to send from supplies we destroy their value to them."

From St. Petersburg we learn that on the 31st of August, at Kischeneff, only part three of the Russian, a very alarming shock of earthquake was felt in and around Kischeneff, in Bessarabia. The shock destroyed not only the greater part of the houses in the town, but also those of the village of Banik.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, CHIEF PROMOTER OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—[SEE PAGE 748.]



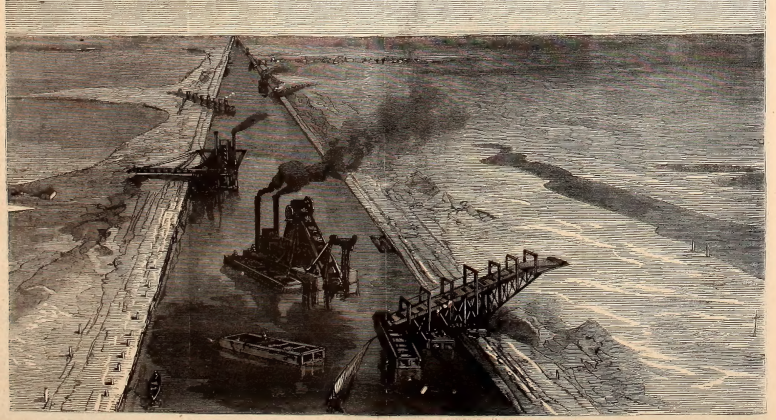
MAP OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

HON. FREDERICK F. LOW.

PRESIDENT GRANT, on the 28th of September, appointed FREDERICK F. LOW, ex-Governor of California, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China, to fill the position formerly occupied by J. ROSS BROWNE. It is said that the President, after deciding that the new minister ought to be appointed from California, showed to General SHERMAN a list of nominees, and that from these the General selected Mr. LOW as the best candidate for the position. It was certainly a wise selection.

Mr. LOW was in 1863 elected Governor of California by a majority of over 20,000 against ex-Governor JOHN G. DOWNEY, the Democratic candidate. He has always been identified with the Republican party of California, and during the war was an earnest supporter of President LINCOLN'S Administration. Mr. LOW has carefully studied China.

The appointment of Mr. LOW is eminently satisfactory to the people of the Pacific States. An evidence of its fitness in the eyes of our representative men is found in the dispatch sent to President GRANT September 29, signed by SCHUYLER COLFAX and some of the most prominent citizens of San Francisco. This dispatch expresses the satisfaction of the people of California with the President's appointment, as giving the nation a representative among the Chinese "whose ability and acquaintance with their customs, commerce, and industries will vindicate the fitness of his selection."



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL, NEAR KANTARA.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

Faithfully yours
Wilkie Collins

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROLOGUE.—THE IRISH MARRIAGE.

Part the First.

THE VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD

I.

ON a summer's morning, between thirty and forty years ago, two girls were crying bitterly in the cabin of an East Indian passenger ship, bound outward, from Gravesend to Bombay.

They were both of the same age—eighteen. They had both, from childhood upward, been close and dear friends at the same school. They were now parting for the first time—and parting, it might be, for life.

The name of one was Blanche. The name of the other was Anne.

Both were the children of poor parents; both had been pupil-teachers at the school; and both were destined to earn their own bread. Personally speaking, and socially speaking, these were the only points of resemblance between them.

Blanche was passably attractive and passably intelligent, and no more. Anne was rarely beautiful and rarely endowed. Blanche's parents were worthy people, whose first consideration was to secure, at any sacrifice, the future well-being of their child. Anne's parents were heartless and depraved. Their one idea, in connection with their daughter, was to speculate on her beauty, and to turn her abilities to profitable account.

The girls were starting in life under widely different conditions. Blanche was going to India, to be governess in the household of a Judge, under care of the Judge's wife. Anne was to wait at home until the first opportunity offered of sending her cheaply to Milan. There, among strangers, she was to be perfected in the actress's and the singer's art; then to return to England, and make the fortune of her family on the lyric stage.

Such were the prospects of the two, as they sat together in the cabin of the Indiaman, locked fast in each other's arms, and crying bitterly. The whispered farewell talk exchanged between them—exaggerated and impulsive as girls' talk is apt to be—came honestly, in each case, straight from the heart.

"Blanche! you may be married in India. Make your husband bring you back to England."

"Anne! you may take a dislike to the stage. Come out to India if you do."

"In England or out of England, married or not married, we will meet, darling—if it's years hence—with all the old love between us; friends who help each other, sisters who trust each other, for life! Vow it, Blanche!"

"I vow it, Anne!"

"With all your heart and soul!"

"With all my heart and soul!"

The sails were spread to the wind; and the ship began to move in the water. It was necessary to appeal to the captain's authority before the girls could be parted. The captain interfered gently and firmly. "Come, my dear," he said, putting his arm round Anne; "you won't mind me? I have got a daughter of my own." Anne's head fell on the sailor's shoulder. He put her, with his own hands, into the shore-boat alongside. In five minutes more the ship had gathered way; the boat was at the landing-stage—and the girls had seen the last of each other for many a long year to come.

This was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-one.

II.

Twenty-four years later—in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five—there was a villa at Hampstead to be let furnished.

The house was still occupied by the persons who desired to let it. On the evening on which this scene opens a lady and two gentlemen were seated at the dinner-table. The lady had reached the mature age of forty-two. She was still a rarely beautiful woman. Her husband, some years younger than herself, faced her at the table, sitting silent and constrained, and never, even by accident, looking at his wife. The third person was a guest. The husband's name was Vanborough. The guest's name was Kendrew.

It was the end of the dinner. The fruit and the wine were on the table. Mr. Vanborough pushed the bottles in silence to Mr. Kendrew. The lady of the house looked round at the servant who was waiting, and said, "Tell the children to come in."

The door opened, and a girl twelve years old entered, leading by the hand a younger girl of five. They were both prettily dressed in white, with sashes of the same shade of light blue. But there was no family resemblance between them. The elder girl was frail and delicate, with a quick, sensitive face. The younger was light and florid, with round red cheeks and bright, saucy eyes—a charming little picture of happiness and health.

Mr. Kendrew looked inquiringly at the youngest of the two girls.

"Here is a young lady," he said, "who is a total stranger to me."

"If you had not been a total stranger yourself for a whole year past," answered Mrs. Vanborough, "you would never have made that confession. This is little Blanche—the only child of the dearest friend I have. When Blanche's mother and I last saw each other we were two poor school-girls beginning the world. My friend went to India, and married there late in life. You may have heard of her husband—the famous Indian officer, Sir Thomas Lundie? Yes: 'the rich Sir Thomas,' as you call him. Lady Lundie is now on her way back to England, for the first time since she left it—I am afraid to say how many years since. I expected her yesterday; I expect her to-day—she may come at any moment. We exchanged promises to meet, in the ship that took her to India—'vows' we called them in the dear old times. Imagine how changed we shall find each other when we *do* meet again at last!"

"In the mean time," said Mr. Kendrew, "your friend appears to have sent you her little daughter to represent her? It's a long journey for so young a traveler."

"A journey ordered by the doctors in India a year since," rejoined Mrs. Vanborough. "They said Blanche's health required English air. Sir Thomas was ill at the time, and his wife couldn't leave him. She had to send the child to England, and who should she send her to but me? Look at her now, and say if the English air hasn't agreed with her! We two mothers, Mr. Kendrew, seem literally to live again in our children. I have an only child. My friend has an only child. My daughter is little Anne—as *I* was. My friend's daughter is little Blanche—as *she* was. And, to crown it all, those two girls have taken the same fancy to each other which we took to each other in the by-gone days at school. One has often heard of hereditary hatred. Is there such a thing as hereditary love as well?"

Before the guest could answer, his attention was claimed by the master of the house.

"Kendrew," said Mr. Vanborough, "when you have had enough of domestic sentiment, suppose you take a glass of wine?"

The words were spoken with undisguised contempt of tone and manner. Mrs. Vanborough's color rose. She waited, and controlled the momentary irritation. When she spoke to her husband it was evidently with a wish to soothe and conciliate him.

"I am afraid, my dear, you are not well this evening?"

"I shall be better when those children have done cluttering with their knives and forks."

The girls were peeling fruit. The younger one went on. The elder stopped, and looked at her mother. Mrs. Vanborough beckoned to Blanche to come to her, and pointed toward the French window, opening to the floor.

"Would you like to eat your fruit in the garden, Blanche?"

"Yes," said Blanche, "if Anne will go with me."

Anne rose at once, and the two girls went away together into the garden, hand in hand. On their departure Mr. Kendrew wisely started a new subject. He referred to the letting of the house.

"The loss of the garden will be a sad loss to those two young ladies," he said. "It really seems to be a pity that you should be giving up this pretty place."

"Leaving the house is not the worst of the sacrifice," answered Mrs. Vanborough. "If John finds Hampstead too far for him from London, of course we must move. The only hardship that I complain of is the hardship of having the house to let."

Mr. Vanborough looked across the table, as ungraciously as possible, at his wife.

"What have you to do with it?" he asked.

Mrs. Vanborough tried to clear the conjugal horizon by a smile.

"My dear John," she said, gently, "you forget that, while you are at business, I am here all day. I can't help seeing the people who come to look at the house. Such people!" she continued, turning to Mr. Kendrew. "They distrust every thing from the scraper at the door to the chimneys on the roof. They force their way in at all hours. They ask all sorts of impudent questions—and they show you plainly that they don't mean to believe your answers, before you have time to make them. Some wretch of a woman says, 'Do you think the drains are right?'—and sniffs suspiciously, before I can say Yes. Some brute of a man asks, 'Are you quite sure this house is solidly built, ma'am?'—and jumps on the floor, at the full stretch of his legs, without waiting for me to reply. Nobody believes in our gravel soil and our south aspect. Nobody wants any of our improvements. The moment they hear of John's Artesian well, they look as if they never drank water. And, if they happen to pass my poultry-yard, they instantly lose all appreciation of the merits of a fresh egg!"

Mr. Kendrew laughed. "I have been through it all in my time," he said. "The people who want to take a house are the born enemies of the people who want to let a house. Odd—isn't it, Vanborough?"

Mr. Vanborough's sullen humor resisted his friend as obstinately as it had resisted his wife.

"I dare say," he answered. "I wasn't listening."

This time the tone was almost brutal. Mrs. Vanborough looked at her husband with unconcealed surprise and distress.

"John!" she said. "What *can* be the matter with you? Are you in pain?"

"A man may be anxious and worried, I suppose, without being actually in pain."

"I am sorry to hear you are worried. Is it business?"

"Yes—business."

"Consult Mr. Kendrew."

"I am waiting to consult him."

Mrs. Vanborough rose immediately. "Ring, dear," she said, "when you want coffee." As she passed her husband she stopped and laid her

"IS THAT LADY YOUR WIFE?"

hand tenderly on his forehead. "I wish I could smooth out that frown!" she whispered. Mr. Vanbrugh impatiently shook his head. Mrs. Vanbrugh sighed as she turned to the door. Her husband called to her, before she could leave the room.

"Mind we are not interrupted!"

"I will do my best, John." She looked at Mr. Kendrew, holding the door open for her; and resumed, with an effort, her former lightness of tone. "But don't forget our 'born enemies!' Somebody may come, even at this hour of the evening, who wants to see the house."

The two gentlemen were left alone over their wine. There was a strong personal contrast between them. Mr. Vanbrugh was tall and large—a dashing, handsome man; with an energy in his face which all the world saw; with an inbred falseness under it which only a special observer could detect. Mr. Kendrew was short and light —slow and awkward in manner, except when absorbed in some question of science. Looking at something happened to concur with his character. his face, the world saw an ugly and undemonstrative little man. The special observer, penetrating under the surface, found a fine nature beneath, resting on a steady foundation of honor and truth.

Mr. Vanbrorugh opened the conversation.

"If you ever marry," he said, "don't be such a fool, Kendrew, as I have been. Don't take a wife from the stage."

"If I could get such a wife as yours," replied the other, "I would take her from the stage tomorrow. A beautiful woman, a clever woman, a woman of unblemished character, and a woman who truly loves you. Man alive! what do you want more?"

"I want a great deal more. I want a woman highly connected and highly bred—a woman who can receive the best society in England, and open her husband's way to a position in the world."

"A position in the world!" cried Mr. Kendrew. "Here is a man whose father has left him half a million of money—with the one condition annexed to it of taking his father's place at the head of one of the greatest engineering houses in England. And he talks about a position, as if he was a junior clerk in his own office! What on earth does position do for him, beyond what your ambition has already got?"

Mr. Vanbrorugh finished his glass of wine, and looked his friend steadily in the face.

"My ambition," he said, "sees a Parliamentary career, with a Peerage at the end of it—and with no obstacle in the way but my estimable wife."

Mr. Kendrew lifted his hand warningly. "Don't talk in that way," he said. "If you're joking—it's a joke I don't see. If you're in earnest—you have a suspicion on me which I would rather not feel. Let us change the subject."

"No! Let us have it out at once. What do you suspect?"

"I suspect you are getting tired of your wife."

"She is the best of wives, and I am thirty-five; and I have been married to her for thirteen years. You know all that—and you only accuse me of tired of her. Bless your innocence! Have you any thing more to say?"

"If you force me to it, I take the freedom of an old friend—and I say you are not treating her fairly. It's nearly two years since you broke up your establishment abroad, and came to live in England for the benefit of Mrs. Vanbrugh. With the exception of myself, and one or two other friends of former days, you have positively denied your wife to nobody. Your profession has smoothed the way for you into the best society. You never take your wife with you. You go out as if you were a single man. I have reason to know that you are actually believed to be a single man, among those new acquaintances of yours, in more than one quarter. Forgive me for speaking my mind bluntly—I say what I think. A woman, in your place, with your wife buried here, as if you were ashamed of her."

"I was ashamed of her."

"Vanbrugh!"

"Wait a little! you are not to have it all your own way, my good fellow. When we were both Thirteen years ago I fell in love with a handsome public singer, and married her. My father was angry with me; and I had to get my wife with her absent. I didn't matter, abroad. My father forgave me on his death-bed, and I had to bring her home again. It does matter, at home. I find myself, with a great career opening before me, tied to a woman whose relations are (as you well know) the lowest of the low. A woman without the slightest distinction of manner, or the slightest aspiration beyond her nursery and her kitchen, her piano and her dress. Is *that* a wife who can help me to make my place in society?—who can smooth my way through the obstacles and political obstacles, to the House of Lords? By Jupiter! if ever there was a woman to be 'buried' (as you call it), that woman is my wife. And, what's more, if you want the truth, it's because I can't bury her there that I'm going to leave her behind me. She has got a small knack of making acquaintances wherever she goes. She'll have a circle of friends about her if I leave her in this neighborhood to manage for herself. Friends who remember her as the famous opera-singer. Friends who will see her unwillingly assembled at a father (when the back is turned) coming drunk to the door to borrow money of her! I tell you, my marriage has wrecked my prospects. It's no use talking to me of my wife's virtues. She is a millstone round my neck, with all her virtues. If I had not been a born idiot I should have married a woman who would have been of some use to me—a woman with high connections."

Mr. Kendrew touched his friend's arm, and suddenly interrupted him.

"To come to the point," he said—"a woman like Lady Jane Parnell."

Mr. Vanbrorugh started. His eyes fell, for the first time, before the eyes of his friend.

"What do you know about Lady Jane?" he asked.

"Nothing. I don't move in Lady Jane's world—but I do go sometimes to the opera. I have you with her last night in her box; and I heard what was said in the stalls near me. You were openly spoken of as the favored man who was singled out from the rest by Lady Jane. Imagine what would happen if your wife heard that! You are wrong, Vanbrough—you are in every way wrong. You alarm, you distress, you disappoint me. I never sought this explanation—but now it has come, I won't shrink from it. Reconsider your conduct; reconsider what you have said to me—or you cannot see me or hear me again."

He poured himself out another glass of wine, and drank it at a draught before he replied.

"It's not so easy to tell you what I want," he said. "After the tone you have taken with me about my wife."

Mr. Kendrew looked surprised.

In Mrs. Vanbrorugh concerned in the matter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Does she know about it?"

"No."

"Have you kept the thing a secret out of regard for *her*?"

"Yes."

"Have I any right to advise on it?"

"You have the right of an old friend."

"Then, why not tell me the whole truth?"

"There are some moments of embarrassment on Mr. Vanbrough's part.

"It will come better, he answered, "from a third person, when I expect here every minute. He is in possession of all the facts—and he is better able to state them than I am."

"Who is he?"

"My friend, Delamayn."

"Your lawyer?"

"No, my junior partner in the firm of Delamayn, Hawke, and Delamayn. Do you know him?"

"I am acquainted with him. His wife's family were friends of mine before he married. I don't like him."

"You're rather hard to please to-day! Delamayn is a rising man, is ever there was one yet. He has taken a fancy to me, and with cour-A man with a rising man before him, and with courage enough to pursue it. He is going to leave the firm, and try his luck at the Bar. There's body sure he will do great things. What's your objection to him?"

"I have no objection whatever. We must be personally acquainted before we dislike with, out knowing why. Without knowing why, I dislike Mr. Delamayn."

"Whatever you do, you must put up with him this evening. He will be here directly."

He was there at that moment. The servant announced "Mr. Delamayn."

III.

Externally speaking, the rising solicitor, who was going to try his luck at the Bar, looked like a man who was going to succeed there. He was young, his head was full of gray eyes, his thin, resolute lips, said plainly, in so many words, "I mean to get on in the world." His dress said it in its way. I mean to get on at your expense." Mr. Delamayn was habitually polite to every body—but he had never been known to waste a superfluous word to his dearest friend. A man of rare ability; a man of unblemished honor (as the common phrase goes); but not a man to be taken familiarly by the hand. You would never have borrowed money of him—but you would have trusted him with untold gold. Involved in private and personal troubles, you would have hesitated at asking him to help you. Involved in public and political troubles, you would have said, Here is my man. Sure to push his way—nobody could look at him and doubt it—sure to push his way.

Kendrew is an old friend of mine," said Mr. Vanbrough, addressing himself to the lawyer. "Whatever you have to say to me you may say before *him*. Will you have some wine?"

"No—thank you."

"Have you brought any news?"

"Yes."

"Have you got the written opinions of the two barristers?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because nothing of the sort is necessary. If the facts of the case are correctly stated there is not the slightest doubt about the law."

"I suppose that reply Mr. Delamayn took a written paper from his pocket, and spread it out on the table before him.

"Is that the brief?" asked Mr. Vanborough.

"The case relating to your marriage."

Mr. Vanbrough started, and showed the first tokens of interest in the proceedings which had escaped him yet. Mr. Delamayn looked at him for a moment—and went on.

"The case," he resumed, "as originally stated by you, and taken down in writing by our head-clerk."

Mr. Vanborough's temper began to show itself again.

"What have we got to do with that now?" he asked. "You have made your inquiries to prove the correctness of my statement—haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And you have found out that I am right?"

"I have found out that you are right—if the case is right. I wish to be sure that no mistake has occurred between you and the clerk. This is a very important matter. I am going to take the responsibility (of giving an opinion which I must expect to have serious consequences; and may be followed by serious consequences) and I want to assure myself that the opinion is given on a sound basis, first. I have some questions to ask you. Don't be impatient, if you please. They won't take long."

He referred to the manuscript, and put the first question.

"You were married at Inchmallock, in Ireland, Mr. Vanborough, thirteen years since?"

"Yes."

"Your wife—then Miss Anne Silvester—was a Roman Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Her father and mother were Roman Catholics?"

"They were."

"Your father and mother were Protestants? and you were baptized and brought up in the Church of England?"

"All right!"

"Miss Anne Silvester felt, and expressed, a strong repugnance to marrying you, because you and she belonged to different religious communities?"

"She did."

"You got over her objection by consenting to become a Roman Catholic, like herself?"

"I took the shortest way with her—and it didn't matter to *me*."

"You never formally received into the Roman Catholic Church?"

"I went through the whole ceremony."

"Abroad or at home?"

"Abroad."

"How long was it before the date of your marriage?"

"Six weeks before I was married."

Referring perpetually to the paper in his hand, Mr. Delamayn was especially careful in comparing that last answer with the answer given to the head-clerk.

"Those points," he said, and went on with his questions.

"The priest who married you was one Ambrose Hawke, a young man recently appointed to his clerical duties?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask if you were both Roman Catholics?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask any thing more?"

"No."

"Are you sure he never inquired whether you had both been Catholics *for more than one year before you came to be married?*"

"I am certain of it."

"He must have forgotten that part of his duty—or, being only a beginner, he may well have been ignorant of it altogether. Did neither you nor he take the risk of informing him on the point?"

"Neither I nor the lady knew there was any necessity for informing him."

Mr. Delamayn folded up the manuscript, and put it back in his pocket.

"Right, I am sure," in every particular."

Mr. Vanbrough's swarthy complexion slowly turned pale. He cast one furtive glance at Mr. Kendrew, and looked away again.

"Well," he said to the lawyer, "now for your opinion! What is the law?"

"The law," replied Mr. Delamayn, "is beyond all doubt or dispute. Your marriage with Miss Anne Silvester is no marriage at all."

Mr. Kendrew started to his feet.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

The rising solicitor lifted his eyebrows in polite surprise at Mr. Kendrew wanted information, why should Mr. Kendrew ask for it in that way? "Do you wish me to go into the law of the case?" he inquired.

"I do."

Mr. Delamayn stated the law, as that law still stands—to the disgrace of the English Legislature, and the English Nation.

"By the Irish Statute of George the Second," he said, "every marriage, celebrated by a English priest between two Protestants, or between a Protestant and any person who has been a Protestant within six months before the marriage, is declared null and void. And by two other Acts of the same reign such a celebration of marriage is made a felony on the part of the priest. The clergy in Ireland of other religious denominations have no concern with this law. But if we live in it" exclaimed Mr. Kendrew.

Mr. Delamayn smiled. He had outgrown the customary illusions of the time we live in.

"There are other instances in which the Irish marriage-law presents some curious anomalies," he went on. "It is a felony, as I have just told you, for a Roman Catholic priest to celebrate a marriage which may be lawful in every other country in Europe, between a Presbyterian minister, and a Non-conformist minister. A parochial clergyman may celebrate a marriage that may be lawfully celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest. And it is again felony (by yet another law) for a Presbyterian minister and a Non-conformist minister to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a clergyman of the Established Church. An odd state of things. Foreigners might possibly think it a scandalous state of things. In this country, we don't appear to mind it. Returning to the present case, the results stand thus: Mr. Vanbrough is, in the eye of the law, a single man. Anne Silvester is a single woman; their child is illegitimate, and the Roman Catholic Redemptorist priest, Ambrose Redman, is liable to be tried and punished, as a felon, for marrying them."

"An infamous law!" said Mr. Kendrew.

"It *is* the law," returned Mr. Delamayn, as a sufficient answer to him.

Thus far not a word had escaped the master of the house. He sat with his lips fast closed and his eyes riveted on the table, thinking.

Mr. Kendrew turned to him, and broke the silence.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that the advice you wanted from me related to *this?*"

"Yes."

"You mean to tell me that, foreseeing the present interview and the result to which it might lead, you felt any delicacy as to the course you were bound to take? Am I really to understand that you hesitate to set this dreadful mistake right, and to make the woman who is your wife in the sight of Heaven, your wife in the sight of the law?"

"If you choose to put it in that light," said Mr. Vanbrough; "if you won't consider—"

"I want a plain answer to my question—" yes, or no."

"Let me speak, will you! A man has a right to explain himself, I suppose?"

Mr. Kendrew stopped him by a gesture of disgust.

"I won't trouble you to explain yourself," he said. "I prefer to leave the house. You have given me a lesson, Sir, which I shall not forget. I find that one man may have known another from the days when they were both boys, and may have seen nothing but the false surface of him in all that time. I am ashamed of having ever been your friend. You are a stranger to me from this moment."

With those words he left the room.

"This is a cursedly hot-headed man," remarked Mr. Delamayn. "If you will allow me, I think I'll change my mind. I'll have a glass of wine."

Mr. Vanbrough rose to his feet without replying, and took a turn in the room impatiently. Seconded in his purpose—in intention, if not yet in act—the loss of the oldest friend he had in the world staggered him—for the moment.

"This is an awkward business, Delamayn," he said. "What would you advise me to do?"

Mr. Delamayn shook his head, and sipped his claret.

"I decline to advise you," he answered. "I take no responsibility, beyond the responsibility of stating the law as it stands, in your case."

Mr. Vanbrough sat down again at the table, to consider the alternative of asserting or not asserting his freedom from the marriage tie. He had not had much time thus far for turning the matter over in his mind. And for his residence on the Continent the question of the flaw in his marriage might no doubt have been raised long since. As matters were, the question had only taken its rise in a chance conversation with Mr. Delamayn in the summer of that year.

The alternative was a hard one to set silent, sipping his wine, and the husband sat silent, thinking his own thoughts. The first change that occurred in the scene was produced by the appearance of a servant in the dining-room.

Mr. Vanbrough looked up at the man with a sudden outbreak of anger.

"What do you want here?"

The man was a well-bred English servant. In other circumstances his machine, doing its duty impenetrably when it was once wound up. He had his words to speak—and he spoke them.

"Mrs. Vanbrough is at the door, Sir, who wishes to see the house."

"The house is not to be seen at this time of the evening."

The machine had a message to deliver—and delivered it.

"My lady desired me to present her apologies, Sir. I was to tell you she was much pressed for time. The agent has locked up the house desire's list—and her coachman is stupid about finding his way in strange places."

"Hold your tongue—and tell the lady to go to the devil!"

Mr. Delamayn interfered—partly in the interests of his client, partly in the interests of propriety.

"You attach some importance, I think, to letting this lady in as soon as possible?" he said.

"Of course I do!"

"Is it wise—on account of a momentary annoyance—to throw away an opportunity of laying your hand on a tenant?"

"Wise or not, it's an infernal nuisance to be disturbed by a stranger."

"Just as you please. I don't wish to interfere. I only wish to say—as the result of my knowing of my partner as your guest—that it will be no nuisance to me.

The servant impenetrably waited. Mr. Vanbrough impenetrably gave way.

"Very well. Let her in. Mind, if she comes here, she's only to look into the room, and go out again. If she wants to ask questions, she must go to the agent."

Mr. Delamayn interfered once more, in the interests, this time, of the lady of the house.

"Might it not be desirable," he suggested, "to consult Mrs. Vanborough before you quite decide?"

"Where's your mistress?"

"In the garden, or the paddock, Sir—I am not sure which."

"We can't send all over the grounds in search of her. Tell the house-maid—and show the lady in."

The servant withdrew. Mr. Delamayn helped himself to a second glass of wine.

"Excellent claret," he said. "Do you get it direct from Bordeaux?"

There was no answer. Mr. Vanbrough had returned to the contemplation of the alternative between freeing himself and remaining bound by the marriage tie. One of his elbows was on the table, he bit fiercely at his finger-nails. He

muttered between his teeth, "What am I to do?"

A sound of rustling silk made itself gently audible in the passage outside. The door opened, and the lady who had come to see the house appeared in the dining-room.

IV.

She was tall and elegant; beautifully dressed, in the happiest combination of simplicity and splendor. A thick summer veil concealed her face. She lifted it, and made her apologies for disturbing the gentlemen over their wine, with the unaffected ease and grace of a highly-bred woman.

"Pray accept my excuses for this intrusion. I am ashamed to disturb you. One look at the room will be quite enough."

Thus far she had addressed Mr. Delamayn, who happened to be nearest to her. Leaning round the room her eye fell on Mr. Vanborough. She started, with a loud exclamation of astonishment. "You!" she said. "Good Heavens! who would have thought of meeting you here?"

Mr. Vanborough, on his side, stood petrified.

"Lady Jane!" he exclaimed. "It is impossible?"

She barely looked at her while she spoke. His eyes wandered guiltily toward the window which led into the garden. The situation was a terrible one—the discovery is the only word for it—for Lady Jane, or if Lady Jane discovered his wife. For the moment nobody was visible on the lawn. There was time, if the chance were taken, for there was time for him to get the visitor out of the house. The visitor, innocent of all knowledge of the truth, gayly offered him the hand.

"I believe in mesmerism for the first time," she said. "This is an instance of magnetic sympathy, Mr. Vanborough. An idea in the mind of mine wants a furnished house at Hampstead. I undertake to find one for her, and the day I select to make the discovery is the day you have for dining with a friend. A last house at Hampstead is on my list—and in that house I meet you. Astonishing!" She turned to Mr. Delamayn. "I presume I am addressing the owner of the house?" Before a word could be said by either of the gentlemen she noticed the cards. "What pretty grounds! Do I see a lady in the garden? I hope I have not driven her away." She looked round, and appealed to Mr. Vanborough. "Your friend's wife?" she asked, and, on the occasion, waited for a reply.

In Mr. Vanborough's situation what reply was possible?

Mrs. Vanborough was not only visible—but audible—in the garden; giving her orders to one of the out-of-door servants with the tone and manner which proclaimed the mistress of the house. Nothing was said, "She is not my friend's wife?" Female curiosity would inevitably put the next question, "Who is she?" Suppose he invented an explanation? The explanation would take time, and time would give his wife an opportunity of discovering Lady Jane. Seeing all these considerations in one breathless moment, Mr. Vanborough took the shortest and the boldest way out of the difficulty. He answered timidly by an affirmative inclination of the head, which dextrously turned Mrs. Vanborough into Mrs. Delamayn, without allowing Mr. Delamayn the opportunity of hearing it.

But the lawyer's eye was habitually watchful, and the lawyer saw him.

Mastering in a moment his first natural astonishment at the liberty taken with him, Mr. Delamayn drew the inevitable conclusion that there was something wrong, and that there was an attempt (not to be permitted for a moment) to mix him up in it. He advanced, resolute to contradict his client, to his client's own face.

The voluble Lady Jane interrupted him before he could open his lips.

"Might I ask one question? Is the aspect south? Of course it is! I ought to see by the sun that the aspect is south. The windows in other two are, I suppose, the only rooms on the ground-floor? And is it quiet? Of course it's quiet! A charming house. Far more likely to suit my friend than any I have seen yet. Will you give me the refusal of it till to-morrow?" There she stopped for breath, and found Mr. Delamayn his first opportunity of speaking to her.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," he began. "I really——"

Mr. Vanborough—passing close behind him, and whispering as he passed—stopped the lawyer before he could say a word more.

"For God's sake, don't contradict me! My wife is coming this way!"

At the same moment (still supposing that Mr. Delamayn was the master of the house) Lady Jane entered on the charge.

"You appear to feel some hesitation," she said. "Do you want a reference?" She smiled satirically, and favored her friend to her aid. "Mr. Vanborough!"

Mr. Vanborough, steeling step by step nearer to the window, answered, come what might of it, on keeping his wife out of the room—neither heeded nor heard her. Lady Jane followed him, and struck him briskly on the shoulder with her parasol.

At that moment Mrs. Vanborough appeared on the garden side of the window.

"Am I in the way?" she asked, addressing her husband, after one steady look at Lady Jane. "This lady appears to be an old friend of yours."

There was a tone of sarcasm in that allusion to the parasol, which might develop into a tone of jealousy at a moment's notice.

Lady Jane was not in the least disconcerted. She had her double privilege of familiarity with the men, whom she liked—her privilege as a woman of high rank, and her privilege as a young widow. She bowed to Mrs. Vanborough with all the highly-finished politeness of the order to which she belonged.

"The lady of the house, I presume?" she said, with a gracious smile.

Mrs. Vanborough returned the bow coldly—entered the room first—and then answered, "Yes."

Lady Jane turned to Mr. Vanborough.

"Present me!" she said, submitting resignedly to the formalities of the middle classes.

Mr. Vanborough obeyed, without looking at his wife, and without mentioning his wife's name.

"Lady Jane Farnell," he said, passing over the introduction as rapidly as he could. "Let me see you to your carriage," he added, offering his arm. "I will take care that you have the refusal of the house. You may trust it all to me."

No! Lady Jane was accustomed to leave a favorable impression behind her wherever she went. It was a habit with her to be charming to widely different ways; to please. The social experience of the upper classes is, in England, an experience of universal welcome. Lady Jane declined to leave until she had thawed the icy reception of the lady of the house.

"I must repeat my apologies," she said to Mrs. Vanborough, "for coming at this inconvenient time. My intrusion appears to have sadly disturbed the two gentlemen. Mr. Vanborough looks as if he wished me at two hundred miles away. And as for your husband——" She stopped and glanced toward Mr. Delamayn. "Pardon me for speaking in the third person. I have not had the pleasure of knowing your husband's name."

In speechless astonishment Mrs. Vanborough's eyes followed the direction of Lady Jane's eye—and rested on the lawyer, personally a total stranger to her.

Mr. Delamayn, resolutely waiting his opportunity to speak, seized it once more—and held to his theme.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "There is some misunderstanding here, for which I am in no way responsible. I am not that lady's husband."

It was Lady Jane's turn to be astonished. She looked at the lawyer. Useless! Mr. Delamayn had set himself right—Mr. Delamayn declined to interfere further. He silently took a chair at the other end of the room. Lady Jane addressed Mr. Vanborough.

"Whatever the mistake may be," she said, "you are responsible for it. You certainly told me this lady was your friend's wife."

"What!!!" cried Mrs. Vanborough—loudly, sternly, incredulously.

The inbred pride of the great lady began to appear behind the thin outer veil of politeness that covered it.

"I will speak louder if you wish it," she said. "Mr. Vanborough told me you were that gentleman's wife."

Mr. Vanborough whispered fiercely to his wife through his clenched teeth.

"The whole thing is a mistake. Go into the garden again!"

Mrs. Vanborough's indignation was suspended for the moment in dread, as she saw the passion and the terror struggling in her husband's face.

"How you look at me!" she said. "How you speak to me!"

He only repeated, "Go into the garden!"

Lady Jane began to perceive, what the lawyer had discovered some minute since, that there was there was something wrong in the villa at Hampstead. She had found that there was a lady in an anomalous position of some kind. And as the house, to all appearance, belonged to Mr. Vanborough's friend, Mr. Delamayn, she resolved (in spite of his recent disclaimer) he in some way responsible for it. Arriving, naturally enough, at this erroneous conclusion, Lady Jane's curiosity rested for an instant on Mrs. Vanborough with a finely contemptuous expression of inquiry which would have overwhelmed any lady's maid in the land, and which was a study for a painter in its

WASHINGTON, *October 8, 1869.*

By the President of the United States:

THE year which is drawing to a close has been free from pestilence. Health has prevailed throughout the land. Abundant crops reward the labors of the husbandman. Commerce and manufactures have successfully prosecuted their peaceful paths. The mines and forests have yielded liberally. The nation has increased in wealth and in strength. Peace has prevailed, and its blessings have advanced every interest of the people in every part of the Union. Harmony and fraternal intercourse, restored, are obliterating the marks of the past conflict and estrangement. Burdens have been lightened, means increased. Civil and religious liberty are secured to every inhabitant of the land, whose soil is trod by none but freemen. It becomes a people thus favored to make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author, from whom such blessings flow, of their gratitude and their dependence; to render praise and thanksgiving for the same, and devoutly to implore the continuance of God's mercies.

Therefore I, ULYSSES S. GRANT, President of the United States, do recommend that Thursday, the eighteenth day of November next, be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and of praise and of prayer to Almighty God, the Creator and the Ruler of the Universe.

And, second, I do further recommend to all the people of the United States to assemble on that day in their accustomed places of public worship, and to unite in the homage and praise due to the bountiful Father of all mercy, and in fervent prayer for the continuance of the merciful blessings He has vouchsafed to us as a people.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed, this the fifth day of October, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-fourth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President:
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THANKSGIVING, 1869.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

IN THE TROPICS.

THE SUN never best upon the coral reef,
But palm-trees bow their coronals of green,
Kissed by the soft southwest wind. Myriads
Of gold and purple plumaged orioles,
Of scarlet-crested, snowy-winged birds,
Dash, dazzling meteors of living fire,
Across the forest track.

The tiger sleeps,
Crafty and cruel-brooding, in his lair,
Waiting the veil of night, as Evil hides,
Shunning the bright rays of the glorious sun,
And batteuing on darkness. Crimson flowers
Hang from the creepers, where the boa lurks,
Coiling her deadly folds. His venomed eye
Fixed on the path beneath. The leopards crouch,
Half wekeful in the jungle: scene so fair,
At every wind footing increase—death!
Low the red sun declines; within the brake
The stealthy panther begins to stir,
The jackal sounds the prelude of attack,
To warn our lingering footsteps. Safety now
No longer sits upon the traveler;
But discord, rapine, and a thousand foes,
Gaunt-eyed, and crimson-fanged, and ravenous,
Rise into being 'neath the mask of Night.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IX.

CHAPTER VI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE letters from abroad had come to the vicarage. Mr. Levincourt burned them all, and said no word of them to any one.

One evening, when Mr. Plew returned from a round of professional visits, his mother put into his hand a large letter covered with foreign postmarks.

"Of course, Nathaniel," said the poor old woman, trembling'y watching his face, "I guess who it's from, and you would have nothing to say to her now, my dears, would you?"

"Mother!" gasped the little surgeon, clutching at the letter.

"There, there, Nathaniel, don't be angry with me, love. I have never said a wry word about the girl since you asked me, and I don't want to. But—of course I know you are a grown man" (Mr. Plew was three-and-forty), "and can act for yourself; but you know, Nathaniel, love, I'm the mother that bore you, and in some ways you'll always be a child to me—by, if you were a hundred." And it goes to my heart to see you badly treated by them that ain't worthy to—There, my dear, I've done."

Mr. Plew shut himself up in his little bedroom, and opened his letter.

His face, always anxious, all aglow with excitement, fell, and the light faded out of it. The bulky packet contained a sealed letter addressed to "Miss Veronica Beaumont." Within the outer envelope were written these words:

"I rely on you to convey the inclosed into Maud's hands. I think you will not fail me.

V."

Mr. Plew opened his shabby little writing-desk, took out a sheet of paper, warped the letter in it, sealed it, and directed it to Miss Desmond, No. 367 Gower Street, London.

Then he pressed the outer envelope to his lips, flushing a hot, painful crimson as he did so, and, finally, he sat down beside the bed, hid his face on the pillow, and cried.

The next day Maud received her letter. It ran as follows:

"I will begin with a warning. I warn you not to waste compassion and wailings and lamentations upon me. I desire, and need, no pity. I have chosen my fate, and the day may come, *will* come, when you will all acknowledge that I have chosen well. I have written to you once before, and twice to papa. Having received no answer, the idea occurred to me that papa had purposely kept it from you. I know he is full of twaddle—contamination, evil communications—must hold no parley with—I will not write the trash. But I now apply to you. Behave like a man.

"It may be, on the other hand, that you have received my letter, and have chosen to make no sign. If it be so, so be it. But I give you this chance, by directing the present letter to the care of Mr. Plew. I believe him to be a faithful creature, and I hope that Sir Alfred and myself may one day have it in our power to show him that we think so.

"The words 'Sir John and myself' made Maud recoil, when she read them, as though she had received a physical blow. The letter proceeded:

"You will, of course, be taught to think all evil of me, and to leave the paltry, vicious atmosphere of a place like Shipley. How I loathe the name of it! And it is, no doubt, true that I caused papa some temporary anxiety. I will be as brief. I left the letter on my toilet-table, and I conjectured that it could not long remain unseen. The letter, once read, ought to have been destroyed him. Sir John gave me weighty reasons for not wishing to make our marriage public at once. I was content to respect his secret. From the fact of papa having preserved an obstinate silence I am led to guess that he is nourishing resentment against me. I shall be sorry if this be so, but can stoop to no more entreaties.

"The knowledge of the position I shall one day hold in the eyes of all the world sustains me against the idea of passing misconstruction.

"Sir John is all kindness and consideration to me. I am surrounded by all the elegant luxuries that wealth can purchase or watchful affection suggest. I am traveling through exquisite scenery, and drawing near to my mother's native sunny land. I hate affectation of sentimentality, but, in truth, my heart beats faster as I look at the snowy peaks, and think 'beyond there lies Italy!' Direct to me, Poste Restante, Arona, Lago Maggiore. Within a fortnight we shall be there. *Your letter must be addressed to Lady Gale.*

"Your affectionate (if you will let it be so)

VERONICA.

"Maudie, Maudie, tell me how papa is. How you are. Love me, Maudie.

V."

The last few words were apparently added hurriedly. They were blurred and almost illegible. But Maud dwelt on them rather than on the rest of the letter. They showed her Veronica's heart was not dead, although her haughty spirit disdained sympathy or compassion.

Twice, three times, did Maud read the letter through her blinding tears before she laid it down on her lap, and fairly thought over its contents.

One conviction stood out clear in her mind—either Veronica was deceived or deceiving.

That she could have no right to the title of "Lady Gale" they in England knew but too well. But was it possible certain that Veronica knew it? Was it not much more probable that Sir John was continuing to deceive her? Might he not even have entered into a false ceremony of marriage? Such things had been!

Maud pondered and pondered. Suddenly she took a resolution. Come what might, she would answer Veronica's letter. It could not be right to leave her in ignorance of the real facts of the case. She would write to Veronica, and tell her then inclose Veronica's letter to Mr. Levincourt, and tell him what she had done. He might be angry, but in his heart he would thank her. He could not really desire to abandon his only child to shame and misery. It would be only just now to know the truth, and would leave that wicked man. She *must!*

Maud peeped into the drawing-room before entering, to see if little desk in her own room.

Lady Tallis was asleep on the sofa. She always slept regularly after luncheon. Maud, who always kept regularly after luncheon. Maud, who always kept regularly after luncheon. Maud, who always k

Tallis's flow of talk, said, hesitatingly, "Your niece, is it not?"

"Indeed and in truth she is my niece, Mr. Frost, and a great blessing and comfort it is to have her with me! Maud, my darling, this is Mrs. Frost. Mr. Frost, Miss Desmond."

Mr. Frost sat down beside the young lady and began to talk to her. He perceived at once that she was very different in every respect from her aunt. It was quite impossible to jump into terms of familiarity with Maud Desmond.

"You have been ill, I was sorry to learn," said Mr. Frost.

"I was a little ill; very slightly. I am quite well now, thank you."

"Perhaps London does not altogether agree with you? You have been used to a country life, have you not?"

"I have lived nearly always in the country; but I am very well in London now."

"You are living in the house of a very old friend of mine, Mrs. Lockwood."

The cheap Maud's face from apathy to interest when he uttered the name was not lost upon Mr. Frost.

"You are an old friend of Mrs. Lockwood's?" repeated Maud, smiling.

"A very old friend. I knew her husband before he was married. I have known Hugh ever since he was born. He is a right good fellow."

"Oh yes."

"But his mother is a little disturbed about him at present. He has been taken an obstinate fancy into his head, and wants to set up as an architect on his own account, instead of remaining longer in Digby and West's offices. Perhaps you have heard?"

"Yes, I heard something of it from Mrs. Lockwood, and from my friends, Captain and Mrs. Shearborne."

"Ah, exactly."

"Captain Shearborn seemed to think that Mr. Lockwood was justified in his plan."

"I have no doubt that Captain Sheardown is an excellent gentleman."

"He is very good and very sensible."

"No doubt. Still, on this point his opinion is scarcely of great valuable that could be had. I am going to Italy myself in a very short time. You are looking pale. Is the heat of the room too much for you?"

"No, thank you. Yes—I am rather oppressed by it. You were saying—"

"That I was going to Italy on business which, if carried out successfully, would enable me to throw an excellent thing in Hugh Lockwood's way. If he will keep him abroad for a year or two, but that would be no disadvantage; on the contrary, if we can only persuade Hugh not to be in a hurry to assume responsibilities on his own account—"

"The carriage must be here by this time, Sidney," said Mrs. Frost, rising and touching her husband's shoulder. "Do inquire!"

"Not going yet, surely!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, in stern distinctness. "*Not* going before partaking of our humble refreshments?"

"Oh, thank you very much," returned Mrs. Frost, "but I really couldn't eat any thing. We rushed away from dinner in order to get here before it was all over. Your hours are so vituriously early!"

It was perhaps strange that Mrs. Lovegrove should feel offended at being told that she kept virtuously early hours. But the fact was that she did so feel.

"I saw," said the hostess, "that you had scraped acquaintance with my friend Lady Tullis Gale. I would have presented you to her, but the fact is, she does not particularly care for making acquaintance out of her own set."

"Oh, that native elderly lady! She turned gown? Yes; Sidney presented me to her. What an odd person!"

"In a peculiar and painful position," pursued Mrs. Lovegrove, loftily, "Mr. Lovegrove does not feel justified in intruding strangers on her accustomed circle."

"What's the matter with her? Is she not quite right in her head?" asked Mrs. Frost, slightly touched on her forbearing to have spoke.

This was too much for Mrs. Lovegrove. She had felt that she was getting the worst of it throughout; but for she was injured, and Mrs. Frost was genuinely cool and unconcerned.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Frost," said Mrs. Lovegrove; "nor can I conjecture why you should wish to—to—insult my friends."

"Oh dear me, I assure you I hadn't the least idea of insulting the poor woman," rejoined Mrs. Frost, impertturbably. "It would be her misfortune, not her fault, you know, after all. But you said something yourself about her peculiar and painful position."

"I did so, Mrs. Frost," she said. "And poor dear Lady Tullis's position is indeed a sad one. Her husband—a man of enormous wealth, but of a profligate a character that I shudder to breathe his name in the same atmosphere where my daughter and her husband, Captain and Mrs. Lovegrove, reching a climax of impressiveness, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "*has gone off, deserted her!*"

"Really? Very shocking!" But," added Mrs. Frost, "do you know, I think *not*, on the whole, very surprising!"

That night, in the seclusion of their chamber, Mrs. Lovegrove informed her husband that, come what might, she would never, on any consideration, invite "that woman"—so she designated Mrs. Frost—inside her doors again.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Lovegrove, "why not?"

"Why not, Augustus? I wonder that you can ask! Her insolence and airs are beyond bearing. And did you see her gown?

"A black gown, wasn't it? It looked very neat, I thought."

"Very neat! If three guineas a yard paid for that lace it was trimmed with I will undertake to eat it. That is all, Augustus!"

But yet that proved to be not quite all. And Mr. Lovegrove had to listen to a long catalogue of Mrs. Frost's misdemeanors until he fell asleep.

Mrs. Frost, on her side, declared that she had been bored to death; that she had not enjoyed any thing like the collection of creatures Mrs. Lovegrove had gathered together; that they had stared at her Mrs. Frost as though she were a savage; and, finally, she asked her husband what good had been done by her going there at all, seeing that about every one of Mrs. Lovegrove's set had chosen to take offense, and walk away from her in a huff?

"No good at all, Georgina, certainly, unless you had chosen to behave with civility, when you knew how I had begged you to do so."

"Really, I was perfectly civil. But Mrs. Lovegrove tried to quarrel with me because I was not overwhelmed by the honor and glory of being introduced to that ridiculous old Irishwoman."

"Lady Tullis's niece is about evenly very charming creature."

"The golden-haired girl in white? Well—yes, perhaps; I did not look at her. She certainly she did look different from the rest of the menagerie. Those apple-green creatures! Ugh! They set one's teeth on edge!"

"You must call on Lady Tullis, Georgina. I want you to invite the girl, and take her into society a little."

"I? Thanks! I really can not undertake to chaperon all your clients' daughters and governesses and cousins, and Heaven knows who besides."

"Lady Tullis Gale is no client of mine."

"Why do you trouble yourself about her, then?"

"Georgy, listen: this is a case in which your woman's tact might be of use. I feel sure you will enjoy it on my behalf. There is some foolish love-making going on between Hugh Lockwood and this Miss Desmond. But she is different from what I expected. She is very attractive. Now, it is very undesirable that young Hugh Lockwood should entangle himself in an engagement just now."

"Very undesirable for whom?" asked Mrs. Frost, yawning behind her fan.

"For—for his mother."

"Really? Well, I should suppose that very penniless little person with the prominent jaw was able to manage her own business. I am sorry I can not get up any vital interest in the case. But you know, Mrs. Lockwood is not a dear old friend of *mine*?"

Mrs. Frost had for a brief time been really a little jealous of Zillah. And she still affected to be so whenever it suited her, although she felt tolerably certain that whatever were the strength of intimacy between her husband and Mrs. Lockwood, there was no echo in it of an old love-story.

"Suppose I tell you, Georgina," said Mr. Frost, suppressing the hot words of anger which rose to his lips. "That it would be rather cheap for me that Hugh Lockwood should engage himself at present."

"What in the world can it matter to you, Sidney?"

"There are business complications in the affair," said Mr. Frost, dryly. "But it is there young folks are living in the same house and meeting daily, and so long as the young lady is receiving no other attentions or courtesy, it is in the course of nature that she should be disposed to fancy herself in love with Hugh, and to him. And that would be a bad girl to him, of sense and sweetness, and is a thorough gentlewoman. But Hugh ought to marry money. He will have thousands of his own. Miss Desmond is very poor. Now, if you would give her some pleasant society, and let her see something of the world, there would be less fear of Hugh and her making fools of themselves."

"Why don't you ask her to dine, Lady What's-her-name?" asked Mrs. Frost, leaning back in the carriage with closed eyes. "She is the proper person to look after her niece."

"I tell it to you because I choose that you shall obey me!" thundered Mr. Frost, furiously. "It is not enough that you drive me half wild by your extravagance; that you have neither common gratitude nor common consideration for your husband; but you must oppose me in turn. You deliberately put yourself in opposition to every plan or wish of mine. You distress by your exchanges and your folly. In my special interest to be on good terms with; and you seek the company of fashionable fools who teach you to patronize and insult. I despise my friends. Take care, Georgina! I warn you to take care! There are limits to even my indulgence!"

Mr. Frost had uttered the last words in his heart, after the carriage had drawn up at his door. And the words had been heard by the servant who opened it.

Mrs. Frost was mortified. She even shed a few tears. But her husband's wrath was flaming too high to be extinguished by a few tears of his mistress.

"That is all I get," said Mrs. Frost to herself, as her maid was brushing out her hair, "for consenting to go near that odious Bedford Square set at all! I was a fool to consent. I don't believe a word about its being important to Sidney whether Hugh Lockwood marries a princess or a pauper. It is merely to carry out some scheme of that artful little creature Mrs. Lockwood. But she shall find that whatever her influence over my husband may be, she can not make me an accomplice in her plots."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HENRY COOPER,

U. S. SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

MR. HENRY COOPER, elected to the United States Senate by the Tennessee Legislature, October 22, is one of a trio of brothers of acknowledged ability, and eminent in the legal profession. Judge COOPER himself is represented to be a man of irreproachable character, and to have an unblemished reputation as a politician. He was a Union man during the war, if one may be so designated who held a strictly neutral position. His old political affiliation was with the Whig party. He has never been a prominent politicant for office, and has never been defeated in any canvass before the people. His native talents and the influence of the Tennessee Legislature reached the point where it was evident that ERETHRIDGE could not be elected, the latter proposed the concentration upon Judge COOPER. The Nashville *Republican Banner* regards his election as "the triumph of a truly conservative, patriotic, national, progressive public sentiment."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CONVENTIONISM have received a warning that their evil deeds, though long concealed, will surely be brought to light while we have keen detectives in the Secret Service. A counterfeit revenue stamp appeared in the market about two months ago, since which time Colonel BALLINGER, of the Treasury Department, and his assistants have been quietly but effectually at work. A week or two ago an engraver, who was hitherto believed unblemished reputation, and has worked for the best firms in the country, was arrested. The fact of his arrest excited much suspicion, and last week numerous implements for the manufacture of counterfeit stamps and coin were discovered and seized in the house of the prisoner himself. Buried in the garden the officers discovered a large tin box, which was found to contain 10,000 counterfeit revenue stamps, in large sheets, the plates for printing, dies, rollers, and every denomination of stamps, from one cent to five dollars. In the box was also a die for making three-cent silver pieces, steel dies for stamping coins, and a number of unfinished figures; and in the lower room of the house was found a perforating press for punching the holes between the stamps on the printed sheets. The engraving was very strikingly true workmanship; and it is believed that a large quantity of bogus stamps have been put in circulation.

Thanksgiving-day may have lost some of the peculiar significance which was attached to its observance in olden time, but Massachusetts is not to be overcome easy; but never let it be abolished, say we. The day is full of historic memories, and solid country, and may it be ever most gratefully observed!

A new work, which will probably attract considerable attention, is now in preparation by Mr. BARNUM. The main conclusions which are drawn in regard to lower animals in his "Origin of Species" will be applied to man in the new work.

Amherst College has now 268 students. A boat crew has been organized by each of the three lower classes—and a University crew are still wanting. Including all departments. This college has now thirty-eight one thousand dollar scholarships. The Halley Observatory at Princeton is nearly completed. Ex-President M'LEAN is writing a history of the college. The Bonnell scholarship at Harvard College will realize $700 from the recent centennial celebration and subscriptions.—The *Judd Scientific Hall* for Wesleyan University, Middletown, is commenced and will probably be finished within the next year. This will be a memorial building to the young son of Mr. Judd, who died a few months ago, at the age of twenty. Young as he was he had traveled extensively over the continents of Europe, and was familiar with the Greek, Latin, and French languages. He was prepared to enter Wesleyan in the autumn of 1870, as Freshman class, and was looking forward with bright anticipations to college life.—The town of Bethlehem has received one thousand dollars from the University of Vermont; and, in consequence of this liberality, fifty thousand more have been pledged.

A novel breach of promise case is before the Baden courts, originating in the evening a rejected lover declined to dance with the rejected a proposition of marriage by letter from a fashionable physician at Heidelberg, who wished secrecy for the time, as his father opposed the match. A correspondence was carried on, the lady bought her trousseau, and the rumored her engagement. When at last it was announced that the family opposition was removed, and the betrothed went to Heidelberg for introduction and marriage, he declared that the whole thing was a hoax, the letters forged, and the physician entirely ignorant of the matter.

The reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterians is a great and important event in the history of one of our largest religious denominations. It will be accomplished by a nearly unanimous vote, and the necessary steps to set the United Church into operation will be taken at the present week at the meeting at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

The organ which has just been completed for the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association has already been privately exhibited to a select few, and highly approved by them. It is understood that the Association will soon give a grand concert, when the public will have opportunity to judge of the merits of this new instrument. It was built at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, and combines many particular features.

Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who died about a year ago, left behind him a history of the monetary speculations and loans he had effected in Europe for the members of his firm, which is now being printed in the form of a memoir.

Rev. Dr. Breckinridge never could endure the habit which some students possess of answering questions by asking one themselves. "Where," inquired the Doctor once of a dull fellow, who always managed to gain some time by raising a query of some kind—"where was Solomon's Temple?" "Hem: do you refer to its location, sir?" "Yes," growled the Doctor in his deepest tones, "I refer to its location, or to any thing else you choose to put may be enclosed under the word 'where.'"

Two hundred and fifty-five specimens of American and foreign art are on exhibition at the National Academy of Design, which was opened to the public last week. The collection is much smaller than it has been in previous years; but it contains enough of interest to warrant many visits from the lover of art—as well as from the critic.

Father Hyacinthe is said to have a purpose of establishing a newspaper in Paris called *Le Chrétien*, which shall be both political and religious in its character. Such a paper, well conducted, would be a blessing to Paris—provided it is not conducted!

Fanny Fern gives her views about women barbers thus: "There is no man who would not rather be shaved by a woman than to have a great hairy-lipped man pawing about his jugular vein, and poking him in the ribs to get up when another man's turn came. That's say how his wife might like it, but I am very sure he would; and so do wife why—she could stand a more close shave, couldn't she?"

The Bonn of Health is indefatigable in efforts to ferret out the filthy localities which contain the seeds of epidemic diseases. It is estimated that there are now no less than 100,000,000 gallons of stagnant water in lots between Sixty-fifth Street and the Park, which the sewers can not drain on account of inferior construction and limited capacity.

An English druggist makes an excellent suggestion in regard to the sale of poisonous substances. He proposes that, in addition to the word "poison," the label should have printed on their surface the appropriate antidotes for each dose of poisons. A bottle containing a mineral acid, for instance, would have on the label:

POISON!

Antidote, give (enclosed—an early chalk, cray, or whiting, or coffee-grounds.

If similar labels accompanied all deadly drugs that were dispensed, quite a few lives might be saved.

Among queer associations of recent date, the Pall Mall's Association is one of the funniest. Yet the curious articles of its constitution are very sensible. Only two hundred members, and those more or right by a ballot, are allowed the privilege. Membership. But if any are so unfortunate as to decrease in weight after admission, the fault is pardoned, and they are not expelled. No drunkard or habitual intoxicate are admitted, nor any who have publicly exhibited themselves for money.

A lady of Rochester, Iowa, while drinking tea five years ago, was incited to laugh by a remark made by her father. She choked so as to cause a stricture of the throat, which has ever since prevented her eating. For the past three months she has been altogether unable to swallow, and was sustained only by fluids injected into her stomach. Her death at last was from starvation.

A most extraordinary story appears in a Florence newspaper, and horrible as it is, and incredible as it seems, it possesses a scientific interest which induces us to give a short account of it. A Mr. Reid, lady, two men named Avolio and Carines were executed privately in the prison of Villa Nuova, Rio Janeiro. Lorenzo y Carmo of Rio Janeiro, well-known by reason for his remarkable works on electricity appeared to a physiology, and the executioner's skill, obtained permission to profit by this event, in order to experiment on the powers of electricity. He made a battery of possible, to unite the head to the neck after decapitation. The heads of the two criminals fell within a few minutes of each other, and the same battery immediately a compression was effected on the carotid arteries of one of the heads, so as to prevent hemorrhage. The body and head were then placed in natural position upon a bed, and the cells of a powerful electric cells apparatus. The eyes of the decapitated remains were soon perceptible, and ensued regularly. The mind was then found to be the body by stitches and special apparatus. At the end of two hours a feeble pulse was manifest, and in sixty-two hours it was evident, to the astonishment of every one, that a process of cicatrization had commenced on the lips of the section. The latter four other signs of life manifested themselves, when the director of the prison came for the first time into the experiment room, and it was then discovered that the head of Carines had taken the start for that of Avolio, by some mistake, and applied to the body of the latter! Nevertheless, the experiment continued, and when respiratory movements reproduced themselves electricity was suspended. The doctor and his assistants were frightened at a result so unexpected, but the learned surgeon employed all his skill to continue the work which chance had so singularly commenced. By means of an esophagus probe liquid nourishment was introduced into the stomach. At the end of three months the cicatrization was complete, and motion, though still difficult, became more and more perceptible. At length, at the end of seven months and a half, Avolio-Carines was able to rise and walk, feeling only a slight stiffness in the neck and shoulders. Every one, then, thought this one observation tale, and the scientific world will look for the result.

There is some truth in the ideas of Mrs. Barclay, who is or has been lecturing to ladies in Chautauqua County. She says she practices gymnastics, as fever can be cured by a smart run of a mile or so, or a jolting ride in a lumber-wagon. She recommends carrying about with you a small sponge-cake dresses brings on a feeling of laughter. Moreover, she holds that the doctrine that a woman should be ill only while their patients continue healthy; and she speaks with admiration of a certain country where doctors are heavily fined when their patients die in their hands.

A boy at Norwich, England, is accused of being his own grandfather. The charge is proved in this wise: There was a widow (Anne) and her daughter-in-law (Anne), and a child (Anne) was born to the latter. The widow married the son, and the daughter married the father. The widow was, therefore, mother (step) to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband (Henry). By this husband she had a son (Henry), who therefore was his own grandmother. Now, as the son of a great-grandmother this must be either a grandfather or a great-uncle; but the (Devil) was one or the other. He is his own grandfather.

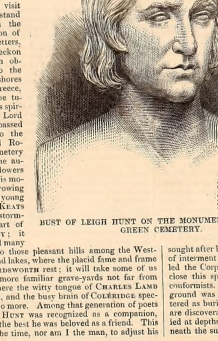
One of the most annoying things a busy editor can experience is to find that his postage stamps will not "stick"—and, after vainly laboring to make them adhere, to be obliged to gum them, but as if there was no other intention originally than that every one should use his own brush and bottle. There is certainly considerable room for remarks, but in the presence of transportion letters will become minus stamps and go to the Dead-Letter Office, through no fault of the writers.

DANIEL DEFOE'S TOMB.

THE LEIGH HUNT MEMORIAL.

WE give on this page a representation of the bust placed upon the monument recently (October 19) erected to the memory of LEIGH HUNT, the celebrated English poet and essayist, in Kensal-Green Cemetery. In the ten years that have passed since the death of LEIGH HUNT, which happened about the end of August, 1859, at the age of seventy-five, the affectionate esteem for his character, most warmly felt by those best acquainted with the spirit of his life and writings, has been cherished as a personal and social faith. The monument erected over his tomb is a permanent expression of their regard for his virtues as a man and for his merits as one of the most graceful and genial of English authors. There were present on the occasion of the dedication of this monument the relatives and friends of LEIGH HUNT, and also many well-known literary men. Letters of apology for absence were received from ROBERT BROWNING, ALFRED TENNYSON, CHARLES DICKENS, JOHN BRIGHT, Lord LYTTON, Earl RUSSELL, and others, who were contributors to the memorial fund. Lord HOUGHTON presided at the dedication, and delivered the address. Some years ago he performed a similar office for the monument in the same cemetery over the grave of THOMAS HOOD. The immortal jester, who had so much tenderness and poetry in his heart, and whose success as a humorist has almost resulted in an injustice to his serious writings, had fewer claims on the general public for posthumous honor than the varied writer whose last resting-place has been commemorated by the sculpture of Mr. JOSEPH DURHAM and the eloquence of Lord HOUGHTON. HOOD was neither a politician nor a critic; LEIGH HUNT was both, besides being an original creator in poetry, fiction, and general literature. No doubt the strongest inclination of the latter was not toward politics. He was not a master of the scientific parts of government and national economy, and, if he had had an opportunity, would probably have made as indifferent a minister of state as ADDISON did. But he understood exceedingly well that sentiment of natural justice, of fair consideration, and of abstract reason which lies at the root of all worthy politics, and which at particular periods requires the emphasis of high principle and the illumination of lambent wit even more than the doctrines of political science. The early years of the founder of the *Examiner* were passed in just such an epoch. Both in England and abroad it was a time during which the commonest principles of freedom were denied and outraged. The old military despotisms of continental Europe were engaged in mortal struggle with a newer military power just as despotic as themselves in act, however revolutionary may have been the fundamental basis on which it rested. In England Toryism was at the very height of its reactionary fervor, and the condition of England was more like that of Austria previous to her recent reforms than that of the old home of temperate liberty. It was an age, therefore, in which the mere demand for freedom, for enlarged powers of popular self-government, for religious toleration, and for purity in the conduct of affairs and in the administration of the law, was of greater importance than the discussion of elaborate details of politics. In the enforcement of these general principles, now by indignant protest against their violation, now by a quick Voltarian wit (for those who are only acquainted with the writer's later style have no idea how much pungency there was in his youthful pen), and at one time by tendiness to suffer personally for his championship of the right, LEIGH HUNT, in association with his brother JOHN—whose honest and intelligent, though less brilliant, services demand a passing recognition—helped forward the better time which a later generation has inherited; and when the sometime editor of the *Examiner* finally quitted politics, and settled down to the uninterrupted cultivation of literature pure and simple, he did so in the midst of a comparative calm which was all the healthier for the previous storm of battle.

In the course of his address LORD HOUGHTON said: "It is true Mr. Hirst represents the past generation of our literature, and that I think is all the more reason why we should honor him to-day.—The tomb which we are about to visit will not stand alone in the association of men of letters. It will beckon many an observer to the marshy shores of Greece, where the tumultuous spirit of Lord BYRON passed away—to the beautiful Roman cemetery where the autumnal flowers are at this moment growing over the young form of KEATS and the storm-cast heart of SHELLEY: it will lead many a one to those pleasant hills among the Westmoreland lakes, where the placid fame and frame of WORDSWORTH rest: it will take some of us to the more familiar grave-yards not far from this, where the witty tongue of CHARLES LAMB is silent, and the busy brain of COLERIDGE speculates no more. Among that generation of poets LEIGH HUNT was recognized as a companion, and by the best he was beloved as a friend. This is not the time, nor am I the man, to adjust his place in that illustrious company, but I will say here and every where that he was a true English poet. Not merely the faculty of imagination, not merely the presence of wit, not merely the great and sedulous accomplishments in our literature—not these alone made him a poet; he was born one and he died one. There is one sphere of literature in which I think I may say he was absolutely eminent—I mean that of poetical criticism. In that field I place him before any other man of letters in this country."



BUST OF LEIGH HUNT ON THE MONUMENT IN KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

Being regarded as a rabid Republican, LEIGH HUNT was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; and after he left prison he was detained for many years by a persistent obloquy and injustice which in these times seem absolutely incredible.

After the address, which, owing to the inclemency of the weather, was delivered in a neighboring chapel, the company proceeded to the tomb. The monument was uncovered, Lord HOUGHTON saying: "In the name of the subscribers to this monument, and of the friends of Mr. LEIGH HUNT, who remember him and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country, and to posterity."

OLD TOMBS IN BUNHILL-FIELDS.

THE ancient city burial-place in London known as Bunhill-fields Cemetery has been recently converted into a public walk, laid out ornamentally, and planted with trees and flowers. From time immemorial this spot has been used as a cemetery. In the midst of the fen beyond the city wall a tumulus or mound marked traditionally the site of Saxon burial. In the year 1549 more than a thousand cartloads of human remains were removed from the charnel-house of St. Paul's Cathedral and deposited in that spot. In the days of the first STUART, and during the period of the Commonwealth, burial in this ground was frequently performed by stealth. In 1665, to disclose this spot for the use mainly of the Nonconformists. From 1665 to 1832, when the ground was closed, 123,000 bodies were registered as buried there: of these only 5000 tombs are discoverable: but there are vaults lying buried at depths varying from six to twelve feet beneath the surface. The place boasts no gilded shrines or splendid mausoleums; and yet in this country as well as in England an interest is felt in this humble spot of earth scarcely second to that with which Westminster Abbey itself is regarded. Men lie here whose names are household words in every clime; for we may claim that JOHN BUNYAN, DANIEL DEFOE, and ISAAC WATTS are the property not of any nation, but of all mankind.

Our illustrations of a few of the many interesting monuments in Bunhill-fields ground will speak for themselves with the eloquence of familiar names. They are those of JOHN BUNYAN, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" DANIEL DEFOE, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and many other popular works; Dr. ISAAC WATTS, author of the favorite hymns and psalms of Evangelical Christians; and Mrs. SUSANNAH WESLEY, the aged mother of JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY.

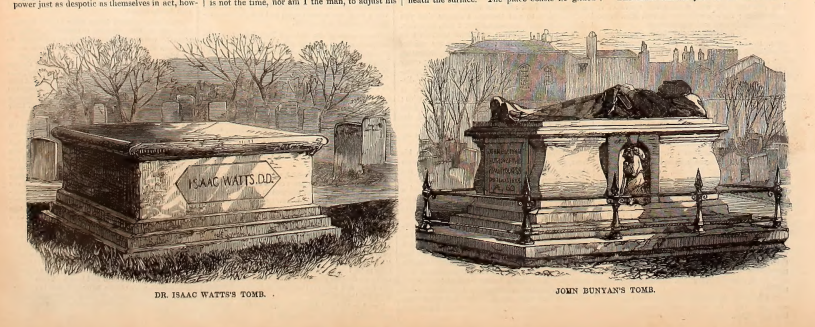
MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY'S TOMB.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

On page 740 we give a map of the course of the great ship canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, formally opened to travel and commerce on the 17th of this month, with the imposing ceremonies suited to so important an event. While awaiting the full and accurate illustrations which we shall in due time receive, we, in the mean time, lay before our readers a brief description of the canal and the principal places along its route.

Starting from Port Said (pronounced Say-id), on the Mediterranean, the canal runs southward through Lake Menzaleh, a shallow, marshy body of water, closely resembling our own Dismal Swamp, to the intermediate port of Ismailia, distant from Port Said about seventy-five miles, thence along the eastern shore of Lake Timsah (the lake of Crocodiles) to the deep cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum, and thence through the Bitter Lakes into the last deep cutting at Chelouf, debouching about twelve miles further south into the Red Sea at a point about one mile southeast of Suez. The actual distance traversed by the canal is a little over a hundred miles, about sixty miles of which run through the beds of the lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, Timsah, and the Bitter Lakes. Embankments are required on Menzaleh and Ballah, but not upon the others. The average width of the whole canal on the top is three hundred and twenty-eight feet, on a low level, and narrower where deep cuttings have had to be made. The average width at the bottom is from two hundred to two hundred and forty-six feet. There is to be an average depth of water of twenty-six feet throughout the canal.

The most difficult part of the whole under-



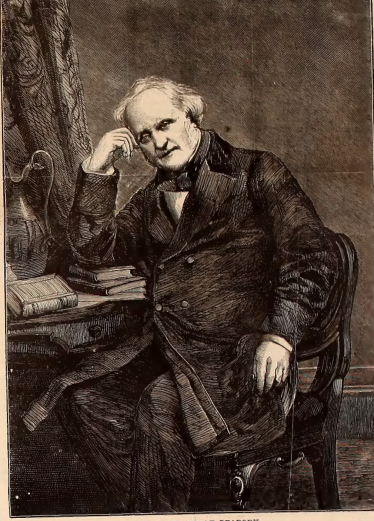
DR. ISAAC WATTS'S TOMB. JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

taking was the formation of a port on the Mediterranean. Ten years ago the site of Port Said was nothing but a low, narrow sand-bank, the resting-place of flamingoes and other water-fowl that frequented the surrounding marshes. On this unpromising spot, in 1859, M. LESSEPS squatted with an army of Arab workmen and commenced active operations. The first huts erected for the engineers were built on piles. A few months wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the place. Solid land was formed by dredging out the harbor and channel, and substantial buildings superseded the rude shanties. At the present time over one thousand acres have been reclaimed from the marshy waters; and Port Said is now a flourishing sea-port—a regular place of call for four lines of steamers, with a commodious harbor, immense workshops, great stores of material, and a motley population of twelve thousand souls, made up of workmen and adventurers of all nationalities. It has a handsome square named after M. LESSEPS, comfortable dwelling-houses, and well-supplied stores. The great feature of the place is, of course, the harbor. In order to protect the mouth of the canal from the mud constantly deposited in great quantities by the current of the Nile, as well as to defend the shipping from storms, two immense piers or breakwaters have been built out into the sea, separated by an interval of seven hundred and fifty yards. The western pier is twenty-seven hundred yards in length, the eastern one two thousand yards, and between them lies the harbor. The material used in the construction of these piers is a kind of artificial stone, made on the spot from a combination of sand and lime. The lime of which these blocks are made was quarried on the line of the canal, a few miles south of the port, there ground, and then transported to the works. It was there mixed with the sand, and subjected to hydraulic pressure in huge wooden moulds. The moulds were then removed, and the blocks left to harden in the sun. This process required two or three months. When ready for use they weighed about twenty tons apiece, and were placed in position by means of ingeniously-contrived machines.

The canal leaves Lake Menzaleh at a place called Kantara, on the Desert, and passes over two miles of sand-hills to Lake Ballah, through which it again cuts in the same way for eight miles. Then comes the first deep land-cutting, from Ferdaue to Lake Timsah, the deepest of which is near El Guisr, and from sixty to seventy feet. Twenty thousand Fellahs were employed for two years in cutting a channel to the Mediterranean, to float the steam dredges and fill the shallow basin of Timsah, formerly fed by the Nile inundation only. This lake is the central point of the work, and on its shore stands the new town of Ismailia, named after the Viceroy. It is the "inland" port of the canal, connecting by fresh-water canal with Zagazig, fifty miles distant in the interior, and opening a transit for the rich agricultural products of that region. The journey from Port Said to Ismailia occupies about eleven hours; from Ismailia to Suez about sixteen.

Between Lake Ballah and Suez there are two points (the only ones along the route subject to danger from this source) where extensive precautions have been taken to prevent the drifting sand from filling the bed of the canal, viz., at El Guisr and Serapeum. At the latter point it is proposed to irrigate the banks and plant them with trees, as the most effectual means of protection.

At Suez, the southern terminus of the canal, the sea-wall is on a smaller scale than that required at Port Said. Before the company commenced operations the town contained a population of about three thousand, chiefly Arabs. It now numbers over twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is a place of much enterprise and constantly increasing importance. Of the present population more than four thousand are Europeans. The situation of Suez is one of mingled dreariness and beauty. In front of the town lies the sea, its waters of a deeper blue than those of the Mediterranean. On one side tower the lofty mountains of Attaka, on the other rises the majestic head of Mount Sinai: while behind the town stretches the wide expanse of the great desert, without tree, shrub, or blade of grass to break its sad monotony. But what gives Suez its principal value in the eyes of M. LESSEPS is its magnificent harbor, in which more than five hundred vessels can find ample accommodation. Should the canal be successful, Suez will undoubtedly become a flourishing and important town.



THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

GEORGE PEABODY.

GEORGE PEABODY, the great philanthropist, whose name has been associated with gifts of more than princely munificence for the benefit of the laboring classes and of educational institutions, died at his residence in Eaton Square, London, at half past eleven o'clock on the night of November 4. His benefactions have endeared him to the peoples of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations—England and America.

GEORGE PEABODY was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, February 18, 1795. He had no educational advantages. At the age of eleven he was a clerk in a grocery-store in his native town. Here he remained three years, when he went to Thetford, Vermont, to live with his grandfather. At the age of sixteen he went to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he was employed as a clerk by his brother DAVID. Soon after, his brother's store having been destroyed by fire, GEORGE was solicited to go to Georgetown, District of Columbia, by his uncle, JOHN PEABODY. The latter, being heavily involved in debt, carried on his business under his nephew's name for two years. In the mean time the war of 1812 had broken out, and now GEORGE PEABODY, though still a lad and exempt from military duty, volunteered his services. Among GEORGE PEABODY'S friends in Georgetown was ELISHA RIGGS, who, when the war was over, proposed to enter into partnership with the young man in the drapery business, furnishing the capital himself. The enterprise was a success, and in 1815 the firm removed to Baltimore; some years later branch establishments were opened in New York and Philadelphia. In 1826 Mr. PEABODY, then thirty-one years of age, became the head of the firm.

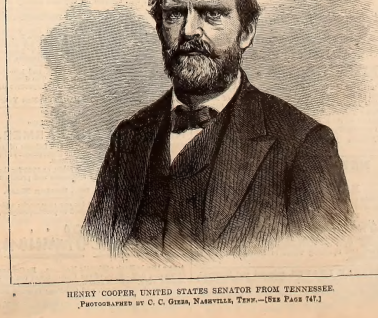
During the ten years which followed Mr. PEABODY frequently visited England to purchase goods. In 1837 he became a permanent resident of London. In 1843 he retired from his American business, and established a commission agency and banking-house in London. He was already a man of large wealth, and had performed noteworthy service for the public. His influence had secured a loan to the State of Maryland, and in other ways he had done much to sustain the credit of his native country in England. His business in London became extensive, and he added to the fortune which he owned at the time of his permanent residence in London the sum of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars.

Throughout his life Mr. PEABODY was noted for his liberality. In 1851 he assumed the entire expense of arranging and garnishing the American Department in the Crystal Palace. A year later he contributed $10,000 to pay the expenses of a second voyage by Dr. KANE to the arctic seas in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN.

The one hundredth anniversary of the corporate existence of Danvers, Massachusetts, occurred on the 16th of June, 1852, and that day was celebrated in a manner befitting the occasion. Among the invitations to attend the festivities was one to GEORGE PEABODY, who replied, expressing regret that he could not be present to join in the celebration of this the centennial of his native town. He, however, sent the committee a sentiment inclosed in an envelope, "which was not to be opened until his name should be called in due course at the dinner-table." After the dinner had been eaten, and several speeches made, Mr. PEABODY'S name was called, the envelope opened, and this sentiment read: "Education—A debt due from the present to future generations." In continuation he wrote: "In acknowledgment of the payment of that debt by the generation which preceded me in my native town of Danvers, and to aid in its prompt future discharge, I give to the inhabitants of that town the sum of $20,000 for the promotion of knowledge and morality among them." To this sum he afterward added largely, the donations altogether exceeding $200,000.

In 1857 Mr. PEABODY paid a visit to the United States, and one of his first acts was the contribution of $300,000 for the establishment of an educational institution in Baltimore. To this he afterward added $200,000, and in 1866 the donation was increased by $500,000, and on the 22d of September last he gave $400,000 more, making a total contribution of $1,400,000.

In 1858 Mr. PEABODY returned to England, and set about putting into practical effect a scheme of benevolence which had occupied his mind for several years previous. This was, "under a sense of gratitude" for his success in England, "to make a donation for the benefit



HENRY COOPER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. C. GIZER, NASHVILLE, TENN.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

EX-GOVERNOR FREDERICK F. LOW, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 760.]

of the poor of London." To this end he consulted his friends M. M. SAMPSON, Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, his partner, J. S. MORGAN, and the Right Rev. Bishop MCILVAINE, of Ohio. In a letter dated "London, March 12, 1862," and addressed to CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the United States Minister to England, Lord STANLEY, M.P. (now Earl of Derby), and others, whom he appointed trustees, he wrote, after explaining the motives which actuated him: "My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, not to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of £150,000, which now is or will be available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY & Co., as you will see by the accompanying correspondence." This munificent gift was afterward swelled to the sum of £350,000, or nearly $2,000,000.

In accordance with the spirit of the gift Queen VICTORIA wrote a most graceful letter to Mr. PEABODY, adding to it a portrait of herself. The letter and portrait are both deposited in the Peabody Institute at Danvers.

Mr. PEABODY again visited this country in 1866. During his stay here he donated $1,000,000 for a Southern educational fund, to which, on the occasion of his last visit, he added another million. To Phillips Academy at Andover he gave $25,000; to the Newburyport Library, $15,000; to building a new church in Georgetown, Massachusetts, $10,000; to a library in the same town, $16,000; to the Essex Institute at Salem, $140,000; to the library at Thetford, Vermont, $6000; to the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, $20,000; to the Peabody Institute of Archæology at Cambridge, $100,000; to found a geological branch at Yale College, $150,000; to the Peabody Institute at Baltimore the additional gift, already mentioned, of $300,000; to the Maryland Historical Society, $20,000; to Kenyon College, Ohio, $25,000; for a library in Georgetown, District of Columbia, $10,000; making altogether considerably over $3,500,000, besides an additional gift to the Peabody Institute at Danvers.

His relatives were also remembered in this lavish distribution of his wealth, he presenting them with various sums, amounting in the aggregate to $1,500,000.

On the 30th of September, 1869, Mr. PEABODY took his departure from this country for London. It was his last voyage; in a few weeks after his arrival in England his earthly career was closed. Mr. PEABODY was never married. He was tall and well built, and his manners were always genial and inviting.

THE GRIZZLY.

A CALIFORNIA TALE.

SITTING in the luxurious apartments of my noble mansion on Fifth Avenue, I often recall a scene in my life the very thought of which fills me still with terror.

I was not born to riches. I was well educated and extremely poor when I commenced life. At that time, just when I was seriously debating whether I should teach school or open a retail grocery store out West, the startling tidings came of the great gold discoveries in California, which set on fire the heads of a world. I, among the potent influence of the gold-fever at once, and was one of the very first who went out to the new "El Dorado." I sailed out in a ship which, from the hold to the cradles, was literally crammed with human beings, and landed on the streets of the embryo city of San Francisco with scarcely a rag on my back.

I hurried off at once to a place just then discovered, and where a large crowd of human beings—the representatives of nearly every nation under heaven—had already assembled. Desperate characters they were, to be sure! Convicts recently escaped from prison and broken-down lawyers; ticket-of-leave men from Botany Bay and Norfolk Island, with impoverished clergymen; retired organ-grinders, with graduates of European universities—all were there. I marvel now at the coolness with which I ventured into the midst of such a crowd of desperadoes. But I myself was a desperado.

I chose, after a long search, a place in a remote cañon as the scene of my labors. Here I made my rude camp, and proceeded to dig. There were neighbors around me. In fact it was difficult to avoid neighbors, even if it had been desirable. For, in a cañon, no man might go, some one would be sure to track him. So I made the best of it, and put up with the presence of others.

Take them all in all my neighbors were about as villainous-looking a set of men as I had ever seen out of jail. One was a negro of enormous proportions, black as a coal, with the expression of an untamed wild savage in his brutal features. Another was a long, thin, cunning, treacherous miscreant, who (as I afterward learned) had been confined for twelve years in the Sing Sing prison for an atrocious crime. Another was a short, thick-set man, with a heavy beard which almost covered his features, and added to his ferocious expression. Among all the wild adventurers whom I had encountered, none were altogether so repulsive as these. They were respectively by the names of "Nigger," "Sing Sing," and "Pirate."

I tried to get away from the neighborhood of these men, but a fatality seemed to attend my efforts. On three different occasions I removed to new places, and actually, each time, I encountered these men, who had moved on before me. It looked as though I was actually following them. So I tried to get rid of my aversion, and turned myself to work.

At the last place to which we came there was a very remarkable man who had been living there for some time. He was a Spaniard, was tall and well formed, with a wonderful expression of resolution and daring in his face. His face was pale, his eyes dark, and his general appearance commanded involuntary respect. He lived in a hut above a cavern on the side of a neighboring hill. This place he had selected for a residence some time previously. He was never seen digging any where in particular, and it was generally supposed that he had some very rich diggings in the immediate neighborhood of his cavern.

I dug on patiently for some months, and gained nearly enough to supply myself with the necessaries of life. I began to be very greatly discouraged. Seeing I met no success where I was, I resolved to change my location. I had lost all hope. For three days I had gained absolutely nothing.

"Buenos dias, Señor."

Looking up I saw the Spaniard. I bowed and was silent.

"You have a very deep hole there," he said.

"I should think so," I replied.

"Are you encouraged, Señor? Pardon me, but you look disheartened, I think."

"I have reason to be. I have gained nothing. I am tired of this place."

The Spaniard's eye lightened up. "No, Señor, do not."

"Do not?—why should I waste my time longer?"

"One must be patient, Señor."

"Yes, but patience has its limits."

The Spaniard gave me a look of the deepest meaning.

"Señor," he said, "if you are wise you will wait and work yet longer."

I looked inquiringly at him, but he turned away, and before I could speak had gone. As I looked up I saw close beside me the trio before mentioned. They had evidently overheard our short conversation. They were exchanging glances. I turned away and began to whistle. In a few moments I was at my work again and they had gone.

I had scarcely given more than a dozen blows with my pick before I heard a shout of cry. I recognized the Spaniard's voice. It was in the direction of his hut. To seize my two revolvers, and to bound forward in the direction in which I heard the voice, was but the work of a moment.

There stood the Spaniard with the three men around him. He held his knife in his hand and stood at bay. They were all armed with axes.

"Help, Señor!" shouted the Spaniard.

"Back, you infernal fool!" cried "Sing Sing," waving me off.

"You murderous villains!" I exclaimed, leveling both revolvers. "If you don't make tracks double quick you'll never leave this place alive!"

The men fell back cowed completely by my terrible revolvers. The Spaniard smiled sarcastically, bowed to me, turned and coolly disappeared among the trees. The men walked off scowling and muttering. I, too, turned away.

An hour passed. I worked on. Still half an hour came. Great Heavens! can I ever forget that time—the moment when the hopes of years, the longing of a lifetime be fulfilled before me!

It was sunset. The clouds were all aflame. The river rolled gloriously by. The trees tossed their branches in the evening wind as though bidding the day farewell; from the forest came a burst of melody.

There I stood, a rough, ragged miner, in the bottom of a deep, wet, muddy hole. There I stood with thrills of rapture shooting through me. All my soul entranced, all my gaze riveted on one glittering mass at my feet.

I was master of wealth untold.

After the first burst of joy over a revulsion came. I had found my treasure, but how could I secure it? How could I carry it away unseen? Where should I take it? Or, if I did not carry it away, where should I hide it?

These thoughts flashed with the rapidity of light through my mind. I stood now overcome with perplexity.

I heard a movement above me. Looking up suddenly I thought I saw a dusky figure glide among the trees. "Is that Nigger?" I thought.

It was a lonely place. Around me the trio and the Spaniard—no other neighbors were near. The first were dangerous, the latter helpless. My strength lay in myself. My resolution was soon formed. I would bury as much of my treasure as I could carry in my tent, cover up the hole, and await my return.

It was ten o'clock before I had buried all that I wanted in my hut, and covered up my hole to my satisfaction. The extreme caution of the occasion already began to have its effects. I fancied I heard footsteps. A moment after I reached forth to get my revolvers, which, in my hurry and agitation, I had left in my tent some hours before.

The weapons were gone.

A cold sweat burst out upon me. I rushed back to the hole, hoping for a miracle. All a tall figure stood there. He had my pistols in his hands, displaying them with a triumphant gesture to two others.

It was "Nigger," with "Sing Sing" and "Pirate."

"I am lost!" I groaned. "To stay here is death, to go back to my hut is destruction. I am unarmed. These men would think no more of killing me than of crushing a fly." These thoughts came and passed in a moment.

Where should I go?

I could only think of the Spaniard. Without giving another moment's thought I turned and fled. My movements were seen. I was discovered. With a loud and savage shout they ran after me. Six bullets whistled past my head, but fortunately none touched me. If ever fear lent wings it was at that moment. I bounded along the path and down the hill and up on the other side toward where the Spaniard lived.

I heard them call on me to stop.

"Never mind," cried another voice, which I recognized as that of "Pirate;" "we'll get them both together this time."

On, on I ran. The clatter of footsteps was close behind.

With the frenzy of desperation, I rattled at the Spaniard's door. My pursuers were close upon me.

"Let me in! Save me!" I shouted.

Hurried footsteps sounded within. The bars rattled. I heard a heavy sound, I was pulled violently inside, the door was banged to and secured, and a heavy bloze of my pursuers fell upon it.

"Just in time!" no murmured, breathlessly.

"Up stairs, quick!"

He held a lantern in his hand. By its light I saw a rude ladder which ascended to an opening above. I clambered up as I was directed. The Spaniard came up after me.

"All right," said he, as he gave me a meaning glance.

The men below had dealt some tremendous blows at the door, which, yet held on, however. I heard them eagerly shouting to one another. They said not a word to us. "No quarter" was their motto.

A few minutes of silence elapsed. They had gone off. They soon returned, however. I heard their voices.

"This 'll fix 'em," said one.

A moment after a terrific blow, as if dealt by some gigantic hammer, fell upon the house. The ladder yielded. But in a moment a tremendous growl sounded out and drowned every other sound. It was a wild, savage roar. My blood was cold within me. I had heard the sound before, but never so near. Then there arose to heaven the wildest shrieks of human agonies for mercy.

The only answer was the terrific roar which had first sounded, and sounds as of breaking, crushing bones. A few minutes all was still. The Spaniard descended. He was not gone long.

"It's all over!" he said, returning.

I descended. There on the floor lay the mangled bodies of the three wretches, and in the corner was the gigantic form of the largest grizzly bear that I ever saw.

I left the hut and never saw the Spaniard again. In a few weeks I had my gold all safe in San Francisco, and was preparing to return to the East.

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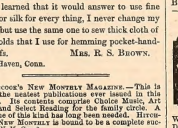

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 674.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

CHARLES A. DANA.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA was born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8, 1819. He is one of the old New England stock of DANAS. His father failed in business. The son attended the district school two winters, when, at the age of eleven, he went to Buffalo, and entered his uncle's dry-goods store. Here all his leisure moments were given to study. An inveterate reader, he stored his mind with knowledge of every kind. In 1837 the failure of his uncle threw him upon his oars. For two years young DANA was engaged in settling up the business of the establishment. Within that time he prepared himself for college, and finally entered Harvard University at the age of twenty. He had a great predilection for the classics, and became unusually proficient in the Greek, Latin, and German languages. Close application to his studies seriously affected his eyesight, and on this account he left the college, in 1841, without regular graduation. Harvard subsequently gave him his degree, and his name appears upon the catalogue among the list of graduates.

On leaving college Mr. DANA joined the Brook Farm community. This was one of the first socialist experiments in this country. While there Mr. DANA became acquainted with MARGARET FULLER, GEORGE RIPLEY, A. BRONSON ALCOTT, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, ORESTES A. BROWSON, THOREAU, THEODORE PARKER, and others. The farm was situated near West Roxbury, Massachusetts. Mr. DANA had charge of its fruit department several years. During this time he partly edited a small newspaper called the *Harbinger*. In 1846 the community was dissolved. Mr. DANA, then twenty-seven years of age, sought employment in Boston. He accepted an office from ELIZUR WRIGHT, then proprietor and editor of the *Chronotype*. Mr. DANA wrote editorial articles for that journal, and made himself generally useful, for a salary of five dollars per week. He came to New York in February, 1847, and succeeded GEORGE G. FOSTER as city editor of the *Tribune*. He was at first paid $10 per week; in the fall this amount was increased to $14. At once he took an advanced position as a journalist.

On the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1848 Mr. DANA went to Europe. He was absent nine months. During that time he visited the principal cities on the Continent, at an expense of less than $600. He earned, by his correspondence, enough to pay all his expenses and support his family. On his return he was made Mr. GREELEY'S principal assistant, at a salary of $20 per week. In two years this stipend was increased to $35, and in 1856 he was paid $2500 per year. This was equal to Mr. GREELEY'S salary, and was the largest received by Mr. DANA while employed on the *Tribune*. In 1856 Mr. DANA compiled his "Household Book of English Poetry, and in 1858 he and GEORGE RIPLEY began their labors upon the "New American Encyclopædia." Mr. DANA was associated with Mr. GREELEY on the *Tribune* until April 1, 1862, when he resigned his position and left the office. It is simply just to say that under his management the *Tribune* became a recognized political power, and acquired an influence until then unknown among American newspapers. Soon after leaving the *Tribune*, Mr. DANA was appointed by EDWIN M. STANTON, then Secretary of War, one of the committee to settle the accounts of the Quartermaster's Department at Cairo. His associates were GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts, and Judge LOGAN, of Illinois. The investigation involved millions of dollars. His labors at Cairo finished, Mr. DANA was appointed a commissioner to examine the affairs of the Pay Department in the Valley of the Mississippi. He went through GRANT'S Vicksburg campaign in the winter and spring of 1863. His reports to the War Department after the first failure to capture the Southern strong-hold silenced the enemies of General GRANT, and prevented the General's removal from his command. On Mr. DANA'S return to Washington he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, with a salary of $3000 a year. He held this office until the close of the Rebellion.

CHARLES A. DANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.]

In 1865 he went to Chicago, and became editor of the *Republican*. After a year's service he sold out his interest at a profit of $10,000, and returned to New York. It was mainly through his personal instrumentality and influence that the Sun Association was formed. Mr. DANA took sole charge of the *Sun* on January 1, 1868. Since that time the *Sun* has taken a leading position among the journals of the country. Its daily circulation exceeds 75,000 copies. In April, 1869, Mr. DANA was offered the Appraisership of the port of New York. He declined it. Two weeks afterward he was arrested, at the suit of JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, of the *Tribune*, for libel, damages being laid at $100,000. The suit has never been brought to trial.

In 1846 Mr. DANA married Miss ELVIRE MACDANIEL, who then resided in Walker Street. Four children, one boy and three girls, are the fruit of this union. Mr. DANA is now forty-nine years of age. He is five feet ten inches high, is well built, has a broad forehead, whiskers, mustache, and hair tinged with gray, small, keen eyes, and wears glasses. He dresses carelessly, and is one of the most courteous of men. He is true to his friends and unrelenting in his enmities. His editorial associates are treated as friends. He is never overbearing in his conduct toward them. Mr. DANA is one of the best linguists of the age, speaking nearly all the living languages of Europe.

THE "IRON AGE."

A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE has recently been consulting with our ship-builders in relation to the decay of a trade once extended and profitable, and always honorable. The facts, as reported, seem as bad as had been expected, and it is even hinted that, unless some decided change is made in our policy, not only may American ship-building be considered a thing of the past, but the time is not far away when it may be impossible to find an American ship in which to cross the seas.

This question will soon call for earnest consideration. Meanwhile we are happy in being able to give one item in aid of its elucidation—one, too, which shows that affairs are not in quite so bad a way as has been supposed.

The bark *Iron Age*, of which we present a representation on page 756, has attracted the attention of a large number of our merchants

during the past two or three weeks, while she lay at Counties Slip, loading for Galveston. She was built by HARLAN & HOLLINGSWORTH, of Wilmington, Delaware, for MESSRS. TUFFER & BRATTLE, of this city. She is the first large iron sailing vessel constructed in this country; and, as the owners state, cost about as little as the average of their Clyde estimates for a similar vessel. Experience has shown that iron vessels far exceed wooden ones in buoyancy, in strength, in carrying capacity, and in durability, and therefore is cheapness; and the materials at our command for their construction are so good that builders estimate American plate for the purpose equal to English plate of an eighth of an inch greater thickness.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH political parties nominally grow out of particular issues, they also represent tendencies of human nature; and in the history of all free governments this fact is constantly evident. Men, for instance, are naturally conservative, or incredulous and timid; or they are naturally progressive, inclined to believe that the new is the true, and that not to go forward is to go backward. Here we have the germs of the Tory party and the Opposition; the party that would hold fast and the party that would cut loose. The strife, indeed, often degenerates into a mere battle of the ins and the outs, but the fundamental principles and tendencies remain. Therefore it is a great error to suppose that, in our political situation, when the Fifteenth Amendment is adopted, parties will be wholly reconstructed upon new issues. The history of each party, its traditions, the character of its leaders and of its supporters, will always be vital elements in any augury of its prospects.

There is a loud cry upon the Democratic party from some of its organs not to race with dead issues, but to bury them. But why are they dead issues? Mr. VALLANDIGHAM exhorts it to cut loose from all settled issues and obsolete questions. But this cry has been heard ever since the war ended, and when the party dismounted from a dead horse or confessed any question to be obsolete? If any question might be considered beyond dispute it was that the elected citizens must be made politically equal. But almost without exception every Democratic convention of the autumn declared against that equality, and the Democratic party of New York voted against it. While this was the action of the party, its leaders were unchanged. It nominated General ROSECRANS in Ohio, but his letter declining the summons showed that he was not in accord with the party because he was not politically hide-bound, and it took its station elsewhere. Mr. PENDLETON. In Pennsylvania the hope of sloughing off dead issues and leaders by nominating General HANCOCK was baffled, and Mr. PACKER, an original Copperhead, was selected. In Massachusetts alone, where there was no hope of success, a man of newer ideas was put forward in Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY, ADAMS. In New York the same old leaders, with the same old cries, marshaled the old forces and directed the old assault upon equal rights and the defenses against legislative and electoral corruption.

The party remains the same, raises the old cries and follows the old leaders, because it is composed of substantially the same elements. It is not the intelligent and well-meaning Democrats who control the party policy. They are in ignorance and prejudice which are beneath them. The waves toss the boat—it is not the boat that governs the waves. There is not a Democratic leader in America for a generation who has dared to say "equal rights." How many of them who do not pander to the Roman Catholic element of the party? Mr. SEYMOUR, chief in the State of New York would venture to insist that Roman priests shall keep their hands off the public school system? Or will it be asked why the Democratic party does not throw over the old issues and the old leaders, the answer is that the one task that Hercules could not perform was to cast off the fatal robe. To strip off the robe was to kill himself.

The strength of the Republican party lies in the genius of intelligent, truly patriotic citizens. The strength of the Democratic party lies in the multitude of ignorant citizens. The Democratic policy for a generation has been the necessary result of that fact. It was an ignominious and cruel policy. But while this is still the fact, and until the party demands another kind of policy, what greater folly than to expect a frank acceptance of new issues and a preference of new men? Suppose the Legislature in this State restores the city of New York to its own control, as the phrase is, what then? The work will begin with the abolition of the Police Commission and the Registry law. Will that course diminish fraud and force at the polls? Is it conceivable that good citizens to vote? Is it conceivable that any of the great objects of government will be more certainly secured? Is it not evident that an election in the city will then be a mere fraud without even the pretense of a check? And is that the celebrated "self-government" of the city?

And why should a party composed of such elements as we have described renounce old issues and old leaders when it has just succeeded by clinging to them? They are agreeable to the party. When the Democratic party consents to be adopted, therefore, there will remain two political organizations, and they will be judged according to their career and tendency. The Democratic party has not now, and will not have then, any great financial policy, nor any record of more capable and honest administration of affairs upon which to appeal to the country. The Republicans will have the satisfactory administration of General GRANT, the steady reduction of the debt, the public confidence always pleased by a chief and Cabinet who are not technically politicians, and the conscious ness of the support of the better sentiment of the country. These are positive, not negative, advantages. Democratic declamation does not affect them. There is no Republican disaffection, nor will there be any such. The opposition may assume a position which neither its character, precedents, nor managers show to be probable or possible.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

On the 8th of December the Great Council of the Roman Catholic Church will assemble at St. Peter's in Rome, amidst all the pomp with which that Church invests its chief events. It was supposed that the time that the sum mons of the Pope would be disregarded. But now all doubt is removed. Bishops, abbots, generals of monastic orders, and other ecclesiastics have received and accepted the call of their Holy Father; and from all lands they are moving in large numbers toward the capital of their faith.

But the Council will not be an Œcumenical Council in the proper sense of that term. Œcumenical, from the Greek word signifying the inhabited or civilized world, is synonymous with universal or general. Originally an Œcumenical Council was neither more nor less than a Parliament of the Emperor, to which all the bishops of the Empire were called. In the early Christian centuries the whole ecclesiastical organization of the Church was based on the secular system of the Empire. Hence the first seven Œcumenical Councils was called by the Roman Emperor, and at each of them he was present personally or by deputy; not as a member of them did he fail, directly or indirectly, to influence the discussions. CONSTANTINE was more than President at the first General Council—that of Nice; and LEXIS and THEODOSIUS presided at the seventh. This was the last Council regarded as Œcumenical by the Greek Church; for by this time the Church had begun to crumble to pieces, and an Œcumenical or General Council of the Church was found to be impossible. The Pope, however, did his best to occupy the old position of the Emperor; but from this date (787) the Greek Church stood aloof. The establishment of the Second Roman Empire by CHARLEMAGNE was completed and made permanent the religious and secular separation of the East from the West.

According to the Roman Catholic Church, twelve Councils, all of them General, have been held since the Second Council of Nice; but at none of these was the West or Eastern Church represented, and by that Church the decisions of those Councils have been disregarded. Attempts have frequently been made to reunite the Churches of the East and West; but, mainly in consequence of the pretensions of Rome, all such attempts have signally failed. The last Council called with that object that of Trent—a Council which was called for the purpose of making an end of Protestantism. It sat for eighteen years, but apparently failed to accomplish its object. It was never held as less Œcumenical than any of its eleven immediate predecessors, and for the very obvious reason that the Churches of the East and the Reformers of the Reformation were all of them unrepresented.

The present Pope, PIUS THE NINTH, not unmindful of the past and not unwilling to give a Catholic or Œcumenical authority to his objects and aims, issued invitations to the "Bishops of the Eastern Rite," to "Protestants and other non-Catholics." But the Bishops of the Eastern Rite have not only positively refused to recognize the Council, but have expressed themselves indignantly upon the terms of the invitation. While the Protestant Churches, mainly through the persistency of Dr. CUMMING, a Scottish divine in London, have learned that the invitation was not an invitation, but only a permission to return and penitently seek admission within the fold of Mother Church. The forthcoming Council will not, therefore, be Œcumenical in any true sense. It will not represent the Churches of the East, which have many millions of adherents. The Patriarchs of Alexandria, which is a more ancient See than that of Rome, Constantinople, which for many centuries was a more important See than that of Rome—and of Armenia, with their numerous suffragans, will be conspicuous by their absence. So the Churches of the Reformation—the Protestants of England, Scotland, and Ireland, of France and Switzerland, of the Netherlands, of North Germany, of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, of the United States of America, of Canada, of Australia—will all be unrepresented. Even of these, the Church in Russia will be absent, which, although a branch of the Greek Church, has an organization of its own. This immense empire, with its sixty millions of inhabitants, will not have a single representative in the Council.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE pronounced an Œcumenical Council a chimera; and the forthcoming Council, despite its pretension, will be the best proof of DE MAISTRE's foresight. In a word, the Œcumenical Council of 1869 will be a Council only of the Roman Catholic Church, and a purely Ecclesiastical Council. For, unlike all previous Councils of the kind, it will be absolutely unsupported by the civil authorities of any kingdom, empire, or republic. It will be no more representative of the Christian world than a Methodist Conference, an Episcopal Convention, a Lutheran Council, or a Presbyterian General Assembly. It will be, as we have already said, only a Roman Catholic Council, considering the only matters of sentiment which prevails regarding it among the adherents of Rome, it will but very imperfectly represent even the Roman Catholic Church.

The Council will sit in St. Peter's Church, a part of which has been specially fitted as a council hall. There will be admitted to seats the portraits of distinguished churchmen. The floor is to be covered by a costly carpet, the gift of a king. Galleries have been erected for the accommodation of reporters, of official theologians, of embassadors, persons of rank, and members of royal families, who may seek admission. The only exceptions the Council will be strictly private. The Pope will preside in person or by his legate. The discussions, if there be any discussions, will be carried on in the Latin. But even the proceedings will reach the outside world; for the reporters will report only to the Council itself. The pageant of the opening will no doubt be magnificent, and the strangers who have come from far to see the spectacle are little likely to be disappointed. With the first day, however, the sensation will begin to end. After the first day the real work of the Council will begin; and thoughtful men all over the world will intently watch the progress of this last Papal experiment, whose failure would be a serious blow to the pretensions of Rome.

PERVERSION OF THE PUBLIC MONEY.

THE expression of public opinion in this State upon the proposition to give the public money to sectarian schools was last year so emphatic that the Legislature did not dare to do it directly. But in the City Tax levy there was a clause inserted, directing that a certain sum should be taken from the city revenues and given to certain schools. Mr. NATHANIEL JARVIS, JUN., was selected by the Board of Education to make the distribution, and after a careful investigation he has made a report to the Comptroller, in accordance with the provisions of the act. Nor is there any complaint that this part of the law has not been faithfully and honestly done. The result is, that $214,987 have been taken from the city money and given to fifty-three sectarian schools. Of these schools twenty-eight Roman Catholic schools receive $153,880, and twenty-eight Protestant schools receive $61,107.

The people of New York are taxed to support public schools in which all the children in the State may be educated. If the school accommodation is insufficient, it is the duty of the Board of Education to see that the difficulty by an increase of the tax. The words of the clause authorizing the sectarian distribution imply that the provision is made for children whom the public schools can not receive. But careful investigation shows that proper care would even now make room for all children, while it is notorious that the money for special sectarian schools is part of the plan of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to break down the system of public schools in the State. If the priests of the Church of Rome had control of the free schools of New York we should not have heard of insufficient accommodation, nor would there have been a special grant.

The hostility of the Roman clergy to public schools which they do not control is founded in the claim of their Church to an absolute domination of the life of every individual member. They assert that the important education is religious, and that their tenets are Christianity. A school, therefore, which does not teach religion is, in their view, atheistic. There must, therefore, be religious instruction in the schools; but that only true religion is Romanism. The Roman clergy also object to the Protestant version of the Bible, which is read without comment as an opening exercise in the public schools. They insist, therefore, that the Bible shall be excluded or prohibitive to their faith; and should they succeed in excluding it, they would strengthen their plea that the education in the public schools is irreligious, because there would be then neither religious form nor religious book used in them.

This is a contest which the people of New York should resist at the beginning. A single provision should be made for the instruction of all the children in the State in what are understood as the common branches of secular education. Beyond which child should be required to attend school, under proper penalties either upon his guardians or upon himself. Parents who preferred to educate their children at private schools would, of course, do so. Technical and sectarian religious instruction in the public schools should be forbidden, for there is already a sufficient provision for such instruction according to religious preferences of every kind. Moreover, in a community which taxes Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants indiscriminately for the support of schools, it is plainly just that the chief religious book of neither should be used in the school exercises, since it is only tolerated as necessary ill feeling. But the attempt to divert the money paid by all the people for the secular education of all the children to the support of a Jewish, or Roman Catholic, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Unitarian, or Episcopal school should be strenuously resisted as an assault upon the public peace.

It is a cardinal principle in this country that the state, as such, favors no form of religious faith whatever. The state, as such, has no religion. Such was the case of New York by fundamental law, is an association for protecting the absolute liberty of every citizen in the enjoyment of his religious faith, whatever it may be, or well as in the profession of it. The majority, therefore, whether it be Presbyterian, or Quaker, or Roman Catholic, or Jewish, or Anabaptist, has no right to compel the minority to support sectarian schools. But under the clause in the tax levy there is such compulsion. Here, for instance, are the Hebrew Free School No. 1, and the Public New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, and the Immaculate Conception School. These are all strictly sectarian schools, and the people who have already paid the tax to educate their pupils in the public schools, by this clause are taxed again to educate the same pupils under a particular religious influence. It is the beginning of the destruction of the public school system, and, although a sop is thrown to certain Protestant sects, it is the work of the spirit which is most hostile to that last system, and which will not relax any effort, open or hidden, for its subversion. Nothing can defeat this purpose of the Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism but the utmost vigilance. The Democratic party will yield in this direction whatever the Roman Catholic influence may require. And it is a curious fact that, while the system of public education has been taken by the state from the priests, in New York it is apparently getting to be doubtful whether the priests can not destroy the State system.

JOHN JONES.

IT is nobody's business that the stockholders of a railroad company pay honors to their engineers. Banks, insurance companies, associations of all kinds, very properly cause portraits and busts of their distinguished or beloved officers to be made at their own or their treasure. But if a savings-bank, having ordered a portrait of its president, should invite the President of the United States and all other distinguished persons to attend the ceremony of hanging it upon the wall of the directors' room, and should solicit the interest of the public by advertisements and circulars, it would be very churlish in the public not, at least, to ask the question who is this gentleman, and why is there such a tremendous flutter? Who and what are the associates have hung up his portrait?

When the statue of GEORGE PEABODY by WILLIAM STORY was lately unveiled in London, every body felt that there was great propriety in thus visibly commemorating, in the heart of the business of London, a merchant who had given vast sums of money for the benefit of others. If a bust of Mr. PETER COOPER, or of Mr. EZRA CORNELL, or of Mr. MATTHEW VASSAR should appear in the Central Park, it would be instantly perceived that they were the memorials of great public benefactors. Memorial statues are grateful witnesses of a sense of public obligation to individual men, except when a king builds his own statue at the expense of his people, or the directors of a hospital or other institution perpetuate their chief in bronze or marble. That a man has remarkable sagacity, which enables him to amass a huge fortune, and even to become one of the richest men in

the world, is of no public importance, nor can the fact be supposed to excite any especial general admiration or gratitude. But a man who devotes his powers and his resources, whether money or time or talents, to the relief and improvement of his fellow-men, takes his place with HOWARD or FRANKLIN or JENNER.

The youth of a country should stand before the statues of their fathers, not to admire certain qualities which are given by nature, but to contemplate the purposes to which those qualities were directed. A boy, looking at the portrait of JOHN HOWARD, may feel that he has not the opportunity nor the gifts to do precisely what HOWARD did, but he will feel that, in his sphere and according to his powers, he also can carry a heart of sympathy and relieve human suffering wherever he goes. But the same boy, looking at a statue of JOHN JONES, for example, and being told that he was the richest man in the world and made all his own money, will probably answer, "What's JOHN JONES to me, or what am I to JOHN JONES?" There are plenty of JOHN JONESES who have made more or less money, and who have not been especially stingy. But certainly JOHN JONES, who is worth a hundred millions of dollars and gives fifty thousand dollars to a charity, does not so well deserve a statue as a sailor who has starvation wages and gives part of them to an orphan asylum. If indeed, the stockholders of JOHN JONES's factory choose to build a statue to him, it is their privilege. But why should they take a speaking-trumpet on the occasion, and answer every body's attention, and talk about "worthy models and proper lessons?"

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES.

In the speech of MR. GLADSTONE in London, at the Lord Mayor's inauguration, the significant confession is made that, "Whatever the tendencies of modern civilization—whatever its triumphs," "they have not had, nor are they likely to have in our day or in our children's, the effect of lightening the responsibilities of the Government."

That difficulties thicken about the English is very apparent. They consist of terrorism in Ireland; a supposed dangerous increase of power in the uneducated classes; a growing inferiority in the manufactures which command universal competition; the inability to produce food with in a hundred millions sterling in value of the quantity annually consumed; and the steady growth of pauperism. Political and economical troubles arise together to perplex those who have the largest interest in maintaining order.

Ever since the reform bill the trades unions was due to the number of laborers standing on the verge of pauperism, and who, as more and more food was needed to be imported, were thrust into that hopeless condition. The laborers of the Continent, quieted by cheaper food and happier circumstances, are strangers to the combinations which in England have lowered the skill, impaired the morals, and diminished the effectiveness of their manufacturing industry, as compared with that of France, Belgium, and Germany. The superiority of the latter in many respects over the English, added to other causes, is, however, having its effects. At Bolton, in Lancashire, the laborers a few days ago treated the demand for a reduction of five per cent. on the wages paid in cotton factories with a respect wholly unknown. In various other departments of industry strikes have been settled by workmen on a basis which concedes the inability of the capitalist to continue high wages in the face of the competition to which labor is now exposed. This change in tone comes late, but it is yet possible to create a joint interest between classes hitherto opposed which may so improve the habits and industry of the operative as to make English competition with the world on the basis of free-trade harmless to the Kingdom. Complete harmony is now essential to success.

The slow recovery in England from the financial explosion which, in 1866, followed the wildly speculative creation of companies on the policy of a limited liability, and the unexpected and unwelcome termination of the war in the United States, is attributed by many to the high price of raw cotton; but the English grain crops of 1867 and 1868 having been bad, the large population, deprived of much of their food, were only small consumers of manufactured products. The diminished consumption of cotton goods in 1867 in England was equivalent to 50,000,000 pounds weight. Other manufacturing nations in Europe had to pay for raw cotton on the same or worse terms than the English—they were supplied with it largely through England—but whatever suffering they encountered from the high price of that staple was not attributed to a cause applicable equally to all nations except India and the United States, which were both growers and manufacturers of cotton. Portions of the English manufacturers clamor for protection instead of free-trade, and for encouraging the growth of cotton in expensive India, as the remedies for unprofitable labor. But protection would concede inferiority and prevent recuperation; and the effort to elevate this culture in India will be fruitless against the superior climate and lands of the cotton-growing region in the South, and against the education and skill of Southern planters, who can raise enough of this staple at low prices—which must soon prevail—to supply the world.

When the true causes of English stagnation are fully understood and admitted, a powerful effort will be made to remove those restrictions on the part of capital and labor, to recover the lost ground, even although reciprocity in the policy of other nations may not be allowed. The ground assumed by the English of ability to compete with all others, which for years was successfully maintained, can not be abandoned without continued and hopeless distress.

It is supposed that a million of laboring men in England, with their families, numbering four millions more, might be converted into agricultural laborers, if the land now appropriated to the parks of the aristocracy were opened to cultivation. As the struggle now going on involves the life or death of those who do not emigrate, it would seem that these parks must be applied to cultivation under a system of laws which no longer encourage landed accumulation. This change will undoubtedly help the industry of England, but at the expense of the property which, held by gross neglect of high duties, and by a dedication of their lives to frivolities and dissipation, have wasted and forfeited, their hereditary claims. The increasing power of the uneducated classes has been invited by rulers whose prestige and strength have been voluntarily wasted.

The gravest difficulty which now disturbs the nation is the Irish question—not free, in the view of many, of complication with the United States. The large immigration into the United States of Irishmen loaded with hostility to England, and their connection with the Democratic party, create the fear that in the Democracy should succeed in the elections, the Government here might be urged into at least a very unfriendly attitude to England. But apart from this complication the question in its domestic shape threatens the peace of the Kingdom. Sympathy with Ireland, on the ground of oppression which can not be practiced by landlords, has moved those laboring classes which have lately been invested with the ballot; and threatens to involve the whole without much obstruction from the Government. Landlords are driven away, and the tenant is likely to become master of the field in scorn of English ascendency.

The difficulty is much deeper than is admitted. The difference in religion is at the bottom of it—a contest which can not be settled to be composed except on the basis of a complete triumph. The question is part of the wider one which has conquered nations once, and the universal prevalence of Roman Catholicism. The human mind fails to measure the extent of this conflict, which has been active since the Reformation, and is now struggling every where for empire. England may gain peace for a time by conceding independence to Ireland, but in the end she must be—must ultimately share in the universal struggle.

In looking at the present aspect of things, it would seem that Providence is furnishing the world with additional proof that it is not here that happiness and repose may be found, at least when just conditions are neglected. Spain and Italy are convulsed with revolution. France is disturbed with fear of such an event in case of NAPOLEON'S death. Some of the South American republics are in arms. China full insists on overthrowing the power of England for the first time abandons her colonial policy, fearing that its continuance may embroil her with other powers. The United States affords evidence, in many portions of it, that our republican system is afflicted with such deep corruption as to produce the apprehensions which drew from the English premier his gravest but ominous admissions. The times call for wisdom, virtue, and prudence there and here, or wide-spread confusion may follow. England must summon all of her resolution to overcome the serious difficulties which threaten her industry and her government.

YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

In the golden age of the Republic, Captain RYNDERS and his mob silenced MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT, in the Broadway Tabernacle, because of her intolerant and incendiary declaration of the equal right of innocent Americans to personal liberty. But Captain RYNDERS and his mob, although characteristic defenders of the true Democratic faith and practice, had symptoms of public decency, failed to save the great Goliath for whom they fought. The gentle words of MRS. MOTT were more powerful than all the oaths and shillalahs of the Empire Club, and, like the smooth stones from the brook, slew the huge giant of the Captain's idolatry.

It is a lesson which the young gentlemen of the Philadelphia Medical School might ponder with advantage. The authorities recently opened the medical lectures of the school to young women, and a class of twenty-five attended. They were modest, intelligent, and sincerely interested in the study of a profession which, in many branches and under many circumstances, it is most desirable that women should practice, and of course should practice with every advantage and with the best possible preparation. In the lecture hall, with the twenty-five young women, sat three or four hundred other young persons, sarcastically called young gentlemen. These last indulged their wit and humor before the beginning of the lecture by shouting, "Ha! ha!" to two or three of the managers of the hospital who were Quakers. After the lecture began, they were quiet. But the lecture was followed by a case of practical surgery, the treatment of a young man with a broken thigh. In the midst of the operation the young gentlemen burst into roars of mock applause, stamping, clapping, and shouting whenever it advanced at the twenty-five young women, who sat calmly, intent upon their duty. But lest the manifest desertion of their proper sphere by the young women hat not been sufficiently demonstrated by the young gentlemen, the latter, when the ladies came out, crowded them from the footwalk into the carriage across the hospital grounds.

Like the conduct of Captain RYNDERS and his mob, this of the Philadelphia young gentlemen was brave and manly. But, we fear, that it is, like the other, the full fail of its purpose. If there are young women—and we assure them young gentlemen that there are a great many—who are anxious to accomplish themselves in medical and surgical science and practice, they know that the most disgusting obstacle they will encounter is not the nature of the study, but the conduct of the young gentlemen, their fellow-students. Are those young gentlemen not able to see that such conduct as theirs of the other day, instead of persuading modest women that women should not pursue such studies, only deepens the resolve of every self-respecting woman that she will do all that she can by example to help sisters who are inclined to these studies, were it only to save herself in delicate and critical moments from the possible misconception and professional treatment of the other sex?

GENERAL JORDAN UPON CUBA.

GENERAL JORDAN, Adjutant-General of the Army of Cuba, gives in a recent letter some information as to the military situation of the country as he views it. He says that the Cuban cause has no absolute need of foreign soldiers of any kind. Cuba can arm numbers 26,800 men who have arms; and it is followed by 40,000 liberated slaves armed with the machetes—a weapon half hatchet and half machete. The people are in arms and clothed. If the Cubans had 75,000 stands of arms, he is very sure they could end the war in ninety days. They have conquered the large cities and ports because, having no artillery, they could not hold them. Meanwhile there are 30,000 Cuban ladies "living an ordinary life, half starved, half naked, half useless, suffering indescribably, and absolutely requiring clothes and shelter.

This statement from the camp of the revolutionary army is certainly not encouraging for the Cuban cause. General JORDAN does not say that the revolutionary leaders have money to spend between a bright hope and the eastern Pacific Railroad passenger train. A Pullman palace car, with other passenger cars were demolished, and from fifteen to twenty persons injured.

The large frame building known as the Republican Wigwam, at Chicago, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 18th.

The first stone of the new Post-office building in the city was laid on the afternoon of the 18th.

Among Kendall, the veteran politician, died in Washington, on Thursday, in his eighty-fifth year. He was one of the delegates to the Chicago Democratic Convention which nominated General McClellan for President.

Major-General Wool died at TROY, November 10, in his eighty-fifth year.

Hon. ROBERT A. Walker died at his residence, in Washington, November 11, aged sixty-eight.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Bishop of London on the 15th delivered a funeral sermon on the late Queen Dowager of Westminster Abbey. The Bishop said no untitled commoner ever died around his grave so large a concourse of sincere mourners as George Peabody. The sermon, although a long one, is full of high praise for others, especially for the poor. Simple in his habits, unostentatious, a man of great wealth, his enjoyment is beneficence. It was his business to gather riches that he might give it away. His name would be the heritage of two great nations, and would be honored by millions of the cool-headed Old and New America.

George Peabody, just before his death, made an additional donation of £150,000 to the Peabody Fund in aid of the London poor.

A monster demonstration in honor of Henri Rochefort was made in the streets of Paris on the night of November 12.

The Italian Cabinet approves of the choice of the Duke of Genoa for the Spanish throne.

Admiral Topete has been elected Vice-President of the Spanish Cortes.

The cold lists more than 600 Americans attend the German universities.

The entire Russian army is to be provided with breech-loaders.

Latin will be the language of the Œcumenical Council, and a uniform pronunciation is to be fixed, in order that the assembly, owing to the diversity of accents, need not degenerate into a second Tower of Babel.

The Bishop of Orleans, France, declares that he will abide by the decisions of the Œcumenical Council, whether they be right or wrong. The Archbishop of Paris, on November 1, opposing the adoption of Papal infallibility by the Council, without discussion, is reported to have been instigated by Napoleon.

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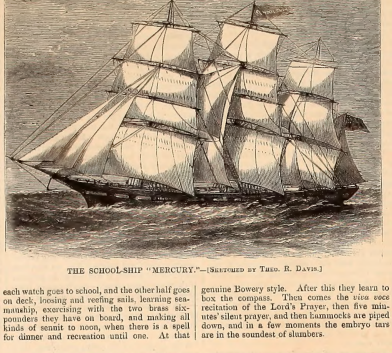
THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."

It is only quite recently that practical philanthropists have directed their attention to the homeless boys of our large cities. It was known that our criminal classes were fed from these "Arabs" of the street; but beyond the punishment of those detected in guilt nothing was done—no effort was made in a practicable and sensible way, looking toward the *prevention* of crime or the rescue of unfortunate youth. Lately, however, something has been accomplished in this direction by the Children's Aid Refuge. This plan locked in one important respect. Escaping from the Refuge, the boys in most cases went back to the street, and, under the influence of the old temptations, resumed their former evil courses.

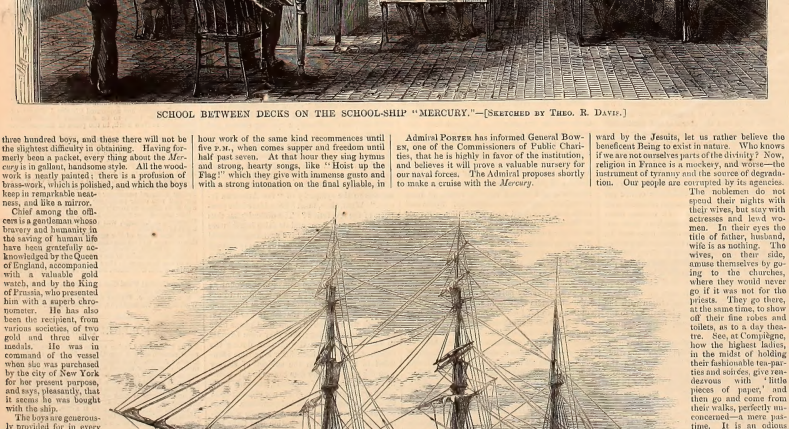
We think it was in Boston that the idea first originated of training neglected boys for seamen. A school-ship was instituted for this purpose in Boston; and our Commissioners of Public Charities have adopted a similar idea in this city, and the boys from Blackwell's and Hart's islands have been drafted into the school-ship *Mercury*. This ship, of which we give an illustration on this page, arrived off the Battery November 1. She was formerly a Havre packet, a noble vessel, 200 feet in length, 40 feet beam, and 24 feet in depth, and about 1600 tons register. Her dimensions between decks are 74 feet. Her accommodations and fitting up in cabins, storerooms, etc., are perfection. She has been arranged for 300 boys, though at present there are only 114 on board; but there are 100 at Hart's Island eagerly waiting for the necessary uniforms to come on board. These, as well as every thing possible, are made at the various institutions; and therefore the delay is altogether unavoidable. The yards are so heavy that, to fill all the stations in man-of-war style, it absolutely requires



THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

each watch goes to school, and the other half goes on deck, loosing and reefing sails, learning seamanship, exercising with the two brass six-pounders they have on board, and making all kinds of semait to noon, when there is a spell for dinner and recreation until one. At that

genuine Bowery style. After this they learn to box the compass. Then comes the *vivo voce* recitation of the Lord's Prayer, then five minutes' silent prayer, and then hammocks are piped down, and in a few moments the embryo tars are in the soundest of slumbers.



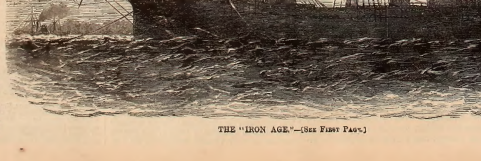
SCHOOL BETWEEN DECKS ON THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

three hundred boys, and these there will not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining. Having formerly been a packet, every thing about the *Mercury* is in gallant, handsome style. All the woodwork is neatly painted: there is a profusion of brass-work, which is polished, and which the boys keep in remarkable neatness, and like a mirror.

Chief among the officers is a gentleman whose bravery and humanity in the saving of human life have been gratefully acknowledged by the Queen of England, accompanied with a valuable gold watch, and by the King of Prussia, who presented him with a superb chronometer. He has also been the recipient, from various societies, of two gold and three silver medals. He was in command of the vessel when she was purchased by the city of New York for her present purpose, and very pleasantly, that it seems he was bought with the ship.

The boys are generously provided for in every thing touching their comfort. They are divided into starboard and port watches, in naval style, and are well and warmly clothed in naval uniforms, having round their blue cap a ribbon with *Mercury* in golden letters. They rise at half past five (at five A.M. in summer), stow away their hammocks and wash the decks, clean the brass-work, and make things ship-shape, until half past seven, when they have breakfast. Then half of hour work of the same kind recommences until five P.M., when comes supper and freedom until half past seven. At that hour they sing hymns and strong, hearty songs, like "Hoist up the Flag!" which they give with immense gusto and with a strong intonation on the final syllable, in

Admiral PORTER has informed General BOWEN, one of the Commissioners of Public Charities, that he is highly in favor of the institution, and believes it will prove a valuable nursery for our naval forces. The Admiral proposes shortly to make a cruise with the *Mercury*.



THE "IRON AGE."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE.

It has been charged, by the Roman Catholics, against Protestantism that the freedom of thought and conscience which the latter has nourished has been the cause of modern infidelity. Not only is this charge without foundation as against Protestantism, but it may with justice be hurled back against those who make it.

In Protestant England and America both political and religious liberty have found their boldest champions, and have been developed to their largest growth, and under the most healthful conditions. On the other hand, in Roman Catholic Spain, France, and Italy civil freedom has been choked by the atmosphere; it has breathed by gasps; its life has been perpetuated through a *series* of violent revolutions, and it has never gained a permanent triumph. Freedom of thought in these countries has been developed under the same morbid conditions. As their political revolutionists have always substituted anarchy for despotism, so their scientists and philosophers have almost invariably sought refuge from priestcraft in infidelity.

The present condition of France in these respects is very plainly shown in the attitude of M. Raspail, the editor of the *Rèveil*, and one of the radical deputies of the Corps Legislatif. His opinions, as taken from his own lips, are published in the New York *Herald*. We will give a brief extract from this correspondence, showing the religious condition of France, and the peculiar views to which men of thought, disgusted with the corruption of the Romish Church, are driven.

"Religion," says M. Raspail, "must be based on morality—on our conscience. It must be *in* the bottom of the heart, or nowhere. We know nothing in regard to who or what is God. Rather than adopt all the *mistseries* (stuff) put forward by the Jesuits, let us rather believe the beneficent Being to exist in nature. Who knows if we are not ourselves parts of the divinity? Now, religion in France is a mockery, and worse—the instrument of tyranny and the source of degradation. Our people are corrupted by its agencies. The noblemen do not spend their nights with their wives, but stay with actresses and lewd women. In their eyes the title of father, husband, wife is as nothing. The wives, on their side, amuse themselves by going to the churches, where they would never go if it was not for the priests. They go there, at the same time, to show off their fine robes and toilets, as to a day theatre. See, at Compiègne, how the highest ladies, in the midst of holding their fashionable tea-parties and soirées, give rendezvous with 'little pieces of paper,' and then go and come from their walks, perfectly unconcerned—a mere pastime. It is an odious disgrace that our France of to-day should be filled with so many convents, which are real hotbeds of infamy and degradation for humanity. Here we have, inhabiting these numerous religious establishments, a vast army of over 100,000 persons, who are all the time engaged in disseminating infamy and in corrupting women—the wives and daughters of the people. Now these persons should be removed from such a state."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROLOGUE.—THE IRISH MARRIAGE.

Part the Second.

THE MARCH OF TIME.

ADVANCING from time past to time present, the Prologue leaves the date last attained (the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five), and travels on through an interval of twelve years—tells who lived, who died, who prospered, and who failed among the persons concerned in the tragedy at the Hampstead villa—and, this done, leaves the reader at the opening of The Scene, in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

The record begins with a marriage—the marriage of Mr. Vanborough and Lady Jane Parnell.

In three months from the memorable day when his solicitor had informed him that he was a free man, Mr. Vanborough possessed the wife he desired, he gave the head of his table and to push his fortunes in the world—the Legislature of Great Britain being the humble servant of his treachery, and the respectable accomplice of his crime.

He entered Parliament. He gave (thanks to his wife) six of the grandest dinners, and two of the most crowded balls of the season. He made a successful first speech in the House of Commons. He endowed a church in a poor neighborhood. He wrote an article which attracted attention in a quarterly review. He discovered, denounced, and remedied a crying abuse in the administration of a public charity. He received (thanks once more to his wife) a member of the Royal family among the visitors at his country house in the autumn recess. These were his triumphs, and this his rate of progress on the way to the peerage, during the first year of his life as the husband of Lady Jane.

There was but one more favor that Fortune could confer on her spoiled child—and Fortune bestowed it. There was a spot on Mr. Vanborough's past life as long as the woman lived whom he had disowned and deserted. At the end of the first year Death took her—and the spot was rubbed out.

She had met the merciless injury inflicted on her with a true patience, with an admirable courage. It is due to Mr. Vanborough to admit that he broke her heart, with the strictest attention to propriety. He offered (through his lawyer) a handsome provision for her and for her child. It was rejected, without an instant's hesitation. She repudiated his money—she repudiated his name. By the name which she had borne in her maiden days—the name which she had made illustrious in her art—the mother and daughter were known to all who cared to inquire after them when they had sunk in the world.

There was no false pride in the resolute attitude which she thus assumed after her husband had forsaken her. Mrs. Silvester (as she was now called) gratefully accepted for herself, and for Miss Silvester, the assistance of the dear old friend who had found her again in her distress, and who remained faithful to her to the end. They lived with Lady Lundie until the mother was strong enough to carry out the plan of life which she had arranged for the future, and to earn her bread as a teacher of singing. To all appearance she rallied, and became herself again, in a few months' time. She was making her way; she was winning sympathy, confidence, and respect every where—when she sank suddenly at the opening of her new life. Nobody could account for it. The doctors themselves were divided in opinion. Scientifically speaking, there was no reason why she should die. It was a mere figure of speech—in no degree satisfactory to any reasonable mind—to say, as Lady Lundie said, that she had got her death-blow on the day when her husband deserted her. The one thing certain was the fact—account for it as you might. In spite of science (which meant little), in spite of her own courage (which meant much), the woman dropped at her post and died.

In the latter part of her illness her mind gave way. The friend of her old school-days, sitting at the bedside, heard her talking as if she thought herself back again in the cabin of the ship. The poor soul found the time, almost the task, that had been lost for so many years—the time of the past time when the two girls had gone their different ways in the world. She said, "we will meet, darling, with all the old confidence," just as she had said almost a lifetime since. Before the end her mind rallied. She surprised the doctor and the nurse by begging them gently to leave the room. When they had gone she looked at Lady Lundie, and woke, as it seemed, to consciousness from a dream.

"Blanche," she said, "you will take care of my child?"

"She shall be my child, Anne, when you are gone."

The dying woman paused, and thought for a little. A sudden trembling seized her.

"Keep it a secret!" she said. "I am afraid for my child."

"Afraid? After what I have promised you?"

She solemnly repeated the words, "I am afraid for my child."

"Why?"

"My Anne is my second self—isn't she?"

"Yes."

"She is as fond of your child as I was of you?"

"Yes."

"She is not called by her father's name—she is called by mine. She is Anne Silvester as I was. Blanche! *Will she end like Me?*"

The question was put with the imboiling breath, with the hasty accents which tell of the death in fear. It chilled the living woman who heard it to the marrow of her bones.

"Don't think that!" she cried, horror-struck. "For God's sake, don't think that!"

The wildness began to appear again in Anne Silvester's eyes. She made feebly-imploring signs with her hands. Lady Lundie bent over her, and heard her whisper, "Lift me up."

She let her friend raise her—she loaded up in her friend's face; she went back wildly to her fear for her child.

"Don't keep her up like Me! She must be a governess—she must get her bread. Don't let her act! don't let her sing! don't let her go on the stage! She must be happy—she must gradually recovered its sweetness of tone—she smiled faintly—like the old girlish world once more, in the old girlish way, "Vow to Blanche. Lady Lundie kissed her, and answered, as she had answered when they parted in the ship, "I vow it, Anne!"

The head sunk, never to be lifted more. The last look of life flickered on the dying eyes and went out. For a moment afterward her lips moved. Lady Lundie put her ear close to them, and heard the question reiterated, in the same dreadful words: "She is Anne Silvester—as I was. *Will she end like Me?*"

VI.

Five years passed—and the lives of the three men who had sat at the dinner-table in the Hampstead villa began, in their altered aspects, to reveal the progress of time and change.

Andrew Mr. Delamayn's Mr. Vanborough. Let the order in which they are here named be the order in which their lives are related, as seen once more after a lapse of five years.

How the husband's friend marked his sense of the husband's treachery has been told already. How he felt the death of the deserted wife is still to be told. Report, which once misnamed hearts of men, and delights in turning them outward to the public view, had always declared that Mr. Vanborough's life had its secret, and that the secret was a hopeless passion for the beautiful woman who had married his friend. Not a hint ever stepped to any living ear, which, if it could ever spoken to the woman herself, could be produced in proof of the assertion while the woman lived. When she died Report started up again, more confidently than ever, and appealed to the man's own conduct as proof against the man himself.

He attended the funeral—though he was no relation. He took a few blades of grass from the turf which bent over the grave—and, even when he thought that nobody was looking at him. He disappeared from his club. He traveled. He came back. He inhabited the house—grew weary of England. He applied for, and obtained, an appointment in one of the colonies. To what profession did all this point? Was it not plain that his usual course of life had lost its attraction for him, when the object of his infatuation had ceased to exist? It might have been so—guesses less likely have been made at the truth, and have hit the mark. It is, at any rate, certain that he left England, never to return again. Another man lost, Report said. Add to that, a man in ten thousand—and, for once, Report might claim to be right.

Mr. Delamayn comes next.

The rising solicitor was struck off the roll, at his own request—and entered himself as a student at one of the Inns of Court. For three years nothing was known of him but that he was reading hard and keeping his terms. He was called to the Bar. His late partners in the firm knew that he could trust him, and put business into his hands. In two years he made himself a position in Court. At the end of the two years he made himself a position *out* of Court. He appeared as "Junior" in "a famous case," in which the honor of a great family, and the title to a great estate were concerned. His "Senior" fell ill on the eve of the trial. He conducted the case for the defendant and won it. The defendant said, "What can I do for you?" Mr. Delamayn answered, "Put me into Parliament." Being a landed gentleman, the defendant had only to issue the necessary orders—and behold, Mr. Delamayn was in Parliament!

In the House of Commons the new member and Mr. Vanborough met again.

They sat on the same bench, and sided with the same party. Mr. Delamayn noticed that Mr. Vanborough was looking old and worn and gray. He put a few questions to a well-informed person. The well-informed person shook his head. Mr. Vanborough was rich; Mr. Vanborough was well-connected (through his wife); Mr. Vanborough was a sound man in every sense of the word; *but*—nobody liked him. He had done very well the first year, and there it had ended. He was undeniably clever, but he produced a disagreeable impression in the House. He gave splendid entertainments, but he wasn't popular in society. His party respected him, but when they had any thing to give they passed him over. He had a temper of his own, if the truth must be told; and with nothing against him—on the contrary, with every thing in his favor—he didn't make friends. A soured man. At home and abroad, a soured man.

VII.

Five years more passed, dating from the day when the deserted wife was laid in her grave. It was now the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

On a certain day in that year two special items of news appeared in the papers—the news of an elevation to the peerage, and the news of a suicide.

Getting on well at the Bar, Mr. Delamayn got on better still in Parliament. He became one of the prominent men in the House. Spoke clearly, sensibly, and modestly, and was never too long. Held the House, where men of higher abilities "bored" it. The chiefs of his party said openly, "We must do something for Delamayn." The opportunity offered, and the chiefs kept their word. Their Solicitor-General was advanced a step, and they put Delamayn in his place. There was an outcry on the part of the older members of the Bar. The Ministry answered, "We want a man who is listened to in the House, and we have got him." The papers supported the new nomination. A great debate came off, and the new Solicitor-General justified the Ministry and the papers. His enemies said, derisively, "He will be Lord Chancellor in a year or two!" His friends made genial jokes at his domestic circle, which pointed to the same conclusion. They warned his two sons, Julius and Geoffrey (then at college), to be careful what acquaintances they made, as they might find themselves the sons of a lord at a moment's notice. It really began to look like something of the sort. Always rising, Mr. Delamayn rose next to be Attorney-General. About the same time—so true it is that "nothing succeeds like success"—a childless relative died and left him a fortune. In the summer of sixty-six a Chief Judgeship fell vacant. The Ministry had made a previous appointment which had been universally unpopular. They saw their way to supplying the place of their Attorney-General, and they offered the judicial appointment to Mr. Delamayn. He preferred remaining in the House of Commons, and refused to accept it. The Ministry declined to take No for an answer. They whispered confidentially, "Will you take it with a peerage?" Mr. Delamayn consulted his wife, and took it with a peerage. The London *Gazette* announced him to the world as Baron Holchester of Holchester. And all the friends of the family rubbed their hands and said, "What did we tell you? Here are our two young friends, Julius and Geoffrey, the sons of a lord!"

And where was Mr. Vanborough all this time? Exactly where we left him five years since.

He was as rich, or richer, than ever. He was as well-connected as ever. He was as ambitious as ever. But there it ended. He stood still in the House; he stood still in society; nobody liked him; he made no friends. He was all the old story over again, with this difference, that the soured man was sourer; the gray head, grayer; and the irritable temper more unendurable than ever. His wife had her rooms in the house and he had his, and the confidential servants took care that they never met on the stairs. They had no children. They only saw each other at their grand dinners and balls. People ate at their table, and danced on their floor, and compared notes afterward, and said how dull it was. Step by step the man who had once been Mr. Vanborough's lawyer rose, till the peerage received him, and he could rise no longer; while Mr. Vanborough, on the lower round of the ladder, looked up, and noted it, with no more chance (rich as he was and well-connected as he was) of climbing to the House of Lords than your chance or mine.

The man's career was ended; and on the day when the nomination of the new peer was announced, the man ended with it.

He laid the newspaper aside without making any remark, and went out. His carriage set him down, where the green fields still remain, on the northwest of London, near the foot-path which leads to Hampstead. He walked alone to the villa where he had once lived with the woman whom he had so cruelly wronged. Yew houses had risen round it, part of the old garden had been sold and built on. After a moment's hesitation he went to the gate and rang the bell. He gave the servant his card. The servant's master knew the name as the name of a man

"WILL SHE END LIKE ME?"

of great wealth, and of a Member of Parliament. He asked politely to what fortunate circumstance he owed the honor of that visit. Mr. Vanborough answered, briefly and simply, "I once lived here; I have associations with the place with which it is not necessary for me to trouble you. Will you excuse what must seem to you a very strange request? I should like to see the dining-room again, if there is no objection, and if I am disturbing nobody."

The "strange requests" of rich men are of the nature of "privileged communications," and, in excellent reason, that they are sure not to be requests for money. Mr. Vanborough was shown into the dining-room. The master of the house, secretly wondering, watched him.

He walked straight to a certain spot on the carpet, not far from the window that led into the garden, and then opposite the door. On that spot he stood silently, with his head on his breast —thinking. Was it *there* he had sent her for the last time, on the day when he left the room forever? Yes; it was there. After a minute or so he roused himself, bowed to the company, absent manner. He said it was a pretty place, and expressed his thanks, and looked back before the door closed, and then went his way again. His carriage picked him up where it had set him down. He drove to the residence of the new Lord Hindlemere, and left a card for him.

Then he went home. Arrived at his house, his secretary reminded him that he had an appointment in ten minutes' time. He thanked the secretary in the same dreamy, absent manner in which he had thanked the owner of the villa, and went into his library alone. The person with whom he had made the appointment came, and the secretary sent the valet on pretense to knock at the door. There was no answer. On trying the lock it proved to be turned inside. They broke open the door, and found him lying on the sofa. They went close to look—and found him dead by his own hand.

VIII.

Drawing fast to its close, the Prologue reverts to the two girls—Nellie, in a few words, how the years passed with Anne and Blanche.

Lady Lundie more than redeemed the solemn pledge that was given to her friend. Preserved from every temptation which might lure her into a longing to follow her mother's example; trained for a teacher's life, with all the arts and all the advantages that money could procure, Anne's first and only essays in governess were made, under Lady Lundie's own roof, on Lady Lundie's own child. The difference in the ages of the girls—seven years—the love between them, which seemed, as time went on, to grow with their growth, favored the trial of the experiment. In the double relation of teacher and friend to little Blanche, the girlhood of Anne Silvester the younger passed safely, happily, successfully, in the modern sanctuary of home. Who could imagine a contrast more complete than the contrast between her early life and her mother's? Who could see any thing but a death-bed delusion in the terrible question which had tortured the mother's last moments—Was the end like Me?"

But two events of importance occurred in the quiet family circle during the lapse of years which is now under review. In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight the household was enlivened by the arrival of Sir Thomas Lundie. In eighteen hundred and sixty-five the household was broken up by the return of Sir Thomas to India, accompanied by his wife.

Lady Lundie's health had been failing for some time previously. The medical men, consulted on the case, agreed that a sea-voyage was the best change needful to restore their patient's wasted strength—exactly at the time, as it happened, when Sir Thomas was due again in England. For his wife's sake, he agreed to defer his return, by taking the sea-voyage with her. The one difficulty to get over was the difficulty of leaving Blanche and Anne behind in England.

Appealed to on this point, the doctors had declared that a sufficiently critical time of life they could not sanction her going to India with her mother. At the same time, near and dear relatives came forward, who were ready and anxious to give Blanche and her governess a home—Sir Thomas, on his arrival, engaging to take his wife back in a year and a half, or, at most, in two years' time. Assailed in all directions, Lady Lundie's maternal willingness to leave the girls was overruled. She consented to the parting—with a mind secretly depressed, and secretly doubtful of the future.

At the last moment she drew Anne Silvester on one side, out of hearing of the rest. Anne was then a young woman of twenty-two, and Blanche a girl of fifteen.

"My dear," she said, simply, "I must tell you what I can not tell Sir Thomas, and what I am afraid to tell Blanche. I am going away, with a mind that oppresses me. I am going away, I shall not live to return to England; and, when I am dead, I believe my husband will marry again. Years ago your mother was named as her death-bed, about your future. I am uneasy, now, about Blanche's future. I promised my dear dead friend that you should be like her own child to me—and it quieted her mind. Quiet my mind, Anne, before I go. Whatever happens in your future, promise me to be always, what you are now, a sister to Blanche."

She held out her hand for the last time. With a full heart Anne Silvester kissed it, and gave the promise.

IX.

In two months from that time one of the forebodings which had weighed on Lady Lundie's mind was fulfilled. She died on the voyage, and was buried at sea.

In a year more the second misgiving was confirmed. Sir Thomas Lundie married again. He brought his second wife to England toward the close of eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Time, in the new household, promised to pass as quietly as in the old. Sir Thomas remembered and respected the trust which his first wife had placed in Anne. The second Lady Lundie, wisely guiding her conduct in this matter by the conduct of her husband, left things as she found them in the new house. At the opening of eighteen hundred and sixty-seven the relations between Anne and Blanche were embarrassed by no difficulties of any kind. The prospect in the future was as fair as a prospect could be.

At this date, of the persons concerned in the tragedy of twelve years since at the Hampstead villa, three were dead; and one was self-exiled in a foreign land. There now remained living Anne and Blanche, who had been children at the time; and the miserable sailor who had divorced the elder in the Irish marriage—once Mr. Delamayn: now Lord Holchester.

The Story.

FIRST SCENE.—THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE OWLS.

In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three there lived, in a certain county of North Britain, two venerable White Owls.

The Owls inhabited a decayed and deserted summer-house. The summer-house stood in the grounds attached to a country seat in Perthshire, known by the name of Windygates.

The situation in which the Owls made their skilfully chosen in that part of the county where the fertile lowlands first begin to merge into the mountain-tracts of the north. The mansion-house was intelligently laid out, and luxuriously furnished. The stables offered a desirable combination of size and the gardens and grounds were fit for a prince.

Possessed of these advantages, at starting, Windygates, nevertheless, went the road to ruin in due course of time. The curse of litigation fell on landed lords. And the Owls knew, from years an interminable lawsuit coiled itself closer and closer round the place, sequestering it from human habitation, and even from human approach. The mansion was closed. The garden became a wilderness of weeds. The summer-house crumbled piecemeal, creeping plants and the appearance of the creepers was followed by the appearance of the birds of night.

For years the Owls had reigned undisturbed on the property which they had acquired by the oldest of all existing rights—the right of taking. Throughout the day they slept undisturbed in solemn, with closed eyes, in the cool darkness shed round them by the ivy. With the twilight they issued in search of food. At the time they would best a field like a setter dog, and drop down in an instant on a mouse unaware. Or, pretty, she was plump, she was fair. She was not the least embarrassed by her prominent position. She was dressed in the height of the fashion. A hat, like a cheese-plate, was tilted over her forehead. A balloon of light brown hair soared, fully inflated, from the crown of her head. A cataract of beads poured over her bosom. A pair of cock-chafers in enamel (frightfully like the living originals) hung at her ears. Her scanty skirts shone splendid with the blue of heaven. Her ankles twinkled in striped stockings. Her shoes were pronounced by connoisseurs to be "Watteau." And her heels were of the height at which men shudder, and ask themselves in agony whether an otherwise lovable woman), "Can this charming person straighten her knees?"

The good lady thus presenting herself to the general view was Miss Blanche Lundie—once the little rosy Blanche whom the Prologue has introduced at a tender age, at the present time, eighteen. Position, excellent. Money, certain. Temper, quick. Disposition, variable. As a whole, a child in boundless time—with the merits of the age we live in, and the failings of the age we live in—and a substance of sincerity and truth and feeling everything is all.

"Now then, good people," cried Miss Blanche, "silence, if you please! We are going to discuss politics at croquet. Business, business, business!"

Upon this, a second lady among the company assumed a position of prominence, and asserted her claim to attention. She had just spoken with a look of mild reproof, and in a tone of benevolent protest.

The second lady was tall, and solid, and fivefand-thirty. She presented to the general observation a round face, an obstinate straight nose, a chin, magnificent dark hair and eyes, a serene splendor of fawn-colored apparel, and a busy grace of movement which was attractive at first sight, but inexpressibly monotonous and wearisome on a longer acquaintance. This was Lady Lundie's second, now the widow (after four months only of married life) of Sir Thomas Lundie, deceased. In other words, the step-mother of Blanche, and the only female person who had taken the house and lands of Windygates.

"My dear," said Lady Lundie, "you might have their manners improved by a young lady's lips. Do you call Croquet, 'business'?"

"You don't call it pleasure, surely?" said a gravely ironical voice in the back-ground of the summer-house.

The ranks of the visitors parted before the last speaker, and disclosed to view, in the midst of that modern assembly, a gentleman of the bygone time.

The manner of this gentleman was distinguished by a pliant grace and courtesy unknown to the present generation. The attire of this gentleman was composed of a many-folded white cravat, a close-buttoned blue dress-coat, and nankeen trowsers with gaiters to match, ridiculous to the present generation. The talk of this gentleman ran in an easy flow—revealing an independent habit of mind, and exhibiting a carefully-polished opacity of the satirical retort-courteous, and disliked by the present generation. Personally, he was little and wiry and slim—with a bright white head, and sparkling black eyes, and a wry twist of humor curling sharply at the corners of his lips. At his lower extremities, he wisely decided the doubtful question of age known as "a club-foot." But he carried his lameness, as he carried his years, gayly. He was socially celebrated for his very cane, which was a snuff-box artfully let into the knob at the top—and he was socially dreaded for a hatred of modern institutions, which expressed itself in sayings out of season, and which always showed the same fatal knack of hitting smartly on the weakest point. His name was Sir Patrick Lundie; brother of the late baronet, Sir Thomas; and inheritor, at Sir Thomas's death, of the title and estates.

Miss Blanche, taking no notice of her stepmother's reproof, or of her uncle's commentary on it—pointed to a table on which croquet-balls and hoops were laid ready, and recalled the attention of the company to the matter in hand.

"Come, ladies and gentlemen," she resumed. "And Lady Lundie heads the other. We choose our players turn and turn about. Mamma has the advantage of me in years. So mamma chooses first."

With a look at her step-daughter—which, being now apparently pacified, "I would send you back to the nursery, miss, if I could!"—Lady Lundie turned, and ran her eye over her guests. She was a woman who made up her mind, beforehand, what player to pick out first.

"I choose Miss Silvester," she said—with special emphasis laid on the name.

At that there was another parting among the crowd. To us (who know her), it was Anne who now appeared. Strangers, who saw her for the first time, saw a lady in the prime of her life —a lady plainly dressed in unpretending materials, whose manners, slowly and confronted the mistress of the house.

A certain proportion—and not a small one—of the men in the lawn-party had been brought there by friends who were privileged to introduce them. The moment she appeared on the scene, the second lady became interested in the lady who had been chosen first.

"That's a very charming woman," whispered one of the strangers at the house to one of the friends of the house. "Who is she?"

The friend looked at the lawn.

"Miss Lundie's governess—that's all."

The moment during which the question was put and answered was also the moment which brought Lady Lundie and Miss Silvester face to face, in the presence of the company.

The stranger at the house looked at the two women, and whispered again.

"Something wrong between the lady and the governess."

The friend looked also, and answered, in one emphatic word:

"Evidently!"

There are certain women whose influence over men is an unfathomable mystery to observers of their own sex. The governess was one of those women. She had inherited the charm, but not the beauty, of her unhappy mother. Judge her by the talent set up in the illustrated gift-books and the print-shop windows—and the sentence must have inevitably followed. She has not a single good feature in her face.'

There was nothing individually remarkable about the nose, the mouth, or the complexion. Miss Silvester, seen in a state of repose, was the type of the average height. She was as well made as most women. In hair and complexion, she was neither light nor dark. Her physique generally, just between the two. Worse even than this, there were positive defects in her face, which it was impossible to overlook. A nervous contraction at one corner of her mouth drew up the lips out of the symmetrically right line, when she moved. A nervous uneasiness in the eyes on the same side narrowly escaped presenting the deformity of a "cast." And yet, with these undoubted drawbacks, here was one of those women — the formidable few — who have the hearts of men and the peace of families at their mercy. Miss Silvester—and Anne was more subtle charm, Sir, in the movement, that made you look back, and suspend your conversation with your friend, and set her silently while she walked. She set by you and talked to you—and behold, the commonplace words assumed new meaning, the new turn of your nerves thrill if she touched you by accident, and set your heart beating if she looked at you. She sat by you, and felt her breath on your face. All this, let it be well understood, only happened if you were a man. If you were a woman, in the eyes of a woman, the results were of quite another kind. In that case, you merely turned to your nearest female friend, and said, with unaffected pity for the other sex, "What can the men see in her!"

The eyes of the lady of the house and the eyes of the governess met—and the contrast burst on either side. Few people could have failed to see, what the stranger and the friend had noticed alike—that there was something smouldering under the surface here. Miss Silvester spoke first.

"Thank you, Lady Lundie," she said. "I would rather not play."

Lady Lundie assumed an extreme surprise which passed the limits of good-breeding.

"Oh, indeed?" she rejoined, sharply. "Considering that we are all here for the purpose of playing, that seems rather remarkable. Is any thing wrong, Miss Silvester?"

A flush appeared on the delicate paleness of Miss Silvester's face. But she did her duty as a woman and a governess. She submitted, and so preserved appearances, for that time.

"Nothing is the matter," she answered. "I am not very well this morning. But I will play if you wish it."

"I do wish it," answered Lady Lundie.

Miss Silvester turned aside toward one of the entrances into the summer-house. She waited for events, looking out over the lawn, with a visible inner disturbance, marked over the bosom by the rise and fall of her white dress.

It was Blanche's turn to select the next player. In some preliminary uncertainty as to her choice, she looked about among the guests, and caught the eye of a gentleman in the front ranks. He stood side by side with Mr. Patrick—a striking representative of the school that is among us—as Sir Patrick was a striking representative of the school that has passed away.

The modern gentleman was young and florid, tall and strong. The parting of his curly Saxon locks began in the centre of his forehead, traveled over the top of his head, and ended, rigidly-central, at the ruddy nape of his neck. His features were as perfectly regular and as perfectly unmeaning as human features can be. His expression flowed an immovable composure wonderful to behold. The muscles of his brawny arms showed through the sleeves of his light summer coat. He was deep in the chest, thin in the flanks, firm on the legs—in short, he was a magnificent animal, wrought up to the highest pitch of physical development, from head to foot. Such was Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn—commonly called "the honorable;" and meriting that distinction in more ways than one. He was honorable, in the first place, as being the son (second son) of that unrising solicitor, who was now Lord Holchester. He was honorable, in the second place, as possessing won the highest popular distinction which the educational system of modern England can bestow—he had pulled the stroke-oar in the University boat-race. And, to this, that nobody had ever seen him read any thing but a newspaper, and that nobody but a few friends in the Athenæum in settling a bet—and the picture of this distinguished young Englishman will be, for the present, complete.

Blanche's eye naturally rested on him. Blanche's voice naturally picked him out as the first player for the side.

"I choose Mr. Delamayn," she said.

As the name passed her lips the flush on Miss Silvester's face died away, and a dead paleness took its place. She made a movement to leave the summer-house—checked herself abruptly—and laid her hand on the back of a vacant seat at her side. A gentleman behind her, looking at the hand, saw it clench itself so suddenly that the fingers left the glove on it split. The gentleman made a mental memorandum, and registered Miss Silvester in his private books as "the devil's own temper."

Meanwhile Mr. Delamayn, by a strange coincidence, took exactly the same course with Miss Silvester that she had taken before him. He, too, attempted to withdraw from the coming game.

"Thanks very much," he said; "I could you additionally honor me by choosing somebody else? It's not in my line."

Fifty years ago such an answer as this, addressed by a lady, would have been considered inexcusably impertinent. The social code of the present period it is not something to be offended by. The company laughed. Blanche lost her temper.

"Can't we interest you in any thing but severe muscular exertion, Mr. Delamayn?" she asked, sharply. "Most you always be pulling in a boat-race, or lying over a high jump? If you had a mind, you would want to relax it. You have got muscles instead. Why not have *them*?"

The shaft in Miss Lundie's bitter wit glided off Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn like water off a duck's back.

"Just as you please," he said, with stolid good-humor. "Don't be offended. I came here with ladies—and they wouldn't let me smoke. I'm dying for my smoke. I thought I'd slip away a bit and have it. All right! I'll play."

"Oh! smoke by all means!" retorted Blanche. "I shall have somebody else. I won't have you!"

The honorable young gentleman looked unaffectedly relieved. The petulant young lady turned her back on him, and surveyed the guests at the other extremity of the summer-house.

"Who shall I choose?" she said to herself.

A dark young man—with a face burned gipsy-brown by the sun; with something in his look and manner suggestive of a roving life, and perhaps of a familiar acquaintance with the sea—advanced shyly, and said, in a whisper:

"Choose me!"

Blanche's face broke prettily into a charming smile. Judging from appearances, the dark Ysog man had a place in her estimation peculiarly his own.

You!" she said, coquettishly. "You are here so long as in an hour's time!"

I ventured a step nearer. "I am coming back," he pleaded, "the day after to-morrow."

"On play with Geoffrey!"

"Might improve—if you would teach me."

"Light you? Then I will teach you!" She turned bright and rosy, to her new pupil. "I choose it, Arnold Brinkworth," she said.

Her again, there appeared to be something unknown to celebrity, which neutralized the less pro ed its effect—not, this time, on Miss Silvester but on Sir Patrick. He looked at Mr. Brinkworth with a sudden interest and curiosity. If the lady of the house had not claimed his attention at the moment he would evidently have spoken to the dark young man.

But it was Lady Lundie's turn to choose a second player on her side. Her brother-in-law was a person of some importance; and she had her own motives for ingratiating herself with the head of the family. She surprised the whole company by choosing Sir Patrick.

"Herman!" cried Blanche. "What can you be thinking of? Sir Patrick won't play. Croquet wasn't discovered in his time."

Sir Patrick never allowed "his time" to be made the subject of disparaging remarks by the younger generation without paying the younger generation a compliment.

"In my time, my dear," he said to his niece, "people were expected to bring some agreeable quality with them to social meetings of this sort. In *your* time you have dispensed with all that. Here," remarked the old gentleman, taking up a croquet mallet from the ground, "here is one of the qualifications for success in modern society. And here," he added, taking up a ball, "here is another. Very good. Now, learn. I'll play! I'll play!"

Lady Lundie's horn impervious to all sense of irony, smiled graciously.

"I knew Sir Patrick would play," she said, "to please me."

Sir Patrick bowed with satirical politeness.

Lady Lundie," he answered, "you read me like a book." In the astonishment of all persons present under forty he emphasized those words by laying his hand on his heart, and repeating them. "I may say with Dryden," added the gallant old gentleman:

"'Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of wishing long remains in it.'"

Lady Lundie looked unaffectedly shocked. Mr. Delamayn went a step farther. He interfered on the spot—with the air of a man who feels himself imperatively called upon to perform a public duty.

"Dryden never said that," he remarked, "I'll bet five to one!"

Sir Patrick kneeled round with the help of his ivory cane, and looked Mr. Delamayn hard in the face.

"Do you know Dryden, Sir, better than I do?" he asked.

The Honorable Geoffrey answered, modestly, "I should say I did. I have rowed three races with him, and we trained together."

Sir Patrick looked round him with a sour smile of triumph.

"Then let me tell you, Sir," he said, "that your Dryden, with a man who died more than two hundred years ago."

Mr. Delamayn appealed, in genuine bewilderment, to the company generally:

"What does this old gentleman mean?" he asked. "I am speaking of Dryden, the Oxford oarsman. Every body in the University knows *him*."

"I am speaking," echoed Sir Patrick, "of John Dryden the Poet. Apparently, every body in the University does *not* know *him!*"

Mr. Delamayn answered, with a cordial earnestness very pleasant to see:

"Give you my word of honor, I never heard of him in my life! Not in my line, Sir, you see. *I'm* not offended with *you*." He smiled, and took out his brier-wood pipe. "Got a light?" he said to the friendliest person present.

Sir Patrick answered, with a total absence of cordiality:

"I don't smoke, Sir."

Mr. Delamayn looked at him, without taking the slightest offense.

"You don't smoke!" he repeated. "I wonder how you get through your spare time?"

Sir Patrick closed the conversation:

"Sir," he said, with a bow, now, "you *may* wonder."

While the little skirmish was proceeding Lady Lundie and her step-daughter had organized the game; and the company, players and spectators, were beginning to move toward the lawn. Sir Patrick stopped his niece on her way out, with the dark young man in close attendance on her.

"Leave Mr. Brinkworth with me," he said. "I want to speak to him."

Blanche issued her orders immediately. Mr. Brinkworth was accordingly left to stay with Sir Patrick until she wanted him for the game. Mr. Brinkworth wondered, and obeyed.

During the exercise of this act of authority a circumstance occurred at the other end of the summer-house. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by the general movement to the lawn, Miss Silvester suddenly placed herself close to Mr. Delamayn.

"In five minutes," she whispered, "the summer-house will be empty. Meet me here."

The Honorable Geoffrey started, and looked relively at the visitors about him.

"Do you think it's safe?" he whispered back.

The governess's eyes answered, boldly, with fear or with anger, it was hard to say which.

"I insist on it!" she answered, and left him.

Mr. Delamayn knitted his handsome eyebrows as he looked after her, and then left the summer-house in his turn. The rose-garden at the back of the building was solitary for the moment. He took out his pipe and hid himself among the roses. The smoke came from his mouth in fits and starts. He was not usually the gentlest of masters—to his pipe. When he hurried that confidential servant, it was a sure sign of disturbance in the inner man.

PARAGUAY.

THE so-called republic of Paraguay is in reality a despotism, ruled by a tyrant who has no parallel in modern times but Ali Pasha; and the allies have addressed themselves to his destruction with a zeal and effect which are very likely to bring about the extermination of his subjects *en masse*.

When this man's reign began, Paraguay was a fertile country; the old Jesuit settlement called the Missiones, in particular, was a rich and beautiful province, cultivated for its productiveness. Comfortable homesteads and innumerable herds of cattle were to be seen there, but now it is a desolate wilderness, without an inhabitant; and in the other parts of the country, where population still exists, the people are in the extremity of want and misery. The rivers of Paraguay present the flat and desolate appearance peculiar to the giant streams of the great continental valleys of America. Marshes, estuaries, and alligators have undisputed lodgings on the banks, and long lapses of distance lie between the towns: for instance, after leaving Corrientes, there is not a town for three hundred miles. Asunction, the capital city, is comparatively regular, lawful, and unbiished, the fine old Spanish houses having been replaced by buildings more to the taste of Lopez, a certain number of which are in every direction. Public buildings are falling into decay before their sun half built, and ruin is written on every thing. Every thing is so-called Public Property, but the books were nearly all theological, and few persons were ever seen reading there. Lopez, however, found a characteristic use for the books—he had them cut up for rocket and squib cases.

The Paraguayans are a handsome people, and the native costume of both sexes is beautiful, but it is abandoned almost entirely to the use of the lower classes. The men are very ignorant, especially the women; and their lives are wretched, according to our ideas, though it is to be remembered they like them or did like them, until they came to learn the unmitigated misery of prolonged and merciless war. Lopez has always been in the worst political condition possible to its institutions for the time being; so bad, that its probable ultimate condition with which "people who know" credit the allies, and which Lopez has certainly done his best to forward—would really appear to be the best thing that could happen to it. Francia, the first President of the Republic after the Spanish yoke had been thrown off, did much good, and he was a ruthless tyrant, who might have been the model monster had there been no Lopez. Terribly severe and cruel, he governed by a constant fear of assassination and revolt, he became, in his later years, a moody, bitter, and cruel tyrant, but he found Paraguay a single joyous hour. Francia ruled alone, and with irresponsible power, for twenty-six years, and died on the 20th of Sept. 1840, a man who died nearly two hundred years ago."

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"A mi muerte," he said, "nadie," will never willingly speak of 'el muerto,' as they call him, and to this day will look round fearfully if they do be mentioned, and only to intimate friends will tell tales of his cruel deeds and supernatural wisdom." The implicit obedience to which he caused the people rendered them passive in the hands of his successors. They were perfectly submissive to Don Carlos Antonio, one of very low birth and mixed blood, who was a tolerably good governor, for a Spanish American ruler not cruel, and, though rapacious, rude, and overbearing, tolerably just. He died in 1862, and his son Francisco was "elected" as his successor. On this occasion he appears to have inaugurated his career of crime.

"The election was but a farce. The deputies from the many *partidos* of the country met in the capital, and sat in the Cabildo, which was surrounded by a strong body of troops, commanded by the very man who acted their part; and of course all free action, or even discussion, was out of the question. One member, it is true, had the temerity to say that the office of President was declared by the 'organic law' of the country not to be hereditary, and that therefore Don Francisco was not eligible; but he was listened to in ominous silence. Another suggested that the present was a good opportunity for modifying the laws of the country 'when he was angrily told to hold his tongue by Lopez himself, who reminded the deputies that they had not met to consider the laws of the country, but to elect a new President. That same night both disappeared, and have not been heard of since. It is almost superfluous to add that the next day 'the citizen Francisco Solano Lopez' was unanimously chosen 'Gefe Supremo y General de los Exercitos de la Republica del Paraguay.'

There was much formal joy; and many forced festivals, which were the sums of misery, were held throughout the country; and the new President began immediately to increase the army, having already under his own salary to a much larger sum than his father's. There are those who believe that Lopez inaugurated the war with moderate personal motives from the first, and give the following explanation, which introduces us to the remarkable heroine of this strange story: "From Paris, in 1857, Lopez returned, and imported two novelties—the French uniform for the army, and a mistress for life. On the latter a most fatal step in his life, as that lady occupied, eventually, a very prominent place in Paraguayan affairs, and was, I believe, by her evil counsels, the remote cause of the terrible war which has utterly depopulated the country. She is of Irish parentage, but was born in France, and was married to a surgeon in the French army, who still lives, so I will not give his real name; that by which his wife is known in Paraguay is Madame Eloisa Lynch. She is a tall, stout, and remarkably handsome woman; and I could well believe the story, that when she landed in Asuncion, the simple natives thought her charms were of more than earthly brilliancy, and her dress so numerous that they had no words to express the admiration they both excited. She had received a showy education—spoke English, French, and Spanish with equal facility; gave capital dinner-parties, and could drink more Champagne without being affected by it than any one I have ever met with. A clever, selfish, and most unscrupulous woman, the influence she exercised over a weak, so impetuous, so weak, and so vain as Lopez was immense. With admirable tact, she treated him with the utmost respect and deference, while she could justify it with him as she pleased, and virtually was the ruler of Paraguay. She had two ambitions—to become the first, in every hum; the second, to make him the 'Napoleon of the New World.' The first was a difficult one, for the husband, being a Frenchman, would not sue for a divorce; but should the second succeed, it would not be very hard, perhaps, to procure a dispensation, and her exalted position would be changed for a secure one. Therefore, she gradually but individually imbued Lopez from the idea that he was the greatest soldier of the age, and flattered the vain, credulous, and greedy savage into the belief that he was destined to raise Paraguay from obscurity, and make it the dominant power of South America."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MORE WINE OR SOME WITTIES!—An English clergyman went to a dinner party at a dinner for a number of clerical friends. "May I ask, Sir," demanded the waiter, gravely, "whether you belong to High Church or Low Church?"

"Neither, my man," cried the clergyman, "do my friends' opinions matter to you?"

"Yes, Sir, they do," rejoined the waiter, "if High Church, I must provide more wine; if Low Church, more witties."

POPULAR DIET IN UTAH—Spare rib.

A lady, out with her little boy and girl, bought the boy a rubber balloon, which escaped him, and flew up in the air. Presently, seeing tears in his eyes, she said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven you'll die it."

SILENCE.—"My dear," said Mr. B——, to his wife, after a dinner party, "your conscience indicated the conscience of having done a good action." "I have just conscience of having done a good action." "Well, I declare," said Mrs. B——, looking round upon her husband, and frowning with an expression of injured innocence, "just to think of the selfishness of some people! Considerate! There, you have been and had your life insured, while your poor wife has not had a farthing spent on her. It's just what I would expect of you."

It is said—ironically, perhaps—that blacksmiths forge and steel every day.

People who let the grass grow under their feet—Aeronauts.

Editors ought to be able to live cheap—they get "board" for nothing.

In ex-devil of a country printing-office was questioned as to the duties of a "printer's devil." He replied, "I carry in clean water, carry out dirty water, steal wood, lie, and numerous other articles."

POPPING CORN.

We were popping corn,
And I thought
It danced about,
And it danced up high.
The embers were hot
In their deep bed,
And it went up brown
And it came down white.

Ah, many a time are the embers hot,
And the brown corn leaps when it is hot,
Yet forth from the fervent, fiery light
Comes only freedom's self-same gift of white.

A student was under examination once, at the College of Surgeons, when a hypothetical case was submitted, in which the operation of tying the carotid artery was required. At last came the crisis: "Now, Sir," said the C. U., "what would you do?" "Sir," replied the pupil of Esculapius, "I would send for you."

A sufferer complains that squeaking boots "murder sleep" in church.

"Mamma," said a little French girl, "do cats have souls?" "No, my dear, certainly not." "Then shall I have to have my cat's soul always in heaven with mine." "Oh, no, my dear, a moment's reflection." "Why, of course, then cats' souls must be in heaven to catch the rats' souls."

The following notice was posted on a large box, which was left in front of the great through lines of a railroad a few days since: "Dangerous explosives. Be careful how you handle the box with care, as it contains nitro glycerine, Greek fire, gun cotton, and two live gorillas." The box was broken.

Lines taken from a hymn-book, which a young lady incautiously left behind her in a chapel:

"Ask ye what great thing I know;
Dear, dear, what shall I do!
I can not listen at a door,
Unless he listens too!

He might have come as well as not!
What pleasure have fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking cigars!

The following is the latest marriage ceremony as suggested for marriages of convenience: Priest to bridegroom, "Do you take this woman to be your wife under any delusion?" "No." "Are you bald?" "Yes." "Any teeth?" "No." "Do you wear flannel?" "Yes." "You believe in rheumatism and have faith in gout?" "Yes." "You are utterly bored and incapable of being amused?" "Yes." "You care for nobody but yourself?" "Certainly not." "Ring for your bride!" "Naturally not." "Very good; then you two are united in the name of the law. Make her happy, as she will others."

An old tobacco chewer finds that the Bible sustains his favorite habit. He quotes: He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.

"Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of Pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and, while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied, a little before me, a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men, whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. By this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered: but I have learned since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his Cave's mouth grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he can not come at them.

"So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet, at the sight of the Old Man that sat in the mouth of the Cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, 'You will never mend till more of you be burnt!' but he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by, and catched no hurt."—BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"The governments of Europe which recognize the Roman Catholic Church as the State Church, generally expect that the Council will take some new action on questions directly affecting the relation of the Church to the State, and that claims will be asserted which not a single government is likely to accept or officially to recognize."—*Daily Papers.*

THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.

ABUT three centuries and a half ago Pope LEO X., finding himself in rather straitened circumstances, and unable, in consequence, to gratify his luxurious tastes, resolved to replenish his exhausted purse by the sale of indulgences for sin on a scale never ventured on before, veiling the true reason for this step under the pretext that funds were wanted to complete the church of St. Peter, at Rome. Three head-commissioners were appointed to superintend the business in different parts of Europe, with a host of subordinates to work under their direction among the people. One of these subordinates, TETZEL by name, soon achieved an unenviable notoriety by the shameless manner in which he drove his corrupting traffic among the German peasantry. He must have been corrupt, indeed, to surpass his fellows in wickedness. All vied with each other in shameless wit and scandal. MENZEL relates, in his "History of Germany," that a monk, by the name of ISELIN, carried about with him a feather which he declared had been plucked from the wing of the Archangel Michael! Having had the misfortune to lose this at the village of Aldingen, he procured a handful of hay from the tavern barn, and gave out that it came from the stall in which the infant JESUS was cradled at Nazareth. Among the people who pressed about him was the hostess of the inn, who kneeled and kissed her own hay as a precious relic. Another seller of indulgences exclaimed to a crowd of listeners at Baden: *Ecce volant!*—(See, they fly!)—pointing to a cloud of feathers thrown out of the church-tower by a confederate, which he assured the gaping crowd were souls released from purgatory.

Indulgences were granted for the commission of the worst of crimes. By the present of a magnificent horse an officer procured indulgence not only for himself but for a band of five hundred soldiers under his command. TETZEL himself carried about with him a picture representing the Prince of Darkness torturing souls in the lake of fire; and had a couplet engraved on his money-box, setting forth that, as soon as the chink of the coin was heard inside, the soul for whom it was paid was released from torment. He became so lost to shame that he would sell indulgences for the commission of murder, or any other capital crime, for any sum he could squeeze out of a customer. But his popularity was of short duration. The Imperial Government took alarm at the constant outflow of money from Germany into the papal coffers; and decreed that two-thirds of the immense sums raised by the sale of indulgences should be retained to assist in defraying the expense of campaigns against the Turks. The common people also, who, fortunately for the interests of morality and religion, were far better than the priesthood of the time, soon learned to regard TETZEL and his fellows with dislike and suspicion; and even before LUTHER'S open exposure of his wickedness his influence among them was rapidly declining.

*

TETZEL, it would seem, had overacted his part, and brought himself into disgrace with his superiors. The infamy of his proceedings at length became so notorious that a commissioner was sent from Rome to examine into his conduct. Dreading the inquiry, TETZEL refused to appear when summoned before the commissioner at Altenburg, on the ground that he had been warned against the adherents of LUTHER at that place; but afterward, at Augsburg, he was subjected to a rigid examination by the commissioner, by whom he was severely reprimanded for his immorality, threatened with the displeasure of the Holy Father, and with expulsion from his order. The commissioner appears to have been horror-struck with the results of his investigation. He wrote to a friend that he had detected TETZEL in many immoralities, and should report him at Rome for censure. This was in 1518. TETZEL immediately sought refuge in flight. His terror brought upon him a severe illness, from which he never recovered. He died the following year in the Dominican cloister at Leipsic.

Our engraving, from a picture by Professor HEBERLIN, of Stuttgart, represents the monk TETZEL in the heyday of his popularity. A group of soldiers are studying the license they have just bought. Peasant women press toward him for the coveted indulgence which money alone can procure, or to purchase the release of some departed soul from purgatory. The very beggars hail his approach; for TETZEL'S wares cost him nothing, and he will gauge his price to the condition of the purchaser. The picture derives additional interest from the fact that, in view of the meeting of the Œcumenical Council at Rome on the 8th of December, the Pope has this year decreed an indulgence in the form of a jubilee, promising plenary indulgence and remission of sins to all the faithful who shall recite, in designated places before the meeting of the Council, a certain number of prayers "for the conversion of souls, and the peace, tranquillity, and triumph of the Roman Catholic Church."

THE SALE OF INDULGENCES BY TETZEL.—[FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR HAEBERLIN, STUTTGART.]

IN THE FALL.

The old autumnal stillness holds the wood;
Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream;
And country sounds fall faint, half understood
And half unheeded, as to sick men seem
The voices of their friends when death is near,
And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends
The air is echoless and dull with dews;
And leaves have fallen, and whosoever wends
His way through woods is aware of altered hues
And alien tints; and oft with hollow wind
The clustered hazel-nuts rattle to the ground.

Now comes the faint warm smell of fresh-built ricks,
And empty fields look up at empty skies,
And sounds drain sidelong from the burning quicks,
And low across the stunted stubble flies
The whirring lapwing, till the wings have grown
A murmur—then, a memory alone.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon
When brooding winds are whispring to the leaves,
Shrill twitter'd half-notes fill the air, and soon
From farm-house thatch and cozy cottage eaves
The circling swallows call their eager brood
And straight fly south, by unseen unknown woods.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days—
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the hundred joys and lively ways
Of riper suns: old wounds, old woes, depart;
Life culls a truce, and nature seems to keep
Herself a-hush to watch the world asleep.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH WILL NOT BE AMBITIOUS.

About the middle of June Mr. Frost departed for Italy. He was only to be away a fortnight at first. He would then return to London; and, if all went well, would go back to Naples in the autumn.

He had been to Gower Street several times before leaving England. He had spoken to Hugh and to Veronica, and had said that if matters succeeded with the company who were employing him he should be able to offer Hugh a splendid chance of distinguishing himself.

"But," said Hugh, "this great company will have a great number of their own. I shall only be subordinates, of course, to do the drudgery, and the big man will get the credit. I do not say that that is unfair. Big men have to earn their bigness, mostly, and I am the last fellow in the world to grudge them what they've earned. Besides, I do not want to be wandering about the Continent. I have served my apprenticeship and learned my trade, and now I want to try to make a home for myself and a place in the world. I am not ambitious—"

"A man ought to be ambitious," said Mr. Frost.

"There might be a good deal to be said on that subject. But at all events, a man ought not to say he is ambitious if he isn't."

His mother and Mr. Frost succeeded, however, in persuading Hugh to remain somewhat on the turf in his present position. He was engaged by Digby and West at a weekly salary, and no permanent arrangement had yet been come to. He would let things go on as they were for a while.

Zillah had gained a reprieve, but her anxieties remained unabated. At the best, she had trouble before her. If all went well, and her money—Hugh's money—were restored by the end of the year, it would still devolve on her to find for him some explanation as to this accession of fortune.

Her son's love and respect were very precious to her: even as her husband's had been. She knew that Hugh inherited his father's stern hatred of deception. What would he say when he knew that his mother had concealed so important a matter—and one which he surely had a right to have made acquainted with from the years? And if he asked her, "Mother, why have you done this?" how should she answer him?

She was a woman of acute and observant intelligence in most cases. In all that concerned her only son she was, of course, peculiarly quick to see and to understand. She knew that Hugh had fallen in love, and that his love was not the light, boyish fancy that Mr. Frost had tried to persuade her it would prove to be. Hugh had said no word to her on the subject, but there needed no words to convince her that such was her son. But she had a kindly regard for the girl. She admired and approved her. She was not grudging or unjust because this stranger with the deep blue eyes and golden hair had become paramount in Hugh's thoughts. She knew Hugh to be steadfast and true; and she was well assured that neither lover nor wife would push herself from her place in her son's love and respect. But as she watched Hugh's growing love for Maud, the thought of falling from her own high homestead place in his regard grew more and more painful and intolerable to her. Hugh had implicit faith in his mother's purity and goodness. She was his high model of womanhood; and he had often said to her, "I only hope my wife may be as good as my mother! I can't wish for any thing better." But could he still say so when he knew—?

There was a little human jealousy within her breast which made her feel that to humble herself now before Hugh, and say to him, "My son, I have sinned. Forgive me!" would be to yield to that other woman whom he loved a too absolute supremacy; to abdicate in her favor the sole pride and glory of her life. She did not hate Maud for stealing Hugh's heart. The wife would be nearest and dearest; that she was resigned, if not content, to bear. She would still be his honored mother. But she thought she would come to hate Maud if Hugh ever were to diminish by one iota his tribute of filial reverence. And all this time Maud knew no more of the position she occupied in the thoughts of the mother and son than we any of us know of the place we hold in each other's minds.

After the party at Mr. Lovegrove's Maud had seriously begged Hugh not to take her to any similar gathering again.

"I would not say this, dear Aunt Hilda," said Maud, "if I thought that you derived any gratification from the society of those people. But I have watched you the other night, and I am—I am sure—that you looked very weary and uninterested."

"Not uninterested—a long way my pet was there. I like to see a way admired, Maud."

"Admired! Dear Aunt Hilda—"

"Well I know, I grant ye, that the folks there were not of the best position to associate with. And if I were but in my rightful and proper position, what a delight it would be for me to receive to tea the very people we born to live in! But as to presenting, my dear child, sure how would I go to court in a street where the living is Gower Street? I don't say any thing against it, and some of the old family mansions are in dreary places; but, after all, you know, there would be a degree of incongruity about attempting to entertain, or any thing of that sort, in a lodging of this kind; and ye know, my dear, I'm living low enough for the necessaries of life as it is. Some women would run him into debt. But I couldn't bring myself to do that—from a moderate necessity: not to mention that *I'd* have to bear all the bullying and annoyance, seeing that he's safe and comfortable at sea beyond seas!"

Maud endeavored to persuade her aunt that it was no feeling of pride which rendered her unwilling to go to Mr. Lovegrove's. She disclaimed such a sentiment with much warmth. No; it was simply that the people had been those with whom she objected to her. That might be partly her own fault, but the fact remained so.

Maud did not speak of the anxiety of suspense about Veronica made it irksome to her to see strangers. It was a subject that could not be mentioned before any one else. Veronica had left us the weeks were on, and no answer came to her letter, her heart sank. She had scarcely even aware how much hope had been given up within her on the receipt of Veronica's letter, until she began to measure the depth of her disappointment as the days rolled by and brought no further communication.

In the old days at Shipley Maud would have enjoyed the oddity and rareness of the society she had met at the Lovegroves'. But now such enjoyment was impossible to her. She was conscious of nervously dreading a chance word which might touch on the still recent shame and sorrow that had befallen them all, as a wounded person starts away from the approach of even the gentlest hand lest it should lay itself unawares upon his hurt.

Mr. Frost's sudden mention of his proposed journey to Italy had startled Maud. She had not seen though she told herself how absurd and weak it was to be so disturbed. Hundreds of people went to Italy every summer, and one of the few people she knew were likely enough to do so. But in the frequent silent direction of her thoughts to Veronica she had not been able to associate her entirely with the word "Italy," as though that country held but one figure for all men's observation.

The question persistently presented itself to her mind: Did Mr. Frost know the story of Veronica? Was he aware who the man was with whom she had fled?

Something a little forced and unnatural in Mr. Frost's manner of discussing the subject of his approaching journey had struck her. Why should he have selected her to speak respectfully of Hugh Lockwood's prospects? Had he had any purpose in his mind of sounding her respecting her feelings toward Veronica, and of making her the excuse for giving her the information that he was bound for Italy?

The impossibility of discussing this matter with her aunt, and the necessity she was under of shutting herself up from the consolation of sympathy or companionship respecting it, made her morbidly sensitive. She brooded and tormented herself.

At last she took a resolution: she would speak to Mrs. Lockwood. That the latter had learned the whole story from her Aunt Hilda, she was well convinced. If Mr. Frost knew so much so, Mrs. Lockwood would have heard it all from Hugh. Mr. Frost was the Lockwoods' old and intimate friend. Maud would speak to Mrs. Lockwood. One afternoon after their aunt dismissed the sole down stairs, leaving Lady Zillah asleep according to custom, Maud sat at the open door was answered by Mrs. Lockwood's soft voice, saying, "Come in," and she entered.

Mrs. Lockwood sat at the table, with an account-book before her. She looked, Maud thought, old and haggard.

"Do I disturb you, Mrs. Lockwood? Please say so, if I do; and I will take another opportunity—"

"You don't disturb me in the least, my dear Miss Desmond. I have just finished my accounts for the month. Do sit down and tell me what I can do for you. There is nothing the matter with my lady?" she added, hastily, looking at Maud's face.

"Nothing, nothing. Do not let me startle you. I only wished to take the liberty of speaking to you in confidence—may I?"

Mrs. Lockwood took off the spectacles she was wearing, passed her hands over her forehead and eyes, and answered, quietly, "Pray speak."

Her manner was not tender nor encouraging, nor even very cordial; but it nerved Maud better than a too great show of feeling would have done. In a few words she told Mrs. Lockwood what Mr. Frost had said to her at the Lovegroves' about his journey to Italy, and so forth.

"Now what I wanted to ask you was this," said Maud: "You know Mr. Frost well, and I do not; do you think he had any special motive in saying all this to me, a total stranger?"

"Any special motive?" repeated Mrs. Lockwood, musing, and looking, for her, singularly embarrassed.

"I mean—what I mean is this, Mrs. Lockwood: the story of the sad sorrow and affliction that has befallen the home that was my home from the time I was a little child until the other day, is known to you. I am aware that there is, no doubt it is known to many, many other people. Is Mr. Frost one of those who know it? And did he mean to leave any thing or tell any thing about Veronica when he spoke to me of going to Italy?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Lockwood, drawing a long breath and then covering her mouth with one white, delicate hand. "You were not thinking of yourself, then, Miss Desmond?"

"Of myself? What could Mr. Frost's plans be to me, or why should he care that I should know them?"

"It was of Hugh he spoke, I thought."

"Ah, yes—I should naturally almost. He spoke to me as of something that it concerned *me* to know! I think of Veronica so constantly, and I am obliged to be so thoughtless up from Aunt Hilda so jealously, that perhaps I grow morbid. But I thought you would forgive my speaking to you."

"As to Mr. Frost, I can answer you in two words. He knows from the Lovegroves that you have left Mr. Lovegrove's house because his daughter ran away under particularly painful circumstances. But if your aunt has been discreet (is she discreet?) and Zillah plainly showed that she knew it was so), "neither the Lovegroves nor Mr. Frost know the name of the man she ran away with. It has been a subject of gossip, truly, but not in the circles of society where the Lovegroves move. John Oakley has acted so long out of England that he is almost forgotten."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lockwood," said Maud, absently.

"I infer from what you say that you have some reason to believe that your guardian's daughter is in the south of Italy?"

"Oh yes, I forgot that you did not know. I had a letter from her."

Mrs. Lockwood raised her eyebrows and looked at Maud attentively.

"I know I can trust you not to mention this to my aunt. You understand how impossible it is for me to speak of Veronica to her. Aunt Hilda is kind—she is, and yet, on that subject, she speaks with a harshness that is very painful to me."

"Lady Zillah has been infamously treated."

"You must understand, if you please, Mrs. Lockwood, that I have told Mr. Levincourt of my letter. He has heard from Aunt Hilda."

"You were very fond of this young lady?" said Zillah, with her eyes observantly fixed on Maud's changing face.

"Yes," answered Maud. Then the tears gathered to her eyes, and for the moment she could say no more.

"Your fondness has not been destroyed by this miserable business?" pursued Zillah.

Maud silently shook her head, and the tears fell faster.

"Would you see her and speak to her again if you could? Would you hold out your hand to her?"

Mrs. Lockwood, as she spoke, kept her mouth concealed beneath her hand, and her eyes on Maud's face.

Maud was aware of a certain constraint in the latter woman's tone. She thought it sounded disapproving, almost stern.

"Oh, Mrs. Lockwood," she cried, in much agitation, "I love her too much to be hasty! You have such a lofty standard of duty; your son has told me how excellent your life has been; he is so proud of you. He could not be hard upon her. If the good have no pity for her, what will he, come of her? I do not defend her. She failed in her duty toward her father; but she had been most basely and cruelly deceived, I am sure of it!"

"Deceived by her great love and faith in this man?" said Zillah, unwaveringly preserving the same look and attitude.

Maud paused a moment, and drooped her head. "She—she—trusted him," she murmured.

Zillah removed her hand from her mouth, and clasping both before her, rested them on the table before her. When her mouth was no longer concealed, she cast her eyes down, and ceased to look at Maud while she spoke.

"See now, Miss Desmond," said she, in her soft voice, "how compassion begins a fiend out in this world! Once I knew a girl—little more than a child in years—very ignorant, very unprotected, and very friendless. She was not a handsome, haughty young lady, living in a respectable home. This girl's associates were all low, vile people. She was poor, a pretty widow or wicked, but she loved with her whole childish, inexperienced heart, and she fell. *She* was most basely and cruelly deceived—I quote your words. It was neither vanity nor vainglory that led her astray—nothing but simple, blind, misplaced affection. Well, nobody pitied her, nobody cared for her, nobody helped her. If you, or any educated nurtured young lady like you, had met her in the street, you would have drawn your garments away from the contamination of her touch."

"No, no, no! Indeed you wrong me! If I had known her story I should have lifted her from the bottom of my heart."

Zillah proceeded without heeding the interruption. "And all her sufferings—they were acute—I knew her very well—could not atone. Her fault (I use the word for want of a better. Where fault lay, God knows—perhaps He cares!)—"

"Oh, Mrs. Lockwood!"

"Do I shock you? That girl's fault pursued her through life—still pursues her—"

"Is she alive?"

"Alive? Yes. I think she is dead, that girl. Her ghost walks sometimes. But another woman, in some respects a very different woman inherits her legacy of trouble and shame and sorrow. That seems hard. But if you tell me that all life is hard; that we are blind to what is true bone or false, and, as for utter any other fatalist doctrine, I can understand the reason and sequence of it. But when you preach to me that 'Conduct makes fate,' that we reap as we sow, and so forth, I point to these two cases. The one an innocent—yes, an innocent—child; the other a well-educated, proud, beautiful, beloved young woman. The loving-hearted child is crushed and tortured and forsaken. The—forgive me, but I speak what you *know* to be true—the selfish, vain, arrogant, ambitious lady commits the same sin against the world, and is rich, petted, and pampered. The rough places are made smooth for her feet. People cry 'How sad!' A lady! A lady's misfortune! A gentleman! Her friends hold out their hands to take her back. Even you—a pure, fresh, young creature like you—are ready to forgive her. Ready to forgive and caress her with angelic sweetness and pity."

Maud could not help perceiving that Mrs. Lockwood was mentally visiting on Veronica the hard usage of the poor betrayed young girl she had spoken of. It seemed as though in proportion to the pity that she felt for that young girl, the grudging of every spiritual gift was bestowed on Veronica. Maud felt it very strange that it should be so; and she had almost a sense of guilt herself in thinking so unkindly of her aunt. But her intellect was too clear for self-delusion, and, albeit most unwillingly, she could not but understand the spirit of Mrs. Lockwood's words, and be repulsed by it.

"I think—" said Maud, gently, and turning her pale face full on Mrs. Lockwood, "I am young and inexperienced, I know, but I do think that having loved one suffering person very much should make us tender to other sufferers."

"Sufferers!" repeated Mrs. Lockwood, with a cold contempt, and closed her mouth rigidly when she had spoken.

"Yes," answered Maud, firmly. The color rose very faintly in her cheek, and her lips were stone. "My unhappy friend is a sufferer. Not the less a sufferer because there is truth in some of the words you have said. Pride and ambition do not soften such a fall as hers."

Again Maud could not help perceiving that Mrs. Lockwood was balancing Veronica's fate against the fate of the betrayed young girl; and that she was making strange comparisons. The suggestion that Veronica's haughty spirit could be tortured by humiliation.

"There would be a grain of something like justice in that," said Zillah, under her breath.

Maud withdrew with a pained feeling. Her mind had at first been relieved at the mere fact of uttering the name of one who dwelt so constantly in her thoughts. But Mrs. Lockwood's manner had so repelled her that she had utterly resolved never again to approach the subject of Veronica's fate in speaking to her. But to her surprise the topic seemed to have an inherent attraction for Mrs. Lockwood. Whenever she found herself alone with Maud she was sure, sooner or later, to come round to it.

Once she said, after a long pause of silence, during which her fingers were busied with needle-work and her eyes cast down, "If that poor young girl—she is dead now, you know—could have had a friend like you, Miss Desmond, years and years ago, it might have gone differently with her. It would have given her courage to know that there was a pure-hearted woman pitied rather than blamed her."

"I should think all honest hearts must be filled with compassion at her story," answered Maud, in a low voice.

"Do you think a man's heart would be? Do you think that, for instance, my—my son's would be?"

"Surely! Can you doubt it?"

"Poor girl! She was so ignorant of the world! She knew there was a great gulf between her and such as you are. She had never lived with people. Poor child! She was shamed from her as the inhabitants of the moon might be. If she had had a friend like you, Miss Desmond, their poor girl who is dead, it would have given her courage, and it might have gone differently with her."

GOVERNMENT AMONG HORSES.

When left to themselves, however well domesticated horses may have been while in a state of servitude, they soon return to that wild freedom characterizes their unrestrained freedom. But a regular form of government is soon developed, even with a small number of individuals, which assumes marked proportions and exactness as the colony multiplies. As among men, one male gains an ascendency over all the others, and by general consent becomes commander-in-chief. A large, powerful stallion is at the head of this, which he retains even to old age, notwithstanding the hot blood, spirit, and magnificent muscularity of large numbers of young stallions, whose

flowing manes and tails indicate the restlessness of their condition.

Another curious circumstance is this, viz., that the stallion in command for the time being is, with a few exceptions, the father of a large proportion of the whole troop. At his death a terrific conflict of heels decides who shall be the successor and controller of the harem.

On the vast plains of South America, it is a magnificent exhibition to see a noble old veteran stallion patrolling his four thousand horses in line, and then, by a sign only known to wild horses, dismiss them for the day, when they scatter at all points of the compass. That is a *stampede*, and hence the origin of that word.

THE PLIGHTED TROTH.

On the sands, the yellow sands,
Sat two lovers musingly,
Chirping light each other's hands,
Sadly looking toward the sea.

"I must sail in yonder ship,"
Said the youth unto the maid;
"Ere to-morrow's sun shall dip,
From my sight the shore will fade;

"But my heart with thee will dwell,
As it dwells by thee to-day,
And I shall not bid farewell
To return and ever stay."

Then the maiden whispered low,
"I shall think of thee, dear love;
Joy may yet give place to woe,
Still my heart will constant prove."

* * * * *

Years have come, and years have fled,
Since the lovers made their vow;
Fence rose and roses were shed—
But they are united now.

'Neath the ocean's ruthless wave,
Buried deep, the sailor lies;
O'er the sands the grass-grown grave
Soft and low the night-wind sighs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SUNDAY has not been generally observed in France by a complete cessation from labor. But now the working-classes have begun to claim an entire holiday, and some decisive measures are being taken to secure this object. The newspaper compositors of Havre signed an agreement to cease their work on Sunday at the beginning of November; and it is said that compositors of Paris and other cities of France will do the same. Mechanics, clerks, and laborers in general favor the movement, which is warmly approved by the religious portion of the community.

The New York Society of Practical Engineers at a recent meeting discussed the subject of "Railway Disasters." Their causes, and the means of prevention. A properly-constructed compound rail, safety brakes, safety couplers, safety axles, properly-constructed cars, suitable care in signaling and telegraphing—these were some of the details considered. A new method of stopping trains by the vacuum system was explained and recommended. It was remarked that the penalty of railroad corporations was the great cause that prevented the adoption of efficient invention for prevention of accidents. When the public really awoke to a thorough sense of the criminal insecurity attendant on our traveling arrangements, remedies will be devised.

On Wednesday of last week the bronze statue erected over the Hudson River Railroad Depot, in honor of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, was put up with appropriate ceremonies. A large number of invited guests were present, and the prominent exercises were a prayer by Bishop Janes, an address by Mayor Hall, and a poem written for the occasion by William Henry Walker. The statue, of art, which has before been described in detail to our readers, covers an area of 2125 square feet, measures about 150 feet in a straight line, and is 61 feet in extreme height, weighs nearly 100,000 pounds, and cost over $500,000. The statue itself, which is the centre of a very elaborate bass-relief, which ingeniously illustrates the achievements of Vanderbilt, in connection with remarkable inventions of the present century, and also appropriately portrays the growth and prosperity of our Republic. Commodore Vanderbilt, the President of the New York Central and the Hudson River railroads, has been most successful in accumulating wealth; but this tribute, as well as a mere act of benevolence to immense riches. The remarkable traits of character which have made him a prominent man in private are worthy of cultivation in young and old; and this memorial will serve to remind all that energy and perseverance do pay unrewarded.

Certain English students are carrying their spirit of experimental investigation a trifle too far. At Rossall College, in Lancashire, one of the masters, Hogan, by name, was observed to put something into a sugar-basin at breakfast-time, and shortly afterward to make tender inquiries after the health of Mr. Selby, a master connected with the establishment, who, fortunately for him, had not been quite touched, for on examination it was found to contain arsenic. Mr. Hogan declared that he only put the arsenic into the sugar out of curiosity, that he wanted to make an experiment, and considered Mr. Selby the likeliest person to experiment upon; it further appears that he had more arsenic in his possession. Under these circumstances the authorities of the college permitted young Mr. Hogan's father to take him away from the establishment.

Outside of Yuval, on the resident population of about 150,000, New York city is probably the greatest centre of Mormon operations. Here is the grand depôt of their emigration department; and Mormon agents and elders are constantly passing through the city on business of various kinds. Moreover, there is a regularly organized Mormon Branch Church in Williamsburg, which is, however, only a mere resting-place for a few stationary saints, who are abiding here chiefly for the purpose of assisting those converts who arrive, and before they can leave for headquarters. Scattered throughout various parts of Europe are Mormon "Conferences," comprising in the aggregate 16,000 persons. Converts are added from time to time, and when a company is ready to emigrate it is taken in charge by one of Brigham Young's agents, and brought directly to New York.

Dr. Joseph Jones, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, estimates that the grand total of deaths in the Southern army during the entire war did not fall short of 200,000.

Somebody has made the distressing discovery that very few college-graduates marry, and proposes that undergraduates marry to remedy the difficulty. It is said that one-fourth of the graduates of Yale have never married.

"Be kind enough, my dear cousin," said the Emperor to Prince Napoleon, "to take this letter and look into my private cabinet. It will detain you only a short period, and I desire much to have a conversation with you." The Prince entered the cabinet, but the door remained ajar. Some dispatches were just then brought to the Emperor, and he waited a few minutes after which he said to the Minister, "Eh, bien! Monsieur, and what new news have you to tell me to-day?" "Ah, sire," said the Minister, "Paris is excited about the extraordinary speech which his Imperial Highness has made to the Senate. It is revolutionary in its character, and injurious to the government." The Emperor remained a few seconds silent. "What a pity that you did not send the Prince to Mexico in the place of your harmless Maximilian, who was the best friend of France!" "Sire, the Mexican throne have delivered you, by this time, from the most dangerous enemies of France." "Pst!" said the Emperor, rising with his half-closed eyes toward the door of the cabinet where the Prince waited. It was too late. Prince Napoleon suddenly appeared at the door. With a strange, half-furious, half-sarcastic look, he measured the Minister with a contempt of his piercing eyes, bowed low to him, and stepped back again into the cabinet. The Minister was struck dumb with astonishment and terror, while the Emperor, without saying a word, quietly continued to turn his cigarette between his fingers. Such is the life of Paris people, the like of which is continually floating through that great metropolis.

What a crisis was that! A fisherman of Montereau, France, captured a fish not long ago which was found to contain a magnificent breast-pin, ornamented with thirty precious stones—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds of extraordinary beauty. The breastpin is valued by Paris jewelers at the fabulous sum of $300,000.

George Peabody was strongly opposed to fraud in all its nature as well as large forms. The conductor on an English railway once overcharged him a shilling for fare. He made complaint to the directors, and had the man discharged. "And," said he, "that I could not afford to pay the shilling, but the man was cheating many others, and I thought the punishment would be oppressive." It is related of him that about twenty-five years ago he was so much pleased with an American lady visiting London that he offered her his hand and fortune, which were accepted. Learning a short time thereafter that the lady was a confirmed believer of fact of which she had kept him in ignorance—he rebuked her lack of sincerity, and broke off the engagement.

It is a significant fact that in answer to a recent advertisement in one of the morning papers for a nightwatchman no less than two hundred applications were received. Is this an index of the number who are destitute of employment?

The *Lancet* treats the subject of rowing at length, showing that instead of the back being the oarsman's strong muscles, the arms are the chief agents, and that the great muscles of the buttock, the *glutei* of the anatomists. According to this authority, the rowing action is composed of two movements, the first is the erection of the trunk from its stooping to a perpendicular position; and this is known as the *erector spinæ*, but by those powerful corde above-named, which we use whenever we raise ourselves from the stooping to the standing. The second great movement is the work of the biceps and its assisting muscles, by which the arms are drawn in from reaching to something less than a right angle. Upon the question whether the body should be straightened and the arms bent simultaneously or successively the authorities differ. Although time is gained by doing two things at once, the muscles of greatest power, which have the force of the body is hampered by the double action; and that the *glutei*, which do the heavy work, will command with greater facility if applied to the one action and alone, than if they divide the available power of the body with the arms also.

The Wall Street brokers, in a spirit of fun and mischief, unveiled a burlesque statue at the same hour that the genuine bronze statue of Commodore Vanderbilt was receiving due honors. The Stock Exchange was the scene of the wildest merriment during the ludicrous ceremonies. The proceedings were interrupted in the very beginning of his speech by a face-to-face introduction of the Commodore to his statue, which was acknowledged with the grace of a prima donna. Humorous allusions to the "Railroad King" and his Gospel were frequently interjected. The programme included the singing of sundry *jolly* songs. The statue itself was the object of the greatest good feeling toward the Commodore.

Since the withdrawal of Five Hyacinths from the order to which he belongs, he has shielded to the barefooted Carmelites to preach in public.

M. Catacazy, the new Minister from Russia to the United States, was formerly Secretary of Legation at that time the representative from Russia at the court of Greece. It is said that he recently called on Admiral Worden in the capacity of Minister to the United States in spite of the Emperor, with whom he is the favorite, during the Admiral's visit to Constantinople. He is a man of intelligence and eloquence, and possesses in a marked degree the peculiar characteristics of the Muscovite.

The grandfather of the late Lord Derby originated the great race called by his name. He was a great sporting peer of his day, and continued on the turf up to the time of his death, which occurred at the age of eighty. The late Earl was a man of valuable horses, and his death is an event in the sporting world. The family seat at Knowsley, in Lancashire, has had a race-horse breeding stud on it for a century, and many distinguished horses have been bred there.

Sainte-Beuve, the celebrated critic, never fought but one duel. He quarreled once with a Mr. Dubois, and a meeting was appointed. Sainte-Beuve arrived on the ground with an ancient flint-lock pistol and an umbrella, and as it began to rain, he at once unfurled the latter hopping up and down with impatience and vehemently protested, but Sainte-Beuve declared that he had no objection to being killed, but he did not intend to get wet. So the duel went on, Sainte-Beuve holding up his umbrella all the time. Four shots were exchanged without injury to either combatant.

The pleasant ways in which a scrupulously regulated diet affects the physical as well as the moral man are infinite. A certain philosopher found that when he ate moderately, and had brought himself into sound health, the same shoes were easy which had been tight. He ordered a pair of shoes. He had a pair rather smaller than usual, which afforded him the opportunity of making his observations with great scrutiny. He found purposely tried excess of diet, he found them so painful as to be unbearable on the feet. He grew more perfectly easy and comfortable when he ate only that happy quantity—enough. He traces even corns to indigestion.

The Exeter Hall Lenten Lecture has just appointed a new Professor of Horticulture—Miss Mary Hovey. This is a new field for woman's labors; but doubtless there are women who have the skill and gracefully. We trust Miss Hovey's gardens will blossom luxuriantly.

Dean Stanley records in his "History of Westminster Abbey" a wild legend, yet one precious to those who love the Abbey. A drunken fisherman, resting on his oars, saw a great multitude of angels descending, each carrying a lighted candle. Attended by this brilliant train, Edward the Confessor consecrated the House of God. When the ceremony was over he returned by the way he came, but not till, along with an injunction that the Thames should pay tithe of salmon to the monks, he warned his ferryman to abstain henceforth from fishing on the Lord's day.

THE NEW OVER-COAT.

It was Christmas-day, but the festivities of that occasion scarcely existed for the Harford family. The mother was ill, and there was no home. it seem like Christmas; but her drunken husband had just slammed the door behind him, while she, her daughter Ruth in a blow, turned to her boy, Fred, who had sunk down by the fireside, and given himself up to melancholy thoughts.

While sitting thus, Fred formed a resolution. He would go to the city and find employment; he would be the family's benefactress, and afford that help and comfort to his poor mother which she could look for from no other source.

Fred carried out his determination. Two years passed by, and he was to come home to spend Christmas. It was early in the morning when he reached the city, and resolved to write to his mother in a novel manner. He commenced one of those old-fashioned carols, which he had many a time sung with the little ones at home. Not a jot cared he whether he awoke the whole neighborhood or not with his resonant manly voice, so that he awoke his mother, and so that she recognized his voice. That was all he cared for. Mrs. Harford was already awake. Thoughts of her boy had made her sleepless, and she had heard the swift footsteps changing rhythm, and then stop, and then sing suddenly at her door, when the singing began; and altogether it made her heart leap, for she fancied she knew the voice, and how well she knew the carol! But the voice? It might be her boy's, but if so, how changed—how deep and manly! As the words met the carol, during the singing of which she had hastily dressed herself, trembling over herself almost in her haste, and opened the door which awoke the children in the next room, though it did not awake her husband, who was sleeping off a drunken fit, and it would have taken something a little less noisy than boozing cannon to arouse him.

In a moment she was at the door, and mother and son were in each other's arms. After a long embrace Fred moved away to look him up and down, and after a fond survey, she said, "How you are grown, Fred! and how well you look! And that fine over-coat! How did you manage to get it out of your small earnings, after what you've sent me? I am sure I have told Ruth that you did not leave yourself a penny scarcely."

"You needn't have been afraid, mother. Why, I've got plenty, too! look here. I gave fifty shillings for it."

"Is, Fred! how ever did you manage it?"

"I'll tell you by-and-by, mother. Now please help me off with my great-coat; for my hands have got the frost in them to-night. I had half a mind to bring the whole Arctic Ocean for that, thinks I, it would soon be lodged at uncle's—easy come, easy go, you know—so I decided rather to tell father how to get one as I got this: he'll prize it all the more for getting it so."

How merrily the breakfast-time passed, and what a happy day Fred proved to spend! The sunshine was come into the house at last; it lighted up the faces of the sad mother and her children, and made all bright. Toward nine o'clock the merry hubbub in the house awoke Mr. Harford; and learning that Fred was come, he set himself to the dreaded task of getting up.

Presently the church-bells began to chime, and Fred proposed that they should go to their house of worship. "I shall be glad to see the familiar old place again," he said. All the children would go, and Ruth and Fred wanted the father to go too. He refused quite decidedly at first; it was out of the question, he said, and he never went to church now. "All the more reason why you should go to-day, father," urged Fred.

"But I've got nothing fit to put on," said the father.

"Yes, you have," said the wife; "your best coat is up stairs."

"How came it there?" he asked, in astonishment.

"I'll tell you about that now," said Mrs. Harford; "but you just sit down and make yourself easy, and go out with Fred this once. We may never meet together on a Christmas-day again, you know."

"Look at Fred's coat—what a beauty!" cried Susie, as Fred took it from a peg behind the door.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you were getting on in the world," said his father. "How did you manage to get that and your watch too?"

"You must know I haven't spent a farthing of my wages on them," said Fred.

"Then how in the world did you get them?"

"The price of half a pint of beer a day for nearly three years got these for me," said Fred.

"All the fellows at our place are allowed half a pint a day. I told master that I'd rather have it, and he liked to make me any allowance for my not having it, he might; or if I just leave it out say nothing about an allowance. His said he liked to encourage young fellows to be abstainers, and he would put three half-pence a day. That has been faithfully given me for about two years and nine months, and has been transferred into six pounds ten shillings in my pocket. With that, you see, I have been well able to buy my watch and coat, and to send home some little Christmas gifts last year, as well as to bring these."

"Who'd ever ha' thought that three halfpence a day saved would have run up to that in less than three years?" said Mr. Harford, thinking dolefully of the many pence, and not only pence, but whole shillings, he had spent day after day during that time and for years before—sixpences that made many pounds, which would have bought him coats, watch, and perhaps a house too—so many had he squandered. Ned was trying to get up a sum of the same kind in mental arithmetic, though with lower figures than those which came to his father's mind; and both began to sink in self-reproach, and both felt that they had been foolish in the highest degree.

"You did well—you did well, Fred," said his father, with a sigh.

Then Mr. Harford and his children went to church. When they returned Mrs. Harford seemed much surprised to see her husband returning with the rest; and she bustled about with a glad face to get her Christmas dinner, just as in the happy days of long, long ago.

Mr. Harford managed to eat a very good meal, and felt the better for it. When it was over, and oranges and other good things brought by Fred were handed round, the children ate quite passed away, and he playfully helped the children to make wonderful things with oranges. By-and-by he leaned back in his chair, and said, "I can't believe it's me sitting here at home like this—something like the poor fellow as our parson was reading of this morning, who was sitting 'clothed, and in his right mind.'"

"Ah, it does n't a good to see you," said his wife, with gladness in her eyes.

He looked down at his coat to avoid her glance, and said, "This may look tidy, missis, but it don't keep the cold out; I was regular nipped coming home from chapel."

"You ought to have a great-coat like Fred's," she replied.

"You might easy get one, as he did, afore next winter."

"What! a new half-pence a day? 'Course I could, and I'll begin," he said.

"But I did something more than that, father," said Fred. "I made a bargain with master to give on saving for a month or two, and then let it all go."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I just kept right away from the public houses. They're the places to keep one from having a six-pence in one's back: they strip you, if you frequent them; but they'll never clothe you. You'll begin to save three half-pence a day for a great-coat, Ned, and as you say, I'll give you the other thing? If you only would, I'll tell you what you'd get besides. Why, good boots, good hat, a watch in your pocket, clothes for the youngsters, good food and plenty of it, a comfortable, happy home and wife, health of body, and a clear and peaceful mind."

"Surely, surely!" chimed in Mrs. Harford, in a half-sad, half-hopeful tone.

"And only one thing robs you of all that, father. You know what it is, and how to conquer it, too; our minister told it all to us yesterday this morning. God gives the victory over all evil, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Only we must not be still, and keep fighting to our Captain; we must strive and struggle hard to overcome, relying on His help. You remember that he said all that, father?"

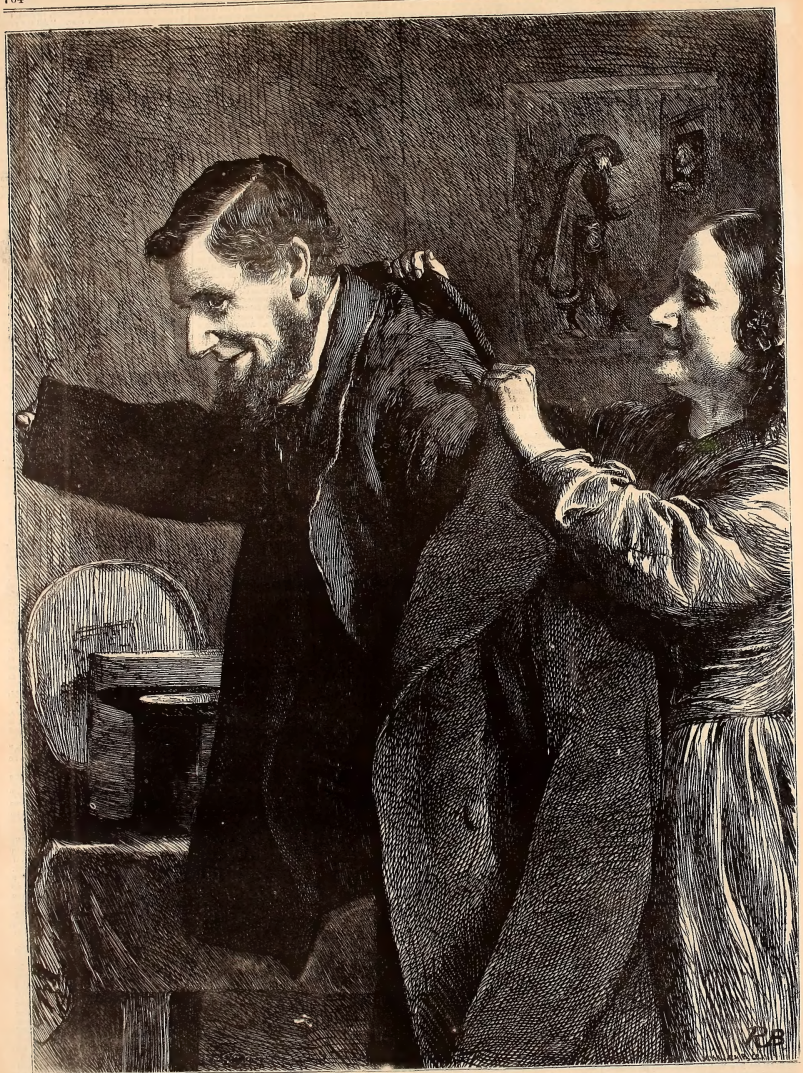
"Yes, I minded it well. It seemed all for me. I thought then, if I could only begin striving I might overcome. Others—hundreds and thousands of others—have fought against this cursed habit of drinking, and overcome it."

"So may you," said Mrs. Harford. "Why, you've begun already, James. Think! you haven't had a drop to-day! All you've got to do is just to go on as you've begun, that's all."

"That 'll be enough, I guess, as the days go on. Still, folks say as the first step is the hardest, and I've taken the first, you say?"

"Yes, yes."

"Ah, well I feel it too. Fred, my boy, if we all live till next Christmas we'll have a dinner of



THE NEW OVER-COAT.—[SEE PAGE 765.]

our own buying, please God, and not of yours; and if you come to see us, I'll have as respectable a great-coat on as you."

"And I too," said Ned, standing up very straight to give emphasis to his words. "No more o' my tin shall go into the publics, not if I know it. I knows a trick o' getting the value of it now, as I didn't think of afore I saw Fred's great-coat."

So, to make a long story short, it came to pass that Fred's great-coat was an instrument chosen to work quite a revolution in Harford's home. Did you ever know a man give in who commenced climbing upward and onward, with a strong determination, and relying upon God for strength and assistance? Never.

No, he did not give in; and the happy Christmas-day which they spent on the occasion of Fred's memorable visit was the first of a long series of happy ones. The sunshine that he brought did not fade away; it brightened and brightened into a perpetual glow of comfort and peace.

Fred did come home again on the following Christmas, and walked to chapel with his parents and brothers and sisters; but he was not the only one that went out of the house with a great-coat on his back that day: there were two others who had got them in the same way as he got his. He wore the same one that he had appeared in on his first visit. "It still looks almost as good as new," he said, "and I shall keep it tidy as I can. It has been the means of doing so much good that I have a sort of strong affection for my first great-coat which I could never have for any other."

"THE BUTT—SHOOTING A CHERRY."—[FROM A PAINTING BY W. MORRAOTT, R.A.]

"THE BUTT—SHOOTING A CHERRY."

OUR illustration sufficiently explains its own meaning. At first sight of the subject the stickler for the dignity of art might complain at the triviality of the incident represented. But the subtle observation of the painter, his delightful geniality, and the exquisite finesse with which he has caught all that is most characteristically boylike in gesture and expression, raise the picture into a region of purest humor, infinitely higher than the vulgar, coarse, and often brutal comicality of many of the old Dutch masters. The painter, like the poet and novelist, who enlarges the range of our sympathies, deserves the gratitude of all human kind; and in the moral, as in the physical, world there are inexhaustible materials for wonder and pleasure, in the lowly as in the elevated. Besides, in the realm of boyhood may we not find many analogies full of suggestiveness with more advanced life? How often, for instance, do we not see "children of a larger growth," greedy for gain, ready to become the "butt" of all kinds of indignities for the sake of a chance advantage—like the butcher-boy in the picture? Look at him; how anxious he is to aid the marksman—how, for steadience, he plants his feet wide asunder; how, to facilitate the aim, he protrudes his head and gapes his widest to catch the cherries. His eyes he protects with his fingers, but little he cares for the ridiculous smears on his cheeks from stray shots, which, of course, are more visible in the painting. Boylike, again, how totally oblivious in the excitement of the game are the urchins of the errands on which they were sent—the one for his orders, the other with his basket of linen. The fun affords unmixed enjoyment to the cherry-selling girls, for does not the sport entail a rapid consumption of their wares? The only individual of the group who entirely preserves his gravity is the dog, and that evidently because he is not quite sure whether he should not resent the mysterious liberties taken with his master. Of the picture itself—its admirable composition, its faultless drawing, consummate delicacy of handling, and brilliant, gem-like coloring—we need not speak; suffice it to say that it was executed at the zenith of the master's powers, as indicated by the date, 1848, of its exhibition at the Royal Academy—that is, two years after the exhibition of the famous "Choosing the Wedding Gown."

MOHAMMED'S PORTRAIT.

MOHAMMED was of middle height, rather thin, but brond of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—produced by the agonies of his "Revelations." His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under long heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion "red and white," his hands were as "silk and satin"—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one "who steps from a high to a low place." In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. "Oh, my little son!" reads one tradition, "hadst thou seen him thou wouldest have said thou hadst

seen a sun rising." "I," says another witness, "saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon."

In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the loftiest of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all "superfluities." The only luxuries he indulged in were his noble arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia, Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, to the most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred.

His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain, he would sob and roar under it. Eminently temperate in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy, and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain," it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his servant to be struck, or scolded, whatever he did. Ten years, said Anas, his servant, was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as "Fie" to me. He was very affectionate toward his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets, and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, "What has come to him?—may it be covered with dust!" Was this all mild? When asked to curse some one he replied, I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind. "He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and would be "grieved," relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere —and traditions like these give a good index of what the public expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him; and who described him would say, "I have never seen his like either before or after." He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through his melancholy, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, his wife's, and his own, like to romp with the children and play with their toys —as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the cubs his new baby-wife had brought into his house.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WONDERS.

SURELY light never will have revealed all its marvels! Every year, if not every day, it is telling us something which we had not known before, something calculated to excite our surprise and admiration.

Plates can now be engraved, and are engraved, for printing without any draughtsman and without any engraver. The thing has been done in more ways than one in past years, by the combination of photography with electrotyping—photography to produce the drawing, electrotype to produce the engraving; but now a method has been devised without any electric or galvanic agency whatever. Chemistry is the engraver, and chemistry is the very simple process of solution or dissolving. The process is not for producing a book engraving, such as the engraved lines of a steel plate, but a *relief* or *roller* engraving, such as a wood-cut block. Light, dissolution, and pressure; let us see how they respectively do their work.

The photographic picture is taken upon sensitized glass, just as in the ordinary *carte de visite*, producing a negative from which any number of positives may be taken. The picture may be a portrait, a landscape, a group of persons, an architectural façade, or what not—any thing, provided it assumes the form of a glass negative. The negative obtained from this is not upon sensitized paper, but upon a thin film of gelatine, combined with bichromate of ammonia. When light has been allowed to pass for a sufficient length of time through the negative to the positive, it shows its action in a peculiar way on the film; wherever the light is the strongest (as in the high lights of the picture), the film is rendered insoluble; wherever it is the weakest (as in the shadows), the film remains easily soluble, wherever it is intermediate (as in the half-tints), the gelatine becomes partially soluble. All is the bichromate of ammonia that renders the gelatine susceptible to these peculiar varieties of effect. We may add that the darker light more furnishes a wonderful aid in taking the positives, rendering the photographer independent of times and seasons, day and night, bright days and dull days.

We have, then, a positive picture, taken upon a film of gelatine containing bichromate of ammonia. This film being next placed in warm water, the substance dissolves away in the unequal degree just intimated; it becomes thinner in the parts least acted on by the light; the parts most acted on are scarcely dissolved at all; while the medium degrees of action produce medium degrees of dissolving or thinning. What is the total result? The film has become a sort of *bas-relief*; there is a picture of raised parts and depressed parts, owing to variations in the thickness of the film; and these variations are so beautifully graduated as to produce all the tints and half-tints from high lights to deep shadows.

The pressure, which next ensues, is not the least curious part of the operation. It seems scarcely conceivable that a thin film of gelatine should receive the impress of the two steel plates; the group is placed in an hydraulic press, and a great pressure is brought to bear upon it. This pressure amounts to as much as forty tons, even for a small picture, and rises to two hundred tons (nearly half a million pounds) when the dimensions are large. We might suppose that the enormous pressure would crush the delicate film into undistinguishable fragments. Nothing of the kind. The protuberances or raised parts press themselves bodily into the surface of the lead, producing a sunken or *intaglio* effect in all the places where the film presents a raised or convex surface, and vice versâ. It is wonderful to see how perfect is this action upon the plate, the picture appearing almost as if the work had produced it. And it is scarcely less wonderful that the thin film of gelatine will bear twenty or thirty of these pressures, transferring the picture to twenty or thirty plates, before being worn out.

Lastly comes the printing. If the lead plate were inked in the ordinary way with inking-rollers, and passed through an ordinary printing-press, the print would evidently present a mass of inside of black and white, without any gradations or half-tints whatever: this would result naturally from the peculiar mode in which the plate is prepared. An ink or color, however, is got ready, consisting of water and gelatine mixed with some kind of pigment or color. This ink, instead of being lightly applied by means of a roller, is poured as a liquid all over the plate; and pressure of the proper kind and to the proper degree is applied, sufficient to squeeze out all the superfluous ink; and the paper is allowed thus to remain under the gelatine ink for an hour, or slightly solidified. The print, when removed, is dipped in a fixing-bath, which renders the ink permanent.

Another curiosity in recent photographic art is an accident, not a design—a peculiarity in the negative which was not supposed in producing negatives and positives. A photographer, taking a photograph with a pellicle instead of a glass, left it not with the usual portrait of the sitter, but at some little distance a copy, phantom, ghost, or double of it—projecting nothing whatever in a startling effect, and one not likely to be very pleasant to the sitter, especially if of a superstitious turn of mind. Some curiously similar cases in, and left no room for the creations of marvelmongers. Upon investigation, it was shown that these phantoms (if we may so call them) present two different varieties, and spring from two different causes. (1.) A photographic image is sometimes so deeply impressed on a glass of the negative by the action of light, that the subsequent cleaning of the glass plate, even with strong acids, will not entirely remove the picture. When such a plate is used for receiving another picture, the original image faintly makes its reappearance. (2.) When a sitter has sat not the "double" or "fetch" of the sitter in the second picture; it is a very faint photograph of the person on the second plate, and contains a fully developed photograph of some other person; and the photographer, having carefully repeatedly, produces very startling Pepper-like ghost effects. (2.) When a lens has inequalities in its substance, due to an imperfect process of casting, or when it is subjected to unequal pressure in different parts, it acquires the property called double refraction, whereby images of the object being produced by it at the same instant. This explains the production of the double or fetch phantom. An English photographer has made the matter accidentally. When he took a *carte de visite* portrait with a particular lens, there could be seen on the ground-glass screen of the lens in the usual way, but at some little distance another and a fainter image—a second portrait of the same person.

In both these cases science set the matter right by showing that, in the first instance, there was a faint picture beyond a faint image of a former picture; and that, in the second instance, the lens of glass was subject to the influence of what is called double refraction. Thus two ghosts have been "laid," and rational explanations given of seeming mysteries. In a few years to come, science will probably recollect a little incident some half a dozen years ago, in which a photographic curiosity, instead of being regarded as such on scientific data, was made instrumental to a trading dodge. An announcement appeared in one of the papers, that to the sitter for a photographer took his own portrait, no one else being present in the room; that, besides his own form, there appeared on the picture the image of a young girl twelve or thirteen years old; and that this image was the portrait of a cousin of his, who had been dead several years. The young lady appeared to be sitting in the same chair as the photographer himself, as a sort of "dissolving view." The outline of the upper part of her body was well defined, though dim and shadowy; the chair was distinctly seen through the body and arms, as also was the table, upon which one arm rested; below the waist (which was apparently attired in a dress with low neck and short sleeves), the image faded away in a dim mist, which simply clouded the lower part of the picture. Now it has been clearly ascertained that all this would really occur under certain conditions. If the glass negative had been already used for a portrait of the young lady, and if it had been insufficiently cleaned before the second application in the camera, precisely such a double picture might result—the fully developed portrait of the photographer being superposed, as it were, on a faint portrait of the young girl. All this is curious and instructive; but it led at the time to a traffic in "spirit photographs."

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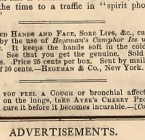

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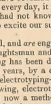

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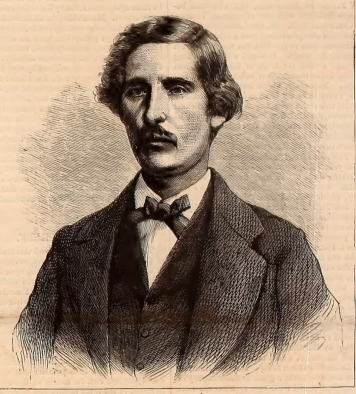
SEÑOR MIGUEL ALDAMA,

PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN JUNTA.

THE character and standing of the members of the Cuban Junta, in this city, are a guarantee to the friends of the Cuban cause that its interests will not be allowed to suffer. The Junta consists of six members besides the President. These are, HILARION CISNEROS, CARLOS DEL CASTELLO, FRANCISCO ESTEES, JOSE M. MORA, MANUEL MARQUEZ STERLING, and J. M. MESTRE. Three of these have been distinguished members of the Havana bar. The others have gained equal distinction in eminent business positions.

The newly-chosen President of the Cuban Junta, Señor MIGUEL ALDAMA, is a gentleman of about fifty years, of very dark complexion, sharp black eyes, active, bold, and full of the American spirit. He owns five of the largest and most valuable estates in Cuba, which estates lately employed 3000 or 4000 negroes and Chinamen. Besides these, he owns the grandest private residence in Havana, and a large share of the Havana Railroad, most of which property, to the amount of several millions, has recently been confiscated by the Spanish Government. Señor ALDAMA has always been prominent among the revolutionary spirits of Cuba. A few years ago General SERRANO offered him, by order of Queen ISABELLA, the title of Marquis of Santa Rosa, which honor he declined. He was, until exiled, President of the Havana Insurance Company, and a member of the Council of Administration of the Island of Cuba. In January his splendid mansion in Havana was sacked by the Volunteers of the Spanish army; and his other property, before the Spanish Government seized it, was pillaged by the troops without let or hindrance. Señor ALDAMA enters upon his duties at a time when the cause of Cuban independence in this country is sadly in need of an efficient leader. His friends predict for him signal success.

Besides the portrait of President ALDAMA, we also give on this page a representation of the burning of a plantation by the Cuban insurgents. This work of devastation is now being carried out on the largest possible scale, and is one of the marked features of the war as at present carried on by the Cubans, who find that their only chance of success depends upon the destruction of the enemy's supplies. They are doing what SHERIDAN did in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and what SHERMAN did in his march through Georgia and the Carolinas.



SEÑOR MIGUEL ALDAMA, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN JUNTA, NEW YORK CITY. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. A. COHEN, HAVANA.]

SLEEP AND DEATH.

"To love life without fearing death," said Hufeland, is the only means of living happy and dying at a good old age. People who dread death seldom attain longevity. If death presents itself to us under a repulsive and terrifying aspect, it is solely owing to our habits and prejudices having perverted our feelings. Montaigne justly said that it is the darkening the room, the faces full of grief and desolation, the moaning and crying, that make death terrific. Civilization, by investing death with the most lugubrious associations that it can conjure up, has also contributed to rendering it a hideous spectre. It is the reverse with the patient. In nine cases out of ten death is not only a relief, but almost a sense of voluptuousness. Sleep daily teaches us the reality of death. "Sleep and death are twins," said the poets of antiquity. Why, then, should we fear death, when we daily invoke its brother as a friend and a consolation? "Life," said Buffon, "begins to fail long before it is utterly gone." Why, then, should we dread the last moment, when we are prepared for its advent by so many other moments of a similar character? Death is as natural as life. Both come to us in the same way, without our consciousness, without our being able to determine the advent of either. No one knows the exact moments when he goes to sleep, none will know the exact moment of his death. It is certain that death is generally a pleasurable feeling. Lucan used to say that life would be unsupportable to man if the gods had not hidden from him the happiness he would experience in dying. Tullius Marcellinus, Francis Suarez, and the philosopher La Mettrie, all spoke of the voluptuousness of their last moments. Such are the consolations which philosophy presents to timid

THE CUBAN INSURGENTS BURNING PLANTATIONS.

minds that dread death. We need not say what much higher and loftier consolations await the Christian who is firm and steadfast in his faith, and has before him the prospect of eternal life.

RECEPTION.

O meadow that lies right under the skies,
Open all night and day!
I wish I were listening half so well
To hear what the listeners say.
So quick to welcome what they let fall,
So ready with thanks as true,
I never should lack any good at all
If my heart were like you!

Blossoming sweet and full to meet
Every smile of the sun,
Growing glad with a brighter green
Wherever the waters run;
Garnering up into golden grain
All the light and the dew,
I never should have any day in vain
If my heart were like you!

CARL SPENCER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

JOURNALISM.

THE Morals and Manners of Journalism is the subject of an article, by Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, in the December *Galaxy*, which presents very fairly some of the chief difficulties of journalism. The theory of true journalism he thinks plain. It is candor, good faith, and decency. But he also thinks that the consideration accorded to a journalist of acknowledged ability is not one of unmingled respect. This arises from the fact that an editor is believed to grind his own axes, shielding his friends and smiting his enemies. The pressure upon him to do this, Mr. WHITE's own experience probably teaches him. Here, for instance, is editor Smith's bosom friend, the poet Brown, who has just published a little volume of fugitive verses. A review of it appeared in Smith's paper which was very severe, which even denied that Brown was a poet. Mr. Brown instantly quarreled with editor Smith, and really felt personally aggrieved. "If your friend," he said, bitterly, "won't praise your book, who will?"

It is unquestionably true that a great deal of the current amount of criticism upon every subject is regarded with great suspicion by the public. The critics, despite Jonkins, are generous and friendly men, and it is very hard for them to blight young hopes, even by a truth-telling that seems unkind. Mr. WHITE says truly that the ideal editor must know neither personal friend nor enemy in his paper. But the position of a journalist upon such a condition is one of the most difficult conceivable. The root of the difficulty is in human nature. If editor Smith sincerely likes the poet Brown, and enjoys his companionship, it is plainly one of the severest acts of discipline to which he can subject himself to sacrificing publicly that in which Brown is not a poet. What man likes to tell in private his honest opinion of the performances of his friends? But to step to the front-door with a speaking-trumpet, and halloo them to the street, seems to be a very superfluity of frankness.

But, as Mr. WHITE truly says, the editor has made a contract of honor with the public. He has asked its support upon the condition that he shall tell the truth. He has invited confidence. It is dishonorable in him, therefore, to yield to personal partiality or persuasion. He must do what WASHINGTON did as President—express the opinion regard as a man, if he has it, but add that as President he can have no private regards. There is a duty of the public, also, in this matter, which we hope Mr. WHITE will enforce in one of the articles of his series. If it is dishonorable in the editor to be influenced in his statements by personal preference, it is dangerous in individuals to appeal to him upon personal grounds. If editor Smith is dishonest when he says that Brown's poems are delightful, what is Brown, who does not ask that the truth shall be told about his book, but that it shall have "a kind notice?" And so with every enterprise and advertisement.

The editor, indeed, should say to his advertisers what the Philadelphia anti-slavery merchant said to his Southern customers, in the good old days of darkness and shame, who told him that they would buy enormously of him if he would only hold his condemned abolition tongue—"Gentlemen, I sell my goods, not my principles." The editor sells space in his paper for an advertisement and its presentation to his thousands of readers; he doesn't sell his opinion that Tom's bitters are better than Jack's; and if Tom and Jack will not advertise in the paper unless the editor will say that he likes each better than the other, which is the substance of such praise, it is because they do not really think the paper a good medium for advertisement. The request is, therefore, an insinuation against the paper; and if the paper is very truly say that, as each advertiser has an equal claim to demand a puff, to yield to any one would be to concede a principle that, in making the paper a mere advertisement-sheet which nobody would care to see, would ruin its value as an advertiser.

Mr. WHITE will continue his treatment of the subject; and his views both of the duty of an editor and the necessity of a stricter general regard to it, in order to deepen and purify the influence of journalism, will certainly have the support and sympathy of every journalist who respects and comprehends his profession.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE great work which has just been finished in Egypt probably takes most of the world by surprise. The long talk about the Suez Canal had become so vague that there was something almost startling in the announcement that the work was done, and that the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of France, the Prince of Prussia, a Prince of Italy, and a multitude of smaller potentates and representatives, would take part in the ceremony of opening the canal. The real hero of the work, however, is not an emperor or king, but a French gentleman, M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, who was formerly Consul of France at Alexandria, and who then became intimate with the subsequent Viceroy, MOHAMMED SAID. M. DE LESSEPS says, what had been always evident, that a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea was a short cut around the world. It would abolish the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and bring India thousands of miles nearer to Europe. NAPOLEON, whose imagination was always dazzled by the East, and who dreamed of a vast Oriental empire, hoped that the old canal between the Red Sea and the Nile could be opened, but the report of his engineers asserted that the level of the Red Sea was thirty feet above that of the Mediterranean.

This statement remained unchallenged until the year 1846, when some French engineers working upon the isthmus discovered the mistake. Instantly measures were taken for a survey, which political events interrupted. But at last M. DE LESSEPS received the authority to undertake the work, and he invited the great powers to form an International Commission to prosecute it. England, under the cabinet of Lord PALMERSTON, resisted. That minister, who was much more British than wise, sneered at the enterprise as a bubble. But a Company was organized, with a capital of $40,000,000, of which France took $10,000,000, and in April, 1859, the work began. In May, 1863, the expenses had reached $7,067,000, and there were 20,000 laborers employed. The difficulties seemed insuperable, and the Porte offered to finish it and reimburse the previous outlay to the Company. There was a long legal discussion, which ended in the decision of LOUIS NAPOLEON to support M. DE LESSEPS. The Emperor made a grant to the Company of $16,800,000, and from that moment the work went steadily on. As fast as the canal was finished it was opened to traffic, and was used by the British Government to forward supplies during the Abyssinian war.

Through what disheartening difficulties M. DE LESSEPS has pushed his way, only those who have followed the enterprise can know. But his long night of doubt ends in a splendid morning. The consequences of his success are evident, and if any account of the canal will be dry, it is one that tends to break down so rapidly the barriers of distance which separate nations and retard civilization. The canal is a hundred miles longer than the hundred and twenty-eight feet wide, and twenty-six feet deep; and its entire cost is $35,000,000. Already Europe is preparing to pass through it. Russia, England, France, Austria, Italy, and Spain are adapting their steamers to the canal traffic, and a commercial company is organized in the United States to trade with the East through the canal. The victory is great, and not its least part is that it undoubtedly abolishes Cape Horn, by securing a similar passage through the Isthmus of PANAMA.

ST. DOMINGO.

MRS. TOODLES thought that brass knockers were handy to have in the house, and that a good-plate warmer *Cornhill Magazine* thought to be inexpressibly convenient if a daughter should chance to marry a gentleman of that name. St. Domingo is a handy island, but what do we want of it? We are virtually pledged in honor to pay the sum stipulated by treaty for St. Thomas; and the accession to our population of the Free Dames there would be unobjectionable. But why add to this the population of St. Domingo, and presently, of course, the rest of the island? The population of the half of the island which is the subject of the supposed negotiations is about 160,000, and its revenue during the last year is said to have been $800,000. The Bay of Samana, which was the object that first attracted the attention of Mr. SEWARD, is upon the Dominican coast—a historic point, for it was from the mountains behind it that TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE and DESSALINES saw the French fleet that NAPOLEON had sent to reduce the islanders again to slavery—the movement that led to the most heroic struggle for liberty.

Whenever a political community in our neighborhood voluntarily proposes annexation to the United States the proposition should be most carefully considered, and if it be a truly spontaneous movement, should lead to some kind of alliance. But negotiations of the kind that must be presumed in the case of St. Domingo can not be regarded as spontaneous acts. The people of St. Domingo probably know and care nothing about annexation, and the authority of BAEZ to treat for any body but himself is very doubtful. There is no reason nor necessity in our own situation for enlarging the present domain of the United States; while to annex part of a foreign island, peopled by those who are aliens in every respect, and whose accession merely increases the ignorance and the incoherence of our own population, certainly can not be considered a stroke of wise statesmanship. Such an act neither enriches nor strengthens us. And, plainly, if we are anxious for a rapid increase of the utterly foreign element in the population, the swift current of the irresistible Chinese immigration ought to satisfy us.

Whatever opinion the public must, of course, be submitted to the Senate, and will undoubtedly be thoroughly considered by it and the country in every aspect. Meanwhile, the administration of General GRANT is so entirely free from Buncomb, and its foreign policy has been so sagacious, that we can very patiently await the lifting of the veil from the Samana mystery. Mr. FISH is not likely to be seduced by any chimera of manifest destiny, nor do his official fingers burn to pluck the fruit of territorial acquisition before it is fully ripe. Still less is the Administration capable of preparing a pretext to seize a point in the West Indies to annoy or to threaten Spain. If it means war it will say war. It has no object like the extension and defense of slavery, which was the secret of the continental policy of the Democratic administrations. Its desires are for undisturbed prosperity and peaceful progress of the country; and we await with curiosity an argument to show that those objects will be promoted by the annexation of St. Domingo.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

THE vicissitudes which attend this trade are of great interest to this country, seven-tenths of whose population are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Hence the various grain outlets of the Atlantic coast, and from San Francisco on the Pacific side of the Union, there has recently been poured into the markets of Great Britain a large amount of wheat than at any previous time. The cable telegram has been employed in the unusual service of announcing these important movements.

The total of wheat and flour received there from all countries in September and October was 4,000,000 cwt. in excess of the quantity received in the two months last year. From the United States, for September alone, Great Britain received of wheat 1,423,000 cwt., and of flour 136,000 cwt., against 184,937 of wheat, and 30,674 of flour, for September, 1868.

The British returns of imports for the nine months ending September 30, 1869, are not less remarkable than the others. They imported from the United States in that period 7,938,818 cwt. of wheat, and 968,555 cwt. of flour, against only 1,487,000 cwt. of wheat, and 1,083,000 of flour, for the equivalent period in 1868. We reversed positions with Russia, hitherto the larger exporters of grain to England. For the nine months ending with 1869 Russia furnished 4,763,704 cwt. of wheat, although in 1868, for that period, she had forwarded 7,142,034.

But the most significant result to the United States is this, that although her most important competitors were crippled with the same drought which prevailed over England, the value of our shipments of wheat, for the first eight months of 1869, is stated in the foreign market at only £3,548,158, while the inferior quantity in 1868 received a valuation of £4,596,570.

Wheat has recently fallen in England, notwithstanding the need of increased imports, to a price lower than the average for several years, which is explained thus: "The famine which has prevailed in the wheat trade of late, and the check which has recently been given to an upward movement, are due," says the London Chamber of Commerce, "to our large importations, and in a great measure to the abundance which exists in the United States."

But in the Number of Agriculture this reason is given: "The potatoes appear to be every where unsound, and are being forced upon the market in large quantities. This has had an unfavorable effect upon the grain trade, but the present depression upon the market induced by this cause will undoubtedly be followed by a reaction."

The fall in price was unquestionably due in part to the several causes mentioned; but it was also owing to the fall in gold at New York, which affected the currency price of wheat in the proportion in which gold fell. This point is beginning to be understood by those who produced their wheat at high currency prices, although they can command for the gold received from the foreigner who buys wheat only a low currency price. The principal agency for putting down the price of gold is the Treasury department; and yet the quantity of paper currency is not diminished in the same proportion, or, indeed at all. The fall in gold can not be permanent unless the paper currency is reduced to an equivalent extent—a boon scarcely to be expected from Congress at the coming session.

The circumstances were all favorable for rewarding our farming interest with remunerative prices. The Secretary of the Birmingham, England, a highly respectable authority, in their grain circular of the 4th of November, say: "The accounts as to the yield of the wheat crop have become very unfavorable, has progressed, and millers complain that the new wheat works weak, and that even the white sorts do not grind a good color."

The defect in potatoes and wheat is one of the effects of the drought of last year, which, although it gave to wheat some qualities which in the moist climate of England are not ordinarily imparted, yet prevented the full maturity of most vegetable products. New seed potatoes and wheat should have been used in the cause of such as were immature. This caution will be more necessary next year, and particularly as to potatoes, which probably owe their existence to disease in part to the partial use of small, and consequently defective, tubers for planting.

But there are other difficulties which need to be taken into view. At a meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, held on the 2d of November in London, Mr. GARDINER, of Tan Rent, near Ripon, "that, in the opinion of the Council, the corn averages, as at present taken, are fallacious, and that the buyers' returns should be limited to purchases from growers only." Mr. CLARE SEWELL READ, who seconded the motion, and in doing so thought it right and proper for the purchasers to make the returns. "If the growers were obliged to make the returns, he was afraid that they would be more unsatisfactorily made than they were at present." The Chairman, CLARE S. READ, M.P., said that "the present averages were made up from the best samples, which frequently were published two or three times over." It may be feared if the *Gazette averages* are fallacious, that the estimates as to the quantity of grain produced, which are voluntarily made, have like defects.

It is thus be seen that in England the accuracy of important returns is impeached by the Central Chamber of Agriculture, composed of picked men; that this crop and that of the potato are defective in quality—that has heretofore been shown to be so as to quantity; and that the price of wheat at Mark Lane is lower than the average, although it is more important than ever for the grain year will be required. Before the condition of their present crop of wheat was known, it was supposed that the millions of bushels of it would be sold and need to be imported between the late and succeeding harvests.

On looking at the situation in this country it will appear to be equally anomalous. The drought along the Atlantic coast, which commenced in June, continued until about the occurrence of the autumnal equinox. The rains then experienced were severe in some of the Eastern States, but light over the residue of the coast, and stock had to be fed from winter fodder six or seven weeks earlier than usual. This drought affected the corn crop and the pasturage in a most serious manner; and it appears also that the corn crop in the Far West was very light, and that, by reason of severe storms occurring in harvest-time, the wheat then being gathered was severely damaged. California, instead of having the 6th crop at first reported, will not have, as later and reliable estimates show, more than two-thirds.

The breaks in the railroads occasioned this fall checked the transfer of wheat to the seaboard, and caused it to herd during the detention of cargoes; but yet, with the certainty of an unusual foreign demand for the United States, and of a probable inability on the part of Russia and some other grain-growing States to offer their usual competition, wheat has steadily risen in this market. On the closing of the canals for the winter—when the stock in market and its condition may be known—the price of our exportable product will be firmer.

The demand for currency to go to the South and West, to be used in the prosecution of their growing industries—which is still in progress—is also to the difficulty which speculators experience in carrying gold. And as no foreign country requires it from us, but, on the contrary, our bonds are taken abroad in advances, it has not been difficult to lower the price of gold, especially on the eve of shipments of cotton and grain, which must go forward in large quantities.

But it is competent for our foreign creditors to change the state of things at their pleasure, and although no immediate motive for doing so is at present apparent, we are satisfied that if that portion of the farming interest which is able to do so shall cultivate what the "Country Gentleman" calls the beneficent disposition to hold on to part of their produce, they will benefit themselves and the country.

THE CLEVELAND TY

The Convention at Cleveland to form an American Woman's Suffrage Association is not another sign of the depth and extent of the feeling upon the subject. There has been a very general impression among the friends of the cause that it has been unnecessarily prejudiced in the public mind by a thousand follies that have been associated with it, but which have no essential relation to it. The foolish practice of calling a convention to discuss a grave political question, and then permitting every body to discuss every thing, has retarded and turned to ridicule the most serious efforts of the most earnest persons. Undoubtedly the action of the Cleveland Convention will tend to hold the movement strictly to its purpose. And the purpose is a repudiation of the national debt, nor defeat of the Fifteenth Amendment, nor an eight-hour law, nor any thing but a removal of the political disabilities of women.

These subjects may all be worthy of the most careful consideration, and it may be desirable to form societies and hold meetings to discuss them and to affect public opinion; but if a free-trade convention should allow the apostles of Shakerism to occupy their time, or if the meetings to secure an eight-hour law should surrender their platform to discussions upon temperance, nothing but confusion would ensue. Even the old Abolitionists, who seemed to think that a law to make speech another's right of any body to say any thing at any time and any where, could not quite hold to their own rule, and finally removed by force from their meetings Father Lamson and Abby Folson, whose freedom of speech enslaved the speech of every body else. A movement like that for the admission of women to political equality requires the most thoughtful consideration, which it certainly will not receive so long as it is incessantly associated in the public mind with the most ludicrous vagaries of folly or insanity.

The advantage of a reasonable method in presenting the subject was seen at the late meeting at Hartford. The speakers were previously invited, and they came prepared. The intention of the meeting was not general discussion, but a conference; and although much of the work was done in the manner proposed, the meeting adjourned. Any thoughtful person who read the Hartford speeches would see at once that there was much light and reason in them than in those of any of our ordinary political conventions. Indeed, one such meeting in which intelligent women take part is the best and powerful argument for the cause. Already the most intelligent opponents of the movement, represented in New York by the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, admit that women will have political equality whenever they vote for it, or whenever a majority of women ask for it. This shows, at least, an intellectual state of very serious hostility, although it is not easy to say precisely what it means, unless it is a mere begging of the question by assuming that a majority of women never will ask.

What number of women, and where, are to be polled upon the subject, or what is to be considered an authentic expression of their wish, is nowhere stated. Meanwhile there is an equal reluctance or inability to mention why the political disability of one intelligent and competent citizen should depend upon the whim of another who may be both ignorant and incapable. We shall be disappointed if the Cleveland Convention does not have the question of the political equality of women distinctly and impressively before the American people.

TWO GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The darkest picture of the condition of the Southern States since the war is that drawn by Mr. Parker Pillsbury, one of the original uncompromising abolitionists, who has lately made a journey in the South, and has written an account of his impressions for the *Independent*. Some of the Democratic papers immediately seized upon Mr. Pillsbury's testimony, as if it implied repentance of his course, and condemnation of the anti-slavery movement for disturbing the tranquillity of the palmy days of peace and the old régime, when a seventh of the population of the country were denied every right, and reduced to brutishness, and the fundamental principles and constitutional guarantees of the government were utterly despised and outraged in half the country. But Mr. Pillsbury takes care to explain that the sad condition of the colored population at the South is directly due to slavery, and that in his opinion the Democratic party and the Church were the chief upholders of slavery. He finds the gloomy situation, therefore—the present ruin, as he considers it, of the region he has seen—the most conclusive justification of all that he and his friends formerly said about slavery; and were the work of agitation to be done over again, he would speak still more strongly—and Mr. Pillsbury's voice was never weak—of the accursed system that dishonored the nation, caused the war, and almost hopelessly degraded its victims. The Democratic supporters of the good old system of slavery will not be much comforted by Mr. Parker Pillsbury.

Sad as the southern colored people are, considering the terrible tragedy of their late condition, Mr. Pillsbury considers it highly complimentary to human nature that they are not worse than they are. In fact, Mr. Pillsbury thinks that the old relation of the races substantially continues at the South. The Northern settlers, he says, are generally of a poor kind. They despise the colored population as much as the old slave-masters. Labor is as disreputable as ever, and the colored people are forced to work for wages that forbid the least improvement of their condition, or to starve. Drunkenness is apparently universal, and Mr. Pillsbury remarks that "intemperance, in public men is not looked for, not expected, not even desired." But he adds: "And this is as true here in Washington as further south or further north." Of course, all this must be taken as a very rapid and a very rough generalization. But it is useful as showing how much is to be done in the Southern States before they will be in any degree upon the general level of civilization with the rest of the country. Mr. Pillsbury finds the one encouraging hope, a severe system of common schools in the schools. And it is interesting to consider, with his dismal description of the general condition, the facts just presented by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the General Superintendent of Schools among the Freedmen.

The whole number of day and night un-Sectarian schools among the Freedmen under regularly reported to the Superintendent or known by him, is 4424; the total number of teachers is 9503; and of pupils of all kinds, 252,405. This is the largest number ever known, and is a decided increase upon the corresponding six months of the last year. In the schools regularly reported the number of pupils is 204,253, of which 192,227 were slaves before the war. The whole number of schools regularly reported is 3314, and of these the freedmen sustained wholly 1581, and in 1733 the owners of 759 of the buildings in which the schools are held; while the Bureau furnishes but 773. Most of the schools are conducted upon the most approved system, and of the advanced schools 312 are reported as graded. In Virginia, money from the Peabody fund has assisted the colored schools; and Virginia leads in the new Constitution provision for free public schools, which, in the judgment of the Commissioner, should be her safety and her glory. And in the year 1869 there were in Virginia a gain of 50 schools, owned by the freedmen alone. In North Carolina there has been a gain of 56 schools and 25 Sabbath-schools, with 2 orphanages. In Georgia there is a gain of 105 schools and 4525 pupils. In Mississippi there is a gain of 67 schools and 2975 pupils. In Tennessee there is a gain of 30 schools and 4343 pupils. South Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas all show improvement; but Alabama lags. Kentucky has been unwisely passed by, and the prospects of the schools are most encouraging.

This picture, if not too rosy—and there is no reason to suppose that it is so—is a very agreeable companion to that of Mr. Pillsbury. The teachers in these schools, modest, diligent, unknown, are doing a work which will tell results won in the field, and to renew the Union upon eternal foundations, than any other class of persons in the country. Indeed, the free schools are the great work of the popular government. There is no interest so vital to the general welfare; and it is of the last importance that they should be carefully watched every where, and diligently guarded from the fatal touch of sectarian ecclestastical influence.

METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM.

The Art Committee of the Union League Club recently invited Professor Comfort, of Princeton, to deliver an address upon the general subject of Museums of Art, in the hope of an interesting public at the subject that a metropolitan museum may be established in New York. Mr. Bryant, always associated with humane and liberal movements, presided in person at the meeting, and the selection of the orator was especially fortunate, as Professor Comfort is carefully studied in Europe the subject upon which he came to discuss.

It is a little remarkable that, with the indication of rich men among us to devote their wealth to public advantage, and to have done it there has as yet been no great public gallery founded that should rank with the Astor Library. It is not indeed easy to buy the pictures that the metropolitan museum of art must contemplate not only pictures, but every form of the fine arts—sculpture, mosaics, bronzes, vases. Indeed, there is one kind of collection which is peculiarly practicable for an American gallery. If the best pictures can be but slowly procured, the finest statues in the world are accessible to us in casts, and casts are copies so perfect that they reproduce the originals. Whoever remembers the Dresden collection of casts will perceive what is possible in New York.

But there is another class of objects in such a museum which would be of the highest immediate practical value. A complete collection of the smaller remains of art, as they are called, would show us the important truth which is wholly forgotten in this country, but toward the perception of which criticism indicates a reaction, "the highest art is not truly for ornament, but for use. A masterly and delightful exposition on this fact was made by the late Cardinal Wiseman in England, in a lecture delivered some years ago, which has been recently republished here by the friendly care and interest of Mr. Clarence. The Cardinal called his discourse the Identity of the Artist and the Artisan; and in a series of historical illustrations, most felicitously drawn, he showed that the truth that the artisan not only designed, but personally wrought their finest works, and that many of the most celebrated objects of art were of common household use.

The Cardinal imagines a museum of art amply stored with the most precious remains—statues, mosaics, urns, utensils of every kind, which we rail off and protect under glass. Let us suppose these all to have been owned by one rich man two thousand years ago in Italy, and now to be his descendant. He would certainly arrange all to their proper places: this to the garden, that to the kitchen, the other to the chamber and the dressing-room, the mosaic to the vestibule, and the whole museum of what it is as a multitude of things to be admired would disappear into a variety of conveniences to be used.

Or again, here are exquisite objects from Herculaneum and Pompeii. They were, of course, the most common, the most familiar articles in the ordinary houses. We infer from the fact that none others are found, and that, if there were time to escape with any treasures, the most valuable would have been taken and not these common articles. They seem to us, as we look at them, so graceful, so beautiful, that we preserve them for admiration in galleries, or place them for the ornament of our modern rooms. Suppose now that New York should be suddenly buried in the mud of the streets, as will very probably happen, and an Pompeii was lost in the ashes of Vesuvius. Then suppose that, after two thousand years, curious antiquarians from the most enlightened of nations there should open our kitchens and closets, and are so captivated with the grace and charm of our pots and pans, and cups and glasses, that they bear them away delightedly. Not merely as specimens of that of an extinct people, but as objects of imperishable beauty. Should we not, if we were there to reflect, wonder what must be the æsthetic condition of a people who thought our kettles and tureens so beautiful that they must be preserved for admiration? And if so, what must the Pompeiian think of the taste of the 19th century?

The young man who is longing to become an artist, but who does not dream that the house painting and the wall decorator are entitled to that name, should not only recall Benvenuto Cellini and Luca della Robbia, but should piously remember that the common works of art are the mere painting and decoration of ceilings and wall hangings. Some of his most exquisite labor was imitation of the older and more perfect art of decoration in the Golden House of Nero. Go, young seeker, study the *Stanze* of Raphael in the Vatican, and the frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, the Tommy and mosaics and the Pompeiian lamps, and remember that art is not only a pretty patch upon daily life, but an integral part of it. If the admirable efforts of Professor Comfort and the gentlemen of the Art Committee shall result in founding an ample museum which shall serve to remind us that the high office of art is to make us beautiful, they will deserve more gratitude than if they had found a new gold mine, or had annexed a foreign island to their country.

NOTES.

Attorney-General Hoar has written a plain letter to Mr. Edward L. G. Spalding, whose "Financial History of the War" we recently commended: in which he says, that "we should have borrowed money as we did our armies, regarding the volunteers and the greenbacks alike as necessities of war, to be disposed of with as fair a proceeds at the return of peace." The only way to treat the subject, in his view, is a steady and persistent contraction—a painful process, but the result in delay does not make less painful. In the clouds and whirlwinds of speculation upon the subject of a return to specie payments one thing only is clear, that no plan will ever be generally approved in which the burden of contraction is not borne by those who have their own responsibility, and trust to the ultimate success of his policy, whatever it may be, to compel the approval of the country.

Mr. Ezra Cornell has given the use of some land at Ithaca for a horticultural school for girls, to be directed by Miss Mariwedel, formerly Principal of the School of Industry for girls at Hamburg. Mr. Andrew S. Fuller, of New York, has also promised to give seeds and plants. The school is to be co-operative, with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars in shares of five dollars each, upon which no more than five per cent. dividend will ever be declared; all other profits being devoted to the school or to pay back the capital. The purpose of the school is the instruction of girls in the culture of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and perhaps the care of bees. The duties of study will include botany, the propagation and culture of plants, agricultural chemistry and economy, hygiene, practical drawing, one or more foreign languages, housekeeping, and needle-work. In fact, it is to be a school in which the intention will be to accomplish girls to help themselves. The course of two or three years will be necessary to secure a diploma. The admission-fee will be ten dollars; the instruction will be free to all who can pay by work. The work must depend, of course, upon the subscription to the capital stock, which will be received only by Mrs. Horace Mann, Cambridge; Mr. Cornell, Ithaca; the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Boston; A. S. Fuller or A. M. Fo. ell, New York.

The Duke of Genoa, who is in danger of becoming King of Spain, is a boy of fifteen, the son of the late Duke, who died in 1855, and the nephew of Victor Emanuel. He is now a pupil of Matthew Arnold in England, and, it is understood, has replied to the offer of the Spanish crown that he could not accept it only if the Cortes elect him by a majority of two-thirds. There is evidently some serious opposition to his election, although he has a very numerous party. If Spain must have a king, however, it is certainly foolish to choose a minor. It is a great pity that a nation which in this age want a King should not select a mature and real one.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The official returns from New York State show Nelson's majority to be 29,566. The total vote is only 1,054,136, showing a falling off of 68,000 votes with that of last year. The Republican decrease in 109,078; Democratic gain, 41,000.

The Judiciary article of the new Constitution of New York State was adopted by the 600 majority in the recent election.

The Alabama Legislature has ratified the Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution. The vote in the House was 72 yeas to 34 nays; in the Senate 26 yeas 09, nays 10.

Both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature have ratified the Fifteenth Amendment.

The expenses of the Treasury Department from January 1, 1860, to August 31, 1869, were $1,140,028.

The capital invested in the cotton mills in Lowell is fully shown in the report of Treasurer Spinner just completed. The following are the actual payments for the past seven fiscal years: 1863, $963,586 21; 1864, $1,119,000; 1865, $1,000,000; 1866, $1,125,000; 1867, $1,440,000; 1868, $2,307,000; 14; 1869, $2,-000,000.

The gale of November 16-17 was very destructive in the Northwest. Over 200 vessels were driven on shore, eight in number, was lost in attempting to reach the shore fifteen miles south of Chicago.

A new building at St. Louis was blown down on the morning of November 21, and fifteen persons were killed under the ruins.

The steamer Sea at Port Sully, Dacotah, destroyed $1,000,000 worth of government property.

During a recent exhibition trial in the Safety Theatre, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the night of November 15, the cartridge in a gun, fired by a lieutenant Jahns, which was shattered by the ripper of one of the actors in a dancing scene. The panic-stricken audience fled, but before the audience could escape the whole interior was in flames, and many were compelled to jump from the windows of the second story. The bodies of two persons were discovered in the ruins. Fifteen or twenty persons were badly injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that, together with M. Ollivier, two other members of the Third Party are to enter the Cabinet. The *Journal Officiel* denies that any such changes are contemplated.

The organic laws and elections for the Corse Legislatif in Paris began on November 21 without disturbance.

The nomination of the Duke of Genoa to the Spanish throne is regarded as the support of the Emperor to the Cortes. It is reported that the Spanish Government will propose a proposition to establish a penal colony on one of the Spanish islands in the Pacific Ocean. The proposition is the more urged on the ground that the completion of the Pacific Railroad will afford American continent will facilitate communercial relations between Spain and her possessions in the Pacific, and would render the latter more valuable for colonization.

The proclamation for Porto Rico, declaring the island a Spanish province, permitting public meetings in the discussion of the administration, forbidding the discussion of the slavery question, has been submitted to the Cortes.

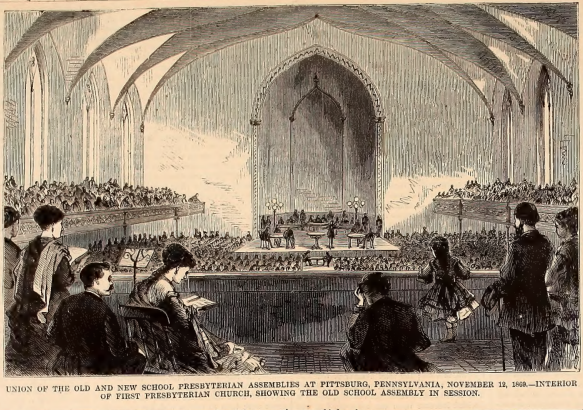
The international scolling match between Walter Brown, of Portland, Maine, and J. H. Sadler, of Saskatoon, took place on the Tyne, at Newcastle, on November 15, and was won by two lengths.

Telegrams from Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, dated November 17, announce the inauguration of the canal. A procession of vessels, headed by the Empress Eugenie's yacht, passed through the opening through the first part of the canal. At the shallowest part the depth is said to be seventeen feet. The canal is reported to be extremely five to thirty feet in other portions. The entire fleet of the Suez Canal Company, on the morning of the 19, the *Aigle* leading. On the evening of the 18th there was a grand state banquet given by the Khedive on board the Empress's yacht. The fleet consisted of fifty-seven ships, with an average tonnage of one thousand tons each. The vessel of the Khedive was a Russian frigate, which drew seventeen feet and two inches of water. The buildings at Ismailia are decorated with guests and other visitors, and the surrounding country is covered with tents. Invited guests from all who were assembled in numerous numbers. On that portion of the canal which is between the Mediterranean ties of the Chambers of Commerce, members of the press, and others. A statue of M. de Lesseps was also erected at Port Said.

Intelligence of the latest accounts from Paraguay President Lopez had transferred his head-quarters and sent off commissioners to the Brazilian war to report that Lopez had killed his mother, one of his children, and a number of the more southern part of the Victoria Nyanza. His finding of a chain of lakes connected by rivers four to six days' journey, the Tanganyika has encouraged him in the opinion that the Victoria Nyanza, of which Mr. Livingstone promises, and as Sir Roderick Murchison believes, gives the true position of the sources of the Nile as a serious error.

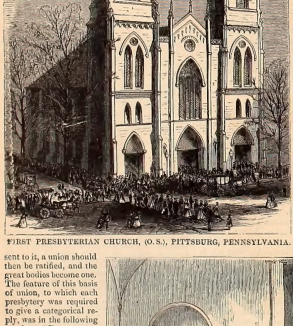
THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION AT PITTSBURG.

THE grandest and most sublime spectacle ever witnessed in the ecclesiastical history of America transpired in Pittsburg on Friday, the 12th of this month. The disastrous division, which took place in 1837, of the Presbyterian Church in this country was brought to a close, and a happy reunion cemented on that day. At the meetings of the two General Assemblies held in New York last May—that of the Old School in the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue, and that of the New School in the Church of the Covenant on Park Avenue—the joint Committee of Conference presented simultaneously to the two bodies a basis of union to be sent down to the various presbyteries of both Assemblies, to be acted upon before the 1st of November. The Assemblies then adjourned, to meet in Pittsburg November 10, to hear the result of this action; and if two-thirds of the presbyteries of each Assembly should have been found to concur, in a body from the Third Presbyterian Church to the First Presbyterian Church, where the Old School Assembly had held its sessions. There the two Assemblies met and formed a procession, the two Moderators leading arm in arm, and each Old School delegate walking arm in arm with one of the New School. This procession, numbering about 1000, moved down Wood Street, Fifth Avenue, Smithfield Street, and Sixth Avenue, to the Third Church. The entire city appeared to have poured forth into the streets to witness this unusual spectacle.



UNION OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1869.—INTERIOR OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SHOWING THE OLD SCHOOL ASSEMBLY IN SESSION.

The church was soon filled to its utmost capacity. The Moderators—Rev. Dr. JACOBUS, O. S., and Rev. Dr. FOWLER, N. S.—took their places on the centre of the platform, facing the audience, surrounded by the most eminent men of both bodies. Such a meeting had never been assembled in America. Amidst the abundant pledges of affection and co-operation, old men fell into each other's arms and wept; sobs were audible all over the house; and every sentiment uttered was followed with enthusiastic applause. The year of jubilee seemed actually to have come when the two Moderators arose and clasped each other's hands, as a symbolic expression of the union just consummated. Their example was followed by all the members. Hands were every where linked together, and a burst of praise broke forth, like the rushing of many waters, from more than two thousand throats. Addresses were made by the two Moderators, also by Drs. ADAMS, MUSGRAVE, FISHER, and by Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE and GEORGE H. STUART. The service, interspersed with hymns and prayers, continued for four hours. At 3 o'clock P.M. the meeting was dissolved. May it not be hoped that the example thus shown in the union of the two great bodies of the Presbyterian Church of America will be followed by other Evangelical bodies, until the Protestant Churches of our country shall be a grand unit in spirit if not in ecclesiastical organization.



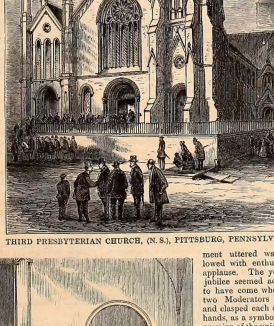
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (O. S.), PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

was found that more than two-thirds—the constitutional number required—had given their consent, and at each of the Assemblies in Pittsburg the result was announced simultaneously, in the following words, viz.: "'This Assembly, having received and examined the statements of the several presbyteries on the basis of the reunion of the two bodies now claiming the name and rights of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, do hereby find and declare that the said basis of reunion has been approved by more than two-thirds of the presbyteries connected with each branch of the Church. Now, therefore we do solemnly declare that said basis of union is of binding force."

Thus was healed a breach that commenced in bitterness thirty-two years ago, and the two bodies, long separated, were again made one. The significance of this action may be seen by looking at the strength of each Church. The Old School branch embraces 142 presbyteries, 2737 churches, 2230 ministers, and 252,555 communicants. The New School branch, 113 presbyteries, 1500 churches, 1800 ministers, 184,687 communicants. United, as they now are, they present an ecclesiastical body having 19 synods, 255 presbyteries, 4327 churches, 4130 ministers, and 437,242 communicants. During the last year these bodies contributed, for the support of public worship, $5,782,950, and gave to various benevolent operations the amount of nearly $1,000,000, making an aggregate of over six millions and a half.

The united Church will immediately organize its forces anew, and use every effort to extend its work and influence. A resolution passed the united body to proceed at once to the raising of $5,000,000 as a thank-offering, to be employed in extending the Church.

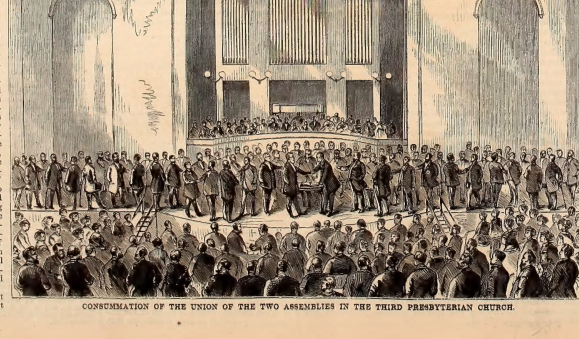
The ceremonies on the 12th were very impressive. The New School Assembly proceeded



THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (N. S.), PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

sent to it, a union should then be ratified, and the great bodies become one. The feature of this basis of union, to which each presbytery was required to give a categorical reply, was in the following words: "Do you approve of the reunion of the two bodies now claiming the name and rights of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, on the following basis, viz.: The reunion shall be effected on the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of our common standards. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments shall be acknowledged to be the inspired Word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice; the confession of Faith shall continue to be sincerely received and adopted as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; and the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States shall be approved as containing the principles and rules of our Polity."

To this overture, sent to the presbyteries, it



CONSUMMATION OF THE UNION OF THE TWO ASSEMBLIES IN THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE DISCOVERIES.

BUT two persons were now left in the summer-house—Arnold Brinkworth, and Sir Patrick Lundie.

"Mr. Brinkworth," said the old gentleman, "I have had no opportunity of speaking to you before this; and (as I hear that you are to leave us to-day) I may have no opportunity at a later time. I want to introduce myself. Your father was one of my dearest friends—let me make a friend of your father's son."

He held out his hand, and mentioned his name. Arnold recognized it directly. "Oh, Sir Patrick!" he said, warmly, "if my poor father had only taken your advice—"

"He would have thought twice before he gambled away his fortune on the turf; and he might have been alive here among us, instead of dying an exile in a foreign land," said Sir Patrick, finishing the sentence which the other had begun. "No more of that! Let's talk of something else. Lady Lundie wrote to me about you the other day. She told me your aunt was dead, and had left you heir to her property in Scotland. Is that true?—It is?—I congratulate you with all my heart. Why are you visiting here, instead of looking after your house and lands? Oh! I see; three-and-twenty miles from this; and you've going to look after it to-day, by the next train? Quite right. And—what? what?—coming back again the day after to-morrow? Why should you come back? Some special attraction here, I suppose? I hope it's the right sort of attraction. You're very young—you're exposed to all sorts of temptations. Have you got a solid foundation of good sense at the bottom of you? It is not inherited from your poor father, if you have. You must have been a mere boy when he ruined his children's prospects. How have you lived from that time to this? What were you doing when your aunt's will made an idle man of you for life?"

The question was a searching one. Arnold answered it, without the slightest hesitation; speaking with an unaffected modesty and simplicity which at once won Sir Patrick's heart.

"I was a boy at Eton, Sir," he said, "when my father's losses ruined him. I had to leave school, and get my own living—and I have got it, in a roughish way, from that time to this. I'm plain English, I have followed the sea—in the merchant-service."

"In plainer English still, you met adversity like a brave lad, and you have fairly earned the good luck that has fallen to you," rejoined Sir Patrick. "Give me your hand—I have taken a liking to you. You're not like the other young fellows of the present time. I shall call you 'Arnold.' You mustn't return the compliment, and call me 'Patrick, lamd'—I'm too old to be treated in that way. Well, and how do you get on here? What sort of a woman is my sister-in-law? and what sort of a home is this?"

Arnold burst out laughing.

"Those are extraordinary questions for you to put to me," he said. "You talk, Sir, as if you were a stranger here."

Sir Patrick touched a spring in the knob of his ivory cane. A little gold lid flew up, and disclosed the snuff-box hidden inside. He took a pinch, and chuckled satirically over something thought, which he did not think it necessary to communicate to his young friend.

"I talk as if I was a stranger here, do I?" he resumed. "That's exactly what I am. Lady Lundie and I correspond on excellent terms; but we run in different grooves, and we see each other as seldom as possible. My story," continued the pleasant old man, with a charming frankness which leveled all differences of age and rank between Arnold and himself, "is not entirely unlike yours: though I've not managed to be your match. I was getting my living, in my way (as a cursty old Scotch lawyer), when my brother married against the wishes of his family, and went to live with his wife's sister. Now, as to my sincere regret! All sorts of responsibilities which I never bargained for are thrust on my shoulders. I am the head of the family. I am my niece's guardian; I am compelled to appear at this lawn-party—and (between ourselves) I am as completely out of my element as I could can be. Not a single familiar face meets *me* among all these fine people. Do *you* know any body here?"

"I have one friend at Windygates," said Arnold. "He came here this morning, like you, Geoffrey Delamayn."

As he made the reply, Miss Silvester appeared at the entrance to the summer-house. A shadow of annoyance passed over her face when she saw that the place was occupied. She vanished, unnoticed, and glided back to the game.

Sir Patrick looked at the son of his old friend, with every appearance of being disappointed in the young man for the first time.

"Your choice of a friend rather surprises me," he said.

Arnold artlessly accepted the words as an appeal to him for information.

"I beg your pardon, Sir—there's nothing surprising in it," he returned. "We were schoolfellows at Eton, in the old times. And I have met Geoffrey since, when he was yachting, and when I was with my ship. Geoffrey saved my life, Sir Patrick," he added, his voice rising and his eyes brightening with honest admiration of his friend. "But for him, I should have been drowned in a boat-accident. Isn't *that* a good reason for his being a friend of mine?"

"It depends entirely on the value you set on your life," said Sir Patrick.

"The value I set on my life?" repeated Arnold. "I set a high value on it, of course!"

"In that case, Mr. Delamayn has laid you under an obligation."

"Which I can never repay!"

"Which you will repay one of these days, with interest—if I know any thing of human nature," answered Sir Patrick.

He said the words with the emphasis of strong conviction. They were barely spoken when Mr. Delamayn appeared (exactly as Miss Silvester had appeared) at the entrance to the summer-house. He, too, vanished, unnoticed—like Miss Silvester again. But there the parallel stopped. The Honourable Geoffrey's expression, on discovering the place to be occupied, was, unmistakably, an expression of relief.

Arnold drew the right inference, this time, from Sir Patrick's language and Sir Patrick's unprovided with an issue for some time past. "How hot you are over it, Sir!" he exclaimed, in irrepressible astonishment.

Sir Patrick instantly recovered himself. The genuine wonder expressed in the young man's face was irresistible.

"Almost as hot," he said, "as if I was cheering at a boat-race, or wrangling over a betting-book—eh? Ah, we were so easily heated when I was a young man! Let's change the subject. I know nothing to the prejudice of your friend, Mr. Delamayn. It's the cant of the day," cried Sir Patrick, relapsing again, "to take these physically-wholesome men for granted as being morally-wholesome men into the bargain. Time will show whether the cant of the day is right.

—So you are actually coming back to Lady Lundie's after a mere flying visit to your own property? I repeat, that is a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of a landed gentleman like you. What's the attraction here—eh?"

Before Arnold could reply Blanche called to him from the lawn. His color rose, and he turned eagerly to go out. Sir Patrick nodded his head with the air of a man who had been answered to his own entire satisfaction. "Oh!" he said, "*that's* the attraction, is it?"

Arnold's life at sea had left him singularly ignorant of the ways of the world on shore. Instead of taking the joke, he looked confused. A

"THE MAN WAS GEOFFREY DELAMAYN."

deeper tinge of color reddened his dark cheeks. "I didn't say so," he answered, a little irritably.

Sir Patrick lifted two of his white, wrinkled old fingers, and good-humoredly patted the young sailor on the cheek.

"Yes you did," he said. "In red letters."

The little gold lid in the knob of the ivory cane flew up—and the old gentleman rewarded himself for that neat retort with a pinch of snuff. At the same moment Blanche made her appearance on the scene.

"Mr. Brinkworth," she said, "I shall want you directly. Uncle, it's your turn to play."

"Bless my soul!" cried Sir Patrick, "I forgot the game." He looked about him, and saw his mallet and ball left waiting on the table. "Where are the modern substitutes for conversation? Ah, here they are!" He bowled the ball out before him on to the lawn, and tucked the mallet, as if it was an umbrella, under his arm. "Who was the first mistaken person," he said to himself, as he briskly hobbled out, "who discovered that human life was a serious thing? Here am I, with one foot in the grave; and the most serious question before me at the present moment is, Shall I get through the Hoops?"

Arnold and Blanche were left together.

Among the personal privileges which Nature has accorded to women, there are surely none more enviable than their privilege of always looking their best when they look at the man they love. When Blanche's eyes turned on Arnold, after her uncle had gone out, not even the hideous fashionable disfigurements of the inflated "chignon" and the tilted hat could destroy the triple charm of youth, beauty, and tenderness beaming in her face. Arnold looked at her—and remembered, as he had never remembered yet, that he was going by the next train, and that he was leaving her in the society of more than one admiring man of his own age. The experience of a whole fortnight passed under the same roof with her had proved Blanche to be the most charming girl in existence. It was possible that she might not be mortally offended with him if he asked her to be his wife. He determined that he *would* tell her so at that auspicious moment.

But who shall presume to measure the abysses that lies between the Interests and the Ascension? Arnold's resolution to speak was as hirsutely settled as a resolution could be. And what came of it? Ask for human infirmity! Nothing came of it but silence.

"You don't look quite at your ease, Mr. Brinkworth," said Blanche. "What has Sir Patrick been saying to you? My uncle sharpens his wit on every body. He has been sharpening it on *you*!"

Arnold began to see his way. At an immeasurable distance—but still he saw it.

"Sir Patrick is a terrible old man," he answered. "Just before you came in he discovered one of my secrets by only looking in my face." He paused, rallied his courage, pushed on at all hazards, and came headlong to the point. "I wonder," he asked, bluntly, "whether you take after your uncle?"

Blanche instantly understood him. With time at her disposal, she would have led him, like lightly in hand, and led him, by fine gradations, to the object in view. But in two minutes or less it would be Arnold's turn to play. "He is going to make me an offer," thought Blanche; "and he has about a minute to do it in. He *shall* do it!"

"What!" she exclaimed, "do you think the gift of discovery runs in the family?"

Arnold made a plunge.

"I wish it did!" he said.

Blanche looked the picture of astonishment.

"Why?" she asked.

"If you could see in my face what Sir Patrick sees—"

He had only to finish the sentence, and the thing was done. But the tender passion perversely delights in raising obstacles to itself. A sudden timidity seized on Arnold exactly at the wrong moment. He stopped short, in the most awkward manner possible.

Blanche heard from the lawn the blow of the mallet on the ball, and the laughter of the company at some blunder of Sir Patrick's. The precious seconds were slipping away. She could have boxed Arnold on both ears for being so unreasonably afraid of her.

"Well," she said, impatiently, "if I did look in your face, what should I see?"

Arnold made another plunge. He answered:

"You would see that I want a little encouragement."

"From *me*?"

"Yes—if you please."

Blanche looked back over her shoulder. The summer-house stood on an eminence, approached by steps. The players on the lawn beneath were audible, but not visible. Any one of them might appear, unexpectedly, at a moment's notice, Blanche listened. There was no sound of approaching footsteps—there was a general lush, and then another bang of the mallet on the ball, and then a chipping of hands. Sir Patrick was a privileged person. He had been allowed, in all probability, to try again; and he was succeeding at the second effort. This implied a reprieve of some seconds. Blanche looked back again at Arnold.

"Consider yourself encouraged," she whispered—and instantly added, with the inerradicable female instinct of self-defense, "within limits!"

Arnold made a last plunge—straight to the bottom, this time.

"Consider yourself loved," he burst out, "without any limits at all."

It was all over—the words were spoken—he had got her in the hand. Again the privately of the tender passion showed itself more strongly than ever. The confession which Blanche had been longing to hear, had not escaped her lover's lips before Blanche protested against it! She struggled to release her hand. She actually appealed to Arnold to let go.

Arnold only held her the tighter.

"Do you love me a little?" he pleaded. "I am so fond of you!"

Who was to resist such wooing as this?—when you were entirely fond of the man yourself, remember! and when you were certain to be interrupted in another moment! Blanche left off struggling, and looked up at her young sailor, with a smile.

Did you learn this method of making love in the merchant-service?" she inquired, archly.

Arnold persisted in contemplating his prospects from the serious point of view.

"I'll go" he said, "to the merchant-service," he said, "if I have made you angry with me."

Blanche administered another dose of encouragement.

"Anger, Mr. Brinkworth, is one of the bad passions," she answered, demurely. "A young lady who has been properly brought up has no bad passions."

There was a sudden cry from the players on the lawn—a cry for "Mr. Brinkworth. Blanche tried to push him out. Arnold was immovable.

"Say something to encourage me before I go," he pleaded. "One word will do. Say, Yes."

Blanche shook her head. Now she had got

him, the temptation to tease him was irresistible.

"Quite impossible!" she rejoined. "If you want any more encouragement, you must speak to my uncle."

"I'll speak to him," returned Arnold, before I leave the house."

There was another cry for "Mr. Brinkworth." Blanche made another effort to push him out.

"Go!" she said. "And mind you get through the hoop!"

She had both hands on his shoulders—her face was close to his—she was simply irresistible. Arnold caught her round the waist and kissed her. Needless to tell him to get through the hoop. He had surely got through it already! Blanche was speechless. Arnold's last retort in the art of courtship had taken away her breath. Before she could recover herself the sound of approaching footsteps became plainly audible. Arnold gave her a last squeeze, and ran out.

She sank on the nearest chair, and closed her eyes in a flutter of delicious confusion.

The footsteps ascending to the summer-house came nearer. Blanche opened her eyes, and saw Anne Silvester, standing alone, looking at her. She sprang to her feet, and threw her arms impulsively round Anne's neck.

"You don't know what has happened," she whispered. "Wish me joy, darling. He has said the words. He is mine for life!"

All the stately love and sisterly confidence of many years was expressed in that embrace, and in the one in which the words were spoken. The hearts of the mothers, in the past time, could hardly have been closer to each other—it seemed—than the hearts of the daughters were now. And yet, if Blanche had looked up in Anne's face at that moment, she might have seen that Anne's mind was far away from her little love-story.

"You know who it is?" she went on, after waiting for a reply.

"Mr. Brinkworth?"

"Of course! Who else should it be?"

"And you are really happy, my love?"

"Happy?" repeated Blanche. "I—and that is strictly between ourselves. I am ready to jump out of my skin for joy. I love him! I love him! I love him!" she cried, with a childish pleasure in repeating the words. They were echoed by a heavy sigh. Blanche instantly looked up into Anne's face. "What's the matter?" she asked, with a sudden change of voice and manner.

"Nothing."

Blanche's observation saw too plainly to be blinded in that way.

"There is something the matter," she said. "Is it money?" she added, after a moment's consideration. "Bills to pay? I have got plenty of money, Anne. I'll lend you what you like."

"No, no, my dear."

Blanche drew back, a little hurt. Anne was keeping her at a distance for the first time in Blanche's experience of her.

"I tell you all my secrets," she said. "Why are you keeping a secret from *me*? Do you know that you have been looking anxious and out of spirits for some time past? Perhaps you don't like Mr. Brinkworth? No? *you do* like him? Is it my marrying, then? I believe it is! You fancy we shall be parted, you goose? As if I could do without you! Of course, when I am married to Arnold, you will come and live with me. That's quite understood between us—isn't it?"

Anne drew herself suddenly, almost roughly, away from Blanche, and pointed out to the steps.

"There is somebody coming," she said.

"Look!"

The person coming was Arnold. It was Blanche's turn to play, and he had volunteered to fetch her.

Blanche's attention—easily enough attracted on other occasions—remained entirely fixed on Anne.

"You are not yourself," she said, "and I must know the reason of it. I will wait till tonight—and then you will tell me when you come into my room. Don't look like that! You *shall* tell me. And there's a kiss for you in the mean time!"

She joined Arnold, and recovered her gayety the moment she looked at him.

"Well? Have you got through the hoops?"

"Never mind the hoops. I have broken the ice with Sir Patrick."

"What! before all the company?"

"Of course not! I have made an appointment to speak to him here."

They went laughing down the steps, and joined the guests.

Left alone, Anne Silvester walked slowly to the inner and darker part of the summer-house. A glass, in a carved wooden frame, was fixed against one of the side walls. She stopped and looked into it—looked, shuddering, at the reflection of herself.

"Is the time coming," she said, "when even Blanche will see what I am in my face?"

She turned aside from the glass. With a sudden cry of despair she flung up her arms and laid them heavily against the wall, and rested her head on them with her back to the light. At the same moment a man's figure appeared—standing dark in the flood of sunshine at the entrance to the summer-house. The man was Geoffrey Delamayn.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE TWO.

He advanced a few steps, and stopped. Absorbed in herself, Anne failed to hear him. She never moved.

"I have come, as you made a point of it," he said, sullenly. "But, mind you, it isn't safe."

At the sound of his voice, Anne turned toward him. A change of expression appeared in her face, as she slowly advanced from the back of the summer-house, which revealed a likeness to her mother, not perceivable at other times. As the mother had looked, in by-gone days, at the man who had disowned her, so the daughter looked at Geoffrey Delamayn—with the same terrible composure, and the same terrible contempt.

"Well?" he asked. "What have you got to say to me?"

"Mr. Delamayn," she answered, "you are one of the fortunate people of this world. You are a nobleman's son. You are a handsome man. You are popular at your college. You are free of the best houses in England. Your companionship besides all this? Are you a coward and a scoundrel as well?"

He stared—opened his lips to speak—checked himself—and made an uneasy attempt to laugh it off. "Come! he said, "keep your temper."

The suppressed passion in her began to force its way to the surface.

"Keep my temper?" she repeated. "Do you of all men expect me to keep myself? What a memory yours must be! Have you forgotten the time when I was fool enough to think you were fond of me? and when you chose to believe you could keep a promise?"

He persisted in trying to laugh it off. "Mad is a strongish word to use, Miss Silvester!"

"Mad is the right word! I look back at my own infatuation—and I can't account for it: I can't understand myself. What was there in *you*," she asked, with an outbreak of contemptuous surprise, "to attract such a woman as I am?"

His inexhaustible good-nature was proof even against this. He put his hands in his pockets, and said, "I'm sure I don't know."

She turned away from him. The frank brutality of the answer had its effect on her. It forced her cruelly forced her, to remember that she had nobody but herself to blame for the position in which she stood. She recognized it. She was unwilling to let him see how the remembrance hurt her—that was all. A sad, sad story, but a story which, in one form or another, she had been the sweetest, the most lovable of children. In later days, under the care of her mother's friend, her girlhood had passed so harmlessly and so happily—it seemed as if the sleeping passions might sleep forever! She had had no one to tempt them—no companion—and then, when the treasure of her life was at its richest, in one fatal moment she had flung it away on the man in whose presence she now stood.

Was she without excuse? No: not utterly without excuse.

She had seen him under other aspects than the aspect which he presented now. She had seen him, the hero of the river-race, the first and foremost man in a trial of strength and skill, which had roused the attention of all England. She had seen him, the central object of the interest of a nation; the idol of the popular enthusiasm; the popular man of the day. *His* eye the arms whose muscle was celebrated in the newspapers. *He* was first among the best of his fellows. *He* was first among throats as the pride and flower of England. A woman, in an atmosphere of red-hot admiration, winged with applause, loses her self-control. Is it reasonable—is it just—to expect her to ask herself, in cold blood, What (mentally and intellectually) is all this worth? Is it, even when the man who is the object of the apotheosis, notices her, is presented to her, finds her to his taste, and singles her out? Is it, even then? While humanity is humanity, the woman is not utterly without excuse.

Has she escaped, without suffering for it?

Look at her as she stands there, tortured by the knowledge of her own secret—the hideous secret which she is hiding from the unsuspecting girl, whom she loves with a sister's love. Look at her, bowed down under a humiliation which is unutterable in words. She has taken him to love the surface—now, when it is too late. She rates him at his true value—and the horror and confusion of it at his conduct. Ask her the question: What was there to love in a man who can speak to you on that occasion as he can? Ask her what you as that man is treating you now? you so clever, so cultivated, so refined—what, in Heaven's name, must he be? Ask her if the very sight of him does not overwhelm her with the sense of her own degradation when he leaped the last hurdle at the foot-race, and won it by a head. In the bitterness of her self-reproach she will not even seek for *that* excuse for herself. Is there no atoning suffering to be seen here? Do your sympathies shrink from such a character as this? Follow her, good friends of virtue, on the pilgrimage that leads, by steep and thorny ways, to the purer atmosphere and the nobler life. Your fellow-creature, who has sinned and has repented—who has been chastised by the Divine Teacher for it—is your fellow-creature, purified and ennobled. A joy among the angels of heaven—oh, we brothers and sisters of the earth, have I not laid my hand on a fit companion for You?

There was a moment of silence in the summer-house. The cheerful tumult of the lawn-party was pleasantly audible from the outside. Outside, the hum of voices, the laughter of girls, the thump of the croquet-mallet against the ball. Inside, nothing but a woman forcing back the bitter tears of sorrow and shame—and a man who was tired of her.

She roused herself. She was her mother's daughter: and she had a spark of her mother's spirit. Her life depended on the issue of that interview. It was useless—without father or brother to take her part—to lose the least chance of appealing to him. She dashed away the tears —time enough to cry, is time easily found in a woman's existence—she dashed away the tears, and spoke to him again, more gently than she had spoken yet.

"You have been three weeks, Geoffrey, at your brother Julius's place, not ten miles from here: and you have never once ridden over to see me. You would not have come to-day, if I had not written to you to insist on it. Is that the treatment I have deserved?"

She paused. There was no answer.

"Do you hear me?" she asked, advancing, and speaking in a gentler tone.

He was still silent. It was not in human endurance to bear his contempt. The warning of a coming storm began to show itself in her face. He met it, beforehand, with an impenetrable front. Feeling nervous about the interview, which he was waiting in the rose-garden now that he stood committed to it, he was in full possession of himself. He was composed enough to remember that he could not put his pipe in its case—composed enough to set that smaller right before other matters went any further. He took the case out of one pocket, and the pipe out of another.

"Go on," he said, quietly. "I hear you."

She struck him out of his hand at a blow. If she had had the strength she would have struck him down with it on the floor of the summer-house.

"How dare you use me in this way?" she burst out, vehemently. "Your conduct is infamous. Have you no eyes?"

He made no attempt to defend it. He looked, with an expression of genuine anxiety, at the fallen pipe. It was beautifully colored—it had cost him ten shillings. "I'll pick up my pipe first," he said. His face brightened pleasantly as he looked at the bowl. Handsome than ever—as he examined the precious object, and put it back in its case. "All right," he added, turning to Anne. "I have it broken it. His attitude, as he looked at her again, was the perfection of easy grace—the grace that attends on cultivated strength in a fine animal. "Now, I put it to your own common-sense," he said, in the most reasonable manner, "is there any sense in bullying me? You don't want them to hear you, out on the lawn there—do you? You women are all alike. There's no harm in a little prudence into your heads, try how one may."

There he waited, expecting her to speak. She waited on her side, expecting him to go on.

"Look here," he said, "there's no need to quarrel, you know. I don't want to break my engagement with you. I don't. I'm not the first son. I'm dependent on my father for every farthing I have: and I'm on bad terms with him already. Look at me, for yourself! You're a lady, and all that, I know. But you're only a governess. It's your interest as well as mine to wait till my father's provided for me. Here it is in a nut-shell: if I marry you now, I'm a ruined man."

The answer came, this time.

"You villain! if you *don't* marry me, I am a ruined woman!"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Don't look at me in that way."

"How do you expect me to look at a woman who calls me a villain to my face?"

She suddenly changed her tone. The savage contempt in Geoffrey—let the modern optimists who doubt its existence look at any uncultivated man (no matter what circumstances), woman (no matter how beautiful), or child (no matter how young)—began to show itself furtively in his face, in his voice, in every thing in his voice. Was he to blame for the manner in which he looked at her, and spoke to her? Not he! What had their fathers—the training of *his* life (the school or at college) to soften and subdue the savage element in him? About as much as there had been in the training of his ancestors (without the school or the college) five hundred years since.

It was plain that one of them must give way. The woman had the most at stake—and the woman set the example of submission.

"Don't look at me," she pleaded. "I don't mean to be hard on *you*. My temper gets the better of me. You know my temper. I am sorry I forgot myself, Geoffrey, my whole future is in your hands. Will you do me justice?"

She came nearer, and laid her hand persuasively on his arm.

"Haven't you a word to say to me? No answer? Not even a look? You have ruined a man's reputation. A marked change came over her. She turned slowly to leave the summer-house.

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Delamayn. I won't detain you any longer."

He looked at her. There was a tone in her voice that he had never heard before. There was a light in her eyes that he had never seen in them before. Suddenly and fiercely, he reached out his hand, and detained her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

She answered, looking him straight in the face, "Where many a miserable woman has gone before me. Out of the world."

He drew her nearer to him, and eyed her closely. Even *his* intelligence discovered that he had brought her to bay, and that she really meant it!

"Do you mean you will destroy yourself?" he said.

"Yes. I mean I will destroy myself."

He dropped her arm. "By Jupiter, she *does* mean it!"

With that conviction in him, he pushed one of the chairs in the summer-house to her with his foot, and signed to her to take it. "Sit down!" he said, roughly. She had frightened him—and fear comes seldom to men of his type. They feel it, when it does come, with an angry distrust; they grow loud and brutal, in instinctive protest against it. "Sit down!" he repeated. She obeyed him. "Haven't you got a word to say to me?" he asked, with an oath. No! there she sat immovable, reckless how it ended —as only women can be, when a woman's mind are made up. He took a turn in the summer-house, and came back, and struck his hand angrily on the rail of the chair. "What do you want?"

"You know what I want."

He took another turn. There was nothing for it but to give way on his side, or run the risk of something happening which might cause an awkward scandal, and come to his father's ears.

"Look here, Anne," he began, abruptly. "I have got something to propose."

She looked up at him.

"What do you say to a private marriage?"

Without asking a single question, without making objections, she answered him, speaking as bluntly as he had spoken himself.

"I consent to a private marriage."

He began to temporize directly.

"I own I don't see how it is to be managed—" She stopped him there.

"I do!"

"What!" he cried out, suspiciously. "You have thought of it yourself, have you?"

"Yes."

"And planned for it?"

"And planned for it."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?"

She answered haughtily; insisting on the respect which is due to women—the respect which was doubly due from *him*, in her position.

"Because *you* owed it to *me*, Sir, to speak first."

"Very well. I've spoken first. Will you wait a little?"

"Not a day!"

The tone was positive. There was no mistaking it. Her mind was made up.

"What's the hurry?"

"Have you eyes?" she asked, vehemently. "Have you ears? Do you see how Lady Lundie looks at me? Do you hear how Lady Lundie speaks to me? I am suspected by that woman. My shameful dismissal from this house may be a question of days for me. Her head sunk on her bosom; she wrung her clasped hands as they rested on her lap. "And, oh, Blanche!" she moaned in thought, the tears gathering again, and falling, this time, unchecked. "Blanche, who looks up to me! Blanche, who trusts me! Blanche, who told me, in this very place, that I was to live with her when she was married! She started up from the chair; the tears dried suddenly: the hard despair settled again, vast and white, on her face. "Let me go! What is death, compared with what a life as it would be for me?" She looked him over, in one disdainful glance from head to foot; her voice rose to its loudest and bitterest tone. "Any thing you would have the courage to die if you were in my place!"

Geoffrey glanced round toward the lawn.

"Hush!" he said. "They will hear you!"

"Let them hear me! When *I* am past hearing *them*, what do I care?"

He put her back by main force on the chair. In another moment they must have heard her, through all the noise and laughter of the lawn.

"Say what you want," he resumed, "and I'll do it. Only be reasonable. I can't marry you to-day."

"You can!"

"What nonsense you talk! The house and grounds are swarming with company. It can't be done!"

"I can! I have been thinking about it ever since we came to this house. I have got something to propose to you. Will you hear it, or not?"

"Speak lower!"

"Will you hear it, or not?"

"There's somebody coming!"

"Will you hear it, or not?"

"The devil take your obstinacy! Yes!"

The answer had been wrung from him. Still, it was the answer which she wanted the door to hope. The instant he had consented to hear her her mind awakened to a new sense of resource. A riveting discovery by any third person who might stray idly into the summer-house. She held up her hand for silence, and listened to what was going forward on the lawn.

The dull thump of the croquet-mallet against the ball was no longer to be heard. The game had stopped.

In a moment more she heard her own name called. An interval of astonishment followed—and a familiar voice said, "I know where she is. I'll fetch her."

She turned to Geoffrey, and pointed to the back of the summer-house.

"It's my turn to play," she said. "And Blanche is coming here to look for me. Wait there—and I'll stop her on the steps."

She went out at once. It was a critical moment. Blanche, which had been natural up to the woman, meant money-ruin to the man. Geoffrey had not exaggerated his position with his father. Lord Holchester had twice paid his debts—and had declined to see him since. One more outrage on his father's rigid sense of propriety, and he would be left out of the will as well as kept out of the house. He looked for a moment of retreat, in case there was no escaping unperceived by the front entrance. A door—intended for the use of servants, when picnics and gipsy tea-parties were given in the summer-house—had been made in the back wall. It

opened outward, and it was locked. With his strength it was easy to remove that obstacle. He put his shoulder to the door. At the moment when he burst it open he felt a hand on his arm. Anne was behind him, alone.

"You may want it before long," she said, observing the open door, without expressing any surprise.

"You don't want it now. Another person will play for me—I have told Blanche I am not well. Sit down. I have secured a respite of five minutes, and I must make the most of it. In that time, or less, Lady Lucille's solicitions will bring her here—to see how I am. For the present, shut the door."

She seated herself, and pointed to a second chair. He took it—with his eye on the closed door.

"Come to the point!" he said, impatiently. "What is it?"

"You can marry me privately to-day," she answered.

"Listen—and I will tell you how!"

MY NEST.

The shadows lengthen; the twilight is falling:
The labors and cares of the day are ended;
A pence settles over the city's brawling,
Like the mirror'd glow of the sunset splendid.
And sparrow and robin, and skylark and throstle,
Are silent now in leafy recesses:
Calmly and warmly and safely they nestle
In the shadowy bliss of soft caresses.

On the skirts of the city my nest is waiting,
Warm with a love that is grateful and tender;
And the world, with its striving, and sinning, and hating,
Melts in the light of its sacred splendor.
What though my dwelt be poor and lowly?
Love's blessing alone makes the dwelling royal!
Peace, like a cherubim, pure and holy,
Fills every nook with a faith life loyal!

Cosy, warm nest! every bounty and blessing
Linger about thee as years o'er thee gather;
Joys bide within thee; and mercies unceasing
Rain from the bountiful hand of the Father!
Hope's budding promises break without number
Rich sunny fruit-blooms, and burst into blossom
Sweet, be thy glad waking hours, and thy slumber
Calm as the sleep of a babe on the bosom!

JUDGE LYNCH IN INDIA.

"I DARE say, my dear fellow, that with your British notions you does appear strange to you that any law abiding citizen of the United States should for an instant uphold the doings of Judge Lynch; but if for one hour you could be induced that worse evils can be befall a community than an occasional visit from the peripatetic judge, I am sometimes under the impression that I do not think that as many innocent men have suffered from his decrees as from those of the legally appointed common-law judges of England and America. Moreover, during my travels throughout 'Greater Britain,' I have seen cause to regret that Judge Lynch and his code of law of irregular court had not been introduced into other English-speaking countries. For instance, bush-ranging in Australia could not have been reduced to so fine a science had the squatters taken a lesson or two from my friends in Indiana on the speediest method of freeing the country from horse-thieves and murderers.

"Yes, that is all very well, you know, for you who have become so thoroughly American in life and thought; but no Englishman—no regular Englishman, I mean—would ever consent to act the part of Judge Lynch, or the part of a juryman in his court."

The last speaker was evidently what he had styled a *regular* Englishman; his companion was as undoubtedly of the same race, but in him the salient characteristics had been softened off or the nonel shed, and he might readily be taken by a casual observer for a native of his adopted State.

The two men occupied a seat in a railway carriage that was hurrying across the prairies of Illinois.

"There you are mistaken," replied the elder of the two persons: "and to convince you I will relate a personal experience of lynch-law, in which also I was forced to be a person than your esteemed uncle, General H——.

"It is something more than a quarter of a century since our uncle, then a private, and myself were dining at the house of the Commander of the Bheel Corps in Khandes. Young Sconce of the Engineers, was also a guest on the occasion referred to. We had settled ourselves well down in our Chinese bamboo chairs in the verandahs of the house enjoying our post-prandial cheroots, when a Government peon or messenger suddenly appeared in the inclosure in front of the garden, and, considerably less than the usual amount of salaaming, approached the master of the house, the redoubtable and fiery Assistant Agent. As hurried accents the peon reported that there were then lying, within a mile of our quarters, and on the high-road from Mhow to Indore, the dead bodies of ten men who had been attacked and killed within the last half hour.

"Our quarters had just been deploring the dullness of the season and the lack of all novelty at the station. Here was excitement and novelty with a vengeance!

"The Hindostanee words for two and ten (dó and dás) are so nearly alike in sound that we all thought the evidently frightened peon had inadvertently used the larger number; but on being taken into the house and sharply questioned by Major ——, the peon asserted that he had counted the dead bodies, and that there were ten all lying in a row; that on discovering the nature of the tragedy he had run with all speed to report the circumstance to the Buxrah Sahib, but he could tell no more. Our horses were immediately ordered; and as we were all guests under the same hospitable roof, we armed ourselves and prepared to follow the Agent, whose duty it was, as a magistrate, to examine into the circumstances. Before our horses were ready the whole cantonment was ablaze with excitement; and when we set out to the scene of the tragedy the plain was made light as day by the flare of hundreds of burning pine-torches.

"We found the bodies as described lying in the middle of the road at regular distances. To the experienced eye of an Indian official the whole story was told at a glance. The murdered men were gold carriers from Bombay to Indore, conveying each of them a certain weight of the precious metal in ingots, and the dacoits had surrounded the loins. Marching as they always do in Indian file, they must have been met by the robbers presenting a like number in the opposite direction, and as each came alongside his victim a blow on the bare neck from a sharp heavy tulwar ended the matter. Not a single victim had a cry escaped. In two instances the heads were entirely separated from the trunks. It would be the work of half a minute for the assailants to tear the cumbersome from the corpse and escape into the obscurity of the mooseless night.

"'This is professional work,' said the magistrate, 'and the scoundrels will make for the Nizam's territory: once across the lines they will be safe. Sconce, you'll calling a native officer,' 'pick out the twelve best mounted and lightest men in the troop, and order them to report at my house in half an hour. Captain S——, as brigade-major, you will take charge of the bodies, find out all you can about the murderers. I promise you I won't be much; my duty is to catch the murderers. And now, gentlemen, who of you are inclined for a ride this night on the plain?'

"Of course every officer present volunteered; but as half of them had no horses fit for such an expedition, and as the night would not be spared from duty, the magistrate's companion were reduced to his dinner guests, with the addition of young Dr. ——, the civil service, a noted horseman and hog hunter.

"In less than half an hour the five European and the twelve native officers, with the peon officer at their head, were cantering gently across the plain. It will be observed that no time was lost in idle speculation as to the cause and the where-fore; indeed there was no room for hesitation or doubt. The murders were evidently the work of professional skill, and the question as to the direction of their flight was narrowed down by the necessities of the case to security within the dominions of the Nizam, the independent native ruler of the Deccan. Before starting, however, we had ascertained that the commanding officer of the station had recently crossed a nullah or ditch in the direction we had determined upon taking.

"Looking for both men and horses, the night was cool, and we were able to push on rapidly; no buses but Arabs could have come over the ground at the pace we rode. Arab horses have always a shambling, stumbling action, but they are sure-footed and will not waste time over it as we had ridden fifty miles, not an accident had occured.

"At sunrise we halted for a couple of hours, we white men making our breakfast on crackers and brandy *pawee*, our escort on parched grain and *gool* (raw sugar) *pawee* (water).

"We did not reach the frontier until 3 P.M., receiving then for the first time positive intelligence of the expedition we were following. It was not at fault; the robber band had passed across into native territory about an hour ahead of us, but it seems doubtless safe within the walls of Rattowah.

"We were terribly disappointed. As we attacked our flasks and cold crackers for the second time in twenty hours, we discussed the feasibility of enticing the gang back on to British soil, where we could legally arrest them. But, to shorten my story, I may at once say that our deliberation closed by a unanimous resolution to ride to Rattoon, arrest the murderers, bring them back prisoners, and apologize to the outraged sovereignty of his Royal Highmightiness, the Nizam, afterward.

"As there was no time to be lost, we soon reached the walled village of Rattoon, and were rejoiced at hearing that our prey were all fast asleep in fancied security in the Dhurmsallah, or caravanserai of the place. After consultation with the kotwal (headman) of the village, who pretended to be horrified at the discovery of the character of his guests, sheltering, their resting-place was surrounded, and three of us entered holding drawn swords and cocked pistols in our hands. The din we made aroused the astonished inmates. The Bheel Agent soon enlightened them as to the situation, ordering them to tie the hands of each man, where they were seized and securely bound with the heel-ropes of our horses.

"After this was accomplished silently accomplished, we concluded to take some refreshment before returning to Khandes. It was an unwise resolve, as we subsequently found; we managed to purchase some fowls, rice, yams, and a couple of earthen pots, and two of us set to work to prepare 'a hasty plate of soup.' We were, of course, our own cooks and scullions, for our troopers would have died of starvation before they would contaminate their high-caste fingers by touching our food. Inexpertness made the cooking and cleaning of utensils a long affair, a near sunset before we had managed to get the disjointed chickens into the pot. We were congratulating ourselves on the success of our culinary operations, when our friend Major —— startled us, on his return from a stroll through the village, by saying, 'Gentlemen, we must get out of this without delay. Some infernal rascal, I believe the kotwal himself, has sent a messenger express to the camp of the Nizam's cavalry, only eight or ten miles distant, and if the Rissaldar in command is the man I take him to be, he will be here to secure, not the prisoners—he don't care a button for them—but their golden plunder.'

"This was a dilemma we had not calculated upon. We held a consultation once more, the result of which was the determination to try the murderers by drum-head court-martial on the spot. This, we knew, was a serious business; for although no one gave utterance to the thought, it was evident that the result of such a trial would be the death of the prisoners. In spite of the fierce resolve in our hearts, we could not help laughing at the suggestion of our civilian associate, that, as there was probably no *drum* to be found in such a place, we might borrow a native tom-tom for the occasion.

"This, as soon as we had organized, the prisoners were brought before it and interrogated as to name, ages, etc. They made no concealment of the crime on the contrary they one and all told us to attend to our own business, as they *had* attended to theirs. There was no difficulty in finding a verdict—there was more hesitation about the sentence; but, finally, it was agreed that they should all be hanged by the neck. I need not dwell upon the further details. Lariats and trees were plenty; and after waiting ten minutes round the several bodies, we rode off as fast as our exhausted horses could carry us.

"The gold for which the twelve men had risked and lost so much was subsequently transmitted, with a full account of the transaction, to the English Minister or Resident, as he is styled, at the Court of Hyderabad, the city to which the murdered men were journeying when they met the Dacoits.

"There was, of course, a terrible row about the affair. Luckily Sir Charles Metcalfe had not then given to the newspapers a license to discuss such matters. But Sconce and your uncle, Fred, had interest enough to have the business hushed up after the Nizam had accepted a very humble apology.

"I found it convenient to resign my commission, and soon after came to the United States, and settled down in Indiana; but although a resident there for more than thirty years, I have never again acted in the court of Judge Lynch."

OUR SURVIVING EX-PRESIDENTS.

THE death of President Pierce leaves General Grant the only living representative of an elected Chief Magistrate of the country. The two surviving ex-Presidents, Fillmore and Johnson, were both raised to their high official position by the death of their superior associates in office. The history of these two ex-Presidents in their early struggles for the necessaries of life, in their successful resistance to the abandonment of the political party which raised them to power, is similar to a degree that would suggest that the two were studying their destiny under the same unhappy auspices.

Mr. Johnson, made President by the death of Mr. Lincoln, in the first blush of his accidentally acquired honors, promised to be the Moses who was to lead the down-trodden white slave and his to the land of perfect freedom. If he has any record which is really prominent—connected with statesmanship—it is that he forgot his mission, and affected the spirit that gave birth and vitality to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Both these ex-Presidents were born in the most humble positions possible in American society; both struggled into eminence through the severest exertions and by indomitable energy. Both could, and can, remember the bitterness of their own early life; and yet both apparently forgot, while they were in authority, to sympathize with the poor and enslaved toiler.

But this strange parallel does not end here: for, while Johnson, as a boy, was working upon the bench as an apprentice to a tailor, Millard Fillmore, somewhat older in years, was at the same time in New York, was sweating over the mechanical operation of dressing cloth, which could be bleached and garments by the aid of which Senator Johnson was learning in the then desolate regions of Tennessee.

But the following pieces of singular history speak through the strange records that have been preserved for the enlightenment of American youth and the astonishment of an admiring world.

GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE, November 7, 1810.

"This is to certify that I, a my desire this Mr. Andrew Johnson is bound an apprentice to James J. Selby to learn the trade of a tailor, and I do to serve him faithfully until he is 21 years old.

"Andrew Johnson was born in the year 1808, December 29. "MARY DAUGHTRY,

by
"TERRELL DAUGHTRY."

"SEPHINTON (N. Y.), June 18, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—Feeling disposed to relinquish my study, I find no business to pursue my agreeable with. Therefore I shall take the liberty to inquire of you if you have any journeyman engaged in dress cloth, and if you have not I should like to hire out to you, and would work with you. I could possibly afford it. Please to direct a letter to me at Montville the first opportunity, and let me know the result of your opinion of my request.

"Please accept my unfeigned respects, and present them to your amiable lady, and

"I remain yours,
"Your unworthy friend,
"M. FILLMORE.

"Z. CRENER."

A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

AMONG the honorable exercises formerly in fashion among all persons of note in Europe who desired to gain reputation in feats of arms, from the king to the private gentleman, were tournaments, jousting, tiltings, etc. The word tournament is derived from *tourner* (to run around), and in those military exercises much agility, both of man and horse, was necessary in riding round a ring, or in wheeling with rapidity and precision.

Our illustration on page 780 is a very good representation of the tournament as it now exists in some of our Southern (especially the border) States. Let us imagine ourselves at one of these exercises. The knights are about to enter the lists, on other side of which are long lines of carriages filled with beautiful women, whose eyes beam with love and pleasure as their gallant favorites, clad in armor, steel or otherwise, and ride hither and thither on richly caparisoned steeds. A Queen of Love and Beauty has been chosen, with Maids of Honor. The knights having retired to the end of the list, are called in order by the Herald, to contest for the prize. The knight who successfully bears away the ring is, upon returning it to the judges as an evidence of his prowess, formally greeted by the gentry, the fair ladies on either side also expressing their approbation by the waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands.

The general mode of procedure at a tournament is as follows: A ring, from two to three inches in diameter, is suspended at a height high enough to allow the riders to pass under it, each rider or knight is armed with a long spear, and in his rear (on the ring or full speed), the speed is 100 yards in five seconds. If he carries off the ring he scores one; if he misses it, or is not up to the mark, he scores a blank; if he does not score. Three tilts or courses in succession is the general number tried; the knight who takes the most scores is the victor. Prior to choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty, the next best choosing the Maids of Honor. After the tilting is completed the knights are drawn up in line in front of the judges' stand, who then name the successful gallants and the beauties there to be entitled to. They then proceed to the ladies' stand and make choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty and the Maids of Honor; the whole cavalcade then form in procession, the beauties in a carriage, the gallant knights on horseback, and proceed to the ball-room, where, on a erected a throne, to which the Queen and her maids are conducted; after which the knights, under their distinguishing appellations—such as the Knight, Knight of Columbia, etc., etc.—are presented to the Court of Love and Beauty. This concludes the ceremony, and knights and ladies fair join in the mazy dance.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GAVOTTARTE treated a voter to ginger-cake; whereupon the voter remarked that he liked it "hot." Gavottarte was around somewhere, and the candidate urged him to "commence on the hot cake." He did so, "fired" and departed; and the up-for-office noted two more votes for himself. "Hot cake in the hot sun," and the throng had gathered at the hotel to compare notes and guess at the return, our verdict: Fired, very much to the surprise of every one, staked into the parlor, bursting for Mr. Cox—Embarrassment was not greater than his admiration of the fellow's honesty.

"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you get this year?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your reverence for the whole stack, for I'm sure I'll not be going to take the rest of it the first dark night."

FULFILLING THE LAW.

Let each man do his duty,
To be a decent man,
And love his brother as himself—
Upon the golden plan;
And if his brother refuse to be
A pretty female woman,
Why, knock him at all the corners of a rascal, and no one will trust you. These are infallible secrets.

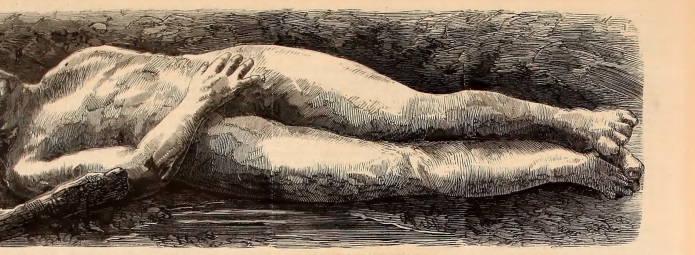
An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began to whistle him, telling him to mind and not drop it out of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, and at last answered his tormentor by—"Look here, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pane in yer head without any putty."

"Hey a trunk, Pat!" said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat. "To put your clothes in to be sure." "And why so naked?" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it."

ANY EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.—An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making his escape on his way to get out of the sight as well as mind; but, unfortunately for him, the window was shut down, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "You villain, you have broken the window!" "To be sure I did," said Pat: "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

One Saturday afternoon two well-dressed elderly gentlemen approached Schiller's bust in the Central Park, and after looking at it attentively, were observed to the other: "I believe Schiller was a great novelist, was he not?" "Yes," was the answer; "I believe he was."

An interstate stammerer one day, upon a journey, stopped to dine at a hotel. On attempting to help himself to pepper at the dinner, he found, after a vigorous shaking, that no pepper was forthcoming. He turned round, and, beckoning to the waiter, commenced: "Wa-wa-wa-



THE CARDIFF GIANT—FULL LENGTH FRONT VIEW OF THE FIGURE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. O. GOTT.]

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

On the 16th of October there was discovered on Mr. NEWELL'S farm in Onondaga County, New York, and about thirteen miles south of Syracuse, what was at first supposed to be a petrified human form—a giant of the olden time. The first reports of this discovery excited the greatest interest among all classes, and especially among scientific men. The fossil was found about three feet below the surface while some persons were digging for a well. The soil was a sort of bluish clay mixed with quicksand and black loam, and organic remains were found about the body. The figure, when first discovered, lay in a very easy and natural position, horizontal, partly on the right side, with the right hand resting over the abdomen. Its dimensions were as follow: From crown of head to hollow of foot, 10 feet 2½ inches; crown of head to tip of chin, 1 foot 9 inches; length of nose, 6 inches; width of nostrils, ¾ inches; width of mouth, 4 inches; point to point of shoulder, 3 feet; point of hip to knee-joint, 3 feet; diameter of calf of leg, 9½ inches; diameter of thigh, 1 foot; length of foot, 1 foot 7½ inches; width of palm, 7 inches; diameter of wrist, 5 inches. The veins, eyeballs, muscles, tendons of the heel, and cords of the neck were all fully disclosed.

As we have said, this figure was at first supposed to be a petrified human form. But it was soon found that this theory seemed hardly plausible. Though the figure had the appearance of stone, the outer surface could be shaved off with a knife without dulling the blade. Dr. J. F. BOYNTON visited the figure, and, after a careful examination, pronounced it to be a statue of a Caucasian. The features were finely cut, and excellent artists have remarked the symmetry of proportions characterizing the whole figure.

DR. BOYNTON at first supposed that this statue was carved by the Jesuits who dwelt in this valley between 1520 and 1760. After a more thorough examination he declares it to be of gypsum, and of recent origin. He says, in a recent letter to Professor SPENCER, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington:

"I have stated that I thought his 'origin would not carry us back over three hundred years;' but I am not certain that the known principles of chemistry will justify me in asserting that the period between his burial and resurrection was over three years. Its antiquated appearance has been produced not by abrasion, as many have said, but by the dissolving action of water, which, I think, could have been accomplished in a few months. A more careful and accurate calculation, admitting the possible chance of some undiscovered error creeping into the calculation, may show the burial to have taken place about 370 or 371 days ago—as it may have happened between two days."

MR. NEWELL, upon whose grounds the statue was found, is said to have disposed of it for $40,000. The figure has been carried to Syracuse. Its weight is 2990 pounds. If it were solid stone it would not weigh so much by 500 pounds. A recent theory has been started, that it is a cast-iron figure covered with a coating of cement. The head, it is said, gives a ringing sound when struck, like that of a hollow, metallic body. But Mr. PALMER, the sculptor, states that there are marks of sculptor's tools.

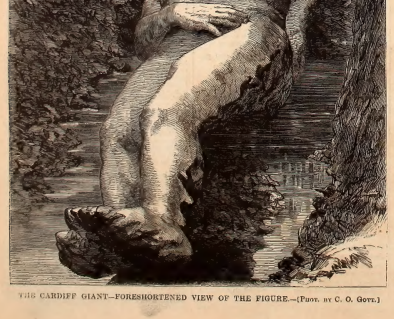
THE CARDIFF GIANT—SHIPMENT OF THE STATUE TO SYRACUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. O. GOTT.]

EXERCISE.

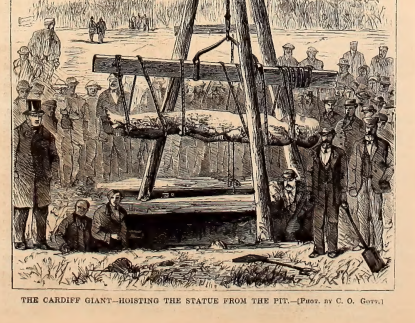
INACTION weakens the body, work strengthens it. The first brings on premature old age, the second prolongs youth—that is to say, as in every thing else, in moderation. The structure of man and his mental nature show that he was not created for inactivity. Almost all those who are quoted for longevity led a more or less active or laborious life. Exercise accelerates assimilation, and with an accelerated assimilation, or process of loss and restoration, the body undergoes a more prompt and complete renovation. The secret of longevity, according to Dr. Noirot, lies in this fact. If women live to a good old age, notwithstanding their sedentary habits, Tissot says this is to be explained by the want of bodily exercise being compensated for by their talking so much. Women are, however, much more lively and cheerful than men, and the most trifling incidents abstract their attention from more serious matters—a state of mind highly conducive to longevity. The most simple, most natural, and most beneficial kind of exercise is walking on foot. Such walks should, as far as possible, be in the open air, and in the morning. Next to pedestrianism comes equitation. No one who can enjoy the use of his legs can, however, envy those who take their so-called exercise in carriages. They obtain the benefit of fresh air and light, but they lose that reinvigoration of the organs, that stimulus to the vital forces, and that increase of warmth which is obtained by foot and horse exercise.

SLEEP.

SLEEP, which is a kind of anticipation of death, is in lifetime a death which restores vitality. It procures the happiness of being born again every day. The better the sleep, the greater the probability of longevity. Night ought to be consecrated to sleep. This is a law of nature which can not be infringed with impunity. Nothing is more prejudicial to longevity than devoting the nights to intellectual or bodily labors. Many literary men, learned men, and artists have died young in consequence of this practice. On the other hand, early rising, after being refreshed by sleep, is as beneficial as late work is the reverse. The amount of sleep necessary for reinvigoration depends upon the age, habits, and constitution of the individual. A new-born infant would perish if kept awake for twenty-four hours. Sleep is even more necessary after mental than after bodily labor. A man who thinks little is always in a kind of torpor. Old age, again, requires less sleep than youth and adult age. As the body is more accessible to deleterious influences at night than by day, the air ought also to be fresh, and the supply plentiful. The stomach should not be loaded. The bed should not be too soft, and, if possible, the head should lie to the north, the feet to the south. The head should never be covered by the clothes; but there should be more outer clothing at night than in the daytime, the temperature of the body not being so high. It is a good thing, on taking off one's day clothes, to lay aside also all thoughts of the past. It is only thus that complete relaxation of the mind, as well as of the body, is secured, and without this unbending of the mental faculties perfect sleep is impossible.



THE CARDIFF GIANT—FORESHORTENED VIEW OF THE FIGURE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. O. GOTT.]

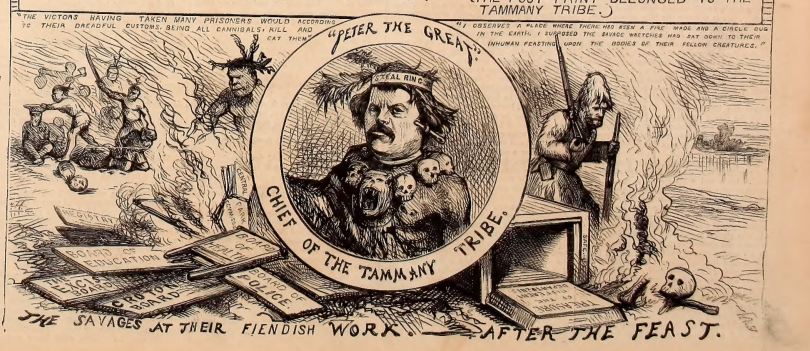


THE CARDIFF GIANT—HOISTING THE STATUE FROM THE PIT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. O. GOTT.]

ROBINSON (PRES^T GRANT) CRUSOE

THE FOOT PRINT ON THE LAND OF PEACE.

"I WAS EXCEEDINGLY SURPRISED WITH THE PRINT OF A MAN'S NAKED FOOT ON THE SHORE, WHICH WAS VERY PLAIN TO BE SEEN ON THE SAND. I STOOD LIKE ONE THUNDER-STRUCK, OR AS IF I HAD SEEN AN APPARITION." —(THE FOOT-PRINT BELONGED TO THE TAMMANY TRIBE.)



TOO LATE.

As the tired sailor loves the welcome land
On which he takes his stand,
After long years of mute expectancy,
Plowing the watery furrows of the sea,
So I love thee.

As looks the miser on his treasured gold,
In yellow heaps untold,
Gloating with bloodshot eyes upon the wealth
Massed by the sacrifice of life and health,
I look on thee.

As yearns the wanderer through the stormy night
For that glad rosy light
Which ushers in the earliest gleam of day,
Chasing the night's grim solitude away,
I yearn for thee.

I see thee through the mist of by-gone years,
Though dim with rushed tears
My straining eyes, my clouded brow and hair,
Radiant with nameless grace, surpassing fair,
Still shine on me.

And when the generally night, in silence deep,
Hushes the day to sleep,
On bended knees I weary Heaven that I
May nestle to thy bosom, ere I die,
At peace with thee.

And yet thou comest not. My prayer is vain,
My sighs unheard or my pelf
And I must bow me to the cruel fate
That kept me loveless till we met too late
For thee and me!

VERONICA

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book FIVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROAD THAT LED NOWHITHER.

VERY near to Florence is the valley of the Ema.

The Ema is a small stream which strikingly contradicts the proverb, "As you make your bed, so you lie on it," for the bed the Ema has formed for itself being a valley a mile or so broad in some places, reckoning from hill to hill; and the hills, ever receding through it nowadays, in a disproportionately small channel, which may be (and is in most places a part of the course) spanned by a bridge of a single small arch. The ridge of hills dividing the valley of the Ema from that of the Arno is well known to most of the many strangers who go to Florence. Few casual visitors, however, cross the ridge. The landscape upon it is peculiarly Tuscan, and to the unaccustomed eye there is something drear and melancholy mingling with its beauty. After a time that impression is much softened. The peculiar delicacy of coloring; the long vistas of hills that fold their clouds one over the other, and present nearly as much variety of outline as the clouds themselves; the countless towers, villas, and churches that lie scattered over the scene, and peep forth from amidst the hoary olive-trees, combine to charm the sight.

We come to *know* the loveliness, as we learn the expression of a face whose stranger aspect was so different from its known and familiar one that the recollection of our first impression startles us.

The great enchantment of this Tuscan landscape lies in the atmosphere through which it is viewed. The wonderful lights and shades, the exquisite tints, the limpid clearness of the skies, are invaluable in their effect upon the scenery. In a winter afternoon at sunset, the bare, distant Apennines are touched with such ethereal hues—rich blues, silvery-grays, blues, and rose-colors—that they look like mother-of-pearl mountains in some fairy story. Nay, they do self can more decisively beautify the barren distance than does this southern air.

Then, as the sun goes down, and the brief twilight deepens, there grows a solemn purple on the hills—a color that seems, in its intense blooming depth, to be fold around them like a cloak garment. It is not that the hills grow purple, but that the great purple descends and wraps itself about the hills. Or, in the early autumn days, what a fathomless ocean of dazzling blue is it that the swallows sail across! Bright, rapid, gladsome little spirits upon that ocean. Even the projecting stone in the cottages is precious, casting as it does an island of black shadow on the glare of wall or road. The spring-time wheat is almost too emerald-bright to be gazed upon. Beside the burned brown trees on the hill stand the silvery grayness, writing dark characters against the shimmering sky—hieroglyphics which interest eyes so differently educated, and which to some remain dumb and unread forever.

It is June. Through the vale of Ema ripples the shrunken river among the parched, thirsty sand. Here and there comes a stretch that seems to have absorbed the little stream. You can cross it dry-shod. But, lo! some furlongs off, it purls and gurgles once more amidst the reeds. The frogs keep up a loquacious cry, tremulous and guttural; and now and then one of them pushes luxuriously into the cool water beneath the shadow of the bank. The cicada, in his bronze coat of mail, sends forth a shrill sound, like the springing of an infinitely tiny rattle made of the finest steel. It seems to be to the ear what the hot quivering of the air is to the eye, and to be equally suggestive of sunshine. Swarms of colored butterflies flutter brightly around. Orange, crimson, blue, white, purple, yellow, if a rainbow could fall from the sky, and be scattered into a thousand fragments as it fell, it could shower down no bright tint these winged flowers would fail to match.

On the dry, dusty, crumbling path—that climbs the hills bounding the valleys the light bats fiercely. The grass is parched, and sparsely grown, and dry. Here and there glitters a bunch of glaring yellow weeds, made bold and flaunting by the munificent sun, like a coarse favorite of fortune. Little cold bright-eyed lizards glide in and out of the chinks in the rough stone walls that flank the main roads. Some of the lizards are as green as emeralds. Others, again, are of the same hue as the brown tint of the blocks of stone. Sometimes they will remain as motionless as the stone itself, gazing with their round, unwinking, black diamonds of eyes, until the passer-by might think that they were hardened and baked stiff and stony by the heat. Then suddenly, at some sound or sight which startles it—or, it may be, from pure caprice—the little reptile flits away as swift and noiseless as a flash of lightning.

Over the top of the wall tumbles a laden branch of roses or the starry clematis. The vine is high, and the green vista, full of leaf, hang richly on the pollard mulberry-trees. The gray olive stands up to his middle in a sea of grain. The corn and vine and oil all grow together on the same fertile field. Every thing is steeped in sunlight. Even the olive's dusky foliage conveys a thought of coolness. It is always a moonlight tree. In the saltriest summer noontide its soft gray tint, and the luminous quivering of its shadowy form (especially in the older trees, which have been scooped and cut mull nothing but a seemingly unsubstantial shell of trunk remains to them), and the trembling, feathery plume of branches prefil the cold bright pallor of the moon, that makes the whole grove flowers so wan and bloomless when the night breeze ruffles their dewy breasts.

Through a sultry silence, which the cicada's cry seems but to emphasize, not break, prevail along the dusty road, as we wander along the Ema's course, further and further away from the fair city of Florence, going eastward. Presently, with many a laboring creek and jar, comes lumbering by a heavy country cart, drawn by two of the colossal, dove-colored Tuscan oxen. The driver—for he who should be cushioned luxuriously under a shady awning of matting at the bottom of his rude vehicle. The cart is one which might have been copied in ivory from a Roman bass-relief, and *has been* copied through a long series of models from the cart that came home to Rome with the trophies of Italian soil in Horace's day. The deck heavy beasts that draw it turn their grand dark eyes askance upon the passers-by as they pass him, and blow a fragrant breath from moist, ample nostrils.

Following the windings of the road, which now runs for a short space on the level, close to the Ema, we come to a steep ascent on the right, leading up to the summit of one of the hills that divide the valley of the Ema from the valley of the Arno. The steep ascent before mentioned leaves the path high above the river. The hill-side is here a narrow, strewn thickly with great smooth pebbles, like the bed of a torrent, and only kept from crumbling away upon the road below by a summer, or being washed away by the rain in winter, by horizontal lines of rough stone put up, placed like the rungs of a ladder, at much succeed each other at wide intervals, and afford a foothold to any laden mule that may pass that way, or drove. To reach the road is quite inaccessible. Arrived on the summit, it turns abruptly to the left between high hedges, from which the soil is so much higher than the road—a common circumstance in Tuscan farms—that the corn and wild flowers look over the top of the wall, and the olives and fruit trees rear nearly their whole height above it. The walls and the hedges are so thoroughly kept, the view to right or left; but presently we come to an open space, a little piazzetta, and the wide landscape bursts upon us. It is a fair, fresh, and unexpected that we feel as though we had come out of a dark room into the daylight. We are on the northern side of the hills that we slope down on either hand—this way toward the Ema, that way toward the Arno.

Close, here at the summit of the road, is a tiny church with a low campanile, or bell-tower, on its roof. It is the church of Saint John in Jerusalem. But the neighborhood is known rather by the other name than San Gersolè, that being the popular contraction of the ten syllables which make up the appellation of San Giovanni in Jerusalemme. In front of the church lies the little piazzetta, surrounded by low parapet wall, and commanding a wide prospect, which, however, is slightly here and there by a silvery gauze of hot mist! What a widening plain, ever widening toward the sea, that is gained from this hill, and then in the distance bluish-gray, and holds Arno, sleepily flowing on his course, brightening it with rare gleams reflected from the sky! What a vision of a city, whose house-roofs seem to press and throng like a holiday crowd, and of an awful dome, rising in the midst of palaces and churches and palaces, and old arched gateways, showing burned and brown as colossal fragments of Etruscan rock, and of a dazzling speck of whiteness on the far horizon, that looks like a wandering cloud, but is the jagged line of the Carrara marble mountains many a mile away! What a strange melancholy charm as the eye explores the naked Apennine, discovered long ages of his rich regal wreath of woods, rearing parched and crumbling heights to the relentless sun, and the deep, dark gulfs of shadow where a deep ravine winds its mysterious way into the central strong-hold of the hills! What a waveless sea of azure air, into whose limpid depths the very soul seems to plunge and float as we gaze! And subtly steeping all this in a flood of glory, what a divinely terrible, divinely beneficent, dazzling, flaming, white-hot sunshine!

Drought, and a sultry silence, shaking to the shrill song of the cicada, as we stand and gaze.

Suddenly a jangling bell breaks forth discordantly. Up in the square campanile of San Gersolè it is rung—jingle-jan, ting-tang, ting-tang, jingle-jan, le jingle—without any rhythm.

Out of the dark little church comes a procession. Two priests; boys in white surplices swinging censers; men carrying a lofty crimson banner-bearing the painted image of some saint; and some dozen or so of peasant men and women (the latter largely predominating) in holiday attire, carrying wax and shouting forth a Latin hymn in a quaint, monotonous chant. Round the little piazza they march solemnly, sending up curling clouds of incense into the leafy darkness of the cypresses, and jealously edging on to every inch of shade as they walk slowly, bare-headed, under the summer sky. Once, twice, three times, they make the circuit of the piazza. Then the dark church-door swallows them up, the bell ceases to jangle, and the last whiff of incense floats away into the air.

Standing with San Gersolè on the left, and the parapet wall on the right, and looking straight before us, whither does the road lead?

"Nowhither," answers an old contadino, who has been hauling his cows in a shed close at hand. Cows know no difference between work days and feast days, but need their fodder and litter all the same, though it be the festa of the saint whose legend is commemorated on the crimson banner. Therefore the old contadino has been tending them, with a large spoon made of coarse blue linen tied over his holiday clothes. And if you ask him whither the road leads to the left, he will answer "nowhither." You do not "come out," he says; the road leads nowhither, save—as, if you persist in further questions, he will be driven to tell you—to the extreme edge of the precipice that overhangs the valley of the Ema.

But a little further on, between San Gersolè and the edge of the precipice, save a strip of road leading nowhither? Ah, truly, yes: there is a garden, and a house. And there is a house; a large house: the Villa Chiari. Oh yes, as to that; yes, yes. But the road—what was it leading nowhither?

Proceeding along it, nevertheless, we reach a forlorn-looking, gross-grown space. The grass grows ankle-deep upon the flag-stone path that runs across it. The foot-path shows the bare brown earth beaten and baked quite hard. Across it, between an interlacement of big black ants, is zealously busy a crowd pressing importantly along the road that "leads nowhither" as you may read with ease in the sultry silence.

Before us is a high wall, whose plaster is crumbling away in places. There are massive iron gates, worked by some cunning artisan of the old Florentine time, rusty and bent, and partly off their hinges. On one-half of the gate stands, whereon are graven the words "Villa Chiari," surmounted by an elaborate coat of arms. The ivy, dog-rose, and bramble weave on and match together, so as to form a thick screen over the tablet. But it matters the less, in that this is not the principal entrance to the house. No one enters by this old gate, save the contadini belonging to the adjacent farm. On the other side is a broad road, with a gentle and moderate rise by zigzags to a green painted gateway, and a graveled sweep before the portico.

But that is the front of the villa, and there are some acres of garden grounds between the road that "leads nowhither" and that which officially conducts to Villa Chiari.

In the old times many a lady's palfrey, and many a cloaked cavalier's sumpter mule, and many a rich litter borne by lackeys, and holding a luxurious Medicean noble, may have passed along the old stone road. It is fine and well-kept by the iron gates cast the black tracery of its shadow on fair faces and bright hair glistening in the sunshine, and made the former and the latter bright by contrast. And there, too, have gone their way along the road that "leads nowhither," and the sculptured tombs that rise above their tombs, and the wild flowers twine fearlessly around the unhinged gate.

We pass the gateway and find ourselves in a neglected garden—neglected in this part of it, that is; for near the house the walks are rolled and weeded, and the flower-beds are as trim and bright as patterns in a kaleidoscope. But here are paths all overgrown with grass, and borders thickets of lavender, lilac, rose, and oleander. There is a pergola, or trellis, covered with vines. And the vine-leaves and their clinging tendrils, by-suckle have usurped its support, and pushed their fragrant faces peeringly in here and there amidst the leaves and the grape-clusters. And the bosky gloom of a grove of acacia and lilex trees, thickly undergrown with laurel and lilac, crosses the mellow flaring trill of a nightingale, like the perfume out of the heart of a rose. Now and again is heard the flutter of wings, as some little rabbit-like animal, with his mouse-colored fur and then is still again. Onward we wander beneath the freshness of the pergola, then out again into the fiery air. Still onward, past a broken marble basin, once a fountain, where a tiny stream drips out of a crevice and makes a green track in the parched herbage, and where a harmless snake is sunning himself asleep. And we come to a deep blot of shadow that shows against the glare of the ground, like a black mountain tarn amidst snow. The shadow is thrown from an ancient cypress that stands, lonely as a sentinel, upon the brink of the precipice, at the end of the road that "leads nowhither." And in the shadow sits a lady, young and beautiful, looking out at the far-away Apennine, and quite alone.

CHAPTER II.

VILLA CHIARI.

The lady sitting in the shadow was Veronica. She wore a Tuscan hat with a wide flapping brim, such as the peasant women wear. And beneath it her eyes gleamed and her cheeks glowed brighter than ever. She had wrapped a white barnous as she sat gossamer around her shoulders, and sat huddled together under the cypress, with her elbows resting on her knees and her cheeks resting on her hands. It was shady beneath the cypress, but it was not cool. No spot to which the hot sun-impregnated air and fire can access could be cool. Still, Veronica sat there looking out at the far-away barren Apennine, with her elbows resting on her knees and her cheeks resting on her hands.

A man came through the garden toward her, a short, thick-set, gray-haired man, and respectful, who bared his head in the sunshine as he addressed her.

"Signora," said the gray-haired man, and then stood still and waited.

Veronica neither turned her head nor her eyes toward the man. She only drew a sharp little, and through her parted lips the breath came quicker.

"Signora," said the gray-haired man. No shade of difference could be discovered in his tone. It was the same to him whether he used the one title or the other. He fully understood the English one, why should she not have it? He had learned that she liked it best; but he was very far removed from understanding it.

"What is it, Paul?"

"Pardon, madam, but Sir John is awaking from his siesta, and demanded to know where you were; and when I told him that I supposed you were beneath the accustomed cypress, sent me to beg you to come to him."

Paul spoke in Italian—which was nearly as much a foreign language to Veronica as French—much a foreign language as French—and addressed her with perfect respect, but with an indefinable air of taking it for granted that she would comply with every request. He was a servant of Sir John's, which grated on the sensitive soreness of her haughty spirit.

"I am very well here, and shall remain," said Veronica, briefly. Then she turned her eyes away (she had never relinquished her careless attitude) and seemed to dismiss him from her thoughts.

"It is bad to stay here in the heat, miladi," remonstrated Paul. He spoke with extreme ceremonious, imperturbable air of knowing his duty and doing it which he had assumed toward Sir John while in the most irritable moments of his illness.

"I am in the shade," said Veronica. And then she had said it she had as good as having been betrayed into what seemed an excuse or apology.

Paul gravely unfuled a huge yellow sunshade, lined with purple, which he had brought with him. It was characteristic of the man, and of the manner in which he had taken his position, that, albeit his bare head was scorching in the glare, he had never thought of unfurling the umbrella for his own use.

It came into the month's wages to endure personal inconvenience of some sort. A little reasoning, a little waiting, a little "setting—what mattered? There was that village up in the Alps, and there were the two years having to be endured to—and that would make them independent of such disagreeable exertions and sacrifices.

Paul put up the yellow umbrella, and held it over Veronica's head; he seemed so absolutely certain that she would get up if he only waited and come with him into the house that she rose as though some spell were moving her limbs. Suddenly the spell, springing from simple, quiet, manly reasoning, ceased to be felt. She was entitled to—that would make them independent of such disagreeable exertions and sacrifices.

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"In the evening, signora—miladi—it is very fine here. Now, the air is bad, and will hurt and spoil your eyes. It is not like in England, miladi; at this hour in the summer, even up on a height like this, it is not well to be in the sunshine. It makes the women look old soon. See our contadine!"

Paul had masterly stroke Paul gravely bent down, hat in hand, and held his arm out for Veronica to lean on when she should rise—and she did rise.

Paul walked a pace behind her holding the umbrella, and they proceeded toward the house. Instead of passing beneath the pergola they turned on reaching the old fountain—where their footsteps disturbed the snake, that did away at their approach into the dry grass—to the left, and entered a path leading through a shrubbery. Here the walks were neat, the grass clipped, and the flowers duly tended. The grounds had not the fresh perfection of an English garden. There was a want of finish about all the details—the finish that comes from doing thoroughly whatever is done—but every-half was a delight in its peculiar color, and perfume, and it was very lovely. At a turn in the path the house came in view. Villa Chiari was an old and vast building, solid, heavy, and with

few windows in proportion to the great extent of wall-space. This circumstance, which would make a house gloomy in a northern climate, is suggestive only of grateful shade and coolness to a dweller beneath Italian skies. Wealth had been unsparingly employed *within* the villa to make it a comfortable and luxurious residence, in accordance with modern English ideas of what is comfortable and luxurious: but *without*, Villa Ulmo remained much as it had been many time these three hundred years. It was covered with yellowish plaster. Situated as the house was on a height, and fronting to the north, it had become much stained by wind and weather. The plaster was discolored, cracked, and, in some places, had pealed off altogether, revealing a rough solid wall constructed of mingled brick and stone, after the Tuscan fashion. To each window were double wooden shutters or jalousies, painted green. These were open on the side of the house that was in shadow, and were carefully closed whenever the sun's rays beat against them like a flight of burning arrows. All the windows on the burning story were protected against more earthly assailants by massive wrought-iron bars.

Immediately beneath each of the lower windows was a stone bench, the sad, gray color of which was diversified by bright lichens. A large archway, closed by double doors, in the centre of the façade, gave access to a paved court-yard open to the sky. Around the court-yard ran an open arcade—called here a loggia—under the uneven pavement before the door, the brooding stillness that hung over the whole place—a stillness that seemed of death rather than sleep—were all depressing.

Paul held open a low door beneath the loggia for Veronica to pass.

She entered a shady corridor, whose marble pavement seemed to exhale a cool breath without. A moment ago she had been in the shade and coolness. Now the air of the house struck chill, and she shuddered, drawing the cleak around her.

At the end of the corridor was a large saloon. The floor was richly covered with a thick and very thick carpet, contrary to Italian usage, which requires that all carpets be removed from the marble or painted brick floors in summer. There were luxurious chairs, and sofas, and ottomans; cabinets of rare workmanship and costly materials; silken draperies and gold-colored cornices in the saloon. It had a lofty, vaulted ceiling, adorned with colossal stucco garlands, white on a blue ground. The air was fanned into it by the perfume of flowers disposed in massive groups about the room; and only a dim sea-green twilight filtered through the closed jalousies.

Sir John Gale was lying on a couch when Veronica entered. He rose when she appeared, took her hand, and led her to a chair. He was more high-shouldered than ever, and lean; and in the greenish light his face looked ghastly. Paul had followed Veronica to his master's presence, and had waited an instant; but at a wave of Sir John's hand he had withdrawn, closing the door noiselessly after him.

Veronica tossed her broad-brimmed hat on to an ottoman near her, and threw herself back in her chair with an air of consummate indifference.

Sir John's eyes were accustomed to the dimness. He could see her better than she could see him, and he watched her with a half-admiring, half-savage glance.

"You have been out," he said in a tone devoid of some minutes.

She slightly bent her head.

"I thought that you had been taking siesta in your own apartments."

She made a negative sign without speaking.

"Am I to suppose worthy of the name of my room?" asked Sir John; and though his mouth smiled as he said it, his eyebrows frowned.

"You have to talk," murmured Veronica.

"If you had remained indoors, as I have so frequently advised, at this hour, you would not now have to complain of the heat, which is, of course, my first consideration; and I should have enjoyed the pleasure of your conversation."

Veronica shrugged her shoulders, and smiled disdainfully.

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Sir John, answering the smile with a sneer Mephistopheles might have owned. "Perhaps you would not have made yourself agreeable if you *had* staid in. But at all events you would have done more wisely for yourself. You positively run the risk of getting a *coup-de-soleil* by running out in this incautious manner."

Veronica sighed a little impatient sigh, and pulling down a rich plait of her hair, drew its glossy length languidly across and across her lips.

"Magnificent!" said Sir John, softly, after contemplation for some time.

She looked up inquiringly.

"Magnificent hair! Quantity, quality, and line, all united. I never knew but one other woman with such an abundance of hair as you have. And hers was blonde, which I don't admire."

The expression of his admiration had not lost its power to charm her. Indeed, it may be said that to hear her beauty praised by any lips, however false and coarse, was now the one delight of her life. That the flattery was poisoned she knew, as she also knew what hers to every fellows in each fiery draught. But she turned from it no more than he refrains from the fatal wine-cup. Her face brightened, and the coquettishly released all the coils of her hair with a sudden turn of her hand. It fell in plaits, or loose rippling tresses, all around her. Sir John looked on complacently with a sense of ownership.

"Will you drive this evening?" asked Veronica.

"Drive? I don't know. Where? There are no drives."

"I want to go to Florence."

"To Florence!"

"You know you said I should do so some day. You were so kind. When we passed through from the railway station it was dark, so I saw nothing. Besides," she added, as if angry with herself for having assumed a pleading tone, "I *want* to go."

"There can be no necessity, Veronica. The servants will procure you any thing you want."

"But I wish to see the city! Why should you not come?"

"What is the use of making me recapitulate my reasons? I am not strong enough, nor can be exposed to—to—disagreeable rencontres; in short, it is better not to go into Florence at present."

He spoke in an imperious tone of masterhood, and then sank back on his couch as though the discussion were closed. Veronica sat quite still for a minute or so. The minute seemed very long to her. She was trying to school herself to be polite, and to answer quietly. But self-control is not to be acquired in an instant.

Her own impulse at the moment, her own likes and dislikes, caprices and whims, had been paramount with Veronica all her life. Now, after having heaped scorn upon it, she would not do to be hasty, and that every thing should depend on her power of self-command, she broke out on a sudden with sullen impetuosity, declaring that she was moped to death; that she was dull, confounded, bored, all day long; that if there were any reason for Sir John's shrinking from being seen in Florence it rested with himself to remove that reason; that she was sick and weary of the delays and disappointments; finally, that she *would* go to the city that evening.

At first Sir John listened to her petulant, broken speech with the quiet, half-contemptuous, cruel school-boy, who watches the newly-caged bird fluttering in terror and impotent anger against the wires. But at last a cloud of pain touched on a theme which threatened to give him trouble.

That prospect was not amusing. Besides, Veronica looked very handsome so long as she was merely passionate and angry. But after the first outburst symptoms of rising tears in the same apparent, and *that* prospect also was not amusing.

"Good Heavens, Veronica!" exclaimed Sir John, "how can you be such a baby? Go, go, I say, like. If you care about it so much, order the carriage at any hour you please. But let me suggest that it be not before the sun has begun to lose some of his power. It will be hot enough in any case in those narrow stuffy streets. Out!"

"And you?" said Veronica, standing looking at him irresolutely.

"Oh, I shall not go. You can take your maid, and Paul will wait on you."

"I don't want Paul," muttered Veronica, but in so low and indistinct a tone that Sir John might plausibly affect not to hear it if he chose. And he did choose.

"Of course Paul will attend you," he repeated, quietly. "You will find Paul indispensable. That lont of a Tuscan coachman would get you into some scrape, to a certainty."

All Sir John's self-possession, with the exception of Paul and the cook, were Tuscans: not town-bred Florentines, but country people. Their manners were simply abominable. Sir John had known what he was about when he charged Paul to see that no servant accustomed to wait on foreigners, and who had been in the house gossip-laden, was engaged among his descriptions.

When the carriage was announced there stood Paul, bare-headed, to hand "miladi" in. He would place himself on the box seat, and Paul climbed up to the box beside the coachman.

"Where to, miladi?" asked Paul, leaning down, but in Italian.

"To Florence. Any where. I don't know. Stay: I want to buy a—a fan. Drive first to a place where one can buy fans."

The carriage had not gone a quarter of a mile down the steep incline that led from Villa Chiari —it was downhill all the way back—when Veronica called to Paul, and bade him make the coachman stop.

"I think," said she, with a not quite successful assumption of being an independent agent—"I think I will take a drive in the park—the Cascine they call it, I believe. Is it not there?"

Paul bent down lower into the carriage, and said, in English, "At the hour when we should arrive there will be no fashionable world, merely unwholesome. Sunset is a bad time, or even the hour before sunset. There is a mist. It is damp. You get colds—oh, very dangerous colds. Does miladi care which fan-shop she goes to?"

Veronica drew from her pocket a delicate gold watch incrusted with diamonds, looked at it with a meditative air while Paul was speaking.

"It is later than I thought," she said, at last. "Tell the coachman to drive straight into town. I must buy my fan by daylight. Never mind the Cascine. Go on."

She looked very imperial and grand, leaning back in the handsome carriage, and folded in a soft cloud of black lace. Peasant women paused and stared at her. Peasant children shouted. Working-men, returning from their daily labor, studied their features as they passed by them.

Paul sat, spare-shouldered and steady, beside the coachman. And the pleasure of her weak, selfish vanity, and the petty delight of being admired and envied by poor ignorant passers was dashed with a bitter drop—the consciousness that that man was invested with power to control her movements, and that, brave it out as she might, she was a slave, and Paul her keeper.

SQUIBLETS.

SQUIBBLE, black, gray, red, striped, spotted, and brindled, arrives in this country in numerous packages. They are tree-planters every where. There are two native species, and thus contribute to the spread both of fruit and nut-bearing trees. A little mischievously inclined when partially domesticated, but in a state of freedom the squirrel performs a valuable service on our forests. A few years ago a colony of them animated Boston Common, to the great annoyance of visitors to that enchanting ground; but they were deceived by the ignorant, misrepresented by those who knew nothing of their habits, till they have finally disappeared. Alas, for the civilization and science of a city that persecuted those cheerful, playful little animals, whose gambols were delightful exhibitions for youth and old age!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LEVEES, papers, and packages are soon to be borne on the wings of the wind from one end of our city to the other. A few years ago some experiments were tried at the American Institute Fair, which proved that not only letters and parcels, but passengers also, could be safely propelled across the lobe by a powerful current of air. The Pneumatic Dispatch Company are now about to carry passengers just at present, but already the work of tunnelling Broadway for the purpose of laying dispatch tubes for letters and parcels is well commenced. The special plan is to carry a tube about three feet in diameter from Bowling Green to Broadway and Fourteenth or Fifty-ninth street, having various ramifications leading to important business points. And as soon as permission is supposed to extend the line to the nearest important cities. The successful operation of such a system of mail will be of immense advantage to business men. At least a year's boring will be required to lay the tubes as far as Fourteenth street. The experimental tube is a novelty in New York; but in London one has been in successful operation for many years.

The salesmen in the large drapers' shops of Paris are insufficiently paid, and work fifteen hours a day. They declined to strike work, and by closing the shops, which would be nearly impossible, but by the establishment of relays. This being refused, and also demand for a free day, the eight thousand salesmen struck, and are now endeavoring to organize co-operative "Magasins de Nouveautés" themselves. Upon this fact, remarks "It is curious to watch the rapid spread of the dislike for very hard labor. Ifes is really because, for many years, or in many cases, treating a thirst for leisure, or is it a result of the excitation of modern life? Probably a wholesome suggested after, say, ten years' work, to become a shopkeeper; now he remains a salesman for life, and must therefore strive to enjoy himself."

Near Bergen, Germany, there is a rare novelty—a paper-mache church, capable of accommodating about three hundred persons. It is circular within, and octagonal without. Every part is made of papier-mache, rendered more durable by its inclusion in vitrified lime-water, and some albuminous substance.

There may be exceptions, but, as a rule, a gentleman should be sufficiently acquainted with the lady he desires to marry to know her full name before he applies for a marriage license! A would-be bridegroom in Boston only remembers the abbreviated name of his lady-love when he asked for a license, and the clerk was appointed to fill for the proper surname. But during the ceremony, when called by the name which the friend had given, the lady interrupted by saying that that was not her name. The ceremony was stopped, the parents of the bride were sent for, and also the bridegroom, for the actual name of the lady, the marriage was concluded.

Burke availed himself of a simple but singular remedy for every indisposition. Whenever he felt ill he would order a pint of porter to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities as hot as he could bear it. He again took a dose, as it had been, of soup. Hot water, he used to say, was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world.

The commissioners appointed to erect Beethoven's statue in Bonn have interested among many of our citizens. Preliminary meetings have already been held for the purpose of raising funds. It has been suggested that the erection of a commodious and elegant music hall in Bonn would be a most appropriate tribute of respect to the memory of one whose name is identified with the history and art of music. It is also suggestive to the people of Bonn that would be a most fitting place for such a music hall.

One hundred and twenty-five workmen are now employed on the new dock at Marseilles. The outer foundation walls are of solid granite, and five feet thick. The inner walls are of brick, and only six inches from three to five feet. These walls will vary in height from two and a half feet to five feet, according to the grade of the ground.

An English gentleman, Mr. Powell, who was making some explorations in Abyssinia for pleasure, was murdered, with four of his children, by a Shangalla tribe. No redress being expected from the government, two brothers of the murdered man landed in Abyssinia with rifles and followers, obtained aid from Prince Kassai, attacked the tribe, killed eight men, and destroyed their habitations.

"A good percentage of inventions," remarks an English journal, "are of American origin. In that country of gotten up steam, it is natural that inventions that not far from fourteen thousand patents will be granted by the United States office this year. We are sure, some marvelous things are proposed. One man claimed protection for the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering. Another applied for the revived parchment on behalf of a new and useful manufacture of a weight so as to prevent, to prevent her switching it during the milking operation. A lady patented a hat-crimping pin, which she specially claimed to be used as a hair-curler, as a skirt-supporter, a child's pin, a bouquet-holder, a shawl-fastener, or as a book-mark. A 'horse-refresher' is a hollow bit perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a water reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his animal a drink without stopping. The 'snorere' friend" is a luxurious contrivance to be attached to church pew-backs, so that one may sleep through a dull sermon in peace and comfort.

John G. Saxe strikes the latest witticism at a Western hotel the other day. He undertook to carve a piece of beef which was so tough that the carving-knife made little impression upon it. He then laid down knife and fork, glanced around, and spoke. "Gentlemen," said he, "that's an infringement on Goodyear's patent!"

The London *Illustrated Times* gives travelers a hint in regard to keeping water good. Good soda-water can be made entirely impervious to rain, so it says, by soaking it in a solution made with a couple of gallons of water, half a pound of carbonate of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum. Stir this mixture at intervals until the deposit has fallen, pour it off into another vessel, and put the garment into it for twenty-four hours. Hang it up to dry without wringing it.

Venice is built upon several low islands of sand which lie in the sea, and might be a few inches above the water at low tide, but they form a pleasant place for a city, except to hold the spikes, which are driven down closely together, and upon which foundation Venice now and must ever rest. All the city is traversed by canals, through which the tide ebbs and flows, and these canals are the streets of Venice. The houses are built much to the water's edge, with stairs descending from the windows into the water. There is no occasion for horses and carriages in this city of the sea, but gondolas are all important, and every private family that can afford it keeps one before the door of the house. The gondola is a boat peculiar to Venice. It is long, slender and narrow, with both ends pointed sharp. It is always painted black, and has a low cabin, with cushions and curtains, which can be removed in fair weather, and an awning substituted.

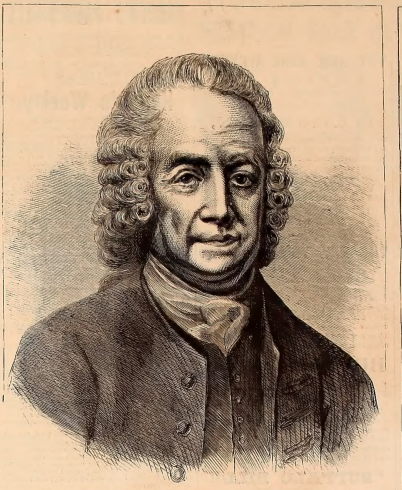
It was formerly supposed that night-air was very injurious. Now many regard that belief as a mere prejudice, except in certain special circumstances or conditions of the atmosphere. In large cities, when the communities are crowded, the air is loaded with particles of dust and smoke is comparatively quelled, the night-air is in many respects purer than that of the day. Hence there is no occasion to exclude it by closing every window.

Manufacturing imitations of gold is quite an extensive business in many parts of the country, and sometimes attempts are made to sell these alloys for the genuine article. But not consequently it is found easier to cheat in a different way. A few months ago a wily traveler imposed on a New York shop-keeper in this manner. He confided to him the secret that he had discovered how to manufacture gold from base metals, and that he was about to form a joint-stock culture they could both make an immense fortune. Accordingly a day was fixed for the experiment. The man was to bring the proper drugs, and the crucible and a number of singular-looking tools; and having secured himself for nearly two hours from fresh air or smoke, he at length called the merchant to him, and revealed a small bar of gold, which he declared had been made in his crucible. The bar was found to be a jeweler, and had it tested. He was informed that it was pure gold. Then, and, indeed, always, the friend in raptures at the prospect of acquiring a fortune, was easily induced to advance five hundred dollars to enable the man to proceed with the work. The swindler, having pocketed his green backs, repaired to another city, and of enterprise. The gold he had given to be tested was pure, but the manufacturing was all a sham.

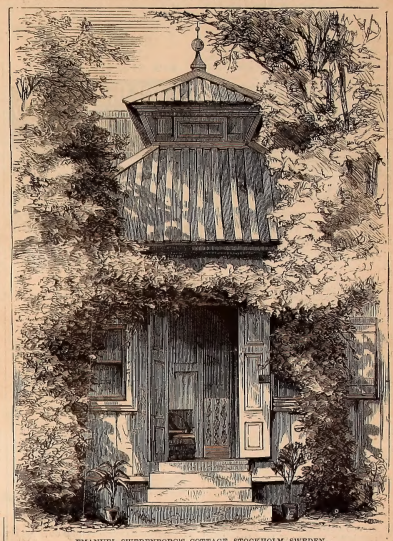
Paper becomes of the numerous journals, native and foreign, which are every day confiscated by the French police? One might suppose they would be sold by the ream, but the quantity of these various issues by being employed to kindle the fires in all the imperial palaces, and in the public offices and in the barracks. But no. When the store-room is full the papers are transferred to the Receveur de Domaine, and carted away to the paper-mills, where they are thrown round the barriers, where they are thrown pell-mell into the chilled of water and pressure, and reduced to pulp. This operation is called *le mise au pilon*, and is performed in the presence of a squad of gens d'armes, who are specially to see that not a single one of the doomed journals escapes. The pulp is then sold to the paper-manufacturers. In 1868 the sum of 100,000 of Henri Rochefort's *Lanternes*, red covers and all, were shewed to company with about half a million copies of the *Figaro*, the *Siècle*, the *Temps*, the *Opinion Nationale*, the *Gazette de Monsieur*, and the *Rhadamanthe*—the latter paper, by the bye, was one of Beethoven's in his water together, must by this time have got used to each other's society.

Among the numerous stories told of Parisian beggars is one concerning a blind man—*really* blind—who is always to be seen near a certain gateway on the Boulevard Sebastopol. A passer-by who was in the habit of giving him a couple of sous one day dropped a double piece by the fellow's leg by mistake. On discovering his mistake, some time after, he returned and asked for it. The blind man was gone, but a cripple in the gateway directed him to the Rue de Petit Carreau, where he said "Monsieur Benjamin" lived. The gentleman went to the address indicated. A nicely-dressed servant came to open it. "Monsieur Benjamin lives here?" "Yes." The servant is shown into an elegant ante-room, through which one could see into a dining-room, where there was a table adorned with plate and with fine wine, fresh cream, and silver. The maid came to say that Monsieur Benjamin would be glad to see his visitor, and at the same instant she opened the door of an apartment furnished in the Turkish fashion, in which the blind man was seen seated on a divan. "I am indebted to you, sir," he said. "Yes, indeed, Sir," replied our friend, "you have cheated me." "I am sorry for the trouble you, but the fact is—I believe—I rather think—that in passing along the Boulevard Sebastopol this morning I gave you a double piece by the mistake I'm sure." The blind man said, with the utmost coolness, "That is quite possible. I haven't looked at the coin yet, and if there is a mistake, nothing is easier than to rectify it." He rung a bell, which was answered by the maid. "Ask M. Ernest," he said, "if the receipts of this morning he has found a piece of forty francs." The piece was at once produced and identified, and at the bidding of her master presented it on a tray of Chinese lac to his visitor. The visitor pounced upon his coin, and, without a word of explanation, left the house. "Pardon, Sir," said the blind man, "you forget something—there are two sous to return me."

A MODERN TOURNAMENT.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 772.]



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S COTTAGE, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

FEW men ever exercised so large an influence over the religious opinions of the race as EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. He was born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 29, 1688, and died in London, March 29, 1772, in his eighty-fifth year. His father, JESPER SWEDENBORG, was the Bishop of Skara, in West Gottland, and had charge of the Swedish Church in England and its American Colonies. EMANUEL belonged to the nobility, and received the most liberal education. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Upsal, in 1709, and afterward traveled in foreign countries. Though a poet by nature, he devoted a large portion of his leisure time to the study of mathematics and mechanics. It was through his proficiency in these sciences that he came to be introduced to the special notice of CHARLES XII., by whom, in 1716, he was appointed assessor of the royal mines. He availed himself of his mechanical skill in the siege of Frederickshald, where he, by means of machines of his own invention, contrived to transport several large vessels, over hills and valleys, a distance of about fourteen miles. About this time he published several small works, among which was a treatise on the earth and the planets. In 1721 he published in Latin, at Amsterdam, six small philosophical treatises, one of which was entitled "A Practical Method of finding the Longitude of Places on Land and at Sea by Lunar Observations." In 1722 he published some scientific works, principally relating to minerals. In 1733 he published, at Dresden and Leipsic, his "Principia, or the First Principles of Natural Things, being New Attempts toward a Philosophical Explanation of the Elementary World." In 1740, at Amsterdam, he published "The Philosophy of the Animal Kingdom;" and in 1744–45 "The Animal Kingdom," and "The Worship and Love of God."

These various works established SWEDENBORG'S reputation as a profound thinker. In 1724 he was invited to accept the professorship of Pure Mathematics in the University of Upsal, but declined the office. His portrait hangs in the hall of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, of which he was once President, near that of LINNÆUS, one of the first founders of the institution. It is asserted that a number of important discoveries which have made other names illustrious were anticipated in SWEDENBORG'S works.

In early life SWEDENBORG was the subject of deep religious impressions, and his writings are all characterized by a devotional spirit. He often read and meditated on the Word of God. Every thing, however trivial, he submitted to the will of Divine Providence. In his fifty-seventh year, when, as he assures us, he "was called to a new and holy office by the Lord himself, who manifested himself to him in person, and opened his sight to a view of the spiritual world, and granted him the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels," he resigned his office as assessor, one-half of his salary being continued to him in his retirement. After four years of preparation, during which SWEDENBORG sincerely believed that he was acting under the Divine guidance, he published his "Heavenly Arcana." Like his former works, this was in Latin. The entire work, in eight volumes, was published in London, 1749–56. This, the largest of SWEDEN-

"THE FIERY CROSS."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. LAMONT BRODIE.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

BORG's theological works, is characterized by a remarkable method and consistency. Among the most prominent of his works of this character afterward published may be mentioned "Heaven and Hell," "The New Jerusalem," "Divine Love and Wisdom," "The Apocalypse Revealed," and "Conjugal Love." Besides these he left a large number of manuscripts, many of which have been edited and published by Dr. J. F. I. TAFEL, professor and librarian in the University of Tübingen. On Christmas-eve, 1771, he was struck with apoplexy, from which he partially recovered, and remained in the full possession of his mental faculties till the time of his death.

During his life SWEDENBORG had few followers, but the number of those who now believe in his system and in the importance of his mission is by no means inconsiderable. The system which he left to posterity is its most fascinating feature. There is nothing in SWEDENBORG's system that is not elevating in its tendency.

LAST WORDS.

Let the sweet air receive my dying moan,
Now that the setting sun inspires its breath;
And though the white moon find thee, love, alone,
Remember where my spirit wandereth.
I held me to Death.

Look not upon the shadow at thy feet,
The blighted, fretted witness of my woe:
Turn from it, and forget the struggling beat
Of the worn heart that thus had loved so.
O let me go!

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye,
When my last glance has fainted on thy brow;
Do not recall the quiver of the sigh,
Which from my parting bosom must grow.
O kiss me now!

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand
Till all is over; for I am afraid
To be quite lonely on that border-land
Whence earth is mist, and the Beyond a shade.
O let me fade!

I know thee near, but can not feel thy touch:
Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee.
Farewell! Remember that I loved much;
Pray for one gleam of light to set me free—
O free! O free!

"THE FIERY CROSS."

We have seldom seen a picture more oppropriate in conception than "The Fiery Cross," by Mr. H. ROBINSON, the President of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. The subject will at once suggest itself as Vich Alpeive's summons to his clan, described in SCOTT's "Lady of the Lake." The passage more particularly illustrated occurs in the third canto, where Roderick, having consigned the terrible symbol of war and danger to his swift henchman, MALISE—

"Like heathfowl the hawks pursue,
A large arroee Loch Katrine drew:
High shot the henchman on the prow,
So rapidly the bargemen rose,
The baleful cross, where'er launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had near'd the main land hill."

The Celtic character and energy are capitally rendered in the figure. The landscape, too, indicating a coming storm, lends itself to the poetry of the incident. But the best commentary on the effect of the picture we can offer will be the note by SCOTT himself on "The Fiery Cross." "When," says the poet, "a chieftain designed to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and, making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, or *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a trusty messenger, who ran with full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person with a single word, naming the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward with equal dispatch to the next village; and it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbors if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms was obliged instantly to repair in his best arms and accoutrements to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered fire and sword, which, and which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burned marks upon this warlike signal. A remarkable instance of the rapidity with which this system of telegraphy—once common to the Scandinavian tribes and the Celtic nations—was carried out, SCOTT adds that during the civil war of 1745-46, when the Fiery Cross often made its circuit, upon one occasion passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

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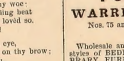

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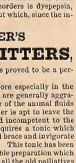

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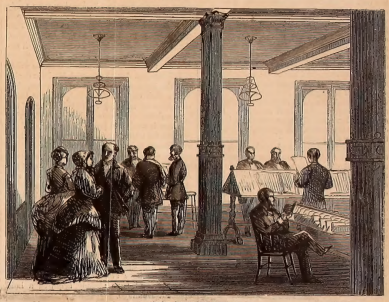
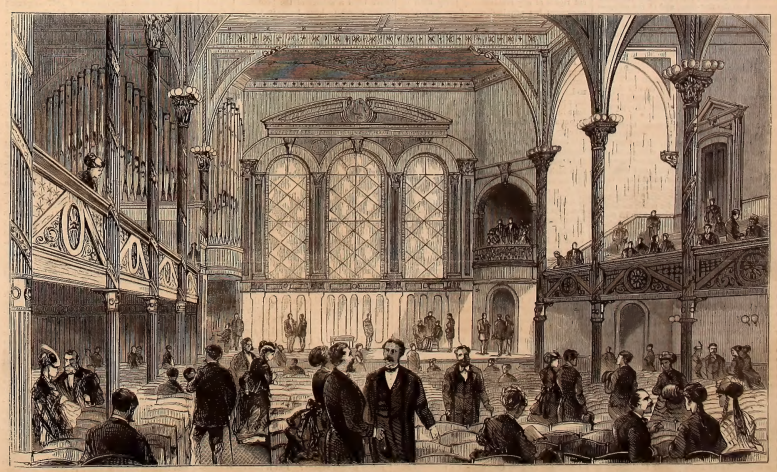


THE READING-ROOM.

It was a noble conception, that of him who first formed the idea of employing the instrumentality of a club in the work of Christ. It has been, than far, nobly realized in the new building of the New York Young Men's Christian Association.

For years this Association has been carrying on its work without any adequate means. It has undertaken to provide for the moral, intellectual, and social improvement of the young men of the great metropolis. To this work it has strictly confined itself. Other similar organizations have added to the sphere of their labors. They have organized mission-schools, tenement-house prayer-meetings, temporal charities. That in New York has found as much as it could do in its single self-chosen mission. It has had between one and two hundred thousand young men to provide for. Over seventy-five thousand of these, as nearly as can be ascertained, are homeless and almost friendless. Some are penniless. Those who have money are more to be pitied than these who have not. Their danger is just in the ratio of their means. The allurements to vice are numerous and attractive. Without discussing the much-vexed question of amusements, it is certain that the theatre, the billiard-room, the café, are in a large majority of instances, and to a large majority of young men, open doors to ruin. The dance is little or no better. We speak not of what they might be, but of what they now actually are. Until the recent excise law Broadway was lined with brightly-lighted halls, where women employed their arts to add to the enticements of music, drink, and dancing. Attention to business does by no means always serve to counteract the influences of vice, which are erroneously supposed to captivate only the idle. Business often demands of the young salesman, as a part of his professional duties, that he accompany his customer to these dens of iniquity, and show him the pollutions of the great city. Every now and then some great defalcation, some atrocious swindle, startling the



THE LECTURE-ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

THE SPANISH GUN-BOATS.

THE Spanish gun-boats have again become conspicuous, and nothing could be more bewildering than the different positive and apparently authentic statements of the policy of the Administration. The journals which probably have the least knowledge of the intentions and views of the Government have published the most elaborate letters upon the subject, and the general reader has been compelled to fall back upon the previous history and good sense of the President and his advisers, if he would have any satisfactory comfort in the situation. The Spanish Government connected for the building of gun-boats at New York. When they were nearly ready, the Peruvian Minister complained that they were designed for war upon Peru—a state with which we are at peace—and they were detained by order of the Government; but the work upon them was continued. When they were nearly finished, crews arrived for them from Spain, and their armaments were shipped to Cuba. That the questions involved might be legally settled, the gun-boats were turned over to the civil authorities, and were held by the United States Marshal: and this is the situation as we write.

It is alleged that the Spanish Minister assures that the boats are intended for service against Peru; and, on the other hand, that the Peruvian Minister is acting under the advice of the Cuban Junta. If, as is probable, the Peruvian Minister is unable to prove his assertion of the purpose for which the boats are designed, there would seem to be no valid reason why they should not be the property of Spain honestly acquired. But at this point it is stated that the Administration is in sympathy with Cuba, and that to release the boats would be to give a formidable fleet against that island, and probably to secure the Spanish ascendency over the Cubans.

It has been urged, therefore, that the boats should be detained at the same time that the United States should acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans: and it is stated that such has been the policy of the Administration. But why was being anticipated in consequence, we have already acquired a hold upon St. Domingo.

We doubt if the Administration would resort to so stupid and clumsy a method of doing so simple a thing. We have always supposed that to believe that the Cuban insurgents are fighting for liberty, and assume that we ought, in the interests of civilization, to recognize them as a belligerent power are engaged in such a struggle, let us at once say so. Indeed, if this were our duty, we ought to have said so long ago when the Cuban prospects were more promising than they now are. But if it be our duty as a civilized state not to acknowledge the belligerent rights of any revolutionary party until it can maintain what is acquired such form and coherence as to show a fair chance of success, certainly we have no right to choose the moment when that chance is slightest as the time for such a recognition.

It is true that the Cuban movement is for independence, and that we are independent of European control. It is true that the revolutionary leaders have proclaimed emancipation, and that we believe in the liberty of the negro. We would liberty and civilization be the gainers if we should take up arms for every party every where upon this continent that should proclaim liberty and announced emancipation? Is it desirable that the United States should establish a precedent by which nations may interfere with the internal dissensions of neighbors? Is it not palpably a step backward, a policy that restores the ancient régime of predatory warfare and conquest? The principles involved in this question are committed in the name of honor and liberty and order. What are treaties of amity, what is international law, clumsy and obsolete as it often is, but the restraint of civilization against the whims of brute force?

Should the Spanish gun-boats be released, it is declared that they will be used in Cuban waters, and that we ought not to permit it. Has Spain, then, no right to attempt the subjugation of a revolted colony? If we think not, why have we not protested before fourteen months have passed away? Or will any honest man, in view of General JORDAN'S letter, and his reports of society to leave the country, say that Spain's chance is more hopeless because of the addition of a fleet of thirty gun-boats to the Spanish force against the rebels? The Cubans are the party. They have no really acknowledged government under which the various functions of a state are fulfilled. They have neither arms nor food. The revolutionary forces are a wandering multitude, sometimes skirmishing with the Spanish outposts. No people, indeed, can be so disciplined because they are poor and suffering; no body of brave men are to be contemned because they are not a powerful and well-appointed army. But have the Cubans, however brave and enlightened, yet impressed the world with the conviction that they have fairly earned recognition as an independent state? Have they really done more than elude, in the interior of the island, the efforts of Spain to subdue them? Is not their attitude wholly negative? and is that the kind of attitude which ought to command the active interference of governments?

Moreover, if the case were exactly as it is, and Cuba were three thousand miles away, would it be urged upon the United States as a duty to acknowledge its belligerence or its independence? Is not this flowing rhetoric about Spain, as a "hard-hearted speculator in human liberty," a "land of palimpsests" and undermining, to do we not plainly read annexation? Now the simple way is the best way. If the United States wish to take Cuba, let them say so, and we are much respected if they do it openly and immediately, as if they take it under cover of acknowledging a confederation of affairs in the island which does not exist, and which their own arms must maintain. To call the list of aggrandizement the love of liberty, deceives nobody. If Cuba has honestly earned the recognition of belligerent rights, we are in favor of the recognition. But we demand the facts, and national honor requires that they be something more than the desire of annexation.

AN OLD MASK STRIPPED OFF.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, who is stated to have expressed surprise that any late rebels should be expected to repent, and to deny that it is desirable that they should be to elected perpetual Grand President of the new Confederate Survivors' Association in South Carolina. General WADE HAMPTON is the most conspicuous person in the movement, and the sentiments of General JOHN S. PRESTON, as expressed in a letter, are unquestionably those of the association, and indicate the spirit of mind which does not tend in the least degree toward repentance. The call of the meeting for organization sets forth that the resistance of the late war "presents the Confederate and United States of America are still fresh, and many records are likely to perish which would place in history a true account of the struggle," who fought and died for their country" demands that the truth be told, in order that the rising generation may learn "that their parents were not in the wrong, but the common school histories, now prepared by our enemies, assert."

General JOHN S. PRESTON was unable to attend the meeting, but sent an ardent letter of sympathy: "We are all survivors of our brothers and sons who died gloriously for their country and for liberty, and we have survived to see that cruel country for which they died." General PRESTON adds, that it is a duty of Confederates, very near to their hearts, "to see that the undefended sons of their comrades are living, to preserve the memory of the great deeds of the Southern soldiers and of the cause for which they died. Indeed, to this vital work the efforts of the Southern Confederacy seems to have been, in General PRESTON'S estimation, the choicest boon that Providence could have granted to them. And as he undoubtedly expresses the general feeling of his class, it is not surprising that the visitors to the GODEY'S STEAM CHAIR, at Saratoga, were profoundly impressed with the fact that public sentiment is not friendly to the Union; and that they are reported to assert that the United States flag was displayed there during the festival; a story which, however, is not likely to be true.

As often as such proceedings take place among the late Confederates the truth must be repeated, that history and the public mind may not be deceived. Chief Justice CHASE is reported to have said, "What have the rebels done that they should repent?" and the *World* is of opinion that to speak of any moral principle as involved in the late war was "a good enough Morgan" five years ago, but is lamentably out of date now. To Judge CHASE'S question there is a very short and simple answer. The rebels undertook to set up State sovereignty, attempted the bloody overthrow of the United States government for the perpetuation and extension of slavery. They set up a government which had not harmed them, and which they had always controlled. It was a government which abridged none of their liberties. It was a government against which no kind of oppression was urged. The rebels demanded that they should be suffered to secede for the most infamous purpose, and on no other demand, from the very nature of the national life and of the government, was merely Slyck's demand for the pound of flesh. The rebels drew the sword, and they began the terrible war that followed.

In Judge CHASE'S opinion, is a bloody revolution to overthrow a government which was never even charged with oppression, and which, as he knows, oppressed only those slaves who did not rebel against it—is such a revolution a matter of mere difference of opinion, is it justifiable, is it moral, or is it something for which the actors should repent? But if this effort to destroy a government which is not oppressive is a mere subterfuge for the purpose of establishing one that shall hopelessly oppress, then does Judge CHASE, an old anti-slavery leader, think that it is honorable and commendable, or to be repented of as the horrors of the middle passage might have been deplored even by slave-traders, when the trade was abolished?

The character of the rebellion is not to be sought in its political plea, but in its moral purpose. Suppose even that State sovereignty had been distinctly guaranteed in the Constitution—although it certainly is not—and that the lapse of time and the development of the country had so inextricably welded its real interests in permanence together that the sovereignty could not be asserted without a bloody struggle, was the perpetuity of slavery a justification of such a struggle? Was bowie-ism talk about liberty and country was always the merest gasconade. What "liberty" did Mr. JOHN S. PRESTON fight for? The liberty of selling other men's wives and children. What country does he talk about? The State of South Carolina. He and his friends will find that their wrestle with History is more desperate than that with the Union. History sees already that they fought not because they were oppressed, but because they feared to lose the power of oppression. The contest is decided, and they are vanquished.

We have no wish to remind them of it. But we shall take care that whenever it is made it shall be evident that there was a mere political difference, its moral character shall be plainly stated.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

THE failures in Liverpool among the grain dealers with American connections, announced by the telegram of the 23d November, had created uneasiness at the Corn Exchange and in financial circles. This misfortune, which private telegrams only partially confirm, would not well be avoided in view of the fact that the price of average English wheat in the spring of 1868, in London and Liverpool, was quoted at seventy-four shillings per quarter of eight bushels, and in November, 1869, No. 2 red Western had fallen to forty shillings per quarter. The price of wheat has been rarely higher than the latter points, and in reaching the *minimum* a few dealers have been worn out by repeated losses occurring on a falling market.

The causes of the most recent fall in the wheat of English markets, as we lately stated on the authority of the Manchester *Guardian* and the "Chamber of Agriculture," were large crops in the United Kingdom, that the United States would be able to supply all their present wants, and the unusual consumption of potatoes, due to the scarcity of rot which had been expected to be developed. As it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back, to this unexpected change in food the happening of some of these failures may be attributed.

The estimated annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain, made in the spring of 1868 by Mr. CAREY, was 20,500,000 quarters, of which the supplied 9,600,000 would need to be imported between the harvest of 1867—reported as the worst—and that of 1868, which ensured an abundant, almost drought. As the price of the quarters loaf of bread had been carried up from 5½*d.* in 1864, to 9*d.* in March, 1867, it was fair to infer that the drought of 1868, and the defective crop of the country, would make the trade in breadstuffs active and profitable. But the circumstances in England have been so peculiar as to have turned the most sagacious plans. The price of bread had been carried up simultaneously with the great impulse which the scheme of limited liability gave to the industry of England, and when wheat ruled high the failure which broke down that system had not fully reached the laboring classes, so long after remunerative wages as to be incompromising in their contests with manufacturers. As soon, however, as the financial depression reached the laboring field forces, economy became the order of the day; emigration was resorted to by the Trades Unions; meat was thrown upon the market in unprecedented quantities; the consumption of grain, and the severity of the drought was followed by a winter which, as it partook of the mildness of spring, ensured unusual supplies.

As England is the largest consumer in the world of imported wheat, the London and Liverpool markets may be said to control many years, and to influence in all wheat-exporting countries. But the price there is fixed according to the situation in the countries of supply, the object being, as wheat must be had whatever the price, to adjust it at the lowest amount which will be certain to furnish from six to nine hundred thousand quarters of imported wheat per week.

The waters of every sea are vexed with ships loaded with grain, their prows turned toward England: and if every port in the world capable of selling wheat were not carefully tried, it would be impossible to manage this important business so as to furnish the requisite quantity at reasonable prices. Happy are we to be exempt from this necessity, which sends the British merchant to every grain port in every country, and to the ends of which enables Mark Lane to control the trade wherever grain is export-

ed. In the United States our dealers are ever at the mercy of those who can thus measure the exact capacity of other markets; who buy ever where grain is cheap, and abstain from buying where it is above their inflexible limits, and use in the mean time their vast financial power to compel acquiescence in their terms. The fall in the price of all exportable commodities, which has accompanied the downward tendency, has doubtless produced a corresponding change in the quotations at Mark Lane, as it is stated in their press that they rely chiefly on the United States to furnish this year their requisite supplies. The happening of the failures in Liverpool is consequently due in part to the policy now being pursued by the Treasury Department in *hoarding* gold. If the Government shall take such measures as will make the fall permanent, which can be done only by contraction, it will have rendered a great service in lowering prices; but if it do fall shall be succeeded by an upward turn, as it must if the credit circulation remains undiminished in volume, the failures which must occur at home from a forced contraction of prices will be repeated hereafter, as gold may be forced up and then thrown through the forbearance or the direct action of the Treasury.

Our credit circulation was made excessive in order to float the loan of 1864, and high prices followed and have been generally maintained; but the excess of issues becomes less apparent from year to year in the proportion in which our industrial wealth are augmented, and in time from the growth of population the amount of our paper issues may not be disproportioned to our enlarged trade. Whether the policy shall be adopted, which is equivalent to contraction by slow degrees, or we shall suddenly be plunged into contraction with its inevitable evils of the prices—fatal to all who are embarrassed with debts—can not be known until the temper of Congress shall be developed.

It would appear to be the part of wisdom, in prices so unsatisfactory to the farming country to them, which can be done only by lopping off an equal proportion of the latter. This would involve a diminution in the quantity of both legal tenders and national bank-notes, inasmuch as the latter are made redeemable in the former, which might be difficult if their present relative proportions to each other were changed. But in lieu of this, plans for new national banks to answer the demand of the West and South, and of new banks on the basis of coin, are proposed and supported by newspapers ordinarily regarded as indicators of coming events. The country is confused by these differences, to which no light is shown by the recent utterances of the Attorney-General and others high in authority.

Their expressions in favor of a return to specie payments, and of the character to show that any matured plan had been arrived at or was in contemplation, and it may be inferred, therefore, that the subject will be referred to the wisdom of Congress, which, as its constituents are composed of the debtor and creditor classes, and as the proportions of the one to the other are well understood, it is feared that no legislation will take place injurious to those of them who constitute the majority.

GEORGE PEABODY'S MONUMENT.

WHEN OLIVER GOLDSMITH lay dead in his humble lodgings, the poor people whom he had befriended sat weeping upon the stairs. And when, in his biography, you come to that point, your own eyes are very likely to moisten; for GOLDSMITH is one of the few authors whom we all personally love. No tribute to his character to our imagination to-day, and none could have been dearer to his own childlike and honest heart, than the silent tears of his humble neighbors. And as we all read the other day, in that graphic and touching letter to the *Tribune*, the description of GEORGE PEABODY'S funeral, who did not feel that more eloquent than all to him than to be buried in the ancient Abbey, and to lie in the vault of kings, and to be officially mourned by queen and princes and supreme ministers, would have been the respectful presence and tears of the crowds of poor people who thronged about the gates of the Abbey and bought cheap mourning cards and likenesses and a little elegiac pamphlet?

How many rich men, dying in New York to-day, would be followed to their graves to-morrow with the grateful tears of the poor? Can you help contrasting the story of the throng at the gates of the Abbey and the simple ballad with certain performances at the brazen dedication in St. John's Square the other day? Turn back to the newspaper files of that morning. Listen to the editorial chorus, and reflect on it. If they had been celebrating a life and powers consecrated to the noblest purposes, what more could the papers have said? Do we really profoundly honor great riches, or the qualities that amass great riches—or the manner in which the powers and the riches are used? It seems very easy to do so Mr. PEABODY did. He was a bachelor. He had made a great fortune. He gave away millions of dollars, but he did not abridge a single personal comfort. Who could not do this? says every body who reads the story. And echo answers, How many do it? The praise of Mr. PEABODY is that, having a great opportunity, he used it greatly. As the *Tribune* correspondent says, here was one rich man who "had found the needle's eye." As Mr. GLADSTONE said, "He has shown us how a man can be master of his wealth instead of its slave."

From his stately funeral in the Abbey—funeral too ceremonious for some of his sincerest mourners, the poor people, were not admitted—from the royal vault and the official mourning of a nation his body returns in a British ship of war, and probably with a funeral fleet attending, across the ocean. Boston will receive it with a fitting pomp of grief, and then it will be borne to its grave in Danvers, "PEABODY'S, remember; not a cemetery here—Danvers," were his final words, as he remembered his mother, says one who repeats them. But his monument must still be not only the houses he built for the poor, the education he has given to the ignorant, the libraries and colleges he has endowed, nor only the noble example of beneficence, nor the statues and shafts of marble that will arise, but a certain finer view of human nature—a "calling invaluable at this time in this country—that great riches need not harden a man's heart, nor make him conspicuous merely for selfishness, unscrupulousness, and vulgarity.

ENGLAND IN INDIA.

THE debate upon annexation of foreign territory which is constantly occurring in this country naturally invites consideration of the presence of England in India, and suggests the question whether, on the whole, it has been an advantage to civilization and the world. If the history of the beginning of the British occupation is full of cruelties and tragedies, we may wisely remember that the same is true of settlement in America, and the Indian wars and Quaker persecutions and witchcraft delirium are not pleasant memories to recall. The opening of the Suez Canal again turns the attention of the world to India, and it is worth while to reflect upon a few facts in regard to England in India.

The English first appeared in India as peddlers with their packs, bowing humbly at Mussulman courts, like the dusky traders of Bombay and Rajpoots. But when they drew the sword that has never since been long sheathed it was to defend their factories, erected under the plighted faith of the Great Mogul Government at Delhi, from the attacks of the Nabob of Bengal, a reveled feudatory of the Great Mogul, who, upon the strength of a petty dispute, perpetrated the massacre of the Black Hole. At this time the Emperor of Delhi, the Great Mogul, was an emperor only in name, his personal influence in the Empire, the Nabobship of Onde, Holkar, and Scindia, always despising, frequently dared his power and authority. The whole country was divided and practically ruled was the prey of the wild Mahrattas, a Hindu clan, who, originally driven by the persecutions of AURUNGZEBE to take refuge in the mountains of Ghauts, built a state in Bombay, from which they issued in clouds of light-horse to levy *loot* or tribute on every territory they could reach. They were the Bashi-Bazouks and freebooters; and to talk of inhumanity in resecuing the population of India out of hands like these is indeed very much like accusing the Good Samaritan of unnecessary violence in taking away to his inn the exhausted victim of thieves and assassins; although, of course, we are not saying that it was not unlawful, and not humanity, that sent England to India.

Bombay, the principal sea-port of Hindostan, was ceded to the British by the Portuguese, who received it from Charles II. of England, CHARLES II. of England. In our own day the principal acquisitions of territory have been Scinde, Pegu, and Oude. Scinde, a Mohammedan country was seized under the flimsiest of pretexts, in fact it was a shameless, cowardly robbery. Those who have not already read the "Life of an Eastern King," published some fifteen years since, will agree with us that *any* civilized rule must confer blessings on a people that it would be hard to overthrow had so long suffered under their own cruel, licentious, and despotic sovereigns. The Sikhs, who, under their chief RUNJEET SINGH, had been stanch allies of the British, so long as he lived to restrain their audacity, poured across the Sutlej on his death, invading the British territory, and after a short routine of defeat, treaty, breach of faith, renewed hostilities, and final conquest, have since enjoyed the greatest prosperity under the Christian Raj, and were, as is well known, the mainstay of British ascendency in the darkest hour of the mutiny of 1857.

We are apt to think of the natives of India from Peshawur to Cape Comorin as ethnically and physically one people, just as Spain or Holland are populated by one race, whereas the two hundred millions of Hindostan are composed of races as diversified and distinct as the nations of Europe: indeed more so. There are the aboriginal inhabitants, the Tamuls, first invaders of the country, the Aryans, and the Mohammedans—these last the descendants of those warriors who built up the throne of Delhi, and for a time made of Hindostan an empire for their Mogul. But among the aborigines there are many races which are ethnically and philologically divided. There are tribes closely related to the Malay and the Chinese races, and there are others that are wholly unconnected with those branches of the human race. The number of aboriginal dialects spoken through out India has been computed to exceed two hundred, and some of these has any marked affinity to any other.

The Mohammedans, numbering some twenty millions, are scattered all over the country, the Aryans, by which title we refer to the Hindu following some form or other of the Brahminical faith, number one hundred and twenty millions. The British were to retire from Hindostan to-morrow, would the greater number submit again to be enthralled by the bigoted minority? To whom are the British asked to resign their hitherto unchallenged sovereignty?

England has given India the blessing of a stable government. She has built railroads, which already connect the great rivers with fleets of steamers, and, above all, has insured to the humblest of her subjects the peaceable possession of his ancestral vine and fig-tree. That the material prosperity of the country has made rapid strides is shown by the value of her exports, which, in 1834, the last year of the exclusive monopoly of the old East India Company, amounted to only £8,000,000 sterling, but which has increased in 1865 to no less than £68,000,000 sterling, or three hundred and forty millions of dollars.

It is sometimes asserted as a reproach, that England does not attempt to Christianize her Indian subjects. Her conduct has she the occasion in this particular; and wisely does the Government speak when it says, "We can not, we will not interfere with the religion of the people." Any other policy would set the land in a blaze from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya. The Government must stand, aloof. There must not be the slightest suspicion of partiality shown to the convert applicant for public employment, no public favor bestowed on the Christian proselyte as such, unless it desires the bloody scenes of Cawnpore and Delhi to be re-enacted as a warning to each successive generation.

THE REASON WHY.

IN the course of some remarks upon the late Convention of Women held in the Brooklyn Woman's Suffrage Association, the New York *Times* remarks: "The vast majority of men are really indifferent to the whole matter, and very willingly stand aside to leave women to settle it among themselves." The article is an amplification of this amusing statement, and its moral is, that if women do not vote it is because they do not wish to. But, if the *Times* really supposes that this is the fact, it should inform itself a little. It imagines that some other women do not vote because other women do not wish to, it would perhaps be useful for the *Times* as a public teacher, to know that the reason why women do not vote is that men will not permit it. The fundamental law of the State is made by men, and it restricts the political franchise to men. If the Convention would to say that it could carefully establish so immense an exclusion if they were wholly indifferent to it.

The *Times* repeats the old remark, that when the majority of women shall wish to vote they will be admitted to the suffrage, as a matter of course. But this is not the manner in which any change of fundamental laws are made. Were the newly admitted voters in England polled upon the subject before the Reform bill passed? Were the majority of the colored citizens in the Southern States asked to express a wish before the suffrage was given them? And is it also to be gravely urged that when the majority of women shall say that the women will be a genius for any profession or art should devote themselves to it, they will of course be allowed to do so? The question must be decided upon definite other considerations. It there be no objection to the voting of those women who wish to vote except that certain other women do not wish to, the objection will suddenly shrink, and it becomes the duty of those who make the assertion to show why the disincrimination of one person is unjust to another.

If, as is alleged in the article of which we speak, the present voters, who are men, "stand aside to leave women to settle it among themselves," why do they not remove the restriction? It is idle to speak of awaiting the demand of a majority of women, not only because it is ridiculous that an intelligent woman should be deprived of such a power by the whim of a possibly indifferent and foolish woman, but because there is no way of ascertaining the wishes of such a majority. The only sensible and practicable policy upon the subject—since even the *Times* concedes that men are indifferent, and that there is no serious objection—is to remove the barrier and let women decide for themselves. If nature, as DR. BUSHNELL argues, protects against their sharing political power—if constentions of sex, family, taste, ridicule, forbid such action upon their part, let us have these truths made manifest.

The *Times* indeed asserts that ninety-nine women out of every hundred are opposed to their own admission to the suffrage. But it offers no proof that its assertion is true; and if it were true, it is of no more importance as an argument than the assertion of the British Government in 1775 that the American revolutionists were a mere faction, and not the people of the Colonies. MR. WEBSTER, the *Times* may remember, was fond of saying that the Revolution was fought upon a preamble; and a few resolute and sagacious men with a just preamble carried the independence of the Colonies. If the claim made by some thoughtful women is in itself reasonable, what is the significance of even a greater number of women to do with the question? If it is not desirable that women should share political power, how can it become desirable because more or less of them wish it?

THE attention of those of our readers seeking safe and remunerative investments is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. FISK & HATCH on the last page of this Number of the *Weekly*. The mere fact that these gentlemen recommend a "security" is evidence of its soundness.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Secretary of State has informed Hon. John Lothrop Motley, Minister of the Special Committee on Reparation Interests, that he has instructed all our Consuls, including those in the Levant, Jamaica, and Brazil, to send forthwith the Committee with the information desired by them relative to adjudications for depredations where they are located.

In accordance with instructions received from the President, United States District-Attorney Pierrepont, on Saturday last, filed the libel against the piratical boats which the Spanish Government have had built in this country, and which are now ready for Spanish sea. It is reported that the occasion of this proceeding is that the Cuban sympathizers with the insurgents might attempt their destruction. The ground of the libel of information seems to be that the Constitution of the United States forbids the building of vessels of war for a foreign power. The case comes before the District-Court December 14.

JAMES B. SWAIN, a well-known journalist, was shot by Daniel M'Farland in the *Tribune* consulting-room on the evening of November 28. Jealousy is supposed to have been the motive of the act.

A terrible explosion on the evening of November 26 broke up the Hudson County Jail, in Jersey City, and the Armory. An explosion occurred which made a long break in the south wall, and the prisoners fled across lots.

The new Haytien Minister was formally presented to President Grant November 22, and the usual courtesies were exchanged.

A petition is to be presented to Congress early in the next session praying that bituminous coal may be accorded to Cuba, and her independence recognized. The petition is to be signed by citizens of this country, and will, it is expected, have 40,000 before the assembling of Congress.

The completion of the "New York, Flushing, and North Side Railroad," from Flushing to Port Jefferson, Long Island, was celebrated, November 17, with great eclat by the people living on the line of the road, who turned out *en masse* to welcome the first train which passed over it. There was a display of fire-works, stone, bearing an excursion party, numbering a hundred gentlemen of note, from City Hall, to Flushing. The completion of this road opens up the thriving manufacturing villages of Flushing and Whitestone to an easy and rapid communication with New York, rendering them favorable resorts of access than Newark and other cities in New Jersey of far less natural advantages, which have grown to be large manufacturing towns by means of railroad facilities. The credit of this new enterprise is due principally to the citizens of Flushing, who have built the railroad without any outside assistance, at a cost of nearly a million dollars. Chief among the promoters of the undertaking were MR. C. DEMILLE, now President of the road, DR. JOHN Judd, and MR. John D. Locke. Longchidge's patent locomotive was employed, and every engine, car, and every thing connected with the road is as perfect as the means and appliances of modern invention pretty well permit. The result is, that it is beyond question the most direct and the easiest riding railway that runs out of New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Republican Deputies who recently absented themselves from the Spanish Cortes have returned in a body November 27. The Spanish Government announces that it intends to restore the provincial guarantees lately abrogated on account of the insurrection in Cuba. The Cortes have passed by a vote of 91 censure against the Government for arbitrary use of power in the municipal law of Madrid.

The Spanish Cortes has passed a vote of thanks to D. M. Sickles, United States Minister to Spain. Canal. A draft of a Constitution for Porto Rico was read in the Cortes November 24, forbidding the establishment of separation, and excluding slaves from all rights of citizenship.

Within three weeks over 25,000 volunteers were shipped from Spain to Cuba.

General Dulce recently Captain-General of Cuba, died November 26, aged 66.

Despatches from Rome state that the members of the Ecumenical Council will meet at the Vatican on the 8th of December next, and, at the anniversary of the opening of the Council, the Pope will announce the opening of the Council.

The completion of the Suez Canal, it seems, has already affected the price of freights and passage-money. Ships around the Cape of Good Hope. A serious loss to the latter.

M. de Lesseps, the chief engineer of the Suez Canal, has published a letter in which the unfavorable rumors which have recently circulated about that great enterprise are denied, and he points to the fact that in ten days no less than fifty vessels sailed safely through the canal.

The Sultan protests against the act of the Viceroy of Egypt in proclaiming the neutrality of the Suez Canal as a trespass on his sovereignty.

The most significant result of the recent supplementary elections in Paris was the return of M. Rochefort by 4,845 votes against 3,354. There was a large majority in favor of the Government.

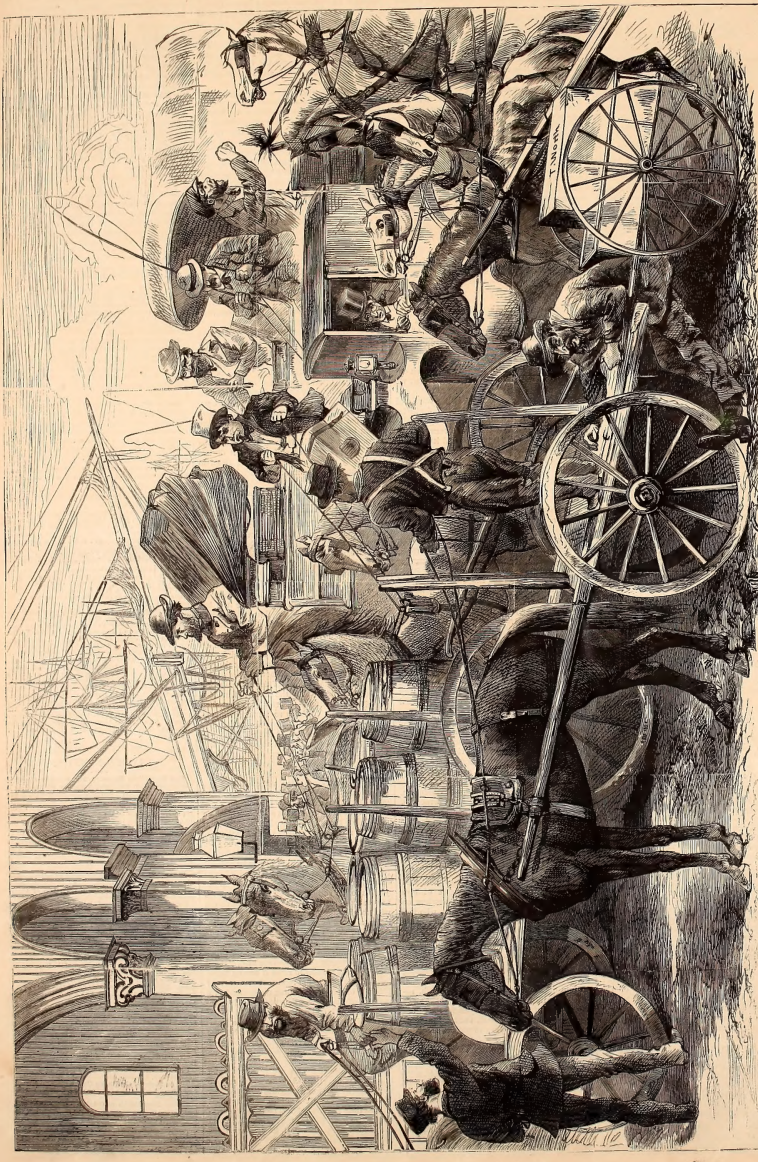
Mr. Bullingame and the Chinese Embassy are at Berlin.

United States Consul-General Plumb, at Havana, has resigned.

The members of the Italian Cabinet have resigned, and a new Ministry has been organized under General Menabrea.

Advices from Manilla of October 1 report a violent earthquake at that port which extended through the Philippine group of islands. At Manilla eight lives were lost.

The recent election in Newfoundland has resulted unfavorably for the opponents of Confederation. The full returns show that twenty-one Anti-Confederates and nine Confederates have been elected.



JAM AT THE FERRY GATE.—[SKETCHED BY THOMAS WORTH.]

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE PLAN.

SHE took his hand, and began with all the art of persuasion she possessed.

"One question, Geoffrey, before I say what I want to say. Lady Lundie has invited you to stay at Windygates. Is you accept her invitation? or do you go back to your brother's in the evening?

"I can't go back in the evening—they've yet a visitor into my room. I'm obliged to stay here. My brother has done it on purpose. Julius helps me when I'm hard up—and bullies me afterward. He has sent me here, on duty for the family. Somebody must be civil to Lady Lundie—and I'm the sacrifice."

She took him up at his last word. "Don't make the sacrifice," she said. "Apologize to Lady Lundie, and say you are obliged to go back."

"Why?"

"Because we must both leave this place today."

There was a double objection to that. If he left Lady Lundie's, he would fail to establish a future pecuniary claim on his brother's indulgence. And if he left with Anne, the eyes of the world would see them, and the whispers of the world might come to his father's ears.

"If we go away together," he said, "good-by to my prospects, and yours too."

"I don't mean that we shall leave together," she explained. "We will leave separately—and I will go first."

"There will be a hue and cry after you, when you are missed."

"There will be a dance when the croquet is over. I don't dance—and I shall not be missed. There will be time, and opportunity, to get to my own room. I shall leave a letter there for Lady Lundie, and a letter"—her voice trembled for a moment—"and a letter for Blanche. Don't interrupt me! I have thought of this, as I have thought of every thing else. The confession I shall make will be the truth in a few hours, if it's not the truth now. My letters will say I am privately married, and called away unexpectedly to join my husband. There will be a scandal in the house, I know. But there will be no excuse for sending after me, and I am under my husband's protection. So far as you are personally concerned there are no discoveries to fear—and nothing which it is not perfectly safe and perfectly easy to do. Wait here an hour after I have gone to save appearances; and then follow me."

"Follow you?" interposed Geoffrey. "Where?"

She drew her chair nearer to him, and whispered the next words in her ear.

"To a lonely little mountain inn—four miles from this.

"An inn!"

"Why not?"

"An inn in a public place."

A movement of natural impatience escaped her—but she controlled herself, and went on as quietly as before:

"The place I mean is the loneliest place in the neighborhood. You have no prying eyes to dread there. I have picked it out expressly for that reason. It's away from the railway; it's away from the high-road: it's kept by a decent, respectable Scotchwoman—"

"Decent, respectable Scotchwomen who keep inns," interposed Geoffrey, "don't cotton to young ladies who are traveling alone. The landlady won't receive you."

It was a well-aimed objection—but it missed the mark. A woman bent on her marriage is a woman who has met the objections of the whole world, single-handed, and refute them all.

"I have provided for every thing," she said; "and I have provided for that. I shall pass the landlady I am on my wedding-trip. I shall say my husband is sight-seeing, on foot, among the mountains in the neighborhood—"

"She is sure to believe that!" said Geoffrey.

"She is sure to disbelieve it, if you like. Let her! She will have only to appear, and to ask for your wife—and there is my story proved to be true! She may be the most suspicious woman living, as far as I am alone with her. The moment you join me, you set her suspicions at rest. Leave that to me, my part. My part is the hard one. Will you do yours?"

It was impossible to say No: she had fairly cut the ground from under his feet. He shifted his ground. Any thing rather than say Yes!

"I suppose you know how we are to be married?" he asked. "All I can say—I can't do it."

"You do!" she retorted. "You know that we are in Scotland. You know that there are neither formalities, nor delays, in a Scotch marriage, here. The plan I have proposed to you secures my being received at the inn, and makes it easy and natural for you to join me there afterward. The rest is in our own hands. A man and a woman who wish to be married (in Scotland) have only to secure the necessary witnesses and the thing is done. If the landlady chooses to resent the suspicions practiced on her, after that, the landlady may do as she pleases. We shall have gained our object in spite of her—and, what is more, we shall have gained it without risk to you."

"Don't lay it all on my shoulders," Geoffrey rejoined. "You women go headlong at every thing. Say we are married. We must separate afterward—or how are we to keep it a secret?"

"Certainly. You will go back, of course, to your brother's house, as if nothing had happened."

"And what is to become of you?"

"I shall go to London."

"What are you to do in London?"

"Haven't I already told you that I have thought of every thing? When I get to London I shall apply to some of my mother's old friends—friends of hers in the time when she was a musician. Every body tells me I have a voice—if I had only cultivated it. I will cultivate it! I can live, and live respectably, as a concert singer. I have saved money enough to support me, while I am learning—and my mother's friends will help me, for her sake."

So, in the new life that she was marking out, she was the unconscious imitator of those in herself the life of her mother before her. Here was the mother's career as a public singer, chosen (in spite of all efforts to prevent it) by the child! Here (though with other motives, and under other circumstances) was the mother's irregular marriage in Ireland, on the point of being followed by the daughter's irregular marriage in Scotland! And here, stranger still, was the man who was answerable for it—the son of the man who had found the flaw in the Irish marriage, and had shown the way by which her mother was thrown on the world! "My fate is my second self. She is not called by her father's name; she is called by mine. She is Anne Silvester as I was. Will she end like Me?"—The answer to those words—the last words that had trembled on the living mother's lips—was coming fast. Through the chances and changes of many years, the future was pressing near—and Anne Silvester stood on the brink of it.

"Well?" she resumed. "Are you at the end of your objections? Can you give me a plain answer at last?"

"HE TOUCHED THE KNOB OF HIS CANE, AND HELPED HIMSELF, WITH INFINITE ZEST AND ENJOYMENT, TO A PINCH OF SNUFF."

No! He had another objection ready as the words passed her lips.

"Suppose the witnesses at the inn happen to know me?" he said. "Suppose it comes to my father's ears in that way?"

"Suppose you drive me to my ruin?" she retorted, starting to her feet. "Your father shall know the truth, in that case—I swear it!"

He rose, on his side, and drew back from her. She followed him up. There was a clapping of hands, at the same moment, on the lawn. Somebody had evidently made a brilliant stroke which promised to decide the game. There was no security now that Blanche might not return again. There was every prospect, the game being over, that Lady Lundie would be free. Anne brought the interview to its crisis, without wasting a moment more.

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn," she said. "You have bargained for a private marriage, and I have consented. Are you, or are you not, ready to marry me on your own terms?"

"Give me a minute to think!"

"Not an instant. Once for all, is it Yes, or No?"

He couldn't say "Yes," even then. But he said what was equivalent to it. He asked, savagely, "Where is the inn?"

She put her arm in his, and whispered, rapidly, "Take the path to the right that leads to the railway. Follow the path over the moor, and the sheep-track up the hill. The first house you come to after that is the inn. You understand?"

He nodded his head, with a sullen frown, and took his pipe out of his pocket again.

"Let it alone this time," he said, meeting her eye. "My mind's upset. When a man's mind's upset, a man must smoke. What's the name of the place?"

"Craig Fernie."

"Who am I to ask for at the door?"

"For your wife."

"Suppose they want you to give your name when you get there?"

"If I must give a name, I shall call myself Mrs., instead of Miss, Silvester. But I shall do my best to avoid giving any name. And you will do your best to avoid making a mistake, by only saking for me as your wife. Is there any thing else you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Be quick about it! What is it?"

"How am I to know you have got away from here?"

"If you don't hear from me in half an hour from the time when I have left you, you may be sure I have got away. Hush!"

Two voices, in conversation, were audible at the bottom of the steps—Lady Lundie's voice and Sir Patrick's. Anne pointed to the door in the back wall of the summer-house. She had just pulled it to again, after Geoffrey had passed through it, when Lady Lundie and Sir Patrick appeared at the top of the steps.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE SUITOR.

LADY LUNDIE pointed significantly to the door, and addressed herself to Sir Patrick's private ear.

"Observe!" she said. "Miss Silvester has just got rid of somebody."

Sir Patrick deliberately looked in the wrong direction, and (in the politest possible manner) observed—nothing.

Lady Lundie advanced into the summer-house. Suspicious hatred of the governess was written legibly in every line of her face. Suspicious distrust of the governess's illness spoke plainly in every tone of her voice.

"May I inquire, Miss Silvester, if your sufferings are relieved by fresh air?"

"I am no better, Lady Lundie."

"I beg your pardon!"

"I said I was no better."

"You appear to be able to stand up. When I am ill, I am not so fortunate. I am compelled to lie down."

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returned Blanche. "Is she in there with Anne? Is Anne better?"

Lady Lundie forthwith appeared, and took the answer to that inquiry on herself.

Miss Silvester has retired to her room. Miss Silvester persists in being ill. Have you noticed, Sir Patrick, that these half-bred sort of people are almost invariably rude when they are ill?

Blanche's bright face flushed up. "If you think Anne a half-bred person, Lady Lundie, you stand alone in your opinion. My uncle doesn't agree with you, I'm sure."

Sir Patrick's interest in the first quadrille became almost painful to see. "*Do* tell me, my dear, when *is* the dancing going to begin?"

"The sooner the better," interposed Lady Lundie; "before Blanche picks another quarrel with me on the subject of Miss Silvester."

Blanche looked at her uncle. "Begin! begin! Don't lose time!" cried the ardent Patrick, pointing toward the house with his cane.

"Curiously enough, I say thing that you wish!" With that parting shot at her step-mother, Blanche withdrew. Arnold, who had thus far waited in silence at the foot of the steps, looked appealingly at Sir Patrick. The train which was to take him to his newly inherited property would start in less than an hour; and he had not presented himself to Blanche's guardian in the character of Blanche's suitor yet! Sir Patrick's indifference to the domestic claims on him—claims of persons who loved, and claims of persons who hated, it didn't matter which—remained perfectly unassailable. There he stood, poised on his cane, humming an old Scotch air. And there was Lady Lundie, resolute not to leave him till she had seen the governess with *her* eyes and judged the governess with *her* mind. She returned to the subject of Sir Patrick's hobby, humming at the top of the steps, and of Arnold, waiting at the bottom. (Her enemies said, "No wonder poor Mrs. Thomas died in a few months after his marriage!" And, oh dear me, our enemies *are* sometimes right!)

"I must once more remind you, Sir Patrick, that I have serious reason to doubt whether Miss Silvester is a fit companion for Blanche. My governess has something on her mind. She has fits of crying in private. She is up and walking about her room when she ought to be asleep. She posts her own letters—and, she has lately been excessively insolent to Me. There is something wrong. I must take some steps in the matter—and it is only proper that I should do so with your sanction, as head of the family."

"Consider me as abdicating my position, Lady Lundie, in your favor."

"Sir Patrick, I beg you to observe that I am speaking seriously, and that I expect a serious reply."

"My good lady, ask me for any thing else and it is at your service. I have used up my serious reply' since I gave up practice at the Scottish Bar. At my age," added Sir Patrick, cunningly drifting into generalities, "nothing is serious —except Indigestion. I say, with the philosopher, 'Life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel.'" He took his sister-in-law's hand, and kissed it. "Dear Lady Lundie, why feel?"

Lady Lundie, who had never "felt" in her life, appeared perversely determined to feel, on this occasion. She was offended—and she showed it plainly.

"When you are next called on, Sir Patrick, to judge of Miss Silvester's conduct, be so kind, unless I am entirely mistaken, you will find yourself *compelled* to consider it as something beyond a joke." With those words, she walked out of the summer-house—and so forwarded Arnold's interests by leaving Blanche's guardian alone at last.

It was an excellent opportunity. The guests were safe in the house—there was no interruption to be feared. Arnold showed himself. Sir Patrick (perfectly undisturbed by Lady Lundie's parting speech) sat down in the summer-house, without wondering why the young fellow asked himself a question founded on profound observation of the female sex. "Were there ever two women in a quarrel between them, Patrick?" thought the old gentleman, "who didn't want to drag a man into it? Let them drag me in, if they can!"

Arnold advanced a step, and respectfully announced himself. "I hope I am not in the way, Sir Patrick?"

"In the way? of course not! Bless my soul, how serious the boy looks!. Are you going to propose to me at the head of the croquet-lawn?"

It was exactly what Arnold was about to do. But it was plain that if he submitted it just then Sir Patrick for one would not be prepared to do any thing but laugh. He answered cautiously, "I asked leave to consult you in private, Sir; and you kindly told me you would see me the opportunity before I left Windygates?"

"Ay! ay! to be sure. I remember. We have both passed in the serious business of croquet at the time—and it was doubtful which of us did that business most clumsily. Well, here is the opportunity; and here am I, with all my worldly experience, at your service. I have only been cautious to say, that I don't appeal to me as the head of the family.' My resignation is in Lady Lundie's hands."

He was, as usual, half in jest, half in earnest. The wry twist of humor showed itself at the corners of his lips. Arnold was at a loss how to approach Sir Patrick on the subject of his suit without reminding him of his domestic responsibilities on the one hand, and without setting himself up as a target for the shafts of Sir Patrick's wit on the other. In this difficulty, he committed a mistake at the outset. He hesitated.

"Don't hurry yourself," said Sir Patrick. "Collect your ideas. I can wait! I can wait!" Arnold collected his ideas—and committed a second mistake. He determined on feeling his way cautiously at first. Under the circumstances

(and with such a man as he had now to deal with), it was perhaps the rashest resolution at which he could possibly have arrived—it was the mouse attempting to outmaneuvre the cat.

"You have been very kind, Sir, in offering me the benefit of your experience," he began. "I want a word of advice."

"Suppose you take it sitting?" suggested Sir Patrick. "Get a chair." His sharp eyes followed Arnold with an expression of mingled enjoyment. "About my advice?" he thought. "The young humbug wants nothing of the sort —he wants my niece."

Arnold sat down under Sir Patrick's eye, with a well-founded suspicion that he was destined to suffer, before he got up again, under Sir Patrick's tongue.

"I am only a young man," he went on, moving uneasily in his chair; "and I am beginning a new life—"

"Any thing wrong with the chair?" asked Sir Patrick. "Begin your new life comfortably, and get another."

"There's nothing wrong with the chair, Sir. Would you—"

"Would I keep the chair, in that case? Certainly."

"I mean, would you advise me—"

"My good fellow, I'm waiting to advise you. (I'm sure there's something wrong with that chair. Why be ashamed about it? Why not get another?)"

Please don't notice the chair, Sir Patrick—you put me out. I want—in short—perhaps it's a curious question—"

"I can't say till I have heard it," remarked Sir Patrick. "However, we will admit it, for form's sake, if you like. Say it's a curious question. The longer it is more original it will be, I will help you. Say it's the most extraordinary question that ever was put, since the beginning of the world. Now, then, what is the question?"

"It's this!" Arnold burst out, desperately. "I want to be married!"

"That isn't a question," objected Sir Patrick. "It's an assertion. You say, I want to be married. And I say, Just so! And there's an end of it."

Arnold's head began to whirl. "Would you advise me to get married, Sir?" he said, piteously. "I don't want I mean—"

"Oh! That's the object of the present interview, is it? Would I advise you to marry, eh?"

(Having caught the mouse by this time, the cat lifted his paw and let the heedless little creature breathe again. Sir Patrick's manner suddenly fresh from any slight signs of impatience which it might have hitherto shown, and became as pleasantly easy and confidential as a humorist could be. He touched the knob of his cane, and helped himself, with infinite zest and enjoyment, to a pinch of snuff.)

"Would I advise you to marry?" repeated Sir Patrick. "Two courses are open to us, Mr. Arnold, in considering that question. We may put it briefly, or we may put it at great length. Which am for putting it briefly. What do you say?"

"What you say, Sir Patrick."

"Very good. May I begin by making an inquiry relating to your past life?"

"Certainly!"

"Very good again. When you were in the merchant service, did you ever have any experience in buying provisions ashore?"

Arnold stared. If any relation existed between that question and the subject in hand it was an impenetrable relation to him. He answered, in unconcealed bewilderment,

"Plenty of experience, Sir."

"I'm coming to the point," pursued Sir Patrick. "Don't be astonished. I'm coming to the point. What did you think of your meat sugar when you bought it at the grocer's?"

"Think?" repeated Arnold. "Why, I thought it was meat sugar, to be sure!"

"Marry, by all means!" cried Sir Patrick. "You are one of the few men who can try that experiment with a fair chance of success."

The suddenness of the answer fairly took away Arnold's breath. There was something perfectly electrical in the brevity of his veritable friend. He stared harder than ever.

"Don't you understand me?" asked Sir Patrick.

"I don't understand what the moist sugar has got to do with it, Sir."

"You don't see that?"

"Not a bit!"

"Then I'll show you," said Sir Patrick, crossing his legs, and setting in comfortably for a good talk. "You go to the tea-shop, and get your moist sugar. You take it on the understanding that it is moist sugar. But it isn't any thing of the sort. It's a compound of adulterations made up to look like moist sugar. You shut your eyes to the awkward fact, and swallow your adulterated mess in various articles of food; and you and your sugar get on together in this way as well as you can. Do you follow me, so far?"

Yes. Arnold (quite in the dark) followed, so far.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "You go to the marriage-shop, and get a wife. You take her on the understanding—let us say—that she has lovely yellow hair, that she has an exquisite complexion, that her figure is the perfection of plumpness, and that she is just tall enough to carry the plumpness off. You bring her home, and you discover that it's the old story of the sugar over again. Your wife is an adulterated article. Her lovely yellow hair is—dye. Her exquisite skin is—pearl powder. Her plumpness is—padding. And three inches of her height are—in the boot-maker's heels. Shut your eyes, and swallow your adulterated sugar—and you swallow your adulterated sugar—and, I tell you again, you are one of the few men who can try the marriage experiment with a fair chance of success."

With that he uncrossed his legs again, and looked hard at Arnold. Arnold read the lesson, at last, in the right way. He gave up the hopeless attempt to circumvent Sir Patrick, and—come what might of it—dashed at a direct allusion to Sir Patrick's niece.

"That may be all very true, Sir, of some young ladies," he said. "There is one I know of, who is nearly related to you, and who doesn't deserve what you have said of the rest of them."

This was coming to the point. Sir Patrick showed his approval of Arnold's frankness by coming to the point himself, as readily as his own whimsical humor would let him.

"Is this female phenomenon my niece?" he inquired.

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"May I ask how you know that my niece is not an adulterated article, like the rest of them?"

Arnold's indignation loosened the last restraint that held Arnold's tongue. He exploded in the three words which mean three volumes in every circulating library in the kingdom.

"I love her."

Sir Patrick sat back in his chair, and stretched out his legs luxuriously.

"That's the most convincing answer I ever heard in my life," he said.

"I'm in earnest!" cried Arnold, reckless by this time of every consideration but one. "Put me to the test, Sir! put me to the test!"

"Oh, very well. The test is easy to find." He looked at Arnold, with the irrepressible humor twinkling merrily in his eyes, and twitching sharply at the corners of his lips. "My niece," he said, in a beautiful complexion. Do you believe in her complexion?"

"There's a beautiful sky above our heads," returned Arnold. "I believe in the sky."

"Do you?" retorted Sir Patrick. "You were evidently never intended for a lawyer. My niece has an immense quantity of hair. Are you convinced that it all grows on her head?"

"I'd pay other women a head to produce the like of it!"

"My dear Arnold, you greatly underrate the existing resources of the trade in hair! Look into the shop-windows. When you next go in London pray look into the shop-windows. Do you ever, by any chance, think of my niece's figure?"

"Oh, come! there can't be any doubt about *that!* A young man, with eyes in his head, can see it's the loveliest figure in the world."

Sir Patrick laughed softly, and crossed his legs again.

"My good fellow, of course it is! The loveliest figure in the world—and the most beautiful complexion in the world. At a rough guess, there are forty ladies at this town party. Every one of them possesses a beautiful figure. Every one of them possesses a beautiful complexion. And yet, when it's particularly seductive, you may swear it comes from Paris. Why, how you stare! I asked you, just now, whether you thought of my niece's figure, I meant—how much of it comes from Nature, and how much of it comes from the Shop? I don't know, mind. Do you?"

"I'll take my oath to every inch of it!"

"Shop?"

"Nature!"

Sir Patrick rose to his feet; his satirical humor was silenced at last.

"If ever I am a son," he thought to himself, "that son shall go to sea!" He took Arnold's arm, as a preliminary to putting an end to his misapprehensions. "If I am serious about any thing," he resumed, "it's time to be serious with you. I am convinced of the sincerity of your attachment. All I know of you is in your favor, and your birth and position are beyond dispute. If you have Blanche's consent, you have mine." Arnold attempted to express his gratitude. Sir Patrick, declining to hear him, went on. "And remember this, in the future. When you next go to your sugar that I can give you, ask for it moist. Don't attempt to mystify me on the next occasion, and I will endeavor to return the mystify you. There, that's understood. Now about this journey of yours to see your ex-Rector. Any time for duties, Master Arnold, as well as its rights. The time is fast approaching when its rights will be disputed, if its duties are not performed. I've got a new interest in you, and I mean to see that you do your duty. It's settled you are to leave Windygates to-day. Is it arranged how you are to go?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick. Lady Lundie has kindly ordered the gig to take me to the station, in time for the next train."

"When are you to be ready?"

Arnold looked at his watch. "In a quarter of an hour."

"Very good. Mind you *are* ready. Stop a minute! you will have plenty of time to speak to Blanche when I have done with you. You don't appear to me to be sufficiently anxious about seeing your own property."

"I am not very anxious to leave Blanche, Sir —that's the truth of it."

"Never mind Blanche. Blanche is not business. They both begin with a B—and that's the only connection between them. I hear you have got one of the best livings in the west part of Scotland. How long are you going to stay in it?"

"I have arranged (as I have already told you, Sir) to return to Windygates in the end of the morrow."

"What! Here is a man with a palace waiting to receive him—and he is only going to stop one clear day in it!"

"I am not going to stop in it at all, Sir Patrick—I am going to stay with the steward. I'm only wanted to be present to-morrow at a dinner to my tenantry—and, when that's over, there's nothing in the world to prevent my coming back here. The steward himself told me so in his last letter."

"Oh, if the steward told you so, of course there is nothing more to be said!"

"Don't object to my coming back! pray don't, Sir Patrick! I'll promise to live in my new house, when I have got Blanche to live in it with me. If you won't mind, I'll go and tell her at once that it all belongs to her as well as to me."

"Gently! gently! you talk as if you were married to her already!"

"It's as good as done, Sir! Where's the difficulty in the way now?"

As he asked the question the shadow of some third person, appeared on the side of the summer-house, was thrown forward on the open sunlit space at the top of the steps. In a moment more the shadow was followed by the substance—in the shape of a groom in his rising livery. The man was plainly a stranger to the place. He entered, and touched his hat, when he saw the two gentlemen in the summer-house.

"What do you want?" asked Sir Patrick.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I was sent by my master—"

"Who is your master?"

"The Honorable Mr. Delamayn, Sir."

"Do you mean Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?" asked Arnold.

"No, Sir. Mr. Geoffrey's brother—Mr. Julius. I have ridden over from the house, Sir, with a message from my master to Mr. Geoffrey."

"Can't you find him?"

"They told me I should find him hereabouts, Sir. But I'm a stranger, and don't rightly know where to look." He stopped, and took a card out of his hat. "My master said it was very important I should deliver this immediately. Would you be pleased to tell me, gentlemen, if you happen to know where Mr. Geoffrey is?"

Arnold turned to Sir Patrick. "I haven't seen him, Sir."

"I have smelt him," answered Sir Patrick, "ever since I have been in the summer-house. There is a disagreeable smell of tobacco in the air—suggestive (disagreeably suggestive to my mind) of your friend, Mr. Delamayn."

Arnold laughed, and stepped outside the summer-house.

"If you are right, Sir Patrick, we will find him at once." He looked around, and shouted, "Geoffrey!"

A voice from the rose-garden shouted back, "Hallo!"

"You're wanted. Come here!"

Geoffrey appeared, sauntering doggedly, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets.

"Who wants me?"

"A groom—from your brother."

That answer appeared to electrify the lounging and lazy athlete. Geoffrey hurried, with eager speed, to the summer-house. He addressed the groom before the man had time to speak. With horror and dismay in his face, he exclaimed—

"By Jupiter! Ratcatcher has relapsed!"

Sir Patrick and Arnold looked at each other in blank amazement.

"The best horse in my brother's stables!" cried Geoffrey, explaining and explaining to them, in a breath. "I left written directions with the coachman; I measured out his physic with my own hands," said Geoffrey, in a voice broken by emotion—"I bled him myself, last night.

"I beg your pardon, Sir—" began the groom.

"What's the use of begging my pardon? You're a pack of infernal fools! Where's your master? I'll break every bone in your body in the coachman's skin! Where's your horse?"

"If you please, Sir, it isn't Ratcatcher. Ratcatcher's all right, Sir."

"Ratcatcher's all right? Then what the devil is it?"

"It's a message, Sir."

"About what?"

"About my lord."

"Oh! About my father?" He took out his handkerchief, and passed it over his forehead, with a deep gasp of relief. "I thought it was Ratcatcher," he said, looking at Arnold, with a smile. He put his pipe into his mouth, and rekindled the fragrant fumes of the tobacco. "Well?" he went on, when the pipe was in working order, and his voice was composed again. "What's up with my father?"

"A telegram from London, Sir. Bad news of my lord."

The man produced his master's card.

Geoffrey read on it (written in his brother's handwriting) three words:

"I have only a moment to scribble a line on my card. Our father is dangerously ill—his lawyer has been sent for. Come with me to London by the first train. Meet at the junction."

Without a word to any one of the three persons present, all silently looking at him, Geoffrey consulted his watch. Anne had told him to wait half an hour, and to expect that time had gone by before he rose from her in that time. The interval had passed—and no communication of any sort had reached him. The flight from the house had been safely accomplished. Anne Silvester was, at that moment, on her way to the mountain inn.

MY NEIGHBORS.

—Like a sick man's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
PRAMORE.

In a convalescent state, after a serious illness that had rendered me wholly incapable of mental exertion, I sat in my arm chair by the fire, while on the table near me lay a volume of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," and another contained a portion of the history of the renowned Pantagruel. I had been dreamily turning over the leaves of both, and had been much impressed by a chapter in the one last named, that described how Alcofribas (as Rabelais called himself) ascended the giant's outstretched tongue, and thus entering his mouth, discovered therein a new world, the inhabitants of which had the vagnest notions of every thing that passed beyond their own sphere.

"Is not every one in London," I asked myself, "much in the condition of the man who planted cabbages within the precincts of Pantagruel's jaws, with only had the faintest knowledge that there was another world illumined by a sun and moon? I have lived at least six years in this house, and what do I know of a certain Miss Thuglegh, who lives next door, and of whose ugly mug I should never have heard, had not a letter, directed to her, been brought to me accidentally by the postman? She has never left home at any time when I have been looking out of window; she is never in her garden, which, by-the-way, is in a most neglected state. I am only reminded by her existence by an occasional noise. In London and its suburbs, save by some rare accident, is not every one in pretty nearly the same position as I am with respect to Miss Thuglegh? I know rather more of the man who is her next-door neighbor on the other side, and whose name seems to be Bubbleworth, for the artist who comes to shave me tells me that he has his hair cut every morning, ostensibly intending to hold up a good example before my eyes. But knowledge like this is the very reverse of exhaustive."

The pursuit of this foolish train or thought had caused me to rise from my chair, and I was staring vacantly into the glass on the mantelpiece when my attention was suddenly arrested by a remarkable phenomenon. The movements of the reflected figure did not correspond to my own. If I stirred it remained still, or moved in a different manner. The eyes alone, which were fixed on mine, had the appearance of life or reflection. Presently, my own arms being folded, the figure extended one of its hands. I extended a hand too, and the glass, suddenly starting forward, grasped it firmly. Instinctively I endeavored to extricate myself, but so far was I from accomplishing that I found myself seated on the glass. The figure, then, was a vanity, and a very muscular reality too, for I could not resist it. Without knowing how, I was soon evident that there was no glass at all, but an aperture in the wall surrounded by a gilt frame, behind which the wall corresponded to my own.

The position was alarming.

On—On I was pulled, and for a few seconds found myself enveloped in darkness. I seemed conscious of nothing but vacuity, when suddenly the grasp ceased, and I was once more in the glass. I was in a cabin, opposite to a venerable old lady, whose white hair, neatly parted from the middle of each forehead, was surmounted by the most respectable of caps. She was absorbed in the perusal of a large book, which lay open before her. The reading, however, was relieved by the monotony of the walls were which broke the covered with pictures of birds, and placed some old books, two or three shells, and several articles of Oriental fashion. But the most singular object was a hideous Indian idol, like those that represent the horrible wife of Siva, which stood in a corner, and before which was a prismatic stone, exactly similar in its proportions to the room.

"Well, George," said the old lady, suddenly raising her eyes from her book, and looking at me full in the face, "so you have condescended to visit me at last!"

Though my name is not George, I felt that I was the person addressed, so I began politely to deny the condescension.

"Pooh-pooh! never mind compliments. You see here, and you see me. I am content. I can you are rather astonished at the appearance of my room. It is somewhat close; but then it's very snug, and quite good enough for a single body like me."

"Unique in its structure, at any rate," I said, endeavoring to collect myself. "I can rather curious to know how one enters it."

"Indeed, I wonder at that, when you yourself could not enter way so easily," she replied, with a slight laugh

I felt uneasy, for I did not care to describe my passage through the glass; but the old lady did not seem anxious for an explanation, since she immediately added, "I suppose you have also immediately added, "I suppose you have also immediately added, "I suppose you have also

when I performed the sacrifice with my own hands."

"Atrocious wretch!—" I began.

"Hoity-toity!" interposed the old lady. "Don't let us lose our tempers."

And really when I looked at her calm face, I felt that wrath was impossible. She was some harmless lunatic, who owned to crimes she had never committed.

"I bore the boy no ill-will," she proceeded; "he was as well-behaved a lad as one would wish to see. I would gladly have given the preference to a mischievous little vagabond, who rings my bell regularly every Saturday afternoon, in collection, I suppose, of his half-holiday; but the butcher-boy came handy, and when one can't have what one wants, one must take what one can get."

"But why *him*—that is, immolate any body?" I inquired, intending to humor her delusion.

"That I can easily explain," she replied. "You have doubtless heard that there is in India a secret sect of devotees, who term themselves Thugs."

"I have read of that detestable fraternity in the 'Wanderings Abroad' of Eugene Sue," I responded.

"Your strong expression, at which I take no offense, shows that you are not unacquainted with our principles. I am a Thug, and veil the fact by assuming the name of Thugleigh."

It struck me that a thicker veil might have been afforded by the name of Smith or Brown, but I did not interrupt.

"I therefore, on principle," she proceeded, "offer at least once a month a human sacrifice to the Goddess Bowanee, whose effigy you see in that corner."

"I would rather not have known this circumstance," said I. "Indeed, as your society is, as you say, secret, it seems to me that you break your rules by making me your confidant."

"Not at all," she remarked, smiling. "I am convinced that my secret will not go any further."

"You have a high opinion of my discretion," I rejoined, endeavoring to look flattered.

"I have no opinion whatever on the subject," she calmly remarked. "For all I know to the contrary, you may be the veriest chatter-box in the universe. But of this I am sure, that you can tell no tales, and I have selected you for the next victim. Now don't be alarmed. If you do not like it, you shall not suffer any pain." While talking thus she advanced toward a shelf.) "I would, therefore, be more regularly disposed of with a white scarf, or to slay you with one of these knives; but as you are a victim of a superior order, I can afford to dispense with extreme formalities, and allow you to swallow the contents of the little vial I now place in your hands."

A "vision" I acquired, with horror.

"Yes," she answered, "and of so efficacious a kind that it will extinguish life in a moment, without the slightest pain or inconvenience. When you have expired, your body will be conveyed through this aperture, through which many —ah, have they!—have passed before you."

With this she touched a spring, whereupon the idol sunk behind the stone, and exhibited a hideous face, painted on the wall, with a wide mouth opening on darkness.

Horror gave place to indignation.

"This is very well, madam," said I; "but if you are a lunatic I am not bound on that account to swallow poison, and to be put out of sight like a mislaid letter."

"Resistance is useless," she said, drawing forth a revolver, and pointing it full in my face. "The vial must be hurt you, whereas the vial causes no suffering whatever. You had better choose the latter."

I had never realized till that moment the feelings of Fair Rosamond.

"And now," she proceeded, "the goddess grows impatient, the jaws of her provider are more extended."

This was the fact, and I was inspired with a sudden resolution. One road of escape was obvious, and, in a fit of desperation, I leaped into the open mouth, head-foremost, like a harlequin.

Again a few moments of darkness, during which I heard a shriek of horror ring out, and when this had passed I found myself in a neat little study, looking at a slim gentleman, timidly dressed, and especially remarkable for the perfect arrangement of his hair. He seemed to be rather startled.

"What, James," he said, "you need not have taken me unawares like this. I did not so much as hear you knock."

My name is not James; but rejoiced as I was to find myself in a room where the image of Bowanee was not part of the furniture, I did not deem it expedient to correct the error. Indeed, I was beginning to stammer out an apology, when he fortunately prevented me by saying quickly:

"No matter—no matter. I am only too happy to show you the successful result of my little experiments."

I expressed, in turn, my happiness at the proposed introduction; he proceeded:

"The greatest discoveries in practical science often, as you are aware, have a comparatively childish beginning. The idea of making a bowl was, in its earliest form, a toy; and it was by means of a boy's kite that Franklin drew the electric spark from the clouds. I have devoted myself to bubbles. You smile"—I had done nothing of the sort—"I do not refer to those hollow commercial enterprises which are stigmatized by that name, but to bona fide bubbles such as urchins are in the habit of blowing from an ordinary tobacco-pipe. Just watch me now."

So saying, he dipped the bowl of an ordinary pipe into a small basin of thick soapy water. The next exertion, blew a fair round bubble, which, when detached, rested upon the table.

"Just touch that," he said.

I did so: the bubble did not burst, but was as firm as if it had been made of glass.

"Now you see the nature of my invention," he continued, smiling with evident satisfaction. "I add to the superaqueous fluid, vulgarly termed soap-and-water, an ingredient the nature of which I shall not reveal, and which has the effect of rendering the bubble permanent. You may dash that bubble against the ground, or strike it with a hammer—still it will not break. All you have to avoid is a contact with fire. Observe!"

He lighted a lucifer-match and applied it to the bubble, which, with a report like that of a small cannon, exploded as loudly, and better he was thrown to the ground as if stricken by a thunderbolt. However, he rose smiling, and, rubbing the part that had been most inconvenienced by the fall, quietly said:

"There is no occasion to repeat the experiment?"

"Decidedly not, was my remark. "There is one point, however, on which I am curious. I should particularly admire the singularity of your discovery, but I am at a loss to perceive its use."

"Oh, that I can easily explain," he replied. "Not only have I discovered the ingredient which hardens the aqueous one fluid, but I have invented a machine of blowing which enables me to inclose whatever object I please within the precincts of a bubble. Look here!"

He opened a drawer, and showed a collection of humming-birds, butterflies, *statuettes*, and other objects that are commonly put under glass cases, each inclosed in a separate bubble. I acknowledged that the invention was admirable.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is; and it will soon go forth to the world as Bubblesworth's patent. But I have not come to that yet. Just sit for a few minutes in that chair, while I prepare to astonish you with an application of my principle."

I complied with his request, and he slipped behind the chair. Presently I was aware that there was something like a motion between me and the surrounding objects, and, throwing my head back, perceived that Mr. Bubblesworth had actually placed himself in a large transparent globe-sphere, streaked with brilliant colors, which resisted my touch as though it had been of iron. It was manifest that when the outer spherical wall of my prison gradually receded till it was beyond the reach of my outstretched hands. Soon the globe-sphere began to float, played by streams aground me began to assume definite shapes; some of which, apparently, were distant from me several miles, while others were in my immediate vicinity.

I was standing near a neat whitewashed cottage, in front of which, seated by a table, on which stood a foaming jug, was a jolly old gentleman of the convivial order, who, after having laughed and roared in engravings of the last century as the embodiment of rural felicity in advanced years. To sit alone under the shade of a spreading bough a hot summer evening, with a fat face that smiled behignantly upon nothing, was long the summit of human bliss in the eyes of those limited-minded artists who wished to contrast the innocent pleasures of the country with the riot and dissipation of the town.

"This is an uncommonly pretty country, Sir," I observed to the jolly gentleman.

"Yes, Sir, it is," he replied, "though it is so far from the station; and perhaps for that very reason. Ah, there were no railroads when I was a boy!"

"You came here young?" I asked.

"Came here? I was born and reared on this house and this very day is my eightieth birthday."

I instinctively glanced upward toward the sky, as if to catch the flying fellow escaped from whom I would willingly have referred the doubts that arose in my mind. But nothing was above me save the pure azure. I could address no one but the old gentleman himself.

"My question may appear very ignorant, Sir," I said, "but what country is this?"

"This," he answered, "is Soapshire, on the borders of Bubblesex."

I discovered at once the etymological origin of these strange names; but still I scarcely durst trust my ears. "I have heard," I said, "of Shropshire and Middlesex."

"Have you?" interrupted the old gentleman; "that's more than I have. I have not left my own township for many years. However, this is Soapshire, and if you cross the river you see yonder you'll find yourself in Bubblesex directly."

Soapshire—Bubblesex—Thughumptonshire—odd names! Not only was I still somehow in Hampton-place? I could not trace the connecting link between me and my immediate neighbors.

"Did you ever go to my church in Thughamptonshire?" I asked.

"Not very often; but I have done such a thing," was the reply.

"And in the course of his sermon did the minister make any mention of—of Bowanee?"

"No; I can't say as he did—leastways, while I was awake. But I tell you what—in the church-yard of Dugton, which is the next parish-town, there is a little hill or mound like which they call Boy-Barrow; and the story goes that a great many butcher-boys are buried there who were sacrificed by the Druids, as they call them, in the days of the ancient Britons."

"Ha!" I exclaimed, with intense interest.

"A very curious thing that barrow. Some men who were digging there some twenty years ago found a stone figure of a woman with a lot of hands, and you may see it now in Thugton Museum. But it is getting dusk. I think I may as well send you up by fire-balloon."

"Fire-balloon?"

"Yes; my great-grandson, who goes to the grammar-school of Thugton-cum-Sne, sent me one as a present for my eightieth birthday. You must know that I was born at eight o'clock in the evening, so it was the boy's fancy that I should send it up exactly at that time, that he might be reminded of the old man at a distance. It is a singular thing that a man who was born at eight o'clock should live to be eighty."

I might have told him that, inasmuch as I had encountered many things much more singular, this last marvel was somewhat ineffective; but in the effort of the lucifer-match when applied to the surface of the bubble was present to my mind, I did not care to dispute about trifles.

"I think a fire-balloon might be dangerous," I remarked.

"Not at all—not at all," replied the old gentleman; "you see it is only a light in a say-tuck or so, I don't mind on an occasion like this, I may never live to see any other birthday."

That I thought was strikingly probable. I remarked, "if you persist in sending up this balloon."

"Why, what has that to do with it? You don't suppose I shall set the sky on fire?" (That was the very thing I did suppose.) "I have heard of folks setting the river Somaht on fire, but as for the sky—ho! ho! ho!"

I shall have little further disputations made for the ascent of the fire-balloon. The old gentleman unfolded it, lighted the tow in the little basket that depended from it by a cay, and, as it slowly arose, watched it with delight and admiration. Up—up—it went, and down—down—went my heart. In the distance it appeared little more than a spark. Bang! Cottage—old man—trees—all were gone.

I was sitting in my arm-chair by the fire, and a coal which had just popped out of the grate lay smoking on the hearth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WINDING, with his slipping, frosty breath, has fairly come, and folks who can, and draw their mothers more closely; but not so the young, whose blood is warm and quick. The boys have thrown up their hats with a shout at the sight of the first snow-flakes, noisily drops down his sled from the attic, and, with a tenderness and courage quite equal to the nature, polishes up his favorite skates. Even the young girl looks longingly from the window after her fashionable brother, and wishes no frills and flounces kept her from gliding with him on those pathes of ice in the street. For what a luxury of delight it is for girls that fashion has compromised a little, and that the exhilarating amusement of skating has been considered not only a healthful recreation, not for boys only, but for every body!

The summer and autumn beauties of the Central Park have departed, but the pond, the lawns, and the Park Commissioners provide most excellent accommodations for skating. The Mall, almost Seventh-Street, the second in size is near Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Fifth-Street, while the smallest is near Fifty ninth Street, between the Fifth and Sixth avenue entrances to the Park.

Speaking of skating reminds us of a comical incident, which, though in nowise connected with the subject of skating, was what a throng of jolly skaters would have called immediately—if they had only been on hand. A few days ago the elephants of the Park Menagerie, under the charge of Mr. Daniel Arsenal, for the purpose of having their "pictures" taken. The old elephant behaved with great decorum, and stood as still as if he had been stuffed, while his likeness was taken once a week all his life. But the photographer had a terrible time with the young one, which, like other babies, would not hold his head still or look toward the camera. He persisted in turning around, and a photograph of his head was not exactly what was wanted. Coaxing did no good, neither did beating, and the young fellow escaped from his keeper, and ran off at the top of his speed. A ludicrous scene followed, the keeper rushing after the fugitive amidst the startled exclamations of the artist and the laughing shouts of the spectators. The big baby was captured after a chase, and was out of bounds, but could do nothing else but stand still, like a good child, until his picture was taken.

The Mount Vernon flying-boat whale ran aground in shallow water in the Firth of Forth, about twelve miles from Edinburgh, two or three weeks ago, and it was seized as a prize. He received about thirty salutes, namely, rifle-bullets.

A sad account of the sufferings of the Fenian*do* Pi*ro* expedition comes from Cuba in a letter to the Herald by Senor Barranco, who, with a small party, fortunately escaped from the fate of the rest. Only two hundred and fifty prisoners were sent from Havana to that desolate spot. After a voyage of seventyfive days, during which they suffered severely from hunger, they were directed to go ashore, with the cool remark that they were at liberty to remain there and carry avocations! The population of the island consists chiefly of natives, who are almost if not quite savages. They refused to provision anyone, and the distress for food became very great. The heat was intense and the climate unhealthful. Consequently nearly one-half the prisoners were sick within a week after their arrival.

Reuben Greenfield to have lately given four of his books to a new library in England, with the remark that they were the only works of his which he wished to be read. The titles are "Lives of the Highwaymen," "Queen of the Air," "Ethics of the Dust," "Crown Jewels," and "Stones of Venice, Jun."

A new Northern Lights theory is credited to Dr. Hall; namely, that the Northern Lights are the reflected rays of the sun, thrown out and forth by the ice and snow of the arctic regions and the clouds surrounding the pole.

About the time of the first issue of "greenbacks" by the Government, there was some discussion about placing an appropriate Scriptural motto upon the bills, in accordance with an old custom of stamping one upon coins. Secretary Chase consulted with several persons on the subject, and suggested "In God we delphia bank. After mentioning several Scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the Secretary asked the banker's opinion. "Perhaps," was the reply, "the most appropriate would be, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give you.'" But we have not seen that text on any *of our* "greenbacks."

Marcoli, a village in France, is the scene of some singular archæological discoveries. While digging for the foundations of a house the workmen came upon a quantity of human bones and various antiquities. The results of the discovery so far have been 257 skeletons, ninety-one earthen vases, five of glass, three of bronze, two silver, nine gold bracelets, and a quantity of necklaces, ear-rings, and beads. The skeletons are those of a race of men of tall stature, some measuring six feet four inches.

An accident of a fearful nature occurred on November 13 in a church in Lexington, Kentucky. A prominent member of the church had died, and a large number of people had gathered to attend the funeral ceremonies. While the services were in progress the floor of the building gave way, and precipitated the entire audience into the basement. Sixteen sons were known to be killed at once, and about one hundred and fifty injured, many of them seriously.

Bechtel thinks more of America than she did twenty-five years ago. Such a republic as ours can not be overlooked now by any nation, ever so proud. In 1848 the British Museum had only 100,000 volumes lading to America. Now it has upward of 100,000.

A new method of making water-proof fabric is announced, the materials being of the most simple care. The cloth is first submitted to the action of sulphuric acid, the strength of the acid, the time of action varying with the nature of the fabric, but never exceeding two minutes. A thorough washing follows, and after the cloth is dried it is ready for use. The action of the acid is to decompose the wool or cotton fibres into their glutinous matter, and, in drying up the spaces between the threads, and thereby preventing the pass...e of water.

The Brooklyn Y...g Men's Christian Association has begun a good work, by which the young men of that city may receive educational advantages similar to those offered by the Cooper Institute. Classes of instruction are to be organized, and a course of weekly scientific lectures by able men has been already commenced. The membership fee is placed at two dollars, which suffices the bearer to attend the lectures, literary, and social receptions, and the three first-class concerts in the Academy of Music.

What a fortunate circumstance that the twentieth century commences with the decimal system! Is how could the eighty-eight weighty manifests of the Fat Men's Association endure to "dance all night" to the music of the Cooper Institute to do? We hope for their sakes that the night of the twentieth will be clear and cold!

The system of fre. delivery of all letters directed to street and number is about to be introduced into San Francisco. The system has worked admirably since the post-office or that city is about six thousand daily —nearly one-half of which are distributed through the free-delivery by clerks. Among the many hundred dead-letters are each week forwarded to Washington the persons to whom they are addressed are being found. Something like ten thousand letters are daily sent away from the San Francisco office. The free-delivery system will be introduced into New York city in 1869, and its advantages soon fully established. The plan has been adopted in many of the principal cities of the United States.

The life of a French bank-note averages about two years, when, remaining unclaimed, it is called in and condition. No matter how dilapidated it is, if the cashier of the bank can identify it—and he will take good care to do so—he will give it back. Such a note fore the old one. Very few notes are actually lost. During the last seventy years the total issue of about 1,000 francs each have been issued, and of this number, according to the latest reports, 12,358 had been recovered by the banks, only 2,000 of which were encountered for. Of 500-franc notes 24,353 had been recovered out of 25,000. When notes are found to be in circulation, they are cancelled, incarcerated in a huge oaken chest, and then a conflagration takes place. The chest is kindled with great reverence, the defunct notes are thrown into a sort of revolving wire cage over the fire, and the heat is kept rotating, and the minute fragments of ash, whirled out of the cage through the meshes, take their flight into infinite space—so the saying is—unseen.

Rufus Choate's handwriting was proverbial for its illegibility. Daniel Webster used to say that the "c's" and "e's" in Choate's letters were indistinguishable, a small gridiron stuck by lightning!

During the year 1868, and the first half of 1869, the Bank of England and the Bank of France contributed to the saving of 120 lives from various shipwrecks, and 32 vessels from destruction. The institution has now 291 life-boat stations under its management.

A French journal thus graphically describes M. Rochefort's appearance at a recent examination: "Rochefort is very thin, thin as a skeleton. Head more than pale—of a color not to be defined, between the dead-leaf and the yellow; eyes dull and electric light. Cheek-bones prominent, eyes hollow, forehead high, a chin terminated with what the Yankees call a goatee. Questioned into the bargain; an irregular nose—every thing angular—hair like independent lightning-rods. Such is the head of the accused. 'Vive Rochefort!' He demands a few moments's repose. 'Vive Rochefort!' Now he is ready to begin. 'Vive Rochefort!' He ascends the tribune. 'Vive Rochefort!'"

The Empress Eugenie appeared several times before her subjects prior to the Exist with her hair dressed without any ornament whatever. Such extreme simplicity was disparaging to her fine face, and not, like Eugenie, a profusion of crown diamonds to scatter over their elegant dresses, as is customary abroad.

"Bridget," a servant was once trying an action involving a right of way, which her client claimed, through the lands of the defendant. Mr. Gerard was explaining to the jury, upon diagrams, where his client had a right to go.

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Mr. Brady, "that the plaintiff has a right to go in that direction?"

"Certainly I do," replied Mr. Gerard.

"What," said Mr. Brady, impatiently, "you might as well say I have a right to come into your house as often as I please."

"So you have, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Gerard. "Won't you come and dine with me tomorrow?"

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.—VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. P[illegible] ROME

T. P. ROME, WHERE THE COUNCIL IS TO BE HELD.—[See Page 794.]

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

It is only four or five days after the publication of this sheet that the Œcumenical Council is to assemble at Rome. The Council is to be held, December 8, at

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

This church, which GIBBON styles "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion," occupies the site of a basilica built by CONSTANTINE in 306. The foundations were laid by JULIUS II. in 1506, and in 1626 the building was dedicated by URBAN VIII., its erection having been spread over the reigns of twenty Popes, and carried on by twelve different architects. BRAMANTE planned the building in the form of a Greek cross, which RAPHAEL changed to a Latin cross; but MICHAEL ANGELO returned to the original form. The latter designed the dome. MADERNO resumed the Latin cross form, and added the *portico*. The situation of the building—in a hollow surrounded on three sides by hills—is unfortunate. The interior is unrivaled for grandeur and beauty; so exquisite are the proportions that the vast size is scarcely noticed by the beholder. The dome is regarded as the triumph of modern architecture. The principal dimensions of the church are as follow: Length of interior, 616 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles, 1071 feet; height of nave, 152 feet; diameter of dome, 193 feet; height from pavement to the knob of the lantern, 405 feet. The semicircular colonnades on each side of the piazza, in front of the church, formed by four rows of Doric columns that extend from them to the portico, a magnificent approach to St. Peter's.

Elaborate preparations have been made in that part of the church which has been fitted as a council hall. The walls have been adorned with portraits of eminent churchmen; the floor is covered with a costly carpet presented by the King of Prussia; rich galleries have been erected for the reporters of the Council, embassadors, royal personages, and other persons of rank. The Pope will preside in person, and the language used at the Council will be Latin.

THE COUNCIL

About to be held will be attended, it is expected, by about 700 prelates, each of whom will be accompanied by one ecclesiastical friend, with the abbots, the generals of the religious orders, etc., there will be more than 2000 members of the clergy actively attached to the assembly. The population of Rome already includes 15,000 ecclesiastics.

The Council will be purely ecclesiastical, since it is unsupported by the civil authorities of any nation. In this respect it will materially differ from the last great Œcumenical Council—that of Trent, held about the middle of the sixteenth century. In that Council, less capable of control than the Council of Trent, as a writer in *Harper's Magazine* for December asserts, "spread irreconcilable enmity among nations. It inflamed the warriors and the priests in a deadly assault upon the working-man. It declared war against the factory and the work-shop, the printing-press and the school. It crushed the industry of Italy and Spain; it banished the frugal and thoughtful Huguenot from France; it put a ruin to make Holland a desolate waste, and to blight in its serpent-folds the rising intellect of Europe; it armed with blows at the throats of Germany and the North; it held in bondage for three miserable centuries the mind of Italy and Spain. To the Council of Trent, by an easy deduction, may be traced the great war which CHARLES V. waged against his German subjects, and the disastrous crusades of his son PHILIP against the Netherlands and QUEEN ELIZABETH; the civil rancor of the League and the Guises; the persecutions, worse than those of DIOCLETIAN, of LOUIS XIV.: the Thirty Years' War, which WALLENSTEIN and GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS made half Germany a blood-stained wilderness; the fatal bigotry of Austria; the tyranny of Spain. It was a flame of discord, a conflagration of strife; and to the student of history no spectacle is more startling than that torrent of woe which descended upon mankind from the deliberations and the anathemas of a scanty gathering of bishops and Jesuits in the rocky heights of the Tyrol."

But, after all, though so powerful for a brief period, how little has that Council been as against modern progress!

As to what is to be done at the forthcoming Council, that is now a subject of eagerest interest. The protest of Father HYACINTHE indicates the apprehension which is entertained among liberal Catholics that the only hope of the Church—namely, a renovation from within itself—is about to be destroyed by the Pope and its Council. "James," the writer (or we should say one of the authors, as there are more than one) of a work just published on this subject, and himself evidently a liberal Catholic, speaks of a bull which "does not date from yesterday, and did not begin with the proclamation of the Council. For some months four years the most active movement in the Catholic Church, which is now swollen to a vast movement, has been manifesting itself, and now it is preparing, like an advancing flood-tide, to take possession of the whole organic life of the Church by means of this Council." And he adds: "We are of their opinion who are persuaded, *first*, that the Catholic Church, far from assuming a hostile and suspicious attitude toward the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom and independence of judgment, in so far as they are capable of a Christian interpretation, or rather are directly derived from the letter and spirit of the Gospel, ought, on the contrary, to be in positive accord with them, and to exercise a constant purifying and ennobling influence on their development; *secondly*, that a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded." Now, nobody expects that this Council is to promote those worthy ends.

In regard to the temporal power of the Church, "James" says: "We regret that doctrine and idea of the Church which has for years been commended by the organ of the Roman *Jesuits* as alone true, as the sole and necessary means of deliverance for the perishing human race." The doctrine of Papal Infallibility "James" thinks would not only "crush out the intellectual movement and scientific activity in the Catholic Church," but would also "build up a new wall of partition, and, in the most vital and most fundamentable of all, between that Church and the religious communities separated from her. Between remaining and returning to which no Christian can banish from his breast, the hope of a future reunion of the divided Churches. Each of the Papal and the Vatican Council party who is moderately acquainted with the history of the Eastern Church and of the Protestant bodies will certainly hold it to be conceivable that a time can ever come in which even any considerable portion of these Churches will place itself, of its own free-will, to the arbitrary power of a single man, stretched, as it would be, through the doctrine of Infallibility, even beyond its present proportions."

"We know on good authority," says "James," "that the spiritual head of Europe is waiting for the Infallibility dogma is already mapped out. An English prelate—we would name him—has undertaken in the ecumenical galleries to speedily erect an humble petition to the Holy Father to raise the opinion of his infallibility to a dogma. The Jesuits and their Roman allies hope that the majority of bishops present, who have been already primed for the occasion, will respond by a unanimous shout of assent, and the Holy Father will gladly yield to the pressure coming on him spontaneously, and, as it were, through a sudden and irresistible inspiration from on high, and so the new dogma will be settled at one sitting, without further examination, as by the stroke of a magician's wand. As the Roman people are told after a Conclave, *Habemus Papam*, on the evening of this solemn session they will go forth to the whole Catholic world, *Habemus Papam Infallibilem*. And before the newly-risen Sun-god of Divine truth all the phases of false science and forms of modern civilization will be scared away forever."

DEAD.

WITH closed lips and closed eyes,
Wrapt all in one white lie;
Calm as a statue's carven face,
And, oh, so cold to love's embrace!

Her shore in all our dealings gone,
Life, as we knew it, left to us none;
Slid into slumber calm and deep,
A maiden sculptured in her sleep.

She was my own ere this befell;
Whose now she is I can not tell;
Man knows not—but to women that saith
What this thing is that he calls Death.

And I but know that all my hopes
Lie like dead leaves on smitten slopes:
That though my heart I bleed yet,
The day-star of my life hath set.

Now all my thoughts will turn and tend
In one direction to the end;
And with the ghost of my dead Past
Mem'ry will wander to the last.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In The Books.—Book XXX.

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.

CHAPTER III.

A COUSIN.

THE carriage bearing Veronica rolled along smoothly down the hill. It was the same road leading from an ernst grand-ducal villa which stands on the top of an eminence—scarcely high enough to be termed a mountain—between Arezzo and Ajeomines, but which is of very respectable altitude nevertheless, and is called the Poggio Imperiale. The air was thick and keen, and dry, and like trees of ancient growth.

Veronica had heard her mother speak so much and so often of Florence that she thought she knew it. But coming to view city and suburb with her bodily eyes, she found every thing strange, foreign, and, on the whole, rather disappointing. Later she understood the amazing picturesqueness of that storied town, and with every glance its attractions grew on her. But there are some places—as there is some music, which even among the ravishingly sweet is felt at once the noises by storm, but need time and familiarity to develop their wealth of beauty and sweetness.

What Veronica saw with her unaccustomed eyes was, first the long, dusty, squalid Roman road, into which the carriage turned at the foot of the avenue; then the Porta Romana, with its huge, yawning archway, through which carts of all kinds were struggling; those coming in having to stop to be examined by the officers of the town custom dues, and those going out pushing boldly through the gate and grazing wheels against the stationary vehicles.

Every body was talking very loudly. The few who really could be said to be exercise of ingenuity, and to exercise a constant purifying and ennobling themselves by half-uttered oaths and long-drawn, lugubious howls addressed to the patient, lean beasts that drew the carts.

In odd contrast with this nimble energy of tongue, were the slow and languid movements of all concerned. The ostrei men lounged against the walls on high, four-legged stools set out before a queer little office, very dim and dirty, with glazed windows. They had within them long flat sticks, with which they probed masses of hay or straw, or which they thrust in among bundles of linen or piles of straw-colored flasks, and stood down amidst the legs of people sitting in country cruises, or under the box-seat of hackney-coaches. And what they had thus satisfied themselves that there was no attempt being made to defraud the municipality of Florence of the tax on hay and wine, and whatever other articles are subject to duty, they—always with irreffable languor—put their hands into their pockets again and took the driver proceed. One man especially, with melancholy, dark eyes and a sallow face, uttered the permission to pass on, "Avanti!" in a tone of such profound and hopeless dejection, that one might have fancied him a guardian of that awful portal his great lowmanus wrote of, rather than a mortal custom-house officer at the city gate, and that he was warning the doomed victims: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

Sir John Gale's carriage only paused for an instant in passing through the Porta Romana. That spiritual Father who sat at the momentary check, and dashed on again rapidly over the resounding pavement.

A succession of objects seemed to flit past Veronica's eyes like the swift changes in a dream.

There was a long, narrow paved with flat stones, fitted into each other angle for angle and point for point, like the pieces in a child's puzzle. There was no footway, and no side pavement for foot-passengers, and—the street being very full—the coachman kept uttering a warning cry at intervals, like a muezzin from a high minaret. Indeed, as they approached the busier parts of the town, their pace was slackened perforce. No vehicle short of the Pope of Jagganauth could have ruthlessly kept up a steady progress through such a crowd.

There were houses of various styles and dimensions on either side of the long street, nearly all plastered; one or two, however, with a heavy cut-stone front to the basement-story. Every window had a balcony, and every green jalousie, and nearly every window had a group of heads framed in it, for it was a summer evening, and there were people in the streets. They called it piggiare il fresco, albeit it was yet hot enough, and stifling in the narrow ways of the city; and there were bright bonnets and gay shawls, and acquaintances to be recognized, and familiar conversations touching the privatest family affairs to be held in brassy voices between ladies and gentlemen standing in the street, and other ladies and gentlemen leaning on elbows out of their windows, and the whole city seemed to be out of doors, pressing throng of passers-by as a stubborn, broad-based stone in a stream is regardless of the rushing current that the passers-by, right and left as the water yields, and skirted round these obstructive groups, or—if the subject of their discourse drew them to overlarly interested—lingered a while to listen to their talk with a grave placidity, which might be characterized as good-humored indifference, and would suggest some what of merriment to an English ear, and these people were few smiles on their brown faces.

Then came the Arno, with its open quays, with houses on the left hand, and on the right a steep incline covered with gravel, on the summit of which stood the Cascine, its façade seeming, at the first glance, somewhat low for its width), flanked by open arcades that advanced from the main body of the building and enlosed two sides of the graveled space. These arcades were based on titanic blocks of rough stone, and under the shade of them was a military band was making lively music

mused upon the question until she reached the villa. It was quite evening. The sun had set behind the hills; but there was still a brightness in the sky. "Milndi" hastened to her own room to dress for dinner. She made a gorgeous toilet every day, finding a great deal of real pleasure in her fine clothes. The anticipation that this was a pleasure which some other person in her presence genuinely disdained, would have been considered her delight, if the rich silks and gay jewels and fine lace. But such a mortification never befell her in Sir John Gale's company.

At dinner they talked of Cesare de' Barletti.

"Paul has told you, of course," said Veronica, "about the man he spoke to him, and offered to me?"

"Yes—Barleti. Ah—yes; I knew him at Naples. Wonder what brings him here!"

"He said he would call."

"Not a doubt of it! He likes a good dinner and good wine; and he never gets either at his own expense."

"I should suppose that the Principe de' Barletti does not need to come to his acquaintances for food!" said Veronica.

Sir John made a grating laugh. "Bah!" he cried, "you are inpayable with your Principe de Barletti! The real prince and head of the family is penniless. He lives nine months out of every year in the third-floor of a mangy palazzo at Torre del Greco, in order to scrape together enough to spend the other three months at Rome! But this fellow is only *dei principi*—a younger son of a younger son. He has twopence a year, which he squanders in shiny boots (I dare say he blacks them himself) and cheap gloves. But he plays a good game of piquet; and I found it worth while to let him come nearly every evening when I was once laid by the heels—or the toe, rather, for I got a confounded fit of the gout —in a beastly hotel at Naples. Of course *he* was very glad. It paid *his* capitally."

Veronica's temper was chafed by this slighting mention of a likeliness. It vexed her. She knew that Sir John's coarse insolence was directed against this same utter ignorance of the fact that he was in any degree connected with herself. Still it vexed her. But she had no intention of instructing the rude old relative in the task of championing her newly-found relation. She had been considerately elated by the thought of being known as a patron; and proportionately depressed by the discovery that to be dei Principi Barletti was no guarantee of important position.

"Then you mean this man to come here?" asked Veronica.

"Mean him to come? Yes; if he makes himself amusing. If not, I shall give him the cold shoulder."

"If you feel that you want amusement why do you not go into Florence sometimes?"

"La bella! Go to Florence for amusement in June! There's nobody there; and if there were, it's much too hot to do any thing. Besides—no, no, we must get through the summer here as best we can. The dry heat suits me rather; especially on this hill where one gets plenty of air, even if it be hot air. In the autumn and winter we will move south. Meanwhile if Barletti stays in our way, so be it."

"Nobody in Florence?" replied Veronica, whose mind had been dwelling on those words.

"It seemed to me that there were a great many carriages—"

"You did not go to the Cascine?" interrupted Sir John, quickly.

"No; I was too late. But I saw the people driving along the Lung' Arno."

She perhaps understood from Sir John's manner that he had given orders to Paul not to take her to the Cascine, and that he had felt a momentary anxiety that his orders had not been obeyed. The question presented itself to her mind, what would have been the result if Paul had yielded to her desire? But when she retired to her own apartment—which she did early —she lay awake for some time, occupying herself exclusively with another and very different problem, namely, which of her dresses she should put on to-morrow evening when Cesare de' Barletti might be expected to make his appearance at Villa Chiari.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE GARDEN.

"I was so delightfully astonished!"

"At seeing Paul? He does not usually produce ecstasy in the beholder. But 'tastes are as pon pauli,' the saying is, as they say here."

"Pardon! no: not at the sight of Paul for Paul's sake, but—"

"But for mine?"

"For yours, ceno mio. I had never heard that you were in Italy; never."

"I wonder if he had," thought Sir John. "He says it so emphatically, that it is probably a lie."

"And the sight of milndi positively dazzled me! What eyes! What a grace! How beautiful!"

"Take another cup of coffee," said Sir John, drily, interrupting the rapture of the companion. And of the raptures did not please him displease him.

Sir John Gale and the Principe Cesare de' Barletti were sitting together beneath the loggia on the western side of the Villa Chiari. The setting sun was flushing all the sky before them. They looked out on the garden, where, among the laurels and acacias, a white figure passed and repassed slowly.

The cracked songlota pavement of the loggia was covered, where the two men sat, by a thick carpet. Easy-stools and cushions were there, too, in abundance. Between Sir John and his guest stood a little marble-topped table bearing coffee and wine. Sir John was half reclining in an easy chair, with his legs stretched out before him, supported by cushions. Barletti sat in a rocking-chair, on which he swung slowly backward and forward. Both men were smoking.

"The coffee is bad, eh?" said Sir John.

"It is very strong."

"Better than the stuff they give you at your caffe, isn't it?"

"Ma, sì! Better no doubt. But very strong. I should like a little cold water, if I may have it."

Sir John rang a bell that stood on the table.

Before a servant could answer the summons Veronica approached. She had been strolling up and down the garden, and had just reached the spot in front of the loggia when the bell sounded.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The Principe rose and bowed very cold water. He finds the coffee stronger than he is accustomed to."

There was an indefinable sneer in the tone in which Sir John pronounced these words. The words were innocent enough. Veronica understood the tone, and trembled before her.

"I dare say he does," she retorted. "It is made to suit our English taste, which likes strong flavors—some people would say, coarse flavors."

"Oh no!" protested Barletti, not having in the least understood the drift of the words or the retort; "the flavor is very good indeed."

"There is some deliciously cold water always in the marble basin of the fountain, at eight yonder," said Veronica, impulsively. "Let us go and get some! It will be better than any the servants will bring."

The words were addressed to Cesare de' Barletti, who threw away his cigarette—with secret impatience, by-the-way—and rose to follow "milndi."

She had taken up a position from the table and was running toward the fountain.

She had resolved to impress this stranger—already appreciative enough of her beauty—with her dignity; whereupon she had called him dame. And on a sudden behold her skipping through the garden like a school-girl!

The first plan was too slow, and required too much phlegm and patience to carry out. Barletti took her proposition as an unlooked-for matter of course. She could not bear to be ten minutes in the society of a stranger without protesting an effort to save him trouble. She required to see an immediate result. She was vain and arrogant, but not proud, and not stupid; so that she could appreciate the fact that a man with the most contemptible persons, nor delude herself on the teeth of evidence with the dull, comfortable faith that she was the only woman he ever was not. And then came the irresistible craving to make a coup—to shine—to dazzle.

Sir John Gale was the victim of a sexual attraction. He remembered her having done similar things for *his* behest; that had been very natural and laudable. But for Barletti to assume that principino! Sir John felt himself defrauded. Had a pet animal approached him at the moment he would certainly have caused it a kick. It was, all he could do to relieve his feelings was to swear at the frightened servant who answered the bell, for coming too promptly.

Cesare de' Barletti wondered much within himself that any human being should move more, or more quickly, than was absolutely necessary, on a hot June evening. He at first attributed Veronica's unexpected proposition to the unhastible and incomprehensible cause, British eccentricity.

But when he rejoined her at the edge of the broken fountain, another solution presented itself to his mind. She had perhaps seized this opportunity to have speech with him out of the hearing of her husband. Why not? It was impossible that she could care a straw for that old dog's cud. Very natural to have imagined that he was so rich. Very natural also to admire the Principe Cesare de' Barletti, who was not eligible to be a husband, but who was eligible to be candidly acknowledged—but who was decidedly well-looking and well-born, and would make a very jewel of a cavaliere servente. A new was the one circumstance which caused Cesare to hesitate before accepting this solution as final. Veronica was an Englishwoman. And really there was no judging Englishwomen by the rules that hold good in estimating the character of the rest of the sex! And whosoever should suppose that this reflection implied in the Italian's mind any special reprobation of Englishwomen would have been very much mistaken.

Veronica filled the goblet at the fountain. The filling was a slow process, inasmuch as the water dripped sparely through the crevice before mentioned. While the drops of bright water were falling one by one into the basin, Veronica kept her eyes fixed on the latter, and her attention was apparently absorbed in watching it.

"I pray you to let me relieve you of the trouble to do that for me, Signora," said Barletti, bending forward, and offering to take the goblet.

She waved him back with her hand, and said, "I am watching to see how long it takes to fill the glass. The drops fall so regularly. Drip, drop, drip!"

He stood and looked at her. Now, at all events, he was not taking her behavior as a matter of course.

As soon as the water touched the brim of the glass, she relinquished it into Barletti's hands, and walked away slowly, as though she had lost all interest in his further proceedings. The prince drank a long draught. He had no idea of not enjoying its delicious coolness because he was to puzzled by "milndi." When he had done he walked after her and overtook her.

"That was very fresh and pleasant," he said. "A thousand thanks."

"Eh?"

"The water was so good. A thousand—"

"Oh!"

"Decidedly," thought Barletti, glancing at the beautiful face beside him, "she is English, thoroughly English! Who is to make out such people?"

They found, on returning to the house, that Sir John had left the loggia, and, in the open saloon, the servants said. Would ii Signor Principe join him there?

Il Signor Principe complied with the request.

Veronica lingered in the loggia and looked out over the landscape. The sun had gone down. The brief twilight was nearly over. The trees stood out dark against the back-ground of pure sky, pale green near the horizon, and deepening toward the zenith to an intense dark blue. Not a leaf stirred in the breathless calm. There was no moon, but the heavens seemed to grow full of stars as the daylight faded. They quivered and shook with a liquid silvery lustre. And below on the earth sparkled and danced to and fro a thousand golden gleaming specks, threading a mazy pattern just above the crests of the tiptoe wheat. They were fire-flies. When one of the bright insects chanced to come near Veronica, she saw him glow and pale with a palpitating intermittent flame. And sometimes the whole field full of them appeared to shine and fade simultaneously, like the successive showers of sparks from a strident star that respond to the deep breath of the laboring bellows.

It was all as different as possible from Dunchurch. And yet very beautiful. Began to think of certain summer night in Shipley long ago, when she and Maud were children together, and her father had thrown open the window telling them stories of her Italian life. She remembered the dark blue sky, and the stars that looked more than cloudy, sultry, starless sky. She remembered the sound of her mother's voice, and Maud's thin-lipped face, and the look that the sounds of Maud's soft, warm, little hand, stroking her (Veronica's) hair in a sort of rhythmic accompaniment to her mother's narrative. She did not think she had been very happy in those days. She pitied herself as she recalled some of the hours. Remembered her own passionate and unreasoning longing in her heart, and filled her eyes with tears. A conviction, which she tried to ignore, was in the air. She did not fight against it by self-deluding arguments; she simply tried to avoid acknowledging its existence, as we turn away our eyes from a disagreeable object that we know to be lying in wait for us on a path wherever we must pass. But it was there; she knew it was there. She felt it in her heart, that she had given all and gained nothing—that she had been duped and defrauded.

She did not yet believe that what she aimed at would, if obtained, have turned to dust and ashes. And she knew that she had not got what she aimed at. The horrible sense of the *nevertheless* of the past came over her. The tears brimmed over from her warm cheeks, and they brought no solace. They only humiliated, and made her angry.

A small, gaping into one of the upper rooms to close the shutters for the night, looked out and saw "milndi" leaning, with folded arms, against a column at the edge of the loggia, and apparently absorbed in watching the fire-flies.

It was an odd idea to stand there alone, when the night chill was coming on a sofa, and drink iced lemonade in the saloon! But gentlefolks were odd—especially foreign gentlefolks. And Regina—who, even to the servants' quarters, not ill-contented with her own lot, and prepared to discuss her master and mistress, and to thank any stars—even to a side glance at Antonio, the footman—that *she* was not tied to that "vecchio bronzolone"—that grumbling old fellow, as she perversely called Sir John Gale.

Meanwhile Veronica, who had become herself long to any painful mental impression, returned to the house, and entered the saloon where Sir John and the prince were engaged over their game of piquet.

The room was brilliantly lighted, and dazzled her, coming from without. She felt more angry with her mood than ever. Becoming suddenly aware, as she entered the saloon, that her eyelids were swollen, and her eyes weak, and that they must be red and dull.

"Oh," she cried, stopping short, and clasping her hands before her face, "what a glare! It blinds me!"

Sir John was too intent on his game to regard her. Cesare de' Barletti looked up, and fell instantly into a state of admiration. He was perhaps dismayed that glittered on Veronica's slender finger. He played a wrong card (as he afterward confessed, and never could) and was discomfited.

Sir John was pleased. So was Veronica. The former attributed the victory to his own skill, and his—he had never been ill—he valued himself. The latter had no doubt that her presence had gained all the credit for forgetting his game. Barletti himself was well satisfied to have put his host into good-humor. The stakes for which they played were very trifling, and he thought the small sum he had lost not ill-invested.

"Will you have your revenge, prince?" asked Sir John, throwing himself back in the chair with a complacent smile.

Barletti declined, doubtfully.

"Aha! You show the white feather? Positively I did not think I should be able to tell the card from another. It is so long since I have played. You ought to have beaten me, you really ought. Ha, ha, ha!"

Veronica seated herself on a couch near the window. Her white dress was soft and flowing, and her black hair shone in its rich ripples, as she leaned her head against the dark velvet couch. Diamonds glittered on her neck and arms and hands, and trembled in her hair. There was no point of color about her dress, and its pure whiteness enhanced the rich glow of her brunette complexion. She still shaded her eyes with one hand, complaining of the light.

Sir John, having finished his game, was full of solicitude for her. Should he have the candles removed to another part of the room? Should she like a screen? Had she caught cold, or what was it? Her eyes were usually so strong! Being now the central object of attention, her spirits rose buoyantly, and she forgotten and commanded, and made Sir John move and remove the wax tapers a dozen times before their position was satisfactory to her. At last he got tired, and rang for Paul to carry them away and bring a shaded lamp instead. Barletti took no animating part in this, only on the lamp being carried in, there appeared in its train a tray with glasses and chicken, and wine, and cakes (these English are odd creatures!), *his* spirits rose too, and they were all three quite brilliant over the little impromptu supper. The conversation was carried on in French, Sir John not being able to speak Italian fluently. Barletti suddenly Veronica addressed Barletti in Italian, and intensely enjoyed his admiring surprise at the purity of her accent.

"How absolutely you speak Italian!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"My mother was an Indian," said Veronica.

"Was she?" asked Sir John, carelessly. "Tions! I never knew that. Or—stay—oh yes, to be sure! I think I remember hearing it mentioned."

"How distrait you are to-night!" said Veronica, with an assumption of tolerant good-humor.

Cesare Barletti took away in his brain three phrases on each his thoughts, passions, and prejudices made endless variations, as he drove down the Avenue of the Poggio Imperiale. The first was: I shall shut a man's eyes with a knife or remember who his wife's mother was! The second was: Milndi wanted to make it appear that Gale were not smoking in presence, or absence of mind; now, Gale is never "distrait;" it is not in his character. The third was: That handsome creature is not an Englishwoman, pure unique! The fact of her having had an Italian mother brings her more into the category of human beings whose motives one can know

MILK, AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

ORANGE COUNTY has long been a land flowing with milk and—butter. Three or four of these most beautiful autumn days have been spent by us among the farms which are supposed to butter our New York city bread, and quality our tea and coffee. Recent mechanical improvements have taken away much of the traditional romance of the farm, but, on the whole, the loss is more than made up by the gain of perfect system and wonderful adaptation. Instead of four or five cows, known by such names as Brindle, Bess, and Sukey, milked by rosy-cheeked maidens, we have now droves of fifty or a hundred, milked by men, who know them only as "good" or "poor milkers." In some fine farms a large and luxuriant pasture, with running brooks and border of woodland, affords, with the herd feeding in it, a beautiful picture; and the substantial barns constructed to keep the cattle comfortably cool in summer and warm in winter, with ample drinking troughs and stalls for fastening up at night, are indicative of the good shelter at hand when winter storms drive the cows indoors. To the farm-yards the cows are brought night and morning, in summer, to be milked. The strained milk is put into large cans holding forty quarts, such as the milkmen use in delivering it through the city. These cans are then put into tanks made in some cool running stream, where the water comes nearly to the top of the can. Frequent stirring is necessary until the animal heat is quite gone. The milk is then fit to be sent to the city. This process can never safely be omitted; for, paradoxical though it may seem, milk is "fresher" and sweeter when it reaches the consumer if it is delayed at the farm for at least twelve hours. Even in hot weather, it is more certain to keep sweet when twenty-four or thirty-six hours elapse between the milking and the using in the city. There has been much discussion as to the best means of cooling milk for market, and patent pails have been tried in which the milk passes directly from the cow through small, cooled tubes surrounded by ice. But this rapid cooling does not work well, and practical experience indicates that the old and simpler process is the best. Every well-appointed farm must have, therefore, a cool and unfailing stream of water. There are two such streams in one of the farms we visited. One passes through the barn, furnishing drinking-troughs for the cattle, and a tank for cooling milk in winter. The other, running through the pasture, supplies a trout-breeding pond, and furnishes a tank for summer use. It is a little lost under the trees, the milk-cans are kept in a stream which even the severe drought of last summer did not dry, nor the heat raise to a temperature of 60°.

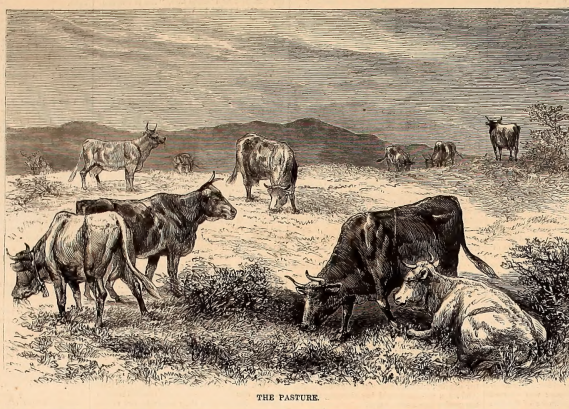
We are assured most positively that none of the spring-water finds its way over the mouth of the can into the milk. Its dilution, of which there is so much just complaint, must be done, if at all, in the city, for the wholesale buyer is said to have such means of testing the milk as effectually protects him against the farmer. Most of us must be busy at work who is to give each family such a protection! We have heard it said that one end of a small piece of common tape placed in a pan of milk will carry from it all the water into another vessel in which the other end of the tape should be placed; but we have never found this a safe test.

Strange to say, no butter is made on these large milk farms. The supply for the family is obtained from market, or, more rarely, from a neighbor who churns all his milk for the accommodation of those who send all theirs to the city. Our notions of the way to make butter were decidedly overturned on going to such a dairy. No setting of the milk in shallow pans for cream to rise; no skimming and putting away in jars until "churning day," when the thick cream was agitated by a strong arm until the butter came, then worked and salted. Instead, there is a daily pouring of the unskimmed, soured milk into a common churn, perhaps somewhat larger than ordinary. The dasher is fastened to a shaft, which is moved by a crank. The crank is turned by means of a nearly horizontal wheel some eight or ten feet in diameter, which is kept in motion by a dog, sheep, or calf standing on it, something after the manner of the old tread-mill. When taken from the churn, the butter is worked by hand, as of old. The farmer with whom we talked said he was about determined to send his milk to the creamery, since butter-making made it so hard for the women. Surely woman is less a drudge than she used to be. If, after being relieved from the labor of *churning*, the remaining working of the butter is considered too hard for the farmer's wife, the day of woman's redemption must be near at hand.

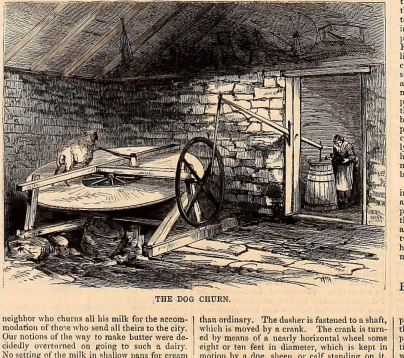
Only one butter farm have we been able to find, and not enough is made there to supply the immediate neighborhood. Where, then, does all the Orange County butter come from?—Mostly from the West. Farmers buy from the vicinity of the Alleghanies, and even further West, large quantities, which they sell in the original packages or repack in pails. Since railroads have become so numerous, New York drinks up all the milk in Orange County, and must butter her bread elsewhere.

The largest institution for the disposition of milk is the Creamery, which is, in other words, a cheese factory. Here is brought the milk which the farmers themselves are unable properly to prepare for market, for want of cool springs or sufficient help. Received here, it is placed in deep but narrow tin pails holding twelve or fourteen quarts. These are floated in large tanks of water. Such a one as our picture shows holds some four hundred pails. From these pails the cream is carefully taken and sent to market. The skimmed milk is then placed in a large vat and heated, by means of steam-pipes, to about 80°. Then the rennet is put in. From twenty to thirty minutes suffices for curdling, and the mass is then stirred to separate the curd from the whey. After which it is heated still more; and then the whey, passing off through a strainer, goes to feed hogs, while the curd remains in the vat, to be salted and worked before putting into the presses. In two or three hours the curds become hard enough for the canvas to be put upon them, and a few hours more in the presses make them ready for the shelves. Very carefully they must then be watched, lest the fly lying in wait for them makes in them a snug house for her family. Greasing and turning must be a daily labor, and some weeks must pass before they are sufficiently cured for market.

For the benefit of city consumers, who are paying ten and twelve cents a quart for milk, from a tenth to a quarter of which is not infrequently pure Croton, we may add that the highest price the farmer ever gets for his milk is seven cents a quart; and he sometimes sells it for as low as two cents and a half. Our friends, the milkmen, have, therefore, it will be seen, a pretty good margin for freight and profit.

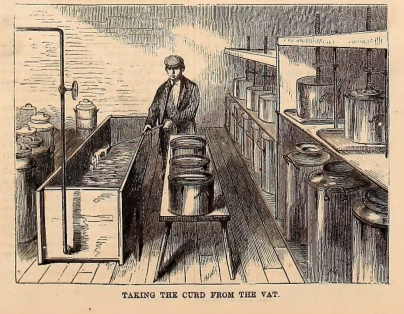


THE PASTURE.



THE DOG CHURN.

TANK FOR COOLING MILK.



TAKING THE CURD FROM THE VAT.

BRINGING TOBACCO TO MARKET

IN VIRGINIA FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE mode of transportation illustrated on page 797 was almost universally in vogue among the tobacco planters of Virginia within a comparatively short period, viz., up to the introduction of railroads into that State. A pair of rough wheels, composed of heavy planks buttered together, sawed round, and exceeding the hogs-

PRIMITIVE MODE OF BRINGING TOBACCO TO MARKET IN VIRGINIA FORTY YEARS AGO.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 796.]

head of tobacco two feet or thereabout in diameter, were firmly pinned to the heads of the hogshead, the pins running through into the tobacco. An axle, not running entirely through, nor properly an axle, as the wheel did not revolve upon it, projected on each side, and formed an attachment for the shafts; the box in front across the shafts was to carry provisions and forage. This rude means of transport was called "Rolling tobacco." A steer and horse hitched "tandem," as shown in the sketch, were frequently the "team." The darkey in coon-skin cap and woolen mittens cracks his whip at the straining animals; his small companion gathers a lingering persimmon (or "simmon," as he would call it) from a sapling; the hurehound, who has fol-

NEGRO BOYS PLAYING MARBLES—A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

lowed his sable master from home, is awakened for a moment by a rustling sparrow; the "Roll-er" crooks and grouns—and thus, within the memory of thousands now living in Eastern Virginia, the "cheering weed" was trundled to market, bespattered and unsightly.

CRAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine*. It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—HEGEMAN & CO., New York.

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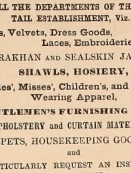

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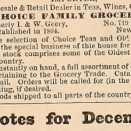

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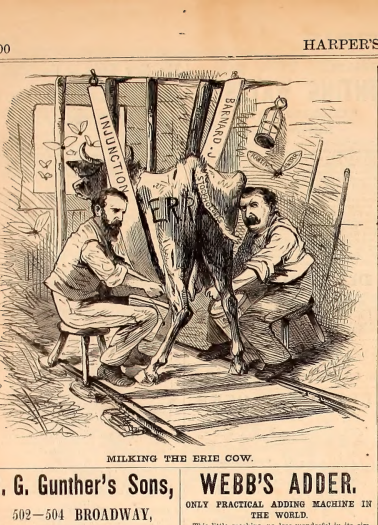

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIII.—No. 677.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

REYNARD'S BREAKFAST.

THIS spirited illustration of forest life tells its own story so well as hardly to require a word of explanation. Master REYNARD, always a diligent provider for his household, has evidently left his cozy den in the early hours of a winter morning on a foraging expedition. While the gray mist still hangs low over forest and marsh, he has made his way stealthily down to the border of the lake, where, no doubt, he has often replenished his exhausted larder. Creeping noiselessly over the yielding snow, he has surprised a family of ducks, sleeping in fancied safety among the rocks. Not a sound gives warning of danger to their quick sense of hearing. Pushing aside the intervening reeds, without causing the rustle of a leaf, the sly marauder creeps nearer and nearer to the place where they nestle, until within easy reach of them. A quick spring, and he has seized the selected victim by the neck, slung him over his shoulder, and trotted up the bank with his prey; while the startled mate, with a shrill scream of affright, soars away into the air.

How admirably the artist manages the details that tell the story of this little woodland tragedy—the gray, wintry atmosphere, the snow banked against the old tree trunk on the left, and looding down the leafless twigs, the reely bank and the black water from whose margin Master REYNARD has snatched his prey. The half-open wings and drooping neck show that the sharp jaws have done their fatal work. In another moment the lucky forager will turn the corner round the old tree, and, with his victim slung over his shoulder, trot merrily back to his expectant household.

REYNARD'S BREAKFAST.

CURIOUS SHOWERS.

THERE are sometimes real showers of very unreal rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and Finmark, about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky; and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogrefll near Toolouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about an inch in length, descended in a snow-storm at Fakroff, in Rossia, in 1827. On one occasion, in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelting down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been numerous. At Stanstead, in Kent, in 1666, a pasture-field was found, one morning, covered plentifully with fish, although there is neither sea nor river, lake nor fish-pond near. At Allahabad, in 1839, an English officer saw a good smart down-pour of fish, and soon afterward thousands of small dead fish were found upon the ground. Scotland has had many of these showers of fish; as in Ross-shire, in 1828, when quantities of herring-fry covered the ground; at Islay, in 1830, when a large number of herrings were found strewed over a field after a heavy, gusty rain; at Wick, much more recently, when herrings were found in large quantities in a field half a mile from the beach. In all these, and numerous other cases, when a liberal allowance has been made for exaggeration, the remainder can be explained by well-understood causes. Stray wind blowing from a sea or river; a water-spout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirlwind sending them hither and thither: all these are intelligible. The rat-shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their annual excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind overtook them, whisked them up, and deposited them in a field at some distance—doubtless much to the astonishment of such of the rats as came down alive.

The so-called showers of blood have had their day of terror and marvel, and have disappeared. Not that any one ever saw such a shower actually fall; but red spots have occasionally been seen on walls and stones, much to the popular dismay. Swammerdam, the naturalist, told the people of the Hague, two centuries ago, that these red spots were connected with some phenomena of insect life; but they would not believe him, and insisted that the spots were real blood, and were portents of evil times to come. Other naturalists have since confirmed the scientific opinion.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

At the time of writing his last dispatch (dated June, 1868), Dr. Livingstone had not reached Lake Tanganyika, which is believed to flow into the Nile; but he had found a chain of lakes to the south which drained toward the north, and, as he believed, through Lake Tanganyika into that river. These lakes are fed by numerous rivers of considerable size, and should they prove to be the head-waters of the Nile, we must look for the sources of the mighty river at least four hundred miles south of the most southerly point of the Victoria Nyanza. The River Chambese seems to connect these lakes with each other and with the Tanganyika, and the whole volume of water which they contain in all probability finds its way into the Nile. We must wait for further information before we can say positively that these lakes and rivers are within the basin of the Nile, but there is every probability that the opinions which have been expressed in favor of this hypothesis will soon be verified. Meanwhile we can not but feel extremely interested in the descriptions which Dr. Livingstone gives of the places which he has visited, and which prove that in the region now opened up for the first time there are spots as beautiful and as blessed by nature as any thing that we can imagine. Speaking of Lake Liemba, one of the chain which he has discovered, Dr. Livingstone tells us that "it lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes; while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the water. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all

their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Zenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish, the villages ashore are empowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa." Livingstone's present journey has only confirmed what was brought to light in his previous travels, viz.: that instead of the interior of Africa being a sandy desert, as was formerly thought, it is really rich in vegetation, and studded with lakes." But there is another fact which Livingstone has discovered in connection with Lake Liemba, and which goes far toward outweighing all others in importance. The effluent of this lake the doctor ascertained to be 2840 feet, thus showing that Speke's observations were incorrect, and that Mr. Emley was probably right in saying Speke had made a mistake of about 1000 feet in his calculations. But we must wait until Dr. Livingstone communicates the detailed information which will enable geographers to pronounce their final judgment on the Nile question. If the great explorer traces the lake system which he has discovered into the Tanganyika, and should find, on arriving at Ujiji, the stores and medicines sent there for his use, he will proceed to the northern end of the lake, and perhaps follow its effluent to Sir Roderick Murchison thinks he will return to Zanzibar after having ascertained the direction of the drainage of the Tanganyika; but Captain Osmond Osborn considers that he will probably follow the outlet, and see for himself whether it flows into the Albert N'yanza, and thence into the Nile. In the latter case, Dr. Livingstone would, in all likelihood, meet Sir Samuel Baker, and the result of this meeting would be to clear up the great mystery which for centuries has shrouded the head-waters of the Nile.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

ARE SPAIN AND PERU AT WAR?

THERE is one important point in regard to the Spanish gun-boats. Is there war between Spain and Peru? And if so, can the United States permit the departure of war vessels built for one of the belligerents, upon any pretext that is not a declaration of war by the vessels? England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the rebellion in this country. If, then, the agents of the rebel authority had said to the British Government that the Alabama was intended, not to make war upon the United States, but to be a marine police, to prevent the escape of slaves, or to do any thing that might be required, excepting to harm the United States, would the British Government, in the opinion of this country, have been justified in allowing the departure of the Alabama?

Suppose that one of the Spanish gun-boats sails from New York, receives her armament and encounter a Peruvian ship, will the quietly sail by? Or suppose that, sailing from New York and receiving her armament, one of the gun-boats takes the place of some other Spanish ship of war, and so releases it to fight the Peruvian ship, have we not flagrantly violated our neutrality? What is the essence of neutrality? It is not that the neutral will not take either belligerent to strengthen himself in the neutral port? Or can a neutral permit a belligerent who is engaged both in a domestic and a foreign war, to strengthen himself in the neutral port upon the plea that his intention is the domestic and not the foreign difficulty? If a belligerent is strengthened, is he not necessarily strengthened against all his antagonists? In a word, if you give a man food, must you take his word for it that the nourishment is all going into his stomach, and not into the legs? Can you feed him without strengthening both arms? If there be war between Spain and Peru, how can we, as our most neutral, permit Spain to use us as her naval base?

These are very serious questions, and the rightful departure of the Spanish gun-boats would seem to depend upon the plain, whether there is war between Spain and Peru. About eighteen months since, the relations of those two countries were the subject of correspondence between their Ministers and our Government, when Peru wished us to allow the departure of the two monitors, the *Oneota* and the *Catawba*. The Spanish Minister at Lima, in 1858, that if there was still war between the countries, it was not the fault of Spain, which had suspended hostilities since 1866, but at the friendly request of Mr. SEWARD; but peace had not been accepted by the allied states of Peru and Chili, and therefore he hoped that we would not violate our neutrality. In reply, Mr. SEWARD said that Peru insisted that war had ceased by the suspension of hostilities, and that Spain had virtually acknowledged the claim by making an arrangement with Chili to clear ships of war from British ports. The President would not undertake to decide whether war had actually ceased. The question was difficult. Collateral facts must determine it. The Peruvian Minister declared that the situation of the two countries was one of "imperfect peace." There had been no treaty; but actually the war had ceased, and Peru would not resume it unless provoked by fresh hostilities. Yet the Minister insisted that, while there was no treaty, the war might "be renewed at any moment."

After deliberate consideration, the United States permitted the departure of the monitors, not upon the ground that war did not exist, but that there was then no condition of belligerency between the two powers which would justify their detention. Has the situation changed, and can the Peruvian Minister now justly declare that there is war between the countries? It is not two years since the Minister of Peru said that war might be renewed at any moment: not begun, but renewed. It can not be supposed that the recognition of Cuba by Peru has tended to confirm the belligerent, and any overt act upon the part of Peru would renew the war, which the Spanish Minister in May, 1868, insisted must not be considered ended.

The United States did not express an opinion upon the question of war. The Government merely recognized the practical but not binding suspension of hostilities. It is for Peru to take another view upon the representation of the Minister of either power or of both powers. If, in May, 1868, the Spanish Minister, during the armistice, said that Spain and that there is nevertheless a state of war, and the Peruvian Minister in July, 1869, says also, during the same armistice, that there is war, why should not the United States say that war must be accepted as the situation, since both powers declare that, despite the suspension, there is war? As the existing rights of neutral duties are obvious; and the gun-boats must apparently be detained, unless it can be shown that they are merchandise not amenable to the laws of neutrality.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS.

IN a battle the great point is to choose your ground wisely, and then stand to your guns. This is what must be done in the battle that we must fight for the common school system in this country. Oddly enough, the country is so large and hospitable, offering a home to the world, and announcing a political principle which gives them all equal rights, that its perils spring from the multitudes it invites and the conditions upon which it prides itself. For instance, by one peculiar provision of the great electoral system, two or three great States may elect a President. Of the chief of these great States the chief city is a foreign mass, politically, almost to control the State. The population of that city is largely composed of foreigners, and the worst part of the foreign-born population, and announcing a political power

The confidence expressed by Mr. POMEROY is probably well-founded that the legislation of Congress, at least for some time to come, will conform to what shall be recommended in behalf of this powerful interest. Few, however, will expect any very prompt and effective measures from this quarter for resuming the specie payments.

The fact is, that by reason of speculation on a large scale, and the undue access of our people over our exports, adjusted for the present by sending our bonds to foreign countries, the difficulty in returning to specie payments is greater now than when Congress repealed in February, 1868, the law which permitted contraction.

In England specie payments are maintained because, in addition to the amount of the precious metals held by the Bank of England, a larger amount is in the pockets of the people, ready to be called on in case of emergency in banking. In lieu of this in the pockets of the people are stuffed with notes down to the denomination of ten cents, while in England no notes are allowed under about twenty dollars. This wide difference in policy drives the precious metals away from the United States and encourages their accumulation in Great Britain.

We can not trust our way to the fact that contraction, attempted under more favorable circumstances as to debt than at present, was abandoned out of regard to the debtor interest; and as the indebtedness of individuals has been increased by speculation and extravagance, it is safe to assume that the same interest will be equally powerful in the ensuing Congress.

On looking back to the period of Mr. M'CULLOCH'S recommendations, above referred to, it will not only be found that they were timid and sound, but it will be regarded as a misfortune that they were not firmly followed. But although contraction is the true road, the unfortunate tendency of our people to constant and heavy indebtedness makes it difficult.

The truth should be widely disseminated that, until we determine to persist in the policy of improving our circulating medium, there can be no recovery from the fluctuations in the price of products which constantly attends our system. When we are upon the solid ground of specie, we shall be able to compete with all nations, and secure an amount of prosperity known to no other portion of the globe.

HONOR AND MURDER.

The death of Mr. RICHARDSON will again raise the question in the courts whether jealousy is a justifiable homicide. The principle of civilized society is plain enough. It is, that a man must not assume to punish crimes upon his own responsibility. A savage scalps his foe whenever he can get at him. But civilization replaces individual vengeance by the forms of law. Yet there are certain circumstances under which it permits individual redress, such as personal assault or burglary. There are still other circumstances which have been tacitly held to justify such redress where there is no violent personal attack, but merely an offense against honor. The form this redress took was the duel. But Honor is a very elastic word, and is variously accompanied as well as by honorable men; and it consequently happened that, under the code of honor, an honorable man was at the mercy of any scoundrel or dastard who chose to throw a glass of wine in his face or to call him liar. So the duel, as essentially absurd and involving greater perils than it could heal, has been shaken by the growing good sense of civilization.

But there are still circumstances under which public opinion apparently justifies individual vengeance. Probably a jury in this country would convict a woman who should shoot the man who attempted her dishonor. It is doubtful if it would convict a father of crime if accidentally shot another; although it might be very difficult to show that she had not consented. The reason of such a verdict would probably be found in the general, general impression that women are usually at a disadvantage, and that if the shooting was not exactly justified by the special testimony, it was venial upon general grounds. The same toleration is shown toward men who attack others whom they charge with offenses against their domestic happiness.

But this is a relic of sheer barbarism. If we justify a husband in killing a man whom he accuses of sending his wife's affections, we must justify the wife in killing any woman whom she may accuse of being his paramour or of diverting his preference. Thus the most atrocious lives might be sacrificed to a whim of jealousy, or to a grotesque sense of honor. This justification of assaults, by what are called injured husbands, serves, however, to show how ingrained is the feeling that a wife's life is in some way his property. If a husband shoots the alleged seducer, or merely the guiltless confidant, of his wife, the public shrugs its shoulders, and remarks that the victim ought to have counted the cost. But if the wife should shoot a poor woman of the town because of her husband's offense, or any innocent woman whose society her husband sought, there would be immense consternation. And yet, is not the marriage vow equally binding upon husband and wife? If the husband may punish what he calls offenses against his honor, may not the wife avenge outrages upon her?

There is but one remedy, and that is to insist, by the conviction of plainly proved offenders, that offenses shall not be privately punished. If a man's attacks rise upon the highway, or breaks into your house, you will justifiably defend yourself by every practicable means. But to notify a chief justice or surgeon to murder, by a man's allegation that his honor has been assailed and his domestic peace disturbed, is to reduce the whole foundation of civilized society. If a wife's affections are alienated there is at least room for suspicion that the husband's conduct has not been such as to retain them. Certainly the common welfare demands that there be some better reason than "outraged honor" offered in extenuation of murder.

A PREMIUM UPON CRIME.

The most remarkable fact in regard to great robberies at this time is that the robbers are not punished, but the crime is compromised. In compromising with the thief to give him half the booty, with a promise not to trouble him upon condition that he will return the other half. Sometimes a compromise is an arrangement by which the thief is certainly proved to be a condition of not prosecuting the thief. But a compromise is always a proceeding by which society suffers. It is hardly necessary that some merchants in New York, of what is called "respectable standing," are accused of swindling, and will be criminally prosecuted unless large amounts of the plunder are given him by good reason why this principle should not be carried further? Shall we not compromise with gentlemen of good standing accused of assault and battery, and consent not to prosecute if they will pay the doctor's bill for their victim? Cases of murder, indeed, would seem to be difficult, because the erring gentleman who did the deed could not recall the victim to life. But possibly some arrangement might be made by which his social comfort or the recovery other people if he should be excused from responsibility for the accomplished fact. Indeed, the principle is susceptible of great breadth of application.

It is really becoming necessary to remember that cheating is cheating, however respectable the "standing" of the cheat and robber. The very is robbery, whatever may be the number of church pews owned by the robber.

It is no new thing for merchants of what is called respectable standing to be found in the Custom-house. Indeed, there is an old saying that all is fair in love, in politics, and at the Custom-house, and a man ought to expect to prepare himself for the rules of law who would most glibly swear falsely to pass an invoice. But this is a dangerous kind of sophistry. All human transactions rest at last upon good faith, and confidence in real honor. When a man's oath is known to be a lie, there follows a profound disturbance of the foundations of society: for no man can not be habitually false in one way without weakening their truthfulness in every way.

If it be true that certain merchants are implicated by evidence in dishonest transactions at the Custom-house, it is a thousandfold better that they be criminally prosecuted and tried and punished, than that the people of the United States should recover by compromise the money which the "respectable" merchants are said to have stolen. For, in the first instance, upon such a trial, that the general feeling in regard to the oppression of tariffs, and to all Custom-house transactions, made it very doubtful whether a general stigma could be attached to perjury and theft committed there, the cause of Free Trade would have acquired a prodigiously powerful ally, in the conviction that the Custom-house is more pernicious, as a source of the kind of immorality which is fatal to any people, than advantageous as a system of levying taxes. In the second place, the whole is try the experiment, and to ascertain whether a man's reputation would be injured by legal conviction of defrauding the Government at the Custom-house.

A CURIOUS INJUSTICE.

There is a good custom in Massachusetts by which the Governor at Thanksgiving pardons two couples whose cases have arisen during the term in the State prison has been most exemplary. This year the usual pardon was issued; but to the public astonishment, it appeared that the two men were not pardoned, and that pardon should be granted, but of whom it should be asked. For they were innocent persons unjustly convicted, and the general feeling, of course, then was, that it was both an injustice to them and to two other well-deserving prisoners to release them only. They were entitled to their liberty. It was no grace of the government, but its plainest duty, to release them; and the spirit of the annual custom of pardon required that two justly convicted prisoners should be set free. No one, however, supposed that this was not as evident to the Governor and Council, and to the old and experienced warden of the State prison, as it was to every body else. But there was no explanation, and the whole affair seemed unintelligible.

At the end of a week, however, the warden, Mr. HAYNES, wrote a letter detailing the facts. The two men were convicted of highway robbery upon the positive evidence of the man robbed. It was a case of mistaken identity. Upon entering the prison the men asserted their innocence, but nothing came to happen. Recently, however, facts, unknown to the prisoners, were communicated to the warden proving their innocence. Having no authority to release them, instantly laid them before the Governor and Council, who are the sole releasing power. But it was only on the day before Thanksgiving that the last document in the case were received, and too late for the Council to examine the testimony in some other cases which the warden intended to present for the usual pardon. Consequently the two innocent prisoners were released as pardoned; and the two others, who should have had the benefit of a pardon, will be detained in prison until Christmas. The warden adds that he agrees fully that the two men had a right to justice, and not to pardon; but that the Legislature had provided no other means than a pardon to reach such cases.

This is an injustice which the Legislature of Massachusetts should remedy as the very earliest moment. The warden certainly proves that the Governor and Council may release an unjustly convicted person, with a public acknowledgment of the innocence of the man, as with the gift of a sum of money large enough to be serviceable to a man so unhappily seized and so injuriously branded. But, in this instance, it would also be well if it were possible for the warden, who was convinced of the innocence of the prisoners in question, to have supplied, in time, to the Council, the evidence necessary for the release of two proper convicts. He would then have left with the Executive Chamber the responsibility of deciding whether the two customary pardons were exhausted in the case of the innocent men. But it is shameful to any honorable State that its only remedy for the enormous injustice of the unjust imprisonment of a citizen is the obloquy of a pardon.

wrongly deprives him of liberty, and, by way of reparation, brands him forever as a pardoned criminal.

NOTES.

The *Delaware Gazette*, published at Wilmington, tells its readers all about *Harper's Weekly*. It is "remarkable for its illustrations." It is "a production of an inferior order of its kind." It is edited "with neither taste nor ability." Its contributors are "of the most shallow minds and commonplace talents." Its columns are, therefore, filled with "written and pictorial trash and claptrap productions of the most ridiculous and sensational description." So much for us. And next, good readers, you catch it. You are "a class of dishonest or superficial persons, to whom an uncultivated fancy and narrow prejudices at [the *Weekly*] pandders and appeals." It seems, gentle readers, that you are also our victims. "Over these people"—that is you, illiterate and superficial multitude—"its corrupting influences are exercised, and dangerously exercised." Why? Because you are more gratified "by adaptations to the eye and the passions of nature than by appeals to the manhood, the reason and the judgment of a well-balanced mind." Well, at least, the world has one comfort left. While *Harper's Weekly* lives "prostitutes and 'contaminates' and 'warps' by "lying and blackguardly cartoons," and "indecency," and "amalgamation" and "miscegenation," there is still the Wilmington *Gazette* proudly surviving, as an inspiring example of "the judgment of a well-balanced mind."

The third volume of Francis Parkman's series of histories of the early settlement of the country is just published by Little, Brown, & Co.; and this time it is "The Discovery of the Great West." These volumes, as our readers know, or should know, form together a general history of "France and England in North America." It is a subject which Mr. Parkman has made as much his own as Motley the Dutch Republic or Macaulay the English Revolution. He is thorough master of his material, which is much scattered, and exists largely in manuscript; and his narrative has a picturesque narrative style, and his admirable perception of the true point of interest, give to his successive works a wonderful charm and symmetry. It is to the pages of Mr. Parkman that we must go for the most delightful reading on the most central of our young fancies with Ucas and the red heroes that it is very difficult to divest our estimate of the Indian of a false and foolish glamour. Mr. Parkman, however, knows him by personal experience and long and thoughtful study. In the second volume of the "Pioneers of the French in North America," and in this last, "The Discovery of the Great West," he paints the Indian as full length, the most interesting, the most central of human beings. And it is curious to observe that at their best the Indians are not interesting. We do not respect them, nor like them as much as we do noble animals. We follow their movements with a languid attention; but the monument Hennepin, or Marquette, or La Salle appears, we salute the hero of the scene. In "The Discovery of the Great West" there is not, of course, the same extraordinary story of human heroism as in the tragedy of the early Canadian Jesuits, which was told in the last volume. But there are equally graphic and admirable sketches of the Jesuit fathers who are more known to us, and a delightful, and we may final, account of the discovery of the Mississippi River. Indeed, with singular tact Mr. Parkman gives us in his compact volumes about all that the reader cares to know of that period of our history; and his work, which is indispensable to complete knowledge of the settlement and civilization of the North American continent, is done in a way which assures his position among our historians.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress assembled on the 6th instant. The following new members were sworn in: Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York; Mr. George Bowman Fonda, Massachusetts; Mr. Beschard, of Illinois; and W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut.

The annual Report of Commissioner Delano for the year ending June 30, 1869, shows that the total receipts from Internal Revenue sources, exclusive of the direct tax upon lands and the duty upon the circulation and deposits of national banks, were, for the fiscal year, $191,030,594 79. This includes the sum refunded for taxes illegally assessed and collected, amounting to $36,000 15, nearly one-half of which was for taxes assessed and collected in previous years. The receipts for the next current year are estimated at $170,000,000.

The Report of the Comptroller of the Currency gives the total number of national banks organized up to October, 1869, and the number in active service thus, 1,650. The total amount of notes of all denominations issued, up to the 30th of September, 1869, he gives as $199,159,035; adding to this for fragments of notes outstanding, $1,000,000, and deducting for those which have been redeemed, $940 45, and the total circulation is $200,159,596.

In consequence of the abrogation of the Postal Convention between the United States and France, the exchange of United States mails with that country will cease on the 1st of January next. The letters for and from France, by steamers running direct, the postage upon which is now ten cents the single rate of half an ounce, to be prepaid when sent, and collected on delivery when received; on newspapers, two cents each, and on books, etc., four cents for each four ounces. Letters may now be sent to be sent by mail for England without prepayment. Letters now sent by British mail for other countries will be forwarded after December 31.

A new Postal Convention has been agreed upon with Great Britain, by which the ocean postage between the United States and Great Britain is reduced to six cents, if paid in advance, with a fine of six cents added if the postage is unpaid, the arrangement to take effect January 1, 1870.

The Public Debt statement for November exhibits a decrease in the debt during that month of $7,571,487, and since the 1st of March of $71,321,824.

The coin in the Sub-Treasury, New York, has been counted. It amounts to $76,061,000.

Albert D. Richardson, who was shot by M'Farland in the Tribune office, on the evening of the 4th instant, lingered until Thursday morning, December 9, when he expired. The day previous, perceiving that his end was approaching, he was married at his own request to Mrs. Sage (formerly Miss Abby Hopper). The ceremony was performed by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, assisted by Rev. E. E. Frothingham.

An affray among Democratic politicians occurred in the Fifth Ward, Brooklyn, on the 11th inst., in which Florence Seaman, a candidate for Alderman, received a pistol-shot wound which will disable him for life, and several others were badly injured.

A successful swoop was made on the illicit distilleries situated near the Navy-yard, in the Fifth Ward, Brooklyn, on the 8th December by the United States Regulars and a company of the Grand Army of the Republic, under the command of Colonel Spaulding. Thirteen distilleries were broken up, and the material removed to the Navy-yard and stored. The expedition was attacked by the mob when retiring from the last of the distilleries, and several persons were seriously injured.

The National Board of Trade met on the 1st inst. in the capitol at Richmond, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate and Corps Legislatif were opened by the Emperor November 29. In his address he ascribed the disturbances of the last few months to the "subversive passions" and the "excesses of the press and of public meetings," but said that liberty was menaced and freedom compromised. France desires peace, and, therefore, he asked the Legislature to help him secure liberty, he will answer for the order. The Emperor spoke of the visit to the World's Fair, the freeing of the Roselan serfs, the Irish Church reform, the Mexican claims, the Council, the Pacific Railroad, the telegraph, the Mount Cenis Tunnel, and the Suez Canal, with the latter of which he claimed a free right, of which all have reason to be proud. In conclusion, he declared that there was no fear of any particular agitation of the nation in its own affairs, which would not be put down by the empire.

On the 1st inst. the Corps Legislatif was agitated by a demand from Rochefort that he and Henri Grand be ordered to guard the hall of the Corps in future, in consequence of the numerous duels and deadly encounters which followed, after the first burst of sensibility among them in the hall. The proposition was applauded, but the majority protested against the disposition, and the favor with which it had been received. M. Guizot has written a letter to a member of the Corps Legislatif, in which he declares himself ready to support the Parliamentary Empire.

The Pope, on the 8th inst., on the landing of the French telegraph cable on American shores, in addressing a large assembly of bishops, was adjusted as an auspicious augury.

The Œcumenical Conference was held at Rome on the 1st inst., at which an allocution was delivered, and the articles of the Œcumenical Council took the official oath.

The last conspiracies have again been discovered in Spain, and numerous arrests have been made in several localities. Several of the suppressed Republican journals in Madrid have appeared under new names, and the Constitutional guarantees, suspended some time ago on account of public order, have been restored. Admiral Prim has stated to the Cortes that since the commencement of the Cuban rebellion there have been 200,000 men, including two Iron-clads, had sailed for Cuba, transporting about 40,000 troops.

There is a report of a want of harmony between the Chinese Government and Mr. Burlingame, and in China it is said they are ascribed to persons in China, who are opposed to the commercial and progressive policy of the Chinese Government. His mission will not, however, be recalled. Mr. Burlingame was received on the 2d inst. by the King of Prussia, and presented his credentials.

A letter from Pekin states that the Chinese Government is desirous to have it clearly understood that Mr. Burlingame's treaty with this country has not been rejected, but action on it only deferred, it being thought best to wait until the results of the negotiations of the mission with other countries were received, when the whole subject might be disposed of at once.

The bark *Nut*, bound to Bombay, the first merchantile vessel to pass through the Suez Canal with a cargo, has been detained in the Red Sea, eighty miles from the port of Suez.

The Viceroy of Egypt, it is said, has presented the Empress Eugenie, who has returned to Paris, a diamond diadem worth 4,000,000 of Francs.

EGYPT AWAKENED.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 807.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE DEBT.

ARNOLD was the first who broke the silence. "Is your father seriously ill?" he asked.

Geoffrey answered by handing him the card.

Sir Patrick, who had stood apart (while the question of Herncastle's relapse was under discussion) sardonically studying the manners and customs of modern English youth, now came forward, and took his part in the proceedings. Lady Lundie herself must have acknowledged that he spoke and acted as became the head of the family, on this occasion.

"Am I right in supposing that Mr. Delmayn's father is dangerously ill?" he asked, addressing himself to Arnold.

"Dangerously ill, in London," Arnold answered. "Geoffrey must leave Windygates with me. The friend I am travelling by meets the train his brother is traveling by, at the junction. I shall leave him at the second station from here."

"Didn't you tell me that Lady Lundie was going to send you to the railway in a gig?"

"Yes."

"If the servant drives, there will be three of you—and there will be no room."

"We had better ask for some other vehicle, suggested Arnold.

Sir Patrick looked at his watch. There was no time to change the carriage. He turned to Geoffrey. "Can you drive, Mr. Delmayn?"

Still impenetrably silent, Geoffrey replied by a nod of the head.

Without noticing the unceremonious manner in which he had been answered, Sir Patrick went on:

"In that case, you can leave the gig in charge of the station-master. I'll tell the servant that he will not be wanted to drive."

"Let me save you the trouble, Sir Patrick," said Arnold.

Sir Patrick declined, by a gesture. He turned again, with undiminished courtesy, to Geoffrey. "It is one of the duties of hospitality, Mr. Delmayn, to hasten your departure, under these sad circumstances. Lady Lundie is engaged with her guests. I will see myself that there is no unnecessary delay in sending you to the station." He bowed—and left the summer-house.

Arnold said a word of sympathy to his friend, when they were alone.

"I am sorry for this, Geoffrey. I hope and trust you will get to London in time."

He stopped. There was something in Geoffrey's face—a strange mixture of doubt and bewilderment, of annoyance and hesitation—which was not to be accounted for as the natural result of the news that he had received. His color shifted and changed; he picked fretfully at his finger-nails; he looked at Arnold as if he was going to speak—and then looked away again, in silence.

"Is there something amiss, Geoffrey, besides this bad news about your father?" asked Arnold.

"I'm in the devil's own mess," was the answer.

"Can I do any thing to help you?"

Instead of making a direct reply, Geoffrey lifted his mighty hand, and gave Arnold a friendly slap on the shoulder which shook him from head to foot. Arnold steadied himself, and waited—wondering what was coming next.

"I say, old fellow!" said Geoffrey.

"Yes."

"Do you remember when the boat turned keel upward in Lisbon Harbor?"

Arnold replied: "I he could have called to mind his first interview in the summer-house with his future old friend, he might have remembered Sir Patrick's prediction that he would sooner or later pay, with interest, the debt he owed to the man who had saved his life. As it was, his memory reverted at a bound to the time of the boat-accident. In the ardor of his gratitude and the innocence of his heart, he actually resented his friend's question as a reproach which he had not deserved.

"Do you think I can ever forget," he cried, warmly, "that you swam ashore with me and saved my life?"

Geoffrey ventured a step nearer to the object that he had in view.

"One good turn deserves another," he said, "don't it?"

Arnold took his hand. "Only tell me!" he eagerly rejoined—"only tell me what I can do!"

"You are going to-day to see your new place, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Can you put off going till to-morrow?"

"If it's any thing serious—of course I can."

Geoffrey looked at the entrance to the summer-house, to make sure that they were alone.

"You know the governess here, don't you?" he said, in a whisper.

"Miss Silvester?"

"Yes. I've got into a little difficulty with Miss Silvester. And there isn't a living soul I can ask to help me but you."

"You know I will help you. What is it?"

"It isn't so easy to say. Never mind—you're no saint either, are you? You'll keep it a secret, of course? Look here! I've acted like an infernal fool. I've gone and got the girl into a scrape—"

Arnold drew back, suddenly understanding him.

"Good heavens, Geoffrey! You don't mean—"

"I do! Wait a bit—that's not the worst of it. She has left the house."

"Left the house?"

"Left, for good and all. She can't come back again."

"Why not?"

"Because she's written to her missus. Women (hang 'em!) never do these things by halves. She's left a letter to say she's privately married, and gone off to her husband. Her husband is—Me. Not that I'm married to her yet, you understand. I have only promised to marry her. She has gone on first (on the sly) to a place four miles from this. And we settled I was to follow, and marry her privately this afternoon. That's out of the question now. While she's expecting me at the inn I shall be bowling along to London. Somebody must tell her what has happened—or she'll play the devil, and the whole business will burst up. I can't trust any of the people here. I'm done by, old chap, unless you help me."

Arnold lifted his hands in dismay. "It's the most dreadful situation, Geoffrey, I ever heard of in my life!"

Geoffrey thoroughly agreed with him. "Enough to knock a man over," he said, "isn't it? I'd give something for a drink of beer." He pondered for an exhausting pipe, from sheer force of habit. "Got a match?" he asked.

Arnold's mind was too preoccupied to notice the question.

"I hope you won't think I'm making light of your father's illness," he said, earnestly. "But it seems to me—I must say it—it seems to me that the poor girl has the first claim on you."

"THAT WILL DO THE BUSINESS! READ IT YOURSELF, ARNOLD—IT'S NOT SO BADLY WRITTEN."

Geoffrey looked at him in surly amazement.

"The first claim on me? Do you think I'm going to risk being cut out of my father's will? Not for the best woman that ever put on a petticoat!"

Arnold's admiration of his friend was the solidly-founded admiration of many years' admiration for a man who could row, box, wrestle, jump—above all, who could swim—as few other men could perform those exercises in contemporary England. But that answer shook his faith. Only for the moment—unhappily for Arnold, only for the moment.

"You know best," he returned, a little coldly. "What can I do?"

Geoffrey took his arm—roughly, as he took every thing; but in a companionable and confidential way.

"Go, like a good fellow, and tell her what has happened. We'll start from here as if we were both going to the railway; and I'll drop you at the foot-path, in the gig. You can get on to your own place afterward by the evening train. It puts you to no inconvenience; and it's doing the kind thing by an old friend. There's no risk of being found out. I'm to drive, remember! There's no servant with us, old boy, to notice, and tell tales."

Even Arnold began to see dimly by this time that he was likely to pay his debt of obligation with interest—as Sir Patrick had foretold.

"What am I to say to her?" he asked. "I'm bound to do all I can do to help you, and I will. But what am I to say?"

It was a natural question to put. It was not an easy question to answer. What a man, under given muscular circumstances, could do, no person living knew better than Geoffrey Delmayn. Of what a man, under given social circumstances, could say, no person living knew less.

"Say?" he repeated. "Look here! say I'm half distracted, and all that. And—wait a bit —tell her to stop where she is till I write to her."

Arnold hesitated. Absolutely ignorant of that low and limited form of knowledge which is called "knowledge of the world," his inbred delicacy of mind revealed to him the serious difficulty of the position which his friend was asking him to occupy as plainly as if he was looking at it through the warily-gathered experience of society of a man of twice his age.

"Can't you write to her now, Geoffrey?" he asked.

"What's the good of that?"

"Consider for a minute, and you will see. You have trusted me with a very awkward secret. I may be wrong—I never was mixed up in such a matter before—but to present myself to this lady as your messenger seems exposing her to a dreadful humiliation. Am I to go and tell her to her face: 'I know what you are hiding from the knowledge of all the world;' and is she to be expected to endure it?"

"Bosh!" said Geoffrey. "They can endure a deal more than you think for. I wish you had heard how she bullied me, in this very place. My good fellow, you don't understand women. The grand secret, in dealing with a woman, is to take her as you take a cat, by the scruff of the neck—"

"I can't face her—unless you will help me by breaking the thing to her first. I'll stick at no sacrifice to serve you; but—hang it!—make allowances, Geoffrey, for the difficulty you are putting me in. I am almost a stranger. I don't know how Miss Silvester may receive me, before I can open my lips."

These last words touched the question on its practical side. The matter-of-fact view of the difficulty was a view which Geoffrey instantly recognized and understood.

"That will do the business," he said. "I'll write. Have you got a pencil?"

Arnold produced a pencil, and opened his pocket-book, and added a line, and brought his hand down on the table with a cheery smack. "That will do the business! Read it yourself, Arnold—it's not so badly written."

Arnold read the note without appearing to share his friend's favorable opinion of it.

"This is rather short," he said.

"Have I time to make it longer?"

"Perhaps not. But let Miss Silvester see for herself that you have no time to make it longer. The train starts in less than half an hour. Put the time."

"Oh, all right! and the date too, if you like."

He had just added the desired words and figures, and had given the revised letter to Arnold, when Sir Patrick returned to announce that the gig was waiting.

"Come!" he said, a little sadly. "You haven't a moment to lose!"

Geoffrey started to his feet. Arnold hesitated.

"I must say good-by to my aunt," he pleaded. "I can't leave Blanche without saying good-by. Where is she?"

Sir Patrick pointed to the steps, with a smile. Blanche had followed him from the house. Arnold ran out to her instantly.

"Going?" she said, a little sadly.

"I shall be back in two days," Arnold whispered. "It's all right!" Sir Patrick consents."

She held him fast by the arm. Her married parting before other people seemed to be not a parting to Blanche's taste.

"You will lose the train!" cried Sir Patrick.

Geoffrey seized Arnold by the arm which Blanche was holding, and tore him—literally tore him—away. The two were out of sight, in the shrubbery, before Blanche's indignation found words, and addressed itself to her uncle.

"Why is that brute going away with Mr. Brinkworth?" she asked.

"Mr. Delmayn is called to London by his father's illness," replied Sir Patrick. "You don't like him?"

"I hate him!"

Sir Patrick reflected a little.

"She is a young girl of eighteen," he thought to himself. "And I am an old man of seventy. Curious, that we should agree about any thing. More than curious that we should agree in disliking Mr. Delmayn."

He roused himself, and looked again at Blanche. She was seated at the table, with her head on her hand; absent, and out of spirits—thinking of Arnold, and yet, with the future all smooth before them, not thinking happily.

"Why, Blanche! Blanche!" cried Sir Patrick, "one would think he had gone for a voyage round the world. You silly child! he will be back again the day after to-morrow."

"I wish he hadn't gone with that man!" said Blanche. "I wish he hadn't got that man for a friend!"

"There! there! the man was rude enough, I own. Never mind: he will leave the man at the second station. Come back to the ball-room with me. Dance it off, my dear—dance it off!"

"No," returned Blanche. "I'm in no humor for dancing. I shall go up stairs, and talk about it to Anne."

"You will do nothing of the sort!" said a third voice, suddenly joining in the conversation.

Both uncle and niece looked up, and found Lady Lundie at the top of the summer-house steps.

"I forbid you to mention that woman's name again in my hearing," pursued her ladyship. "Sir Patrick [she warned you of this, remember?] that the matter of the governess was not a matter to be trifled with. My worst anticipations are realized. Miss Silvester has left the house!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE SCANDAL.

It was still early in the afternoon when the guests at Lady Lundie's luncheon began to compare notes together in corners, and to agree in arriving at a general conviction that "something was wrong."

Blanche had mysteriously disappeared from her partners in the dance. Lady Lundie had mysteriously absented herself from guests. Blanche had not come back. Lady Lundie had returned with an artificial smile, and a preoccupied manner. She acknowledged that she was "not very well." The same excuse had been given to account for Blanche's absence—and, again, at the same time privately, to explain Miss Silvester's withdrawal from the croquet! A vet among the gentlemen declared it reminded him of declining a verb. "I am not very well; thou art not very well; she is not very well"—and so on. Sir Patrick took it. Only think of the sociable Sir Patrick being in a state of seclusion—hobbling up and down by himself in the loneliest part of the garden. And the servants again! it had even spread to the servants! *They* were presuming to whisper in corners, like their betters. The housemaids appeared, spasmodically, where house-maids had no business to be. Doors banged and petticoats whisked in the upper regions. Something wrong

—depend upon it, something wrong! "We had much better go away. My dear, order the carriage."—"Louisa, love, no more dancing; your papa is going."—"*Good*-afternoon, Lady Lundie!"—"How! thanks very much!"—"*So* sorry for dear Blanche!"—"Oh, it's been *too* charming!" So Society jabbered its poor, nonsensical little jargon, and got itself politely out of the way before the storm came.

This was exactly the consummation of events for which Sir Patrick had been waiting in the seclusion of the garden.

There was no avoiding the responsibility which was now thrust upon him. Lady Lundie had announced it as a settled resolution, on her part, to trace Anne to the place in which she had found refuge, and discover (purely in the interests of virtue) whether she actually was married or not. Blanche (driven overwrought by the excitement of the day) had broken into an hysterical passion of tears on hearing the news, and had then, on recovering, taken a view of her own Anne's flight from the house. Anne would never have kept her marriage a secret from Blanche; Anne would never have written such a formal farewell letter as she had written to Blanche—if things were going as smoothly with her as she was trying to make them believe at Windygates. Some dreadful trouble had fallen on Anne—and Blanche was determined (as Lady Lundie was determined) to find out where she had gone, and to follow, and help her.

It was plain to Sir Patrick (to whom both ladies had opened their hearts, at separate interviews) that his sister-in-law, in one way, and his niece in another, were equally likely to prove duly restrained—to plunge headlong into acts of indiscretion which might lead to very undesirable results. A superior authority was surely needed at Windygates that afternoon—and Sir Patrick was fain to acknowledge that he was the man.

"It will be no load for, and much is to be said against, a single life," thought the old gentleman, buttoning up and down the uneven garden-path to which he had retired, and applying himself at shorter intervals than usual to the knob of his cane—"I like women, generally. I take it, certain. A man's married friends can't prevent him from leading the life of a bachelor, if he pleases. They may chaw, can, and do, take devilish good care that he sh'n't enjoy it!"

Sir Patrick's meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a servant, previously commanded to keep him informed of the progress of events at the house.

"They're all gone, Sir Patrick," said the man.

"That's a comfort, Simpson. We have no visitors to deal with now, except the visitors who are staying in the house?"

"None, sir Patrick."

"They're all gentlemen, are they not?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"That's another comfort, Simpson. Very good. I'll see Lady Lundie first."

Does any form of human resolution approach the firmness of a woman who is bent on discovering the residence of another woman whom she hates? You may move rocks, under a given set of circumstances. But here is a delicate being in particular, who shrinks if a spider drops on her neck, and shudders if you approach her after having eaten an onion. Can you move *her*, under a given set of circumstances, as set forth above? Not you!

Sir Patrick found her ladyship instituting her inquiries of my respectable admirably educated system which is pursued, in cases of disappearance, by the police. Who was the last witness who had seen the missing person? Where was the last servant who had seen Anne Silvester? Begin with the men-servants, from the butler at the top to the stable-boy at the bottom. Go on with the women-servants, from the cook in all her glory to the small female child who weeds the garden. Lady Lundie had cross-examined her way downward as far as the page, when Sir Patrick joined her.

"My dear lady! pardon me for reminding you again, that this is a free country, and that you have no choice whatever to investigate the Governess's proceedings after she has left your house."

Lady Lundie raised her eyes, devotionally, to the ceiling. "I looked like a martyr in duty. If you had seen her ladyship at that moment, you would have said yourself, 'A martyr to duty.'"

"No, Sir Patrick! As a Christian woman, that is not my way of looking at it. This unhappy person has lived under my roof, and the unhappy person has been the companion of Blanche. I am responsible—I am, in a manner, morally responsible. I would give the world to be able to dismiss it as you do. But no! I must be satisfied that she is married. In the interests of society. Not for the interests of my own conscience. Before I lay my head on my pillow to-night, Sir Patrick—before I lay my head on my pillow to-night!—"

"One word, Lady Lundie—"

"No!" repeated her ladyship, with the most pathetic gentleness. "You are right, I dare say, from the worldly point of view. I can't take the worldly point of view. The worldly point of view hurts me." She turned, with impressive gravity, to the page. "You know where you will go, Thomas, if you tell lies."

Jonathan was lazy, Jonathan was pimply, Jonathan was fat—but Jonathan was orthodox. He answered like he did know; and, what is more, he mentioned the place.

Sir Patrick saw that further opposition on his part, at that moment, would be worse than useless. He wisely determined to wait, before he interfered again, until Lady Lundie had thoroughly exhausted herself and her inquiries. At the same time—as it was impossible, in the present state of her ladyship's temper, to provide against what might happen if the inquiries after Anne unluckily proved successful—he decided on taking measures to clear the house of the guests (in the interests of all parties) for the next four-and-twenty hours.

"I only want to ask you a question, Lady Lundie, he resumed. "The position of the gentlemen who are staying here is not a very pleasant one while all this is going on. If you had been content to let the matter pass without notice, we should have done very well. As things are, don't you think it will be more convenient to every body if I relieve you of the responsibility of entertaining your guests?"

"As head of the family?" stipulated Lady Lundie.

"As head of the family!" answered Sir Patrick.

"I gratefully accept the proposal," said Lady Lundie.

"I beg you won't mention it," rejoined Sir Patrick.

He quitted the room, leaving Jonathan under examination. He and his brother (the late Sir Thomas) had chosen widely different paths in life, and had seen but little of each other since the time when they had been boys. Sir Patrick's recollections (on leaving Lady Lundie) appeared to have taken him back to that time, and to have inspired him with a certain kindness for his brother's memory. He stopped at the door, looked at a tall flunkey in powder, and said, kindly, "Poor Tom!" he said to himself, softly, after he had shut the door on his brother's valet—"poor Tom!"

On crossing the hall, he stopped the first servant he met, to inquire after Blanche. Miss Silvester was still very poorly, and was under the medical care of her own maid. "Quiet?" thought Sir Patrick. "That's a bad sign. I shall hear more of my niece."

Pending that event, the next thing to do was to find the guests. Deterring instinct led Sir Patrick to the smoking-room. There he found them, in solemn conclave assembled, wondering what they had better do. Sir Patrick put them all at their ease in two minutes.

"What do you say to a day's shooting to-morrow?" he asked.

Every man present—sportsman or not—said yes.

"You can start from this house," pursued Sir Patrick; "or you can start from a shooting-cottage which is on the Windygates property—among the woods, on the other side of the valley. The weather is fine; the fuel settled (for Scotland), and there are plenty of horses in the stables. It is useless to conceal from you, gentlemen, that events have taken a certain unexpected turn in my sister-in-law's family circle. You will be equally Lady Lundie's guests, whether you choose the cottage or the house. For the next twenty-four hours (let us say)—which shall it be?"

Every body—with or without rheumatism—answered "the cottage!"

"Very good," rejoined Sir Patrick. "It is arranged to ride over to the shooting-cottage this evening, and to try the moor, on that side, the first thing in the morning. My servants here will allow me, I shall be delighted to accompany you, and do the honors as well as I can. If not, I am sure you will not misunderstand my motive, and permit Lady Lundie's steward to see to your comfort in my place."

Adopted unanimously. Sir Patrick left the guests to their billiards, and went out to give the necessary orders at the stables.

In the mean time Blanche remained portentously quiet in the upper regions of the house; while Lady Lundie's inquiries in the vicinity ingircles down stairs. She got on from Jonathan (last of the males, indoors) to the coachman (first of the males, out-of-doors), and from the groom, to man, through the mat servatum, until she struck the stable-boy at the bottom. Not an atom of information had been extracted, in the house or out of the house, from man or boy, her ladyship had sunk on the vestibule chair, pulled the bell, and summoned the cook—Hester Dethridge.

The remarkable looking person entered the room.

Elderly and quiet, scrupulously clean; eminently respectable, looking out on the neat and smooth under her modest white cap; her eyes, set deep in their orbits, looking straight at any person she spoke to; her voice, in its best view, was a steady, trustworthy woman. Here also, on closer inspection, was a woman with the seal of some terrible grief lying on her for the rest of her life. You felt it, rather than saw it, in the look of immovable endurance which underlaid her every expression. The death-like tranquility which never disappeared from her manner. Her story was a sad one—so far as it was known. No bad antecedents, no bad service at the period of Lady Lundie's marriage to Sir Thomas. Hester Dethridge (the late clergyman of her parish) described her as having been married to an inveterate drunkard, and as having suffered unspeakable misery for a husband's lifetime. There were drawbacks to engaging her, now that she was a widow. On one of the many occasions on which her husband had personally ill-treated her, he had struck her a blow which had produced very remarkable nervous results. She had lost command over her keys together, and had recovered with the total loss of her speech. In addition to this objection, she was old, at times, in her manner; and she made it a condition of accepting any situation, that she should be privileged to sleep in a room by herself. As a set-off against all this, it was to be said, on the other side of the question, that she was sober; rigidly honest in all her dealings; and one of the best cooks in England. In consideration of this last merit, the late Sir Thomas had decided on overlooking the rest, and had discovered that he had never dined in his life as he dined when Hester Dethridge was at the head of his kitchen. She remained, after his death, in his widow's service. Lady Lundie was far from liking her. An unpleasant suspicion attached to the cook, which Sir Thomas had overlooked, but which persons less sensible of the immense importance of having well could not fail to regard as a serious objection to her. Medical men, consulted about her case, discovered certain physiological anomalies in it which led them to suspect the woman of feigning dumbness, for some reason best known to herself. She obstinately refused to return the deaf and dumb alphabet—on the ground that dumbness was not associated with deafness in her case. Stratagems were invented (among that she really did possess the use of her ears) to entrap her into using her speech, and failed. She refused to reply to written questions relating to her past life in her husband's time. She flatly declined to reply to them now and all. After two interviews, strange impulses to get a holiday away from the house appeared to seize her. If she was resisted, she passively declined to do her work. If she was threatened with dismissal, she impenetrably bowed, her head, as much as to say, "Do as you please, sir! I go." Over and over again, Lady Lundie had decided, naturally enough, on no longer keeping such a servant as this; but she had always carried the decision to execution. A cook who is a perfect mistress of her art, who asks for no perquisites, who always no wages, who quarrels with the other servants, who drinks nothing stronger than tea, who is to be trusted with untold gold—such a cook easily reconciles to herself a little mortal life we put up with many persons and things, as Lady Lundie put up with her cook. The woman lived, as it were, on the premises; but this fact the woman kept her place—getting her holidays when she asked for them (which, to do her justice, was not often), sleeping always (and where she might with the family) with a locked door, in a room by herself.

Hester Dethridge entered slowly to the table at which Lady Lundie was sitting. A slate and pencil hung at her side, which she used for making such replies as were not to be expressed by a gesture or by a motion of the head. She took up the slate and pencil, and waited with stony submission for her mistress to begin.

Lady Lundie opened the proceedings with the peculiar tenderness of inquiry which she had used with all the other servants.

"Do you know that Miss Silvester has left the house?"

The cook nodded her head affirmatively.

"Do you know at what time she left it?"

Another affirmative. The first time which Lady Lundie had received to that question yet. She eagerly went on to the next inquiry.

"Have you any idea where she left the house?"

A third affirmative reply.

"Where?"

Hester Dethridge wrote slowly on the slate, in singularly firm upright characters for a woman in her position of life, these words:

"On the road to the railway. Nigh to Mistress Chew's Farm."

"What did you want at Chew's Farm?"

Hester Dethridge wrote: "I wanted eggs for the kitchen, and a breath of fresh air for myself."

"Did Miss Silvester see you?"

A negative shake of the head.

"Did she take the turning that leads to the railway?"

Another negative shake of the head.

"She went on, toward the moor?"

An affirmative reply.

"What did you do when she got to the moor?"

Hester Dethridge wrote: "She took the footpath which leads to Craig Fernie."

Lady Lundie rose discretely to her feet. There was but one place that a stranger could go to at Craig Fernie—the inn. She hastened her ladyship.

"She has gone to the inn!"

Hester Dethridge waited immovably. Lady Lundie put a last precautionary question, in these words:

"Have you reported what you have seen to any body else?"

An affirmative reply. Lady Lundie had not bargained for that. Hester Dethridge (she thought) must report to Sir Patrick, second her.

"Do you mean that you have told somebody else what you have just told me?"

Another affirmative reply.

"A person who questioned you, as I have done?"

A third affirmative reply.

"Who was it?"

Hester Dethridge wrote on her slate: "Miss Blanche."

Lady Lundie stepped back, staggered by the discovery that Blanche's resolution to trace Anne was known. She had entered Anne as firmly settled as her own. Her step-daughter was keeping her own counsel, and acting on her own responsibility—her step-daughter might be an awkward obstacle in the way. The manner in which Anne had left the house had mortally offended Lady Lundie. An inveterately vindictive woman, she had resolved to discover whatever compromising elements might exist in the governess's story, and to make them public property (from a paramount sense of duty, of course) among her own circle of friends. Blanche's private Blanche acting (as might certainly be anticipated) in direct opposition to her, and openly espousing Miss Silvester's interests—was manifestly impossible.

"The first thing to be done—and that instantly—was to inform Blanche that she was discovered, and to forbid her to stir in the matter.

Lady Lundie rang the bell twice—thus intimating, according to the laws of the household, that she required the attendance of her own maid. Hester Dethridge left the cook—still washing her pleasure, with stony composure, slate in hand.

"You have done wrong," said her ladyship, severely. "I am your mistress. You are bound to answer your mistress—"

Hester Dethridge bowed her head, in icy acknowledgment of the principle read down—so far.

The bow was an interruption. Lady Lundie resented it.

"But Miss Blanche is *not* your mistress," she went on, sternly. "You are very much to blame for answering Miss Blanche's inquiries about Miss Silvester."

Hester Dethridge, perfectly unmoved, wrote her justification on her slate, in three stiff sentences: "I had no orders *not* to answer. I keep nobody's secrets but my own."

That reply sealed the question of the cook's dismissal—the question which had been pending for months past.

"You are an insolent woman! I have borne with you long enough—I will bear with you no longer. When your month is up, you go!"

In those words Lady Lundie dismissed Hester Dethridge from her service.

Not the slightest change passed over the sinister tranquility of the cook. She bowed her head again, in acknowledgment of the sentence pronounced on her—dropped her slate at her side—turned about—and left the room. The woman was alive in the world, and working in the world; and yet (so far as all human interests were concerned) she was as completely out of the world as if she had been screwed down in her coffin, and laid in her grave.

Lady Lundie's maid came into the room as Hester left it.

"Go up stairs to Miss Blanche," said her mistress, "and say I want her here. Wait a minute." She paused, and considered. Blanche might refuse to submit to her mother's interference with her. It might be necessary to appeal to the higher authority of her guardian. "Do you know where Sir Patrick is?" asked Lady Lundie.

"I heard Simpson say, my lady, that Sir Patrick was at the stables."

"Send Simpson with a message. My compliments to Sir Patrick—and I wish to see him immediately."

The preparations for the departure to the shooting-cottage were all completed before the next question that remained to be settled was, whether Sir Patrick could accompany the party—when the man-servant appeared with the message from his mistress.

"Will you give me a quarter of an hour, gentlemen?" said Sir Patrick. "In that time I shall know for certain whether I can go with you or not."

As a matter of course, the guests decided to wait. The youngest men among them (being Englishmen) naturally occupied their leisure time in betting on Sir Patrick's chances. Better of the domestic crisis? or would the domestic crisis get the better of Sir Patrick? The domestic crisis was backed, at two to one, to win.

Punctually at the expiration of the quarter of an hour, Sir Patrick made his way to the domestic crisis had betrayed the blind confidence which youth and inexperience had placed in it. Sir Patrick left on the day.

"Things are settled and quiet, gentlemen; and I am able to accompany you," he said. "There are only two to the shooting-cottage. One—the longest—passes by the inn at Craig Fernie. I am compelled to ask you to go with me by that road. While you push on to the cottage, I must drop behind, and wait for a person who is staying at the inn."

He had evidently Lady Lundie—he had even quieted Blanche. But it was evidently on the condition that he was to go to Craig Fernie by their place, and to see Anne Silvester himself. Without a word more of explanation he mounted his horse, and led the way out. The shooting-party left Windygates.

ON THE ROCKS.

THE old horse, dragging the old wagon, pursued his way at a melancholy jog-trot through the woods. His equine soul was bitter within him. This was the twenty-first time that a fortnight that he had passed over that very road. He hated—as a horse may—the entire season, the summer months, and the pestilent habit of a daily picnic, which had taken possession of "the Quintette." But what could he do? He was weary and ill-fed to run away. Nothing better occurred to him than to doggedly resolve not to go home, and in this determination he adhered—come what might.

Four only of "the Quintette" occupied the wagon. Jessie, with Lucy and Ned perched in front, his legs dangling over the traces. He was wont to boast a little of his skill in keeping Dolly in the middle road, so that their artistic snappings and cuttings were all in vain. Mab and Amy, dividing the responsibility of the reins, came next; and behind, on the back seat, sat Hilda—alone.

This was something to out of the common order of things, and Jessie had taken notice of it in their own fashion. Laurence had attempted a trifling joke or two, received in stony silence, and now the girl, after twisting their heads round every minute, on various pretexts, to study Hilda's face, let it stay no one. The face looked a little pale, but quite unreadable. She joined in the talk now and then—perhaps as often as usual—but her voice had its usual ring, and a silent conviction that matters were going wrong took possession of the party.

"Hilda! that's the fifth time," cried Laurence, suddenly, in a tone of relief.

"Where? I don't see her."

"Up that path to the right—just coming out of a gate. Where are your eyes, child?"

"Oh yes—stop, Laurence—he's coming to meet us."

Dr. Sterling emerged from the woods and approached them. "A strong active figure—not very tall, but with something of a military learning in the square shoulders and about the well-set head. Cool gray eyes, too, and a firm mouth, at or one accustomed to command.

"Doctor, won't you get in now and ride the rest of the way?"

The Doctor took one look at Hilda before answering. Her face was averted; but the profile, with its drooped eyelids and compressed lips, looked cold and uninviting.

"Thank you; no, Miss Amy. Dolly has a sufficient load, I think. I prefer to walk;" and with a slight, general bow the alert figure moved on, outstripping Dolly in a moment, and vanished round a bend. Laurence tried a few series of persuasions upon the luckless Dolly, but without avail, and a damp seemed to fall on the spirits of the party.

"What does it mean?" whispered little Mab. A shake of the head and a grim little nose was the only reply she got. Amy didn't know—nobody knew—what it was that, happening on the beach that morning, had made Hilda and the Doctor so strange to themselves.

Nobody ever can know but the parties most concerned the intricacies of a lover's quarrel. It springs up, rapid as a thunder-gust, from some cause, absurdly small perhaps—a trifle, easy to pass over in the case of an indifferent person, but possessed suddenly of momentous importance in this. The two natures, all charged with electrical perceptions; thrilling under unfounded capacities, sensitive, wishes; bewildered with the new Heaven and new Earth upon which they have suddenly grouped, as in the dark, to find out the whole of each other—of themselves; the whole world tremulous with fresh mysterious meaning—and wonder if in this wonderful, half-discovered realm they sometimes come together with a clash, and that clash strikes fire! To those who have pledged heart to heart in calmer storms may come and pass, leaving the air freer and the sky more blue. But Hilda and her lover had not yet reached that stage. Little by little they had drawn close to each other. The silent, drifting chain of circumstances, which seem in life to make or to mar our every event—uniting, now separating—had in this case been favorable. No contrary eddy had set in—the winds blew softly. All this happy time of delight they had neared each other with rapid progress. Each day, with its radiance of peace and pleasure, had wrought some assured point over their hearts. And yet this morning a storm-wind had begun, and it might go on to blow and tear asunder the two lives which seemed so nearly one.

"A trifle light as air." Yet here was the Doctor, far on his way to "The Head," chewing the end of bitter fancies, and shattering the bushes with quick, impatient cuts from his cane; as he passed on there was Hilda sulking in the back seat of the wagon.

No; I for Hilda's pardon. It was not sulks—her nature was too fine for that. Poor child! she felt all turned cold with ice—all but her heart—that ached pitifully. She was too proud to show it, however; and so her fair, clearly-cut face looked hard and set.

The road ran through fragrant thickets of arbor-vitæ and juniper. Overhead the intense sky looked through the tree-tops. Cat-birds and robins were saying—it was a day for happiness; but dear me! how little she cared! How little any of us care about such things when we are going to be miserable!

And now the woods were passed, and they came out upon a sparkling little cove fringed with a line of creamy foam. To the right was a field of yellow grain which swept its waving tassels up the sides of a vast rocky headland; beyond and all around that, encircling every thing, was a ring of waveless turquoise, whose horizon line rose and met the curving dip of another sky whose azure was flecked with clouds of gold and snow-like bright islands. The serenity, the perfection of color, the softness of the whole which met their eyes gave no token of the might that lurked within this beauty; but the deep, low thunder of the surf upon the far-away reefs spoke of the force with which, even on the calmest days, the water threw itself upon the land. What a storm might be now! "The Head" very few people had ever cared to experience.

A fisherman's hut stood at the entrance of the little cove. A few women were playing with a child, in the doorway stood a tall old woman—their grandmother.

All of them knew her, and they stopped to speak. The stern face softened at the courteous greeting and the sweet young faces.

"Come in, won't you?" she said. "And have some blueberries and milk."

"Oh, thank you; but I guess not, Mrs. Judson. We are in a hurry to get to the rocks. The surf is so fine to-day, and the tide changes in an hour or two. We're very much obliged to you, though."

"Just as you like."

At the fence the Doctor stood, with a bat down, to help them over. A spray of wild rose was in his hand. He glanced at Hilda as she passed, and bundled the flowers to Mab.

"Thank you," said Mab, a little frightened; and she made haste up the hill after her familiar Kate. She had a feeling as if the roses burned her fingers. This was little Mab's first experience of a love affair. She had watched it with intense interest—the apparent hitch grieved her not a little.

"What can we do about it, Amy?" she whispered, as they panted up the hill. "It is so forlorn and strange. Can't we do any thing?"

"Nothing at all. Just act as if every thing was as usual; perhaps it will all come right yet. Any way, it will get worse and worse if we take notice."

Amy sighed as she spoke. She, too, had invested a deal of tender sympathy in Hilda's romance, and she had experience enough to know the mischief small misunderstandings make. Those "little rifts within the lute"—what sweet music they have turned to!

Hilda and the two young men walked side by side without speaking. The path here receded in the climb she excepted from Laurence. It was a hard scramble up the steep hill, with its matted trees-roots and its slippery mosses and lichens; but a harder still on the other side, where the jagged granite boulders fronted the sea. Lithe and young, and strong from rock to rock, the girls made the descent and reached at last their bourne, a flat, broad platform just above the water. It was exactly half the party, and here they had spent many a happy morning during this eventful fortnight.

Directly opposite was a low, cavernous opening in the hollow cliff. Into this each moment great emerald-green billows were pouring, sucked in with a bellowing like thunder, and then shaken forth a cataract of yeast-white foam. The sun struck the edge of each wave with sharp, dazzling glints as it passed before the eyes, and showed the opaque silence mouth, changing its white into a mass of seething, tumbling commotion. Beyond lay the sea, tranquil in calm, unruffled blue, and the islands in the bay gleamed golden in the sun.

What lovely days they had spent on that rock! Days filled with the exhilaration of the wonderful air and the ever-changing scene, with which each attends a thing we feel to be so infinitely greater than ourselves. Days of supply silence mostly, when tone and look and gesture made a talking, laugh broke the quiet, but where conversation was wont to lapse into repose as tranquil but more intense than any speech. The girls and the Doctor occupied usually a rocky shelf so near the waves that they occasionally baptized it by a shower of spray. Mab, with her unconscious plaid, they would sit for hours, speaking sometimes in low tones, but more often lost in a silence no less sweet than speech. Today neither of them approached the familiar spot. Hilda nestled down in a remote corner by little Mab, and Dr. Sterling, absorbed in dropping bits of rock into the water, had now and then a word for Amy, but for no one else.

Something was wrong. All felt it. No snatches of song arose. Laurence didn't venture on a single conundrum. Puzzled little Mab felt the silence oppressive, but she couldn't think of a word to say. The hollow roar of the spouting horn came with a foreboding moan.

"How rough it is to-day!" said Laurence at last, chucking a pebble into the waves.

"It's just the day for Miss Archer to drop her hat again, isn't it?" said Amy.

"Who's Miss Archer?"

"Don't you remember? The girl who tossed her hat into the sea one day off that rock, and dared her lover to jump in after it."

"And did he?"

"Yes. But he was obliged to swim all the way round to the Cove before he could land. He would have been landed by now here."

"More fool he," said Laurence. "I'd have seen the young lady hanged first."

"It's just like you, Mr. Lorge (*ore* again, isn't it?" put in little Mab.

"Then I hope he threw the wet hat in her face; don't you, Doctor?"

"No," said Dr. Sterling. "A gentleman wouldn't do that. But I hope from that day he saw her as she was and forgot what she had been."

Something in the tone brought a flush to Hilda's pale cheek. "How hard he is!" she sighed to herself. "And not to feel, and the pain it has dealt grew more muscular.

It is now we have to say," said Laurence, desperate at the failure of each attempt at enlivenment. The baskets was produced, the sandwiches eaten, the cake gingerbread, with a special screed to brighten the gloom. Little Mab nibbled her biscuit like a frightened mouse, and even Laurence could get up no effort in silence.

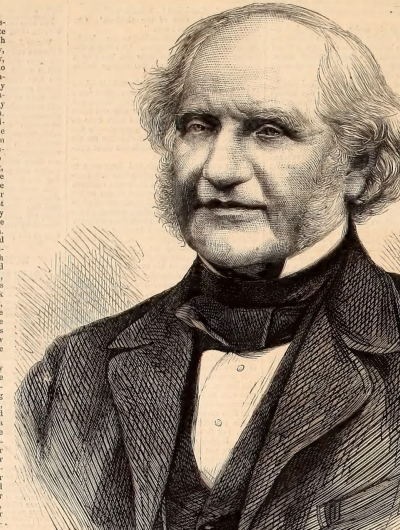
It was no use. The Head was not like itself that day. The foam was white, the distance blue as ever, and the surf came and went with the same melodious ravings—but the charm was gone. Long before the usual time they turned to go, and in the gingerbread basket served

MR. PEABODY'S FUNERAL.

WE give on page 809 an illustration of the funeral of the late MR. GEORGE PEABODY, which took place in Westminster Abbey, where, on the 14th of November, his remains were deposited to await their removal to this country. The ceremony was unusually impressive. Seldom has the venerable Abbey been so densely crowded on a funeral occasion. Nearly every one present, including many representatives of the working-classes, was dressed in mourning; and some of the English papers remark upon the absence of whispering and tittering, and uneasy shifting about, and the general hush that prevailed in the audience, as something singular and unusual; as if even the most thoughtless and frivolous, if any such were there, were for once awed into silence and decorum. The seats of the choir were draped with black cloth, and the space between the stalls was covered with a black carpet: the pulpit and reading-desk were hung with black, and beneath the lantern there was placed a bier covered with black velvet, relieved by a white border, on either side of which seats were reserved for the mourners. The sacrarium was inclosed by barriers of black cloth, and only a few highly privileged spectators were admitted to seats within its area.

Before the doors of the Abbey were opened many persons were waiting for admission, and, although there was little crowding and no confusion at the entrances, very soon every seat in nave and choir and transept was filled, a very considerable proportion of the occupants being ladies. Soon after twelve o'clock the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrived, clad in their scarlet gowns, and at once proceeded to the seats reserved for them in the sacrarium. Lord CLARENDON, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, General GREY, and Mr. HUGHES, representing her Majesty, had anticipated their arrival, and were already seated; and not long afterward Mr. GLADSTONE passed quickly through the nave, and took his place by the noble earl. Neither the Premier nor any other member of the Government was in official costume. All wore plain mourning dress, and all, like the rest of the spectators, carried some mark of mourning for the deceased philanthropist.

The grave, as shown in the illustration, had been prepared in the middle of the nave, not far from the west door; and here, with the usual ceremonies of the Church of England, the body was temporarily deposited. It will be brought to this country in her Majesty's ship *Monarch*, a turret ship of the most recent construction, convoyed by national ships from the American and French navies. The *Monarch* was to leave Portsmouth on the 8th of December, and is probably now on her way to our shores.



GEORGE PEABODY.

The portrait of Mr. PEABODY on this page is from an excellent photograph of the distinguished philanthropist by Mr. HENRI CLAUDET, of London. The view of the house in which he was born is from a photograph by BLACK, of Salem, Massachusetts, and represents the building as it now stands. It was erected near the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, except new covering, has since undergone very little alteration. The building on the left is part of the well-known glue manufactory of Mr. E. W. UPTON, which, with its several departments, occupies an area of about thirty acres of ground.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, IN NEW YORK.

WE give on page 812 an engraving of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, New York, as it will appear when completed. This magnificent structure, the corner-stone of which was laid in July, 1858, will be the largest ecclesiastical edifice in America, and will compare favorably, in size and architectural beauty, with the most celebrated cathedrals of Europe. The material of which it is constructed is white marble, within and without, with a substantial filling of brick masonry between the inner and outer walls. The style of architecture is highly ornamented mediæval Gothic, not the usual Romanesque or Byzantine to be found in most of the Roman Catholic churches in this country.

The area covered by this building, including the walls and buttresses, is 46,500 square feet. The space within the walls will afford ample room for fourteen thousand people; and it is computed that even nineteen thousand could be accommodated, should a great occasion ever draw so large a congregation together. The outside length of the edifice is 330 feet from buttress to buttress; inside the walls, 301 feet. The breadth at the transept is 172 feet. 120 above and below the point of intersection of transept and nave. The height from floor to the crown of the arched ceiling will be 110 feet, while the ceilings of the side aisles are 54 feet from the church floor. Along the aisles will be a row of chapels, fourteen in number, the height of each 17 feet. There are to be eight sacristies and two baptisteries at the east end of the church.

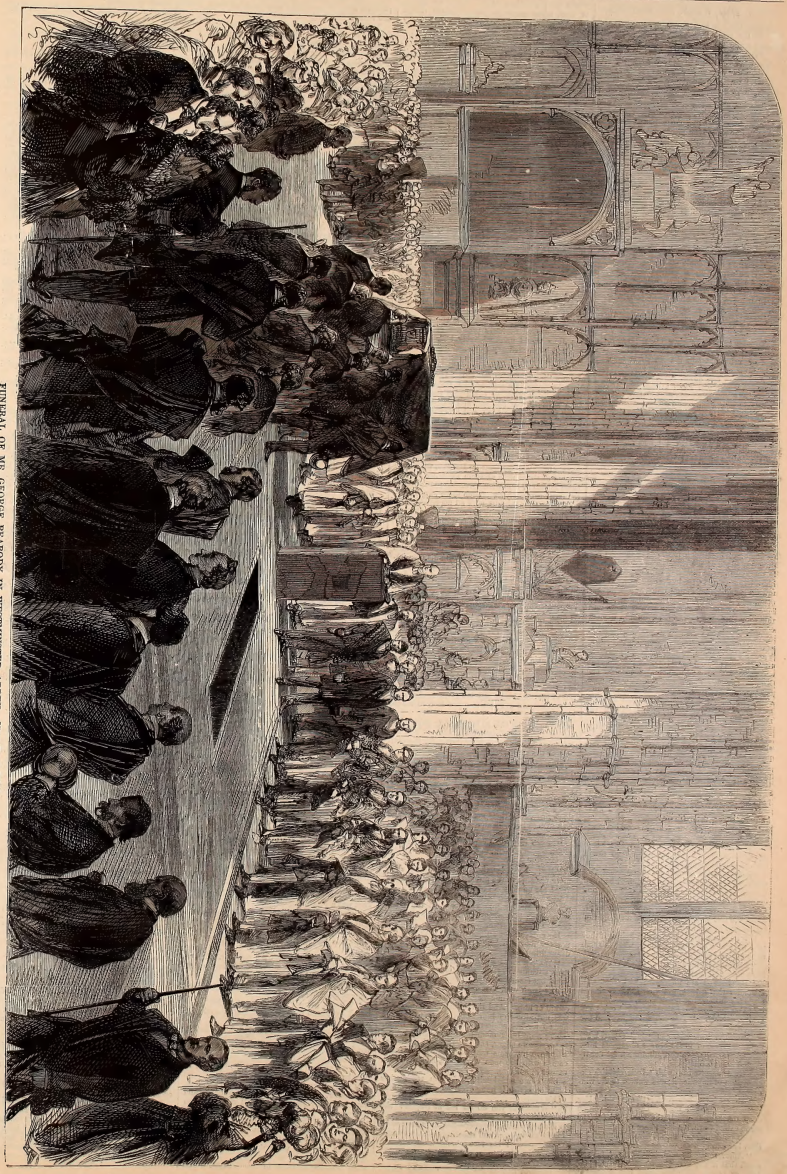
The high altar is to stand 48 feet east of the line of intersection of nave and transept. Back of this is to be a chapel, 48 feet in length, dedicated to the Virgin, richly and elaborately ornamented.

Our engraving shows the richness of the architectural design. The central portal, on Fifth Avenue, which is already erected, is 50 feet in height, and, like the others, is richly decorated. Over the great door a grand circular window will admit the light to the interior, through double panes of rich stained glass. Rising above this window will be a crocketed gable and finial cross. On each side of the great portal, and over the side doors, two towers will rise square at the base, but finish octagonally. They are to be 320 feet in height, and crowned with a finial cross. The transept doors, which will open on Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, are to be 20 feet wide by 45 high; over each a grand window, ornamented with rich tracery, surmounted by a paneled gable, and terminated by a pinnacle 150 feet from the ground.

The number of large windows in the building will be forty-seven in the rear, thirteen on each side, and thirteen in the clear-story, to light the nave or central aisle. These windows are to have two thicknesses of glass, the outer frame being set two inches from the inner one. The interior will be richly ornamented. In one of the towers over the grand portal on Fifth Avenue the great bell is to be hung, and in the other the chimes. The cathedral will be heated by steam.

The cathedral walls have attained a height of about 50 feet, and the work of building is steadily progressing; but several years must elapse before the completion of the edifice.

BIRTH-PLACE OF GEORGE PEABODY, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.]



FUNERAL OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 808.]

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

WHEN the hay was mown, Maggie,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie;
Your wavy hair was brown;
Your cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, Maggie,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers.
Ay! Life was like a summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Maggie,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The latest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Maggie,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love-light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book FIFTH.

CHAPTER V.

A SHADOW ACROSS THE SUNSHINE.

THE summer passed away monotonously at Ville Chiari. The heat increased steadily, reached a climax, and then began very steadily to abate. All through the blazing months Sir John remained at the villa. The house was kept open, and figures were seen seated beneath the loggia, or pacing the shadiest garden walks, and the sound of footsteps echoed on the flagged court-yard.

As the days and weeks and months went by, and brought no tidings from Maud or the vicar, Veronica grew restlessly discontented. For some time anger supported her spirits. But by degrees she became tormented by apprehensions for her father's health. The apprehensions were only momentary, but they returned oftener and oftener. She doubted the possibility that none of her letters had been received, and twisted the matter this way and that way in her mind.

Once she wrote to Sir John on the subject.

It was after a fit of depression and tears, and she was unable to suffer alone. She felt impelled to make him share her pain.

"I do wonder how papa is!" she said, unexpectedly, as they were sitting alone together in the twilight.

Sir John made no answer, but turned uneasily in his chair.

"I do wonder. I want to know. I *must* know!"

"What is the meaning of this sudden anxiety?"

"It is not sudden. Because I have kept it to myself so long you can not understand that I have been suffering all this time!"

Veronica really thought for the moment that she had been unusually sparing him. She knew herself to have been unhappy at intervals, and omitted to observe that the first moment she had felt the desire to speak of her unhappiness to Sir John, she had yielded to it without a thought of restraining herself for his sake.

"Well, and I do? Can I help it if they take no notice of you? Besides, what is there to be anxious about? No news is good news."

"I wrote to Maud. I did think she would have answered me!"

"Ah! You are infatuated with that girl. I wonder that a person of your intellect should be so taken in by her missish airs."

"You know nothing about Maud!" cried Veronica, quickly. "You can not understand her one bit."

"I understand, seem can you," retorted Sir John. Praise of Maud always displeased him. Veronica's reverence and admiration for her irritated him peculiarly.

Veronica started up with a little childish exclamation of impatience, and walked to the window.

"I *must* know how papa is!" she said. Her voice was changed now. There were certain deep tones in it which the mention of Maud alone called forth.

Her gentleness disturbed Sir John much less than her earnestness.

"Abior mio," he said, soothingly, "rest assured that if say evil had happened to your father, or if any evil threatened him even, you would not fail to hear of it. There are plenty of kind, pious people in that Arcadian village who would cheerfully take on themselves the duty of imparting any thing disagreeable."

She was willing to be pat on good terms with herself at any body's expense—save Maud's—and she smiled contemptuously at the recollection of the Shipley people.

"Can't you fancy their gloating over such a chance of punishing you for having made the courage to escape from among them?"

"Il Principe Cesare de' Barletti," announced a servant at this moment, and the tête-à-tête interview was at an end.

The prince was a constant, and nearly the only, visitor at Ville Chiari during the summer. One or two other men came occasionally; a stray attaché, left behind in solitary responsibility during the absence of his chief, and bewailing his fate; a belated Prussian grandee, passing through on his way from the sea-bathe at Leghorn to the northern side of the Alps. No English came, and no ladies.

Early in September people began to return to Florence. Veronica made various indirect attempts to see and to be seen by such of the fashionable world as were already to be found driving in the Cascine toward the sunset hour, and inhaling the evening miasma heroically. But Sir John opposed her desire in this particular. And had it not been for a hope which never abandoned her altogether (though it flickered low at times), and for Perugini's promise to write, she would, she told herself, have found the ennui of her secluded life intolerable.

Sir John rarely remained long to come. If he had not desired Barletti's presence at the villa, Sir John would unquestionably have been restrained by no delicacy from making his sentiments manifest.

There were several causes which made Sir John willing to receive Barletti. The first was, that the Neapolitan amused him, played piquet fairly well (in truth, he could play much better than his host, but he took care never to appear to never to hint at the fact), and brought up from the city little gossiping stories which Sir John relished. The second was, that Veronica was either pleasantly gay and good-tempered under the excitement of the stranger's presence, or, if she were otherwise, vented the naughty self-asserting humor of the hour on Barletti, whom she treated at times with absolute insolence. Both these modes of her wayward nature Sir John (the latter especially so. Then there was the circumstance that Barletti, with all his poverty and pluiney, was undoubtedly the scion of an illustrious race. Now Sir John was not the scion of an illustrious race. He would have openly admitted the fact, but he knew it. And it was ineffably soothing to any irritating doubts which he might occasionally entertain on the score of importance in the world, and as to the supremacy of wealth, to contemplate a penniless prince fascinating his rich and pretty guest.

As we are all apt to believe what we wish, Sir John rather overestimated the attractions of his guests, and the impression that his riches made on Barletti.

Early in October Sir John announced his intention of going to Florence for the winter. Veronica was genuinely delighted at the news. But, with a petty perversity which she sometimes indulged in (with fatal results), she received it very coldly. He had made her summer pass in inexpressible boredom; and she was resolved not to gratify him by any appearance of readiness to be amused, the moment it suited him to amuse her.

"We shall be able to have a little gayety and society in Naples," said Sir John. "You deserve some compensation, poverina, for the dullness of the summer."

This provoked Veronica, and she answered without deigning to turn her eyes toward him: "I doubt the power of Naples to give me compensation."

Sir John happened to be in a good temper. His dinner had been varied, savory, and digestible—three conditions not often combined—and he humored her with an exasperating ostentation of forbearance.

"Mechante! Did you in truth find the summer spent alone with me so dull?"

"Very!"

"Ha! I wonder, then, that you do not show more pleasure at the prospect of a change."

"I see no prospect of a change."

The words were barely uttered before she repented them. Sir John's good temper, so roughly strained, had snapped. It was at all times brittle and untrustworthy.

He growled out an inarticulate oath. It was not the first she had heard from his lips addressed to herself.

"What is to do I am?" she thought; "I never take advantage of his good moods. Oh, if I could but command myself!"

The truth was, that his "good moods" were almost the only moments in which she was not afraid of him. And the moments in which she was not afraid of him tempted her to revenge herself for her subjection at most other times. There were other moments when, being roused to passionate anger, she lost fear and prudence. But such moments were still rare in her intercourse with the man whom she had made the master of her fate.

She came and knelt beside him, resting her hand on his as it hung over the cushioned arm of his chair.

"What will you do for me at Naples?" she asked, coaxingly.

He was about to answer—not, as it seemed by his frowning brow and sneering smile, very graciously—when his face changed. He made a strange inarticulate sound, and leaned back, gasping, in his chair.

Veronica flew to the bell to summon assistance, then she bathed his forehead with some perfume from a bottle that stood near at hand, and fanned him with her handkerchief.

"What is it? What is the matter?" she kept asking, wildly. She reiterated her questions when Paul came into the room.

Paul waited no time in summoning her. With a swiftness very surprising and unexpected in one whose movements were habitually so deliberate, he loosened his master's cravat. Then he ran to Sir John's bedroom and returned with a traveling flask, from which he poured a few drops of brandy between his master's throat.

When he had done so, he answered Veronica as calmly as though she had that instant put some civilized question to him.

"A faintness, miladi. He will be better now. It is passing."

Veronica stood by, scared and trembling. Paul fetched some cold water, and threw it sharply on his master's cheeks and forehead.

"Shall I not call some of the other servants?" said Veronica, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. "Some one must be sent for a doctor."

"Better not, just yet. We shall hear what he says. He is coming to himself."

Sir John did revive. Some semblance of life returned to his face, which had grown strangely livid.

His eyes fell on Veronica, and he turned them away with a look of impatience.

"What is it?" he muttered, bending over him. "Can you not speak to me?"

Sir John feebly tried to raise his handkerchief to his mouth, but failed. He looked appealingly at Paul, who immediately wiped the water from his master's face, in a steady matter-of-course way. Still Sir John did not speak.

Paul watched him intently; and at last said to Veronica: "You had better go away, miladi. I shall call Annina to my help, and help Sir John to his room. He will lie down and repose for an hour or so, and then he will be quite well again. That is my firm faith."

During this speech Paul kept his eyes fixed on his master's face, and seemed to read in it approval and confirmation of his words; for he added, almost instantly: "Yes, yes; that is it. The heat made him faint. It is nothing; and you had better go away, miladi."

Veronica obeyed in bewilderment. She was glad to escape from the scene; and yet she somewhat resented being sent away.

She was walking quickly along the corridor that led to her own room when she heard a voice close behind her: "Miladi!"

Her heart leaped at the suddenness of the sound, and she turned round in terror. It was Paul.

"Pardon, miladi. I fear I startled you. The heating is a little of a human footstep. I only wanted to say that Sir John much wishes that the other domestics should not be told of his little indisposition. He dislikes a fuss, he says, miladi."

"Oh! he has spoken to you, then! How is he?"

"Sir John is much better, miladi. The heat made him faint. It is nothing."

Veronica went to her boudoir, and tried to think steadily of what had just happened. She did not believe that it had been a mere fainting fit. There was a strange look in Sir John's face, unlike any thing she had ever seen before. Was he *very* ill? Was he going to die?

She rose and moved restlessly about the room. Then she stopped suddenly, and reflected that Paul had given an explanation. Paul had not even recommended that no doctor should be sent for. Paul knew Sir John well. He *must* know whether there was danger or not!

If—oh, if Sir John were going to die!

Her knees shook under her, and she threw herself on a sofa. As she sat there, stretched at full length, with her face buried in the cushions, her hair pushed aside, and her hands covering her ears, a loud knock went out some terrible sound, for a long time.

Once she had heard of a heavy door echoed through the house, and for many minutes after the last reverberation had died away her heart had throbbed painfully; and she waited in the tremor of suspense and fear, expecting to be summoned by Paul's voice. No one came. The afternoon passed away, and at last she heard one of the women-servants singing a Tuscan love-song, as she moved about the house at her work. That was a comforting sound. It was a very, very feeling dizzy and half blind as she faced the light. There were no tears on her face, but it was dashed with a few ominous streaks, where she had pressed her cheek against the cushion. Her first act was to look the door which communicated with the corridor. There was another door in the boudoir leading to her bedchamber, to which there was no other access. She locked that, and the looking-glass had contemplated herself.

"What a ghost I look!" she thought, "and how I have been tormenting myself! And perhaps for nothing, after all!"

She hesitated for a moment, but finally took a book from the table, unlocked the door of the boudoir, rang the bell, and returned to the sofa.

"Miladi rang?" said the maid, coming to the door. Veronica had taught all the servants to give her that title.

"Yes. What o'clock is it? I shall not dress for dinner. I fell asleep over my book, and have made my head ache. Get me some eau de cologne. Put on my peignoir, and shut out that glare. How red the sunset is! You must brush my hair in the dark as well as you can. I can not bear the light."

It was not dark when the maid had closed the persienes, but it was dim. Veronica's white wrapper gleamed in the twilight. The maid stood patiently brushing out her mistress's thick tresses in silence.

"Did you ever faint, Beppina?" asked her mistress.

"Faint? No, miladi."

"You have seen people in fainting fits, perhaps?"

"Yes; I saw a girl once, who was in a dead swoon."

"There is no danger in them, of course?"

"Who knows!" answered Beppina, with an expressive shrug.

"What made the girl you saw faint?"

"Hunger, miladi."

"Hunger!"

"Yes. Her damo* had been a Garibaldino, and he got wounded in the wars; and when he came back to Florence, was sick and sickly, he could get no work, and his people were too poor to help him, so Gigia—she was a dress-maker's apprentice—kept him, and gave him nearly all her food. And one day, when she was going to her work, she turned giddy, and fell down in the street, and they took her to a hospital, and the doctor said she had not had enough to eat; and that was all that was the matter with her."

"How dreadful! It must be awful to be so poor!"

"Eh, che vuole? She couldn't have loved him more if she had been rich! And she saved his life, and that was a consolazione di Dio."

"Sir John is, miladi, and will you excuse him from coming into the dining-room? He will have the honor of joining you in the evening afterward."

Paul said these words from the bondoir, holding the door that communicated with the bedroom in his hand.

"How is Sir John?" asked Veronica, in English.

"Sir John has reposed, miladi, and is quite well, only a little fatigued with the heat."

"I shall not come down to dinner. Tell them to serve it in the little blue room next my boudoir."

"Yes, miladi. Then I shall tell the signor principe that miladi does not receive this evening?"

Veronica was emboldened by the fact that, while Paul's face could be seen illumined by the setting sun, whose light streamed into the boudoir, her own face was in shadow. Tell them sometimes been vexed with herself for being in a kind of awe under Paul's grave glance, and for having assumed more than once airs and manifestation of willfulness to be checked by its silent influence. Now she resolved to consult her own wishes and pleasure, and drew a little superfluous asperity into the voice in which she answered:

"Not certainly not! I have given you no such directions."

"Miladi wishes to have the dinner served *for* two in the blue room?"

"Yes. No! I will dine in the dining-saloon, and—is the prince here?"

"The signor principe is under the west loggia, smoking a cigar."

"Have you mentioned to him that Sir John was—was not well?"

"Sir John does not choose me to say so, miladi."

"That will do. You will have a cover laid for the prince. I shall try to persuade him to stay to amuse and cheer Sir John a little this evening."

After all, she had not succeeded in simply issuing her commands without apology or explanation to Paul.

The latter bowed and withdrew.

Veronica waited until his footsteps had died away in the distance, and then she said, putting her hand to her forehead with the gesture of one struck with a sudden remembrance: "I'll forget to give Paul a message for Sir John!"

"Shall I go, miladi?" asked Beppina.

"Yes, certainly. Stay! Stay! Give me a lace scarf, or something to wrap over my head. Thus will do. Lay out a dinner dress—a thing light and cool. I shall return in a few minutes."

Veronica passed through her boudoir and descended the staircase leading to Sir John's apartments, which were on the ground-floor. Arrived at the basement story, however, she entered one of the long, stone-flagged corridors which occupied the whole west side of the villa; opened a glass door, and stepped out into the loggia. Cesare de' Barletti was smoking in the loggia, as Paul had said. As soon as he perceived Veronica, his brave away his cigar and advanced toward her, hat in hand.

THE PARRICIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE ROMAGNA.

I.—THE SENTENCE.

"He is guilty, beyond all doubt!" The deep voice of the new Baron di Cruvelli rang sternly through the silent hall. The pale youth in the custody of the guards looked anxiously around, but found no friend.

"He is guilty," continued the Baron. "I tremble—I shudder to assign so dread a crime, and so fearful a punishment to one so young as he; but the law must have its course, and justice must be done."

A low murmur of assent arose from the audience.

It was in the principal hall of the Castello di Cruvelli. Six days before the last Baron had been found dead in his bed. Evident marks of poison were about him. His son had been the only one found near the room. The dead man's brother had charged him with the murder, ar-

* Sweet-heart.

rested him, thrown him into the lowest dungeon, and vowed vengeance on him. He had then assumed the title and power of Baron di Cruvelli, and his first act had been the trial and condemnation of his nephew.

"Parricide!" cried the Baron, in an awful voice. "Is this so at me? What have you to say for yourself?"

"Wretch!" cried the youth. "Do you dare to look me in the face? Murderer of my father, do you dare to murder the son also? Where is my mother? Have you slain her too?"

"Wretched boy! You but add to your crimes. Do not try to lessen your guilt by imputing it to me. As to your mother, she has fled, and has escaped for the present from the punishment due for her share in this foul crime."

"Thank God!" cried the youth, fervently; "she, at least, is safe from you. For my part you can but kill me. Kill me, then, as you killed my father. But remember this, that there is a time hereafter when he and I and all of us will rise up against you!"

The Baron's eyes blazed with fury.

"Fool!" he cried, "every word that you utter only makes your fate the worse."

"My fate can not be worse," calmly returned the other. "But oh! can it be possible that among all my father's followers there is not one who will help his son!"

He looked around appealingly over the assembly. But fear rested upon the hearts of those who otherwise might have helped him.

"There is no sympathy for the parricide, but there is a terrible punishment," said the Baron, savagely. "Hear what our laws assign:

"*He who is guilty of the foul and unnatural crime shall be tucked naked in a sack with an ape, a cat, a fox, and a serpent; he shall then be thrown into Styria—a high cliff into the running water, to the end that the earth be not polluted with his blood.*" Such, wretched youth, is the doom of the wicked, and such shall be your fate. Prepare then for this, for I swear by St. Anthony that ere another hour you shall die."

The young man looked defiantly at his tyrant, and was led away by the guards.

An hour after midnight a number of men were assembled on the topmost tower of the castle.

The Baron stood on one side. His attendants, six in number, were near him. They held the young man firmly, so that he could not escape. The tower overlooked a river, which now, swollen with the rains, swiftly to the sea.

In a short time four more came up. They drew with them a leathern bag of large dimensions. In this bag the horrible colocation—a serpent, a fox, a cat, and an ape. At a sign from the Baron the attendants drew the youth toward the sack.

The others held it partly open.

The young man was thrust in.

There was a fierce struggle inside. The stern guards themselves averted their eyes.

"Away with him!" cried the Baron, in a hoarse voice.

In another instant the bag was hurled from the tower, and, falling like lightning it splashed into the river below.

"Any way, he's got one chance," muttered a guardsman between his teeth; "I gave him my knife!"

II.—ESCAPE.

A few hundred yards below the Castello di Cruvelli there was a thick-grown copse which projected into the river. Here, not long after the scene just narrated, a young man had concealed himself, and was naked. Blood flowed from different wounds, and in his hand he held a knife.

Here, concealed from view, he looked out upon the world around him. The vast pile of the Castello di Cruvelli arose not far away, built upon a high bank of the river which formed the termination of a projecting spur from the Apennines. Near it a little collection of houses was clustered. In the distance the wide Roman Campagna spread away.

Evening was coming rapidly on, and soon the sun sank down below the western horizon. Then the young man left his lurking-place, and stole on cautiously toward the castle. Darkness soon covered the whole land, and he reached the little hamlet unobserved. One of the cottages stood a little apart from the others and outside the limits of the hamlet. There were voices within. He knocked at the door. Soon steps were heard, and a man appeared.

"Who is there?" said he, as he opened the door and peered out into the dark.

"An unfortunate," said the other, "who has been robbed by brigands, and stripped even of his clothes. Have you an old coat to spare, so that I may conceal my nakedness?"

"Brigands!" said the other; "poor devil! I think I may provide you a coat, though it is a ragged one. Wait a moment."

The man went in, and soon returned with several articles of clothing, coarse but serviceable, and the young man received them and put them on with fervent expressions of gratitude.

"Come in," said the cottager, at last.

"No," said the other; "do you come out; I have a word to say to you."

"Ah!" said the other, cautiously; "can you not say it here?"

"I do not fear; it is something which I do not wish to be overheard."

After some hesitation the cottager stepped out and went off to a little distance with the other.

"Well, what is it that you have to say?"

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Do you recognize my voice, Maffeo?"

"Holy Saints!" cried the other, in a voice of terror. "Who are you? What is it that you want with me?"

"Maffeo, is this your fidelity?"

"Are you not dead, Dan? Oh, my dear master!" cried Maffeo, incredulous at this wonder.

"God has delivered me," said the other, solemnly, "by almost a miracle."

"But you were thrown into the river," said the other, wonderingly.

"Ay, but I had a knife, and I cut the bag. I am safe. I am here. I will be avenged."

"Ah! I will gladly do any thing for you, my lord and master," cried Maffeo, kneeling down and kissing the hand of the young man.

"How is the peasantry? Are they faithful to me, or traitors?"

"Faithful, my lord, to your father's memory and to you. They mourn over your fate, and execrate the murderer."

"The servants in the house are faithful?"

"No, my lord; most of them would gladly have saved your life. But they were afraid. They could only help you in silence, and pray to Heaven to avenge you."

"I must let them know that I am alive."

"Then there is no time to lose," said Maffeo, in an altered voice.

"What do you mean?" cried the young Baron, startled at the change in his tone.

Maffeo was silent for a moment.

"Tell me," urged the other. "Do you think, after what I have suffered, that there is any thing which I can not bear?"

Maffeo hesitated.

"Tell, tell me," the other, vehemently.

"They have captured the Countess."

"My mother!" exclaimed the other, in a despairing voice.

Maffeo was silent.

"No time to be lost. I must save her or perish. If I can not save her, then I will die. Death will then be better than life. Maffeo, you must assist me."

"Until death," said Maffeo, fervently; and he kissed his master's hand.

"It is well," said the young Baron.

III.—THE EXECUTION.

Yes, the Baroness di Cruvelli had indeed been captured. Flying for her life from the murderers of her husband, she had been pitilessly pursued; and the journey had been too close for her to escape. They had seized her at a place which was two days' journey from the castle, and brought her back on the very evening of the day when her son had been thrown over the battlements.

The Baroness had never dreamed that such a fate could possibly befall her enemy. The Baron, who was incapable either of pity or remorse, received her with a malignant smile, and told her of her son's fate. The horror of this overwhelmed her, and she fell senseless to the ground.

They bore away and restore her," said the Baron.

The attendants carried her away, pityingly. They were under the power of the Baron, and dared not refuse. Yet there were few in that company who would not have gladly raised their hands against the tyrant, if some such leader could have appeared and given the word. They could do this which was in store for their loved and gentle mistress, and shudder.

On the following day the Baron summoned his prisoner before his mock tribunal, and subjected her to a cruel examination. He charged upon her the guilt of her husband's death, informed her that the whole family had been punished, according to law, for sharing in the crime, and told her that her sex alone saved her from the same fate. He added that he was willing to be merciful, and, instead of dooming her to a death like his, he would allow her a milder fate: she should only be burned.

The Baroness was too much overwhelmed by her despair to utter a word.

She stood up, with her pale face and mournful eyes, and looked all around upon those who were present. The faces of the servants were around her. They looked at her with sympathy and in deepest sympathy. A low murmur was heard among them. The Baron silenced it with a terrible frown. And the Baroness was led away to her cell.

Her execution was to take place on the morning of the following day.

The morning came.

In the court-yard there was a block fixed, which had been placed there on the preceding night. The executioner stood there waiting, with his axe. He was one who had presented himself on the previous day, with high recommendations from the Duke of Ferrara. The Baron was delighted to receive so accomplished a performer.

The executioner wore a black mask, which, he said, he usually wore, in order to conceal the count of a religious vow. At this time he took his station by the block, and waited.

Soon the Baroness made her appearance. She was accompanied by a priest. She took her stand near the block, while the priest whispered a few words to her. Her eyes were downcast, but there was a flush on her cheek which did not look like the fear of death.

Soon the Baron appeared, and all the servitors in the castle followed. A large crowd stood all around. The Baron came and took his seat close to the block. The executioner stood motionless, leaning his glittering axe.

"Come, baron," said the Baron; "I want my breakfast, and you are delaying me."

The Baroness advanced to the block.

The executioner stooped and whispered a few words in her ear. Again the red flush glowed on her cheek. She said nothing, but laid her head on the block.

The executioner lifted his axe, and looked at the Baron.

"All right. Strike!" said the Baron.

The executioner whirled the ponderous axe around like lightning, and flung its keen edge full against the Baron's neck. So tremendous was the blow, and so well aimed, that the Baron's head, severed from the body, went spinning off through the air, the blood spouted up from the neck, the lifeless body sank down.

The executioner tore off his mask, and rushed up to the Baroness. The servitors stood paralyzed.

"Cuitifis!" he cried, "I am your lord; I am the Baron di Cruvelli.

They recognized the face of the son of the murdered Baron. The priest tore off his robes, and revealed the form and features of Maffeo.

For a moment there was bewilderment. Then a loud shout rent the air. Not one refused to join in that shout.

"Take this carcass," said the young Baron, after he had recovered from the shock, who was now leaning, trembling and half fainting with joy, on his arm,—"take this carcass, and bury it outside. Let no priest say prayers over it. Let it be accursed.

So the young Baron avenged his wrongs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GREESBRAUN is the name of a certain Swedish professor, who, if his own account may be credited, has lately made a discovery which bids fair to confer incalculable benefits upon mankind at no cost. The secret process he can put a living serpent to sleep, rendering it rigid as if dead, and then, after any length of time, may be reanimated at my moment. Encouraged by success, the Professor is desirous of experimenting upon a higher order of living creatures, and has applied to the Swedish Government for the loan of a condemned criminal, promising to transform him into a corpulent for the pagals of the Stockholm Town Hall for two years, and to restore him to life and motion at the end of that time. Supposing the authorities of Sweden accede to this proposal, and supposing the experiment succeeded, what a wonderful amelioration might be introduced into our existence! Imprisonment it would be to avoid all the difficulties of life by suddenly transferring one's self into a block of stone for an indefinite period! If a man has but little money to spend, to cut at compound interest, and take a Grosselbachian nap until a competence sufficient to accumulate. Divorce courts could be abolished; for if one wife proved a couple quarrelsome, or them can agree to undergo the Grosselbachian procedure until the honeymoon is over, when looked daisgreen and wicked. Its neck was covered with large sores, like the scales, and three inches in length, which hooked together and formed an impenetrable armor. Its body was of a tawny-yellow color, and altogether hideous. It was accompanied by a smaller specimen of its own species, only a few feet in length, but in shape and appearance resembling the larger one. The monster was about four feet from the vessel, and distinctly seen. The captain gave orders to have a boat lowered. He did not think it fit that under the presence of the vessel seemed to alarm it, and it stopped into the water and disappeared.

It is asserted that there is not such a city in the world as London for vagrancy and vagabondism of every kind. Owing to the fact that there are but few police in the metropolitan district. Besides the force of prevention, the work-houses on the West District furnish relief to the destitute. The North District provides for 24,800 persons. The Central District provides for 24,000 persons. The Eastern provides for seven hundred and thirteen persons are cared for in the East District, and in the Southern District 25,417 persons. The total is a total of 128,000 men, women, and children, occupants of the union workhouses of the metropolitan London, with a population of less than three and a half millions. Besides this number there are thousands of casuals who receive judgage in the workhouses and outside the fearful aggregate there are roaming in and about London at least fifty thousand persons who frequent the work-houses from various reasons, and consequently have to "break out," as it is called in New York.

The petrifaction process of preserving the human giant has exploded. Professors and learned men, who ought to know about such matters, say it is too absurd to talk about, and that it is impossible to do tools of their craft, and these look not very succinct ones, either. The Professor at first it was supposed that the monster might be perhaps three hundred years old, and the Boynton counts his possible existence by days, making the process giant-producing—only a little more than a year old!—which is quite a difference.

A "big thing" has been discovered in Dupage County, Illinois, which is pronounced no swindle. The bones are genuine, belonging to a mastodon or some huge creature of kindred type, which must have been somewhere from fifty feet high and twenty long. These relics were discovered by a farmer while digging a well, and have created quite an excitement.

Another remarkable fossil skeleton has been found in Mariposa County, California—that of a monstrous animal twenty-six feet long: a horned creature with a skull which weighs five hundred pounds. What is particularly curious is, that surrounding this skeleton when found, there were forty or fifty apparently human skulls! Was the monster carnivorous?

An excursion to the Elephantine Island, where stands the ancient Nilometer, built many centuries before Christ's birth, has been proposed by the Viceroy of Egypt. The Nilometer has been visited by few for since 1799. It consists of some gigantic calcareous blocks on the shores of the river Nile near the tropic of Cancer. The ancient Egyptians built it to mark the rise and fall of the Nile, and to know when to avert an inundation. The island on which it stands is uninhabited; but, strange to say, is almost a paradise, glorious with tropical beauty.

Jenny Lind recently made her public appearance before a large audience at Exeter Hall, London. She received a warm reception, and surprised her hearers by the freshness she displayed. She had been absent (died in London in May, 1887; and that, after twenty-two years, she was able to captivate a critical audience by her vocal powers is truly wonderful.

One immediate result of Eugénie's expedition to Egypt was the invention of a new color—the "Waters of the Nile"—a changeable, watery, glittering, shrewy green. The shade is most beautiful in rich silk. A Parisian Madame has invented a variety of buttons to be worn with a costume of this color, and they are regarded as the triumph of the jewelers' art. They represent a whole family of little scarabs, with real and elastic backs and movable tails; the largest of the set is not more than a centimetre in length, and they diminish in size as they approach the throat. As experiments in toilette is predicted to be the style during the coming season, other novelties besides *Zone du Nil* and crocodile buttons may be expected.

A couple of American gentlemen did a cool thing with two Parisian ladies at an hotel, when a Russian prince, who, perhaps, wished to pick a quarrel, purchased two handsome bouquets and sent them to the ladies with his compliments. The Americans merely glanced over to his table, bowed cordially, and sent the bouquets back, by the waiter, two Napoleons. He was so much charmed that he left the room.

The new and magnificent building of the Young Men's Christian Association on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was dedicated on the evening of December 5. The large hall was densely crowded with the friends and members of the society, and on the platform appeared many of the most distinguished men of our State and nation. The exercises, consisting of reading the Scriptures, singing by the choir, prayer, and addresses, were exceedingly interesting.

Gluck died in 1787, and last week in Berlin at the age of fifty-seven, was a native of Bohemia. The splendid voice was not early developed, her first public appearance being when she was seventeen; and though she attracted some attention at that time, it was not until thirty years later that she took a real triumph at Milan in her representation of "Norma." The wonderful personation of the character of Norma gave her the title of "Queen," she lived in retirement many years before her death.

The face of the hair ay about to be numbered. Report whispers that Miss Jane who was the ladies of fashion have resolved to suppress it, and brown hair is to be substituted. Such blasphemy, if it originates, it is said, will be the favorite flower for dressing the hair; but the lotus is becoming to dark persons only—which will be a sad proportion of the fair.

The "Grand Army of the Republic"—an extended organization of the officers and soldiers of our late army—has issued the following plan for securing truthful details of the history of the Rebellion. At each meeting of the society the facts and data which come under the personal observation of the writer. These papers are to be filed, and, in due course of time transmitted to Head-quarters, and preserved in the Grand Army Papers."

The history of officers and privates can each tell his own story, furnishing reliable histories of special battles, incidents in camp life, sketches of comrades who fell in action, and descriptions of specific forces of the field. It is anticipated that this plan will result in securing valuable data for the history of the great civil war.

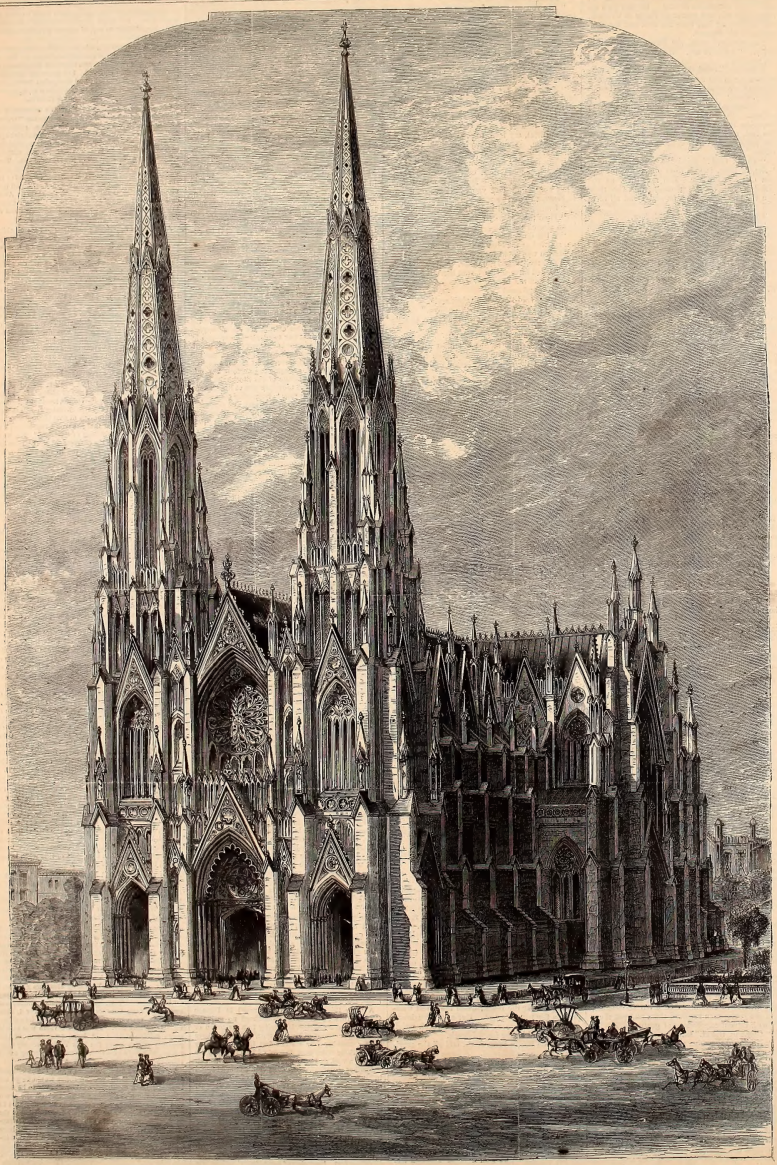
The Alaska Times sends forth an earnest appeal on behalf of the Russian and Aleutian population of that territory. It states that the people are in a state of destitution, and is inclined to blame the old proprietors of the Russian Fur Company, from which many derived their support, directly or indirectly. Other changes have come in with the treaty, which have deprived citizens of their means of support. And the paper calls upon the Government to cause to consider the country worthless, but to do its duty toward it.

Chicago is about to have a new tunnel built under the Chicago River for the purpose of connecting the two divisions of the city. The tunnel is to consist of three passages, two for east one for foot-passengers, and the other two for horses, vehicles drawn by horses. The distance across the river at La Salle street is 1,000 feet, the central line of the tunnel to be placed, is three hundred feet. The open approaches to the tunnel on each side are to be paved with wooden block pavement. The total cost of this work is estimated to be upward of $470,000.

The notorious Bible of Steuben County has been translated to another sphere of action. It is asserted by an exchange, whose veracity we dare not doubt, that it climbed into a hay-mow, pulled the tree up after him, and that was the last we shall hear of him."

There are three wrecking companies in New York city, which were organized for the purpose of rendering assistance to disabled vessels on the coasts and reefs of our coast, or otherwise disabled. They are the Atlantic Submarine Wrecking Company, the Coast Wrecking Company, and the Eastern Submarine Wrecking Company. They are constantly prepared for any contingency. Their steamers are always kept out for a ten days' cruise, and are perfectly equipped with all necessary wrecking materials. During the two years ending October 1, 1889, October 1, 1889, eighty-six vessels were wrecked in the immediate vicinity of this port. Their entire value was over seven million dollars. A large proportion of this property was saved by the New York wrecking companies, who were on the instruction to rescuing about three thousand persons from drowning.

To economize in the articles which the intelligent grocer can add to his ground coffee would be an act beyond human capabilities. But what is to be done now that there is a large manufactory on the south side of the Thames where coffee is manufactured on *the berry!* Another grocers' trick is developed in the paper with which some of them are accused of wrapping up the articles in which they deal. Sugar-bags that are worked with the name are indeed a notable instance of this. An enterprising individual, after using rounded stencils on the sacks more of his paper pulp, has taken out a patent for making these bags of pulp filings;



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTIETH AND FIFTY-FIRST STREETS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 808.]

REV. JOHN LANAHAN.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

THE REV. JOHN LANAHAN, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN LANAHAN, one of the "Book Agents" in charge of the Methodist Publishing House in this city, is a Virginian by birth, though of Irish ancestry. In the year 1838, being then a youth of eighteen years, he joined the "Old Baltimore Conference," so famous in the annals of the Methodist itinerancy. His ministerial life has been spent mostly in Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, Baltimore, and the adjacent districts. This region, from the year 1845 until the breaking out of the late civil war, comprised the debatable ground between the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches, known as "the border." It was, in its way, a battle-ground. Harassed by the popular excitements which in the Slave States accompanied the progress of the interminable slavery controversy, the border preachers experienced all the bitterness of the ecclesiastical strife which preceded the contest between armed forces. Dr. LANAHAN'S life during this period called for the utmost firmness and decision, and gave these traits, which are predominant in him, constant exercise. Upon the breaking out of the war the preachers of the "border" were subjected to trials of still greater severity. Some of them, with their congregations, went over to the South, others adhering to the National cause. Congregations, families, and social circles were divided without hope of reconciliation. In this crisis DR. LANAHAN soon became conspicuous as an unflinching patriot. During all the war his relations with the government were those of a trusted adviser. It has been his good fortune repeatedly to receive the thanks of the departments for his services to the national cause.

At the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Chicago, May 1, 1868, DR. LANAHAN was, quite unexpectedly to himself, elected Second or Assistant Book Agent. The Publishing House, of which the agents have charge, wields a capital of nearly $700,000, publishes a large list of periodicals, besides supplying the Church with denominational books. In this position DR. LANAHAN'S habits of close observation enabled him to detect imperfect business methods; his investigations led him, step by step, to the discovery of the "great mismanagement" and "serious losses" which have excited a painful interest in the public mind.

As a preacher DR. LANAHAN is earnest, and at times highly impassioned. As an administrative officer he is remarkable for his unswerving integrity and his iron-nerved adherence to the decisions of his judgment. A sterling patriot, a faithful minister, he has deserved well of his Church and his country.

GEN. J. L. ALCORN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSISSIPPI. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY, NEW YORK.]

GENERAL ALCORN.

GENERAL J. L. ALCORN, Governor-elect of Mississippi, whose portrait will be found on this page, was born in 1816, in what was then the Territory of Illinois. At an early age he entered college, but remained there only a few terms, leaving his studies to enter upon active life as deputy to his uncle, the sheriff of Livingston County, Kentucky. He subsequently became sheriff, and was afterward elected by the Whigs to the Lower House of the State Legislature. In 1846 he removed, with his family, to Mississippi, and settled in Coahoma County, where he has since resided. Here he commenced the practice of law. He was soon afterward elected to the State Legislature; and at the same time was chosen by the Whigs in his old district to represent them in the Legislature of Kentucky. He was a member of the Mississippi Legislature for twenty years. Strongly opposed to secession, he was elected to the Convention of 1861 as a Unionist; but finding his efforts to prevent the secession of the State unavailing, he cast in his fortunes with the South, and was appointed a Brigadier-General. After serving some time in the field, he retired from active duty, and was elected to the State Legislature, where he strongly opposed the policy advocated by the more desperate leaders of the rebellion. At great personal risk he protested against the law exempting slaveholders from service in the Confederate army, and declared the wholesale conscription measures enforced throughout the Southern States to be a confession of failure.

On the close of the war General ALCORN was elected to the United States Senate, but was not allowed to take his seat. He has since identified himself with the Republican party of his State, and has recently been elected Governor by a large majority.

THE FIRST COTTON-GIN.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 814.]

FIRST USE OF THE COTTON-GIN.

OUR engraving on page 813 represents the primitive cotton-gin, which preceded the saw gin invented by ELI WHITNEY toward the close of the last century. This simple contrivance consisted of two cylinders revolving in opposite directions, which admitted the fibre readily but prevented the passage of the seed and larger "trash," but not so thoroughly cleaning the cotton as WHITNEY'S machine. The scene represented by our artist is the introduction of the gin on a plantation, amidst the excited curiosity of the negroes, who see in the machine a welcome relief from the laborious process of cleaning the cotton by hand.

ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of TANNER & CO., in this paper, of the Eight per Cent. Gold Bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Co., which speaks for itself. These bonds are also for sale by Messrs. CONVERSE & CO.—[COM.]

A CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.—A monthly or a weekly publication for young people makes one of the most acceptable presents that can be given during the holidays, and for this purpose the VERNA'S COMPANION, of Boston, is admirably adapted. It will make its appearance new and fresh with each succeeding week, is always delightful, entertaining and practical. Some of the most brilliant writers in the country contribute to its columns.—[COM.]

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine*. It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—HEGEMAN & CO., New York.

If your hair is coming out or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.—(COM.)

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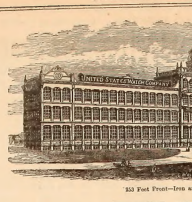

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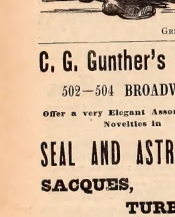

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 678.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THE President, in his singularly satisfactory Message, which renews the confidence of the country in his simple good sense and sagacity, makes two allusions to the *Alabama* question. One is incidental, in speaking of enforcing the neutrality laws, which, he says, has been done in good faith, although it was very unpleasant, in consequence of "the suffering we have endured for lack of like good faith toward us by other nations." The other allusion is the firm statement of the American view of the *Alabama* difficulty. The President says, in general, that the nature of the injury to our commerce, industry, and prosperity separates the *Alabama* claims from ordinary commercial demands. Yet, great as is the difference, nothing was said in the treaty, and not an inference could be drawn from it to prove the sense of the unfriendliness of Great Britain in our struggle for existence. He approves, therefore, the rejection of the treaty.

In a late brief pamphlet upon Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON and the *Alabama* negotiations, Mr. GEORGE BEMIS, a master of the controversy, and an acknowledged student of international law, reviews the conduct of Mr. JOHNSON and the instructions of Mr. SEWARD in a most conclusive manner against both of those gentlemen. He shows that Mr. SEWARD changed his ground upon the subject after Mr. ADAMS left London, and that Mr. JOHNSON wholly misconceived his instructions, and violated himself by his assertions and admissions. The pamphlet of Mr. BEMIS is a very timely and useful contribution to the debate. The original ground of the United States is, that there was a wrong to the Government as well as injury to individuals. Mr. SEWARD wrote to Mr. ADAMS, on 5 January, 1868, that he had been very unfortunate if he had not made it clearly understood that a violation of neutrality by the Queen's proclamation and kindred proceedings of the British Government "were a national wrong to the United States; and that the lowest form of satisfaction" would be an indemnity without reference to the individual sufferers, "in consequence of a failure of the British Government to preserve its neutrality."

Six months later, in July, 1868, Mr. SEWARD's instructions to Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON are pitched in a much lower key. He tells him first of all to open the Naturalization and St. Juan questions, "if they can be satisfactorily settled, he is to "advert" to the *Alabama* claims; for it seems to the President that an adjustment can be made "without formally reviving former discussions." Mr. SEWARD then states that a joint commission might be agreed upon to settle mutual claims of the citizens of the United States and British subjects. No word of wrong to the Government: no implication of any thing but ordinary claims. Mr. SEWARD left Mr. JOHNSON that he is not authorized to commit the Government by any proposition, but that he may "sound Lord STANLEY upon the subject when he is satisfied that "the two more urgent controversies" are in process of adjustment. Upon these instructions Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON proceeded to make the treaty of November 19, 1868, which was such a surrender of the American demands that even ANDREW JOHNSON's Cabinet unanimously disapproved it. On the 14th of January, 1865, he sent the treaty which the Senate rejected, and which Mr. JOHNSON said obtained "all that we have ever asked." Yet, notwithstanding that clear statement of mutual individual claims, Mr. JOHNSON, after the inauguration of President GRANT, and when he knew that he was to be recalled, made an offer to Lord CLARENDON of "only so much" of the treaty as would include the claims of the Government! Lord CLARENDON asked his authority, and declined to do any thing until he knew what the new Administration wished. Why did Mr. JOHNSON propose this most important supplement, if the treaty already covered "all that we have ever asked"? The answer to that question convicts him of incapacity as a Minister.

President GRANT now substantially affirms the original Administration position, but as we have often previously said, involves a question of honor as well as of money. The "moral damages," for financially computing which Mr. SUMNER has insisted with officiality, are still claimed. But we must all distinctly understand that moral damages can not be settled by money, which evidently understands this, and she therefore asks by the mouth of every intelligent Englishman, "What is it that you wish?" There is not such an Englishman who does not say, "We wish to be friends, and we will do any thing short of confessing bad faith." If we in the United States mean, therefore, to demand that England shall own that her conduct was dishonorable, we have only to look into our own hearts to read the answer. There is not an American who does not know that, sooner than allow that the United States had acted dishonorably, the longest and fiercest war would be welcomed. The honor of England is not less dear to Englishmen than our own honor to us; and we assume, therefore, that unless we are resolved upon war with England in any case, we shall not ask her to admit that her conduct was rascally.

From the moment of such an understanding the settlement does not seem very impracticable. The exact international legal point, so to speak, must be waived, and become the subject of future conference. It may be waived, upon our part, under the broad declaration of President GRANT in his Message, that "this nation is its own judge when to accord the rights of belligerency either to people struggling to free themselves from a government they believe to be oppressive, or to independent nations at war with each other." The British Government should then express the sincerest regret for the conduct of the *Alabama*, and its consequences; decline to enter upon the question of international law, but invite a future understanding upon the points involved; and propose to pay individual claims upon an authorized statement of the United States Government. Such a settlement involves no concession which is not the highest policy of both nations to make in the interests of liberty and civilization. The offer of such a settlement proposes to leave the Government of which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT are the members most known in this country, would be an act of statesmanship not only more honorable, but leading to more cordial friendly understanding than has ever existed between the two countries since the separation.

The subject has been ably discussed by Mr. SEWARD's change of position, and by Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's absurd determination to have every thing pleasant by calling it so. He was unanimously confirmed by the Senate. It came from the Senate itself, the treaty-ratifying body. He was approved after other gentlemen had been rejected. The whole question between England and the United States was the *Alabama* controversy. It was a very natural conclusion upon the part of Englishmen that Mr. JOHNSON represented the views of his country; and when every proposition he made was accepted, and the President and Secretary of State approved the treaty, that at least, not extraordinary that the treaty was regarded as *our* treaty, and that its summary rejection was an astounding surprise to England. Still, the British Government knew that the Senate was the ratifying power; that Mr. JOHNSON was not in political sympathy with it, however his confirmation might have seemed to disprove that fact; that as the time for the next convention of November 10 had been unanimously rejected by a cabinet politically friendly to him, it was certainly not unnatural that the latter treaty would be rejected by a senate politically hostile.

It was a deplorable muddle, and it is now chiefly, as we said when the treaty was rejected, to the very foolish practice of the Senate in confirming any Senator who is nominated by the President to office. That practice is to be done over again; and there is no intelligent Englishman or American who will not heartily repeat the wise words of the President: "I hope that the time may soon come when the two governments can approach the solution of this momentous question with an appreciation of what is due to the rights, dignity, and honor of each; and with a determination not only to remove the causes of complaint in the past, but to lay the foundation of a broad principle of public law which will prevent future differences, and tend to firm and continued peace and friendship."

A TRULY "DEMOCRATIC" POLICY.

THE gentlemen who ordain the policy of the Democratic party in this State were ready at the Governor's in Albany to decide what should be done by the next Legislature. Those who have read the message of Mr. HALL, Mayor of Mayor, and who have seen his speeches upon municipal affairs, have observed the vehement denunciation of the system of governing the city from Albany. It has been supposed, therefore, by some unreflecting persons that the Commissions would be instantly abolished. This is indeed the simple logic of the situation. Consistency demands such a course. But it is a very unreflecting reader, indeed, who supposes that the Tammany chiefs are painfully exercised about consistency in the matter. The difficulty has not been the Commissions, but that the chiefs did not control them. The objection is not to long charges, but to the periods which Mr. HOFFMAN rounded in their intervals, was the patronage and what is sometimes called the plunder. If all the power and possible profits of the Commissions had been in the hands of the Tammany chiefs, does any reader, however unreflecting, suppose that Mr. HOFFMAN would have lamented over the city as deprived of self-government?

It is, therefore, by no means certain that there will be any serious change in the present policy. Should there be an entire change, and the police system of the great and good FERNANDO WOOD be restored, there would be a public apprehension in the city so profound that the Democratic vote, in its strongest hold, would be so seriously reduced as to imperil a contested Tammany ascendency. This result the chiefs naturally wish to avoid; and if they can bury their hands in the public purse by obtaining control of the Commissions, yet without disturbing the public confidence in the present system, they will be very likely to prefer that result. This is plainly intimated in the accounts of the Albany council of the chiefs, and in the tone of their papers.

There is, however, one intention of the party which is, as it were, officially announced; and that is the withdrawal of the assent of the State of New York to the Fifteenth Amendment. This will undoubtedly be recommended by the Governor, and it will be done. This, moreover, is a clear illustration of the real character of the Democratic party. After a long and cruel war, springing from a denial of the equal rights of a large part of the population, slavery is abolished and its defenders vanquished. Common sense and common justice suggest that the question shall be finally settled by removing every disability founded upon color merely; but the Democratic chiefs refuse, and insist that if a man is of a certain color, it is conclusive proof that he should not have an equal voice in the government. He may be ignorant, drunken, degraded, idle, vicious, but if his skin can be called white, he is a proper voter. He may be intelligent, industrious, sober, and the best of citizens; but if his skin can be called black, he is not fit to vote. This is Democracy, and this is its great cardinal principle to-day. And because of this, the ignorant and vicious, as a class, naturally belong to the Democratic party.

Of course the papers and orators of the party affect to argue the point upon other grounds. It was what they did during the many debates upon slavery. They used to say then that whatever might be their opinion of the morality and expediency of slavery, it was a State institution, and the State recognizing slaves as property, its citizens might lawfully take their property with them into the territories. Precisely in the same way to-day, the entire Democratic party in the Northern States was the property of the slaveholders, and they did with it as with their slaves, just what they chose. Slavery was confined, entrenched, established, and finally struck at the national heart, because of the support of the Democratic party of the North, approving this kind of institution. Now it is said by the same old party, which is still carried in what remains of the pockets of the slaveholders, that, whatever may be their opinion of the right of the colored population, it is a subject for the States to decide, and not for the National Government. And when Congress proposes to settle the constitutional constitutional manner by an amendment approved by the necessary number of States, they assert virtually that Congress has no right to propose such an amendment, which is simply equal to that the people of the United States have no right to amend the Constitution in the manner that the Democrat itself provides.

We shall, therefore, probably see this party in the State of New York gravely trying to save all that it can of the remains of the most infamous and atrocious cause in history. Although the final result is inevitable; although the conscience and good sense of the world and of this country hasten to equalize the rights of all citizens of the commonwealth; although it is plain that no other policy in this age and in our civilization promises peace and prosperity, yet the same immediate interest, prejudice, and weakness which, as the Democratic party, defended and sustained slavery, now struggles to retain as much as possible of its infamy and injustice.

THE SITUATION.

THE immediate advance in gold in Wall Street, and the fall of bonds in London, on the promulgation of the financial views of the Administration, are likely to indicate disappointment, but the partial recovery which has since taken place somewhat neutralizes this effect. The truth is, that there are speculators in both markets of immense power, whose action is due to their respective interests, and is founded so much more upon temporary than upon general influences that but little can be derived from market reports.

It is certain that there is to be no contraction of the currency at this session of Congress, and prices, therefore, will, as the year 1870 advances, be influenced as they have been by the amount of paper-money in circulation. The circumstances which for the present keep down the price of gold are these: that the Government will throw upon the market for the interest upon the foreign interest due in January nearly thirty-two millions of dollars in gold, deducting what will be paid on the Sinking Fund and other bonds lately purchased by Mr. BOUTWELL; that large shipments on account of cotton, grain, and provisions are still to go forward; that January sales of coin may possibly be large; that the foreign demand, although exchange is constantly absorbed, the price of it on the closing of the second week of December is low; and that there are no indications of a foreign demand for the balances temporarily invested on foreign account in Wall Street, and none for the present that our bonds held abroad will be returned.

If these indications continue, Wall Street may be induced to wait until after the January payments of interest shall be absorbed before undertaking to put up the price of gold to the point at which it has heretofore been maintained as the effect of the continued circulation of seven hundred millions of paper currency. But the reason of enlarged circulation in the South, and somewhat to the unfortunate tendency in California to allow the displacement of its gold circulation by one of paper, the power of the latter here is partially reduced.

JACOB, in his work on the precious metals, dedicated to Mr. HUSKISSON, then British Minister, stated that the long-continued habit of the great commercial nations of Europe to rely upon paper issues had disturbed the industry in the few mines then worked in Mexico and South America; and in 1849 that California may be so debauched with paper as that the same effect may be produced. Money may be made so much more easily with the printing-press than with labor in the mines that its effect is not impossible. But a failure to keep up the supply of bullion would be lamentable; for it renders the return to specie payments more difficult. The advantage of the Pacific Railroad to California will be greatly neutralized if it shall induce laborers to withdraw from the important industry in the gold and silver mines. The feature of an increase in the promises to pay bullion on the part of important nations, and of a simultaneous diminution in its production, would again be repeated in the history of commerce.

Italy and Russia are largely increasing their paper circulation, which prevents the use of specie in countries more wisely regulated. The United States, notwithstanding these events which are favorable for a return toward specie payments, seems inclined to postpone for the present all steps in that important direction. There will consequently be a powerful tendency toward enlarging bullion in the banking countries, such as China, India, and Japan, there to be hoarded. Our true relations to the world will not be fully considered in this decision of the Treasury Department.

MR. BOUTWELL, in his annual report, recommends that the three per cent. certificates, amounting, with compound interest, now convertible into them, to a fraction short of fifty millions of dollars, shall be redeemed, and that, as a compensation for their withdrawal from circulation, the banks shall then deposit thirty-five millions of new bank capital and circulation to be authorized by Congress. The Comptroller of the Treasury, who more nearly agrees with the committee appointed by the national banks, in his annual report, recommends free banking and unrestricted issues. The door to expansion is thus opened to Congress, and the next few months will inform us what will be done in pursuance of these plans. Will the increased limitations of the Secretary be obeyed, or will the New York system of free banking be established?

We long ago stated that neither at the last nor at this session would any party be able to enforce contraction. Next year members of Congress are to be elected, and on both sides success is deemed of too great consequence. The complexion of the next Congress is relied upon to fix the issues for the Presidential campaign; and this great question of finance is consequently postponed.

The surplus of grain which is exported to Great Britain fixes the price in full seasons of the whole production. Our farmers are beginning to find out that, while they get a gold prices, they produce at extravagant currency prices, which will educate them into sound notions of money and industry. We hear in all quarters of a greater willingness to raise specie payments than before the late, and to them hurtful, fall in gold. It is an extraordinary state of things that a man should earn a barrel of flour per day. The grade of flour which is shipped for the consumption of laborers in England sells for only about $7 per barrel. It was unwise on the eve of great activity of our shipments of cotton, flour, and provisions to beat down the price of gold, when there was no intention to follow it up by an equal contraction of the currency.

Cotton and pork are less affected by the fall in gold, because they stand on special grounds. The production of cotton is supposed by English manufacturers to be insufficient for the wants of the world; and being insufficient, the producer of it may control the market. Pork, by reason of the demand for lard and oil, and because of the present difficulty in producing hogs in the West, is also very much affected by the class of the community—is held by Western farmers with unusual firmness; but their wheat can not be sold at remunerative prices.

We lately referred to the cable telegram announcing failures in England. The Messrs. PEEL, one of those who failed, had established a business in lard and forked meat, and his success was on an extensive scale. "This failure," says the Manchester *Guardian*, "is looked upon as a serious matter, and an impression

prevails that the recent heavy fall in the value of grain will cause much embarrassment in the trade. Possibly, however, the difficulties are less serious than are represented, and the actual position of the trade may not be more unsound than it was at this time last year. It will be recollected," the paper adds, "that during the closing months of 1868 a rapid fall, amounting to about 20s. per quarter, from the highest point of the year, took place in wheat." The whole importation of wheat into the ports of Great Britain, from the first of September to the 20th of November, was 11,002,972 cwt. against 6,929,161; and of flour, was 1,615,115 cwt. against 813,659 for the corresponding period last year. The fact is that our chief reliance for their supplies of grain is upon shipments from the United States, including California, the depression is due as much, if not more, to the fall of grain in our ports as to the excess of importation. Unusual supplies will be required in England up to the period of the next harvest. The next query, doubtless, will relate to what influences we are indebted for our present condition.

If the president presume to lower the price of gold to the limits fixed by the Treasury, which is affecting trade in all its departments most injuriously, were accompanied with the permanent relief which will arise from there proceeding toward specie payments, no just complaint could be made of the policy, for it will ultimately bring all to the same platform; but no such measure is suggested—the contrary, prices must mount upward, and the same experiments upon our industry must be repeated hereafter.

The great lesson should be impressed upon our great farming interest by these events, that so long as their prosperity is suspended "upon the wings of the wind," they will be subjected to these vicissitudes of change, and that their safety depends altogether on reaching the solid ground of specie payments.

THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

It has been so vehemently asserted that the President favored the recognition of Cuban belligerency or independence, that the sensible, conclusive, and truly American remarks upon the subject in his Message must have greatly surprised somebody. General GRANT says what has been constantly maintained in these columns and in many others, as by all who have fairly studied the subject, that "the contest has at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a *de facto* political power of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." He says, moreover, what we stated at the time was the duty which the United States could honorably do, that the Government has offered its mediation, but, of course, without a threat, and that it is to be hoped that our good offices may yet be of service.

The position of the United States is thus accurately and authoritatively defined. It is its traditional position, and it is because of its faithful adherence to it that the neutral fame of the country is so spotless. The President says what Henry Clay as Secretary of State said nearly fifty years ago, that while we sympathize with all people struggling for liberty and self-government, yet we do not enforce our views nor take part without invitation, and that our course should be always governed by "strict justice and law, international and local." Indeed, the more the Message is considered the more masterly and truly practical it seems; recalling the sense and honesty of Mr. Lincoln's, and nobly contrasting with the special pleas for injustice which the messages of Democratic Presidents had become. Since the lackeys of slavery disappeared from the White House the whole country breathes a fresher air in the Government no longer intervents excuses for infamy. At last the President speaks like the chief magistrate of a truly free and self-respecting people.

THE MARSHAL OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK.

The New York *Tribune* strenuously urges that the United States Marshal of this district be removed, and General Sickel appointed in his place. It does not allege that the Marshal is an incompetent or dishonest officer, nor that he is not a faithful Republican; but it asserts that General Sickel's "consent to run for Secretary of State" saved the Republican party from "utter rout and demoralization" in the late election. General Sickel's services to the country are part of our history. His nomination for Secretary of State was heartily approved by the Republican party of New York, as the vote showed. He is a gentleman against whom no evil is breathed. But we very greatly mistake General Sickel, and the great body of intelligent Republicans who supported him, if they think that a most efficient and admirable officer of the United States, of the General's own party, should be removed in order to make a place for him. They know that this is the very worst practice of our civil service, and that nothing has done so much to degrade and demoralize our politics as the remark of the *Tribune* urges.

It is true that Marshal Harlow has not been confirmed. But he was appointed by the President upon grounds of character, experience, and fidelity. He is as good a Republican as there is in the State; but his appointment was not what is technically called political, any more than that of his predecessor, General Barlow. Indeed there was, as will be remembered, a loud outcry against General Barlow because he refused to do the bidding of certain committees. Undoubtedly similar influences oppose the confirmation of Marshal Harlow. He can not, however, be removed because he is not in every way fit for the place, nor because he is not a good Republican, but solely because he is not the choice of a certain political clique.

Upon the other hand, it is not said that General Sickel would not be an efficient Marshal, nor that he is not an equally faithful Republican, and there are thousands of certain men in the State of whom the same might be said. But it is precisely in such a case as this that an admirable political system like ours shows the deplorable system of our civil service is to be corrected. It is the very case in which President Grant can stand fast by that most admirable and expressive declaration in his Message: "Nor has there been any hesitation in sustaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." The President may be sure that the most intelligent and patriotic men of his own party will heartily and hopefully support him in every firm stand that he may make against the predominance of the public service to the merest party purpose.

CHARACTER.

When it was asserted that General Grant had been an accomplice in the gold scandal, although the assertion was eagerly repeated in many quarters and insidiously deprecated in others, the general public did not believe or regret for a moment. The President's character was his armor from which the shafts of venomous hostility dropped harmless. In like manner, if it should be alleged that Horace Greeley was at an interest in some vast scheme of forgery of the currency, a smile of contemptuous disbelief would express the public indignation. The bishop's character defends him from slander. Against a vague assertion, therefore, undoubtedly a man's character or good name protects him. But in a charge sure to be made in another clear circumstances? If by misapprehension of any kind, meaning any thing but ill, he is placed in a false position, character is not a legal universal fact that the circumstances are interpreted against him? Is he not very likely to be hunted, under a cry of protecting public virtue, with a fierceness and malignity which are infinitely more prejudicial to the public virtue than any specific act which might be proved against him or any man whatever?

Suppose that he has been misinformed, suppose he has acted hastily, or expressed himself warmly, is the worst view of one case likely to be the rule of his and of all men? Is not the most mistaken, he treated as if he were a conspirator against social order and common morality? Is his character of no avail against insinuations and accusations? Or would he be more malignant if they were urged against the most notorious reprobates? Undoubtedly, the higher a man's character for pure Bis fame, the more careful he should be, because of his greater influence. He has become a representative man, and other men expect themselves to be judged by larger dress there selves before a glass. But we appeal to experience whether, when the doubtful circumstance gathers a thoughtful cast, the best of the censure does not suggest a suspicion of the gratification of mean feeling, rather than regard for the public virtue. Public virtue requires first of all, that the truth be told, not that a sensation be created, nor reckless vituperation poured out. Public virtue imperatively demands the sexact of circumstances, and circumstances seem to implicate a man of unspotted fame, his character is his sure defense until it intent be proved; and if it be not proved, but mere misapprehension be established, then public virtue requires that outrageous insinuation and infamous insult not only cease, but that the most private reparation be made to the man.

The power of the press in this country is tremendous. But are "newspaper men" more favored for their power or respected for their use of it? Armies of great journals can produce a thunder in which the after still small voice of truth is utterly lost. They may jump to a vehement denunciation of my opinion, and if there be any apparent reason, he can only bow to the blast, and await the judgment of a calmer hour. But a wise man, in the stormy crisis of assertion, will oppose character to character. Here, on the one hand, may be a man whose good name and blameless life and lofty principle are known of all men; on the other, a chorus which yesterday perhaps saluted a rich man as if he were therefore a public benefactor. Swiftly the chorus turns, we will suppose, upon the man of good name, and denounces him as a betrayer of the religion he profess'd, by Mr. Williams, of Oregon, to the effect that a State Legislature having called a constitutional amendment, any further action on it shall be void. A bill, repealing the laws requiring the test oath, was introduced by Mr. Perry, of Connecticut.—In the House, Mr. Morrill, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to fund the National debt at a lower rate of interest. The Census bill was taken up, and Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, explained wherein it differed from that under which the census of 1860 was taken. He said that the number of Representatives had been fixed by the Committee at 300, as by taking this number no State would lose a member in the decade.

December 9.—No business of importance was transacted in the Senate. In the House a resolution was offered, directing inquiry to be made into the cause of the recent Erie riot.

December 10.—The Senate was not in session. Among the bills introduced in the House were one for relieving political disabilities, and an additional uniform Naturalization bill. A petition for the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, signed by 73,000 citizens of New York, was presented.

December 11.—In the House the Census bill was debated, and was ordered to be printed. A bill was introduced to dispense with spies and informers in the National Revenue service.

THE MESSAGE AND DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

The first annual Message of President Grant was sent to Congress on the 6th instant. It furnishes a brief but comprehensive summary of the domestic affairs of the country and the foreign relations. It calls attention to the general prosperity of the nation; to the fact that the laws of the States relative to civil nuances of occasion have been fully restored to their place in the Union; that the Freedmen are making rapid progress in learning and the industrial arts; that the means of paying the interest on the public debt and meeting all other expenses of the government are more than adequate; and suggests that immediate attention should be given to the state of our currency. The Message recommends legislation as will insure a gradual return to specie payments, and that there be no contraction in the value of currency. It also recommends the renewal of the income tax, at a reduced rate, for three years. In regard to foreign relations the message recites the successful consummation of the Alabama treaty; it perserve neutrality in the contest between Spain and the South American republics and the insurgents in Cuba, and calls attention to the present state of the Alabama negotiations with England. The President expresses the hope that these negotiations, interrupted by the failure of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, may soon be resumed and brought to a favorable termination. In regard to Cuban belligerency the President calls attention to the exclusion of American capital from competition with a foreign company on the island of Cuba, and recommends special legislation to protect the rights of American citizens in such circumstances. He also states that he will endeavor to secure by negotiation an abandonment of the privilege of search except in ocean telegraphic cables.

The Secretary of the Treasury calls attention to the reduction of expenses in his department, amounting to over half a million dollars per annum. He has made arrangements for the manufacture of paper for the currency and other obligations of the United States, and for the printing of the same, which will increase the security against counterfeiters. He states that, including interest earned and not paid, and deducting coin in the Treasury, and the United States on the 1st of March last was $2,253,463,360 91, and subtracting the same liabilities it was $2,060,355,344 61 on the 1st of the present month, showing a decrease of $193,108,015 30. He recommends the funding of the outstanding specie payments until a part of the five-twenty bonds can be funded in a new 4½ per cent gold loan, which he would limit to $1,000,000,000, or as much thereof as could be negotiated at par, and to run and within twenty years, one-third after twenty and two-thirds after twenty-five years, one-third after five and within thirty years, for which Five Twenties and Ten Forties are given in exchange at par, and which would be required to keep as the basis of their circulation, and to be paid for from taxation, and the sum of which should be payable either here or at the leading commercial cities of Europe, at the option of holders.

The Postmaster-General reports that there are in the United States 28,500 postmasters, an increase during the past year of 625. Of these 980 are appointed by the President, and 27,520 by the Secretary and the Postmaster-General. During the past year there were issued 72,000,000 Dead Letter Office Envelopes. The money-order system has been a gratifying success. The business increased from $1,701,000, in 1868, to $24,548,468 in 1869, and the last year paid a profit of $122,000 to the Department.

The Secretary of the Interior announces an increase of sales of public lands, but on last year's cash receipts, and the disposition of public land premises a falling off of a half million dollars. The sales while less than seven hundred and fifty thousand acres have been given to actual settlers under the homestead law.

The Secretary of War suggests a plan of military organization which shall reduce the army from about from 52,434 men to 45,000, of which two-thirds could be kept on the Pacific coast. The sum appropriated for the Quarter-Master's department have been reduced $14,500,000.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

In accordance with instructions from Washington the Fenian prisoners, detained in New York, were discharged from the custody of the United States authorities on December 9, and were given a possession of by the Spanish officials.

The season just closed presents a sad record for the Gloucester, Massachusetts, fishermen. Sixteen vessels were lost, involving a pecuniary loss of more than $84,000; and fifty-six fishermen were lost. Besides these, twenty-two widows and seventy-eight fatherless children.

The Chief Justice of Illinois justice has declared the California State law denying the Chinese the right to testify in evidence to be in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Ecumenical Council was opened on the 8th inst. by the Pope. The eternal city to the Tiber was crowded by the people as his Holiness, at the head of a procession of 700 bishops, entered the hall of the Council. The galleries of the hall were filled with diplomatic and princely and members of the corps *diplomatique*. The ceremonies are described as very imposing. The Roman Catholic Bishops of the 9th Pope delivered an allocution before the bishops, in which he declared that their work should be directed in "false human science and worldly luxury," and against "the monstrous errors of the present century." The Council has been adjourned until after the holidays, to give the bishops time for re-assembling. The Pope relies much on the support of the Irish bishops.

The French "Yellow Book" says that France need not influence with the United States in the work of peace between Spain and the Pacific republics, but will prevent, if it can, the intervention of Europe with the Cuban insurgents complicated the settlement.

Stormy debates are the order of the day in the French Chambers. The Left has come to the front on the 16th demanded the impeachment of M. Forcade, the Minister of the Interior. The scene which followed is described as unparalleled in the annals of the Chamber, and no adjournment was effected amidst great excitement.

The London *Times* suggests the appointment of such men as George Thokker Curtis and William M. Evarts to act with Lord Clarendon in the Alabama case. The Edinburgh *Scotsman* has a report that Lord Clarendon will submit an ultimatum regulations for the settlement of the claims.

The Insurrection of Candia has yielded to the ultimatum of the Sultan, and accepted the conditions imposed.

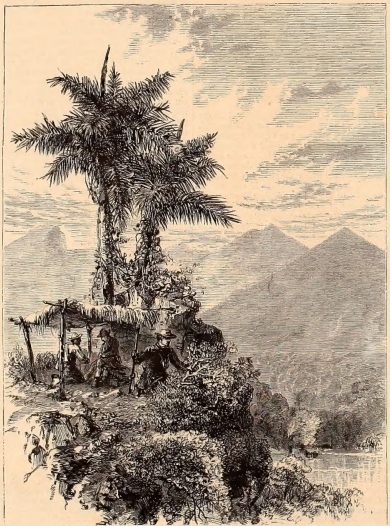
THE WAR IN CUBA—A DASH THROUGH THE WOODS.

THE WAR IN CUBA—THE CUBAN SCOUT.

THE WAR IN CUBA.

THE war in Cuba presents many interesting and romantic features, some of which are depicted by our artist, whose sketches will be found on this page. The character of the country where the insurrection began, and has been carried on more successfully than in any other part of the island, is illustrated in the sketch showing an advanced post in the Trinidad Mountains. Wild and bold, and covered with dense forest, it is just the region for the operations of the scattered bands that compose the bulk of the insurrectionary forces. Under the protection of these mountains are organized raids into districts held by the Spanish troops; and to their friendly shelter the guerrillas return when their work has been accomplished. Another illustration represents a band of these guerrillas making a dash through the woods. The Spanish troops are sometimes drawn into ambuscades in these mountains, and are made to pay dearly for their temerity. Many stirring adventures are related of "El Chico Balladares," a celebrated scout, who is constantly employed on this duty by the insurgents.

The most effective auxiliaries of the insurgents are found among the freedmen whom they have liberated from slavery on the plantations. These men, as shown in our illustrations, are armed with any weapons they can pick up—old flint-locks, bayonets fastened to the end of a stick, lances, cane-knives, etc.; but in general they are employed for more efficient work than service in the field. They are sent out among the slaves on the Spanish plantations, where their presence is less likely to excite suspicion than that of white men would be, for the purpose of inciting them to insurrection. They are also employed, in connection with Chinamen, in the work of burning plantations, and do very effective service in this kind of warfare.



THE WAR IN CUBA—ADVANCED INSURGENT POST IN THE TRINIDAD MOUNTAINS.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

OF all recent discoveries in science, that certainly is the most wonderful which enables us to identify a particle of matter almost too minute to be conceived of, and to pronounce upon the composition of a body existing in remotest space. Such a power is given to us in spectrum analysis, by means of which we detect the presence of 180,000,000th of a grain of sodium, and learn the constitution of the Dog-star, 120,000,000,000,000 of miles away. But what is the spectrum analysis? the unscientific reader may ask. The answer is difficult to give in popular language; but we will attempt one. Every one has observed the band of color produced when light falls upon the triangular piece of glass we call a prism. That is a spectrum. Sir Isaac Newton first discovered that this band of color is produced by the decomposition of white light into its component colored rays. All white light—that of the sun, a candle, or a gas flame—shows this colored band, beginning with red on the one side, and terminating with violet at the other. But if we introduce any single substance capable of giving color to a gas flame, the continuous band of color is broken up, and we see only a few bright lines of the same color as the flame. Further, if two or more substances capable of imparting different colors are simultaneously introduced into a flame, each substance is found to exhibit its characteristic lines of color in the spectrum, and thus an analysis is made of the mixture placed in the flame. An observer with a spectroscope at a fire-work display would be able to tell all the ingredients employed to produce the colored fires which excite so much wonder. The discovery that every element in nature gives a characteristic spectrum was soon fruitful of consequences; for as chemists have now the habit of observing every thing that comes to hand by means of the spectroscope, lines have been remarked which did not apparently belong to any known substance. Then chemical analysts took up the matter, and separated out the unknown ingredient; and in this way, within the last few years, we have been made acquainted with five new elementary substances, and we may conjecture that others still remain to be discovered by the same means.

AIMLESS EDUCATION.

HERE is a rich man's son, who has been educated at great expense and pains, and who has graduated from college, and has come out a gentleman. He has studied, not with a view of fitting himself for any avocation in life, but with a view of being a gentleman. He reads, not for the sake of knowing any thing, but for the sake of being a gentleman. Soon his father breaks down; and he, when he is about twenty-five years old, finds himself a poor man's son, and dependent on his own exertions. And he says to himself, "What shall I do for a living?" He asks his feet, and his feet say, "I do not know." He asks his hands, and they say, "I do not know." He asks his head, and it says, "I never learned any thing about how to get a living." There is but one man that can befriend this poor wretch, and that is the sexton. Could any thing be more useless than such a person? Can there be any thing more pitiable than such histories?

THE WAR IN CUBA—INSURGENT PICKET OF FREEDMEN.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL ADOLPH CAVADA, MILITARY DISTRICT OF CIENFUEGOS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SECOND SCENE.—THE INN.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

ANNE.

"YE'LL just permit me to remind ye again, young leddy, that the Hottle's full—excepting only this settin'-room, and the bedchamber yon ter belonging to it."

So spoke "Mistress Inchbare," landlady of the Craig Fernie Inn, to Anne Silvester, standing in the parlor, purse in hand, and offering the price of the two rooms before she claimed permission to occupy them.

The time of the afternoon was about the time when Geoffrey Delamayn had started in the train, on his journey to London. About the time also, when Arnold Brinkworth had crossed the moor, and was mounting the first rising ground which led to the inn.

Mistress Inchbare was tall and thin, and decent and dry. Mistress Inchbare's unlovable leathering fast friend was her iron-gray little yellow curls. Mistress Inchbare's hard bones showed themselves, like Mistress Inchbare's hard Presbyterians, without any concealment or compromise. In short, a savagely-respectable woman, who plumed herself on presiding over a savagely-respectable inn.

There was no competition to interfere with Mistress Inchbare. She regulated her own prices, and made her own rules. If you objected to her prices, and revolted from her rules, you were free to go. In other words, you were free to cast yourself, in the capacity of homeless wanderer, on the scanty mercy of a Scotch wilderness. The village of Craig Fernie was a collection of hovels. The country about Craig Fernie, numbering on one side and moor on the other, held no second house of public entertainment, for miles and miles round, at any point of the compass. No rumbling individual but the helpless British Tourist wanted food and shelter from starvation, in that part of Scotland; and nobody but Mistress Inchbare had food and shelter to sell. A more thoroughly independent person than she was not to be found on the face of the hotel-keeping earth. The most universal of all civilized terrors—the terror of appearing unfashionable in the newspapers—was a sensation absolutely unknown to the Empress of the Inn. You lost your temper, and threatened to send her bill for exhibition in the public journals. Mistress Inchbare raised no objection to your taking any course you pleased with it. "Eh, man! send the bill, whar' ye like, as long as ye pay it first. There's nae such thing as a newspaper ever darkens my doors. Ye've got the Auld and New Testaments in your bedchambers, and the natural history o' Fairlshire on the coffee-room table—and if that's no' reading enough for ye, ye may een gae back South again, and get the rest of it there."

This was the inn at which Anne Silvester had appeared alone, with nothing but a little bag in her hand. This was the woman whose reluctance to receive her she innocently expected to overcome by showing her purse.

"Mention your charge for the rooms," she said. "I am willing to pay for them beforehand."

Her majesty, Mrs. Inchbare, never even looked at her subject's poor little purse.

"It just comes to this, mistress," she answered. "I'm no' free to talk your money, if I'm no' free to let ye the last rooms left in the house. The Craig Fernie hottle is a faimly hottle—and has its ain guide name to keep up. Ye're owre well-looking, my young leddy, to be traveling alone."

The time had been when Anne would have answered promptly enough. The hard necessities of her position made her patient now.

"I have already told you," she said, "my husband is coming here to join me." She sighed wearily as she repeated her ready-made story—and dropped into the nearest chair, from sheer inability to stand any longer.

Mistress Inchbare looked at her, with the exact measure of consideration for interest which she might have shown if she had been looking at a stray dog who had fallen footsore at the door of the inn.

"Weel! weel! sae let it be. Bide awhile, and rest ye. We'll no' charge ye for that—and we'll see if we can find rooms. I'll just tak' the rooms, mistress, to *him*, instead o' lettin' them to *you*. And, sae, good-morrow t' ye." With that final announcement of her royal will and pleasure, the Empress of the Inn withdrew.

Anne made no reply. She watched the landlady out of the room—and then struggled to control herself no longer. In her position, suspicion was almost the same thing as guilt. Shame gathered in her eyes; and the heartache wrung her, poor soul—wrung her without mercy.

A trifling noise in the room startled her. She looked up, and detected a man in a corner, dusting the furniture, and apparently acting in the capacity of attendant at the inn. He had shown her into the parlor on her arrival; but he had remained so quietly in the room that she had never noticed him since, until that moment.

He was an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry. His head was bald; his feet were gouty; his nose was justly celebrated as the largest nose and the reddest nose in that part of Scotland. The mild wisdom of years was expressed mysteriously in his mellow smile. In contact with this wicked world, his manner revealed that happy mixture of two extremes—the servility which just touches independence, and the independence which just touches servility—attributed to men in existence but Scotchmen. Enormous native impudence, which amused but never offended; immeasurable cunning, masquerading habitually under the double disguise of quaint prejudice and dry humor, were the solid moral foundations on which the character of this elderly person was built. No amount of whisky ever made him drunk; and no evidence of self-tinging ever hurried his movements. Such was the headwaiter at the Craig Fernie Inn; known, far and wide, to local fame, as "Master Bishopriggs, Mistress Inchbare's right-hand man."

"What are you doing there?" Anne asked, sharply.

Mr. Bishopriggs turned himself about on his gouty feet; waved his duster gently in the air; and looked at Anne, with a mild, paternal smile.

"Eh! Am just doostin' the things; and settin' the room in decent order for ye."

"For *me*? Did you hear what the landlady said?"

Mr. Bishopriggs advanced confidentially, and pointed with a very unsteady forefinger to the purse which Anne still held in her hand.

"Never fash yoursel' about the landleddy!" said the sage chief of the Craig Fernie waiters. "Your purse speaks for you, my lassie. Pet it up!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, waving temptation

"EH, MY LEDDY! HERE HE IS IN FLESH AND BLUID."

away from him with the duster. "In wi' it into yer pocket! How long ha' ye been in the warld? Is't uphaud it any where—while there's siller in the purse, there's guide in the woman!"

Anne's patience, which had resisted harder trials, gave way at this.

"What do you mean by speaking to me in that familiar manner?" she asked, rising angrily to her feet again.

Mr. Bishopriggs tucked his duster under his arm, and proceeded to satisfy Anne that he shared the landlady's view of her position, without sharing the severity of the landlady's principles. "There's nae man livin', said Mr. Bishopriggs, "looks with mair indulgence at human frailty than my sin self. And I'm no to familiar wi' ye—when I'm auld enough to be a father to ye, and ready to be a father to ye till forther notice? Here's lunch! Order your lit dinner, lassie. Husband or no husband, ye've got a stomach, and ye must een eat. There's fesh and fowl—beef and mutton—for the sheep's head singit, when they've done with it at the table-hoo do ye?"

There was but one way of getting rid of him: "Order what you like," Anne said, "and leave the room." Mr. Bishopriggs highly approved of the first half of the sentence, and totally overlooked the second.

"Ay, ay—just pet a' yer little interests in my hands; it's the wisest thing ye can do. Ask for Maister Bishopriggs (that's me) when ye want a decent, honorable man to gi' ye a word of advice. Set ye doon again—set ye doon. And don't tak' the arm-chair. Hech! hech! yer husband will be coming, ye know, and he's sure to want it!" With that seasonable pleasantry the venerable Bishopriggs winked, and went out.

Anne looked at her watch. By her calculation it was not far from the hour when Geoffrey might be expected to arrive at the inn, assuming Geoffrey to have left Windygates at the time agreed on. A little more patience, and the landlady's scruples would be satisfied, and the ordeal would be at an end.

Could she have met him nowhere else than at this barbarous house, and among these barbarous people?

No. Outside the doors of Windygates she had not a friend to help her in all Scotland. There was no place at her disposal but the inn; and she had only to be thankful that it occupied a sequestered situation, and was not likely to be visited by any of Lady Lundie's friends. Whatever the risk might be, the end in view justified her in confronting it. Her whole future depended on Geoffrey's making an honest woman of her. Not her future with *him*—that way there was no hope: that way her life was wasted. Her future with Blanche—she looked forward to nothing now but her future with Blanche.

Her spirits sank lower and lower. The tears rose again. It would only irritate him if he came and found her crying. She tried to divert her mind by looking about the room.

There was very little to see. Except that it was solidly built of good sound stone, the Craig Fernie hotel differed in no other important respect from the average of second-rate English inns. There was the usual slippery black sofa—constructed to let you slide when you wanted to rest. There was the usual highly-varnished armchair, expressly manufactured to test the endurance of the human spine. There was the usual paper on the walls, of the pattern designed to make your eyes ache and your head giddy. There were the usual engravings, which humanity never tires of contemplating. The Royal Portrait, of the first place of honor. The next greatest of all human beings—the Duke of Wellington—in the second place of honor. The third greatest of all human beings—the local member of parliament—in the third place of honor; and a hunting scene, in the dark. A door opposite the door of admission from the passage opened into the bedroom; and a window at the side looked out on the open space in front of the hotel, and commanded a view of the vast expanse of the Craig Fernie moor, stretching away before the rising ground on which the house was built.

Anne turned in despair from the view in the room to the view from the window. Within the last half hour it had changed for the worse. The clouds had gathered; the sun was hidden; the light on the landscape was gray and dull. Anne turned from the window, as she had turned from the room. She was just making the hopeless attempt to rest her weary limbs on the sofa, when the sound of voices and footsteps in the passage caught her ear.

Was Geoffrey's voice among them? No.

Were the strangers coming in?

The landlady had declined to let her have the rooms: it was quite possible that the strangers might be coming to look at them. There was no knowing who they might be. In the impulse of the moment she flew to the bedchamber and locked herself in.

The door from the passage opened, and Arnold Brinkworth—shown in by Mr. Bishopriggs—entered the sitting-room.

"Nobody here!" exclaimed Arnold, looking round. "Where is she?"

Mr. Bishopriggs pointed to the bedroom door. "Eh! yer good leddy's joost in the bedchamber, ma doot!"

Arnold started. He had felt no difficulty (when he and Geoffrey had discussed the question at Windygates) about presuming himself, at the inn in the assumed character of Anne's husband. But the result of putting the deception in practice, was to lay the least of it, a little embarrassing at first. Here was the waiter describing Miss Silvester as his "good leddy;" and leaving him, naturally and properly, to take the "good lady's" husband to knock at her bedroom door, and tell her that he was there. In despair of knowing what else to do at the moment, Arnold asked for the landlady, whom he had not seen on arriving at the inn.

"The landleddy's just tottin' up the ledgers o' the hottle in her ain room," answered Mr. Bishopriggs. "She'll be here anon—the weary-ful woman!—speerin' who ye are and what ye are, and takin' a the business o' the house on her ain head, as usual." He dropped the subject of the landlady, and put in a plea for himself. "I ha' lookit after a' the leddy's little comforts, Sir," he whispered, "as I trust in me! trust in me!"

Arnold's attention was absorbed in the very serious difficulty of announcing his arrival to Anne. "How am I to get her out?" he said to himself, with a look of perplexity directed at the bedroom door.

He had spoken loud enough for the waiter to hear him. Arnold's look of perplexity was instantly reflected on the face of Mr. Bishopriggs. The head-waiter at Craig Fernie possessed an immense experience of the manners and customs of newly-married people on their honeymoon trip. He had been a second father (with excellent pecuniary results) to innumerable brides and bridegrooms. He knew young married couples in all their varieties:—The couples who try to behave as if they had been married for many years; the couples who attempt no concealment, and take advice from competent authorities about them. The couples who are bashfully talkative before third persons; the couples who are bashfully silent under similar circumstances. The couples who don't know what to do; the couples who wish it was over; the couples who must never be intruded upon without careful preliminary knocking at the door; the couples who come out and drink in the intervals of "bliss," and the other couples who *don't*. But the bridegroom who stood helpless on one side of the door, and the bride who remained locked in on the other, were new varieties of the nuptial species, even in the vast experience of Mr. Bishopriggs's mind.

"Hoo are ye to get her oot?" he repeated. "I'll show ye hoo!" He advanced as rapidly as his gouty feet would allow to him, and knocked at the bedroom door. "Eh, my leddy! here he is in flesh and bluid. Mercy preserve us! do ye look the door of the nuptial chamber on your husband's face?"

At that unanswerable appeal the lock was heard turning in the door. Mr. Bishopriggs winked at Arnold with his one available eye, and laid his forefinger knowingly along his enormous nose. "I'm away before she falls into your arms! Ieely on it I'll no come in again without knocking first!"

He left Arnold alone in the room. The bedroom door opened slowly by a few inches at a time. Anne's voice was just audible, speaking cautiously behind it.

"Is that you, Geoffrey?"

Arnold's heart began to beat fast, in anticipation of the disclosure which was now close at hand. He knew neither what to say or do—he remained silent.

Anne repeated the question in louder tones: "Is that you?"

There was the certain prospect of alarming her, if some reply was not given. There was no help for it. Come what come might, Arnold answered, in a whisper:

"Yes."

The door was flung wide open. Anne Silvester appeared on the threshold, confronting him.

Mr. Brinkworth!!!" she exclaimed, standing petrified with astonishment.

For a moment more neither of them spoke. Anne advanced one step into the sitting-room, and put the next inevitable question, with an instantaneous change from surprise to suspicion.

"What do you want here?"

Geoffrey's letter represented the only possible excuse for Arnold's appearance in that place, and at that time.

"I have got a letter for you," he said—and offered it in silence.

She was instantly on her guard. They were little better than strangers to each other, as Arnold had said. A sickening presentiment of some treachery on Geoffrey's part struck cold to her heart. She refused to take the letter.

"I expect the letter," she said. "Who told you I was here?" She put the question, not only with a tone of suspicion, but with a look of suspicion. The look was not an easy one for a man to bear. It required a momentary exertion of self-control on Arnold's part, before he could trust himself to answer with due consideration for her.

"Is there a watch set on my actions?" she went on, with rising anger. "And are you the spy?"

"You haven't known me very long, Miss Silvester," Arnold answered, quietly. "But you ought to know me better than to say that. I am the bearer of a letter from Geoffrey."

She was on the point of following his example,

and of speaking of Geoffrey by his Christian name, on her side. But she checked herself before the word had passed her lips.

"Do you mean Mr. Delamayn?" she asked, coldly.

"Yes."

"What occasion have *I* for a letter from Mr. Delamayn?"

She was determined to acknowledge nothing—she kept him obstinately at arm's-length. Arnold did, as a matter of instinct, what a man of larger experience would have done, as a matter of calculation—he closed with her boldly, then and there.

"Miss Silvester! it's no use besting about the bush. If you won't take the letter, you force me to speak. I am here on a very unpleasant errand. I begin to wish, from the bottom of my heart, I had never undertaken it."

A quick flash of pain passed over her face. She was beginning, dimly beginning, to understand him. He hesitated. His generous nature shrank from hurting her.

"Go on," she said, with an effort.

"Try not to be angry with me, Miss Silvester. Geoffrey and I are old friends. Geoffrey knows he can trust me—"

"Trust you?" she interposed. "Stop!"

Arnold waited. She went on, speaking to herself, not to him.

"When I was in the other room I asked if Geoffrey was there. And this man answered for him." She sprang forward with a cry of horror.

"His he told you—"

"For God's sake, read his letter!"

She violently pushed back the hand with which Arnold once more offered the letter. "You don't look at me! He *has* told you!"

"Miss Silvester," persisted Arnold, "in justice to him, if you won't in justice to me."

The situation was too painful to be endured. Arnold looked at her, this time, with a man's resolution in his eyes—spoke to her, this time, with a man's resolution in his voice. She took the letter.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," she said, with a sudden humiliation of tone and manner, inexpressibly affecting, inexpressibly painful to see. "I understand my position at last. I am a woman doubly betrayed. Please to excuse what I said to you just now, when I appointed myself to have some claim on your respect. Perhaps you will grant me your pity? I can ask for nothing more."

Arnold was silent. Words were useless in the face of such a self-abandonment as this. Any man living—even Geoffrey himself—must have felt for her at that moment.

She looked at the first time at the letter. She opened it on the wrong side. "My own letter!" she said to herself. "In the hands of another man!"

"Look at the last page," said Arnold.

She turned to the last page, and read the hateful pencil-lines. "Villain! villain! villain!" At the third repetition of the word, she crushed the letter in the palm of her hand, and flung it from her to the other end of the room. In an instant after, the fire that had flamed up in her died out. Feebly and slowly she reached out her hand to the nearest chair, and sat down in it with her back to Arnold. "He has deserted me!" was all she said. The words fell low and quiet on the silence: they were the utterance of an immeasurable despair.

"You are wrong!" exclaimed Arnold. "Indeed, indeed you are wrong! Let me go to excuse—it's the truth. I was present when the message came about his father."

She never heeded him, and never moved. She only repeated the words:

"He has deserted me!"

"Don't take it in that way!" pleaded Arnold—"pray don't! It's dreadful to hear you; it is indeed. I am sure he has not deserted you. There was no answer; no sign that she heard him; she sat there, struck to stone. It was impossible to the landlady in such a moment as this. In despair of knowing how else to rouse her, Arnold drew a chair to her side, and patted her kindly on the shoulder. "Come!" he said, in his single-hearted, boyish way. "Cheer up a little!"

She slowly turned her head, and looked at him with a dull surprise.

"Didn't you say he had told you every thing?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Isn't you despise a woman like me?"

Arnold's heart went back, at that dreadful question, to the one woman who was eternally sacred to him in the whole round from whose bosom he had drawn the breath of life.

"Does the man live," he said, "who can think of his mother and not respect his sex?"

That answer set the prisoned misery in her free. She gave him her hand—she faintly thanked him. The merciful tears came to her at last.

Arnold rose, and turned away to the window in despair. "I mean well," he said. "And yet I only distress her!"

She heard him, and struggled to compose herself. "Let me answer you," she gently said. "Don't mind my crying—I'm the better for it." She looked round at him gratefully. "I won't distress you, Mr. Brinkworth. I forget what you—and I do. Come back, or I shall think you are angry with me." Arnold went back to her. She gave him her hand once more. "One doesn't understand people all at once," she said, simply. "I thought you were like other men—I didn't know till to-day how kind you could be. Did you walk here?" she added, suddenly, with an effort to change the subject. "Are you tired? I have not been kindly received at this place—but I'm sure I may offer you whatever the inn affords."

It was impossible not to feel for her—it was impossible not to be interested in her. Arnold's honest longing to help her expressed itself a little too openly when he spoke next. "All I want, Miss Silvester, is to be of some service to you, if I can," he said. "Is there any thing I can do to make your position here more comfortable? You will stay at this place, won't you? Geoffrey wishes it."

She shuddered, and looked away. "Yes or no?" she answered, hurriedly.

"You will hear from Geoffrey," Arnold went on, "to-morrow or next day. I know he means to write."

"For Heaven's sake, don't speak of him any more!" she cried out. "How do you think I can look you in the face—" Her cheeks flushed deep, and her eyes rested on him with a moment's fiery firmness. "Mind this! I am his wife, if promises can make me so. He has pledged his word to me by all that is sacred!" She checked herself impatiently. "What am I saying? What interest can we have in this miserable state of things? Don't let us talk of it! I have something else to say to you. Let us go back to my troubles. Did you see the landlady when you came in?"

"No. I only saw the waiter."

"The landlady has made some absurd difficulty about letting me have these rooms because I came here alone."

"She won't make any difficulty now," said Arnold. "I have settled that."

"*You?*"

Arnold smiled. After what had passed, it was an indescribable relief to him to see the humorous side of his own position for a moment.

"Certainly," he answered. "When I asked for the lady who had arrived here alone this afternoon—"

"Yes."

"I was told, in your interests, to ask for her as my wife."

Anne looked at him—in alarm as well as in surprise.

"You asked for me as your wife?" she repeated.

"Yes. I haven't done wrong—have I? As I understood it, there was no alternative. Geoffrey told me you had settled with him to present yourself here as a married lady, whose husband was coming to join her."

"I thought of *him* when I said that. I never thought of *you*."

"Natural enough. Still, it comes to the same thing (doesn't it?) with the people of this house."

"I don't understand you."

"I will try and explain myself a little better. Geoffrey said your position depended on my asking for you at the door (as *he* would have asked for you if he had come) in the character of your husband."

"He had no right to say that."

"No right? After what you have told me of the landlady, just think what might have happened if he had *not* said it! I haven't had much experience myself of these things. But—allow me to ask—wouldn't it have been a little awkward (at my age) if I had come here and intimated for you as a friend, when, for all that case, the landlady might have made some additional difficulty about letting you have the rooms?"

It was beyond dispute that the landlady would have refused to let the rooms at all. It was equally plain that the absurd scruples Arnold had practiced on the people of the inn was a deception which Anne had herself rendered necessary, in her own interests, from the first moment. It was clearly impossible for her to have foreseen such an event as Geoffrey's departure for London. Still, she felt an uneasy sense of responsibility—a vague dread of what might happen next. She sat nervously twisting her handkerchief in her lap, and made no answer.

"Don't suppose I object to this little stratagem," Arnold went on. "I am serving my old friend, and I am helping the lady who is soon to be his wife."

Anne rose abruptly to her feet, and amazed him by a very unexpected question.

"Mr. Brinkworth," she said, "forgive me the rudeness of something I am about to say to you. Where are you going away?"

Arnold burst out laughing.

"What! am I quite sure I can do nothing more to assist you," he answered.

"Pray don't think of *me* any longer."

"In your situation! who else am I to think of?"

Anne laid her hand earnestly on his arm, and answered:

"Blanche!"

"Blanche?" repeated Arnold, utterly at a loss to understand her.

"Yes—Blanche. She found time to tell me what had passed between you this morning before I left Windygates. She is your friend—and her an other. I know you are engaged to be married to her."

Arnold was delighted to hear it. He had been merely unwilling to leave her thus far. He was absolutely determined to stay with her now.

"Don't expect me to go after that!" he said. "Come and sit down again, and let's talk about Blanche."

Anne declined impatiently, by a gesture. Arnold was too deeply interested in the new topic to take any notice of it.

"You know all about her habits and her tastes," he went on, "and what she likes, and what she dislikes. It's most important that I should talk to you about her. When we are husband and wife, Blanche is to have all her own way in every thing. That's my idea of the Whole Duty of Man—when Man is married. You are still standing? Let me give you a chair."

At war cruel—unnatural circumstances it would have been impossible—to disappoint him. But the vague fear of consequences which had taken possession of Anne was not to be trifled with. She had no clear conception of the risk (and it is to be added, in justice to Geoffrey, that *he* had no clear conception of the risk) on which Arnold had unconsciously ventured, in undertaking his errand to the inn. Neither of them had any adequate idea (few people have) of the infamous absence of all merciful warning, of all decent precaution and restraint, which makes the marriage law of Scotland a trap to catch unmarried men and women in. Under this dark shadow Geoffrey's mind was incapable of looking beyond the present emergency, Anne's finer intelligence told her that a danger which offered such facilities for private marriage as the facilities of which she had proposed to take advantage in her own case, was not a contingency which a man could act on. Arnold had acted, without danger of some serious embarrassment following as the possible result. With this conviction in her mind, she resolutely declined to take the offered chair, or to enter into the proposed conversation.

"When you have seen my host about Blanche, Mr. Brinkworth, must be said at some fitter time. I beg you will leave me."

"Leave you—and good by?"

"Yes. Leave me to the solitude that is best for me, and to the sorrow that I have deserved. Thank you—and good by."

Arnold made no attempt to disguise his disappointment and surprise.

"If I must go, I must go," he said. "But why are you in such a hurry?"

"I didn't wish to call me your wife again before the people of this inn."

"Is *that* all? What on earth are you afraid of?"

She was unable fully to realize her own apprehensions. She was doubly unable to express them in words. The only intelligible and tangible reason which might prevail on him to go, she drifted back into that very conversation about Blanche into which she had declined to enter but the moment before.

"I have reasons for being afraid," she said. "One that I can't explain—and one that I can. Suppose Blanche heard of what you have done? The longer you stay here—the more people you see—the more chance there is that she *might* hear of it."

"And what if she did?" asked Arnold, in his own straight-forward way. "Do you think she would be angry with me for making myself useful to you?"

"Yes," rejoined Anne, sharply, "if she was jealous of me."

Arnold's unlimited belief in Blanche expressed itself, without the slightest compromise, in two words:

"That's impossible!"

Anxious as she was, miserable as she was, a faint smile flitted over Anne's face.

"Sir Patrick would tell you, Mr. Brinkworth, that nothing is impossible where women are concerned." She dropped her momentary lightness of tone, and went on as earnestly as ever. "You won't pay attention to Blanche's advice—I can. Once more, I beg you to go. I don't like your coming here, in this way! I don't like it at all!"

She held out her hand to take leave. At the same moments there was a loud knock at the door of the room.

Anne sank into the chair at her side, and uttered a faint cry of alarm. Arnold, perfectly impenetrable to the change in his position, asked what there was to frighten her—and answered the knock in the two customary words:

"Come in!"

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

It is chiefly during the eight or nine months of winter that the inmates of the hospice of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard are called into action. They serve as guides to small caravans of travelers, and to the mail carried from the right direction. They also track those that have been lost in the deep snows or buried by avalanches. For these purposes their assistance is quite indispensable. Of course there can not be any question of beaten tracks in yonder dreary solitudes. The snow often lies forty feet deep; and even the conventuals and servants of the convent would, notwithstanding their familiar acquaintance with the scenery, in times of fogs and storms, never find their way without the assistance of those keen-scented animals. Generally at such times the dogs are sent out on their accustomed rounds; they scarcely ever go alone. But on extraordinary occasions, in thick fogs, thunder-storms and snow-storms, the whole population of the convent will turn out in company with the dogs, furnished with lanterns, cordials, and every thing necessary in cases of accident.

Not less than two dogs are ever sent out—one of them an old, well-trained animal, which will serve as an instructor and trainer to the younger one. Should either of them happen to one of them, the other will go for assistance.

The work of brotherly love to which the monks of the Great St. Bernard devote themselves is attended with great perils. Many fall victims to the fatigues of their laborious calling, and more than one of these noble dogs have found graves beneath avalanches and in deep snow-drifts.

When we hear of the thousands whose lives have been saved by those invaluable animals, we are not to understand that so many have been dug out from beneath avalanches with their assistance. They will track those who, having lost their way, are lying in the snow half benumbed with cold; they will encourage, by barking violently, such as, from exhaustion and despair, have sunk down to their last sleep, and call up assistance when they are unable to do any thing. The deep tracks they leave in the snow have guided many a one to the hospitable halls of the Hospice. Their constant loud baying on expeditions of mercy has been heard by many a forlorn wanderer, who was thus enabled to make known his situation to the brave men sent out to look for travelers lost in the snow.

The climate of the Great St. Bernard is excessively rude; even in midsummer the mercury never rises higher than 16 degrees above zero, according to Réaumur; in winter it sinks down to 27 degrees below the freezing-point. There are, however, few clear and unclouded days during the whole year. The nights are also very cold; while a small Alpine lake, situated south of the Hospice, occasionally remains frozen up for several years in succession. The average temperature is, according to the most careful meteorological observations, the same as that of the southern point of Spitzbergen.

It is quite natural, under these circumstances, that but few animals will endure the peculiar climate of those mountain regions; and we can easily appreciate the love and anxious care which the monks of the Great St. Bernard bestow upon the rearing and preservation of the brave, wonderfully-gifted animals.

The most celebrated of all these dogs was *Barry*. His successes exceeded those of any other dog of his race. His intelligence and animal love were almost human. During the last of little more than twelve years he saved the lives of forty-eight travelers—some say even more than seventy. Nothing is said of how he acquired his pleasure when he had succeeded in saving a traveler from perishing in the snow. He used to manifest his satisfaction by licking his hand, lurking, wagging his tail—in short, in every conceivable way. Whenever he found a lost traveler lying in the snow, benumbed with cold, he would endeavor to warm him with his breath, or by encompassing him with a full length over his body, until his companion dog had brought up assistance from the Hospice. Once he brought to life a child, for which purpose he actually found him to mount his back, and thus carried him to the convent.

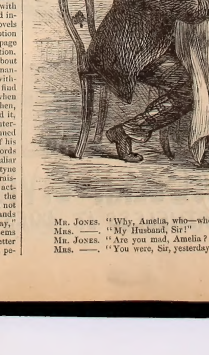
Many of those dogs perished while thus fulfilling their mission. The most tragical fate, however, was that which Barry himself met with near the fifty-second year of his age. Having found a man nearly frozen to death in the snow—a deserter from the Austrian army—the noble animal endeavored to have recorded in resuscitating him. The soldier, unable to account for the presence of a dog in that dreary solitude, fled without out of the reach of the incessant howls, and fancying it to have been sent out by his pursuers to track him, drew his sabre and plunged it into the heart of the faithful dog. Thus died the noblest dog that ever lived. Barry's skin has been carefully stuffed, and is now exhibited in the Museum of Natural History at Berne. This noble creature was considered the most perfect type of the pure breed of the St. Bernard dog.

Mr. Schumacher, at Holligen, about a mile from Berne, Switzerland, keeps an establishment for the breeding of dogs, which is the pride of show to visitors. It consists of an inclosure of about one-fourth of an acre, in the shape of a parallelogram, with a shed at one end, in which the dogs have ample room to take exercise. There are also in opposite corners several kennels provided. In this inclosure twelve or fifteen magnificent dogs are always kept. It is a truly gratifying sight to see these noble beasts, not merely of the finchers, but for the love love to see the perfection of nature. They are almost all white, with large tan-colored spots on their foreheads, ears, backs, and tails. They average about six or seven hands in height. They are especially remarkable for size of head, strength of neck, width of chest, and for their powerful legs and feet—the peculiar marks of the breed. Every visitor is struck by the noble and intelligent expression of their eyes, and their lordly carriage. They may be called the *gentlemen* among dogs. Gentle dogs they are, but formidable, generous, royal fellows, far beyond the common plebeian run of curs. They will hunt neither bird nor beast. They will never bite but for the destruction of any thing lively; but I verily believe that in a case of emergency they will not flinch from any thing, in whatever form, to defend or present itself—they will either conquer or die. The only real business those royal beasts should ever be put to is that of saving men's and women's lives. They are faithful to their master, but indifferent to all advances or caresses of strangers.

Mr. Schumacher, some time ago, purchased a dog of this breed, named Sultan, which at the International Exhibition at Paris won the only first prize that was given for dogs. A perfect specimen of pure dog-blood was never beheld. We regret to say that Sultan died last summer. By far the greatest part of Mr. S.'s stock, however, blow blood as pure as Sultan's, some of them even resembling him in the color and shape of spots. All the dogs of the true Barry type have hair of medium length, scarcely ever attaining an inch and a half. Nature, however, varies in her freaks. Sometimes puppies are born whose hair will grow long and silky, between two and three inches in length, others with very short hair, scarcely an inch long, all at the same birth with puppies that are considered to be of the true Barry type. One litter contained as many as five, with hair of medium length. This is ascribed to the fact that the original ancestors of the St. Bernards have been—as far back as the fourteenth century, were, it is said, a very short-haired Danish bull-dog and a long-haired shepherd bitch from the Pyrenees. Of course only such specimens are selected for breeding as show the true Barry type; but, as we have already said, Nature will have her own ways; and occasionally return to original forms. The reason why the beautiful long-haired specimens are considered to be of the true St. Bernardine type is simply because their long hair is liable to be

WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

EVEN when his eyes were failing, and his fingers gouty, Walter Scott frequently threw off thirty or forty pages of print before breakfast; and in fact, was his task when he was at work upon "Waverley," and the "Life of Napoleon;" and till he had accomplished that, he did not think himself at liberty to take his axe and stroll out into the wood on his horse's sharp exercise. At his prime, he thought nothing of throwing off a novel in a month. "Guy Mannering" was written in six weeks about Christmas, and that he thought easy work. Very frequently, however, Sir Walter had a brace of novels on hand together, or a novel and a poem, or two or three reviews for the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. "Ivanhoe" and the "Monastery" were written together also; and he took up "Kenilworth" or "Woodstock" as a diversion to kill time when he was ahead of the press with his "Life of Napoleon." Hasty work in literature is not generally the highest kind of work; and of course there is in all Sir Walter Scott's works much that is thin, and rambling, and vapid. But with Sir Walter Scott literature was not an art, but a trade. What was good enough for the public, was good enough for him; and his constant test of the value of his work was the price of its copyright and its sale. In poetry, he wrote by inspiration; taking up his pen, like Byron, only when the fit was upon him; but when at work upon a novel or a history, all he thought of was to get through his task; and if he was not in the vein when he took up his pen, he simply wrote on, as he said, till he "wrote himself in good-humour." This was not generally a very hard task; and when he had got into a good-humor with his work, he wrote on as freely and as joyfully as he talked. His manuscripts testify sufficiently to this. In his poems you meet with stanzas that are hardly legible with blots and interlineations; but the manuscripts of his novels are as free from every thing of this description as his correspondence. You may turn over page after page without finding a single correction. He never boggled over a sentence, or cast about for an expression. "He thoughts," as his amanuensis said, "flogged easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them, or to find appropriate language. He sat in his chair (when dictating), from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the book-case, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering." When dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, Amanuensis says Scott walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. The file-work Scott left to the printer; and of several of his stories he did not even see the proofs till they were in the hands of the public. With the exception of the "Lay," I doubt whether he ever read any of his poems after they were published. He liked that better than he anticipated; but I do not think the pe-



DIVORCE A LA MODE.

MR. JONES. "Why, Amelia, who—who is this Gentleman?"
MRS. ——. "My Husband, Sir!"
MR. JONES. "Are you mad, Amelia? I'm your Husband."
MRS. ——. "You were, Sir, yesterday, but I procured a Divorce, and married Mr. Smythe this morning. This is my House, Sir!"

riodical recollections of the effect produced by the early issue of each poem; and when Ballantyne told him that the "Lord of the Isles" and "Rokeby" were pulping in the glare and glitter of "Childe Harold" and the "Giaour," he abandoned the laurel wreath to Byron without a struggle, and almost without a sigh. "Since one line has failed," he said, "we must strike out something else."

This was the spur under which he took up the abandoned manuscript of "Waverley," which had been lying among the fishing-tackle of an old drawer for seven or eight years, and threw off the second and third volumes in three weeks. When, in turn, the novels of the "Author of Waverley" began to pall upon a taste which likes its fiction fresh and fresh, Scott left the field to his imitators, and turned to history. "There is but one way," he said, "in which he can to be read—you must strike out something novel to suit the humour of the hours;" and that was the principle by which he was governed in the choice of his career. It was not a very lofty principle to act upon; with a weaker man it might have been a dangerous principle, ending, as in the case of Byron, in the complete demoralization of his genius. In Scott, however, it led to nothing more than a variation of style. The most voluminous author of an age not particularly distinguished by the purity of its literature or morals, the contemporary of Byron and Moore, and the personal friend of George IV., an author, too, who avowedly set his sails to catch the popular breeze, Sir Walter Scott never allowed his genius to pollute itself by any thing that, as a man, he could blush for. Talking over his writings at the close of his career with a friend, and contrasting their tone with that of Goethe's, Sir Walter said, with a flash of pride: "It is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted." And his boast was true.

THE AURORA.

THE spectroscope is continuously revealing new wonders in the departments of physics—even astronomy. A Swedish astronomer, Angstrom, has succeeded on several occasions in obtaining the spectrum of the luminous are which bounds the dark circle of the aurora. The light of this are is almost monochromatic, and exhibits a single brilliant bend, situated to the left of the well-known group of calcine lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known rays or bands of simple or compound gases. Another circumstance which, as the discoverer observes, gives a special and universal commissance to this observation, is this; namely, he succeeded in observing the spectrum of the zodiacal light, and here the same bright band was seen.

"Indeed," he adds, "during a starlight night, when the sky was almost phosphorescent, I found traces of this band visible from all parts of the heavens." In addition to the bright band, he also observed in the auroral spectrum traces of three feeble bands, situated near to the line F of the solar spectrum. Angstrom's observations on the auroras were corrected to the winter of 1867-68, and have since been confirmed by himself and several other physicists. The spectroscopic examination of the zodiacal light completely overthrows the view generally held by astronomers, that this phenomenon is due to the reflection of the sun's light from a belt of meteors circulating between the sun and the earth; and shows that, like the auroral light, it must be due to magnetic disturbance in the firmament. It may startle some of our readers to learn that, according to Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, the true discoverer of the law of the conservation of forces, the aurora is indirectly due to the trade-winds. In a very elaborate memoir which Dr. Mayer read at the September meeting of the German Scientific and Medical Association, in which he discussed a variety of questions arising out of his theory of the conservation of forces, he stated that, in his opinion, the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism are due to the trade-winds. He sums up his reasons as follows: The lowest stratum of the atmosphere assume, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition, the opposite of that of the water. The air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it toward the pole, whom, from its high state of electric tension, it produces the aurora. He adds that the constant disturbances of electrical equilibrium which is manifested by the frequently varying direction of the magnetic needle is due to the greater electric activity of the southern hemisphere than of the northern, owing to the physical conformation of the globe.

CYMBELINE.

HARD by the garden-seat,
Where rose and woodbine meet,
And all sad thoughts are sweet,
Stands Cymbeline.

Where, through the trellised leaves
The wan moon softly weaves
A chain of light, that cleaves
O'er her sweet face.

Faith keepeth watch above,
But false the faith thereof,
While at her feet doth Love,
For love of her,

Amid red roses' breath,
That sicken unto death,
My Lady stays and saith,
Not any thing.

The trembling leaves are sad,
And Love with Grief is clad,
Not any thing is glad,
Because of her.

She tarrieth in vain,
For her swarth knight is slain,
And cometh not again,
To Cymbeline.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PARIS policeman being summoned into the presence of a man who had just shot himself dead, riot severely wounding a lady, displayed his anxiety to arrive at the facts in the case by excitedly demanding of the only surviving witness of the fray, "Did this man kill himself before he fired at this lady, or not?"

THE SEA'S

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate: but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs,
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then I recommend the sea.

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied, "She is an ornament in grace, in our volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

SEATING WITH A GIRL.

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drag store is?" "Certainly, Sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, Sir," said the gentleman, after waiting a while, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea, your Honor," said the urchin.

HOW TO MAKE A STRENGTHENING INJURA FOR INVALIDS.—Take a gallon and a half, or thereabout, of pure water; add a quarter of an ounce of hard, and half a halfpenny worth of glue. Let it boil steadily for an hour, and, while boiling, add a little sweet mahogany charcoal. Pepper and salt may be added, if "it is easy to do."

"Come," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
While I a bill has chanced to note."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to mend."

Henry Ward Beecher, returning from church one Sunday, passed a number of specimens of "Young America" amusing themselves with a game of marbles, mixed with fancy swearing. "My boy," said Mr. B. to an interesting youth of eight years, "my boy, I am frightened." "Are you?" answered buttons, quite humbly; "why the devil don't you run, then?"

Little Frank had been taught that he was made of dust. As he stood by the window watching the lamplament as the wind was whirling it in eddies, he exclaimed mournfully, "Ah, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made."

This is the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of bigamy. His unhappy wife had attacked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned with face radiant with joy. "Me all right now. One wife. We very good Christian." "What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

There is a saying, "Save us from our friends," but it does not mean any thing in particular. It was the last remark but one Julius Cæsar made to Brutus; Brutus was an intimate friend of Cæsar's, and meant extremely kindly to him. Brutus put a knife into Cæsar. That was a striking instance of friendship.

Matrimony is—hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, skirts clinging in buttons, rebored stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc. Single blessedness is—sheet-iron quilts, hard crusts, frost-proof pumps, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated lines, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with bitches, cuffs-perfect specimen, thermometers, corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rheumatism, and any amount of misery.

Friendship is a very beautiful thing. It is also useful. Without friendship a man can not borrow five dollars. Editors have been borrowed at 40 per cent, but still a brotherly love of a certain kind has inspired the transaction. There is a bold sort of philanthropy in cent. per cent., and philanthropy is merely universal friendship.

A sentimental young lady lost a curly poodle on which she set great value, and which she fed with her own hands. Not long after the poodle had departed this transitory life Fridolina was seen to contemplate, with great gravity, the countenance of a pale, bewhiskered and bereticulated young man. "Fridolina, my dear," said her mother with a very proper toll duty, "don't look so at young Fritz; he'll think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, dear Sophie," replied Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "me exposeion is no like my pet poodle's."

A lady was about to engage the services of a servant at an intelligence office, but before the bargain was closed a few important questions were asked by the former. "I hope," said the lady, "that you have had few relatives in Borioff?" "Not one, mum, none at all." "And how many friends who would defire to call on you?" "Faith, mum, I have but two friends in Boston, and one of them is in Ireland and the other in Maine."

EXCOMMUNICATION OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

GALILEO OF THE 19TH CENTURY. "BUT NEVERTHELESS IT DOES MOVE."

"OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH."

THE ECONOMICAL COUNCIL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

"THE GOOD COUNSEL I CAN COMMAND IN MY SPHERE." PIUS HOFFMAN I.

CHURCH AND STATE ONE.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En Plus Books.—Book FEE.

CHAPTER VI.

LONELY.

THE prince was a little near-sighted, and not deeming it good manners to use the glass that dangled by the black ribbon over his waistcoat, when he found himself face to face with "milaidi," he had approached to within a short distance of her before he became aware of the agitated expression of her face, and the unusual carelessness of her toilet.

The instinct of coquetry would have prevented Veronica from presenting herself before Barletti in any unbecoming attire. But if she had given the matter her most serious consideration she could have found none better calculated to set off her striking beauty than that which she now wore. A long white wrapper fell to her feet. She had covered her head with the voluminous folds of a white lace shawl, one end of which was thrown across her breast and fell over her shoulder; and beneath the delicate snowy lace her long black hair streamed rippling to her waist.

"Oh, prince, there you are!" Veronica cried. "I had told me you were to be most loggia, and I ran down to catch you before I dressed for dinner."

The words were flattering, inasmuch as they implied great eagerness on the lady's part to see him. But he must have been a fatuously vain man who could have looked in Veronica's face as she spoke, and have supposed her to be thinking of paying him compliments.

Barletti bowed, and stood awaiting what more she had to say.

"Have you seen Paul?"

"Yes, signora. I saw him as I came in, but I did not speak to him."

"Then you do not know that Sir John has been, and still is, ill?"

"Dio buono! Ill? No. I know nothing. What is the matter with ce ben Gale?"

"I hope it is nothing serious: but I can not tell. I am uneasy about him; very uneasy."

Barletti did not believe that milaidi could be suffering any acute anxiety on the score of her lord's health. And he would have considered it a priori very unlikely that she should so suffer. But he thought it highly proper and becoming that she should assume anxiety. A frank show of indifference would have displeased.

"Oh, you may rest alone your cure, signora," he said, soothingly. "What are the symptoms? How long has he been ill? I wonder that Paul said nothing to me!"

Veronica hurriedly described the singular swoon or trance into which Sir John had fallen. "He says the heat made him faint," she added, "but—" And she shook her head, doubtfully.

"Faint! It is not unlikely," said Barletti. "It may have been a pizzicato di capo—a mere swimming of the head. Such things are not uncommon, and it needs more than a little very strong. Pray tell me if there is any thing I can do for you in Florence. Of course, I go back at once. I could not think c—intruding on you under the circumstances."

"No, no, no! That is just the very thing I hastened down to say. You must remain and dine here, and stay all the evening until Sir John retires."

"But—would he not prefer—" began Barletti in some astonishment. Veronica interrupted him, speaking very fast, and in a low tone, and glancing timorously nervously to see that they were not observed.

"Yes; no doubt he would prefer that you should go away. But I prefer that you should stay. I beg you to stay. He has a whim to believe that I am ill. He will not have a doctor. He has given Paul orders to let no one in from the servants. It may be nothing, but I am so inexperienced in illness I can not judge. I am alone here. I am afraid of—of what the responsibility. You must remain and watch him, and let me know what you think. And—and—do not allow it to be seen that I have urged you to stay! Do not admit that I have said a word to you about illness. I rely on you, remember! And, above all, say no syllable to Paul."

She turned away, re-entered the saloon by the glass door, and swiftly and softly up the stairs, leaving Barletti in a condition of considerable perplexity.

He remained in the garden wandering up and down until the dinner-bell sounded. Then, as he was going into the house across the paved court-yard, a servant who had been sent to seek him, met him, and preceded him into the dining-saloon. It was a vast vaulted hall, whose dreariness was on no great a scale to be much mitigated by such French upholstery as had been hastily employed to decorate it for Sir John Gale's use.

The table was as big as the deck of a small yacht. It was lights abundantly set forth on a huge black walnut-wood side-board, and on the tall marble mantle-piece, and on the table itself—enough to summon with hospitable alacrity, as though they were conscious of their inability to illuminate the vague dimness of the space. There was a little island of light in the centre of the table-cloth, but it seemed only to enhance the surrounding gloom.

Barletti bowed profoundly, and saluted Veronica as though to then saw her for the first time that evening.

"Good-evening, prince," said she, with a careless, haughty bend of the head.

In her rich evening dress, and with her composed, disdainful grace, she seemed a very different woman from her who had spoken to him in the loggia half an hour ago.

A cover was laid for Sir John in his accustomed place. Barletti observed it, and stood for a moment after Veronica was seated, as though waiting for some one. "And Gale?" he said, interrogatively.

"Oh, Sir John will not dine with us. He felt a little tired with the heat this afternoon. We shall find him after dinner in the solitino. Sit down, prince."

"You permit? I am not de trop?"

"No, no, no. I am in the midst of a human face. This hall is the gloomiest, dreariest place! I have never quite got over an idea that it is haunted, and I find myself sometimes making out mysterious shapes in the dark corners. One evening in the summer, when the windows were wide open, a great bat flew in, and almost brushed my face! Ugh!"

They ate their dinner under Paul's grave but passible eyes, and with Sir John's empty chair between them.

"My master is not really indisposed, friend, eh?" asked the prince of Paul, as the latter was serving him with wine.

Sir John mixed his usual siesta, and was tired, but in quite well now, Signor Principe."

"Ah, bravo! It has been a devil of a summer. And the heat seems as if it would never leave off any more."

The dinner seemed to be spun out to an intolerable length. Barletti was a man of large appetite, and ate on steadily. Veronica ate but little; but she drank off three glasses of Champagne, whereof Barletti observed that it was the most acetic temperance of his own countrywomen in the matter of wine, marveled considerably. He could not help wondering that she did not appear to be really thoughtful and anxious, talking every now and then into fits of musing. And at this, reflecting how much of a fool as soon as Sir John is in the solotino let me know."

The other servants were away, leaving Antano to hand round the dishes and wine, which, in his zeal, and the elation of being left to his own devices free from Paul's supervision, he did with feverish energy, and a clatter that was due to his service by desiring him to go and stand still and not to move.

The dining-hall, like all the suit of rooms on the west side of the house, had a door communicating with the loggia outside. Barletti marked Barletti finish his wine at his leisure, and rose from her chair, saying that she would go and look in the solotino until Sir John should be ready to receive them.

A request to be permitted to accompany her was on Barletti's lips; but he checked it at the light, and went out alone, pacing slowly and regularly up and down under the stone arcades. The night was dark, and a storm was evidently brewing over the Arno. Veronica lifted the gauze upper tunic of her dress, and wrapped her shoulders and arms in it, as she walked solitarily, the feeling of intense loneliness came upon her, such as she had never experienced in her life.

Darkness, in the dusky room looked in at the lighted hall each time she passed the glass door. She saw the brightness of the table, glittering with glass and silver, and crowned with flowers. She saw Barletti seated there. His face was toward the window. The light fell on his bald forehead and also on the dark moustache and tuft of his pale skin. He looked like a portrait by Vandyck. She regarded all this with an inexplicable sensation of repugnance. It was almost as her that she was looking on the room and on the man for the first time. It seemed to her that she had in no way thing to do with either. She could no longer see her out there in the darkness, and looking on from the most familiar face, being one's self unseen, and the most familiar aspect.

The fact of being shut out there alone in the darkness, and of looking in upon the lighted rooms, produced in her a sense of complete isolation—loneliness—such as she had never felt. What did her existence matter to any one? If she could at that moment transport herself to Sydney-in-the-Wold, and look in through those windows, she would see no void that her absence had made. It would all be going on much as usual. Her father would be sitting in his chair—they must have fires now in the evening—and Maud would be reading too, or perhaps playing with the old piano, which was always out of tune. Flew was there, prosing on in his mild, monotonous voice. And outside the wide flats would be looming, and the wind would roar over Jack's farm the sheep and the white cattle would clamor, dotted about the pastures fast asleep. She could fancy it all. She knew it all. She must feel revisiting unperceived the haunts of her body.

The idea of death, thus conjured up, made her shiver, and nervously walk faster. How lonely she felt! How lonely—how lonely!

Veronica had never in her life comprehended what was meant by a "pleasing melancholy." Sadness of any kind was utterly distasteful to her, and aroused either a species of impatient resentment or a heedless abandonment of herself to despair, which had some anger in it too.

All at once the windows of the solotino threw out rays of brightness into the night. Sir John must be there. Barletti was through the interstices of the wooden Venetian blinds. She could not look into the solottino as she could into the dining-hall, where the shutters were left open. She felt a sudden yearning for light, and shelter, and companionship. It was too intolerable being out there alone with her own thoughts in the darkness.

She went into the house through the dining-room, where Barletti was still sitting at the table. He had drunk scarcely any wine since Veronica left him; but, to kill the time, he had eaten nearly the whole contents of a large glass dish of strawberries, and was contemplating that occupation pall on him when she reappeared.

Ansano stood sentinel in the back-ground. He had not found the half hour a pleasant one either. If he might have been permitted to distinguish himself by handing to the signor principe every dish and plate in regular sequence, he would have been content; for Ansano, like the rest of the servants, was little more than a mere nurse, and the delighted pride he felt in such professional promotion as was implied in being trusted to do any service unwatched by Paul, were still the sweets of novelty. But to stand there at the side-board, still and silent, while the other servants were supping socially together, was a terrible trial.

Veronica walked at once through the dining-hall to the solotino. Barletti followed her, but Sir John was lying on a sofa. A lamp stood on a small table near his head, but it was so shaded as to throw the light on the face, although it illuminated the gay flowered dressing-gown he wore, and his white, wrinkled hands.

"Here is Sir John, my friend Barletti," said Veronica, seating herself on a low chair near the sofa. "He wanted to go away when he heard that you were ill; but I made him stay."

"Oh!" said Sir John, in a kind of grunt.

The greeting was so exceptionally uncourteous even for Sir John Barletti drew up as though he were moved by a spring over which his will had no control, and said, "I regret my intrusion, Sir John. I regretted for a moment that monsieur le baron was seriously ill—"

"Who says so? I am not seriously ill" snarled Sir John.

"Of course not!" interposed Veronica, quickly. "I said so. If Sir John had been seriously ill, I would not have left him alone. But his indisposition was of the very slightest, and it is now quite gone."

Barletti, she thought, he must confess to being so indisposed that the presence of a stranger irked him, or he must ask Barletti to remain. But Sir John did not appear to observe one of several given courses of action was most pleasing to Sir John's state of temper at the moment, he habitually adopted the course as duty toward, or consideration for, others, were entirely powerless to restrain the passions or caprices of his monstrous egotism.

"Yes," he said, speaking, as he had spoken throughout, in a short, strange voice, and articulating indistinctly: "I am quite well. But I don't feel energetic by any means. I shall not ask you to stay to-night, prince; it would only bore you."

It was almost impossible to resist this hint, but Barletti managed to do so. He was a man whom so plainly begged him to remain, that he answered: "Now, my good Gale, I won't hear that. Bore—not at all. I shall stay and chat until your bedtime. Or, if you prefer it, we'll have our partie of piquet. Which shall it be?"

Sir John was surprised at this unwonted insistence. The man had had his dinner; why did he wish to stay? What he evidently did wish it was, however, no inducement to his host to yield.

"Frankly, my dear friend," said Sir John, making an odd grimace, as though he had tried to smile and failed, "I will to-night have neither chat nor piquet. Continue your journey! That is the charm of having an intimate friend. I know you won't be angry if I beg you to leave me to myself. Ah!" he added, as Veronica's eyes on Veronica, "to milaidi. That is myself; it's quite the same thing."

But in listening to Veronica he surprised a glance of intelligence passing from her eyes to Barletti. Sir John could not change the direction of his own gaze quickly enough to catch the answering look on the prince's face; his facial muscles appeared not to be under full command; but he saw an expression of irresolution and conflict in Barletti's whole bearing.

The prince rose and then seated himself again, and then again rose with more determination, and advanced to the side of the sofa, holding out his hand to Sir John, and said, in French: "Goodnight, then, caro Gale. Angry? No; of course I shall not be angry!" Then he bowed low to "milaidi," and said, in a tone of regret with interment, "I regret to be banished from our good Gale, milaidi; but I am sure he will be quite himself tomorrow. We need not—none of us need be uneasy about him."

"Uneasy!" echoed Sir John. "Que diable, Barletti, who is likely to be uneasy?"

And as he spoke he looked not at the prince, but at Veronica.

"Who, indeed?" said Veronica, returning Barletti's parting salutation with the stateliest of bows. She was reassured at heart. For she argued thus: If Barletti had detected in her any thing serious the matter he would not have been restrained by any fear of Sir John from giving me a hint of it by word or look."

And the first faint dawn of a project rose dimly in her mind—a project of attaching and binding this man to her, so as to secure his assistance and protection if—if any thing should happen to Sir John. And, looking in the dawn of her project the prospect of that dread "something which might happen" showed a little less dreadful.

Meanwhile Sir John lay on the sofa watching her from under the shadow that covered his face, and thinking of the look he had surprised her giving Barletti. The look had put a new idea into his mind, a very unpleasant idea, not unpleasant merely because, if correct, it would argue some of the ideas he had hitherto entertained to have been wrong (though that contingency alone was disagreeable enough), but because, also, it would have the effect of making him uneasy in the future.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE CLUB.

PAUL had such a terrible time of it that night in undressing Sir John and getting him to bed, that when he was alone in his own little room—within easy reach of his master's, and communicating with it by means of a large bell hanging at the head of his bed—he began to go over some calculations in his mind, with the half-formed intention of returning from the barber's service with a thousand or so fewer francs than the sum he had determined on as the limit of his savings.

Sleep brought counsel to Paul, however, and he arose in the morning prepared to go through the term of service he had set himself. But whether sleep had brought counsel to Sir John or not, it is certain that he woke in a humor worse, if possible, than that in which he had gone to bed.

He did not feel so much recovered from the indisposition of yesterday as he had expected to feel. He was extremely feeble, except in temper; there he was as vigorous and fierce-tongued as a healthy tiger with a fine appetite and nothing to eat.

Paul attended on him silent and watchful.

At length he said, with grave deliberation: "You must have a physician, Sir John."

The reply was a volley of oaths, so fiercely uttered that they left the baronet panting and glaring breathlessly from his pillow.

"Excuse me, Monsieur, Sir John," said Paul, with a shade more gravity, but otherwise quite unmoved, "but you must have a physician. You are a little feverish. It is nothing. A little draught will make you quite strong soon for your journey."

"A little draught," muttered Sir John, trying to mimic Paul's accent. "A little devil!"

In this country fevers go quick. Excuse the liberty, Sir John. If you allow, I will go for a physician myself."

The man's steady persistence had some effect on his master. Sir John moved his head restlessly and said, "Go? Where will you go? You don't know any of the doctors here, curse them!"

"There is a good and esteemed English physician, Sir John, here."

"Damn English physician! You're an infernal idiot, do you think I want any of *them*, jabbering and boasting, and drinking in the pyx that they have been attending Sir John Gale? Do you think I want a pack of British fools rushing up here to see me die?"

"Bene, bene," said Paul. In his secret mind he had but a poor opinion of the English faculty, whose repute was on the subject of fevers especially, appeared to him to be terribly limited. "Beuissimo! Better so, Sir John. I will fetch the most excellent medico. He can come with you immediately—Dr. Maffei. He is well known, Sir John."

"I will known, you fool!"

"Well known among the Italians, Sir John," added Paul, astutely, "The signori Inglesi mostly employ their own physicians."

"Whatever he may say, I shall start for Naples on the nineteenth: remember that!"

In this way Sir John gave a tacit consent to the visit of the Italian doctor.

When that gentleman arrived at Villa Chiari he declared that there was no fever about Sir John. Paul had been mistaken there. But he let slip another ugly word, which Paul, who was present during the whole interview (acting as interpreter occasionally, for Sir John's Italian and the doctor's French sometimes came to a call de race, out of which they had to extricate them), smothered up as well as he could, in the hope that it might not reach Sir John's ears.

"I got a fill from my horse last year and was badly hurt, and had a long illness in consequence," said Sir John, feeling that the phenomenon of his malady and temporary incompetence as himself being reduced to a condition of great weakness needed some explanation: "I think it should be more than three months at the time. That's the only way I can account for being in such a state of a state."

"Ah, yes. And then, you see, you are getting old, and you have probably been rather intemperate in your youth," answered Dr. Maffei, with disconcerting sincerity.

Sir John began to think he had been wrong in not having an English physician, if he must have any at all.

Dr. Maffei prescribed some medicine, and a tonic, but nothing else.

"I am going to Naples on the nineteenth," said Sir John, brusquely.

"I do not advise it. I do not think I should advise your making a journey so soon."

"I shall not trouble you, Sir, for your opinion on that point. I am going on that day. Good-morning."

The wild-beast temper had leaped out and shown its fangs so suddenly that the doctor's brown smooth-shaven face remained for a few seconds absolutely blank with amazement. Then he bowed silently; and, with a certain dignity, despite his short, stubby figure and ungraceful gait, walked out of the room.

An unwonted air of a livelier and more agreeable nature overspread his countenance when, driving down the hill in his fiacre, he inspected the bank-note which Paul had handed to him in

gin envelope. Its amount was more than ten times what he would have considered a sufficient fee from any of his compatriots—it was, indeed, scandalously excessive. Sir John had some vaguely vindictive notion in his head that the beggarly Italian would repeat not having been more civil to a man who could afford to give such a fee. But he was wrong. The doctor was pondering upon the extraordinary and absurd contrasts of a universe in which such ridiculous a nation as the English was permitted to exist.

It would be difficult to decide whether or not the medicines sent by Dr. Maffei did the patient any good; the fact was, that Sir John did not get worse, and was able to keep his appointment of going to Naples on the nineteenth of October.

Between the day of his tête-à-tête dinner with Veronica and that date, Cesare de' Barletti had to undergo many buffetings of fortune. He was tossed backward and forward from sunshine to shade, by the selfish caprice of a little white hand —and those little white hands can strike hard sometimes. A man who has nothing to do from morning to night is glad of a habit which saves him the fatigue of deciding how he shall bestow himself at a given hour. He likes to say, "I *must* be with So-and-so this evening." It has a cheap air of duty. Thus more habit had rendered the Neapolitan princeling to be a regular visitor to the English baronet in the old days at Naples, when the latter was bound to his room by a fit of the gout.

The visits had been begun at the promptings of good-nature, combined with a desire to seem for a superior cuisine. Sir John, at that time, employed a very accomplished cook.

Then in the absence it must be admitted that curiosity had been the chief spur which at first induced the prince to undergo the fatigue of visiting behind a cab-horse, and sometimes of struggling up the steep road to Villa Chiari. He wanted to see the interior of the ménage, whose master and mistress seemed so ill-assorted, and very soon it began to appear to him a necessity of existence that he should pay his evening visit to the villa. He even found some entertainment in his game of piquet. An Italian is usually amazingly patient of boredom: or, to put it unconscious of it, which is pleasanter for himself. Barletti admired Veronica extremely. And her presence was a strong attraction to him. By-and-by it began to occur to him that it might be worth his while to pay his court to this beautiful woman, after a more serious fashion than he had at first contemplated. Sir John was failing. He might die and leave a rich widow, who would become a prey to needy fortune-hunters like the fine-lunters who would not have the same advantages to offer in exchange for wealth as could be found in absence with Cesare de' Barletti. Barletti! It would be a pity to see her sacrificed to such men as he had seen and known engaged in the chase after a wife with money. He found no definite plan, but suffered himself to drift on lazily, with just so much intention as sufficed to modify his behavior in many trifling respects. But after the incident of Sir John's indisposition there arose a different feeling in his breast toward her.

Barletti really had a fund of kindliness in him. He was becoming fond—with a fondness true and more tender than that implied by the fine contrast of diamonds on a satin skin—of this girl, so young, so beautiful, and so lonely. From the moment when she had agreed to him in some sort for advice and support, a flow of manhood had stirred in him on her behalf. He would have even made some kind of active sacrifice for her. So, despite Sir John's irritability and insolence, Barletti continued his visits securing his cab-horse toil up the hill overhanging the Ema, evening after evening.

And Sir John Gale did not scruple to make use of Barletti. He would give him little commissions to execute in the city, and expected him to refer to the news of the day and retail the gossip of the hour for his amusement.

One afternoon, in search of this latter commodity, Barletti was standing at the door of the club with a knot of others.

"I remember him at Rome," said a portly man with chin whiskers, continuing a desultory conversation with Barletti. "A red-haired man who hunted. Quite the type of an Englishman."

"That is because you all make it a point of it," lingual, spindle-legged young nobleman with a retreating chin. "I believe there are as many red-haired people in Italy as in England."

The spindle-legged young nobleman had married an English wife, and had been in England, and spoke with authority.

"No, no, it's the Irish that have red hair!" exclaimed a third. "Or the Scotch. I forget which."

"Zitto!" whispered the first portly speaker, as a tall old gentleman appeared in the door-way, "the captain won't hear you assert that the Irish have red hair!"

The captain was a half-pay officer, who played an uncommonly good game at billiards. He was understood to live chiefly by his wits; but he had the entrée to several distinguished families who clung—theoretically, for a more practical clinging would have involved an smothu of inconvenience which it would have been more Quixotism to encounter—to the old regime; he was a zealous Roman Catholic, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, was descended from one of the ancient kings of Ireland!

"Who has red hair?" asked the captain, in Italian flavored with a rich Kerry brogue.

"Barletti! Who is he?" said the captain, affably. He had no constitutional prejudice against rich fellows.

"Baron Gale."

"Baron *what?* I never heard the title."

"He is an English baron—Sir John Gale. I knew him in Naples."

"Oh, a baronet! Per Bacco!" exclaimed the captain, pronouncing the name of the beneficent deity precisely like the last syllable of "tobacco," with a very sharp a. "It isn't Tallis Gale, is it?"

"No, no; John; Sir John Gale."

"Ay, ay, that is the baptismal name. But he took the name of Gale when he came into a fortune, being richer than enough already, as he always the way. He's a thin, high-shouldered man, with sandy hair and black eyes?"

"Gia."

"And has a handsome wife?"

"Bellissima!"

"*That's* the man!" cried the captain, rolling the end of his cigar between his lips relishingly. "I knew him in Ireland in the year '49. My lady is a great beauty—*sera, bella*, if being mad be quite passable by this time—and married him for his money."

"Passèe!" echoed Barletti, on whom that word alone, of all that the captain had uttered, had made an impression. "Dimmi! What do you call 'passee?' She is as fresh as a Hebe, and young enough to be his daughter!"

"Good-by, prince," said Veronica, giving him her hand. It was the first time she had ever done so; and Barletti's heart beat suddenly faster as he clasped her fingers for a moment in his own.

"We shall see you in the winter?" added Veronica.

"I hope I shall be able to get away. I came here, thinking I should stay perhaps a fortnight, on some business of my father's. My father was the elder brother, and the head of the family), "and my affairs unexpectedly have kept me broiling in Florence throughout the whole summer. I'm in earnest. I do not regret my detention," he added, in a little awkwardly, as he bowed once more to "miladi."

Then he went away through the garden, past the little fountain, and out at the side gates. There his fiacre was awaiting him. But he told the man to drive on slowly, and stay for him at the foot of the hill. And after ascending for a few minutes gazing at the old house, white in the moonlight, black in the shadow, he absolutely checked those rising raptures of a man on the top of the hill, under the autumn sky spangled with stars: walked through the thick, soft dust, which already covered his varnished boots with a lymb-colored coating. And even when he reached the foot of the descent he had not yet exhausted his self-communings, and he allowed the fiacre to sit still in a carriage. He paid the coachman and dismissed him, and tramped home through the streets on foot.

All which might have proved to a discerning eye that Cesare del Principi Barletti was feeling powerful and unwonted emotion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BENAVAVA has put on its holiday attire. Things new, beautiful, and wonderful peep out from the shop windows, attracting crowds of curious gazers, and enticing out from their magic portfolios whatever money vanishers mysteriously like—we pause for a comparison—as the conjurer does buckwheat cakes from Tom's breakfast-plate; and Tom's pockets, when they come home from school to spend the holidays. If you are a benevolent person, and have been much appealed to by your pocket-book, there is no time in all the year so fine a pretext for disposing of them. Too busy only to take your money in little attics, and not at Fourteenth Street; no—we are forgetting how rapid it has been the privilege of the present to meet Jupiter somewhere about Twenty-fifth Street, and walk down until you are tired out. When you stop the pocketbook will be lightened, the greenhouse will glow. If, however, you have little or no money to spare, do not fancy that nothing is left you but envying the fortune the beautiful things displayed, and help your boy and girl to have a good time in no dodge. Leave your money at home if you like, but let the wish and sympathy be one may be experienced without the wish or expectation of possessing. With God's sunshine we manage to buy every thing—they would not be children otherwise; but they will learn some valuable lessons in a walk with you on the holidays without purchasing.

Even a superficial survey of the rare curiosities, and the unique objects of every shape and size, for every place and purpose imaginable, with which shops are now filled, would lead one to fancy that ten thousand stores had been opened for dear life on the morn of the 25th of December, 1868, inventing and contriving what articles of comfort, luxury, and beauty could possibly be thought of. Whole columns would not suffice to enumerate a thousandth part in detail. And who are the favored ones of all the goods that are stickered with Christmas brings to light? Where are they? And how many make a single family happy?

Indiana gets up lively stories of real life. For example: a widow living near New Albany held property of her husband's, which she knew was her own without restrictions while she remained single, but which she could not dispose of if she married again. Shortly she married, and died intestate in 1864 and she had lost control of her property. So she and her second lord agreed to quarrel every day in the presence of witnesses; then the husband applied for a divorce, and "incompatibility" was easily proved. The court granted the divorce. An hour was sufficient for the business-like lady to transfer the property to the husband from whom she had just been divorced; and in another half hour the divorced couple were remarried in legal manner.

The boys and girls who have enjoyed so many happy hours in reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe will be delighted to learn that a monument is to be erected over the grave of the author, Daniel Defoe, by six-penny contributions from children.

Admirers of Doré, and any who have a fancy for graphic, though horrible, delineations of the infernal regions, have still the opportunity of seeing Dante and Virgil realizing Doré's fancies from realms, with all the surrounding horrors. We think we should prefer reading the illustrations in July rather than in December; but if one feels chilly, he can turn to "Jephtha's Daughter," "Jonas," or some of Doré's illustrated works, which are on exhibition at the Doré Art Union.

There is still another royal sufferess. The Empress of the French is said to be writing a history of her Eastern tour. The Queen of Spain was reported a short time ago to be writing her autobiography; and the Queen of England has long since established her reputation in the literary world.

The *Court Journal* states that the favorite tragedienne, Miss Kate Terry, who for the past five years been largely interested as a capitalist in silk manufactures. She is part owner of one of the finest mills in New Jersey, employing a large number of workmen, and doing a flourishing trade, and may be seen at the factory, dressed like a lady, where she has an experiment, to the development of this particular branch of industry.

The Empress Eugénie, as a testimony of her appreciation of the Suez Canal and its originator, has presented M. De Lesseps with a magnificent vase, which is called "La Coupe de Suez."

Nemoinsnopyth is the name applied to a new machine which has been put in operation on a stand-of-arr at Naples. The inventor of this engine is chief machinist of the Royal Italian Navy. By its help the damage which a vessel has undergone can be ascertained, as well as its different movements. With this machine a commander in his cabin can watch the movements of his ship, and, after a battle, all its manœuvring can be ascertained. Very curious, that!

Mrs. Lincoln, the celebrated dressmaker, has just died of heart-disease, at the advanced age of eighty. The Pope sent his apostolic benediction to the dying lady. His remains are to be interred in a vault in the Church of St. Bernard.

A child's faith in religious teachings is touchingly illustrated by a little letter which recently appeared in the Washington Post-office. The letter read as follows:

"*To God who lives in heaven:*

"DEAR GOD: O, how I wish I could see you and tell you what I want. Mrs. Bell wants you to send her some clothes to wear to sundy school wont you by me some and I will pay you when I get money for the baby. Good by.

"A LITTLE BEGGAR BOY TOMMY."

Not unlike the above, in spirit, was the postscript added by a little three-year-old to his evening prayer: "And, O Lord! please give me a new pair of boots—when you get ready."

What a jubilee there must be among the poor old horses about the city of Brooklyn! The Rev. Joseph Cook, well-known old rancher in this city has bequeathed $100,000 his entire fortune, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

There is a smart girl in St. John, New Brunswick, who takes care of the sole protector of any timid young man—if he can get her. Not long ago a gentleman was escorting our heroine from church one Sunday evening, when he was disturbed by a terrific shriek. He shocks, when approaching the cradle, were sometimes strong enough to knock one down! At the first moment of the alarm the gentleman felt the nerves move intense, and even continued for several moments to move on. But he soon recovered his presence of mind, cut pale, and it is not known of what disease. But if this strange story is true, scientific men have something to think about and study. The friends would not suffer the body to be examined.

One of the most remarkable of marriage announcements we have made out long ago was that of a parish church in a Cornish village, in the following terms: "By lawful publishments of banns, preceding I entered into an engagement of marriage with a gentlewoman of suitable age, a widow, and children, and have this day fulfilled the same, and instantly take the place of that beloved wife lying in the churchyard yonder."

A recent visitor to Chicago writes: "I went to hear Dr. — preach and pray Sunday afternoon. He prayed that the Lord would remove from the hearts of all intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, licentiousness, fraud, profanity, cheating, and every form of vice; and then I left the church. I left the church because I was thinking what would be left in Chicago."

We are happy to see that some of the newspapers regard the example of the Duke of Alexandria, aged eleven, who has knitted forty-eight pairs of stockings during the past year, as one which should be avoided, unless there is a stern necessity for such plodding industry. The health and future usefulness of any young child must depend on a variety of outdoor air and exercise, and some time for indoor occupation, even more important, in these days, than knitting stockings by hand.

A respectable looking man recently entered a Utica restaurant, and ordered an elaborate dinner, including wine. Finally, lighting a cigar which he had ordered, he sauntered up to the desk, and said to the proprietor: "Very fine dinner, landlord; very fine; it is me; I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had, you wouldn't let me have the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

And I say I won't."

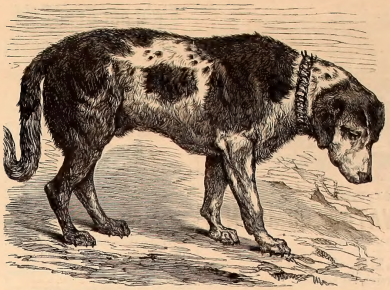
"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolver out of a drawer, leaped over the counter, and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you scoundrel!"

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impecunious customer, drawing back.

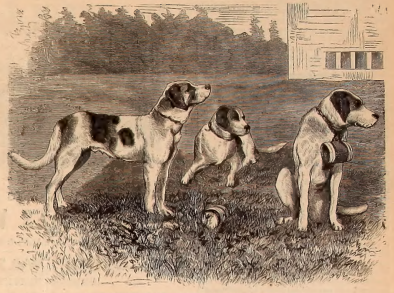
"That, Sir, is a revolver, Sir."

"Oh, that's all right, then. I didn't care a cent for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM, AT BINGHAMTON.—Drawn by C. E. H. Bonwill, New York.—[See Page 829.]



ST. BERNARD DOGS.—"OLD BARRY."—[SEE PAGE 822.]



ST. BERNARD DOGS.—"YOUNG BARRY."—[SEE PAGE 822.]

COVERED BY THE FLAG.

A STRIKING illustration of the power of a neutral flag during a civil war like that now raging in Cuba, is given by the artist on this page. A man captured under circumstances that laid him open to suspicion was tried and condemned by the Spanish authorities; but being an Englishman by birth and an American citizen by naturalization, the consuls of the two countries interposed, and declared that the authorities had no right to put him to death. Their remonstrance being disregarded, they accompanied the condemned man to the place of execution, and there suddenly threw over him the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, and dared the authorities to put him to death. The menace had the desired effect, and the prisoner's life was spared.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give on this page a sketch of the burning of the Philadelphia Commercial Exchange, which occurred on the afternoon of the 7th inst. The fire was occasioned by the fall of a large chandelier, just as the building was lighted up, allowing an immense rush of gas, which took fire, and in a few minutes the whole structure was in flames. Nothing now remains of it except the walls and the lower story, which was arched with masonry, and was fire-proof. The building was erected on the site of the old PENN mansion, at a cost of $250,000, and was dedicated only last March.

THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM AT BINGHAMTON.

THIS beneficent institution, situated in the pleasant town of Binghamton, New York, was commenced more than ten years ago, but, owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, it has never been finished. The north wing was nearly completed when, a few years ago, it was fired by an incendiary and destroyed. A large body of workmen are now engaged in rebuilding it.

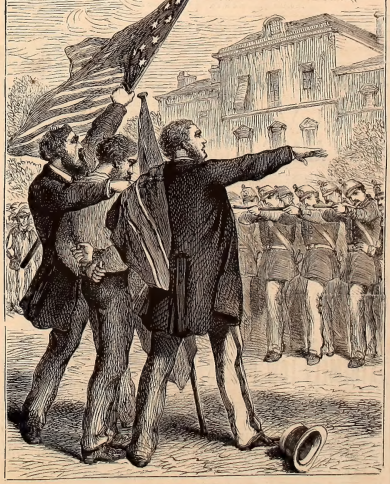
The structure, of which we give a series of illustrations on page 828, was commenced by private subscription; but the trustees were obliged to call on the State for aid, as the cost of construction largely exceeded the estimates and the means at their disposal. Up to the present time upward of $500,000 have been expended on the buildings and grounds. The site of the Asylum is on a sloping eminence, easy of access, and commanding magnificent views of the Susquehanna and Chenango valleys. Attached to the institution are 400 acres of land, 252 of which were given by the citizens of Binghamton, while the remainder was purchased by the trustees.

"FAVORITE."—[SEE PAGE 822.]

The building is in the castellated Gothic style of architecture. It is four stories in height. The length of the front is 365 feet, and the depth of the wings is 51 feet. It is built of stone, and handsomely finished inside with oiled oak. When completed it will accommodate 250 patients; the number at present under treatment is 80.

DR. ALBERT DAY, the Superintendent, took charge of the Asylum in the spring of 1867; and since that time 525 patients have been under treatment there, ten per cent. of whom were taken free of charge, the remainder paying a stated sum (about twenty dollars) per week for board and treatment. It is a melancholy fact that, with few exceptions, those now under treatment at the Asylum are educated gentlemen, representing the learned professions and the highest grades of commercial life. Most of the patients require medical treatment; but DR. DAY relies chiefly upon moral means for the permanent cure of inebriates, as, in his judgment, based upon long experience, the restoration of the power of the will alone can prevent a reformed inebriate from returning to the use of intoxicating drinks.

The name of this beneficent institution was unfortunately chosen, and tells against it in the minds of many persons who would be glad to avail themselves of its advantages. Strictly speaking, it is not an asylum, nor is it in any manner degrading to those who seek moral and physical restoration under its influences. It is rather a magnificent temperance hotel, where those who wish to free themselves from a terrible evil may put themselves under moral and religious influences of the most gentle and cheerful character, combined with elevating social advantages. As will be seen by our illustrations, which speak for themselves, ample facilities are afforded for intellectual entertainment and physical exercise. The reading-room is well supplied with books, magazines, and newspapers; and a literary society, composed of the inmates of the institution, meets regularly in a pleasant hall to listen to lectures and essays by some of the patients. Voluntary patients only are received; and DR. DAY justly congratulates himself on the success of the theory which claims for the inebriate a recoverable judgement, sensible affections, and moral responsibility; and which, refusing any longer to coerce him as a criminal or con-



COVERED BY THE FLAG.

BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.—[SKETCHED BY A. TRAVERSE.]

fine him as a lunatic, proposes by positive aid and comfort, and confiding appeals to his reason, his affections, and his aspirations, to restore him to himself, his family, and society. The patient voluntarily submits himself, for a period more or less protracted, according to the indications of his condition and the history of his case, to an isolation which the officers study to render agreeable, and the mildest restraint he will submit to; and, secondly, shows that he can be *trusted*, his temptations, of course, being jealously checked. Very few leave the Asylum, after undergoing a thorough course of treatment, ever relapse into their old habits—a fact that speaks volumes for its efficiency.

A MILE of Cabinet Organs would seem a large number, yet if the instruments manufactured and sold by MASON & HAMLIN CO., during the PAST YEAR ALONE, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than THREE MILES. Or if arranged three in a row would make a solid wall nine feet in height around the Boston Common.

We hardly know which is the more surprising, the demand now existing for these Organs, or the improvement made in them during the past few years: that which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument, becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs, both in this country and Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Cabinet Organ is fast taking its place as the favorite parlor instrument among all classes of society.—[*Boston Traveler.*]

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